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CHARLOTTE K. AND RUTH ANDERSON
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Reminiscences of a veteran
REMINISCENCES
OF A VETERAN

BY
HENRY S. HAMILTON.

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TO

My fellow-Typos

OF CONCORD AND MANCHESTER,

NEW HAMPSHIRE,

THESE VETERAN REMINISCENCES ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.
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REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN.
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CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the town of Lynn, County of Norfolk, one of the old walled, borough towns on the east coast of England, and was the third of a family of eleven children. My father was a quiet, unpretending man, and followed the occupation of bricklayer. He was in business for himself, and by his industry, brought up a large family respectably and accumulated sufficient property to care for him in old age. My mother was a Christian, and a member of the Baptist church, and I considered her a very remarkable woman. All matters pertaining to the house and children were left to her. She carried the purse, paid all bills, kept my father's accounts, furnished us with pocket money, made all our clothes and her own, and always asserted the right of punishing the children for all misdemeanors. The latter prerogative I do not think my father ever coveted, for I can call to memory no instance when he ever corrected
one of us, though there were times when, as I think now, few men would have allowed such transgressions to pass without punishment. I suppose, however, he thought my mother equal to all such emergencies.

I believe I caused my parents rather more anxiety than any of the rest of the family, being, as the neighbors called me, wild. I had a very happy childhood, more so than boys in general. One of the principal causes of trouble to my parents was the low company I kept. Nobody can tell the amount of enjoyment I derived from those associates, who, I must confess, were of a rather low order, some of them being poor chimney-sweepers. But they were jolly, good fellows, and the time passed with them on the seashore, in mud and water, getting shell-fish, and in other amusements, is always a pleasant recollection to me. Twice I barely escaped drowning, and it was only by the great courage of my chimney-sweep friends, and at the risk of their lives, that I was saved. Twice I was blown up with gunpowder, and once fell from the top of a two-story house, with many other accidents which boys are subject to. I was taken from three schools for the abominable whippings received. Of the last one I have very painful recollections to this day, though, perhaps, not so bad as they were at the time, for I distinctly remember the suffering it caused me, not only in mind but also in body, especially when seated at meals.

Upon reflection at this distant day, I think the disci-
pline in schools was very severe, and often great injustice was meted out for small offenses. It is a source of satisfaction to me to know that in all my misfortunes I had a firm friend in my mother, who invariably took my part and overlooked all my shortcomings, though she never countenanced wrong-doing.

I was graduated from Theobald's Academy at the age of thirteen, at which place I was taught music. The latter branch of my studies has been of great service, helping me over many hard spots, where otherwise I must have suffered much. It became a very perplexing question to my father to know what to do with me, he having put me to four different trades, of all of which I soon tired. He at last apprenticed me for seven years to a printer, a business which I thought suited. The compensation for my services was very small, it being for the first year about twenty-five cents a week, with a gradual increase, so that the seventh year I got $1.50. To be sure there were perquisites, such as the kicks I occasionally received from my master, and to this cause I principally attribute my wandering life.

Toward the latter part of my seventh year, my master, thinking I had been gone too long to dinner, kicked me; so severe was the blow that it aroused my anger, and I rushed at him, and had it not been for the foreman I cannot tell what might have been the result. My feelings were wrought up to such a pitch of excitement, and I felt so embittered against him that I could not work,
and so sauntered out into the street, without any definite plan whither I should go or what I should do. Here I met an old acquaintance, to whom I related the occurrence. I soon learned that he was fully as tired of his master as I was of mine, and so we made up our minds to run away the first chance that offered. An opportunity soon presented itself, both our masters being out of town. It was a beautiful, bright morning, the first of May, 1854, when I gladly forsook my master, but with a sad heart at leaving a happy home, which now would be made unhappy, loving brothers and sister, and the kindest of parents. As the cars moved out of the station, I looked back, and the thought struck me, What am I doing? Instantly I realized my folly, and, had I been able, should have returned to my master.

We went to the city of Cambridge, where we enlisted in the Eleventh Hussars, of the British army, commanded by Col. Cardigan, for fourteen years, with the promise of going out to the Crimean war. We were sent to London and inspected by a board of surgeons, and in a few days, with about fifty others, lowered into the hold of a steamer, where straw had been thrown for us to lie upon, and taken across the channel to Dublin. Upon our arrival there, we were sent to a receiving post for recruits, called Biggar's Bush. Here were congregated a motley crowd of young men, enlisted from all classes of English society; here were wealth and poverty, intelligence and ignorance side by side, but all were animated by the same purpose:
all willing to share alike the dangers and privations of war. We were there allotted each our bunks, and allowed to go around the city, with the order to be back again precisely at nine o'clock p.m. Three of us started out, and one of our number, claiming to be acquainted with the city, assumed the responsibility of guide. We traveled considerably about the city, and called on a great many of his friends, who, by the way, invariably charged us for the visit. We walked so far that when nine o'clock came, instead of being at our quarters we were about four miles from the barracks, and what was worse, our faithful (?) guide was beastly drunk. We walked and dragged him along until tired, and finally hired a jaunting-car to take us back, arriving there at twelve o'clock, when we were quickly marched to the guard-house. In my retirement I began to think I was not endowed with the requirements essential to the making of a good soldier, having the first night of my military career violated the law and been punished for it.
CHAPTER II.

OUR punishment the next day was to wash all the tables and benches, and to go down on our knees and scrub the floors. It is needless to say that after this we always got in on time. We remained here about a week, and then were marched to the railway station and taken about twenty-five miles into the country, to Newbridge, in the County of Kildare, where was located very large barracks, which could easily accommodate a full regiment of cavalry, and where a portion of our regiment was stationed, the remainder having gone to the Crimea. Here we were again examined by regimental surgeons, after which we were sent to our respective troops, mine being Troop B, No. 1662. We were taken to the regimental tailor and measured for clothing, and then sent to school to test our education. If the examination was satisfactory, we were graduated in a few days. A full kit was given us, consisting of the following articles: One pair each of white and flannel shirts, two pairs of drawers, two pairs of socks, one pair of shoes, one pair of boots, towels, shoe and horse brushes, combs, spurs,
razors; in short, everything essential for comfort and cleanliness. To each was given a young horse, wild from the moors of Ireland, that had never been ridden, and which we had to break in.

At 5:30 reveille was sounded, and, forming in front of the quarters, the roll was called and we were inspected by the sergeant. Our shoes must be polished, as well as the brass buckles on them, and we were then marched to the stables, where for an hour we groomed our horses, after which we were marched to breakfast. That meal being disposed of, we were taken to riding, or, perhaps, it might more appropriately be termed tumbling school, for most of us, being inexperienced horsemen, were subject to many falls, but generally without serious accident, as the horses were old and used solely for that purpose. After two hours of this painful exercise, an hour was devoted to our young horses in the forage yard, where the hay and straw were stored, and more ground and lofty tumbling was participated in. At eleven we were marched back to the stables and another hour was devoted to cleaning horses. Then came dinner; after that, until two, we pipe-clayed our belts and gloves, chrome-yellowed our stripes, and burnished our accoutrements. Two hours' drill with sword and carbine followed, and at five we again returned to the stables for another hour's grooming. After supper we were allowed to go out of the garrison, to mingle with the townsfolk and spend our day's earnings, amounting to about twelve cents, which was paid to
us daily. At nine each man had to be in garrison and answer roll-call. That ended our day's duty.

I began to think that the wearing of a gaudy regimental suit, with clanking sword and jingling spurs, was not all pleasure, and that the printing-office was not the hardest place after all.

I was much disappointed at not going with my regiment, but I have no reason to regret it, as they formed part of "the gallant six hundred" who made the memorable charge at Balaklava; and had I gone, as I expected, I might have fallen, as did many of my comrades in that terrible charge.

Believing that I was not to see active service, I determined, if possible, to purchase my discharge (that being the law of England), so wrote to my father a very repentant letter, asking him to send me the amount for that purpose. In the meantime I sent in an application for my discharge, but, greatly to my disappointment, it was refused.

They having broken their promises, I did not feel it incumbent upon me to keep mine, and so determined to take a furlough for an indefinite period. While taking dinner one day, a letter was handed me from my father containing a check for £20. I immediately donned my uniform and started for Dublin, taking a comrade with me named Grogan. On reaching there and going to the bank, I found, to my dismay, that the check was not payable for three days: so to while away the time we went to
the theatre in the evening, and the next morning started back to the regiment, and were again marched to the guard-house. The same morning I was taken before the commanding officer of the barracks, to give reasons for absenting myself from duty without permission. My excuses were very poor, and had it not been for my captain, who gave me an excellent character, I should have been punished, but was let off, with the understanding that if the offense was repeated I should be severely dealt with. My comrade was less fortunate, this not being his first offense; he was sentenced to jail for ten days, to walk a ring with his kit on his back four hours each day, and have his head shaved. I went to the postmaster of the village, and engaged him to get the money on the check, which he did, getting it in about three weeks. During that time I carefully discharged all my duties.

My last day's service in the regiment was that of colonel's orderly, a position given as a reward of merit to neat soldiers. On that day a fair was held in the village, and in the evening the soldiers were out and having a "high old time" at the tavern. Only one thing was lacking to make the evening's amusement a complete success, and that was a dance, but no music could be had, until some one intimated that I played the violin. One of them was immediately despatched to the garrison, and soon returned with a violin. A table, with a chair upon it, was placed in one corner of the large room, and I was installed upon it. The way those Irish lasses
“raked down” the “Rocky Roads to Dublin,” “Irish Washerwoman,” etc., was quite amusing. I played until nearly nine o’clock, when my comrade, Grogan, came and informed me that the money had come. We repaired at once to the post-office and received it, starting directly to the tavern to engage a jaunting-car and driver to take us to Dublin. Grogan went in, while I waited on the opposite side of the street, where was a high wall which surrounded the barracks. While waiting there, the patrol came around to gather up all soldiers, who were supposed to be in barracks by nine o’clock. They halted in front of the tavern and then went in; at the same time I was crawling upon my hands and knees towards a small bridge. As the patrol went in at the front door, Grogan and the driver with his car came out of the yard; not finding me, they became alarmed, fearing that I had been taken and carried to the guard-house, but driving up to the bridge were pleased to find me waiting there.

We reached Dublin about daybreak, and went directly to a hotel. A friend, who understood the case, came to our assistance, and, after breakfast, went and purchased clothing for us throughout, as everything in the army is marked with name of regiment and number of soldier.

We now had the most dangerous part of our undertaking, that of passing the sentinels on the dock at the steamboat landing, especially as my comrade’s head had so recently been shaved. To avoid detection on that account he devised an ingenious method, by purchasing
two locks of hair, which were sewed one on each side of his cap, and answered the purpose admirably. We were accompanied by a soldier and by two girls who represented themselves as our sisters, and pretended to be overcome with grief at our departure. It was a moment of terrible suspense, as we knew that if we were caught, especially in citizens' clothing, our punishment would be very severe. We passed safely, however, and when the boat started, after waiting what seemed to us almost an age, our fears greatly subsided, and we breathed more freely.

We reached Liverpool at daybreak the next morning. It was foggy and rainy—the miserable weather that is peculiar to that city. How dismal it was in those dark and dreary streets! Not caring to go to a hotel, we wandered around for some time, meeting at last an old Irishman, who, upon learning our wants, kindly took us to his house, which, from appearances, indicated extreme poverty. We gave him money to purchase food, and he returned in a short time with some sausages and bread, which, with a mug of beer, made us an excellent meal. After breakfast we went to the shipping office and secured berths on board the sailing vessel, Isaac Wright, of the Black Ball Line, which was announced to sail for America that afternoon, but did not for three days. This delay caused us the greatest anxiety, as we knew that one of our sergeants was recruiting in Liverpool, and that the names of all soldiers absenting themselves three days from their regiment would be published in a paper
called the *Hue and Cry*, and sent to every police station and recruiting rendezvous throughout the country. Previous to embarking, I sent a letter to my parents, who were daily expecting me home, stating that I had taken passage to America.

I was awakened on Sunday morning by the noise from the hoisting of the anchor, and on reaching the deck found our vessel in motion, a small steamer being alongside, towing us out of the harbor. It would be impossible to describe my feelings at that instant; I felt sad, and at the same time glad. My sadness was caused by the thought of leaving home and friends, without even the privilege of bidding them good-by,—friends whom, in all probability, I should never see again, and going to a foreign land, among entire strangers; while I was glad to think I was escaping from cruel hardship, and going to a country whose government recognized no titles, where rich and poor, high and low, all shared alike.

"Here we had toil and little to reward us,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pains."
CHAPTER III.

We made good progress the first week, having made a "fine run." Our diet was wretched, there being no law at that time regulating the food issued on emigrant vessels. Twice a week rations were served out, which consisted of a little rice, sugar, tea, a few potatoes, some biscuit, with a pint of water daily, for cooking and drinking purposes, to each individual. Having eight hundred emigrants on board, it generally took all day to get it, and another day to have it cooked. Whether it was the toll for cooking or the shrinkage I do not know, but we never got more than half back of what we handed in. Having nothing but salt water to wash in, we seldom washed; the result was that in a short time we were overrun with vermin.

About the tenth day out we had a violent storm, lasting nearly three days. So severe was it that the hatches were fastened down, and we could get no food cooked, and had nothing to eat but hard biscuit. I will not attempt to describe the sufferings in the steerage those three days; what with the sickness, filth, and misery, it is indeed a wonder how they lived through it.
About the middle of the voyage we had one death, that of a young man, who, with his sister, was seeking their fortunes in the new world. It was sad to witness the grief of that poor young girl beside the dead body of her brother. There being no clergyman on board, the sailors performed the funeral ceremony, which, though solemn the occasion, was somewhat heathenish. Early in the morning the body was brought on deck by the crew and, with a large piece of iron, sewed up in canvas, then lifted and, with the summons of "one, two, three," thrown over the side of the vessel; the waters closed over it, and it passed to "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns." It was a quiet, sympathetic funeral, and at its close the passengers sorrowfully retired to their filthy berths, many doubtless thinking the lot of that young man preferable to theirs.

After the storm we had a calm for several days, which was very trying, and we became exceedingly impatient, congregating in groups upon the deck and discussing our hard fate. How natural it is to be discontented, for if we have not great trials we magnify small ones, and pity ourselves for such misfortunes.

An event occurred during this interval which made an impression on my mind, and for years after I could not refer to it without feelings of sadness. One night the sailors broke open all the trunks they could find, stealing clothing and other valuables belonging to the emigrants. Complaints were made to the captain, who did his utmost
to find the perpetrators of the theft, but without avail. A short time after the second mate had occasion to go to the chain locker, and there found the stolen goods. After watching awhile he discovered the thieves, and made his report to the captain, who ordered the articles to be brought upon deck, likewise the robbers. The latter were tied to the side of the vessel, with their hands behind them, and the captain, taking a belaying pin, pounded them on their heads and faces until they were one mass of gore, repeating it once an hour, until those from whom the property was stolen begged him to desist; but he threatened to serve them in the same manner if he was in any way interrupted. It was pitiful to hear the pleadings of the men, begging for mercy, as the tears coursed down their faces, and, mingling with the blood, dropped to the deck, but to all such entreaties he turned a deaf ear. Indeed, to such a pitch was his anger aroused that he acted more like a fiend than a human being. The poor fellows were left there until the middle of the afternoon, when their shipmates released and assisted them to their berths. Such looking beings and such brutal punishment I hope never to witness again. My feelings were so wrought up by this occurrence that had any one of the victims of this inhuman barbarity killed that brutal commander I should not have blamed him in the least.

One morning a quantity of seaweed was seen floating around, which was a source of great surprise and plea-
ure to us, for it was a harbinger of land. We were told that we were crossing the Grand Banks. It seemed rather strange that no banks or land of any kind were visible, still it was a delightful change to even see something verdant. After this we watched anxiously every day, expecting to see land. Many days elapsed, however, before that sight greeted our anxious gaze; we had then been about forty days at sea. By this time all the romance of a sea voyage, which had been conjured up in my youth by a perusal of Robinson Crusoe and similar books, had well-nigh died out. Two days after a tug-boat came alongside and took us in tow, and on a Sunday, after a voyage of six weeks, a dirty, half-starved lot of emigrants reached New York; but our hearts were light, and many thanks were returned to Him who had preserved us through so many dangers.
CHAPTER IV.

REQUEST was made to us to remain on board until the next morning, but the temptation to go on shore was too strong to resist. We were anxious to know how it would seem to walk on land again, and six of us got upon the wharf and strolled to the street. At the corner we saw a saloon, which one of the party proposed to enter; I was loath to go in, for, on taking account of stock, after paying both our fares, buying clothing, bedding, etc., my purse contained somewhere in the vicinity of seventy-five cents; nevertheless we all went in, and the drinks were called for. The bar-tender was quite amused at seeing such a pack of greenhorns enter the saloon, but he placed the bottle and glasses before us. Strange as it may appear, no one reached for it, not knowing how much to pour out, that not being the custom in England; so we waited and looked at each other, anxious for some one to make a start, but no one had the courage. We were relieved from our embarrassing position by the entrance of an old soaker, who, with trembling hand, poured out his drink; all eyes were upon
him; we gauged his tumbler exactly, and when taking ours were very careful not to get any more than we thought the old man had taken, which was by no means a small drink. It being Sunday evening the streets were rather quiet, so we returned to the vessel.

Early the next morning the sharks (boarding-house keepers) came on board and captured all they could. Four of us went with an Irishman, who described his house as being one of the most comfortable in the city; we thought ourselves fortunate in meeting with such a chance, and readily went with him. It was a great surprise as well as disappointment to find his abode such an "old shell" as it proved to be.

At the end of the first day my funds gave out, but he consented to keep me a few days, or until I could obtain work. Our first night in this house was very unpleasant, they crowding four of us into a small room. Shortly after putting out the candle, we were beset by something which at the time we thought were bees; they buzzed, stung, and tormented us so that we slept but very little. The next morning our faces were so swollen that we could scarcely open our eyes. On inquiry, we were told they were mosquitoes, a pest whose habits we were entirely ignorant of, not having such things in England. Before retiring the next night we brought our slippers into play and slaughtered all we could find, and rested somewhat better.

I stayed there three or four days. My comrade being
a very fine musician, in the mean time obtained a situation in a band, and occupied quarters with them. Failing to get employment, my genial Irishman turned me out into the street, at the same time taking my scanty wardrobe, worth, perhaps, twenty dollars.

I wandered about the streets the first night, and oh, what a long, dreary night it was; it seemed as if morning would never come. The stores and saloons kept closing one by one, until the streets were almost deserted. Occasionally I would meet a policeman, who would look suspiciously at me. I remember entering the office of a hotel and taking a seat in one of the nice, cosy arm-chairs. Being very tired I immediately fell asleep. My slumber was of short duration, as I was rudely awakened and ordered to leave. I passed the remainder of the night in the City Hall park. The next day I visited many printing-offices, but failed to get employment. I was sadly discouraged, weary, and hungry, as I had eaten nothing since the morning before. I envied everybody I met, thinking that they all had business of some kind, a home, and friends to meet there, while I had none.

My comrade had as yet received no pay for his services, except his board, but succeeded in borrowing eight cents, which he kindly divided with me. Now it so happened that one of those cents was very much battered, so much that it was a matter of doubt whether it would pass. This created quite a dispute, as neither wished to take it, and it nearly caused a separation between us;
however, I finally took it, at least I had to, or go without.
My reason for not wanting to take that dilapidated piece of currency was, that I wished to go to Brooklyn in pursuit of work, and, as the fare was two cents each way, it might, perhaps, place me in rather an awkward position. I went across the ferry and sought for work, but without success. Being very hungry and somewhat tired, I was urged to spend my remaining two cents for something to eat, and accordingly bought some apples. I can remember no time when apples ever tasted so good to me. When evening came I could not get across the ferry. I tried to squeeze in behind the crowd, but it would not work, so I went boldly up to the gate-keeper and told him that I had left my boarding-house in the morning and had neglected bringing my purse, and if he would let me pass I would pay the next time I came. I had a small ring, a present from a dear friend in England, which I offered to leave as security, but, looking at me a second, he told me to keep my ring and pass along.

I walked that night until about eleven o'clock, when I crawled into a baker's cart, which was standing in a back street in the Bowery. It was a rather hard bed, but far preferable to walking the streets. The next morning while walking in Fulton market a gentleman in a carriage with a fine span of horses drove up, and, upon alighting, requested me to hold them, which I was only too glad to do. Upon his return he gave me two small silver pieces, which provided me with something to eat for two days.
As I passed through the different markets, my attention was frequently called to pyramids of very attractive-looking cakes, made in different shapes, some long and twisted, while others were in rings. They were so attractive that I was tempted to purchase one. It could not be that I was too well fed, or even fastidious, but I must confess that I was never more disappointed in anything eatable than I was in the American doughnut.

I lived sparingly and cheaply, and my lodgings cost me nothing, as I always found the baker’s cart in its usual place. It was never convenient for me to see the proprietor of that concern, as I always arrived there very late at night, and left very early in the morning, so that my lodging remains unpaid to this day.

I found it very refreshing, and I think somewhat nourishing, to inhale the fumes that arose from the food being cooked at the different restaurants, and at such places I might have been seen frequently during the day.

One evening my comrade came with three dollars, which had been paid him for band services, and invited me to an eating saloon, where I partook of an excellent supper. I did not think it possible for me to eat so much at one meal, but living on apples four days created a wonderful appetite.

The most egregious folly I ever was guilty of occurred this evening. After paying for my supper, we invested the remainder in tickets for the theatre, knowing that when the play was over I should have to walk the streets
or wend my way to the baker's cart; but that consideration was nothing compared to the treat of hearing that magnificent orchestra, and seeing the great Ned Forrest in Othello. Among that vast audience I do not think, for the time being, there was a person whose mind was more free from care than mine. After the play was over I stole silently to my yellow-painted bower and enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep.

The next week, Jim (that was my comrade's name) played several times, so that I generally had a good supper every night; but I became tired of this way of living, and having tried in vain for work in all parts of the city, I proposed to Jim, who had a few dollars ahead, that we go to some other city, which was not so crowded, and see if we could not both get employment; and that, as he had a brother here who emigrated about a year before, perhaps we might find him. To this he readily agreed, so the next night we went down to the wharf with the intention of going to Philadelphia. On arriving there we were informed that the boat did not go until the next evening. This was very disappointing to us, especially as our baggage was here, consisting of a small carpet-bag and a bundle. We had a bountiful supply of food, having bought a loaf of bread, with about two feet of real German sausage.

