

OBSERVATIONS OF T. J. HUNT IN THE CIVIL WAR

A NARRATIVE

OF THE MILITARY LIFE OF T. J. HUNT IN THE SIOUX
INDIAN AND CIVIL WARS OF 1862-5.

5440
26 July 1862
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That summons was enough. My horses were unharnessed and, mounting one while the youth helping me did the same with the other, we hastened to spread the news, and requested the men to meet at my house by the middle of the afternoon with arms, ammunition and all the provisions they could bring. At the appointed hour, nine or ten

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

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men, all in the prime of life, were with me as requested, and we were soon on our way to New Ulm. Just before sundown we found ourselves at Rice Lake, where we met Captain Edgerton from Mantorville with Co. B, which had recently come from Fort Snelling, at which place they had organized and were furloughed for a week. In consequence of the Indian outbreak, the governor had ordered Captain Edgerton to immediately call his command together and start for New Ulm. It was but a few hours before he was on the march, and the first night's camp was at Rice Lake.

That evening, a discharged, disabled soldier said to me, "I hear you want to enlist; and if you do, I will take your farm, buy your team and wagon and stack and thresh your grain." It was the work of an hour when a contract was written, a lease made and my team and certain stock, corn, and potatoes growing, were sold to him - all to take immediate effect, provided Capt. Edgerton would take me as his first recruit, and my wife would consent. I must see her first, so a drive of some sixteen miles was made to my home, her consent obtained, and I was back at the lake enrolled in Co. B at sunrise the next morning with one of the men, John Rutledge, who was with me the day before. This recital appears tame now; but our readers may rest assured that it was no small affair then - to leave wife and two little girls to go a thousand miles eastward to her old home in Vermont, while I entered the "ranks, for three years of the war," well knowing that I might suffer and that she must be in anxiety and suspense beyond expression. However, she was equal to the occasion and, "Go if you feel you ought, and God be with you," was her response. That sealed the contract. I was a soldier of Co. B, Tenth Minnesota. Those who did not enlist returned to their homes, wisely concluding to let the soldiers do the fighting. The second day we passed through Mankato and on past the big bend in the Minnesota River toward New Ulm, other troops joining us enroute to the besieged city, in which, besides its own inhabitants, were hundreds who had taken refuge there, including about fifty soldiers, mostly cavalry. All these owed their salvation to the brick business

blocks on both sides of the business street of New Ulm. Embankments were thrown up at either extremity of the street and the soldiers and citizens used their common firearms with success against the 3,000 or more of the assailing Sioux.

On the day we left Dodge County, the besieged had mounted stove pipes on wagon wheels to represent cannon, and had fired anvil to imitate the noise of artillery, which is believed to be why the Indians withdrew from the attack. Famine too was beginning to stare them in the face; so they judged, and rightly, that there was a chance to withdraw, and they started for Mankato. These refugees we met on the broad prairie, not far beyond South Bend, and a sorry lot they were. The wounded and feeble were carried in the few vehicles that could be collected. Here was the first blood we saw in war; but we saw also the expressions of relief they showed at our approach, as well as the depression and grief at their loss. Sad tales were related and miraculous escapes described.

This Sioux massacre of about 1,000 Minnesotans was so obscured by the Civil War that the public ear scarcely heard of it, although some 6,000 soldiers gave it their attention for two years. Co. B was then ordered to take station at the Winnebago Agency, twelve miles east of Mankato, and keep that tribe of Indians in subjection, as they were believed to be in sympathy with the Sioux. Here we spent the fall and winter, drilling and erecting log huts for quarters; and here came to me an opportunity which I voluntarily surrendered to Edward Couse, our first sergeant. In Minnesota there were then being organized five regiments of infantry, from the sixth to the tenth inclusive, and Capt. Edgerton had been informed that Dodge County would be given one appointment in a regimental staff. It was expected that it would be a quartermaster appointment. The captain came to me and said, "Gov. Ramsey knows you and will give you that office if this company asks it. I will do so if you wish; but it would please me better if you would stay with the company and take Couse's place as first sergeant, and add your request to mine for his appointment." I then thought the Civil War would end before the Sioux War, and not fancying

the responsibility of a quartermaster, I offered to leave it to a vote of the company, and if they preferred to have me remain and take the first sergeancy, I would do so. The vote confirmed my choice and Captain Edgerton and myself wrote Gov. Ramsey, asking the appointment of Mr. Couse.

I had twice been a member of the legislature and Capt. Edgerton, a member of the senate; and we were both gratified and surprised when we learned that the governor had upon our recommendation appointed Mr. Couse, not as a quartermaster, but as adjutant of the Ninth Minnesota regiment. Consequently, I had my choice and Mr. Couse fared better than we asked.

We were not yet mustered into U.S. Service, but were acting as state troops. I was soon thereafter sent with a detail to St. Paul for supplies of clothing for the company, and to report to the governor our condition and needs. I did so, but of supplies there were none for us; even our subsistence was procured from farmers and receipts were given - to be paid by the state. The governor asked why I did not come myself instead of sending Mr. Couse, and I told him.

C. D. Tuthill, First Duty Sergeant, acted as Commissary Officer and sent even to Dodge County for beeves for our food. From the mills at Faribault, our flour was hauled - the two making up our rations, relieved only by potatoes which we dug from fields near by. A large brick oven of the agency was manned by our boys, who made the bread.

In November we were mustered in as U.S. soldiers, and Co. F of our regiment was mounted and sent to our camp. Our regimental headquarters were located at LeSueur and the five regiments were located by companies from Fort Ripley to the Iowa line and northeastward to Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, covering a line of more than five hundred miles.

After the battle of Wood Lake, in which the Third Minnesota (then paroled prisoners) did the principal fighting, and the prisoners held by the Sioux were released, and we were in winter quarters, we

did nothing but drill, drill, with the exception of a march to Mankato to witness the hanging of thirty-five Sioux, proven guilty of massacring and torturing their victims.

Our lieutenant, Col. S. T. Generson, who had seen military service, called some of the officers and sergeants of each company to LeSueur to be drilled and instructed in all that pertained to military duties. In a test examination, I stood first of all contestants and from that time I had the entire drilling of our company, except in bayonet exercise. When the regiment was all together, our company stood first as the best drilled. The colonel at one time selected the first platoon (right half of the company) and a like platoon of Co. K as skirmishers for the regiment and selected me as commander. If this carried some honor, it also brought much hard service and a great amount of danger. Strange as it now seems, I enjoyed both that service and danger. This fact becomes apparent to the old soldier, that the more distant the time of the events that "tried men's souls" - the greater those events appear to him.

Early in June, 1863, four of the five infantry regiments with one regiment of cavalry and a battery, assembled at the mouth of the Redwood River in Redwood County and began the long, weary march of eleven hundred and eighty-five miles. Each infantry soldier's equipment and knapsack weighed some forty pounds. We marched one hour and rested ten minutes, starting at four A.M. and continuing until five or six P.M. or until water was reached that could be drunk. Small lakes were frequent but many of them were so strong with alkali that they were worthless. This was very fatiguing, but the weather was dry, and as the supply wagons were emptied, our knapsacks were carried therein, which was a great relief.

Our train must have contained a hundred and fifty wagons - each drawn by six mules, and loaded with hard bread, sugar, coffee, and a small amount of bacon and desiccated vegetables, the latter being issued once a week. Beeves were driven and slaughtered every evening, each company receiving as many pounds as there were men in it,

together with one day's allowance of hard bread, sugar, and coffee. The men gathered buffalo chips for fuel. The heat was at times intense; on July 3rd hundreds of men were prostrated by heat and fatigue, and were carried on the wagons until there was room for no more, but the cry was for water, water, until swollen tongues could cry no longer, and when just before sundown a shallow, muddy lake was reached, neither men nor beasts could be restrained from gorging themselves with the turbid beverage. Wagons were emptied and sent back for those who had been prostrated and left behind. I knew of only one man's dying; but many never fully recovered from the effects of that day's march - two being so affected in Co. B.

Soon after, an invalid camp was made and protected by earth works, on the banks of a fine lake, some sixty or seventy miles south of Devils Lake, N.D., where were left those who were least able to march. Major Cook of the Tenth Infantry was left in charge, and made an excursion to Devils Lake while the main body pressed on. A hunting camp from the Selkirk settlement of Manitoba was seen preparing their pemmican from the flesh of buffaloes just killed. It was made from buffalo steak after being stretched and fastened upon hoops and dried in the sun, then packed and pressed. It was the sweetest meat I ever tasted, and the men and women of the camp who lived upon this meat were the most robust and healthy human beings I ever saw. Their looks would unhorse any vegetarian and his theory who could have seen them. They indicated the location of the Sioux and we took that direction.

On July 24th, a little after noon, we located the Indians a mile or less in our front, their camp being hidden by higher ground. The teams were immediately corralled on a lake at our right, and earth (sod) thrown up as a defense, while hundreds of Indians were in sight and cautiously approaching. The surgeon of the Seventh talked with some Indians he knew in a friendly way and gave them bread, but when he turned back, they, with their characteristic treachery, shot him dead. Two skirmish lines protected our camp, while others were digging.

The men were impatient to advance and fight their way to the Indians' camp; but were held in check by General Sibley, whose severe prudence placed him in bad repute with the soldiers. Finally the Indians approached so that their balls reached those at work.

A stony hill within easy cannon shot was black with hundreds of Indians when our shells began to burst among them, and our skirmish lines advanced to battle. They did not stand our bullets, but precipitately fled while we advanced. When the crest of the hill was reached, we could see their women and children two or three miles distant going westward on ponies and drag-poles, while the braves, all mounted, were disputing our advance. Our cavalry was then brought forward in pursuit, as was also a part of the battery, and our company was ordered to accompany the battery as a support. We were at a double quick, but the little ponies of the redskins were fleetest (after the first quarter of a mile) than our cavalry horses, and the cavalry was faster than the artillery, and the artillery faster than the infantry, although the latter was at a double quick for miles, coming up with the artillery when they stopped to throw shells over the cavalry line at the retreating Indians. This continued until dark, when we were ordered to return, and a slow, weary march it was. The night was cloudy and very dark. Our thirst and fatigue cannot be described. Hunger was mild in comparison. Men could not talk. Even Colonel Marshall with the Seventh Minnesota regiment, who followed us, lost his voice when trying to give directions and the men tried to laugh at him, but succeeded no better than he. Men could not keep in rank and became a random, slowly moving crowd. The horrors of their condition and suffering was equaled only by the wounded and abandoned on the battlefield. Still we moved while we could, till from exhaustion, man after man fell and could rise no more. Thus the fifteen miles of our return took the entire night, and no man reached camp until after daylight.

