Camp of 3d Brigade 1st Division  
Buffalo Run  
Lincoln Co. Ky  
May 1. 1863

My dear Jane

You'll see dear, a difference in the heading of this from my last, and quite a difference there is. We are now seventeen miles away from Camp Dick Robinson. I finished No. 41 and went to bed in the prospects and anticipations you read in it, but in their place was waked up a little after four o'clock yesterday morning as was all the camp with orders to be off at six. Then came the unusual battle and excitement preparatory to a march after a long rest. When we have been marching every day we can do it much better and with less trouble. The reveille beat at 5 1/2. We started at seven. It was a very sultry day and the men were overloaded with extra clothing. My previous experience with the wagons has not been very satisfactory and I though I would go part of the way at least with my company. I took my old place in the company and marched with them till noon. The road was rather muddy on the surface on account of the rain of the previous day, but it was far more pleasant than if it had been dusty. We took the road towards Lancaster, marching on at a rather smart pace. We passed the Campbellite Church (this is the residence of Campbell the controversialist) and saw a novel kind of graveyard. It was walled around, but had graves outside as well as inside. It was not for want of room within that they had to put them outside - probably they were the graves of the slaves. After halting the second time the heat of the day was getting to be too much for the boys, and they commenced throwing away everything they could spare. The destruction of overcoats was the first. Several hundred, perhaps over a thousand were thrown away. One company put theirs all in a heap and burned them. Next went pants, blouses, drawers and shirts, until they had just what they could carry. Sometimes we came across a knapsack entire which some one had abandoned. We were delayed a good while here waiting for our new Michigan regiment, and while here Mr. Brown assures the men with distributing tracts and newspapers. We got tired waiting for the Michigan men and started off without them. I overtook Johnny, who now has to march with his company. He was getting along very well, but his sword appears to be too long for so short a man. He stood the whole days march very well, and camped at night in good order. Willie rode until late in the afternoon, when getting tired of it he gave his horse to a tired man and walked the rest of the way. I had nothing to carry except a rifle, and that I did from choice. As we were going pretty fast and out of sight of the train I fell back to wait for it, as
perhaps the quartermaster might want me. I therefore went at a very slow pace and had plenty of time to see everything without the crowd. The country looks very much like Chester or Delaware county in Penn. The grass is up nicely and the grain crop is promising well. The farms are well fenced and buildings good, except the barns and where there is one you can hardly call it one. There are more slaves here than in the more northern part of the state. Coming to the top of a hill I saw the village of Lancaster in the distance. It looked better from there than it did when I got to it. It is a small dilapidated village, with three churches and one school house. None of the inhabitants that I asked could tell the population. There were two hotels. At a grocery & drug store a number of our officers were standing when I came in. They had been there, but said the fountain was not working. Col. Leasure's son went round & set it in operation and kept bar till he had given out every drop. He paid the man for it when he was done. They then went to the Huffman house for dinner. I could not eat any, for I had just eaten a whole custard that I brought from a mulato girl at Judge Burham. Judge B. has gone to Brazil and three slaves are keeping his place in order for him. It is a splendid place and as I stopped to examine it the women brought out a large basket of pies, custards & cakes to sell to the soldiers. They thought more were coming and had baked a large quantity. The garden is splendid. Numbers of flowers are growing and in bloom that I don't know the name of. Some I did. There were tulips in full bloom. The flower beds were bordered with clam shells set along the edges. Several trees were overgrown with ivy. I filled my haversack with gingerbread, got my canteen filled and went on. After passing Lancaster a short distance the road forks and here I saw the first guide post in Kentucky. Quite a home look it had, with one arm pointing to Crab Orchard twelve miles, the other to Stanford nine miles. The Stanford road was ours to day. I went on a few miles, occasionally passing some tired man who had given up. These hard roads appear to hurt the men's feet more than the clay ones. Many of the men threw their shoes away and were walking in their stockings while several carried shoes & stockings in their hands and went barefooted. I like the smooth hard road the best. My boots are the thing for a march with the heavy sole that is always smooth & firm. I sat down under a shady walnut tree and made my daily memorandum. I remember Hugh's regret at losing his memorandums book at South mountain & if ever I loose mine it won't amount to much as I shall have a record at home if you kept my letters. I then fell asleep I don't know how long but was woke up by the Michigan men passing. They had their fun with me supposing that I was used up etc but I had mine with them before night, when I passed them laid out and done up. They did not get up to the brigade once during the day
and the men positively refused to go any further towards evening and camped all night two miles and half behind us. Now the road and country begins to change - instead of the hard turnpike we came to a damp gravelly and sometimes clayey soil. The trees and peanuts look like home. Principally oak, maple and Locust. Along the roadsides are wild violets, dandelion, docks, may apple etc. I was going on very quietly and slowly looking for a chance to shoot a squirrel when I heard some one behind and found it was Willie & Sam George. They overtook me and we went on together. We stopped at a house and got our canteens filled with cold water. A mile more and we came to Stanford. It is about as large as Centreville, but has finer buildings. There is a large military hospital here. I went over to see Dr. Griswold of Sharon who is the Surgeon, but he had been ordered to Somerset a few days before. He is surgeon of the 103d Ohio. He was the man whose place Dr. James went to. Our troops were encamped a mile beyond Stanford and we got there in time to pitch our tents before dark. We ate our supper by moonlight & went to bed, with orders to start at seven in the morning. During the night we were told that we need not get ready that soon, nor till further orders. It is now nine o'clock and no orders. I don't know where we are bound for, but will try to let you know as soon as possible. I have nothing to do in a time like this and kill time by writing you a letter. We will be getting farther away from the mail every day, but as there is a stage running from Stanford I can send this before we start. I enclose another $10. bill, but shall not risk any more till next pay day. Hope you are getting better darling, and will try to write as often to you as circumstances permit, but be not disappointed if we get where we cannot send often.

With much love & many kisses I am

Ever your affectionately

William