As we had concluded to leave that night, we took a boat that was about starting for Albany, at the next wharf, leaving there about eight o'clock. Having taken a cheap
passage, we were compelled to sleep on deck; I really did not think it quite equal to my Bowery lodging, nevertheless I slept tolerably well. Jim grumbled all night, as he was not accustomed to so hard a bed. There were a great many Germans on board, most of whom carried food for the night, which, as near as I could judge, consisted of onions and Dutch cheese, and the scent that arose at intervals was, even to me, very annoying.

We reached Albany early the next morning, and, after partaking of a very cheap breakfast, set forth in quest of employment. I visited several printing-offices, but all complained of dull times, and I failed to get work. In going down one of the streets, feeling rather discouraged, we passed a recruiting rendezvous, having a large poster in front, with this announcement: "Wanted in the U. S. Army a few good-looking, intelligent, active young men. Will be paid eleven dollars per month, with board and clothing." To us that seemed excellent pay, and I was egotistical enough to think we could meet all the requirements expressed in the bill. Jim favored the idea of enlisting, but I was not yet prepared for such a step, and hurriedly left. We were advised to go to Troy, an adjoining town, where a short time before a printer had advertised for help. Accordingly, we hastened at once to that town, but ill luck seemed to follow us, for on reaching there we were told that they had all the help they needed, and the same story was repeated at all the other offices in that place.
It was, indeed, discouraging to meet with so many disappointments, following so closely together, and I began to think that perhaps our green and awkward appearance might have something to do with our inability to obtain employment.

We trudged along the principal road leading out of town, not knowing nor caring whither it led, but thinking perhaps something might turn up, until we came to a place called Cohoes. This was a small town, and we did not anticipate meeting with any success, nor were we disappointed, for, as usual, business was depressed, and again we met with failure. Our stay here was quite brief, and we again took a road leading out of town and came to the banks of a canal, with numerous boats upon it, having "Buffalo" painted on their sterns. We concluded it must be quite a large place, and, possibly, work could be obtained there. So we started along its banks, expecting to reach there in a short time, not thinking for a moment that it was something over two hundred miles distant.
CHAPTER V.

AFTER walking a few miles, Jim became very tired, and wanted to go back to Albany and enlist. He could not get that eleven dollars a month out of his head. The thought was, indeed, quite enchanting to such poor weary wanderers, but I opposed all his ideas in that direction. He finally proposed to "toss up," to see whether we should go back or not; if he won, we were to return; but if I was the winner, we were to keep on to Buffalo. So we tossed up a jack-knife, being sadly deficient in coppers, "nick or no nick," and I won the first toss. He was not satisfied with the result, and insisted on best two in three, "for," said he, "who ever heard of settling so great a question as this with only one toss?" So up went the knife, and I was again the winner. We jogged along a few miles further, until Jim fairly gave out; he was not only tired, but hungry, our bread and sausage having long since given out, and he insisted upon having another toss. I said everything I could think of to keep up his courage, telling him several funny stories, and pictured to him the nice times we should in all probability have together after we got to
Buffalo, where I felt assured we could obtain work. I told him there were thousands of people whose misfortunes were far greater than ours. But all my talk availed nothing; it would not cover up that eleven dollars a month with board and clothing. So I once more indulged him, but with the understanding that the first toss should decide it. Up went the knife again, and once more I was the winner. Poor Jim! His face was the picture of despair; tears actually stood in his eyes, and he breathed a heavy sigh, which appeared to come from the very bottom of his heart. I really sympathized with him, but felt that I was working for our best interests.

We started along again, but only for a short distance; Jim's feet were sore, and mine were not much better, though I dared not manifest any sign of discouragement. He was hungry and tired, and, with many other excuses, declared he would go no further, and urged me to toss and give him one more chance. Now I do not wish to boast of my strength of mind, but I really think that on that day's tramp I displayed an unusual amount of firmness. Once more the knife went up, and again fortune favored me, but Jim would not abide by the decision, and declared his determination to return, whether I went or not. Further talk I knew was useless, so at last, contrary to my feelings, I relented, and we went back to Cohoes. A train coming in shortly after our arrival, we approached the conductor and asked him to let us ride to Albany, informing him that we had neither money nor
friends. He was one of those jovial, large-hearted men, who, being happy himself, endeavored to make everybody else so. He told us to jump on, and as we were riding along he inquired where we came from, where we were going, and all about us, and, I suppose, sympathized with us, for as we left the cars he gave us a note to a boarding-house, instructing the proprietor to give us supper, lodging, and breakfast, and charge it to him. That man was a true Christian. God bless him. Such disinterested benevolence must receive its reward.

We ate supper with a good relish, disposing of almost everything set before us. The proprietor evidently thought us great gluttons, for he inquired how many times we ate in a day.

After breakfast the next morning we went to the recruiting office, and after being inspected by a surgeon, were, on the 14th day of October, 1854, enlisted as private soldiers, for five years, in the United States Army.

Although then much opposed to entering the army, I now think it was the best step I could have taken, for I not only acquired the customs of the country, but from my small earnings saved enough to give me a fair start at the expiration of my term of service.

We were kept at the rendezvous until a squad of twelve were enlisted, which took nearly two weeks, and were then taken by rail to New York city. After leaving the cars, we were marched to the Battery, put in boats and taken to Governor's Island. This place was used as a
general receiving depot, recruits being sent here from the different rendezvous in the country, drilled, and sent away to fill the depleted regiment of the line stationed on the frontier.

Upon landing at the island, we were marched to the surgeon, and again inspected, and then allotted to our respective quarters, where we were taken charge of by a sergeant, who appeared to me to be the queerest specimen of a soldier I had ever seen. He was a red-headed, round-shouldered, bow-legged Irishman, who, to add to his deformities, was addicted to strong drink, which was the cause of much trouble between him and his wife, who lived on the island, and generally resulted in her getting a sound thrashing. He beat her so severely one night that it was found necessary to confine him, and he was afterwards tried by court-martial and reduced to the ranks, much to the satisfaction of all. It was very amusing the first morning he took us out to drill, especially to Jim and me, who had so recently been drilled by as fine-looking men and as good drill-masters as could be found. He would begin in this way: “Now min, I want yez tu du jist as I tell yez. I want yez tu shtand up shtrate, loike this” (standing up as erect as his deformity would allow). “Don’t look tu the right or the left til I tell yez. Now, whin I says rite fa-ace, all of yez turn tu the rite; now whin I says ma-arch, you all shtep off loike this.” He then paraded himself in front of us, and, with those ill-shaped legs, commenced marching. It would
have been a very painful operation to us to have twisted our legs in that shape. It created quite a laugh all through the squad, an indulgence we should not have taken had he been facing us. "Thar, du yez mind that? Du jist loike that; now, rite fa-ace." We promptly executed the order. "Forward, ma-arch." He then commenced shouting the time for us in this style: "Right, left, keep yer shtep, hep, hep, blast yer eyes, yez out of shtep, right, left," etc. We were thus tortured four hours each day, two in the morning, and two in the afternoon. I never understood how such a creature held so prominent a position, for the sergeants generally were intelligent, bright-looking men.

The food for recruits was indeed very poor, so bad that it caused much suffering. A cup of coffee, without milk, and very little sugar, a piece of cold boiled fat pork, and a slice of bread constituted the breakfast; a bowl of bean soup and a slice of bread made the dinner. Why it was called bean soup I could not understand, for I never heard of one being found in it. On one occasion a recruit spilt his soup on the table, and on being censured, gave as a reason that he had been diving in his bowl in search of a bean. He was walked off to the guard-house for insolence. On Sunday we had beef soup, and a few vegetables for dinner; breakfast and supper were the same as other days.

Much sickness prevailed among the recruits, occasioned by eating decayed fruit which had washed ashore,
such as oranges and apples, that had been thrown into the river from the stores in the city. The poor fellows, being so hungry, and most of them without money, were glad to eat anything.

Jim and I remained with the recruits only two or three days. He, being a good musician, was taken into the depot band, and I was transferred to the permanent company, a position which, for morality, was not above reproach. This company was stationed here to take charge of the island and drill the recruits. We had good quarters and excellent rations. I had been here but a short time when I was promoted to corporal. The rank was not very exalted, but to me it seemed quite a position. My duties were to drill recruits, and occasionally row in the barge that carried the mail from the island to New York; for the latter service we received extra pay.

On these trips were brought many things from the city, which were disposed of to those recruits who had a few dollars left, from which enormous profits were realized. Liquor was the principal article of trade. To such an extent was this traffic carried on that it was the cause of much trouble among the men, by their getting drunk, and the officers endeavored to stop it. After each trip an examination of the crew was made by a sergeant, but not wishing to be deprived of so profitable a trade, they devised a very ingenious method to deceive him, by filling small bladders with the liquor and placing them in their boot-legs. Sometimes the river would be rather rough,
and by the extra exertions the bladders would burst, but the men had a faculty of always making the best of such misfortunes. On reaching their quarters they emptied their boots and wrung their stockings, and, putting the liquor into bottles, sold it for a dollar a bottle. Doubtless they felt they had benefited their suffering comrades, and also received good profits from their extra exertions.

Another method they had of making money, with an eye, also, to the morals of those unfortunate, weak young men, was by selling the same bottle many times. The recruits were not allowed in our quarters, still they frequently stole in after dark. One of the men would borrow a sergeant’s coat, and station himself on the outside of the building. When the recruit came out, he was arrested by the bogus sergeant, the bottle taken from him, and he was dragged off in the direction of the guard-house; but he was always released before reaching there, with a warning that if caught in such rascally business again he would be severely punished. The profits from this business came under the head of perquisites, and it was extensively carried on by all parties.
BOUT once a month we had a very unpleasant ceremony to witness, now, happily, abolished, that of flogging men. All deserters from the different rendezvous, when taken, were sent here for punishment, sometimes four or five being flogged in one morning. Our company was marched to the moat that surrounded the fort, and formed into a half-circle. The prisoners in turn, were tied to a cannon, and usually received fifty lashes each, on the bare back. They were then taken to the guard-house, and a letter D, meaning deserter, was tattooed on the hip, and a few days after were drummed around the garrison to the tune of the "Rogue's March," then taken to New York and turned adrift.

The latter part of the winter I was appointed sergeant. I was given charge of a company of recruits, allowed citizen's clothing, and could go to New York at any time. Without egotism, I think I made a better appearance in front of my company than did the Hibernian sergeant, though some no doubt indulged in a few criticisms at my expense.

Jim did not seem to prosper at all. Poor fellow, he
was doomed to misfortune. All his well-laid plans for the future were dashed to pieces very suddenly. On joining the band he found an old comrade from our regiment of the British army, who informed him of the death of his brother, and that he was buried in the little cemetery at the back of the garrison. The day we visited the grave is still fresh in my memory. We found a beautiful tombstone, placed there by the band of which he was a member, and the inscription upon it spoke of him as a young man of irreproachable character. Jim sat on the grave and wept bitterly. He was an only brother, and to think that after traveling so far, and suffering so much, he should find him dead!

I do not remember of ever seeing him smile after that, and his whole character underwent a complete change. He was sick and very low-spirited all winter, and he seemed to be wasting away. Several times I went with him to New York, but he never appeared to enjoy any amusement, and I began to think he would soon join his brother. He finally decided that he would go back to England, and nothing could change his mind. I opposed it at first, but at last concluded that it would be for the best, for I felt certain that if he remained here he would surely die.

About the first of March we went to the city and he engaged passage to England; we then returned to the island and made preparations for his voyage. I gave him a portion of my clothing, and what money I had, and
accompanied him to the wharf. I watched the vessel as it glided away, and the last I saw of poor Jim, he was weeping, while I was swallowing huge lumps that would, in spite of myself, come into my throat.

I realized that I was alone in a foreign country, without one friend from whom I could claim the right of assistance in case of need. I was reminded of my duty by an aged woman, who evidently had been watching us, for she inquired of me whether that was my brother, where was he going, and if I did not want to buy some nice apples. To the latter question I answered that I did not care to eat apples just then.

On my return to the island many inquiries were made about Jim, to all of which I pleaded ignorance. My duties soon overcame all gloomy feelings, and in a short time I was as jovial as ever. I received one letter from Jim, stating that he had joined his old regiment, and had only received slight punishment. That was all I ever heard from him.

At a session of Congress in 1854, an act was passed whereby the army was to be increased by the addition of four regiments, and an order was sent to the commander at Governor's Island to furnish men for the recruiting service. Having been there about seven months, I felt a desire to see more of the country, and sent in an application for that service, which was accepted, and I received orders to report myself immediately to Lieutenant Dudley, of the Tenth Infantry, at Springfield, Mass. I started at
once, and, upon my arrival there, found a good-looking and, apparently, smart officer; but after a short conversation with him, I came to the conclusion that he was not a very brilliant military genius; in fact, he was only a merchant tailor, just out of the store. He had received his appointment from Franklin Pierce, then president of the United States. At his request, I informed him of the duties that devolved upon a first lieutenant, drilled the recruits as fast as they were enlisted, and taught them to salute him when passing in the street. The latter evolution he greatly admired, and would take particular pains to pass and repass the men for the sake of being so recognized.

After a squad of about a dozen men was enlisted, they were taken to Carlisle Barracks, Pa., where the regiment was organizing. I met with many adventures on these journeys; sometimes a man would run away, and while after him some of the others would be missing; then, again, in spite of my vigilance, one would become intoxicated and commence fighting; in such cases I had to call the police to my assistance. On one occasion, while passing through New York city, the provisions, which were being carried in a box by the men, were dropped and the contents strewn about; this caused quite a crowd, and it was with difficulty that I got my men safely away. In every case I found the sympathy of the citizens with the recruits. In all these trials, however, I succeeded in every instance in getting my men to head-
quarters. We had to take many scoldings from mothers and sisters for enlisting their sons and brothers, but we always quieted them by promising speedy promotion.

I spent a very pleasant summer here, and in the fall joined the regiment at Carlisle. It was commanded by Colonel Alexander, with Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Smith, and Major Canby. Colonel Alexander was retired just previous to the war; Smith was appointed major-general, and distinguished himself at the storming of Fort Donaldson, after which he died of sickness; and Canby was also appointed major-general, passed safely through the war, and was killed at the lava beds by the Modoc Indians. This officer was one of the best and kindest of men. During the many trials we passed through in the five years I was under him, wherever there was any suffering, either in hospital or out, he, with his estimable wife, was always there. I remember that on one occasion while marching through snow, fording rivers, and for weeks with scarcely a dry thread upon us, he gave a small stove, that was needed for his wife's comfort, to the hospital. When the rivers became so cold that we dreaded to wade through, he would dismount and walk, and forbid any of the officers to ride. The men, seeing this, would plunge in bravely. It was characteristic of this gallant soldier not to require of others what he was unwilling to do himself, and it was a sad thing to have so valuable a life destroyed by those treacherous Modocs.
It was a great surprise to me on joining the regiment to find that I had been transferred from Company E, the one in which I had enlisted, to Company I. It seemed like turning one out of his old home, for the soldier to be thus changed from one company to another, and all the habits and associations rudely broken up. To such an apparently unjust proceeding I stoutly protested, but it was of no avail, so I resigned my position as sergeant and took the bugle, that being a rifle regiment. In a short time my sorrow for having been transferred was changed to gladness; for I found Company I a first-class body of men, being mostly from New Hampshire. The captain, Jesse A. Gove of Concord, was a brilliant officer, and a perfect gentleman. He was liked by his company, and respected by the whole regiment. He was a good disciplinarian, though he never lost sight of the idea that an enlisted man was a fellow-being, which could not be said of most of the Southern officers, who looked upon the men and treated them much as they did their slaves upon the plantations which some of them had so recently left. His wife, one of Concord's
fair daughters, accompanied her husband in all his early campaigns, and proved herself in this, as in all other things, the captain's brave and noble helpmeet. At Fort Ridgely, Minn., a child was born to them, and thus were we furnished with a true "Daughter of the Regiment." She was named Jessie Ridgely Gove, and was with us in the Utah expedition against the Mormons. She is now the wife of Hon. John H. Pearson of Concord, N. H.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion Captain Gove was appointed colonel of the Twenty-Second Massachusetts Volunteers, Vice-president Wilson's regiment, in which he distinguished himself as a brave officer. He was killed at the head of his regiment while heroically leading his men into the very thickest of the fight at the battle of Gaines Mills. Thus early was cut off the life of this brave soldier, in the very prime of his usefulness, standing high up and reaching for the topmost round on the ladder of fame.

A large portrait of him now hangs in the rotunda of the capitol in Concord.

Two sergeants of the company were residents of Manchester, and were officers in the same regiment with me in
the War of the Rebellion, Adjutant Alvan H. Libby and Captain William H. Maxwell. Graduating from and representing the old Tenth regulars, these two men, comrades in arms, were of true soldierly character, acquirements, and bravery, yet their experience and ability as veterans did not count for much in the volunteer service. While beardless youths, with no military record or knowledge, even of the commonest forms of the manual of arms, were, through high connection and influence, given the best positions in the regiment, these old soldiers, the equals, if not the superiors, of its commanding officers, were enlisted as privates, and only received the rank of lieutenants.

At the storming of Fort Wagner, S. C., while carrying orders through the thickest of the fight, from General Strong to the gallant Colonel Putnam, of the Seventh New Hampshire, who was killed in that charge, poor Libby offered up his life.

It is a custom, and rightly so, when a patriot is killed in battle, to speak only of his good qualities, feeling that the sacrifice of his life will, like the blessed mantle of charity, hide a multitude of sins. I know that in the case of Adjutant Libby I speak the universal sentiment of his comrades when I say his faults leaned to virtue's side; and this tribute to his memory I put on record, as his friend and old comrade, that among the thousands who laid down their lives for our common country, no truer, braver patriot than he ever went
out from a New Hampshire home to perish on the battle-field.

My duties as bugler were very light; in fact, I had scarcely anything to do. I used daily to take some of the youngest recruits into the woods at the back of the garrison and teach them the bugle calls, after which I traveled around among the farmers, making friendly calls, and testing their fruit, of which there was a great abundance. This sunshine did not long continue; a cloud arose which spoiled all my pleasure and resulted in my giving up the bugle.

A deserter having been arrested, was sentenced by court-martial to receive fifty lashes on the bare back. The day of the punishment dawned bright, and at 9 a.m. the victim was marched from the guard-house to a square that had been formed by the regiment, in which a piece of cannon had been hauled. I was ordered by the quartermaster to take a rope and rawhide and proceed to the square where the flogging was to be executed. After reading the sentence, the man was told to remove his shirt, after which
the officer of the day ordered me to tie him to the wheel of the cannon. It was quite an undertaking, and I do not know to this day how it was done. I distinctly remember the time and trouble it caused me to release him, owing to the many knots in the rope. I was afraid the poor fellow would faint before I could get him released. When I was ordered by the officer to take the rawhide and flog the man, I was dumfounded, and did not wish to do it, but was told that I must, and to lay it on well, or he would have me court-martialed for disobedience of orders, so I had no alternative but to execute the order. He instructed me to strike the man at each count, until he had received fifty lashes. He began by saying "one," in a loud tone, and at that I raised the rawhide and commenced the brutal work; but instead of following him, he had to follow me, and very quickly, too, for I seemed to lose all presence of mind, and knew nothing and saw nothing until he seized me by the arm as I was about giving the man one blow more than his sentence demanded. Throughout this punishment my sufferings, mentally, were equal to those of the culprit. It was a great shock to me, and I felt both ashamed, disgusted, and sad at the spectacle before me. He was taken to the guard-house, and a few days after drummed around the garrison, with bayonets at a charge and the "Rogue's March" being played, and upon arriving at the gate was, without ceremony, kicked out. Such discipline could not possibly have otherwise than a bad effect; and,
in my opinion, all punishment in or out of the army should be reformatory in its nature.

After this I felt somewhat afraid to go to the city, for fear of meeting my victim, thinking, of course, that should he see me he might avenge himself in some manner. I was agreeably surprised a few days after, when passing along the street, to meet him and have him extend his hand in the most friendly manner, and insist upon my drinking with him. He said I did it in good shape (meaning the flogging). getting through with it so quickly. I did not question his opinion, although I am sure my actions must have had a guilty appearance,
for I never felt so mean in the presence of any one before.

A band master arrived about this time, bringing instruments and music, and I was one of the number selected for that body. I was well pleased at such an opportunity, being very much disgusted with some of the duties of a bugler.

We had many musicians in the regiment, mostly Germans, so that in a few days we had a tolerably good band. The band master, sergeant, and corporal were Englishmen, as was also the quartermaster-sergeant, so that I was not sorry for the change I had made.
CHAPTER VIII.

In October we were ordered to Fort Snelling, Minn. Now commenced a very unpleasant part of a soldier’s life, that of packing up for a start. Having lived here for several months most of the men had accumulated a great many things, in the shape of clothes, books, fancy articles, etc., and being allowed only to carry so many pounds, the weight of a full kit, many articles had to be cast aside. It was quite a task to determine which to take or which to leave; and after repeatedly going over them we would be obliged to cast most of them away, taking only about the government allowance.

A soldier’s love is generally not of a very ardent nature towards any object; he is driven around from place to place; one day he has a comrade or friend, from whom he is the next day separated, and another friendship is formed, and thus it continues during his whole military career. Such is the case particularly with soldiers of the regular army.

Colonel Alexander now took command, and we at once started for Minnesota, crossing the Alleghanies and passing through Chicago, Indianapolis, and Galena, thence
taking steamboats up the Mississippi river. A portion of the regiment was left at Fort Crawford, Wis., under Lieut.-Col. C. F. Smith, while the headquarters with the remainder of the regiment went to Fort Snelling, which is located on the bank of the Mississippi river, between Minneapolis and St. Paul, those places at that time being very small, the population of the former about eight hundred, while the latter contained about twenty-five hundred. We disembarked at the fort, finding a battery stationed there, under the command of Major T. W. Sherman. This fort was built for four companies, and by putting in five, it necessarily crowded the men. After the companies had been allotted to their respective quarters, it was found that no place had been reserved for the band, so a farm-house, about half a mile from the garrison, was procured. This location was delightful, situated on a bluff, at the foot of which was a beautiful lake, whose waters abounded with ducks and fish. We had canoes and guns, and most of our living came from this lake. We were there about a year, and saved from government rations about one hundred dollars. The pike in the lakes were very large, and it was a common occurrence to catch them weighing from six to eight pounds, and catfish of enormous size from the river. The ducks and fish of these waters at this period had been disturbed only by the arrows and spears of the Indians, and they afforded us not only pleasure but profit.