I fell over a stone and made no effort to rise. No comrade was to be seen or heard, nor was I certain I was going in the right direction; and properly concluding that I should lie there until day-

light, I went to sleep. How long I slept, I cannot tell, but when I awakened before sunrise, there was the camp not half a mile distant, and men were straggling along, while some were lying as I had been, still asleep. I was happy, rested, and hungry. Water, bread, and coffee made us men again. It was found that we had marched over fifty miles during the last twenty-four hours and had had a running fight some hours of that time. By noon the command was gathered and made a short half-day's march.

The battle of Big Mound had passed. The surgeon of the Seventh Minnesota regiment was shot dead, and I saw one dead cavalryman. Some Indians, also, were killed. Gen. Sibley was better at driving than killing, and was severely criticized for not promptly attacking the Indians' camp. They would have fought for squaw and papoose, but lacked the courage to meet a fraction of their number in the open. They were brave against the feeble and defenseless and gloried in torturing a captive. The Sioux in Minnesota did not improve my estimate of his character.

Just at night on the 26th, they made an attack on our men, who were mowing hay for teams. A skirmish followed, in which a few Indians were killed and we lost one man.

As the last were breaking camp on the morning of July 28th and our regiment was half a mile advanced, we were suddenly met by the whole Sioux nation, naked and mounted. In an incredibly short time they had entirely surrounded us and the camp, making a line perhaps two miles long. Their intention was to stampede our mules and cattle, and two hours earlier they would have stood some chances of success, but the teams were all in harness and the men all in arms. Company B was deployed (or spread in an open line) on our right between teams and foe, moving at a run. We opened fire, but at a long range. They did us no harm and we did them but little, as they were so distant and on the move constantly. They would approach on the run, as if they would ride over us, then wheel and retire, doing so several times. Our regiment was on ground that overlooked the whole field. It was dramatic. Our shells annoyed them and killed a few.

Soon they retired in the direction from which they had come, and we concentrated train, formed a skirmish line around the whole and went in pursuit. By counting a section near our company while all were in fair view, I estimated that there were some 2,500 Indians around us. We continued the pursuit and the second day thereafter, reached the Missouri River just below where Bismarck now stands, only to see them on the bluffs opposite, where bullets from our Springfield would not reach them. The river flat was covered for a distance with thick timber. While skirmishing through it, two of our mounted men were killed by arrows from an unseen foe. We returned and camped on the open prairie, threw up the usual turf defences, and slept, or rather tried to sleep, after an exacting day.

About midnight our camp received a volley from the enemy, but not from great numbers. Tents were riddled and mules killed, but no men were injured. We were all under arms from that time on. We rested two days, buried our dead, and started on the return. Our company lost one man (he died at Fort Abercrombie) and Sergeant C. D. Tuthill received a severe wound in the leg. Our return was without incident. On August 31st we reached Fort Abercrombie on the Red River of the North, rested there a few days, and then marched south by a little east, direct to Fort Ridgley on the upper Minnesota River, then to Fort Snelling, having marched as officially reported but little short of 1,200 miles. Here we were furloughed for eight days - to be at Winona at the conclusion of that time, where we took steamer and at length found ourselves in St. Louis, Mo. When the boys first learned that they were to go South, they were wild with joy. It was for that purpose that most of them enlisted and it was that for which they were craving.

At St. Louis, Co. B was soon detailed as provost guard, which duty was akin to police in civil life, but applied mainly to the soldiers, many thousands of whom were stopping there on their veteran furloughs. Our work had to be done mainly at night. Each sergeant with his squad of men paraded disengaged streets, visited every saloon, theater and dance hall, with orders to arrest all soldiers found

therein (except those in theaters with written permits). This was to be continued until twelve A.M. and on certain occasions, all night. Scores were arrested in a single evening, sometimes, and locked up to be sent next morning to the proper officers with a report of their offenses. Their uniforms were the means of detection. In the day-time the work was less difficult, but inspection was daily. One evening they dispersed a mob which was smashing the windows and doors of the medical college, instigated by a report that a deceased person from a hospital was being dissected therein.

The civil police were powerless, but Company B with fixed bayonets had no difficulty in driving the intruders, and in protecting the building.

In January, 1864, Capt. Edgerton having been promoted to a position as Colonel of a colored regiment, First Lieutenant McMicken, and Second Lieutenant Burwell were advanced a grade and I received a commission as Second Lieutenant of my company. The day following I received this order from General Schofield, Commander of the Department:

Special Order No. 22.

Second Lieutenant Thomas J. Hunt of Company B, Tenth Minnesota Infantry, is hereby detailed as aide on the staff of the major general commanding department of Missouri. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of Gen. Schofield, Col. Green, Adjutant General.

This was a surprise to me, but nevertheless a welcome one. Night work, little sleep, and the constant details required of the First Sergeant were telling on me. Between our last meal at midnight and morning duties at five A.M. was the only rest to be had, for details were demanded constantly, which none but the First Sergeant could give. Now my duties were in the office and during the day, except one day in the week when on detail as Officer of the Day. These pleasant duties continued until April 22nd, when all officers and men of the Minnesota regiments except Col. Baker were ordered to join their command and take steamer for Columbus, Ky.

Here we drilled as a full regiment for the first time, and as men seldom do drill - an hour, from five to six, each morning at double quick. It was found to be too exacting. I was taken with chills and fever, was furloughed for twenty days, and journeyed to Vermont. This was an enjoyment only a soldier could really appreciate; to be with a loved family, even for ten days, was like being in the third heaven.

When I returned, our regiment had gone from there to Memphis and from Memphis upon the Tupelo raid into Mississippi, some two hundred or more miles; had fought the battle of Tupelo, and was returning. This was the only march or battle I missed during the war.

The expedition fought Forrest's forces, numbering some 12,000 or more, and prevented their attack on Sherman's railroad line, while he (Sherman) was pressing on to Atlanta.

Of all generals, A. J. Smith, who commanded, was the man for such work. He fared just as did his men and inspired them with a fearlessness that was wonderful and they became known as A.J.'s Guerrillas. He found Forrest in his rear and, without communication or hope of reinforcements, kept on and into the enemy's country, tearing up railroads and capturing supplies. When he reached a chosen spot he stopped, turned and gave battle. Co. B had five men wounded - two so severely that they did no more duty. I bade them "Good-bye," hardly expecting to see them alive again; but at the National Encampment in 1906 at Minneapolis a stranger approached and called me by name. I could not name him. He said, "Put your hand on my shoulder." I did so and then knew him to be C. E. Hurlbut, one of the two I had bidden good-bye in 1864. These facts may mean little to the reader, but not so to me. Two other similar incidents occurred at other times, where I identified comrades by wounds.

The old soldiers while in the South saw many amusing scenes, as well as many pathetic and sad ones. On their marches there frequently occurred events unimportant in themselves, but which will hold a tight grasp on the memory.

I will relate a few that occurred on what was known as the Oxford raid by Gen. A. J. Smith's Sixteenth Corps from Memphis, Tenn., to Oxford, Miss. Smith with his command was ordered to stick to Forrest and keep him from cutting the railroad in Sherman's rear. He had made one excursion to Tupelo and fought Forrest there and was now marching in the same direction a second time. Our advance brigade had reached Holly Springs, Miss., and had camped in the beautiful city park for the night. Our train was behind a few miles - its progress having been impeded by bad roads. Early in the night a thunderstorm, the like of which I have never at any other time seen, came upon us. We had no tents and our rubber blankets and shades were not respected by the wind, which blew a gale; and the rain came in torrents. We were on a smooth, inclined surface, with a like area above us. We could not hold our shades over us or lie down, as the water was several inches deep, and running in torrents. We inverted our guns by running the bayonets into the ground, and stood and took it. Many of the boys had only their shirts on and found it difficult or impossible to get into their trousers. Myself and two others made a kind of living tripod and with all our strength held a sheet of canvass around us as if our lives depended upon it and stood or knelt upon the garments we did not have on, to keep them from being washed away. The lightning was incessant and we could see hundreds in undress uniform such as ours. No man escaped the improvised bath and I doubt that one slept a wink that night.

We waited two days for the water to subside and then pushed to the Tallahatchie River, a formidable stream. About four o'clock P.M. the Seventh Minnesota Infantry reached the ferry, but the ferry-boat was on the opposite shore. Volunteers were called for to swim the river (a distance about equal to one side of a block in our village) and bring the ferry-boat over, which was run by a cable attached to each bank. The call was answered and the men (brave men they were) stripped, and swam the river. Men were ferried over as fast as possible, but before all of that regiment had crossed, the enemy, (Forrest's) advanced skirmishers, and firing began. The

Tenth Minnesota came next, but time was precious; we knew not how many men were in our front, but we must get there. A reconnoitre on our left showed flood-wood lodged against the piers of a burned railroad bridge forty rods above. Soon large logs were so floated as to make a foot-bridge across the river; the Tenth crossed in single file and before sundown these two regiments were in skirmish line and engaging the foe in the brush and woods on the farther side. We kept the line intact the entire night, without rations or coffee. It may appear simple to relate the fact that we, on this August night, in central Mississippi, after a hot day, suffered severely with the cold. Our clothes were wet through with perspiration; a fog enveloped us; we had no covering, no fire and no supper; men stood or sat back to back and in a huddle to warm each other and then shook with the cold; but did not sleep. We were the pickets guarding the bridge-builders in our rear.

The pioneer corps worked all night building a bridge for our artillery and commissary train. At daylight the batteries were crossed and put in position with our batteries on the south shore of the Tallahatchie River, having just crossed that stream on a bridge built during the night while the enemy's guns were playing on or at the light of a brisk fire twenty-five rods below the bridge where our men were at work - they supposing the light was made to work by, while we knew it was made to draw their fire whose guns were on higher ground, and our operations were hidden by a fringe of wood on the river bottom.

Their fire kept up at intervals the entire night and over our heads (the Seventh and Tenth Minnesota Infantry) who kept in skirmish formation.

Our batteries took position on ground beyond the woods mentioned and on the brow of the higher ground and in full view of the enemy's works, a half mile distant; and a brisk cannonading began, while the infantry lay just in the rear but not in view of the enemy, with mounted cavalry in line just behind us.

