Middleburg, KY
May 14. 1863

My dear Jane

I did not write you any nonsense yesterday, not for want of time, but because I was not in the humor of writing. It was one of those disagreeable rainy days that makes one feel like doing nothing at all. It did not rain steadily and heavily as it did the week before, but was only showery. It kept on raining occasionally during the night, and this morning it would puzzle the best weather judge to tell whether it was going to rain or not. The clouds are heavy and threatening, but once in a while the sun bursts through as if he was tired of hiding and meant to make up for the lost time by giving us an extra quantity of light and heat. It looks just as you do sometimes when I can't tell whether you are mad or pleased or only pretending to be. I think however that it is going to clear up. The birds think so too. I know it by their twittering in the trees, and the swallows are making the most of it they can while it is still damp skimming along the face of the hill with more than railroad speed. The meadow lark is caroling in the wheat fields with its morning song, bringing me in mind of home. It is just the same bird here as at home.

All is bustle around us to day. We are not going away ourselves, but a part of our brigade is, and we are busy giving them their share of teams, ambulances, food and provisions. While all the regiments are in one camp, these things are all in common, but now when separating they are allotted their proportions, and have to carry on business for themselves. The 27th Mich. has been ordered to go on to Liberty at 9 o'clock this morning. I cannot imagine what they are separating the brigade so much for. We are now seventeen miles apart. The 45th is at Houstonville, we are on the north side of the Green river the 36th Mass. on the south side, and now the 27th Mich. to go six miles further on. Our artillery has been ordered back towards Lexington. I see also the supply train leaving towards Houstonville. We began to look lonely, but as long as we are with the 100th we feel comfortable. Probably it is some new strategic movement of General Welsh. But I must speak carefully about General Welsh. The chaplain of the 27th was so unfortunate as to write a letter home in which he spoke of him as "that fellow Welsh." The letter got into the newspaper and the General saw it. The consequence was the putting the Chaplain under arrest. As there is no papers printed in North Liberty I shall not be afraid of mine getting into print. Except the movements of the other regiments we have nothing new here. We go on day after day in the same old way. We miss our neighbor Jones since we crossed the river. He was quite a genius, and
spent a good deal of his time with us. He came over to see us yesterday and staid a good while. He says he feels lonely since we went away. He came over to see if I could do anything for his wife's rheumatism, but as he did not bring her along I can't tell whether I did much for her or not. Johnny and Willie are well. Johnny has gone fishing to day along with Lt. Offit. He was out on picket night before last.

Lt. Justice has just returned from across the river seeing the 27th off. We will be pretty quick now. No noise except the speaking of a peacock at a farmhouse across the fields. I used to think it would be nice to have some of these birds, but am perfectly satisfied now to let some one else be bothered with them. We had a party out yesterday mending some bad places in the road. They worked just like they do at home. Fifty men did about as much work as two farmers would do if they were working in their own places. We gave out new clothing too. Every month a list of what is wanted is made out, and every one is supplied. We also had the 100th fixed up with brass letters on their caps telling to which company they belong. They had some fun over it. When the officers got the letters they sent word to the men that the mail had come, and as the men came up for their letters they handed each one a brass letter.

It is clearing up rapidly now and we are going to have a very warm day. If I don't get something to do I will have to go to fishing again. My line is lost. I lent it to Col. Leasure and he has lost it somehow. But I have sent for another, and maybe some time we will come across a river where it will be worth fishing in. We have got some corn meal, and had corn fritters for dinner yesterday. You see that our bill of fare is getting more extensive. We had a settlement yesterday in our mess, and my share of expenses for extra food since I came into the quartermasters department came to $1.55 which was a good deal less than I expected from the way we were living.

We have a rumor since morning that Morgan is coming this way with his cavalry. He appears from the papers to be everywhere. The word came in however both by our own men and by citizens that some of them are prisoners.

Old Jones came over again to day to see us. He is quite taken with us and jokingly says that he expects he will call on our regiment for the rest of the war.

Our Court Martial is still going on. It has disposed of forty two cases, all of them originating in bad whiskey. One man was sentenced to be shot. Several to imprisonment at hard labor and loss of pay for twelve months. Some for depredations on citizens have been handed over to the civil authorities of the place to be dealt with according to the Kentucky law. One of them for stealing a horse. He will get into the penitentiary.
I am writing now after dinner. I commenced early in the morning, but had to go out a while to attend to some business. When I returned Willie was writing at the desk. When he takes such a chance for writing I suspect to whom it is and let him alone. He wrote a long time and very carefully. I got a brief glance at the paper as I went past for a book, and saw that it was news that he was writing. It's not hard to tell what is the matter with a young man when he commences writing poetry. He has not directed the letter and put it on the desk where we put the letters for the mail. But no doubt it is in the mail safe enough.

I think I have just as good a right to write love letters too, as any one. Have I not dear? If we don't go somewhere or do something to write about I will have to write that kind and nothing else, for there will be nothing else to write about.

I hope you are getting to feel better. I expect to hear from you by the nights mail. It is the day I usually get your letters. Desiring to be remembered to your father and mother and all inquiring friends I remain dear

your own
Affectionate husband
William