We now had a well organized band, and played for
concerts, dances, and other entertainments at St. Paul, St. Anthony (now Minneapolis), and other settlements.

Minneapolis, though small, was just waking up to the importance of its facilities for becoming a city, and increasing its wealth and population. The first effort of its people towards such improvement was by organizing a hook and ladder company. The lady residents there favored it, and to testify their appreciation of the idea, prepared a beautiful banner for the company. On the evening of the presentation an entertainment was held in the town hall, our band being engaged for the occasion. The exercises opened with a selection by the band, after which, in a pretty little speech, the banner was presented by one of the young ladies. It was accepted, in behalf of the company, by a young man, who attempted a response, but signally failed, and after repeatedly trying, the speech was finally read from manuscript, the band rendering the "Star Spangled Banner" while the orator was engaged in searching for his notes. I mention this little incident as showing the rapid strides that have been made in that city in so short a time, comparatively.

The winters were quite severe, the thermometer frequently falling to forty-five degrees below zero. Some of the men, not being accustomed to such a climate, and carelessly exposing themselves after dark, were frozen to death. When found they invariably had whiskey about them.

On one occasion five of us of the band had rather
a narrow escape. We obtained a pass in the early part of the winter to visit St. Paul. Directly opposite the fort was a rope ferry, which was used in going there, but as the ice was running so bad that we could not cross, we walked down on the east side and crossed over at the city. Shortly after our arrival it commenced to snow, but we gave no heed to this, so intent were we on making our purchases and seeing the sights of the town. Thus the day wore rapidly away, and the storm settled down upon us before we were ready to start for home.

Upon arriving at the river, we found, to our dismay, that our boatman, tired of waiting, had crossed and gone home an hour before; and, as no other boat was to be had, we were obliged to shoulder our traps and march to the ferry up the river, where we doubted not we would be able to cross to the fort. After traveling the weary distance between St. Paul and the ferry, about five miles, imagine our feelings on descending the steep bank of the river, to the ferry house, to find the boat fast in the ice in the middle of the river, and the boatmen on it. There were slight prospects of its getting ashore very soon, and the unkind mistress of the ferry refused to admit us into the house to warm ourselves. Just then some of us indulged in expressions more forcible than polite, and not at all complimentary to the woman at the ferry house.

As we stamped our feet in the fast increasing snow, and endeavored to rub a little warmth into our partially benumbed hands, it occurred to us that bestowing curses
on that woman would not get us out of our dilemma, and that the only course to pursue was to cross the suspension bridge at St. Anthony, which was distant about seven miles up the river.

It seemed rather hard to have to travel fourteen miles to get to the fort, when across the river we could see the lights, and hear the tones of the bugles so distinctly, but as we had no other resource, we shouldered our traps and again started through the woods in the blinding storm.

We made slow progress, but still, as we thought, made some headway towards the bridge. The wind blew and it grew colder, and we wearily trudged along, till at last we felt we could go no farther without warmth and rest; so we halted, and, gathering dried twigs and pulling an old stump to pieces, at last, after repeated failures, we succeeded in lighting a fire.

With the generous heat and needed rest came renewed courage, and again we started on our toilsome way. But still no St. Anthony, although we were very sure we must have traveled the required distance to reach it. Again had hope almost deserted us, when suddenly we came to an old log shanty. Vigorously we pounded upon the door. Soon we saw through the crevices the gleam of a light, and heard a sonorous "Who's there?"

"Let us in, for Heaven's sake! We are freezing!" we shouted in despairing tones.

The door instantly turned on its hinges, its very creak-
ing adding to the hearty welcome of the burly wood-chopper who stood within.

"Ned, hurry up there and pile on the logs," he cried to another huge form just rising from a rude couch in the corner. "Here's some soldier boys just perishing with the cold."

Soon a rousing fire was blazing, and hot coffee, hastily prepared, was given us, when we told our story.

"Going to St. Anthony, was you?" said our host. "Well, that's rich; you're a 'tarnal sight nearer St. Paul than you are St. Anthony, being as you're more nor five miles from either on 'em, though."

And so it was; instead of following the river direct to St. Anthony, we had, on losing sight of the Mississippi, struck into the woods, and evidently had been moving in a circle. Had we not providentially stumbled upon the only habitation within many miles, it is doubtful whether any of us would have lived through the night.

The wood-choppers gave us a comfortable "shake-down" on the floor, where we spent the remainder of the night. After a hearty breakfast, our hosts started us towards St. Anthony, with a hearty "God-speed," where we arrived in due time without further trouble, and whence, after crossing the long sought for suspension bridge, we took our homeward march to the fort, which we found in great commotion, occasioned by our long absence. The colonel had despatched parties in every direction in search of us, which had returned with various
dismal stories—that we had left St. Paul after dark in the storm; that we had been seen by the woman at the ferry; and then all traces of us were lost. As only a few days before, a soldier had perished in a storm of less violence, it was but natural that those in the fort should suppose we had shared the same fate. As soon as it became known that we had returned, the entire garrison came out to greet us. The colonel, believing that we must be greatly exhausted after so hard a march, came with the rest, bringing us some of his choice brandy, and kindly inquiring if we were not frozen or ill.
CHAPTER IX.

Our military duties throughout the winter were light, owing to the severity of the weather, so that we had plenty of leisure, which was devoted mostly to hunting. White rabbits were quite numerous, and many were bagged; occasionally we got a goose at Minnehaha Falls, which was about two miles distant. One of the band was badly frozen while hunting there one day. He had shot four rabbits and a large goose, when one of those sudden storms, that are so prevalent in Minnesota, overtook him, so that he did not reach home until after dark. We had been watching and going out as far as was safe for several hours, when, finally, he was discovered staggering along, hanging to his game, which he said was for Christmas, it being the eve of that festive day. We hurried him to the house, found him badly frozen, and had to cut his boots from his feet. We rubbed his feet with snow, and applied all the other remedies that are used upon such occasions, but he did not walk again until summer, and was ever after lame.

About the first of June, 1856, four hundred recruits joined us from Governor's Island, and among them were
five excellent musicians, who were a great addition to the band. We were now ordered to Fort Ridgely, located about two hundred miles up the Minnesota river, near the Indian agency. It was necessary that troops be kept there, as at this agency the Sioux Indians received their government annuities.

We embarked on small steamers and went about one hundred and fifty miles up the river, to Traverse des Sioux; as it was thought the water would be too shallow to proceed any further, we marched the rest of the distance, taking about three days. It being our first march, it was considered very hard. On the way up, on our crowded little steamer, the quartermaster-sergeant's wife gave birth to a son. It lived but a few hours, and the boat was stopped to bury it. Troops of the regular army, when moving, do not take chaplains along, the latter being stationed permanently at the different forts, so the funeral ceremony had to be performed by some one in the regiment. Now, being a near friend of the father of the child, as he had enlisted at our rendezvous in Springfield, he wished me to attend to the burying of the child. Although not many tears were dropped, enough blood was shed, for the grave was beside a large swamp, and the mosquitoes were so numerous that when we reached the steamer's deck our hands and faces were covered with blood from their bites.

Upon reaching the fort we found a portion of the Second Infantry stationed there, under the command of
Colonel Abercrombie, which left a few days after our arrival.

The Sioux Indians, chiefs and warriors, anxious to make our acquaintance, assembled in great numbers and gave a war dance. It was very amusing to most of us, as we had never seen anything of the kind before, and perhaps a brief description may be interesting to some of my readers. They formed in one mass, old and young, and with droning voices, in unison, with orchestral accompaniment,—the latter consisting of two small kegs with a skin drawn tightly over one end, which was pounded with sticks,—commenced a dance, which was nothing more than clumsy springs about two inches from the ground. At intervals of a few minutes they would stop and give a war-whoop, consisting of ear-splitting shrieks and yells; then one of the chiefs would step into the centre and deliver a short oration, which must have been quite interesting, from the applause given, which, by the way, was not by clapping of hands or stamping of feet, but by grunts, as “ough, ough;” then another war-whoop, when dancing was again resumed. As it was so warm, their clothing was rather scant, consisting only of breech-cloth, and their faces and bodies were painted in every conceivable color, no two being alike. The dance continued for about two hours, in a very hot sun, causing the perspiration to run in streams down their bodies, and badly mixing the colors. Such a looking set of beings it would be futile to attempt to describe.
At the close a sumptuous repast was partaken of. The colonel gave them an old ox, that had long since passed its usefulness, and was nearly dead with age. He was driven a short distance from the garrison and killed. They then kindled a large fire, and, cutting the carcass up into chunks, threw them upon the embers, leaving them there only long enough to singe the hair and scorch the meat, when it was ravenously devoured, in about the same time and manner as might be expected from a pack of wolves. In two hours from the time of receiving it, nothing was left of the ox but the horns, hoofs, and bones; they had devoured it all, without either bread or salt.

Almost any day some of them might be seen loitering about the cook-houses, assisting the cooks, not by directly working for them, but by keeping the swill-tubs empty. I never saw an Indian, no matter how much he had eaten, who could not always eat as much more as you chose to give him. It has been said, and I believe with much truth, that they can eat enough at one meal to last them an entire week.

The Indians have a great many holidays; that is, the male portion. The squaw’s only holiday or place of rest is the grave, of which, doubtless, she has no dread, as her creed teaches of a future life, though not of a future punishment; that when she dies she is transported to a fair land up in the sky, where there is no work, no sickness, no pain, but an endless round of feasting and merry-making. Here she is nothing but a drudge: every
description of work, both indoors and out, falls to her lot. She toils incessantly, preparing all the food for preservation and present use, taking care of the children, doing bead work of all kinds, on moccasins, belts, and head-dress, tanning, fancy painting on blankets and robes, preparing killikinick to smoke, hauling wood and water, etc.; a large portion of this work is done with a papoose on her back. The most singular part of all this drudgery, especially the finery, is that none of it is for herself, but for her lord and master, and her patience never flags in striving to get up something pretty for him on his return from the hunt. How wonderfully the Indian woman differs from the white, in regard to dress! Her whole thought is in the appearance of her husband, while with her pale-faced sisters the idea is reversed.
Chapter X.

In January, 1857, I obtained a furlough of three weeks, to visit some comrades at Fort Snelling, traveling the entire distance, about two hundred miles, in a sleigh. Stopping one night in the woods, at a house kept by a half-breed, I was amused, though part of the time somewhat timorous over some of the customs of its occupants. After supper, consisting of wild meat and corn bread, we were visited by several neighbors, whose morality and decency I could not but question. These were some seven or eight barbarous and ugly-looking Sioux Indians, whose camp was but a short distance from the house. We played games during the evening, one of which was a general favorite with them, and resembled a game which we call "button." We all sat upon the ground, side by side, in a circle, with hands under our legs, passing a small rock one to another, while one stood in the centre, watching carefully the manoeuvring, and occasionally pouncing upon the one whom he thought had it. If he succeeded in securing it, the victim would have to treat. For a time it was quite interesting, but at last one was accused of cheating, and refused to pay his forfeit. One
word brought on another, until they all got to fighting, drawing knives and tomahawks, and swinging them around in a dangerous manner. Not caring to take a hand in so savage a game I retreated to the door and silently watched the row. They slashed and pounded each other until apparently exhausted, then stopped, lighted their pipes and caroused until midnight. The half-breed’s wife, an old squaw, her daughter, a girl about eighteen, and myself appeared to be the only ones who escaped without more or less injury.

So much fun in one night was rather exhausting, and I requested to be shown to my sleeping place, which was a large loft, reached by a ladder. It contained numerous bunks, which were occupied by us all. After disrobing, I discovered, to my consternation, that there were no bed clothes. On making known my wants, by various signs, the squaw removed one of the feather-beds, and rudely pushing me down upon the other, replaced over me the one she had taken off. I thought it a novel way of sleeping, but found it very comfortable, and slept soundly the rest of the night. The next morning the proprietor attempted an apology for the disgraceful conduct of his patrons, intimating that he intended to keep a respectable house at all times, “but,” said he, “dem infernal Injuns don’t never behave demselves.” I thought that in some parts of the row his Indian blood revealed itself quite prominently, and not in actions alone, as his face and hands bore traces of it. The entire
family were quite pressing in their invitation for me to stay another day, and particularly requested me to call on my way back. I did not call.

My furlough having about expired, I was preparing to leave, when a terrific storm set in, lasting several days, so that it was considered unsafe for me to attempt to return, and I was obliged to get my furlough extended by Major Canby, who was in command of the fort.

After many days of suffering, both from cold and hunger, I reached home, only to find that I had been considered a deserter, and that the corporal of the band had taken my personal property and divided it among the members, taking, of course, a good share himself. The drummer boy, Micky O'Brien, exposed the trick, by reporting it to the band-master; he, in turn, reported it to the adjutant; the result was, that the corporal was tried by court martial and reduced to the ranks.
A HORRIBLE massacre was perpetrated by the Indians the latter part of the winter, near Spirit Lake, and an urgent call was made to proceed after them. It was a small band, composed of outcasts from several tribes, under a chief named Ingpanduta, that committed the depredation. Early the next morning the companies started, traveling about fifteen miles. On the third day the place where they commenced their brutal slaughter was reached. It was a small farm-house, which appeared to have been inhabited by a man, his wife, and two children, who were lying outside the door dead and scalped. The same scene was witnessed at every house, until forty-five victims of these merciless savages were found. At one house a poor, unfortunate man was discovered with both legs gone, which had been frozen and amputated just before the massacre; as he was in bed, the Indians had overlooked him, and when found he was nearly dead from starvation. He was removed and tenderly cared for. He said he did not wish to live any longer, as his family were all dead, and there was but a remnant of himself left.
The wretches carried away two young married women, after killing their husbands. One of these they butchered because she refused to comply with some of their demands; the other one, more obedient, trudged along under the heavy burdens put upon her.

Long marches were made through the snow, in the hope of overtaking them and rescuing her, but without success. A short time after this, the Sioux Indians, under their chief, Little Crow, came to the agency for their money—which was paid them for land ceded to the government—when they were notified that no money would be paid until they had delivered up the woman who was then held a prisoner by them. They manifested great surprise at such notice, and showed signs of anger, but without avail. Little Crow finally concluded that the sooner our terms were complied with, the quicker he and his tribe would get their money. Not very long after this the poor woman was brought in, and it was grievous to see such a sad, forlorn-looking being. She was sent to St. Paul, and we never heard from her again.

Quite a ludicrous, and to some, amusing, affair occurred in the spring. The band-master complained to the adjutant of not being able to get sufficient wood chopped for his daily use, and the adjutant instructed him to have the band chop it. This order we positively refused to obey, knowing it to be contrary to the regulations of the army, upon which we were all marched to the guard-house. The next morning we were released and ordered
to prepare for guard mount, which we were pleased to do, thinking we had got off very easy; but great was our surprise, when the guard mount was through, at being marched back to the guard-house, and kept there until the next morning, when again the same order came; but it was our turn now, and we were prepared for it. As we started down the line, each one played to suit himself. Such discords were never heard before, and our Indian musicians might well be excused if they did manifest signs of jealousy. The officers and men in the garrison were convulsed with laughter, while the adjutant and band-master were pale with anger. The music was stopped, and we were ordered back to the guard-house. Shortly after our arrival there, we were visited by the colonel, who expressed sorrow at seeing the band confined in such a place, among the meanest vagabonds of the regiment. We told him that we did not derive any real pleasure at being there. He said we were confined for disobedience of orders; that we ought to have obeyed the order, even if it were wrong, and then reported it to him, in which case he would have remedied the evil. After a long lecture, we were released, promising, of course, better behavior in the future.

We were called upon to perform a very sad duty here, that of attending the funeral of the band-master's wife, who died of consumption. She was a kind, generous, beautiful woman, and was held in great esteem by all. The band-master was from a Highland regiment of the
British army, and had brought many Scotch airs with him, one of which was that pretty song, "Within a Mile of Edinboro'." She had heard it so many times, and liked it so well, that, at her request, it was played at the grave by the band. As we placed the remains of our dear little friend in the grave, on that wild, open prairie, far away from her New England home and the friends there she loved so well, it brought tears to the eyes of many whose hearts had been hardened by misfortune, and this solemn scene brought to mind trials and sorrows which perhaps had been the cause of placing them in the army.

The approach of spring was hailed with joy. The long winter months were drawing to a close, and well might we rejoice, for our fort was located upon the open prairie, so that when the winds and storms, which are so prevalent in Minnesota, came we received the full force of them. In some of them several of our men lost their lives, while many had narrow escapes. My "bunkey" (bed-fellow), Micky O'Brien, came near perishing one night. He was a bright little drummer boy, only thirteen years of age, the son of Irish parents, the father being long since dead, and the mother perhaps worse than dead. She had taken no care of her boy, but had left him to his own resources for a living, which he had obtained in one way and another in the streets of New York previous to his joining the army. Like most of his countrymen, he was a Catholic. From some cause, probably neglect in his tender years, he was subject, at times,
to frightful convulsions or fits. He seemed to know when they were coming, which was usually at night, and would notify me, so that I was always prepared to help him. He had great faith in holy water as an antidote for his affliction, having been told by his mother to use it at such times, as it would protect him from all danger. So far from any church or priest, I had no consecrated water, of course, so I used the pure spring water, pouring it from my canteen into the wash-basin, and when the dreaded spasm was coming on, and the poor boy shouted "Holy water, bunkey," I would sprinkle him with it, in sympathy with his simple faith, although he was always unconscious at the time. These convulsions came often without any apparent cause, although any sudden fright or excitement would bring them on. Sometimes by sitting up awhile they would pass away. One stormy night, he notified me that he was about to have one, so we sat up and made all preparations; but after talking awhile, we concluded it had passed by, and laid down and I dropped asleep. I suddenly awoke with the impression that Micky was not in bed, and feeling for him, I discovered he was gone. I called, but receiving no answer, sprang from the bunk and rushed to the door. As I pulled it open, the wind blew with such force as to nearly knock me down. Blindly staggering out, I stumbled upon the poor boy, almost buried in the drifting snow, and apparently lifeless. As quickly as possible I carried him into the house, and placed him between the blankets,
where, by rubbing his hands and feet, I soon restored warmth to his benumbed system, and the words "Holy water, bunkey!" came from his purple lips. Had not the snow blown upon him and covered him so quickly, he would doubtless have frozen, for the cold was so intense that it took but a short time for the blood to congeal.
CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT the first of May orders were issued to prepare immediately to start to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to join an expedition which was fitting out for Salt Lake City, Utah, as escort to Governor Cumming, who was to supersede Gov. Brigham Young, which was very much in opposition to the latter gentleman's wishes, who did not propose to relinquish without a struggle.

We embarked at the fort on board of a steamboat, and were taken to St. Paul, and, after changing steamers, proceeded down the Mississippi to St. Louis, where another change of boats was made, and we then proceeded up the Missouri river to Fort Leavenworth. Here was stationed a portion of the Second Cavalry, commanded by Col. Robert E. Lee, who a few years later became commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in the War of the Rebellion. We remained here much longer than we anticipated, owing to the disturbed condition of the Territory. Joe Lane, John Brown, Atchinson, Montgomery, and others were raiding it. Elections were held in different places, and the soldiers, notwithstanding their
foreign birth, did valiant service for the cause of freedom, voting early and often.

It was not until July 18, 1857, that we started, some four weeks later than was intended. We found that valuable time had been thus wasted, for our sufferings and loss of animals and supplies through that terrible winter can be attributed to no other cause than this unnecessary delay.

A few days previous to starting, one of our orderly-sergeants, named Wade, deserted, taking away considerable money, which had been intrusted to him by his company for the purpose of purchasing light hats, tin plates and cups, and other necessary things for the march we were about starting upon. It caused a great deal of feeling throughout the regiment. Four years later, in the War of the Rebellion, at Port Royal, South Carolina, while playing down the line at brigade dress parade, I saw this same man, who was then a lieutenant in the Forty-Seventh New York. After the parade was dismissed I hurried down the line and accosted him with, "How are you, Wade?" He pretended not to know me, and said, in a very important way, that I was greatly mistaken, and intimated that any further conversation would be objectionable. I told him it was no use to attempt to disguise the fact, as I could bring others who could identify him. He finally acknowledged it, but begged me not to betray him. I made him no promise, for I considered him a very mean rascal to steal from the
small earnings of the poor privates of his company. I informed Lieutenant Maxwell, who had served in the Tenth regulars, and well remembered the circumstance, who declared he would have him punished. A short time after, he was arrested, cashiered, and returned to the ranks.

Prior to starting, the following orders were promulgated: That we were to march, on an average, fifteen miles a day (this order was not strictly observed, as we marched some days over thirty, and never less than ten miles; the latter distance not more than three or four times during the summer); that we were to rest three days at Fort Kearney, and the same at Fort Laramie; and that saluting of officers and observance of Sundays would be dispensed with.

The march at first was very trying, and the ambulances were well filled when we reached camp. It was a noticeable fact, that the small, light men endured the long marches the best. We had a very large man in the band, by the name of Josephus Stark, a descendant of Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary fame, who weighed over two hundred pounds, and measured six feet in height, and was, in every sense, our big drummer. He gave out almost every day and generally came into camp two or three hours after the rest. On one occasion he became so tired and worn out, that he declared he could go no farther, and bade us all good-by, saying that he was going to lie down, and was sure he should die before morning. The ambu-
lance took him in, as we knew it would. He afterwards got accustomed to it, and did his marching quite well, but he was frequently reminded of his dying farewell, which very much annoyed him.

Stark was the only Yankee in the band, and New England's name and fame always had a stanch champion in him. He was strictly honest, generous to a fault, and respected by all who knew him. Whatever we had or saw never compared with what he had seen in Concord, New Hampshire (that place being his home), and we heard it so often, that he went thereafter by the name of "Concord, New Hampshire."