The soldier soon learns to sleep even in danger. The

warm early sun invited us to repose after the exhausting night and previous day, and many of us fell asleep; but sleep is in cat-naps on such occasions, and as I opened my eyes a cannon-ball struck the ground a few feet in front and to my right, and skipped (as a stone will on water) or jumped over the infantry line, and struck a cavalry horse just forward of its rider's knee. The ball's velocity had been so lowered by striking the ground that it could be seen as plainly as if it had been a hat thrown by hand. The horse was literally knocked from under its rider and he found himself unhurt on the ground where his horse had stood, while the horse lay dead several feet in the rear.

I could but laugh at the performance. The cavalry-man with a look of surprise pulled the bridle and saddle from his dead charger, threw them on his shoulder and went to the rear.

Another soldier on the same ground was wounded in his head, and carried to the ambulance.

Twenty years later at a reunion of Minnesota regiments, his condition was reported to his comrades. He had lived, but was an invalid imbecile all this while, and for some technical difficulty he had not been allowed a pension. His wife's labor had supported him. His regiment took the matter in hand, and secured long delayed payment of many hundred dollars of pension.

Let us return to the conflict: our artillery had used its rifled pieces with effect, as we soon learned; their cannon were silent but were they disabled? A forward movement was now ordered, and our brigade was massed in column. Five double ranks compacted, faced the enemy's works and started on the smooth, gentle ascent. I was not the only one who dreaded the first volley. We had made more than half the distance and no volley came, but something else did come. The brigade was in a small patch of small hazel bushes and had trampled upon a large hornet nest (yellow jackets); the hornets now got their innings. The horses of the mounted officers were wild and could not be controlled, and men with hat in hand did their best to protect their faces.

No volley came and we fought only the "yellow jackets", the Johnnies being on the retreat, their artillery entirely disabled, and we followed as far as Oxford, some six miles, where orders reached Gen. Smith to return to Memphis. We reached the Tallahatchie River on our counter march and camped, but had hardly broken ranks before our rear was attacked and quite a skirmish followed. I talked with some of the prisoners and wounded in our hands, and they stoutly defended their cause. I noted two old men of more than three score years, both with mortal wounds, who expressed their willingness to sacrifice their own lives for their cause and with a calmness that was heroic.

That night another rain caused a freshet that carried off the bridge we had built the previous night, and we spent the next day in rebuilding it and then leisurely continued our march to Memphis, after destroying the bridge behind us. We now rested two days, then took steamers for Davall's Bluff, Ark., where a march of more than a thousand miles was commenced, whose length and severity was only equaled by Sherman's from Atlanta, via Savannah, to Washington. The one "through Georgia" was a picnic in comparison.

We passed within twenty-five miles of Little Rock, then nearly to the north line of the state where Price's army had been. Learning that he had gone eastward, we changed in that direction and soon struck his trail, frequently passing his previous night's camping ground before noon. He was heading for Pilot Knob. Our rations ran entirely out and sometimes beets and corn were not found. Sweet potatoes were at times our only edibles. Corn was too ripe to roast and we grated the corn on improvised graters for the succeeding day, which with beef we killed when we could find it, was our sustenance.

Learning that Price had captured Pilot Knob, Mo., we turned directly east, and reached the Mississippi River at Cape Gerardo, Mo. It was a race of infantry after cavalry and a train of plunder. Here we found a day's rations and were put on steamers for St. Louis. We arrived there early the next morning before daylight, and anchored in mid-river. At early morn the Colonel detailed Lieut. Flanders, myself, and two men to go ashore and draw rations.

It was a pleasant duty, as we had not tasted food for twenty-four hours. Just as we arrived at the commissary near the landing, a team drove up with a big load of fresh bakers' bread. I asked the sergeant for a loaf. He gave us a warm one made of corn. It was quickly broken, and made four a meal fit for the gods - never was bread sweeter. Our requisition was quickly filled and the regiment supplied.

We were directed to go ashore for clothes and shoes, and need enough there was for them. One of my boot soles was entirely gone. Many were barefoot. I had given a sergeant my last pair of socks the day before, and numbers had only cotton drawers to cover their limbs, others were coatless and all the clothing left on the men carried numerous greybacks. The command started next morning with quite a fleet of small steamers for Jefferson City to protect it from Price, whither he was marching.

Our steamer was too heavily loaded for the Missouri River bars, and we made slow progress. It was once snagged and sunk, but in water too shallow to cover the deck. Damage was repaired and finally we were landed on the south shore and took up our march westward again in the wake of Price.

I had been ordered to take command of Co. A, all of its officers being sick and absent. We were hurried forward over obstructed roads. All bridges and culverts were destroyed by the enemy and numerous trees felled across the roads, so our train could not keep up with the army and we were forced to live on the country. Bees were taken for food and receipts given for same to be paid for upon proof of loyalty. The first night we marched until after midnight, less than two hundred were in line when bivouacked. We pressed on so close to the enemy that we exchanged shots with their rear guard and were at times on the double quick.

One night my company (A) was ordered on picket in the woods. The train was way behind and we had no rations. I had tea in my pocket, a small piece of bacon and one piece of hard bread, which had been given me by those who needed it themselves. We were to cover a

part of our line as guards. We had marched thirty miles that day, and were much exhausted, but guards must be had. Tea, a slice of raw bacon and half the piece of bread was my supper, with a like amount for breakfast the next morning, to be followed by another day's march of equal severity. To add to our misery, our new shoes proved to have been filled with small pieces of wood between the soles, and it was like walking on large pebbles. Blood blisters were on the bottoms of my feet as well as on many another one's. We had no train or rations yet and no rest, except for two hours at sundown, to make coffee by such as had a reserve, and to cook fresh beef as soon as killed.

Volunteers were now called for to march that night with the purpose of striking the enemy unawares. Sixteen of Co. A and the same number of Co. B whose commander, Lieut. Burwell, was played out, were consolidated for the night and put under my command. And now came the supreme test of endurance. Not a man of these two companies would go unless I would go with them. It was a test of devotion with me and of their confidence. At nine o'clock upon a cold October night, we took the trail. The want of sleep soon overcame me; and I fell, to awake, and to sleep and fall again. This was many times repeated and by many men. My duties as picket officer required me to keep awake the previous night; but I had spent that night as this, in sleeping and falling, only to arise and repeat the process. Many may think that a soldier's thirst, hunger, fatigue and wounds are severe in the order named, but for me the want of sleep on these nights was far more torturing than any or all of these. We had passed Jefferson City, Lexicon and Independence going towards Kansas City when this occurred. We made a halt about midnight. In a minute a splendid crooked rail fence for the full length of the command was on fire and the soldiers were stretched on the ground. How long they halted I cannot tell; but the bugle awakened me so much refreshed that I was well nigh myself again. We pressed on. Just before dawn, firing was heard in our front. We were double-quickened as much as men could endure, but the foe was moving as fast as we.

Soon we passed those of the enemy who had fallen dead. They carried the wounded along or left them at the houses by the way.

This continued until near noon when we forded the river (bridge destroyed) and expected soon to be in the firing line of the battle which we were nearing. I counted my men and found that one-half had fallen from fatigue, and that only sixteen remained of the two largest companies in the regiment, the aggregate number of which previously was 183.

Here Gen. Blunt had disputed Price's advance to Kansas City and we were in their rear. Price's army was all mounted and he had an immense train laden with everything his army needed, taken from the country he had passed through for the last four hundred miles. Seeing a foe in front and in rear, he turned south. Our infantry could not out-march him, and we were completely exhausted; but our limited cavalry, knowing that Price must turn south, had taken a direction southwest and in the early morning of the next day surprised him, attacking his flank and capturing many men and all his train.

Here, really, our forced marching ended, but we did march for three more days southward to Harrisonville, Mo., where we rested three days and began our long tramp for St. Louis.

I find measuring by the scale, the way the bird flies, that we marched, from September 10th to November 6th in the states of Arkansas and Missouri, without tents and pursuing cavalry and living on corn and beef much of the time, more than 1,000 miles. We had marched before and lived equally hard, but it was not so protracted.

On a previous raid at Oxford, Miss., Capt. Severance, Lieut. Flanders, and myself carried a pumpkin fifteen miles, the captain making a sling for it with his sword belt. The pumpkin made supper and breakfast for four of us, and it was relished more, even without salt, than eating pumpkin raw, which was sometimes the case. Once we passed through woods where half-ripe pawpaws were abundant, and a sicker army than ours was never seen. It cured us of eating half-ripe pawpaws. When fully ripe, they were like bananas, wholesome and good. Sweet potatoes were at times our only food and filled our haversacks when nothing else could be had.

Arriving at St. Louis, we rested as only tired, worn men can; were fed, clothed, and paid for four months.

When near Jefferson City, we forded the Osage River, thirty rods wide (snow having covered the ground in the morning) during a severe rain, lest it should rise so we could not cross at all. With the wet and cold, our sufferings were intense, as we could not start fires with green wood which was all that could be gotten. On Nov. 3rd we faced a northeast snowstorm, the whole day. Minnesota never had so severe a one so early. At first it melted freely, then freezing, it lay more than four inches deep before night, when it ceased snowing but froze hard. We spent night in open fields with little fuel and no shelter from wind. I got some sleep lying on a brush heap from which I had shaken the snow. Others sat or lay on their rubber blankets, but were obliged to get up and stir briskly and keep our little fires going, taking turns in warming one side at a time, as our scanty fires were made against stumps while wood was cut from other stumps to feed them. Axes were too few but were in constant use. Three houses near by sheltered a few sick, probably saving a few lives. I thought many would die that terrible night, but I believe none did. The next day, the snow melted and the second day, it nearly disappeared. Mud took its place, and we moved on. In a few days we reached St. Louis, a muddy, ragged worn army.

I recall how differently we were received by different persons. As we rested a few minutes in the street of St. Louis, a young man began to deride and make fun of us and our condition, when an old, gray-haired citizen turned upon him and grew eloquent in his rebuke, saying, "You bandbox dude, who never done as much for your country as to count the miles they have traveled, you laugh at them; they should put you on the ground for a cushion and sit on you; it would do you good to come in contact with the soil whose defenders you scorn." Men and women onlookers cheered the old man and so did we.

Here we rested and cleaned. In a day or two I was detailed with Company A to go aboard a small steamer, anchored in the middle of the Mississippi River, which was loaded heavily with ammunition. A

fleet of small steamers was soon assembled and Gen. Smith's 16th corps was put aboard and started for Nashville, Tenn. This was a voyage of several days, as we tied up at night. When we had gotten into the Cumberland River a small monitor was sent ahead to clear away any batteries that might be found. A larger steamer than ours was tied to our side, loaded in part with bailed hay. We believed this some protection from shots fired at us from the shore by sharp-shooters. Our duties were not hard or unpleasant except for the thought of danger.

We passed Fort Donaldson and arrived in Nashville late on Nov. 29th, while the battle of Franklin was being fought. I was still in command of Company A but one of the officers of said company (Lieut. Stowers) was here, so I asked to be relieved of my command; which request was granted and I resumed my place in Co. B. Our regiment was sent two or more miles south of the city and entrenched, waiting for Hood, the Confederate commander, who had driven Gen. Schofield from the South. I saw the long train of ambulances bringing the wounded from Franklin. Men were placed three abreast, tier above tier, and so rode all night. They were a sorry sight.

We did not have to wait long until Hodd appeared in our front and there intrenched within view of us. Here we waited fifteen days. Wood got scarce and daily we lost men who were collecting fuel between the lines. Even shade trees and buildings were consumed.

The North was fearful, but not so was Thomas's army; if you wanted to find courage you could always do so in the front rank. Thomas was ordered by the war department to attack Hood at once; but delayed, to get horses; was ordered again, but a frozen rain had made the country a sheet of ice and it was very cold. Men dug into the hillsides for shelter, and horses could not move. Thomas still delayed. He was threatened, but would not sacrifice his men. He stood still to conquer. He now had 40,000 men to meet an equal number. "Pap" Thomas, the men called him. He had spared them; he had earned their confidence and they his, as well. Hood was better posted and as well protected as was Lee's army in the wilderness and the fighting was equally severe.

On Dec. 15th, the weather having moderated, Thomas made his plans known to his corps commanders and advanced his forces to the contest. The men had been ordered the night previous to have three days' cooked rations in haversack, sixty rounds of ammunition, caliber 56, on their persons; and to be called without bugle at four A.M. The Confederate line was nine miles long, with more than one hundred cannon so placed in redoubts as to rake every foot, and each flank was protected by the Cumberland River, which makes a great bow to the north. Our left made a feint for more than an hour to attract their forces in that direction, then our right, on whose extreme our brigade was placed, was ordered to turn their left. A dismounted cavalry regiment increased our brigade six hundred men. We approached their first battery and, charging, drove it from the field. Then enveloping their exposed flank, we cleared their line for two or three miles, really fighting two battles alone, as the second brigade - isolated, out of sight and hearing of other troops. We soon were in front of the enemy behind a good breastwork with a four-gun battery. We were ordered to lie down while our brigade battery of six pieces played upon their works. Within rifle range, all our shots hit their works, while theirs from smooth-bores went wild, until one of their guns was turned upon us (lying prostrate) with a grape and canister charge. Their aim was good; our line was torn, men were mangled and dirt flew. Quick as thought an iceberg was against my back. I wanted to go, and go anywhere, only go.

Just then the brigade commander was felled by a cannon ball and the command then devolved upon the ranking colonel, who had seen all, and who immediately shouted, "Boys, let's take that battery." Our colonel also commanded, "Forward." Up we were and on the run double quick was too slow. The ground before us had a few trees, many stumps, large stones, and briars. The line was broken by these obstructions, but no man stopped. I once stumbled over a man who had been shot and had fallen just before me, but regained my feet and the line. Then I noticed our adjutant, Lieut. Cavanaugh, who was mounted, ride through our broken line and in advance of it, over the

breastwork (it had been lowered by our shot) close to a cannon and with his revolver at the gunner's head, induce him to leave his rammer in the gun and hold up his hands. A few minutes later this gun was turned to the rear, the rammer removed and the gun discharged at the fleeing foe. Many years after, I asked the lieutenant why he was so rash as to ride over the work alone. "I was not alone," he answered. "Col. _____ had hold of the stirrup strap on the nigh side of my horse; as you were on the opposite side you could not see him. I was not alone, you see." That act of the brave lieutenant I did not see excelled during the war.

We cleared the works, captured four cannon and many prisoners, but before they could be taken to the rear we were fired into from a redoubt on a conical hill in a wood farther down the line. A new line of battle was formed and wheeled to face the foe, and without waiting for our battery to get in position marched to the sound of the enemy's guns. As we were ascending the steep hillside, I noticed the brigade commander had gotten in advance of our line and to so precipitous a place that his horse could not ascend. He dismounted, and leaving his horse, ascended with his men on foot. When near their works, Lieut. Burwell, commanding Co. B, slipped and fell, and called to me to take command of the company. I sprang to the left flank and got in the front line just as the gun in front of Co. K to my left was discharged. It enveloped them in fire and smoke. I could see no men and believed Co. K wiped out, but did see our flag beyond and above the smoke. I gave the order, "Close to the colors." We obliques to close the gap, which brought me to the mouth of the gun as it was being drawn from the embrasure. I followed it with cocked revolver in my right hand and had to pass in sideways, thus turning my back on my own company, and saw not one until all was over; but I did see a Confederate with his gun swab not three feet away, another by his side with a cannon cartridge in his hands, a third was at the carriage wheel, rolling the gun back for another load, but my revolver persuaded all of them to hold up their hands. I always thought I did my share toward capturing that gun if I did not fire a shot.

I could see our line to my left and their strife over the breastworks, which our men would have mounted but for a deep ditch in front. Here we stood and fired, while our flanks, stretching beyond the redoubt, doubled around it and found little in their way in the rear and soon ended the fight. The exultation of our men was now unbounded. The wounded were cared for and we resumed our effort to close upon the second brigade. Soon we found it facing another battery in artillery practice and apparently waiting for us; but seeing our approach, they started ahead of us and carried the works, much as we had done, and I have described, capturing five guns and many men. Night was now upon us; we bivouacked on the ground from which the foe had been driven, with their dead and wounded among us. The latter we cared for as best we could. They were given coffee, and beds of leaves and were covered with our blankets.

The first day's fight was over. The colonel called together his officers, numbering twenty-two, one of whom had been slightly wounded, and complimented each for his part, saying, "Don't neglect your duty by trying to see the whole field, for you will know nothing of this battle until you read of it in the northern newspapers." Before the next sunset, one-half of those twenty-two officers were either killed or wounded.

During that night I awoke at intervals and heard the groans of Confederate wounded and the picks and axes of those who were constructing defences we knew we must face the next day.

Hood's army had been contracted during the night and lay across two pikes and the only railroad then running south from Nashville. One of his flanks was protected by the river, the other by a precipitous bluff too steep for ascent, from the west, the north end of which formed a right angle and to its right extended a high stone wall to one pike nearly a half mile distant. On the north end of this hill were massed sixteen pieces of artillery and behind its works and the stone wall were four lines of men. Those guns could be used to front or right and sweep for a mile any approaching column. It was the key of the situation.

On the morning of the second day we approached the enemy's new line with Co. B in front as skirmishers covering the regiment. We drove their skirmish line through a corn field fronting the stone wall mentioned. Being in advance, we received our orders by the bugle which indicated a continued advance; balls were flying thick and the men hesitated. I went in front of the company with hat raised on my sword and said, "Come on, boys," and every man came. When their skirmishers had got back over the wall, up rose a rank of men; their guns told us to lie down. We obeyed and were favored by a depression in the ground, lying as low as we could. Their volley was repeated by rank after rank, and we were literally concealed by stalks and leaves, which were mowed down by bullets.

When they ceased firing by rank and only voluntary firing was done, our work began. Each gun was directed just above that wall and when a head appeared more than one ball went in that direction and so it was until our sixty rounds grew low. Two of our boys were ordered to the rear for a supply and ran the gauntlet unharmed.

Something struck me on the right jaw, which I thought was a cannon ball or a shell, and I supposed that my entire jaw was gone, but putting my hand to my face, I found I was mistaken. That I was pleased goes without saying. Putting my fingers in my mouth, I found a tooth from my upper jaw on my tongue and judging from the hole in my cheek I concluded that the bullet had gone out my mouth, which also greatly pleased me. The wound bled freely and I needed a surgeon. I encouraged a soldier near me, who complained of a wound in his foot, to crawl to the rear with me. He found his wound so slight that he returned, and before night received a mortal wound. I found the field surgeon in the rear and many a wounded man around him, waiting his turn. I sat down to await my turn, but soon grew faint and fell over. All pain was now gone. I heard the surgeon say, "Give that man some whiskey," and someone raised my head, put a cup to my lips and urged, "Drink." I took two swallows and soon I could see, then arose and did not lie down until late that night in the hospital. The surgeon put into the wound what I now know was powdered copperas, which

measurably stopped the hemorrhage. Then I went with others from our line to a large house farther back, where many surgeons were dressing wounds and amputating limbs. The first surgeon I met shook his head and directed me to our regimental surgeon. He was more than busy and directed me to an operating table saying, "Get on there." At this I shook my head and pointed to my cheek. He put his fingers in the hole and said that he felt a ball, which I did not believe at first, but he was right, for he took two teeth and fragments of my jaw from under my tongue, which had been driven there by the ball. A lotion and bandages were applied and I was turned loose. I drank some milk and went around to see the wounded, one of whom had died since coming with me from the field. We were soon conveyed to a hospital in Nashville. Another lieutenant of our regiment who was wounded in the right arm was with me. He agreed to talk for me and I to write for him. We were put into one room and during the night I awoke, to find him walking the floor. Seeing me awake he turned and said, "Hunt, as badly as my wound aches, I would not have it well and be again where I was when I received it, for \$5,000. I have sometimes thought that bullet saved my life if it did come near taking it, for it gave me two months to recruit."