White beans contributed largely to the soldiers' rations, and they were used only in soup—a diet so steady that we hated the sight of it: consequently large quantities were thrown away. Our big Yankee suggested a change, and proposed to have some beans baked: he extolled their excellence, and mentioned the fact that they were eaten largely in New Hampshire. As we were all ignorant of such a dish, it being peculiar to New England, we told him that if he could get up any improvement on our regular method we should be rejoiced. He readily consented, and went diligently to work and prepared a meal for us of New Hampshire's favorite dish. Such a meal I had never sat down to before, even in my days of poverty. He had taken the beans, without either soaking or parboiling, and, with a generous piece of pork, with the rind all sliced in pieces of exact size, baked
them several hours. He said they required a deal of baking. When they came out, and we took them on our plates, they rattled like shot, and were almost as hard. Each one would take a mouthful and endeavor to chew them, though in every instance the attempt proved a failure. Out of respect to the feelings of our cook, who had endeavored to provide us with something nice, we refrained from ridiculing it, until at last we could hold out no longer, and then one incessant roar went around the group. One suggested that they be put into the coffee-mill and ground and eaten as porridge; another, that we use them for shot in hunting; while one old Dutchman thought it would be a good idea to use them as a mode of punishment in the guard-house, by making each prisoner eat a certain quantity each day. It was finally settled, that to make them an article of diet for the army it would be necessary for a quartz-crushing machine to accompany each regiment. Stark apologized for the unsavory mess, saying that they were not like those he had so often eaten at home in Concord, New Hampshire.

On another occasion we had considerable fun at his expense. He always persisted in carrying his drum himself, strapping it in front of him and marching along, feeling almost as important as the drum-major. This was a rifle regiment, and most of the manoeuvring, both drilling and marching, was executed in double quick, and the adjutant conceived the idea of having the band run and play, which we frequently did. One evening several
officers from another regiment were visiting, and after the evening's parade the adjutant, wishing to exhibit the excellence of his band, asked the band-master to play from the parade ground to the quarters in double-quick time. We started, playing "Pop goes the Weasel;" after we had gone a short distance, we heard the greatest uproar: the whole regiment seemed to be convulsed with laughter. It was something we could not understand, so we halted, and, on looking around, saw our big drummer, with his legs in the air, struggling to get in position. He had stumbled and fallen, rolling over his drum, and Micky, the tenor drummer, had tumbled over him. The visitors laughed at the adjutant; though admitting he had a good band, still they doubted its superiority over some others of the line; but as contortionists, there was no question but that he had something superior to anything they had ever seen in the army.
CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER a few days' marching we came to the Big Blue river. It had quite a belt of timber along its banks, and, strange to say, was alive with pigs and hogs of every size; in fact, the "woods were full of them." Some of us determined upon a change of diet, by substituting fresh pork for salt. After pitching the tents, we sallied forth in quest of the porkers. Very soon the air resounded with the din of small arms, and from every direction the men could be seen issuing from the woods and hurrying to camp with little pigs and big pigs on their backs and under their arms. I fortunately secured three small "Berkshires," which I skinned, also cutting off their heads and feet, before bringing them in; while Carl Myers, a German member of the band, brought in two just as he shot them. Now it so happened that an old squatter, who lived some distance away, upon hearing the noise of our revolvers came running to camp and claimed that the pigs were his, which was much doubted, as they were as wild as buffalo; but he went straight to headquarters and complained to the colonel of this wanton destruction of his property. He made the
commanding officer believe his story, and even accompany him in his search among the tents. Everywhere that pigs were found, the men were made to pay two dollars apiece for them. When they came to our tent, Carl's pigs and mine were lying side by side. Poor Carl had to pay for his pork, because he had not skinned it, as by that the old squatter swore to the swine as his; but mine being divested of skin, head, and legs, neither the old fellow nor the colonel could, by the closest examination, come to any definite conclusion in regard to them, so they finally asked me what they were. "Oh," said I, "they are rabbits; I shot them on the march this morning." They looked at me dubiously, and passed along, with deep disgust depicted on the countenance of the old fellow, which seemed to express great doubt in my statement. It was not the pigs which he cared about, but the five or six dollars out of which he had been bluffed.

At Fort Kearney we rested three days, and struck the Platte river. We had now come about four hundred miles. Our marches were very hard on these desolate prairies, there being neither tree nor shrub to shelter us from the sun. Not a stick of wood could we get to burn for at least two hundred miles, and our only fuel for cooking purposes was buffalo chips, which on wet days were worthless, and in windy weather very unpleasant, scattering the ashes over everybody and everything, not even sparing our soup kettles. Each day on getting to camp the men would start in all directions for fuel, two
men to a blanket, and in a short time a sufficient supply would be collected for the day.

We had now reached the buffalo country, so that our living, so far as fresh meat was concerned, was excellent. It was amazing to see so many of those animals. The prairies were black with them. One day we were delayed by an immense herd rushing by the head of the column, which, for a time, gave us considerable uneasiness.

We little thought as we gazed upon that vast herd, peacefully grazing on the mountain sides, in the valleys, and on the open prairies, as far as the eye could reach in every direction, that in so short a time all that would be left of those noble animals would be their bleached bones.

We now came to a bridge over the Platte river, but such exorbitant rates were demanded for crossing the rude structure that our colonel decided to ford it. The water was quite deep, reaching to our waists, but, with the exception of wetting our blankets and rations in the wagons, we got safely across.

On the banks of this stream we came to a tribe of Pawnee Indians, and traded extensively with them, procuring buffalo robes, moccasins, etc., but after getting our goods to camp, it was ascertained that the small-pox was raging among them, so everything was taken from us and thrown into the river. We quickly left, and fortunately no one contracted the disease.

Slowly we traveled along day by day, stopping three
days at Fort Laramie, passing Laramie Peak, Independence Rock (at this rock the Mormons on their way to Utah celebrated Independence Day), Devil's Gate, Chimney and Court-House Rocks, Fremont's Peak, South Pass, etc. At Big Sandy we made our longest and hardest day's march, of thirty-five miles, across a sandy desert, with a scorching sun pouring down upon us all day, and with no chance of getting water during the entire march. When we came to the river, it seemed as if both men and animals were wild; they rushed pell-mell into the water, caring for neither orders nor threats.

Before reaching Utah many rumors reached us concerning the unfriendly disposition of the Mormons towards the government, and their determination to resist by force, if necessary, the entrance of troops into the territory, but we gave little credence to these reports until we received the following proclamation of Brigham Young:

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

"Citizens of Utah:—We are invaded by a hostile force, who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction. For the last twenty-five years we have trusted officials of the government, from constables and justices to judges, governors, and presidents, only to be scorned, held in derision, insulted, and betrayed. Our houses have been plundered and then burned, our fields laid waste, our principal men butchered while under the pledged faith of the government for their safety, and our families driven from their homes to find that shelter in the barren wilderness, and that protection among hostile savages which were denied them in the boasted abodes of Christianity and civilization.
"The Constitution of our common country guarantees to us all that we do now, or have ever claimed.

"If the constitutional rights, which pertain unto us as American citizens, were extended to Utah according to the spirit and meaning thereof, and fairly and impartially administered, it is all we could ask, all that we ever asked.

"Our opponents have availed themselves of prejudice existing against us because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege, no opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul, and unjust aspersions against us before the nation.

"The government has not condescended to cause an investigating committee, or other person, to be sent to inquire into and ascertain the truth, as is customary in such cases.

"We know these aspersions to be false, but that avails us nothing. We are condemned unheard, and forced to an issue with an armed mercenary mob, which has been sent against us at the instigation of anonymous letter-writers, ashamed to father the base, slanderous falsehoods which they have given to the public; of corrupt officials, who have brought their false accusations against us to screen themselves in their own infamy; of hireling priests and howling editors, who prostitute the truth for filthy lucre's sake.

"The issue which has been forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self-protection, and stand in our own defense, a right guaranteed to us by the genius of the institutions of our country, and upon which the government is based.

"Our duty to ourselves, to our families, requires us not tamely to be driven and slain, without an attempt to preserve ourselves. Our duty to our country, our holy religion, our God, to freedom and liberty, requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters forging around which are calculated to enslave and bring us in subjection to an unlawful military despotism, such as can only emanate (in a country of constitutional law) from usurpation, tyranny, and oppression."
Therefore, I, Brigham Young, Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah, in the name of the people of the United States in the Territory of Utah,

1st. Forbid all armed forces of every description from coming into this Territory, under any pretence whatever.

2d. That all the forces in said Territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion.

3d. Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this Territory from and after the publication of this proclamation, and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into or through, or from the Territory, without a permit from the proper officers.

Given under my hand and seal at Great Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1857, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 82d.

(Signed)

"Brigham Young."

The Mormons now began to trouble us considerably, impeding our progress in various ways, and making it as difficult for us as possible. Every day when coming to camp they would set the grass on fire, using long torches, and riding swift horses, so that before pitching tents we always had to fight fire. They destroyed so much of it that the animals had to be driven some distance to get feed. One morning, just before daybreak, they rushed through the camp, firing guns and yelling like Indians, driving off all our mules and horses, numbering about a thousand, and before we could get into line they were safely out of reach of our rifles. It was ten o'clock before we recovered our animals. They hovered around daily, watching and taking every advantage of us, feel-
ing safe in their tactics, knowing our inability to cope with them, as we had no cavalry, while they had the fleetest of horses. One day they ventured a little too near, and were fired upon by the guard, which brought one to the ground; how badly he was wounded we did not know, as they quickly carried him away.

A delegation of Mormons came to our camp, bearing with them the following order from Brigham Young:

"Governor's Office, Utah Territory, Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 29, 1857.

"To the officer commanding the forces now invading Utah Territory:

"Sir—By reference to Act of Congress, passed Sept. 9, 1850, organizing the Territory of Utah, published in a copy of the Laws of Utah, herewith forwarded, p. 146-7, you will find the following:

"Section 2. And be it further enacted, That the executive power and authority in and over said Territory of Utah shall be vested in a governor, who shall hold his office for four years and until his successor shall be appointed and qualified, unless sooner removed by the President of the United States. The governor shall reside within said Territory, shall be commander-in-chief of the militia thereof,' etc.

"I am still the Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for this Territory, no successor having been appointed and qualified, as provided by law, nor have I been removed by the President of the United States. By virtue of the authority thus vested in me, I have issued and forwarded you a copy of my proclamation forbidding the entrance of armed forces into this Territory. This you have disregarded." (Great presumption, this!)

"I now farther direct that you retire forthwith from the Territory, by the same route you entered. Should you deem this impracticable, and prefer to remain until spring in the vicinity of your present position, at Black's Fork or Green River, you can do so in peace and
unmolested, on condition,—(now comes the cream of the joke)—
"that you deposit your arms and ammunition with Lewis Robinson, Quartermaster-general of the Territory, and leave in the spring as soon as the condition of the roads will permit you to march. And should you fall short of provisions, they can be furnished you upon making the proper applications therefor.

"General D. H. Wells will forward this, and receive any communication you may have to make.

"Very respectfully, etc.,
(Signed) "Brigham Young, Governor, etc."

We were somewhat surprised that our colonel tolerated such impudence, and did not take them prisoners; but he treated them courteously, even ordering out the band to entertain them. On their departure he instructed them to inform Mr. Brigham Young that his orders to proceed to Salt Lake City came from an authority much higher than his—from the President of the United States; that we were there as escort to Gov. Cumming, who was to supersede him, and they would better not come with any more such orders.

They still continued to annoy us, to the great disgust of the colonel, who finally decided to have some cavalry, so one morning he mounted some of the men on the fleetest mules, and started them off in quest of the marauders. They traveled all day without getting sight of them, but just before dark they came to a valley where three of them were preparing supper. Our men sprang upon them, taking them completely unawares. They were a captain, quartermaster, and adjutant of the Mormon Legion, with six mules, three of which were heavily
laden with provisions for those who were daily annoying us. They also were bearers of the following orders:

"Headquarters, Eastern Expedition,  
Camp near Cashecove, Oct. 4, 1857.

"Maj. Joseph Taylor :—You will proceed with all possible dispatch, without injuring your animals, to the Oregon road, near the head of Bear river, north by east of this place. Take close and correct observations of the country on your route. When you approach the road, send scouts ahead to ascertain if the invading troops have passed that way. Should they have passed, take a concealed route, and get ahead of them. Express to Colonel Burton, who is now on that road and in the vicinity of the troops, and effect a junction with him, so as to operate in concert.

"On ascertaining the locality or route of the troops, proceed at once to annoy them in every possible way. Use every exertion to stampede their animals, and set fire to their trains. Burn the whole country before them and on their flanks. Keep them from sleeping by night surprises. Blockade the road by felling trees, or destroying the fords when you can. Watch for opportunities to set fire to the grass on their windward, so as, if possible, to envelop their trains. Leave no grass before them that can be burned. Keep your men concealed as much as possible, and guard against surprise. Keep scouts out at all times and communications open with Colonel Burton, Major McAllister, and O. P. Rockwell, who are operating in the same way. Keep me advised daily of your movements, and every step the troops take, and in which direction.

"God bless you and give you success.

"Your brother in Christ,

(Signed) "Daniel H. Wells.

"P. S.—If the troops have not passed, or have turned in this direction, follow in their rear, and continue to annoy them, and stampede or drive off their animals at every opportunity.

D. H. Wells."
These instructions were carried out to the letter. After crossing Green river and making our way towards Ham's Fork, the Mormons attacked our corrals one night and burned seventy-five of our wagons containing supplies. The teamsters were furnished with an outfit and started east; and it is stated that a great many of them perished by the way from exhaustion and attacks by Indians.
CHAPTER XIV.

On reaching Ham's Fork, General Johnston, the commander of the expedition, had not arrived, and Colonel Alexander, by seniority of rank, assumed command, held a council of war, and determined to change the route of travel via Soda Springs; a distance of one hundred and fifty miles farther than by the Echo Cañon, and over a tract of country which had never been traveled. The order was issued, and next day we began the weary march. After journeying several days, and as we were about coming to the Oregon road, an orderly overtook us with an unwelcome order from General Johnston to retrace our steps and rejoin him at once.

Now commenced our terrible hardships. In the night it grew cold, the wind blew, and snow began to fall, and when we turned out next morning, the ground was covered with several inches of snow, and, worst of all, more than two hundred of our mules were dead or dying. Slowly and sorrowfully we took our backward line of march. The snow was six inches deep, the grass all covered, and the animals starving. The advance had been slow, but the retreat was still slower. On the 3d of
November we reached the point from which we had started, where we joined General Johnston, who had with him a company of cavalry and the remainder of the supply train.

On resuming the march our animals died so fast from cold and hunger, that it was found impossible to carry all the freight with which we were laden, and in order to lighten it somewhat, a new "kit" throughout was issued to every man. Things which we did not need and could not carry, were ordered to be left, and we were thus obliged to throw away the clothing we had on, when but half worn, and put on the new thus forced upon us. and, of course, obliged to defray this extra expense. But this was nothing, if only the government saved something by the transaction. The poor soldier, with his eleven dollars a month, was amply able to pay for it.

As we continued our march towards Fort Bridger, misfortune seemed to come upon us at every step. The animals dropped and died at almost every rod of progress made. On the night of November 6th, five hundred
of the animals perished, and this was named "The Camp of Death."

After the burning of the wagons our line was extended the whole length of the train, which was about six miles long, so that we were on our feet all day, and yet accomplished but two or three miles. This was occasioned by the animals falling so frequently. Oxen, mules, and horses, dead and dying, strewed the road for fifty miles. As soon as an animal fell the train was halted until it could be taken and hauled aside; and thus it continued throughout the day, and frequently darkness would overtake us before we encamped, and the wagons would become so mixed that it was with great difficulty we could tell one from another.

The snow continued to increase in depth, and the water of the streams which we had to ford (and they seemed to grow more numerous the farther we advanced), grew colder and colder. As we approached one, a shudder would go through the ranks, and we would hesitate before walking in. It was at these fording places that Major Canby won the respect of the troops, by his consideration. Coming up to a stream upon his horse, he would quietly dismount, throw his bridle upon his arm, and lead his horse through. Of course we followed him, but not with much spirit, for our endurance and courage were well-nigh exhausted. No songs or hilarity could be heard along the line. On reaching the camping ground, which was frequently after dark, we would scrape away
with our feet the thickest of the snow, pitch the tents, eat supper, which consisted of hardtack and coffee, and then lie down in our wet clothes, which for many days had not been removed, and try to sleep, only to be called up early the next morning to go over the same wearisome routine through another day. For fuel we had nothing but a few alders, which grew beside the streams, and which afforded us but little warmth.

Our supplies were rapidly disappearing, and as it was deemed necessary to replenish them as soon as possible, Captain Marcy, with a small detail, was sent to New Mexico for that purpose. The sufferings of that little band, as they made their way through snow and ice, eating the flesh from the carcasses of their animals as they fell from exhaustion, is a history in itself.

One day we laid over to collect the train, which had become very much scattered. Thinking there might be some game around, I started out for a hunt along the mountain side, taking Micky O'Brien with me. After a long travel, without any signs of game, we halted to rest,
and while doing so, espied a rabbit coming from a hole, but before I could fire he had scampered back. We ran to the place and found the hole in a shelving rock, which could be taken to pieces by layers. After working about an hour, we got so that we could see him, and thrusting in my arm, I drew him out. We were very much elated at our success, and Micky was so jubilant that he could scarcely contain himself. He began to jump and dance, and, making a misstep, fell and rolled quite a distance down the mountain before he could recover himself. He was somewhat bruised, but not so badly as to interfere with his joy at our extraordinary luck, as he hastened back singing a favorite song of his called "Widow Machree." We talked of the surprise it would create in camp; how they would gather around and wish they had it; what inducements would be held out to part with it: how we should cook it; and, above all, of what a glorious feast was in store for us. I intrusted the rabbit to Micky's care, thinking perhaps I might get another one. The rabbit struggled hard to get away, and, fearing he might do so, Micky concluded to tie his legs. He accordingly took his handkerchief, and, as he thought, securely fastened the rabbit and threw it down on the snow. Suddenly my attention was directed to Micky, who was yelling loudly and running after the animal, which had got away, and was traveling ten times faster than he. He said, "That rabbit is the divil himself, for after tying him with my handkerchief, the brute has
scooted off without legs." He had tied the hind legs, but that did not prevent the rabbit from running as well as ever. It was a great disappointment. The delicious meal we had in contemplation had suddenly disappeared, and all through Micky's silly blunder. We hunted the remainder of the day, but got nothing, and, hungry and disconsolate, we took our way back to camp.
CHAPTER XV.

We were much surprised on reaching Fort Bridger to find nothing but four bare walls, about ten feet high. Here we were obliged to stop, our animals entirely failing us, the greater portion being left dead beside the road for the buzzards and wolves to feed upon. These walls are said to be five thousand feet above the sea-level, and to us it looked a very dreary place in which to winter, with nothing but tents to shelter us from the cold. The few remaining skeletons of what had once been oxen were now slaughtered and thrown into a pile to freeze, and what was left of the supplies was taken into the fort. What fuel we had was obtained by harnessing ourselves into the heavy army wagons, and dragging them for miles through the deep snow to gather alders, which was the only wood that could be obtained here, and which barely sufficed to keep us from freezing. On all these trips we had to go armed, as the Mormons were hovering around all the time, ready to pick up all stragglers. Our supplies were diminishing so fast that it became necessary to reduce the rations, so that instead of eighteen ounces of flour a day for each man, we received but
eight, with a small piece of the frozen beef and a pinch of coffee and sugar. As we were without yeast or anything to raise the dough with, it made a very unpalatable morsel. The salt soon gave out, and it was greatly missed by all. As a resort, we got the old dirty bacon sacks, which had been thrown away, soaked them in hot water, and bottled the liquid. We were very choice of even this, carefully stowing it away in our knapsacks.

We resorted to many ways to keep warm, one of which was to dig holes, and, with poles and reeds, put roofs over them; we made fireplaces with rocks, but as there were no windows or doors, it was little better than our tents.

The laborious work of hauling the wood soon manifested itself on us; we grew thin and weak, and it required double the number to haul the loads than it did at first. This was not to be wondered at when the small amount of food that we were allowed is taken into consideration.

For these sufferings from hunger, by our rations being reduced to less than half, we were never reimbursed. I do not think the government derived any benefit therefrom, but I do believe that some high officials reaped a rich harvest from this and other sources.

It was at this stage of starvation that I perpetrated a very excusable theft, I think. The adjutant's cook was engaged in baking biscuits (officers were allowed what flour they needed, and they also purchased all the yeast powder from the sutler). I had seen him performing
this same work many times before, and had often wished for one of those enticing biscuits, but the thought of stealing had never entered my head until this day. I was cold and hungry, and seeing him take out of the oven a batch of biscuits and enter the tent for something, I deliberately walked up, took the biscuits, placed them under the cape of my overcoat, and walked off to my tent and put them into my knapsack. In a few minutes, the whole camp was aroused, and all sorts of rumors were in circulation,—somebody had broken into the adjutant's tent and stolen about all he had. The guard was sent for, tents were searched, and all suspicious persons examined. The band, naturally, was exempt from all suspicion, being considered above such mean tricks. Paltry as it seems now, at that time it was worth more than gold; in fact, money could not have purchased that batch of biscuits.

Brigham Young had heard that our supply of salt had become exhausted, so sent one of his saints with three mules heavily laden with that article. We were pleased to hear of this, and much disappointed when told of the refusal of it by General Johnston, who ordered the man out of camp, and threatened if he came again to keep him a prisoner. Some of the men followed him out of camp and secured the salt; in what way we never knew, but it was a grand speculation, for it was retailed out at five dollars a pound. It was an exorbitant price to pay for such an article, especially when we consider
that within one hundred miles of us was one of the largest salt lakes known; but the snow was so deep, and the Mormons so numerous between us and the lake, that it was impossible to reach it, and we were glad to get salt at any price. Money was not scarce with us, as we had not long before received eight months' pay. Gambling was indulged in by almost every one, tents being erected solely for that purpose, and some accumulated large sums from this source. Tobacco was a precious article. A piece the size of half a dollar cost that amount. Whiskey and all stimulants had long since disappeared, that is, among the rank and file. The exhaustion of these articles was felt severely by those who had become slaves to their enticing influence. A member of the band was one of these sufferers, and as a substitute he purchased all the sutler's pain-killer and essence of peppermint.