Soon after I left the field our skirmish line was retired and joined the regiment. The brigade then formed for an assault on the hill mentioned and the defences thereon. There were three regiments in the front line, the Tenth being one, and the boys then present will tell you that their colonel, S. P. Jennison, crawled along the line while all were lying on the ground and told his men that they were to carry that stronghold, and if any man in the regiment got inside before he did (unless he was disabled) he should have his sword and ride his horse. When all was ready the order came in these words, "Turn the boys loose," and with fixed bayonets and guns at trail they began the ascent. Two batteries in the rear were sending shot and shell at the works over their heads; up they crept and when the artillery ceased to fire lest they shoot our men, two ranks behind the

works rose and fired, but those who did not fall were now in front of the breastworks with loaded guns and as well protected by it as the enemy. Now our time had come and our volley told with terrible effect. The enemy's number was their weakness, the rear ranks who could not use their guns were the first to run. Our boys were well drilled with the bayonet and gun breech and well did they use their skill. Though facing more than two to their one, they routed the enemy and turned the sixteen cannon upon the fleeing, and upon the ranks, behind the stone wall we had so long faced. Gen. Thomas told Col. Jennison, it was the best feat of arms he had ever seen. The key of the situation was taken, their rout was complete; the battle of Nashville was won. We had won, but at what cost - our colonel lay insensible just before the works with cocked revolver clutched in hand, one chamber had been emptied; our major (Cook) and ranking captain (White) were dying; one-half of the officers all down the line were wounded and the regiment was in command of Capt. Severance, the ninth captain in rank. Company B had eight disabled, others slightly wounded; the regiment lost one-fourth its number. Our color sergeant's coat showed seventeen ball holes, his left hand held the colors while his right snatched a gun whose bayonet was thrust at his breast, pulled it from the hand of his opponent and with fist felled his foe and with foot put another out of commission.

The enemy's loss on this hill was over 2,000 men and sixteen cannon; and in the campaign in killed and prisoners - over 13,000 men and 64 cannon. Thomas Prentice, a noble boy who had crawled from the firing line with me but had returned, was mortally wounded.

I afterward had the pleasure of waiving promotion and securing Color Sergeant Keating a First Lieutenant commission. The officers of the regiment gave him a sword, sash, belt, and uniform.

I stayed in the hospital a week, then journeyed to Louisville, Ky., where I spent two weeks in a like institution. From there I went to a brother in Olney, Ill. My wound healed in my cheek but not so in my mouth. I learned to talk slowly and hated to hear my own voice, and think others did also. The last fragment of bone was

taken from my mouth the following August, after which it fully healed. I am in a measure tongue-tied so I can make some sounds with difficulty and others not at all, and stammer and fall with the first words when I read, and always soon tire when so doing.

Our army pressed Hood's in retreat to the Tennessee River and halted. The river froze, retarding supplies so the soldiers were forced to live a time on corn issued in the ear. In February they took steamer for New Orleans. I learned of this and followed and found them camped on General Jackson's old battle ground, just below the city. Here Jackson in December, 1814, a little after the treaty of peace had been signed (but was not known) fought the British with such signal success. No ground could be selected easier of defense. It is really a level plain, not over a third of a mile wide. On the west flows the river nearly three miles wide. On the east is an overflowed swamp of dense woods. The foe must approach over this plain, while Jackson's men were protected by a strong breastwork, from behind which their artillery could pour raking volleys into the oncoming columns. A gunboat on the river was also of great assistance. We could plainly see the value of the cotton bales Jackson used on the lower eastern flank of his line, for the ground there is so soft and wet that it could not be spaded, and cotton bales made good protection.

New Orleans is one hundred and fifty miles from the Gulf. It is on ground a little above the river, so it will drain into it or into the swamp in the rear. General Butler had cleaned the city to perfection. One street (canal) especially took my fancy. It was, I should judge, ten or twelve rods wide, with street cars in the center, with a walk on either side of the track and large shade trees. This boulevard extended from the river to Lake Pontchartrain, four miles distant. On the right bank of the river was Algiers, with large sugar mills and extensive cane fields beyond as far as the eye could reach. In March we took ocean steamers for the gulf. The land grew lower as we descended the river. Little but orange trees was cultivated and half of the soil was thrown upon the other half to be above

high water mark, with rows of orange trees thereon. Finally only canebrake and rushes grew and for scores of miles these only were visible above the water. We passed between Fort St. Phillip and Fort Jackson. These had been taken by Farrigut and his fleet from below. We found at the southeast pass a few residences for pilots built on piles or timbers sunk in the water and a pilot tower from which a lookout with glasses was kept. We took a pilot aboard, but just before the bar was reached, fog came and we anchored for twenty-four hours, our anchor being fastened upon a large oak tree that was sunk in the river. It took hours to raise anchor and get rid of the tree. Once over the bar, we were in the gulf. At night the pilot found his compass crazy and looking for a cause, found a stack of guns under the pilot house, which had attracted the needle. We were out of our course two days and a night in reaching Dauphin Island where we landed opposite Fort Morgan at the south point of Mobile Bay, soon to participate in the last campaign of the war. Here for three weeks we recruited on oysters gathered by the boys at low tide.

Few at this day except the old soldier can tell where or when the last severe fighting of the Civil War took place. How many know that five of Minnesota's eleven infantry regiments participated therein and that with the exception of the sieges of Vicksburg, Petersburg, and Richmond, that against the fortifications guarding Mobile was the most severe. There is a valid reason for this. The public mind was most intent upon Grant's efforts against Lee, believing and rightly that the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee would be the determining events of the long, sanguinary conflict.

At the very time Grant was pressing Lee in Virginia, General Camby was investing the defenses guarding Mobile situated upon the bay of that name and at the delta of the Tombigbee. For fifteen days General Camby's army delved and dug, and hour by hour approached those strongholds, and carried the last by assault on the afternoon of the Sunday and some hours after Lee's surrender, of which event we were not informed until more than a week later.

A full description of this siege would be too long for our purpose, but a few points of interest may be mentioned. A part of our forces marched from Pensacola, Florida, and the rest from Fish River, a small stream emptying into the bay near the Gulf of Mexico, thus investing the forts from the east. Upon our first approach and before we were covered by our entrenchments at a distance of eighty rods, we suffered considerable loss. During the first night we so intrenched that our casualties diminished. Our line encircling Spanish fort was three miles long and extended from bay to bay, enclosing the enemy's works, which contained the biggest guns then made. I observed one marked seventeen and one-half tons. They were mounted, so I judged, twenty feet above the bottom of the trench in front, from which the dirt was taken for their construction. There was water in this trench where it was level and covered ways at each angle of the trench, from which a raking fire could be poured upon the flank of an assailing column while crossing the trench. The ground near the fort was studded with torpedoes; and obstructions made by two rows of stakes sharpened at the top and standing too close together to allow a man to pass between them, added to the difficulty of approaching. The walls of the fort were some six feet across at the top and twenty or more feet at the base with a shelf or walk some six feet wide against the fort wall, of proper height for their men to shoot over the top of the wall and under a headlog which was bolted to strong posts firmly set in the earth walls.

The ground inside the fort was some four feet below the shelf or walk mentioned, and under this shelf and lower than the ground level of the fort were dugouts or rooms of sufficient numbers and size to hold all the men and ammunition for the cannon. These resorts were bomb proof. Balls could not dislodge them; they must be dug out.

The investment we have mentioned was prosecuted with vigor. The first night a trench parallel with the fort was dug, and eighty rods distant therefrom and some three miles in length, the dirt being thrown over big pine logs; embrasures (or notches) in our walls were

made for the cannons' muzzles. Our artillery was as yet only field pieces, mainly 13-pounders, and a few small steel rifled pieces. Spanish fort was situated on the only bluff on the shores of Mobile Bay. At its base was a narrow channel along the shore which afforded a safe channel from the mouth of the Tombigbee River and to the city of Mobile. South of this fort and between it and the Gulf of Mexico this channel was strewn with torpedoes so our gunboats could approach only as far as the bay had been dragged and scraped to clear it of them. A monitor was doing this work by slowly pushing before it a raft or float which had something resembling long rake teeth attached thereto, dragging the bottom of the bay and exploding or lifting the obstructions it encountered. It was slow and dangerous business. The monitor preceded the small steamer on which our regiment was when we entered Fish River, mentioned formerly, as we were the first to advance to the contest. It was my lot to see this monitor when she exploded a large torpedo under her stern as she was at work and was backing to make a turn. The explosion raised the iron craft some feet and drove the water from beneath her. The noise was heard for miles and the cloud of water rose high in the air. The monitor was not broken to pieces, but she was lifted several feet and fell with such force upon the uncovered sand that it all but flattened her and put her entirely out of commission. Had she prosecuted her work a few days longer she would have cleared a channel so the heavy gunboats could have approached and aided us, but now the land forces alone had the field.

Time proved that our guns could make no marked impression upon the enemy's works while their heavy shot would pass through many feet of our sandy walls and striking the concealed pine logs would toss them about as if they had been so many cobs. We lay in our trenches all that day and at night strengthened our works by deepening the trenches and increasing the thickness of the wall to twenty-five or more feet and covering a sufficient portion of our trench with logs to protect us from exploding shells above us, which came almost constantly. We then discovered that we had a dirt wall sufficiently

thick to resist the heavy shot. Then heavier rifled guns were brought and mounted on our line, which made considerable havoc in their defences and dismounted some of their guns, but the shot would pass through their head logs, leaving only a hole and at a less distance than a half mile would not break or smash a head log. It was evident that the pick and shovel must do more work.

Nature favored us with a dark rainy night and half of our line was put at work on trenches running parallel with each other not directly toward the fort, but at an angle of forty-five degrees to the right. The ground was light and the work was done so quietly that our regiment had not, when our relief came at midnight, alarmed the enemy or been discovered; but just at that hour the foe discovered the effort and opened fire, which became general along the whole line. Our regiment did not fire a gun, but lay low in the shallow trench they had made.

Both combatants always had at night a line of pickets before their respective works to guard against a surprise. A Vermont regiment (the only eastern regiment there) had advanced too far and alarmed their pickets, with the result that for an hour a battle raged on that part of the line in extreme darkness except for the light of exploding powder. We were told afterwards by prisoners that the enemy was greatly surprised at daylight to see what we had accomplished and that they began to fear the result. Now a new tack was begun from the end of our new trench. The digging was continued, but at a right angle to that already made. It tacked like a ship beating against the wind. A bundle of small poles eight or ten feet long and three feet thick was rolled before the extreme end of our trench to protect the heads of the men at work, and we dug day and night. The trench was then so nigh the enemy's works that their big guns could not be sufficiently depressed to strike the ground where we were at work. We now began to use "hoods" made of poles and plank, which were placed on the surface of the ground, the small ends pointing toward the muzzles of their big guns, or just under their headlogs. These hoods were four or more feet long and completely covered with

dirt, which was all thrown towards the fort. Through the hoods our men ran their guns and were protected while aiming. Thus we dug day and night, changing direction every few rods, but gradually drawing nearer the foe until but four rods separated us. Our trench was about six feet wide and would hold two or more regiments.