A tribe of Ute Indians encamped near us. One day they were celebrating some event, and an invitation was extended to a portion of the band, for favors granted, to take dinner with them. They prepared one of their choicest dishes for the occasion, which was dog soup. Arriving earlier than the hour set for the banquet, we were entertained by watching the squaws prepare the festive meal, particularly the consommé. A large and beautiful dog, which doubtless had been fatted for the occasion, was tied by the neck to a pole stuck in the ground. The poor animal seemed to know that his life was in danger, for he pulled and twisted until he was
nearly strangled, when a squaw approached him stealthily from behind and dealt him a blow on the head with a club, which stunned him, and after a few more blows he was pronounced dead. A large fire had been prepared some time before, so that there was quite a bed of coals. On these he was thrown, and all parts were singed and burned until he was as black as a coal.

Their cooking utensils were rather crude, consisting of an old rusty camp kettle and a half barrel; the latter article had been used by us as a wash-tub. The tub was half filled with hot water, when the singed dog was thrown into it, and well scrubbed with brown soap. After this, he was taken out and wiped dry, and looked as white and nice as any meat. He was then opened, and the same suds applied to the inside. Then he was cut up into small pieces, and thrown into the kettle. After a long and steady boiling, it was taken off and we were courteously invited to partake thereof. I did not indulge very freely of that soup, but, aside from the cooking, I was satisfied that it was preferable to the stuff issued to us by the commissary.

Christmas was gloomy, as was also Washington's Birthday; even St. Patrick was slighted, but Fast day was never more strictly observed.

On the fourteenth of March the following order was read at dress parade:

"General Orders No. 17.

"The general commanding announces, with pleasure, the arrival in New Mexico of the expedition, under Capt. Randolph B. Marcy,
Fifth Infantry, organized in special orders No. 50, army of Utah, 1857.

"After a laborious march across the mountains, through snow from two to five feet deep, for two hundred miles, the men breaking the track for their wearied animals through the deep and hard-packed snow, the command reached Tarvo, New Mexico, on the 22d of January, 1858, without food, other than their dying animals, enduring almost unparalleled sufferings; struggling for existence, the members of this energetic band maintained, amid numerous perils and toils, their good conduct and subordination, displaying an example in their country's cause worthy of imitation, and of which their country and the army is justly proud.

"With deep regret is announced the death of one member of the expedition, Sergt. William H. Morton, of Co. E, 10th Infantry, from exposure to cold, after over-exertion, in the discharge of his duty.

"By order of

" Gen. Albert S. Johnston."

(Signed) Fitz J. Porter."
CHAPTER XVI.

On the eighteenth of March we changed our camp ground, and moved about two miles, in a violent storm, which continued for three days, badly drifting the snow, so that we could get no wood; but we got along as best we could, realizing that at the close of each day we were so much nearer spring.

We little thought while enduring these hardships that Brigham Young and his saints gathered in their temples to rejoice and give thanks to Almighty God for not only sending these trials upon us, but for enabling a cowardly, black-hearted set of villains to increase, if possible, our misery, many of them, doubtless, with their hands still red with the blood of their innocent victims of the Mountain Meadow massacre.

The men behaved nobly under these trying circumstances. Not a murmur was heard, and all orders were promptly obeyed. They were assured that their commander was doing his best, and they felt it incumbent upon them to aid him in every way. There were times when it seemed cruel to send the men two thousand feet up the steep and slippery mountain sides in storms so
violent that it was with difficulty the ascent could be made; but picket duty was a necessity.

The latter part of March a Mr. Kane came into camp, and represented himself as a self-constituted ambassador, with a letter of credence from President Buchanan to Governor Cumming. What the nature of that interview was, we never knew; but from transactions which occurred afterward, we were led strongly to believe that our governor, whom we had marched eleven hundred miles to escort and protect, and for whom we were almost starving, was intriguing with Brigham Young. That was the universal opinion at that time, and I have yet to learn the contrary.

By the laws of the United States, civil law supersedes military, so that General Johnston was subject to all orders emanating from Governor Cumming, who asserted this authority with a high hand. This man Kane, if not a Mormon, was in full sympathy with them. He was allowed by the governor to come and go whenever he pleased; he rode into camp at all hours of the night, sometimes firing pistols and alarming the whole camp, recognizing neither picket nor guard. The commanding officer grew tired of this manœuvring, and notified the gentleman that in the future, when ordered by the guard to halt, he must obey, or suffer the consequences. One night, about twelve o'clock, he came again, and, as usual, would not observe the sentinel's challenge, but attempted to gallop his horse by the guard, upon which a gentle re-
minder was given him, in the shape of a bullet, which took a lock of hair from one side of his head. He halted, and was taken to the guard-house. The governor, hearing of it, came and insisted upon his immediate release, and took him to his tent. The general was quite indignant when he heard of the proceeding, and sent a file of the guard to bring him back; whereupon the governor appeared at the entrance of his tent, and threatened to strike down the first man who attempted to enter, saying that if they took him it would be across his own dead body. He was a man weighing at least three hundred pounds, so this would have been no small undertaking. He had the law on his side, so nothing could be done but to withdraw.

Our supplies were now nearly all gone, and a council of war was held to determine what course to pursue. It was proposed by Colonel Smith to let the men go where they pleased; he was certain which way they would travel, and he would take the same direction.

Two or three days after this a courier arrived with the intelligence that supplies were on the way from Fort Laramie and would reach us in a day or two; that the
train had been on the road some weeks, and the men had been obliged to dig through the snow a great part of the way, and were used up. We watched the road hourly for them, each one anxious to make the first announcement. About ten o'clock one morning a soldier espied them from a bluff, and gave the alarm by shouting, "Here they come! The supplies are in sight!" When lo! a small speck is seen in the distance. The men rush from their tents, all anxious to get a glimpse of the train. It draws nearer and nearer, until, at last, we grasp the hands of our comrades, who have come so far and suffered so much in our behalf.

Note.—Lieut.-Colonel Smith was a native of Pennsylvania, and served in all Taylor's battles in Mexico, winning laurels at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Long after the War of the Rebellion, General Sherman wrote of this officer: "Had C. F. Smith lived, Grant would have disappeared to history after Donelson." At the storming of that fort, General Smith, seeing a wavering in the ranks of his division, placed his cap on his sword, swung it high in the air, and shouted: "No flinching now, my lads! Come on!" Picking a path among the trees, the men followed after their gallant chief up the hill and planted their colors on the breastworks. How singular it was that this little force should furnish two such prominent generals in the War of the Rebellion—Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston and Charles F. Smith, the former considered by many the ablest general in the Confederate army, as the latter was considered in the Union army.
CHAPTER XVII.

The first of June Governor Cumming requested of the general a dozen men as escort for him to Salt Lake City. The general informed him that we were all his escort, and that if he needed our services we were ready to go, but on no account should he allow any detachments to leave. On hearing this, the governor packed his traps and left, and was met outside the camp by a party of Mormons, who escorted him safely to the city of the saints. This same Cumming, before accepting the nomination as governor of Utah, exacted a promise from President Buchanan that an escort of twenty-five hundred men should be furnished him; and now when within a few days' travel of our destination, he departs, with his bosom friend Kane and a coterie of Mormons, and enters Zion, amid a flourish of trumpets, and with a cordial greeting from the shrewd Brigham Young, leaving us to get there as best we can.

Three days after his arrival in the city His Excellency notified General Johnston that he had been fully recognized as the governor of the territory, and was in full and unmolested discharge of his duties, and that there-
fore the presence of the army in Salt Lake City was altogether unnecessary. What base ingratitude!

We broke camp the latter part of June, and started for Salt Lake City, passing on our way various fortifications which had been erected by the Mormons to retard our progress. At Echo Cañon great preparations had been made to receive us. This cañon was about twenty miles long, and on either side the mountains loomed up thousands of feet. In many places trenches had been dug, leaving just space enough to pass, while on the tops of these mountains fortifications had been erected, by piling up the rocks. Holes were left to see and fire through, and huge bowlders were so poised that the least push would launch them down upon us. We had little to fear from these dangers; all were deserted, and their log barricades served us well for fuel.

Rain had fallen in torrents all day, and when we came to Bear river it was so swollen that it seemed impossible to cross it. The first wagon that attempted it was taken down stream and the mules drowned; but the teamster of the band wagon was determined to risk it, as he had two very tall wheel mules. He fastened a rope to the two small leaders, and the band waded across and pulled them through. There was so much danger attending this method that the colonel forbade any more crossing that night; consequently we were the only ones encamped on that side of the river.

We next came to a pretty stream called Beaver river,
a tributary of the Great Salt Lake which was noted for the
great number of beavers abounding there. Trees were
cut and dams were formed in all parts of the river. To
those unacquainted with the habits of these animals it
was hard to believe that they could perform such won-
derful work.

An incident occurred here which was quite amusing.
A Mormon had the audacity to come into camp with
flour and other eatables to sell, for which he asked an
exorbitant price. Now we thought that as he and others
of the saints had destroyed so many of our provisions,
and caused us so much trouble through the winter, it was
rather impudent in him to come and attempt to dispose
of his wares to us, when, in all probability, some of them
had been stolen from our trains before they were burned;
so we gathered around, and while he was talking with those
in front, others would be helping themselves from behind;
upon discovering this he would remonstrate with them
for taking his goods without payment, when those in
front would help themselves. In a short time his cart
was empty, and I believe had he stopped much longer,
his horse, cart, and even he himself would have been dis-
posed of. He entered a complaint to the colonel, but the
only answer he received was that it served him right, and
he was told not to show himself in camp again.

Our anxiety now became greater every day, in antici-
pation of beholding that wonderful city toward which we
had been traveling for almost a year. We came at length
to the Wahsatch mountains, the last barrier which separated us from the long-looked-for city. It was a very hot day in June when we commenced the ascent, and most of the men were in their shirt-sleeves. Our route was circuitous, and we must have traveled a dozen miles before we reached the summit, where it was snowing and blowing, and so extremely cold that it became necessary to put on overcoats and build fires. Here, spread out before us, lay the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It is impossible for me to give a fitting description of it as it appeared at that time, but to my mind it was a perfect picture of all that was grand and beautiful in Nature.

We remained on the top of the mountain about two hours, preparing for the descent, which was quite difficult, owing to its steepness. The cannon and wagons were lowered with ropes, and the animals led down by their drivers. It was toilsome work, but we reached the foot safely, where it seemed like getting into another world, so great was the change in temperature. It might naturally be expected that such extremes of heat and cold would prove injurious to health, but we experienced no bad results.

On June 26th, 1858, nearly one year from the time of its departure from Leavenworth, the Federal army, in all its glory, entered the streets of Zion. No flourish of trumpets or cordial greetings were extended to us. The stillness was profound. All the houses were deserted, and their windows were boarded up. It is said that pre-
vious to their leaving, wood, shavings, and other combustibles were placed in the houses, so that the work of destruction would be the more speedy. After marching a short distance, we halted in front of Brigham Young's house, which was quite an imposing structure. Over the entrance was a crouching lion, while near by stood the beehive mansion. We played several tunes here, mostly national airs. After giving three cheers for the flag and the same for the President of the United States, we passed along and came to a very pretty building, with the national flag in front of the door. This house was occupied by Governor Cumming. We were ordered to play the "Star-Spangled Banner" for His Excellency, but it was grudgingly done; we felt more like playing the "Rogues' March."

Judges Eccles and Cradlebaugh, two conscientious men, who came with the army, could not hire a house in the territory, and were obliged to dwell in camp with the troops.

We remained in the city about an hour, and were then marched across the Jordan river, which runs by the city, and is much used for baptismal purposes. We encamped about two miles up the river, upon an exceedingly barren spot, almost destitute of vegetation; indeed, there was nothing but sage-brush growing there.

Our engineers in the meantime had selected a spot for permanent location in Cedar Valley, about fifty miles west of Salt Lake City, and thither we started, encamping one
night by the warm springs. These springs are great curiosities. There are three in a direct line, and only a few yards apart. The holes are about ten feet across, and the water so clear that one can see down quite a distance; the sides appear craggy and very much broken, as if at some time they might have been volcanoes. The water at the top was quite warm, and at a short distance down was very hot. We endeavored to ascertain the depth of these springs by tying a number of picket ropes together, attaching a piece of iron and sinking it. We lowered away until the rope—which must have been nearly a quarter of a mile in length—gave out, but failed to reach bottom. By the warmth and smell of the iron, we about concluded that his Satanic Majesty's dominion was located somewhere near the bottom of this remarkable freak of Nature. The water from these springs forms quite a brook, and we availed ourselves of the excellent opportunity it afforded for bathing and for laundry purposes. In winter, the steam arising from them can be distinctly seen for twenty miles.

In one of the numbers of the Deseret News (a Mormon paper, published in Salt Lake City) were several speeches made by the leaders, all of which breathed forth sentiments teeming with war to the knife. Brigham said he "had always prophesied that there was a time coming when the cord that bound the Saints to the world must be severed, and when a military force was sent to
Utah to kill him and his people, then would be the time to cut it."

The following racy specimen of pulpit oratory emanated from the fulminating and explosive brain of that "father in Israel," Brother Heber Kimball, about that time. It was in the form of a benediction to his flock:

"May the Almighty bless you; may the peace of God be with you, and with your children, and with your children's children forever; and may God Almighty curse our enemies! (Voices, 'Amen!') I feel to curse my enemies; and when God won't bless them, I do not think he will ask me to bless them. If I did, it would be to put the poor curses to death who have brought death and destruction on me and my brethren, upon my wives and children that I buried on the road between the states and this place.

"Did I ever wrong any of them out of a dime? No; but I have fed thousands when I never received a dime. Poor rotten curses! And the President of the United States, inasmuch as he has turned against us, and will take a course to persist in pleasing the ungodly curses that are howling around him for the destruction of this people, he shall be cursed in the name of Israel's God; and I curse him, and all his coadjutors in their deeds, in the name of Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, and all Israel shall say 'Amen!'

"Send 2,500 troops here, my brethren, to make a desolation of this people! God Almighty helping me, I will fight until there is not a drop of blood in my veins. Good God! I have wives enough to whip out the United States! Amen!"
CHAPTER XVIII.

FEW days after leaving the city we met a long train, coming, as we supposed, from California, but, upon inquiry, we ascertained they were residents of Salt Lake City, just returning, having recovered from their fright. They numbered more than a thousand, and were wretched-looking beings,—men, women, boys, and girls, old and young, halt and blind, without shoes or stockings, ragged and dirty, though some of the young girls had endeavored to make as respectable an appearance as possible, by making garments out of corn sacks. They were driving a number of animals, consisting of cows, sheep, and pigs. They were very demure, and manifested no resentment at our jeers. Occasionally, some bishop or elder would pass, riding in a carry-all, usually with four or five women, doubtless his wives. These gentry were subjects of special attention from us, and many ludicrous questions were asked them, such as, "Say, old boy, can't you spare one or two of those women?" "Say, don't they whip you sometimes?" "Do you all sleep in one bed?" etc. I think they must have felt relieved after getting clear of us.
What humiliation this must have been to these poor deluded mortals, who but a short time before had listened to their leaders as they hurled defiance at the government, predicting defeat and destruction to our army, declaring it never should enter the sacred city, but who, at our approach, had fled to the mountains and caves, and now were returning in poverty to their homes, sadder and, doubtless, wiser.

We halted at Cedar Valley, about twenty miles west of Utah Lake, and here established Camp Floyd, named for Mr. Floyd, then secretary of war. Mormon mechanics were employed to erect houses for us, which were built of adobe, and by fall we had quite comfortable quarters.

This was a very pretty valley, surrounded by high mountains, many with snow upon them the year around. The wood for our fires consisted chiefly of cedar, which was hauled from the mountains. It made excellent fuel, although the odor from the smoke was anything but pleasant. The soil was very light, and by the continued travel of men and wagons, particularly during the dry season, the dust in places would be half-way to the knees. This valley was noted for its frequent and violent whirlwinds; sometimes six or seven were seen in different directions at one time; occasionally a large one, covering four or five acres, would rush through the camp. All hands would hasten into the houses and close the doors, for if we failed to do this, we would be almost strangl
before it passed. Sometimes a washerwoman would not have time to get her clothes from the line, and in an instant all would be high up in the air, whirling around at an enormous speed.

Soldiers, like other people, have their pets; one company had a wolf, another a fox, while the band had a grizzly bear, an eagle, and a large dog. The bear we obtained while young, and kept him until, from the men annoying him so much, he became so cross and ugly that we had to kill him. Our American eagle suddenly disappeared, disgusted, without doubt, with Mormonism: while our dog, Jack, whom we obtained from the Mormons, could not be prevailed upon to leave the saints.

About a mile from camp was a small settlement called Adobe town, which, soon after our arrival, became quite notorious. Gamblers and other disreputable characters flocked there from California, so that in a short time it was a regular gambling hell. Almost every house had its gambling paraphernalia. At one part of the room would sit an ugly-looking individual, with a pile of gold, a wheel, a decks of cards, and in his hand a revolver, waiting for a victim. Murders were quite frequent; scarcely a night passed but some one was killed, and generally a soldier.

In the winter of 1858, six of us, who constituted the quadrille band, obtained a week’s furlough, to spend Christmas at Battle Creek, a Mormon settlement, about twenty-five miles from camp, where we had been invited.
We were kindly welcomed upon our arrival, and quartered in a comfortable hotel, kept by an Englishman. On Christmas eve we serenaded the principal men of the town, and at its close received a cordial invitation to take Christmas dinner with the councilor. An occurrence at the table afforded us no little amusement. Their houses are small, one-story buildings, with thick, thatched roofs, and while eating dinner, which was served in a graceful and cheerful manner by his five better halves, a young mouse, apparently just born, fell from the straw roof directly upon my plate. I immediately ran my fork through it, and holding it up, informed our Mormon hosts that I was not quite ready for dessert. The councilor smiled, and replied that such occurrences were frequent, and that it was utterly impossible to keep the mice out of the roofs.

We visited the school-house, where were assembled scholars of all ages, striving to acquire a little education, of which most of them were sadly deficient. At the hotel I was mentioning a young girl, about sixteen, and extolling her general appearance, when the landlord inquired of whom I was speaking. I told him her name, when he informed me that I must keep away from her, if I did not want the "destroying angels" around, as she was the sealed wife of an old Mormon, about seventy years old. My sentiments, after this information, were kept pretty closely sealed.

Although the credit of the Mormons did not stand
very high in the estimation of the Gentiles, I can truthfully say that I never enjoyed a week better in my life. The people of Battle Creek were kind and hospitable, and strived to make it pleasant and enjoyable for us.

Early in the summer of 1859 we had quite an exciting time. The valley adjoining the one in which we were, was included in the government reserve, and a guard consisting of a lieutenant, sergeant, and six men, was stationed there to protect it. The Mormons came, as was their custom, to cut the grass, and were ordered away, but they insolently refused to go, and threatened to run the sentinel through with a pitchfork, whereupon the sergeant, a New Hampshire boy named Pike, struck the assailant down with his rifle. In the autumn Pike was summoned to appear before the court at Salt Lake City, to answer to the charge of assault with intent to kill.

The guard started one morning, and upon entering the city a mob of Mormons rushed upon them and shot the sergeant through the lungs, so that he died the next day. This brutal murder of a United States soldier in broad daylight was perpetrated within a short distance of Governor Cumming's residence, and not a hand did he raise to punish the villain who committed the foul deed.

This last example of our governor's perfidy nearly caused a mutiny. The men held secret meetings, and arrangements were made to start immediately for Salt Lake City and destroy the whole place. It was quite an undertaking, as it was about fifty miles' travel, but it
would have been carried out, had not some miscreant exposed the plan to an officer. We were ordered not to leave our quarters after dark; the guard was doubled, and the officers kept close watch over us. The next night a party started out to a small village about three miles from camp, and burned all the houses and haystacks that could be found, and that ended the affair.

We had all sorts of amusements in camp—two theatres, one English and one German, minstrels, etc., so the time passed pleasantly away.

My term of enlistment being near its close, expiring October 14, 1858, I secured a two months' furlough, and obtained of the sutler a situation taking charge of a bowling-alley, where I remained through the fall and winter.

Note.—I would mention here, that at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., held in October, 1881, the Third Regiment band, of the New Hampshire National Guard, of which I was then a member, was present and participated in the ceremonies. Among the troops gathered, from all parts of the country, on that historic ground, I found the Tenth United States Regulars, my old regiment, which I had not seen for twenty-one years. I went through the tents, thinking I might see some of my old comrades. After a long and thorough search, I found in all the regiment but two men who belonged to it at the time of my discharge—one an orderly sergeant, the other a gray-bearded Irishman, still a private. With these two, and others who claimed acquaintance on the score of belonging to the "Old Tenth," an hour was pleasantly spent in reminiscences of the old times.
EARLY in the spring of 1860, eleven of us, discharged soldiers, made preparations for returning to the states. We purchased five pairs of oxen and a wagon, and started by a different route from that which we came, going by way of Provo Cañon. Our oxen were not paired right, and as none of us were accustomed to driving such animals, it was amusing to see our management. We fastened a rope to the horns of the leaders, and in crossing streams we would wade through, and haul the animals after us. We adopted this method because the animals invariably wanted to travel up stream, and frequently got us into awkward predicaments on that account.

Shortly after we had started, a Mormon and his wife, with a yoke of oxen and a wagon, asked permission to travel with us. They were anxious to leave Utah, and did not consider it safe to go alone, as Brigham Young had issued an order forbidding any of his followers to leave the valley, except by an order signed by himself. We willingly assented, and they kept with us for several days; but one morning we started earlier than usual,
and got quite a distance ahead. Not seeing them, we halted, and as they did not make their appearance, we went back, but found no traces of them. As we did not see them again, we felt sure that they had shared the fate of many others who had attempted the same thing.

Two of us bought Indian ponies, and usually rode some distance ahead of the wagon. On one occasion, a few miles from Green river, we met an Indian and an Irishman; the latter had taken a squaw for his wife, and had become one of the tribe. They were both very much under the influence of "fire-water," and each had a bottle of whiskey and a knife, which they flourished about in a decidedly careless manner. As we came up, they seized our horses, and insisted that we drink with them, which we reluctantly consented to do, merely putting the bottle to our lips. We then attempted to pass on, but they still clung to our bridles, and every few minutes the bottle would be passed to us, and if we refused to indulge, their knives would be brandished about the heads of our ponies. They kept us there about half an hour, much to our discomfort, but at last I gave a signal, and we put spurs to our ponies, and abruptly left them to their wild carousal.

We halted one night at a small stream called Little Sandy, which derived its name, I suppose, from the large amount of sand in its vicinity. After picketing our animals for the night, and about eating supper, my pony, which had served me so well and so faithfully that I had come to regard him as almost my best friend, was seen
to give a jump and gallop off across the prairie, dragging his picket rope. Instantly it flashed upon me that it was of no use to follow him, for I felt sure there were Indians around, and that if I attempted to go after him, it would be at the risk of getting an arrow through my body.

Two days later, as we were preparing dinner, three Indians came along, leading some ponies, and among them I recognized my little friend. Drawing my revolver, I rushed out, and, pointing it at them, demanded my property. To this they demurred, giving me to understand, by their signs and gibberish, that they had found it, and that I must pay them for their trouble, or "no pony." I could not see it in that way, and seized my horse and led him away amid their excited threats.

The next day we came to an encampment of half-starved and savage-looking Indians, who had not yet left their winter quarters. Among them were our friends of the day before. From their gestures, we judged they were busy explaining our ill treatment of them, and urging the tribe to aid them in avenging the insult. We realized that danger was threatening us, and felt no little uneasiness as to the result. I was blamed somewhat for being so hasty and impulsive in taking the pony. But talk availed nothing, we had got to act, and that speedily. The rain was pouring down, and darkness was fast settling upon us. We fastened our oxen to the wagon, carefully keeping in sight our arms, which consisted of a double-barreled gun and a large navy revolver to each
man. When darkness came on, we could hear them moving around, endeavoring to steal our animals, but they found us prepared for every movement, and, in disgust, would let fly a few arrows and quickly withdraw, not relishing the noise of our bullets as they whistled about them; and so it continued all through the night. They had not the courage to come out and boldly attack us, for they knew we were soldiers, who were well versed in their method of fighting, and well prepared to receive any and all attacks. Some of the oxen were slightly wounded, but none of the men. How many of the Indians were hit we could not tell, but were well satisfied that all of our ammunition had not been wasted.

The next morning, the Indians were seen in the distance, apparently holding a council of war. There appeared to be a difference of opinion, as most of them returned to their wigwams, while the remainder started in the direction we were traveling. We made a long march, of some thirty miles, without any trouble, though for the first few miles we occasionally caught a glimpse of them, but they finally, as we thought, gave up the chase.

It came to my turn to herd the oxen the latter part of this night, going on at midnight and remaining till daylight. The animals appeared more restless than usual, and for a time kept me quite busy, but between three and four they settled down, and everything was quiet. The moon, which was on its last half, shone through the trees that grew in spots along the stream, and had begun to pale before the first streaks of dawn; while standing,
pondering over our last day's adventure, I was startled by a light rustling of the leaves. After listening and peering into the bushes for a few moments, and hearing no noise, I concluded it must be some animal, a disturbance which had startled me before, so I slowly walked along, when suddenly, without the least warning, a big Indian sprang from the bushes a few yards in front of me. The fright, coming so sudden, slightly bewildered me, but instantly recovering, I fired at him. He darted back, and I fled toward the wagon, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, the Indians yelling and running after me. My comrades, hearing my shot, were out instantly. We got behind our wagon and fired at them through the wheels, while their arrows flew all about us. It was getting light, and we could see that there were but few of them. Two of the savages were endeavoring to drive off our oxen, while the rest kept up an incessant firing of arrows, thinking to divert our attention from the animals. We knew that if we lost our oxen it would be difficult to travel, and we should have to endure many hardships; so after loading our pieces all around, we made a grand charge, drove them across the river, and recovered all of our oxen but one, which they had shot. Several had narrow escapes, but with the exception of a somewhat battered wagon, and the loss of one ox, we passed safely through it. Not so with our enemies, two of whom could be seen stretched upon the ground. We left the spot as soon as possible, and had no more trouble with them.
S was inevitable, even in our small company of men, there were some "black sheep," and occasionally their misdemeanors were of such a nature that we had to deal with them in a somewhat summary manner. Shortly after our Indian trouble, two of our men deserted us one night, appropriating two ponies, with saddles, one of the latter articles belonging to me. So enraged were we by this proceeding, that we determined to follow and capture them if possible. Early in the morning four of us, well mounted and armed, started in pursuit. After riding all day and night, with but two or three hours' rest, we at last heard of their whereabouts from a party of emigrants, who had met them some distance back. We laid over a good portion of the second day, to refresh our horses, which had become very much exhausted, and started again about sunset, traveling at a swift pace through the entire night. About five in the morning, we came to a ranch kept by a Frenchman, who, upon learning our errand, told us that the men we sought were within. It was a highly exciting scene as we rushed upon them in their fancied security, and, with pistols
pointed directly at their heads, threatened if they moved to shoot them like dogs. We secured their weapons and tied their hands behind them, and, after settling with the Frenchman, started back with our captives to join our party. Late in the night we came to the encampment, and were greeted with cheers. We had no sleep that night, and early the next morning we held a court martial; I had the honor of acting as judge. I suppose, strictly speaking, that, being an interested party, I ought not to have had anything to do with the case, except as a witness; but it was unanimously decided, that, according to lynch law, my decision would be considered good. So the court was held; the prisoners had nothing to say in extenuation of their guilt, but were insolent and abusive. After the testimony was all in, and mature deliberation given, they were pronounced guilty. It now only remained for the judge to pass sentence, which was done in the following words: "George Haversand and William Wright, you have been tried by this court, composed of men formerly your comrades,—men who trusted you, and who would have staked their lives in your defense; but you proved recreant to that trust, and in the dark hours of night sneaked away, stealing the property of those who were your best friends; and this court does therefore sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, that cards be attached to your bodies with the words, 'horse thieves' written upon them, and there you be left to hang as a warning to all such offenders."
were no trees in the vicinity, so it was decided to take the first one we came to.

Some will doubtless condemn so severe a sentence, but from the circumstances of the case I felt justified in imposing it, and I had the unanimous support of the rest of the party, whose wrath could not have been appeased with anything short of hanging the miscreants.

Their hands and feet were tied, and two men were stationed over them through the night, but the next morning they were missing. No doubt some of the men could have told just where to find them; but no questions were asked. I felt very much relieved that there was no need of carrying out my sentence.

We were now traveling in a fine section of country, where grass was abundant, so that our animals improved daily, and we were able to make long marches. At Fort Laramie we obtained supplies, and also at Fort Kearney. Here we met Colonel Alexander, who had been on leave of absence, and was now returning, with his family, to his regiment. He was pleased to see us, but expressed sorrow at losing so many of his musicians, and offered us every inducement to re-enlist. No offer could be made sufficient to induce us to enlist for another term of five years until we had at least seen a little civilization, and experienced some of its demoralizing influences. The supplies we got here lasted us to Nebraska City, where we arrived about the first of July, 1860. This was a very pleasant border town, containing about two thousand
inhabitants. Waltz, Stark, and myself stopped here. We took charge of a brass band that had but recently lost its leader, formed an orchestra for balls, parties, etc., and soon did a thriving business.

In the fall the Oto Indians left their reserve and came to the city, demanding their annuities, which were due them from the government, but for some unknown reason had been withheld from them by the agent. They surrounded his house, declaring that unless they were immediately paid they would burn it down. He insolently refused, and ordered them back to the reserve. The citizens were greatly alarmed, and gathered in the town hall and appointed a committee to wait upon the agent. They advised him to settle with the Indians, as he not only endangered himself and his property, but all the rest of the city as well. He flatly refused to do so, and told them to go about their business. The Indians broke into his house, seized him, and put a rope around his neck and dragged him through the street to the hall, where the citizens had congregated, and insisted upon giving him a hearing. It was decided that he must make satisfactory terms to the Indians or be turned over to them and allow them to make their own terms. After a great deal of talk, and many threats by the Indians, he agreed to deposit the boxes containing the money in the bank for the night, and in the morning, if a sufficient number of the citizens would accompany him, proceed to the reserve and pay all that was justly due them. To this
they agreed, and so matters rested. The Indians kept a close watch around his house all night, and many of the citizens walked the streets. Early in the morning it was discovered that the agent had, notwithstanding their vigilance, stolen away and taken with him all the money, for on repairing to the bank, the boxes were found to contain nothing but sand. Upon this discovery, the Indians became very much excited, and made violent threats, to the great alarm of the citizens, who immediately telegraphed to an agent at St. Louis, and requested assistance. He at once ordered the city authorities to purchase three wagon loads of supplies and send them and the Indians to the reserve, which was quickly complied with, as the citizens were only too glad to be rid of such unwelcome visitors.

In the autumn Waltz left us. Stark remained with me until spring. He had been away from home eight years, and had not heard from, or written to, his friends during that time. At my advice, he wrote a letter home, which was a great surprise to his parents, who had long given him up as dead. He received two letters from home, the last one notifying him of his father's death, and desiring him to return to New Hampshire immediately.

I was now by myself again, but was in far better circumstances than when in New York. I had now no need to search for bakers' carts to sleep in or to depend on apples for subsistence.

The secession movement had broken out, and it affected
this territorial border town quite seriously, as there were many Southerners residing here with their slaves. One morning we were surprised to see floating from the top of an old block house, which was used as a jail, a Palmetto flag. The unionists collected, and, with rocks, soon brought it down. They made an effigy of Jeff Davis, wrapped the flag around it, and hung it out of the window, with a placard attached to it on which was inscribed, "Death to Traitors," and there it hung all day.

Stark corresponded with me, and in all his letters made urgent requests for me to come to New Hampshire. I was advised by friends in Nebraska not to go there, for they said that the state was all rocks; but the glowing accounts Stark gave of it, and the way he had always spoken of the old Granite State, had considerable weight with me. So one fine May morning I took a boat bound for St. Joseph, Mo., that being the nearest place to the railroad, and reached there in the evening. After supper I strolled about the city, and finally entered a concert hall. The entertainment was quite good, especially the singing. Towards the latter part of the performance a lady came upon the stage with a small American flag in each hand, and commenced singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." In an instant the whole house was in an uproar, the secessionists hissing, and the unionists cheering. I joined with the latter party, and in my enthusiasm, which, perhaps, was a little boisterous, disturbed a fellow sitting near me, who, evidently, was a bitter rebel, for he
seized my coat and attempted to pull me down. I advised
him not to do it again, informing him that I had served
under that flag for five years, had been supported by it,
and intended to stick by it and shout for it as much as I
pleased, whether he liked it or not. He, with some of
his secessionist friends, sprang at me, while several union
men, mostly Germans, came to my aid, and in a short
time the row became general throughout the hall. The
policeman came in, and, by Herculean efforts, succeeded
in restoring order. The performance, however, was brought
to a close, and I wended my way back to the hotel, though
not in quite as good order as when I left it,—certainly not
in mind, for it seemed strange that my first night's experi-
ence in a state where I expected refinement and patriot-
ism, should come to such an inglorious ending,—that I,
a foreigner, should be grossly insulted by American-born
citizens for cheering the Stars and Stripes.
CHAPTER XXI.

The next morning I resumed my journey east, over the Hannibal railroad, where but a few days later many lives were sacrificed by the secessionists, who placed ties on the track, and threw the train from a bridge. After traveling three days and nights, I finally reached Concord, New Hampshire, the city I had heard lauded so highly. It was raining hard when I arrived, and as I did not have Stark's address, I knew not where to go. But fortune favored me; I met a man near the station who was well acquainted with the family, and directed me to their residence, which was some two miles distant. Upon my arrival there, I found it a very commodious farm-house, with about seventy acres of land, and I was kindly welcomed by my old comrade Joe, and his family.

Now farming was an occupation of which I was entirely ignorant, and the neighboring people evidently considered me of little account, since I did not even know how to plant a potato. They insisted that all our great men, from Daniel Webster down, had obtained their start in life from the farm, and most of them from New Hampshire soil. Here was an incentive to me to acquire fame.
particularly as Joe was, or pretended to be, well versed in agriculture, and could instruct me in all its various branches. To my surprise, however, his inclination did not appear to tend that way; he was at that time a devotee of the violin, and spent most of his time at his music. At his mother's request we agreed to carry on the farm for the summer. Our first work was to prepare a piece of land for potatoes. In furrowing, my part of the work was to lead the horse, which, by the way, was a large, frisky animal, who seemed to comprehend my ignorance, and persisted in stepping on my toes, which materially interfered with the alignment, so that the furrows were more circular than straight. We let it pass, however, as we believed that potatoes would grow just as well in crooked rows as in straight ones. I did not remain there to see the harvesting, but it must have been great, as we made it a point to put two of the largest potatoes we could find into each hill.

Joe's violin interfered materially with the farm work, and it was with considerable difficulty that we got him into the field at all. Our next undertaking was to plant about an acre of corn. After we had got the piece into very poor condition, he instructed me how to drop the seed, and then left, promising, after I had dropped a few rows, to return and cover it. I kept busily at work till nearly noon, when, seeing no signs of Joe, I started for the house. As I drew near, I heard the strains of a violin, which was being played with vigor. Joe appeared
greatly surprised at seeing me, and inquired why I had left my work so soon, and said he was just getting ready to come out. He finally concluded to wait till after dinner, and it was at least two o'clock before we returned to the field, when, to our dismay, we found a large flock of crows diligently at work, and my morning’s labor nearly spoiled. We next did a little haying, but as a mower, I confess I was a distinct failure. Still I attribute this somewhat to the scythe, which was both bent and rusty, and looked as though it might have been used by Joe’s great-great-uncle, Gen. John Stark. By this time, I had become completely disgusted with farming, and left it, regretting my inability to master a vocation which was said to be so essential to wealth and position in New England.
CHAPTER XXII.

The Rebellion was now uppermost in everyone's mind. In the blacksmith's shop, the grocery, the barber's shop, and in the streets knots of men were gathered; and in every home the secession question was the all-absorbing topic. Young men and even school-boys, with many who had passed the prescribed age of forty-five, were tendering their services to the Union in defense of the flag which had so recently been humiliated at Fort Sumter. In fact, as the stay-at-homes remarked, it required less courage to go than it did to remain at home. It is not to be wondered at that I was soon as enthusiastic as any. To my surprise, my old comrade, Joe, did not seem to be affected at all. Whether it was from his political opinions, or from the legacy to which he had lately fallen heir upon the death of his father, I know not, but I think it was due to the latter, as he shortly after married and started for the gold regions of Washington Territory, where he still resides, and has raised up a large and respected family.

From the time of my arrival in New Hampshire I had been a member of the Concord band. Its leader, G. W.
Ingalls, had just received an appointment as band-master, and was enlisting musicians for the Third New Hampshire. It took but a few days to complete the required number of twenty-four. No persuasion was necessary to induce me to enroll as a member of that organization, and on August 26, 1861, I was again mustered, as a musician, into the United States army.

This band was composed chiefly of a class of intelligent young men, good citizens, fine mechanics, and excellent musicians, so that in a short time it was second to none of the bands sent out by the government. The following are the names of the members of the organization:


We were provided with a uniform of gray cloth, which, notwithstanding its Confederate appearance, was of good texture. The knapsacks were of the same color, while the hats were of a sort of dark pepper and salt shade, with a fore-and-aft peak. The latter as they aged persisted in lopping, sometimes in front, and then again behind, and not infrequently both front and behind, so that really they were not things of beauty by any means.
THE THIRD REGIMENT BAND
On the morning of September 3, 1861, we broke camp at Concord, escorted by the Home Guard and Serenade band. It was inspiring to witness the thousands of people, from all parts of the state, who had congregated in the streets and at the station,—parents, wives, sisters, and sweethearts—crowding for a last kiss, a shake of the hand, and, with tears dimming many eyes, a last fond look at loved ones, whom they might never (and in many cases did not) see again. I was much depressed at seeing such expressions of affection, for I knew that in that vast throng, not a pang and scarcely a thought was for me. Still I was comforted by the assurance that across the ocean, in a little ivy-covered cottage by the sea, a fond mother daily prayed for the safety of her wandering boy.

As the cars passed out of the depot, the cheers that rang out, the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, mingled with the sweet strains of “Auld Lang Syne,” by the Concord band, and the response by our band of “Home Sweet Home,” was an impressive scene, and one never to be forgotten.

We were greeted with cheers all along our route, and at stations where we stopped for a few moments, fruits, flowers, cigars, and sweets were given us, usually by the ladies. We reached Allyn’s Point, Conn., in the evening, where we took steamer for Hunter’s Point, L. I. We reached there about eight o’clock next morning, and took cars for Minneola, where we pitched tents, and, from the preparations, it appeared as if we had come to stay.
Guard mounting, drills, parades, and even prayer-meetings were now in order. Under Colonel Fellows the regiment made rapid progress in drill, so much so that at Washington, after inspection by General Sherman, we took first position in the brigade. Not only were we proficient in drill, but, under Chaplain Hill, also in morals, for it is said, though questioned by some, that in the town our men sacked a rum shop, and destroyed all the liquor.

General Vielie now assumed command, and named the camp "Winfield Scott." It consisted of the Third New Hampshire and Eighth Maine regiments.

About two miles distant from our camp was the pretty little town of Hempstead, and frequent visits were made by both officers and men. Occasionally the band would be taken, until a deep friendship was manifested by the citizens for the Third New Hampshire.

One morning, while out on drill, an order came to break camp and proceed immediately to Washington, the officials there being somewhat alarmed for its safety. The command was given, "Double quick to tents." As quickly as possible we started for Hunter's Point, leaving tents and knapsacks behind. A steamer was in readiness, and about 10 o'clock P.M. we started for Jersey City, arriving there at midnight, and taking cars for Philadelphia, reached there early Sunday morning. We were then marched to the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment saloon. We were very tired and hungry, and did ample justice to the excellent breakfast provided by the
kind people of Philadelphia. We remained until about six in the evening, mingling and conversing with the citizens, who showed a very generous spirit, giving us fruit, candies, and cigars in great abundance.

From the time we left Concord until we reached Maryland, the national flag was seen waving from every available spot; and at every city, town, or hamlet the citizens welcomed us with warm greetings and enthusiastic cheers. How marked the difference as we entered the state of Maryland! A cloud seemed to overshadow it; not a sign of patriotism was visible; the American flag was conspicuous by its absence, and it was evident that disloyalty was rampant among most of the inhabitants.

At Baltimore we changed cars, and had a long march through the city. Not caring to be taken by surprise, as in the disastrous march of the Sixth Massachusetts, the men loaded their pieces before leaving the cars. As we started, playing our favorite "Camp Quickstep," a squad of police, reaching across the street, formed in our front, for what purpose I know not, as we felt prepared for all emergencies, and sufficiently strong to dispense with police protection.

It was near 10 o'clock p.m before we started for Washington. We reached that city about midnight, and found the Stars and Stripes floating proudly over its capitol. We remained in the depot until daylight, and then were marched to the Soldiers' Rest for breakfast. After that we went about one mile east of the capitol, near the Congressional Cemetery, and established camp.
At dress parade here one evening President Lincoln visited us. At no time during our term of service was "Hail to the Chief" played with more feeling and spirit than at this visit from our commander-in-chief.

A few days after our arrival we were visited by a committee, representing the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church of Hempstead, L. I., who presented us with a beautiful silken flag. Colonel Fellows, in an eloquent little speech, received it in behalf of the regiment. The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and three rousing cheers were given for the ladies of Long Island by the regiment.

At dress parade one evening, while trooping down the line, Drum-Major Wing marched into a deep mud-hole. The soil was of a clayey, sticky nature, and in extricating himself he went through a great many undignified gestures, to the great amusement of both regiment and spectators.

Early on the morning of October 4 we struck tents and marched to the depot, where we were closely packed into cattle cars, and taken to Annapolis, Md. We reached there about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were quartered in the U. S. Naval Academy. We were given nice rooms, with gas and all modern conveniences; still, as we had but one blanket apiece, the hard-wood floors were not very encouraging for sound, refreshing sleep.
We remained here but three days, and then pitched our tents about half a mile from the academy, on the bank of the river Severn.

Our first night here was anything but agreeable, for shortly after tattoo it commenced raining, and before morning we had quite a storm. Some of the band tents went down, while others were completely flooded. In our tent we were more fortunate, as my regular army experience helped me somewhat. Just before retiring I cut a trench around the tent and drove down the pins tightly, so that no rain entered, and it sheltered some of the less fortunate.

One evening we serenaded Governor Hicks, and were well received, refreshments being served. The next day, while on parade, Governor Hicks was introduced, and delivered a short, patriotic speech, which dispelled all idea of his being in sympathy with the secession movement, an idea which had been widely circulated throughout the country. Three rousing cheers were given him.

A battery of regulars arrived, under command of Captain Hamilton. This officer was not only a namesake, but also an old friend of mine; he was first lieutenant of Sherman's battery, stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, in 1855.

Our band gained quite a reputation and was frequently called upon to play for other regiments. The Forty-sixth New York was presented with a flag by the ladies of that state, and engaged our band for the occasion. It
was a very enthusiastic affair, and refreshments of all kinds were served.

Our brigade was now complete, consisting of the Third New Hampshire, Eighth Maine, and Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth New York regiments.

Mrs. Vielie, wife of our brigade general, gave each regiment in the brigade a flag, which was presented by Governor Hicks and General Duryea, and received by the several colonels with appropriate responses.
CHAPTER XXIII.

E struck tents October 18, and went on board the steamer *Philadelphia*, which carried us about two miles out to the ocean steamer *Atlantic*, the flag-ship of the transports, and headquarters of General Sherman and staff. It was commanded by Captain Eldridge, a thorough sailor and a perfect gentleman.

Quarters were assigned us in the hold, where two-story bunks, two in a bunk, were provided. As there were some twelve hundred soldiers on board, we were necessarily much crowded, which made the air very impure and caused many to remain on deck a great part of the night.

Our first supper on board was very late, owing to the neglect of the band to bring tin cups along, and we had to wait till the companies were through. It was not a very sumptuous repast,—a piece of fat pork, a slice of bread, with a cup of miserable coffee. With wry faces we attempted to make a meal, which, in most cases, was a complete failure. To me it was not a surprise, for I had many times before experienced similar ordeals.

After waiting several days, the long-wished-for order to
weigh anchor came at last. As we got out a stiff breeze sprung up, which caused much sea-sickness among the men. Later, a heavy fog came on, which necessitated a lay-over for the night. Early the next morning we started in a heavy rain and a rough sea, and were soon anchored between the Rip-Raps and Fortress Monroe.