Gen. Camby had determined to make an attack on the enemy on Saturday, April 8, 1865, - first by bombardment and then by assault. I had obtained permission to go to the rear for a change of clothes and a wash, having been fourteen days and nights in the trenches without opportunity to do either. Our cooking was done in a gulch far in the rear to which we had dug a ditch to give us some protection in going to the rear. When I returned, our regiment was in line. The colonel said to me, "Hurry on with your side arms; we are going into the fort." The cannonading had begun and every piece of artillery on both sides was talking. We were massed at the extremity of our sap and every hood had its sharpshooter aiming and firing where it would be most effective. The enemy had bags of sand suspended from a pole while a man at each end of the pole lifted the bag to fill the notch in the wall through which they discharged their cannon. This protected their men while loading, but not while aiming. Probably fifty of our sharpshooters were directing their fire at each of the bags or guns when the bags were lowered. No man could escape deadly missives; they could not aim their cannon; they shot wild. We feared only their small shells thrown by hand but their fuse was not very good. We were in at the death. Our blood was up; no man thought of the rear; we felt like finishing the work there and then.

The fire from their big guns was over our heads and nearly singed our hair and made our cheeks smart. It was an inferno - smoke half choked us and the concussion hurt our faces. Our voices were lost in the roar and din. After two hours of this, their fire slackened and against our immediate front, ceased. Then we received the order to go in. We mounted the walls and were in the fort in short order, to find their guns spiked; they had taken refuge on transports lying under the bluff or were concealed in their dugouts. Our shells had

converted the ground into a striking resemblance to a hog yard that had been rooted over and over. We had avoided the torpedoes by having gotten our trench higher the fort than they were. Spanish Fort with its heavy armament was ours and the remaining redoubt, Blakely, of less than half the size, was to fare the same the next day.

Our work was not quite done: Fort Blakely lay higher the city, made by intrenching one side of a triangle of which the bay formed another side and the Tombigbee River the third side. Its work and armament were complete; it could be approached only in front and over level ground. Our army was animated by success and impatient of delay. Our corps, Gen. A. J. Smith's, was, on this Sunday morning, April 9th, marched to assist the investors of Blakely and we were hardly in sight of its ramparts when the troops who had been doing as we had done, were seen moving in assault. They had to encounter many obstructions, such as wires stretched from stump to stump, treetops whose sharpened limbs they faced and a terrible fire from a concealed foe. Our guns had silenced many of theirs, but their small arms were used with terrible effect. I afterwards examined their paths and those who escaped must have done so under cover of the smoke from burning leaves. They did escape; they mounted the breastworks and hand to hand they fought as only men can fight when aroused in mortal conflict, when to each it is victory or death. I know some will read these lines who will thrill with emotion as it awakens memories of like scenes.

The day was won. Our flag was over Blakely. The last severe conflict of more than two thousand battles had gone into history. I have not told of our casualties. They were as constant as the hours that made those fifteen days; and exploding shells overhead ceased not - day or night. The official returns gave the number of killed and wounded at 1,500, about one in ten of those under fire. The memory of comrades I saw bleeding and dying in those works haunts and hurts me still.

Some of our boys just before the end came, and as they lay fatigued under cover in our trenches, despaired of ever seeing Minnesota

again; but I assured them I did not feel so, but expected to raise wheat again in Minnesota and to tell my grandchildren all about this conflict.

April 12, 1865, we commenced the march to Montgomery, Ala., 200 miles distant. Heat became so intense that we threw away our woolen blankets and overcoats.

On April 21st we had a "norther." It rained all day but we had no shelter and kept on the march, wading all streams. It was very cold. At sundown it cleared, and ice was found in the dishes the next morning.

When near Granville, Ala., a troop was sent to us to convey the news of Lee's surrender; well did it stir us. The columns halted; men shouted till they could shout no more, danced and tumbled with joy, sang, "We are going home," and everything else. Just then a warm April thunder shower began. "The artillery of heaven answered back the shouts of men."

On April 30th we heard of Lincoln's assassination. It was well that the war was over; sorrow, gloom or vengeance was seen on every face. Just at that time it would have been hard to respect the uplifted hands of the conquered.

We reached Montgomery and had nothing to do but parade and live on corn until steamers came up the Alabama River. Soon we were ordered westward, passing through Selma, Ala., and Jackson, Miss.; were camped a few weeks at Meriden, Miss.; then marched to Vicksburg and took steamer north, stopping at Memphis and St. Louis on our way to St. Paul where we were banquetted in the capitol.

While on the steamers (nine days) an epidemic of congestive chills and fever attacked us. About half of the regiment was prostrated when we reached Ft. Snelling, and many died. August 18th, fifty-five men were left to be mustered out of Company B of the 128th who served therein. I hastened to my home, then to Vermont where my wife and daughters were.

Now at the age of nearly seventy-nine years, with a retrospective view of all that has passed, I can truthfully say that I have never seen the hour that I regretted entering the service of my beloved country, and as I see its greatness and its glory, I am thankful that God allowed me to take a humble part in its salvation.

FROM AN OLD SOLDIER

One case of the mortally wounded of Co. B which appealed to me most affectingly, was that of Thomas Printas. He was a young man and a neighbor. He had opened a prairie farm, built a modest house, and was about to be married to a young lady residing near by, but the call of country and her great need appealed to his patriotic sense of duty. He sacrificed his financial interests, bid his affianced good-bye, and shared all the marches and battles of Co. B, Tenth Minnesota. It was he whom I mentioned as crawling off the field with me, having a slight wound from which he died in the hospital at Fort Snelling a day or two after he was discharged. His wound had healed, but again broke out. It was my part to take his pay and his last words to her whom he longed to meet. She had been informed of his condition and hastened to be at his bedside, riding on horseback nearly a hundred miles, only to see his newly made grave.

I always felt when I passed his house like raising my hat in mute recognition of one so noble; even in the hour of death his calmness, faith and courage were expressed in words of peace and submission.

I must mention one other case most pathetic. First sergeant Keating of Co. H, while before Spanish Fort, was struck by a fragment of shell, his arm broken and mangled and his ribs laid bare. As he was carried from the field he cried, "Stop and let me see my company." His bearers did so, when he raised his remaining hand in salute to his comrades and in a plaintive tone said, "Good-bye, boys." I frequently see (in mind) his pale, calm face and hear again his last good-bye.

Again have I watched a standing line exposed to an unseen foe and heard the fatal ball's whiz, deadened while it passed through its victim, to take again the same sound it had dropped for but an instant. While actively moving or firing, the soldier suffers little from fear, and this is one reason why a moving line is more terrible than a standing one. This was conspicuously demonstrated by the First Minnesota at Gettysburg and by our brigade at Nashville.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER

A description of some parts of the country over which our armies passed may be of interest to readers of today.

Let us view the lower Mississippi River. After recovering from a wound received at the battle of Nashville I took steamer at Cairo, Ill., for New Orleans, where our regiment had preceded me. The observer will be impressed with the fact that the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers do not immediately mingle; that for many miles after their junction a variegated and cloud-like appearance continues, resembling a clear sky with mud-colored and broken clouds floating therein, as if the muddy Mississippi and clear Ohio mingled with reluctance. The land formations on both banks are low and level with few exceptions for eight hundred miles; even Memphis is but moderately elevated above high water mark. Fort Pillow was on moderate bluffs, as was Vicksburg also. No rock formations are seen. No growing villages, such as are passed by the traveler on railroads, are there. There is a dreary sameness of wood or marshes, except for wood yards, where landing is made for fuel for the steamer furnaces. For more than a thousand miles below Cairo, of importance, only Memphis, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Natches, and New Orleans can be mentioned.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER

Few know how our soldiers fared and were fed while on the long marches during the war, and perhaps it will improve the appetite of some to be informed. Where it could be done, one pound of fresh beef each evening, immediately after being slaughtered, was issued to each man; or rather as many pounds to each company as men in it. Sometimes the company boiled the beef entire for all the men, but usually it was divided into as many parts as there were messes and then subdivided into smaller amounts to the soldiers. The cooking was the rub. One would fry his in a tin plate, another would hold his on a sharpened stick in the flames and others would put it on the coals.

Bacon was sometimes issued instead of beef and was three-fourths

of a pound per day. What was not eaten for supper and breakfast was usually put in the haversack for lunch. While on the tramps the bacon was usually fried. Hard bread ration was twelve ounces daily, sugar and coffee - two ounces of the former and a less amount of the latter to each, every three days, at night. Each soldier had a small bag to carry these articles in, which helped to fill his haversack. While in the South each soldier carried his pint tin cup, an empty fruit can with a wire handle. This can was his coffee pot, and if he was an expert, he would boil a pint of water by holding his coffeepot of water on a stick over a fire and have it boiled and steeped in three minutes. These were his rations day in and day out except when they ran out and then the country was raided and everything that a hungry mortal could swallow was appropriated.

It may here be affirmed that it was proved beyond dispute that the soldier could endure more on hard bread, bacon and coffee than on any other rations that could then be secured. The man that would deny the soldier his coffee and sugar would be held to be his mortal foe. No substitute has been found for it. Those who are injured by it can complain of the quantity they use, not the quality.

Beans were rarely carried on the march, but they beat all the vegetables catalogued for sustenance. A vegetarian would be a poor soldier in a severe march. His bed was the ground, a few green leaves scraped from a bush or limb made his mattress and in a measure defended him from the dampness of the ground. His rubber blanket suspended on an incline under which he lay was his shelter. He carried his tin plate, surplus hard bread, meat, sugar, and coffee in his haversack. His canteen and rubber blanket, or sometimes a piece of muslin three and a half feet square supplied with buttons and button holes to match, took the place of his rubber blanket. These with his gun, cartridge box and fifty rounds of ammunition, weighing in the aggregate thirty pounds, were a load no weakling could endure and march as our corps did over twenty-five miles a day for many consecutive days.

When rations failed came the tug of war; then cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry - everything edible was taken that could be found on the

line of march, and mounted foragers on both sides for four or five miles ranged the country for supplies.

I was one of three who in a destitute region in Mississippi carried a pumpkin fifteen miles, which alone made the supper and breakfast for four. It tasted better than nothing, even without salt. It was found that men of medium weight stood the march better than the large or heavy ones.

T.J.

FROM AN OLD SOLDIER

We have enjoyed the good fortune of having Charles S. Bruce, an old settler of Dodge County and a comrade in Co.B, Tenth Minnesota Infantry, among us for a few days. Mr. Bruce was three times elected County Auditor of Dodge County, and is now holding the same office at Luverne, Rock County - his ninth term.