Large bodies move slowly, and this certainly was no exception, for it seemed as if we never should get started. We had now been aboard about ten days, and it became very trying to a majority of the men, who had never been pent up on shipboard before, and knew not how best to care for themselves. The water, as well as the facilities for using it, was very limited, and it was not to be wondered at if new acquaintances intruded upon us.

It was a busy scene around the fort; the bay was covered with every kind of craft,—the stately frigate Wabash, numerous gunboats, side-wheeled and screw ocean steamers, ships, barques, brigs, river and harbor steamers of all sizes, preparing for this expedition, the destination of which to nearly every one was unknown.

At last the flag was run up to the peak, denoting a start. It was a beautiful day, the sea perfectly smooth, which continued until we passed Hatteras, when on the afternoon of the third day a terrible storm arose, which increased in violence hourly, dispersing the fleet in every direction. Some went back, others went out to get more sea room, while a few outrode the storm and rendered assistance to those disabled. Among the latter was the
Atlantic, moving in all directions, now hauling a gunboat, which appeared to be fast drifting ashore, then towing the little ferry-boat, Mayflower, from the breakers, so used up that little was left but her hull, and continued so employed until darkness set in.

In the hold of our vessel the scene was appalling. The band bunks were next to the hospital, which added more, if possible, to our misery, as there were many there suffering from disease. One poor boy, delirious from a raging fever, continually called for his mother, until death ended his sufferings, just before morning.

All night long we heard the shrieking and howling of the wind, the roaring of the waves as they dashed against the sides of the heavy-laden vessel,—which caused her to tremble and roll, so that it was with difficulty we kept in our berths,—the creaking of the bunks, the clatter of boxes and barrels rolling about, and the incessant rumbling and jarring of the machinery. Amid all this another disturbance was added to the tumult, that of a rushing of water into our berths. For a few moments the excitement was intense; all thought we were sinking. Some were praying, while others cursed and yelled. We breathed a sigh of relief on ascertaining the cause: A port-hole had been opened by some one to get a breath of fresh air, and had not been securely fastened, so that when the vessel gave an extra lurch, it had been forced open, allowing an immense quantity of water to enter our berths.

With great difficulty the next morning I reached the
deck, and, although grasping tightly the ratlines, I could scarcely keep my feet. The scene, though grand, was appalling. The mountainous waves seemed chasing one another, each one striving to outdo its leader. Now and then one more boisterous would rush over the bow, fully bent on our destruction, but the stanch old vessel resisted all such attacks, and carried us safely through the storm. Some vessels could be seen with signals of distress flying, others drifted ashore and were taken by the rebels, while some went down. Towards night the storm abated.

The great secret was at last revealed. Land came in sight, which proved to be Port Royal, South Carolina. At first few vessels were to be seen, but in a short time they were coming in from all directions.

About 9:30 A.M. of the 7th, the bombardment commenced. The vessels, fifteen in number, quickly got into line, the Wabash leading, and speedily commenced the attack on Fort Beauregard, each vessel delivering a broadside on passing, and on returning the same salutation was bestowed on Fort Walker. This continued for more than three hours, when the forts were silenced. A small boat was seen to leave the Wabash, and every eye was strained, watching the little craft as it neared the shore. Suddenly the old flag was seen to flutter from the flagstaff on the rebel fort, when a cheer went up from twenty thousand voices, and the “Star-Spangled Banner” was pealed forth from fifteen bands. It was a grand scene.
CHAPTER XXIV.

E had been on shipboard nearly three weeks, and were rejoiced to get on land once more. It was only an island, but fertile and picturesque, with its beautiful groves of Southern pine, magnificent live oaks, festooned with light green trailing moss, which is one of the pleasing features of a Southern forest, palmetto trees, more noted than beautiful, the stately magnolia, with its gorgeous and fragrant blossoms, groves of oleanders, orange and lemon trees, sea island cotton, sweet potatoes, corn, beans, peanuts, melons, and every kind of vegetable. Some of its products, which yielded most abundantly, could willingly have been dispensed with, such as alligators, wood-ticks, fleas, and mosquitoes.

We were marched about a mile from Fort Walker, and halted in a large cotton field of some two hundred acres, the cotton hanging from the bolls and ready for the pickers. This we destroyed, and pitched our tents in its place.

It was evening before we were settled, and the only foraging done was in a large field of peanuts adjoining. The boys were out in full force, and large quantities were taken.
The early bird gets the worm. Three of us arose at daybreak, and, as our cooking utensils were not ashore, took a hasty breakfast of oysters from a neighboring creek, and started on a foraging expedition. We visited several plantations, all of which had been thoroughly looted. About six miles from camp we came to a place that had not been foraged. The orange trees were loaded with the choicest of fruit, and the elegant mansion contained a library filled with valuable books, while its walls were adorned with fine pictures. We took little from the house—a few books, with a picture or two—dressed a sheep, taking about half of it, with a bushel of oranges, back to camp, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening, tired and hungry, but well satisfied with our day's foraging.

Several days were spent making improvements about our tents,—digging wells, hauling branches for shade, etc. Thanksgiving was generally observed as well as circumstances would allow. All drills were dispensed with, and services were held by the chaplain, and there was a general exchange of greetings from one regiment to another. Our bill of fare was slightly improved, some one having borrowed a cabbage. This, with a piece of boiled fat pork and our usual daily bread, was what we gave thanks for. Deaths were quite frequent, giving us much work, as we were often called by other regiments on such occasions.

Contrabands were coming and troops leaving, daily.
Christmas came in fair and warm, with flowers blooming and a springlike appearance everywhere.

The Emerald Isle was well represented in the regiment, with a sprinkling all through, besides one whole company, under its intrepid commander, Capt. M. T. Donohoe, so that St. Patrick's day was enthusiastically observed. In the evening we serenaded the genial captain, who showed himself, as on many other occasions, a good friend to the band.

An order was received by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson for the Third to start on a reconnoitering expedition, and to take several days' rations along. As I had become somewhat tired of inactivity, the band not being required to go, I tendered my services to the lieutenant-colonel as his bugler, which he accepted. Four others of the band shouldered muskets on this occasion,—D. Arthur Brown, J. A. Dadmun, G. L. Lovejoy, and C. E. Burnham. Our destination was not known, but it was rumored that Bluffton, a town on the mainland, was the point of observation.

We left camp about 2 o'clock p.m., arriving at Seabrook at 3:30 o'clock p.m., when we embarked in small boats, taking in tow a scow containing a field-piece. Soon after we left it commenced to rain. The wind
arose, and darkness came on, with every indication of a storm, so that we had to pull for the shore, landing at Pope's plantation. We waited until about 2:30 A.M., when we again started, and reached the mainland at daybreak. On going ashore, the pickets of the enemy could be seen in the woods; but a few shots from our piece soon dispersed them. A company was deployed, and captured four rebels, when the lieutenant-colonel gave me the order to sound the recall.\(^1\) We then withdrew to our boats, and landed at Bull Island for the night, but embarked again the next morning for Savage Island, where it was thought some pickets were stationed. The rebels fired at us from the mainland as we passed each way, and our men returned the fire. Upon landing, the companies were sent in different directions to explore the island thoroughly. In a short time firing commenced in every direction, causing much alarm to Colonel Jackson, who immediately ordered me to go out and sound the recall. I approached as near as possible with safety to myself, hearing the bullets whistling through the trees, and sounded the call many times before it was responded to. The troops at last came back, each company swearing at the other for firing into them. Instead of rebels, they found friends in the form of cows, sheep, and pigs, of which they obtained a good supply. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and we again returned to Bull Island.

\(^1\) This was the first bugle call sounded by the Union forces on the mainland in South Carolina after the fall of Fort Sumter.
Next morning we embarked again, this time for Bluffton. As we came opposite, and about a mile from the landing, the boats were formed in line, and at a signal from the bugle, all pulled to the shore, each boat striving to get there first. The rebels fired a volley or two, but failed to strike us. Two companies were sent out as skirmishers, the remainder forming on the beach. In getting our field-piece ashore, it sank deep in the mud, which caused some delay. We started at last, advancing through the woods, and driving their pickets. At each cross-road, detachments were left to prevent the enemy from getting in our rear. About noon we reached the town, and, with the exception of a few colored folk, found it deserted. The colonel stationed the companies at the corners of the different streets, and on no conditions were they allowed to leave the ranks. He ordered me to enter some of the houses, to ascertain whether there were any rebels there. I visited several dwellings, but all was quiet; not a rebel was to be found. They had evidently left in a great hurry, for in one house the noonday meal was all prepared. It was so inviting, that the temptation to partake, even if duty suffered for a few moments, was only natural. I took a delicious, though hasty, meal, and made a hurried departure, knowing that as I was there without invitation, upon the return of the occupants my absence would afford them more pleasure than my presence. The last place I entered was the corner grocery and post-office. The front being
closed, I crept in through a back window. While testing and examining the numerous articles, particularly the bottles on the shelves, many of which contained soft drinks, and some, I think, that were not so soft, I was startled by a knocking on the front door, and an inquiry as to who was there. I responded, and on opening the door found the colonel, who seemed to be anxious to know what was in the store, pointing directly at the uncorked bottle on the counter. I informed him that there was everything in the grocery line, both wet and dry. He ordered me to close the door immediately, evidently being unwilling and unprepared to use the same method of disposing of the stuff on some of the shelves as was practised on Long Island some months before. In the meantime he had lifted a trap-door and entered the cellar; he came up in a short time with a basket which was pretty well filled, but what it contained I never knew.

We got a paper here giving an account of the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor, our first notification of that remarkable encounter.

The assembly was now sounded, and we again returned to our boats, many of the men bearing little mementos of our first reconnoissance. One man carried a nice silk umbrella; another had a baby carriage filled with bedding; others had choice walking-sticks; a bugler ornamented his instrument with a large tassel taken from the pulpit in the church; and even our chaplain carried a bag of curled hair, intended, I suppose, for a pillow.
After a prayer by the chaplain, returning thanks for the success of our reconnaissance, we again embarked and landed at Bull Island.

Some of the adjacent islands were visited, and a generous supply of meat obtained. On Monday we embarked on a steamer, which had been sent for us, and at 6 o'clock p.m., after six days' absence, reached our old quarters at Hilton Head.
CHAPTER XXV.

April 1 was ushered in in the usual manner, many letters of questionable importance being received. One of the band, who for some time had watched the steamers as they came into the harbor, expecting a visit from a cousin, received a letter stating that he had arrived, was aboard a steamer, and would be pleased to see him. He was delighted, asked to be excused from duty, blacked his shoes, borrowed a paper collar, and did everything to make a good appearance, and wended his way to the wharf. He inquired of wharfmen, sailors, soldiers, and negroes, but no one had heard of the arrival of any such steamer. On hearing some one say, "April fool," it suddenly dawned upon him that he had been sold.

In the evening a burlesque band serenade was given us, which was more unique than musical.

Much jealousy existed at this time between the officers of the Third and Fourth regiments as to which had the best band, and they were frequently brought together for a test, each band having its enthusiastic friends to applaud its playing. On all such occasions we reserved
for our last piece "The Mocking Bird," with trills and warbles by the inimitable Carl Krebs on the clarinet, which always settled, for the time being, the disputed question.

To while away the time, we formed an organization known as "The Bagpipes," in which Carl Krebs as piper, and D. Arthur Brown as chief drone, afforded much amusement. We had also a quadrille band, besides several good singers, which lent enchantment to our evenings around the camp-fire.

Early in the morning of April 4, reveille was sounded; and, after a hasty breakfast, we struck tents, marched to the wharf, embarked on the steamer, *Ben Deford*, and were taken to Edisto Island, landing there at 6 o'clock a.m., in a pouring rain. The next day we made a short march to the Hopkins and Seabrook plantations, where Colonel Fellows, with his staff and band, made headquarters, the rest of the regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, going about ten miles inland. These plantations were the most commodious we had yet seen. Surrounded by spacious and elegant lawns, with immense hothouses containing the choicest plants and ferns from every clime, its numerous hedges trimmed in every conceivable shape, the air fragrant from the blossoms of the rose, orange, and oleander, coupled with the sweet notes of the numerous feathered songsters, they formed a scene of beauty beyond all imagination.

On pleasant evenings Colonel Fellows usually called
on the band to give a concert on the lawn, and often invited the officers of the gunboat Pocahontas stationed near us. On these occasions, the negroes from the different plantations would congregate in large numbers. At a signal from the colonel, "Dixie," a favorite song and dance in the South, was played, which made the contrabands fairly wild. For half an hour they would give vent to their feelings by the liveliest plantation breakdowns, contortions, and grimaces, to the delight of both officers and men.

This sunshine was of short duration for me, as I received an order to report immediately, as bugler, to Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, who was about to start on another reconnoissance. A nine-mile walk brought me to the regiment, when I reported for duty.

Early the next morning the regiment, with two pieces of the Third Rhode Island Artillery, marched to a creek which separated us from Jehossee Island, where the rebels had annoyed us by firing on our pickets. A bridge, which had been prepared, was hastily thrown across, and we speedily passed over. Skirmishers were thrown out, and after a few shots from the field-pieces, the rebels took to their boats and crossed to the mainland, where a sand battery of four pieces had been erected.

A short distance from the bridge we found the body of one of our pickets, who had been shot while on post. No grave had been dug. The body had been dragged to the place, and a few shovelfuls of dirt thrown upon
it, leaving the hands and feet exposed. A piece of board had been stuck in the ground, with an inscription rudely carved upon it,—"Yankey Soldier." We removed the body inside our lines and gave it a Christian burial, with military honors.

After a short march, we came to the mansion of Governor Aiken, who was said to have owned the entire island and to have had eight hundred slaves. Colonel Jackson invited me to accompany him into the house, but allowed no one else to enter, as it was said at the time that Governor Aiken was loyal to the Union. I was informed afterwards that the house had been sacked and burned to the ground.

We traversed the island about five hours, without discovering any rebels, although we occasionally received a reminder from the fort on the opposite side of the river. We returned to camp somewhat tired, as we had marched about twenty miles, with the temperature one hundred and five degrees in the shade. Of the many changes made in our camp, this location was by far the worst. At night one could not sleep, as the heat was so oppressive and the fleas so numerous. In order, if possible, to get a little rest, many of the men made bags from their blankets, and crawled into them, drawing the string around their necks. Immense mosquitoes kept humming and stinging until one was glad when daylight appeared, only to be again tortured by myriads of midgets crawling into the eyes, nose, and mouth, and causing intense pain.
I had been here about eight days, occupying a tent by myself and doing my own cooking. Wishing to obtain the remainder of my clothing, I started to visit the band, which was about nine miles away. From the time it took, however, and the amount of travel I did, I should have called it at least double that distance. It was pleasant to be again with my old comrades, and to enjoy, if only for a few hours, the scenery of that beautiful place, though the pleasure was somewhat marred at the thought of again returning to the regiment and its pests.

I reached camp about 8 o'clock p. m., and, having left my tent wide open in the morning, found it swarming with mosquitoes, all, doubtless, anxiously awaiting my return. I got up an entertainment for them in the shape of a first-class "smudge," which soon relieved me of their presence. As I was rather tired after my eighteen-miles walk, I turned in and secured a fairly good night's rest.

A sad accident occurred here. Two soldiers of Company I, who had just come off guard, were "fooling" with their rifles, which were loaded, when one was discharged, killing Henry R. Bolles instantly.

The band again joined us, which was a source of great pleasure to the regiment.

Sneering remarks are sometimes made respecting regi-mental bands,—how lazy and what a useless appendage they are, etc.,—but let a regiment be deprived of music, if only for a short time, and their services are appreciated.
H. S. HAMILTON,  G. L. LOVEMOY,  J. A. HARMAN.

A QUIET MEAL.
Our camp had now quite a comfortable appearance. Trees and branches were placed around, shading us from the sun; floors and bunks were put in tents to protect us from the fleas; nets were furnished, to shield us from the cruel attacks of the mosquitoes; and had it not been for the tortures inflicted upon us by the midgets throughout the day, it might have been called a pleasant camp.

Each day could be seen the "tin cup brigade," wending its way to the abandoned cottonfields to gather the luscious blackberries, which grew there in immense quantities. As we were allowed flour in place of hardtack, and sugar for the berries, we enjoyed a generous and excellent meal of pancakes each evening. Occasionally, mushrooms would be brought in; but our New England boys had never acquired a taste for a fungus of that nature, and believed that they were poisonous, "nothing but toadstools," and warned those of us who were about to indulge, not to eat them, as they would surely kill us. Their talk was unheeded, however, and a hearty meal was enjoyed. After waiting a sufficient length of time for them to put in their deadly work without any perceptible sign of dissolution on our part, the boys concluded to test them, and were so well pleased that many might have been seen hunting daily for the
“poisonous toadstools.” In the creeks we found the periwinkle, a delicious shell-fish, which in the English market is the choicest and most high-priced of mollusks, but only one of the band indulged in eating “snails,” as they were termed by the rest.

Guard-mount, drills, and dress parades were the usual daily routine of duty. Outside of that, foraging would be in order. On one occasion, a number of the band started out to do a little exploration. After visiting a few plantations, with poor success, and becoming somewhat tired, we entered a little church which contained an organ and other furnishings, complete. It was suggested by some one that we hold a religious service. We had with us a fine organist, whose voluntary was very pleasing, although somewhat unique; also a minister’s son, who, though perhaps not as religiously inclined as some others of the band, was a fluent speaker, and did full justice to his subject, while the rest formed themselves into an excellent choir and an attentive congregation. I have attended services that have been marked with greater solemnity, but never experienced more enjoyment and general satisfaction than on that occasion.
CHAPTER XXVI.

On the evening of June 1, orders were issued for the regiment to prepare to start, so that little sleep was obtained, and at three o'clock the next morning we broke camp and marched about ten miles to the wharf, where we embarked on the steamer Planter.¹

We were taken across to John's Island and marched inland about nine miles, on one of the warmest days of the season. This march was very trying, especially to our young recruits, who had seen scarcely any service. A part of our route was through thick pine woods, and the heat was terrible. The canteens were very soon empty, and we had no opportunity to fill them, so that many of the men fell out and did not reach camp till midnight. Others threw away their overcoats and blankets, and the road was strewn with them for a distance of

¹ This vessel formerly belonged to the Confederacy, and was used in Charleston harbor as a supply steamer to the surrounding forts. May 13, 1862, while its white officers were on shore, Robert Smalls, the famous colored pilot, and the crew, with their families, all colored, steered it out of the harbor, by Fort Sumter, and reached our blockading squadron, where they were gladly received. Smalls and his crew were allowed, one half of the value of the vessel from the government, and were given charge of her in this department.
several miles. We finally reached camp about 5 o’clock p. m., tired and hungry, and after a very frugal supper, threw ourselves on the ground and slept soundly until awakened in the morning by the sound of reveille, amid a steady rain.

The only potatoes here were of the sweet variety, and it was with great difficulty we could get even those, the negroes assuring us they had used them for seed. While two of us were out foraging, we espied an old darky planting potatoes, and it occurred to us that a few of them would add somewhat to our scanty dinner; but how to obtain them without his knowledge,—for we were satisfied he would not sell any,—was a conundrum. We lay down beside the fence and watched, and as he passed, diligently intent on his work, we crawled through and took sufficient of the seed to satisfy a craving appetite. The rain continued all day, and, being without tents, we were thoroughly soaked, while the mud was so deep and adhesive that it was with difficulty we could get about. Supplies reached us in the evening, but so meagre that only two hardtacks and a small slice of pork were dealt out to each man. I was somewhat amused when this ration was issued, for I had frequently heard members of the band denouncing the meat, declaring it was unfit for human beings to eat; but a hungry stomach has a tremendous influence on one’s mind. I saw some of these very men eat it raw, rather than waste it by holding it over the fire.
We broke camp about 2:30 o'clock A. M., in a pouring rain, and again I was ordered to report myself to Colonel Jackson as bugler, as the rain had rendered the drums unfit for use. For a short march this was, I think, about the hardest I ever experienced. The darkness was intense and the rain fell in torrents, making the narrow roads—which were in most cases lower than the fields—knee-deep with mud and water. At intervals a halt would be made, and as we were not able to sit and scarcely to stand, we were glad when the order, "Forward," was given.

It was on this march that the colonel and I "drank from the same canteen." On the pommel of his saddle was suspended one of those large canteens, such as only mounted officers carry, from which he would drink at frequent intervals. I was so cold that I could not keep my teeth still, and it was a wonder to me how he could take so much water inside, while such a torrent of almost ice-cold water was drenching him on the outside. I had my doubts, and was somewhat inquisitive to know what that canteen contained; so at the next halt I concluded to ask him for a drink. He was somewhat surprised, and inquired whether I had not water in my own canteen. I said I had forgotten to fill it on starting, so he handed me his, being careful to retain hold of the strap. I must have been very thirsty, for I felt a slight pull,—a gentle reminder that he would like a little more himself. What that canteen contained matters not. Suffi-
cient to say that I derived more consolation and satisfaction from that drink than I ever did from any other either before or since. On returning the canteen I thanked him gratefully, and the command, "Forward, march," was again given.

About 9 o'clock we reached Legareville, a small town on the bank of the Stone river. With the exception of a few colored folks, the town was deserted. We hastily entered the houses, and, building fires, soon had our clothes dry. The band took for their quarters a small barn, which was clean and dry, and contrary to our usual experience, we were its only occupants; so we slept soundly until morning. At 2 o'clock p. m. we were taken across the river by steamer to James Island, and marched a short distance to a cottonfield beside General Stevens's brigade, where we halted for the night. The drums not being in condition, I was again called upon to sound tattoo. The fact that the rebel fortifications were but two miles distant gave me renewed energy; so I blew the call both loud and strong, thinking that perhaps the sound might reach the rebel lines, which would be a reminder of old army times to some of its officers, for whom I had frequently sounded the same tattoo. This I followed by lights out, bidding them "Good-night."

June 7 was another cold, rainy day, and our tents had not reached us, which made it very uncomfortable. We received fresh beef that morning, and were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a good dinner of soup, but
we were ordered to start immediately on picket duty. We not only left camp, but also our soup, which we had so anxiously watched and waited for; but duty called, and our partially-cooked soup was emptied on the ground, as we hurriedly marched away. Shortly after dark a terrific thunder-shower visited us, the lightning striking and crashing among the trees, while the rain fell in a perfect deluge. The darkness between the flashes was intense, and the continual roll of the thunder, mingled with the booming of rebel cannon, was grand and exciting.
CHAPTER XXVII.