As old friends and comrades we had to go over the old war days again and each remind the other of forgotten incidents. I had credited myself with having given him a pair of socks when on a nineteen days' forced march, his shoe soles having come off. He said it was a pair of old shoes instead, and that the socks were passed to another sergeant in the same condition. I did not forget the fact that he had stopped two minnie balls, one in his face and one in his shoulder. Both were well spent, but left their marks, but the gritty sergeant refused to retire from the firing line. His memory of Tupelo and Nashville is yet good.

He was one of the sixteen out of one hundred and twelve in his company who left family to serve country for a mere pittance of \$13 per month, when it took four or five dollars to buy what one dollar will now. How few of the young today can realize the burden then carried by their fathers.

Is it any wonder that the bonds holding comrade to comrade are sacred and strong?

T.J.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER

I have been asked to express the feelings of the soldiers in battle and the sensations of one when wounded.

These questions can have many and varied answers and all be true. They are as varied as the men exercised.

The zealous recruit is anxious to get into a battle and is bold even to rashness; a few casualties by his side generally correct his rashness. Another class are pale with fear, but the general expression of countenance is that of sober determination; closed lips and set teeth bear silent witness that the gravity of the situation is felt. The veteran goes to the field fully aware of his danger but with resolute purpose. After the first fire is exchanged, fear subsides, but lying idle, exposed to the enemy's balls is most exacting. A small number skulk or try to evade their duties; they are the exceptions - the cowards. The old soldier avoids unnecessary exposure and seeks all proper protection but when ranks are broken by shot or shell, he closes to the colors, while the same disturbance will scatter the untried.

The sensations of the wounded open another varied field of inquiry. The first sensations of the wounded are not severe in proportion to the danger from the wound received. A gun shot in the extremities usually gives much more pain than those more severe in other parts of the body. Some have told me that the most terrible wounds give only a sting, others that a great disposition to sleep came over them in an instant, another that numbness attacked the part injured.

The after effects of wounds are as varied as the injuries; some suffer for years. For myself it is in dreams that again I see the carnage of battle. I hear the roar of cannon, the whiz of the minnie ball, the bursting of shell, and feel again the shock of the wounded. I shut my eyes in vain to obscure the flash of a volley fired full in my face. All this panorama comes to me now after nearly forty years. It did not until after war had ended, but like Banquo's ghost, it will not down.

One of my company had his knee shattered by a minnie ball and as it was just growing dark and in the wood and there was no means of carrying all the wounded to a relief camp in the darkness, his comrades made the best bed possible of leaves, gave him coffee, and covered him with blankets. There he lay the entire night, and before morning it rained, then grew cold and snowed. He told me afterward that his sufferings were such during the night that he heartily wished the ball had passed through his head. He lost a limb, but lived and made an honorable record.

I saw many shot through the head who lived hours and some for days, but no expression of pain was made. Some even gained consciousness for a time and were loath to believe that they were severely injured.

T.J.

One soldier in a charge was struck on the wrist by a ball which nearly severed his hand; he grabbed it with the other hand and kept in line for a time, then, realizing his condition, he stopped and yelled to his comrades, "Go on; I'll come when I get it done up."

Another, being one of eleven who were either killed or wounded by a single shell, arose and asked, "Boys, what makes it so dark?", not knowing what had taken place.

Another cried and made a great noise at the loss of a small toe. Still another had to be ordered to the rear when one arm was disabled. Again one stood guard over a prisoner whose one hand was useless.

Among numbers gathered around the surgeons at the rear of the fighting line, waiting their turns, rarely would a groan or a murmur be heard. On one occasion the last words of a wounded and expiring man, awaiting his turn were, "I am mighty easy now."

I saw a soldier who was struck, between his toes, by a ball that passed through the length of the foot, sit down in the ranks, take off his shoe and with his jack-knife deliberately cut the ball out of his heel and put it in his pocket, and utter not a word.

Those on the firing line who had work to do suffered least in mind; their courage was high. Those caring for the wounded in the rear

generally were the pale-faced ones. The terror of war reached its climax in leaving wounded uncared for or in the hands of the enemy. Many of those who fell into our hands as prisoners gave way to pain and grief; some cried like children. I could but pity them.

SIDE LIGHTS TO NARRATIVE

I have thought to tell of the ghastly sights, the carnage and bloodshed I saw, but now after these many years their horror is so appalling, I turn from it all with a shudder and wonder how it was all endured. The human mind is not endued with the power to receive impressively two diverse emotions at once. I have known the bravest in the fight to be overcome with horror when viewing the field over which he had charged.

I do not wonder Wellington cried when he calmly viewed Waterloo, or that Sherman declared war, "Hell," or that Grant, that emotionless giant, hated war and said, "Let us have peace."

After all these facts are stated, I must now say as I have often declared, that the rank and file of Sherman's army when they were marching from "Atlanta to the sea" cherished the resolution that they would rather lie in unknown graves than be driven back and see the union and all that it stood for, destroyed.

Who, that were enduring the tortures of Andersonville, would secure release at the cost of desertion?

How long were the days to lonely, anxious wives and mothers when loved ones had gone to suffer and perhaps to die!

I knew that even when most exacting duties were being done and hardships were being encountered that my wife suffered really no less than I. Widows now, who were wives then, are worthy of equal pensions that were given departed husbands. As a soldier, let me say that few who were not rugged in frame and full of grit endured three years service. Many young could not endure the mental strain and loneliness, and pined and died, and many of the oldest were in the same class. Our surgeon asked me at one time what ailed a certain man of our company who could not do duty. I told him it was a wife and six

children. He thought I was right.

I would like to add words of tribute to those who were wounded in my company, but this is written primarily for relatives and is published only at their request and that of many comrades and friends, now after these years when but one of my age of the one hundred and twenty-eight that were with me in Co.B is alive. I call them boys and meet them with pleasure none can describe; twenty-three were present in Minneapolis in 1906. Not an officer now remains but myself.

The records of those who served and suffered are chronicled in the volume entitled, "Minnesota in the War."

T.J.

SIDE LIGHTS TO MY NARRATIVE

Little is now known except by the old soldiers of the volunteer agencies that then gave relief and aid in many trying conditions during the Civil War. The most prominent of these agencies were the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. Every general hospital was a subject for their attention and the thread of their beneficence ran through all large camps and often to the field of battle. The sympathy of patiently waiting mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, as well as of generous men, was constantly supplying the necessary funds as well as the army of workers, for those four trying years.

I will tell you what I saw of one man connected with the former commission. A day or two after the battle of Franklin in '64, as our brigade was throwing up breastworks on the outer line of Thomas' defense, a little south of Nashville, Tenn., a man in citizen's clothes appeared carrying a haversack of stationery from which he offered each and every man paper, envelopes, and pencil, saying, "Boys, write a letter to some one at home; don't forget the mother, wife, or sister. Tomorrow about this time of day I will be along and gather your letters; don't stamp them, I will see to that. Come, it will rest you after your weary work and do the one addressed good."

One of our sergeants, a noble fellow (John Mericle) who two weeks later died of wounds, thinking to josh this citizen, anticipating a little mirth, said to him, "We are always suspicious of one so

generous as you appear. Where do you live?" "Chicago," was the reply. "Chicago," repeated John, "Chicago, let me see, you had a national convention there not long ago and declared this war was 'a failure'. How dare you, a Chicagoan approach the fighters in this war?" The citizen in a most pleasant manner made known his vocation, and proved himself a jolly conversationalist, apt in retort, and passed on. The next day he appeared to gather the letters, had another pleasant bout with John, and departed.

Just at sundown, the first day of the battle of Nashville, as we were closing on the second brigade in line of battle and in a soft, newly plowed field, what obstruction should we find but a horse cart with a copper coffee boiler large as a barrel, with fire under it. The cart appeared to be too much for the horse but we had other work to do than lightening that load, much as we would have enjoyed it. We were approaching a redoubt that was also being approached by the second brigade, but at a different angle.

We were exerting ourselves to use the little remaining light of that eventful day by making a third assault since morning when we overtook this jolly citizen with two large pails of coffee from that boiler, and as a file by my side stepped to the rear that we might pass him, I recognized the Chicagoan and asked him where he was going with that coffee. "To the wounded men behind that long haystack nearly in our front." I had noticed the stack but not the men. It appeared that the second brigade had engaged that redoubt but was waiting for us to assist when, seeing our approach, they charged the works capturing five or six cannons and many prisoners before we were engaged.

Many years later, while listening to an address in a State Sunday School Convention at Winona, I was conscious that I had met the speaker somewhere. When opportunity occurred, I approached him and asked if he were not the man I saw carrying coffee to wounded men behind a haystack the evening of the first day's fight at Nashville. "Yes, I am," was the reply, "and further, I stayed with them all night, dressed wounds and out my hand ripping open a sleeve to get at a wounded arm. Blood poison set in and I came near losing my life." I

then knew him to be B. F. Jacobs, a man noted in S. S. literature and a member of the International Lesson Committee, known and honored in many lands.

T.J.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY
FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.

Now as Memorial Day is approaching, we are reminded of the glory of that emblem that has inspired so many to so valiant an effort, not alone the soldiers in the deadly strife on the battle field, but it has and does kindle and direct a love of young and old alike that no other emblem can awaken.

We once had the good fortune to see this sentiment expressed by a few thousand relieved and exchanged Federal soldiers who had been captured in the disastrous expedition of General Brooks up the valley of the Red River in Louisiana. It was in February, 1864, and as I was on a steamer going to join my regiment at New Orleans. The transports were anchored at the junction of the Red and Mississippi Rivers laden with Confederate and Federal prisoners to effect an exchange. Those containing our prisoners arrived first and anchored in mid-river. Soon the Confederate steamers appeared with their living mass of men who for nearly a year had endured the hardships of prison. A ragged set they were, showing in face and limb depletion and loss, but when they came near enough our steamers to see "Old Glory" floating in the breeze, a new life was theirs. Then and not till then broke forth a volume of "huzzahs" from all throats, only to be repeated again and again and to be wafted over the distant waters and to lower and die away in distant woods. The pale, haggard face became crimson with increased heart beats. The bare heads and feet were warmed by the sight of the stars and stripes and muscle again became elastic. Men leaped with joy and cried and prayed and praised. That flag was a thing real; it stood for something.

Now when we as old soldiers decorate our comrades' graves with the flags they followed in the dark, terrible day of rebellion, it does to us mean something. When in battle, by shot and shell our ranks

were broken, we obeyed the order, "Close to the colors," now we hear, we see the order of nature, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" we obey, we are nearing to fill the ranks of the departed. We touched elbows once; we must not, we will not forget the resting place of comrades gone before. We will mark their resting place by the flag they loved.

T.J.

Such a life came to Andersonville's starved hosts when under similar conditions they too beheld anew their country's emblem.

PAPER READ BY T.J.HUNT AT THE
LINCOLN EXERCISES Friday,

Among the great and good men that this nation has produced, none but the Father of his Country can compare with its first martyred president, Abraham Lincoln.

We call him great, and why? Not because he was born obscure and humble, but because in spite of all the hardships he had to encounter, he proved himself able to rise above the depressing condition surrounding his youth and young manhood. His boyhood home was most wretched. Alone, he trod the path of want. No real school or scholar gave him friendly aid. What sentiment gave him impulse: What principle guided him in life and made his character such that his bitterest enemies in later years called him, "Honest Abe?" We answer, "Honesty - frank, true honesty - and great sympathy for all mankind."

He early showed hatred of wrong, and great sympathy for the wronged and feeble, and his strong right arm came to their assistance when no other friend was theirs. To these underlying principles, ambition and hope came to him when as a reward of faithful labor at fifty cents a day he was assured of three dollars a week as a surveyor. The few books within his reach were mastered mainly by the light of the fire on the hearth. A few weeks' intense application made him what Washington had been - master of the compass. His memory was remarkable, while his force of expression was wonderful. He early practised proclaiming the words of the great and wise, and soon gave voice to his own convictions, to which men listened with pleasure and this fact directed him in the choice of a profession.

He was not great as a lawyer but he was great as a logician. His simple, terse statements carried the weight of argument and conviction, while his ridicule of an opponent's sophistry was terrible. His whole heart was always in his work, vivacious as he was. If the tap of Caesar's finger could awe a Roman Senate, Lincoln's words could command a nation's ears. None but Lincoln could stand before that eloquent genius, "The Little Giant," and contend as he contended for freedom and free territory. Lincoln and Douglass were gladiators on the great field while the people looked and listened and learned. It was that great debate and Lincoln's address at the Cooper Institute in N.Y., now fifty years ago, that made your humble speaker a Lincoln man, and an advocate for Lincoln delegates at our state convention in St. Paul in 1860. Such delegates were elected, and Minnesota stood firm among his friends in the national convention in Chicago the following June that nominated him for President of the United States. The people ratified their choice. These facts are among the pleasant memories of my life and I will add that I am the only man now living in Dodge County that attended that convention in St. Paul.

Lincoln felt the responsibilities of his great office while he realized his weakness. He called for divine aid and asked his friends to pray for him as he left his home to assume the presidency, and in his first inaugural address pleaded that no man would try to destroy the union, that he had "an oath recorded in heaven to preserve the union."

Two score days now pass and the ominous rumble of civil war breaks forth in volcanic violence. Sumpter is battered with shot and shell. Sumpter falls. The North awakes; an electric thrill sets on fire the blood of patriots. Lincoln is at the helm, he calls for 75,000 men. Congress meets and says take 500,000 men and 500,000 dollars. A month passes as the North and the South prepare for combat. At Bull Run the nation numbers its slain. In anguish the North binds up its wounds and prepares to continue the war. Eighteen gloomy months pass, bloody fields and desolation continue. More men are called for. The North in tears takes up the refrain, "We are coming Father Abraham,

600,000 strong."

The youth and vigor of the land enter the ranks and fill the places of the fallen. Mothers and wives bid goodbye to sons and husbands, knowing full well the pain that must be theirs and the forbearing anguish of the heart that makes a widow's woe which no words can measure. Then came from Lincoln a proclamation giving freedom to slaves. That was proclaiming natural law. Providence gave it the force of statute law.

That blow struck down the monster wrong but for two years longer it lingered in dying agony. Conservatives and radicals gathered around the President, each faction contending for its policy. The loyal were weary but courage was always found in the front ranks. Lincoln bore the burden as none other could have borne it; he bided his time. The fall of Vicksburg and the victory of Gettysburg brought cheer and added glory to our nation's birthday. Again the people made him Captain of the Ship of State; again he spoke, and no seer, no sage ever compassed in words more briefly the tragedy then being enacted before him.

This nation passed in retrospective view. God's righteous law that what a nation sows it shall also reap, was on his heart. Hear a single paragraph of his second inaugural address: "If God wills that it (the war) continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, so it must be paid. The judgment of the Lord is true and righteous altogether."

A few more suns and Lee surrenders to Grant. Lincoln sees the promised land; that patient, sympathetic heart has been burdened by the sight of more than 2,000 battle fields made crimson by the blood of brothers, made the deathbed of hundreds of thousands slain. Now the war cloud is lifting; joy fills the heart of all; the volunteers are singing, "We are goin' home;" but no word of exultation escapes his (Lincoln's) lips. He has saved a nation; he has preserved the Union; he has freed a race. What honors are his when the assassin's ball

enters his brain? The nation is appalled - its beloved chieftain has fallen.

I recall that when on a march near Montgomery in Alabama, the Colonel of our regiment called his command around a camp fire in the night and read to his men an account of the assassination, that one Captain, though prostrated and feeble, rose to his feet and buttoning his coat called out, "I have wanted to resign and go home but I don't want to now." This voiced the feelings of the army. Each soldier grasped more firmly his weapon. All faces showed more plainly than muttered words could tell how eager they were to face any foe in arms.

I shudder at the thought of the vengeance that would have been theirs had not Lee previously surrendered.

Forty-four years have now passed since that great and wise chief was laid low. The men who bore arms then are bearing the weight of years now. This nation has since trebled in numbers and improved in every feature more than any dreamer could have thought. It has become the Imperial Republic, and as we behold its greatness and glory, let us keep fresh the memory of him whose wisdom guided it and who gave it his life.

T. J. Hunt

OUR VETERANS GRAY

BY

Rev. L. L. Sowles, D. D.

Nothing is more binding than the friendship of companions-in-arms. -- Geo. S. Hillard.

Dedicated to my old friend, Judge T. J. Hunt, of Dodge Center, Minnesota.

What means this gath'ring throng from day to day,
As gather birds in Autumn's deep'ning gray?
What means these men with visage stern and set,
These men in prime, and some unbearded yet?
Why woman's face so white, yet eyes on fire
To what doth she these earnest men inspire?
What means this roll of drum and bugle blare;
Tear-choked, yet proud huzza that fills the air?
O, why doth human passion surge and leap,
As boils volcanic fire in caverns deep?

You surely must the thrilling news have heard,
And know why men so mightily are stirred;
As birds when prowls the cat on stealthy feet,
Or bees when hive is robbed of gathered sweet.
You must have heard of Sumpter's leaden storm,
And Lincoln's call for men in line to form,
To march 'gainst those who, love of country cold,
Are base seceders from the nation's fold;
And dared insult - pull down our flag,
And in its place dared raise a hated rag.

That's why our boys in heaven's fadeless blue,
Went forth the bravest, noblest deeds to do.
They fought on plain, through tangled wooded glen,
And fields made rich by toil of shackled men.
They fought by cabin, church, through village street.
They fought where e'er the foe they chanced to meet,
By streams, on river, bays, and harbors wide,
Along our coast where surged the ocean tide.
They fought on ridge of hills and mountain top;
No barrier could for long their progress stop.

They faced the cannon's belching spew of hell,
And gleaming lines of steel and rebel yell.
They stormed the strongest works that skill could raise,
Till nations of the earth looked on amazed,
They captured camps and forts and arms and men,
Unchecked they charged through forest, glade and fen,
They marched in cold and heat; they starved, they bled,
Alas, they left some comrades cold and dead.
'Twas thus our land united was and free,
When Grant received the able sword of Lee.

Future
Wednesday, May 30, 1900

PAGE EIGHT

Thomas J. Hunt, Author of First Dry Law, Dies

Dodge Center Prohibition-
ist Succumbs at Long
Beach, Calif.

Served in State Legislature,
and Indian and Civil
Wars.

Thomas Jefferson Hunt, Dodge Center, Minn., 92 years old and author of the first prohibition law in the United States, died Saturday at the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. Frederick Frisbee, Dodge Center, at Long Beach, Calif. The body will be brought to Dodge Center for burial on June 6.

Came to State in 1857.

Mr. Hunt came to Minnesota in 1857 as a surveyor, having emigrated westward from his birthplace in Vermont. He was one of triplets. He was elected to the state Legislature in 1859, and, as a member of the railroad committee, opposed the bill which would give to the building of railroads five million dollars. Later, after the passage of the bill, when it appeared the state would default of payment, he urged payment and the record of the state was kept spotless.

Following his first term in the Legislature of Minnesota, he volunteered to aid in the suppression of the Sioux Indian outbreak and then became a member of the Tenth Minnesota Infantry and fought in it through the Civil war.

After returning to his farm in Dodge county following the close of the Civil war, he was again elected to the state Legislature. It was during his first legislative term that he introduced the bill which allowed parents or guardians to forbid any parties from furnishing in any way, without permission of the parents or guardians, intoxicating liquors to minors.

Elected Probate Judge.

After a lapse of 21 years, following the second term in the state Legislature, Mr. Hunt was elected probate judge of Dodge county for two successive terms, there being no opponent.

Mr. Hunt, for the last 16 years, has been spending his summers in Minnesota and the winters in California at the summer home of the daughter. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Frisbee and Mrs. Ella L. Miller, Long Beach, and one son, Hamlin H. Hunt, Minneapolis. The latter recently returned from Long Beach, where he was called on account of his father's serious illness. He returned to Minneapolis a few days ago following improvement in his father's condition.

He Drafted Nation's
First Prohibition Law



Thomas Jefferson Hunt.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

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Elected Probate Judge.

After a lapse of 11 years, following the war, he again in the state legislature, Mr. Hunt was elected probate judge of Dodge county for two successive terms, there being no opponent.

Mr. Hunt, for the last 10 years, has been spending his summers in Minnesota and the winters in California at the summer home of the daughter. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Frielee and Mrs. L. L. Miller, Long Beach, and one son, Hamlin H. Hunt, Minneapolis. The latter recently returned from Long Beach where he was called on account of his father's serious illness. He returned to Minneapolis a few days ago following improvement in his father's condition.

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First Prohibition Law



Thomas Jefferson Hunt.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
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