JUNE 8, 1862, we were within a mile of the rebel fortifications, beside a large, muddy swamp. The enemy’s firing was quite brisk, and their shells fell around us in every direction. Several men in the different regiments were killed and wounded. The Third captured four prisoners. In the afternoon we were relieved by a New York regiment, and joined our brigade at Stone river. We secured quarters in a large barn, partially filled with husks, but the inevitable fleas were there in great numbers. As we were very tired, our slumbers were little disturbed by them.

At daylight, on June 9, the long roll was sounded, occasioned by our pickets having been fired upon, and two men of the Third Rhode Island wounded. On June 10, the rebels shelled us all night. Our gunboats, which were stationed on the river in our rear, returned the fire, so between the two we got but little sleep. About five o’clock in the afternoon the rebels attacked us, and quite a brisk little fight was kept up for about an hour, our gunboats and batteries joining in. A few men on our side were killed and wounded, the rebel loss being much greater.
The next day we walked over the field, and saw many of the enemy's dead, who were afterwards buried by our men.

The gunboats and rebel batteries still continued their rattling fire both day and night, while the disturbance from the wounded, frequently brought into our quarters, made it very unpleasant. At last we received our knapsacks and tents, and were glad to get them, for our undergarments, although subjected to many drenchings from the incessant rains, were anything but clean, and frequently caused an irritation which by the soldiers was termed "the scratch."

Our heavy siege guns were now in position, and opened on the enemy's works, which provoked a brisk response from them. So many of our men were wounded daily, that details were made from the band for picket and hospital duty, and also for carrying the wounded on board the steamers to be taken to the general hospital at Hilton Head.

Sixty rounds of ammunition were issued to each man on June 15, with orders to be ready to turn out at 2 o'clock A. M.

On the morning of June 16, a battle was fought, in which we were badly beaten, losing, in about three hours, one hundred and five men from our regiment. In order to give a concise account of the part which the Third New Hampshire took in this engagement, I will quote a portion of Colonel Jackson's official report.
"Headquarters Third Regiment, N. H. Vols.

James Island, S. C., June 19, 1862.

To the Acting Brig.-Gen. Robert Williams:

SIR:—I have the honor to present the following report:

On the morning of the 16th instant, I received orders to form the six companies of my regiment remaining in camp—four companies being on picket—and fall in the rear of the Rhode Island Third, which I did at three o'clock. After the line had been formed a short time, I received orders to march forward. When I came up with our pickets, I was joined by the remaining four companies of my regiment. I soon received orders to again advance, which I did, till I reached some wooden buildings near the enemy's earthworks; and as I had then got in advance of those I was ordered to support, I halted my command and waited for further orders. Orders soon came for me to move on and support the advance. Thinking I had made some mistake and that there were some of our forces in advance, I threw forward my two flank companies as skirmishers, under cover of some shanties that were very near the breastworks, and gave them a fine opportunity to operate against the enemy. Company A was commanded by Captain Clark, and Company E by First Lieutenant Maxwell. I then moved the remainder of the regiment to within forty yards of the side of the earthworks, and opened fire, driving therefrom the gunners from three guns which appeared to me to be facing the southwest. I found there was no artillery facing the side I was on, and it would have been very easy for me to have gone into the fort, provided I could have crossed a stream between me and the earthworks, about twenty yards in width, with apparently four or five feet of water, and the mud very soft; the men, therefore, could not cross. After getting into this position, the enemy soon opened on me from a battery that was about two hundred yards in our rear, throwing grape into the ranks, from which we suffered severely. In a short time they opened fire with rifles and infantry; at the same time, a battery about a mile north of us opened on us with round shot and shell, one shot from which killed a captain and a non-commissioned officer. Yet the men stood at their fires, and obeyed
orders promptly. There soon appeared on our left a body of the enemy, forming in three battalions, in which form they marched to reinforce the earthwork in front of us. During this time, I had informed the general of our position, and of the above-mentioned reinforcement.

"At this time the Rhode Island Third made an attack on the force in my rear, materially assisting me in my position. Meanwhile the reinforcements of the enemy had come in range of our fire, and I opened fire on them with good effect; but they were so well covered that they succeeded in throwing a portion of the force into the fort. There, being well covered, their fire on us was severe, and detracted our fire from the reinforcements, and gave them an opportunity to throw them all into the fort. Their number was so large we could not cope with them to any advantage, and, by this time, the other batteries, both in our rear and the one at the north of us, opened afresh on us, with more effect than ever. Some of my men, by this time, had fired over fifty rounds, and many of the guns were very foul; some of them even having to shoot away their rammers, being unable to draw them.

"Finding at this time that I was far in advance of all our forces, and seeing some of the forces retiring from the field, and, as it appeared of no advantage to hold my position any longer, I gave the order to retire, which the regiment did in good order, to the old building from which we started. I soon received orders to fall back to the rear of some of our forces."

This was a very hard and trying day for the band. Starting early in the morning, scarcely stopping for breakfast, we hastened to the battle-field. Soon we heard a continual rattle of musketry, an incessant booming of cannon from field batteries and gunboats, and the cheering of the men as they repeatedly charged the Confederate works, and as often were repulsed. The agonizing groans of the wounded thickly strewn around, calling for help,
left no time for reflection, but hard, steady work was before us, picking out the wounded from the dead, and, as tenderly as possible, placing them in the ambulances to be carried to the hospital, and administering water to the parched throats of the suffering fallen, torn by shot or shell, or encouraging them as best we could with words of comfort. This work was trying to the nerves of the bravest. At the same time, intense anger was aroused in us when, from the ramparts of the enemy, came taunting jeers of "d—d Yankees," "Bull Run," etc. But we were powerless to resent them, satisfied at their tolerance in not firing upon us while assisting our suffering comrades.

One cannot help asking the question, Does civilization civilize? Are we any better morally, or more humane than the red men of the forest, whom we call savages; who, when their imaginary rights are infringed upon, resent it with hatred, and exert all their energies to torture and destroy, and even gloat over their victims?

With sad hearts, our forces returned to their camps, which, but a few hours before, they had left with full ranks, good courage, and great enthusiasm, but sorrow was now depicted on every face. Nearly a thousand of our brave comrades were missing, and there was scarcely a tent but had one or more vacant places.

The Yankee trading propensity manifested itself very strongly in the Third New Hampshire, and our men could be seen daily in the other regiments of the brigade, ped-
dling envelopes and letter-paper, trading watches, buying flour, and making doughnuts, of which they always had a good supply. But in one man, whom I observed on returning to camp that day, the force of habit must have been indeed strong to lead him to hover around the battle-field with his wares. I suppose that, with his usual foresight and grasp of the laws of supply and demand, he felt assured that, after such a fight, many letters would be written, and that, if he was first on the field, he could readily turn an honest penny.

For the rest of the day, and far into the night, the band labored at the hospital, attending the wounded. We washed them, changed their clothing, and gave them food and stimulants, and also assisted the surgeons. We obtained but a few hours' sleep, and again the next day, went through the same ordeal.

How often the question has been asked, What does the band do in time of battle? Does it play to cheer and urge on the men, and drown the groans of the wounded? During an engagement, the band instruments are usually left in the rear, and its members are expected to assist the wounded and carry them to the ambulances, which, when filled, are driven back some distance to where the general hospital is established.

All of the wounded who could be moved were ordered to the Hilton Head general hospital, and we were called upon to carry them on board the steamer. The night after the battle, four of our wounded died and were buried the
next afternoon. It was a solemn scene as they were borne to their graves, on the shoulders of their sorrowing comrades; the band, with slow, noiseless step, with muffled drums, playing the "Dead March in Saul," followed by the regiment, which, notwithstanding that its sense of feeling had been hardened by stern reality, gave vent to its sorrow in sympathetic tears.

A battle, even to the victorious side, is depressing, but to the defeated it is heart-rending. The men walk about in silence, and a gloom seems to pervade the entire camp. On this evening we were called out and played a few inspiring airs, which, for the time being, seemed to dispel the gloom.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

HERE is no rest for the weary. We had just laid down for the night and had barely got to sleep, when orders were issued to evacuate the island. Preparations were immediately commenced, but we did not leave camp until the next evening, when we were crowded on board a small steamer so closely that we could scarcely lie down, and did not leave Stono river till the next morning.

On July 2, 1862, the anniversary of my birth, I was the flattered recipient of my kind comrades' congratulations and best wishes. On this day, how forcibly I was reminded of my dear old home, where, with her large family, my mother would always make the birthday a pleasant one. A nice tea, with the choicest "plum cake," would be provided. We were allowed to invite other young people to participate, and the day was always memorable. The indications, however, pointed to a very frugal celebration on this occasion, for, on reaching Hilton Head, we were tired, hungry, without tents, and had only the wet ground to lie upon. Our tents came the next day, and the rations improved somewhat, but the
fleas and other pests were still there in goodly numbers, and as voracious as ever.

When July 4 dawned upon us, we had little inclination for celebrating. Our campaign against Charleston had been a wretched failure. By exposure and battle, our ranks had become decimated, and our courage was at low ebb. The news from the Army of the Potomac was anything but cheering, so the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was observed here in silence, the only variation being a gill of whiskey, issued to each man in the evening, by the commissary.

Sickness prevailed to an alarming extent. At sick call, the line at the hospital tent increased in length each morning. Fever, dysentery, and jaundice appeared to be general complaints. Doubtless much of this sickness was contracted at James Island.

The regiment was now considerably broken up, the companies being stationed at different plantations. The headquarters occupied Graham’s mansion, the band being quartered in a cotton house.

We lived high here,—watermelons, green corn, etc., were procured from the colored people, either by purchase or otherwise. The heat was so oppressive—one hundred and ten degrees in the shade—that branches were placed in the ground as shelters for the sentinels.

There seemed to be decided improvement in the morals of the men, for, almost every evening, many of them attended the negro prayer-meetings. The colored folk were
mostly of the Baptist persuasion, and the reason they
gave for their belief was that the Bible spoke of John the
Baptist, but said nothing of John of any other denomina-
tion.

Company H of the Third regiment, commanded by
Lieutenant Wiggin, with about thirty-six men, were sta-
tioned on Pinckney Island, opposite Seabrook, separated
by only a narrow creek, and gave us a great surprise by
the announcement of the desertion of three of its men to
the enemy. As we were assured that they would divulge
the order of the picket line, extra diligence was believed
to be necessary to guard against surprise. But it ap-
peared that sufficient caution had not been used, for,
on August 21, in the darkness and fog of the early morn-
ing, three companies of rebels pounced upon this little
force, and captured them all, with the exception of six
men, killing the lieutenant and three privates and wound-
ing three others, one of them fatally.

We again returned to Hilton Head, and were grieved
to hear of the death of our commissary, Lieut. John H.
Thompson. He was a most genial, courteous officer, and
was endeared to all the regiment.

Deaths were of almost daily occurrence here. The
intense heat and the poisonous malarial vapors from the
swamps proved as deadly as the shot and shell of the
rebels. Our ranks were fast becoming depleted, and the
number of low, pathetic mounds in the burying-ground
showed an alarming rate of increase.
CHAPTER XXIX.

By act of Congress, approved July 17, 1862, all regimental bands were ordered to be mustered out within thirty days after its passage.

Now came the final duty of the band in the Third Regiment, and, to show the respect in which it was held by the regiment, we quote a few extracts from Comrade Eldredge's excellent history of the Third New Hampshire:

"The band was in demand for funerals and serenades. Its music drew tears or cheers. 'T was an inspiration to all who stepped to its music, whether at dress parade or on the march. The weariness of a march was largely diminished by its cheery notes. The old Third New Hampshire never camped anywhere, while the band existed, that it (the band) did not attract unusual attention by the superiority of its music; and I have no doubt that the pride thus created in the breasts of the boys had not a little to do with making them the good soldiers they were on the field."

"We were weary, nigh unto death, as we then thought—in fact had not more than got half rested from our terrible march of the 2d, but the music, as it struck on our ears in that dismal, dreary, God-forsaken place, lifted us at once out of our weariness and cheered us along."

"We find the band next at its most trying period, at the battle of James Island, Secessionville. . . . The band laid its instruments
aside, and, taking stretchers, they did noble service in removing the dead and wounded, and assisted the surgeons in every way they could. The valuable services of our band at this particular battle will never be forgotten."

"The death warrant of our beloved band was issued Aug. 27, 1862. . . . And now we come to the final ceremonies. At 11 A. M., at post headquarters, Hilton Head, our noble and musical band was mustered out and declared to be no more. It being regular muster day, it had, previous to this little bit of ceremony, played at guard mount at 8 A. M., and also played the Third New Hampshire into line for its own muster. The boys could have cried. With a little effort on the part of some "speechifier," in the right direction, just at that time, our tear reservoirs would have been disrupted, and the flow thereof would have moistened the sands of Hilton Head. We loved that band and we parted from it reluctantly. Good-by, band."

On Sunday morning, August 31, we attended our last guard-mount, played the last time for parade, and were mustered out of the service, thus ending our duties as the Third Regiment band. Although a pang was felt at leaving our comrades with whom we had shared so many hardships, and who, we were assured, were pained at the separation, still, most of the members were glad to return to their homes and friends in the old Granite State.

Of the original members who left New Hampshire, all but three, who had been discharged for disability, responded to their names when mustered out. Some had passed through fevers in the hospital, while there was scarcely a man who had not seen days of sickness, in most cases brought on by exposure to the malarial swamps, and loss of sleep from the tortures of the numerous pests of these islands.
We had added to our number three new members—A. D. Baker, Briggs, and Lang. The latter, after a visit to his friends in New Hampshire, was returning to Port Royal as an employee in the postal service, when the steamer on which he had taken passage foundered off Cape Hatteras, and all on board perished.

On Tuesday, September 2, we embarked for home on the steamer Star of the South. A large number of our comrades were at the wharf, and, with hearty shaking of hands, wished us good-by and a safe journey home.

Two of our number—our little drummer, Gove, and Henry Stark—were sick with fevers, and were tenderly cared for on the voyage.

The accommodations on this steamer were very bad, as we had to sleep in a filthy hold, made so by freighting horses to Hilton Head; and our food, which was very poor, we purchased at exorbitant rates from the steward.

We reached New York on Sunday, September 7, and went directly to a hotel. After supplying the inner man, we started for the Jewish quarter of Chatham street, as these were the only stores which were open on Sunday, and purchased clothing, for our regimental suits showed such signs of hard usage that they were not suitable for the streets of New York. I remained in the city only three days, as Stark grew worse, and I thought it best to get him home as quickly as possible. I reached Manchester on the evening of the 9th, and on the following
morning Stark started for his home in Goffstown, while I continued my journey to Concord.

General Eastman, the mustering officer at Concord, was from the regular army, and had been with the expedition to Utah. A short time after my return to New Hampshire, I applied to him for a commission, which, from my regular army experience, I thought I had fairly earned; but he seemed disposed to give me but little encouragement. Had I received any, I should, undoubtedly, have re-enlisted, but at that time, other influences were far more potent than any practical experience in the rank and file could possibly be.

During my sojourn in South Carolina, I had kept up a correspondence with Miss Stark, the youngest sister of my old-time comrade, Joe. On my return to the farm, we decided to go into partnership for life, and accordingly, on the 14th of October, 1862, the anniversary of both my enlistment in, and discharge from, the regular army, I entered the ranks of the great army of Benedicts. Miss Nancy Chase Stark was the daughter of Archibald Stark, and a great-grandniece of General John Stark. We resided for about twenty years on the old farm, and here four children were born to us, three of whom are now living—Arthur S. and Mary Edith, of Manchester, and Mrs. Helen Margaret Cunningham, of Boston.

Soon after my marriage, I again took up the stick and rule, and for twenty years was employed in the large printing establishment of McFarland & Jenks, and their
successors, the Republican Press Association, of Concord. I devoted my evenings for several years to orchestral work, and later acted as leader of the band of the Third Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard, making many pleasant acquaintances in both the typographical and musical fraternities, as well as among my comrades of the G. A. R. In 1882, I removed, with my family, to Manchester, where I still reside.
CHAPTER XXX.

In the year 1872, finding my health was somewhat impaired, I concluded to make a trip to England and visit my parents. On reaching Liverpool, I went directly to the county of Norfolk on the east coast of England, stopping in the city of Norwich for the night. My brother William, who was a boy of ten when I left home, was residing about seven miles from the city. He had been an officer in the East Indian pilot service at Calcutta, for twelve years, and was now retired and was living here with his wife and three children.

The next morning I took a cab, and in the midst of a pouring rain, set out for his residence. I inquired of the lady whom I met at the door, whether her husband was in. She replied that he was, and invited me to step inside, which I did. She notified her husband, and on her return, remarked that she knew who I was,—that I was her husband's brother from America. I thought it rather strange, as she had never seen even a photograph of me, so I inquired how she could possibly know me. She replied that she formed her conclusion from the manner in which I had answered her, when invited to enter
the house, by saying "I guess I will." "For," said she, "you know Yankees are always guessing." It was quite amusing to me, for I did not realize that my eighteen years' residence in America had made me so confirmed a Yankee. As I traveled around England, however, I became more convinced of the fact, especially as the shopkeepers invariably spoke of me as "the American."

As my mother's health was somewhat poor, I did not wish to surprise her too much, so my brother wrote home that he had received a letter from me, and was expecting me daily. My mother was satisfied that I had already reached England, so she took the first train for Norwich. Poor old Mother! As she entered the room where I was, she fell into my arms, and had I not supported her would surely have fallen. She could not speak for several minutes, while the tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks.

The next day, my father came, and my brother and I went to the station to meet him. As the train came in sight, I left my brother, telling him to introduce me as one of his friends. When my father alighted, he inquired for me, but my brother gave him the impression that I had not yet arrived. I then carelessly stepped up and bade my brother good-morning. He pretended to be surprised, but glad to meet me, and politely introduced me to my father, who shook hands with me and said he was pleased to meet any of his son's friends. We walked along, engaged in conversation, and I could see that my father was quite anxious to have me go, as he wished to
hear more about "Harry." But William and I kept talking and laughing, and my father kept casting side glances at me. Finally, he caught hold of me and looked me square in the face, and said, "This cannot possibly be Harry!" He then wished to know what made me look so yellow, and asked whether I was not sick.

The next day, we went to Lynn, and there a great surprise awaited me. As I entered the house, a young lady of twenty-two threw her arms about me and kissed me. I could not realize that this was my four-year-old, rosy-cheeked little sister, who was at home when I left so suddenly. Standing near by, was a young man of eighteen, whom I had never seen before, anxiously waiting to greet his long-absent brother.

During my stay, I visited many of the old landmarks. The first, and uppermost in my mind, was the old academy. There it was—with the exception of the sign on its front, "Theobald's Academy,"—the same quaint old building, but silent and deserted. Its master had long since passed away. No happy, rollicking boys, rending the air with their shouts, were seen, and a death-like stillness pervaded the old place.

As I went along, changes met me at every turn. New railroads, new docks, new streets, and even the famous "Wash," where, in 1216, King John and his train of followers were rescued from drowning by the people of Lynn, sent its waters into the harbor through another channel. The "Banks," where, as a boy, I used to bathe
and fish, was now partially under cultivation. Every one I met was a stranger. Schoolmates and playmates I knew not, and when introduced, found them middle-aged men with families growing up around them.

The gray-brick grammar school, the structure in which the notorious Eugene Aram was a teacher nearly one hundred and fifty years before, had undergone some changes, but was still used as a school. The old checkered front Guild hall, built of square blocks of black flint and white stone, where is kept the silver cup, a gift from King John nearly seven hundred years ago, seemed different.

Even at my old home, changes had taken place. The enticing little currant cakes and other dainties that mother made for the children, and which we thought nicer than anything made by other children's mothers, and which had always been held by me in sweet remembrance,—even they had somehow lost their charm. It began to dawn on me, that I, too, must have undergone a change. The old clock, which retained its accustomed place in the corner, with the same "tick-tock," was apparently the only thing that, to me, had not lost its identity.

On Sunday, I attended service at the grand old St. Margaret's church, where in my boyhood days I had been a chorister. This church is 240 feet long and 132 feet wide, and has two towers with a peal of ten large bells. These bells are not used solely for church purposes. In case of fire, they are rung all at once, with a loud clang, to alarm the inhabitants. They peal merrily
for fashionable weddings, and, with muffled tones, they often toll for deaths.

The service did not commence until the mayor, with his escort of cocked-hat beadles, bearing large gilded maces and swords, and wearing gold-laced cloaks, had entered. The singing of the boy choir, after the large organ had pealed forth a solemn voluntary, their sweet voices ringing through nave and transept, vividly reminded me of the days that never more will return.

All this progress and improvement must have been a source of great satisfaction and pride to the people of King's Lynn, but for me the old town had lost many of its charms, and, although sad at parting with my relatives, I came away with less regret than I did on a former occasion.

In the spring of 1886, I was suddenly called to my old home in England, and in sorrow I made the journey. I had received the startling news that both my parents were dead. As I approached the house, a feeling of deep sadness came over me, for no father or mother were there to greet me; the curtains were gone from the windows, the door-plate had been removed, and the old homestead looked desolate and forlorn.

An older brother, regardless of the wishes of the rest of the family, had disposed of all the personal property at auction. Many articles that were sold for trifling sums, would, from their associations, have been invaluable to me.
About a year previous to his death, my father had made his will, in which he expressed a wish that, at the decease of himself and wife, the property should be equally divided among the children: but by a flaw in the document, and the cruel and iniquitous law of England, the sacred wishes of my parents were perverted, and the property given to my elder brother.

I returned to New Hampshire deeply impressed with the thought that in choosing a home in New England I had made no mistake; for I liked its laws, loved its people, and had adopted its customs.

The members of the old Third New Hampshire, with the band, hold their reunions on the shores of that beautiful sheet of water, Lake Winnipesaukee, which place is also the Mecca for the other war veterans of New Hampshire. They have erected a pretty building there, where old comrades meet and talk of the scenes and trials of the march and the camp. At this date, December 1, 1897, the last roll-call has been responded to by nine members of the band,—Mitchell, Lang, Krebs, Sanborn, Parkhurst, Lovejoy, Odlin, S. F. Brown, and Henry F. Brown.

This chapter concludes the reminiscences. The war veterans, one by one, are slowly but surely passing away. Their familiar forms will soon be seen no more. The sound of the last tattoo and "Lights out," is not far in the distance; and the soldiers of the Civil War will be but memories of the past.