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SULLY'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SIOUX IN 1864.*

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The expedition in 1863 under command of Gen. Henry H. Sibley was successful in driving across the Missouri river those of the Indians who had not surrendered, excepting those who had taken refuge in British territory.

The object of the expedition led by Gen. Alfred Sully in 1864, designated in official orders as the "Northwestern Indian Expedition," but more commonly called Sully's expedition or campaign, was to further chastise the Sioux who had massacred the white immigrants of southwestern Minnesota, and, if possible, to compel their complete submission. The Minnesota contingent of this expedition, designated as the Second Brigade, rendezvoused at Fort Ridgely on June 1st, 1864, and was composed of the following Minnesota troops: the Eighth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, mounted, Lieut. Col. Henry C. Rogers in command; six companies of the Second Minnesota Volunteer Cavalry, Col. Robert N. McLaren in command; the Third Minnesota Battery, of one section of six-pounder smooth-bore guns, and one section of twelve-pounder mountain howitzers; forty-five scouts; and a train of ninety-three six-mule teams and twelve ambulances. The fighting force consisted of twenty-one hundred men, all mounted. Col. Minor T. Thomas, of the Eighth Minnesota, was placed in command of the brigade by Gen. Sibley.

Until a short time before the rendezvous at Fort Ridgely, no more than five companies of the Eighth Minnesota (of which the writer was a member) had been together during a service of twenty-one months. The companies were enlisted at Fort Snelling in August, 1862, for service in the Civil War; but none of them were mustered in until three months later. Then, being more needed at home than in the South, as fast as they were ready for service, each company was sent out to the western Minnesota frontier, in citizens' clothes, in most in-

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stances only half of the company being armed, and those arms being the old Belgian or Austrian muskets, with very little camp equipage of any sort, while the only means of transportation were teams impressed from farmers and others, the impressment often being made under protest and frequently being resisted by force. Vouchers were, in nearly all instances, given for use of teams and for supplies taken. This is a digression, but is related to show the hardships encountered at the outset of our service on the frontier. The murder by the Sioux of citizens at Acton, Meeker county, August 18th, 1862, was four days after our enlistment; and that murder was the beginning of the general Indian outbreak and massacre which caused the death of nearly one thousand men, women, and children, in the newly settled western part of Minnesota, besides the destruction of a large amount of property. The massacre also caused a further loss in population by several thousand leaving the state, a large proportion never to return.

The officers and men in the expedition of 1864 were well prepared, by the discipline and experience of nearly two years' service, for the hardships that were to be encountered. This service of the Eighth Minnesota had been of a desultory character, but not void of danger, for a number of our men had been killed by the Sioux. It was the kind of service to make each soldier familiar with the character of the Indians, and with the terrible atrocities perpetrated upon those who fell into their hands. Every soldier had witnessed scenes to arouse the uttermost bitterness toward those who seemed destitute of any sentiment of humanity, and all were filled with an insatiable desire for revenge. Many of the command had had their families murdered, and were instigated to enlist by the wish to avenge themselves upon the perpetrators of those outrages. I know of two instances wherein this was accomplished with compound interest.

The light artillery, Capt. Jones, had been in the expedition of 1863, and the other organizations had seen more or less service on the frontier, so that, as a whole, the command was well prepared to meet the Indians; and it was hoped to encounter them in so large body that an engagement with them might be dignified as a battle.

The interval of five days between our arrival at and departure from Fort Ridgely was fully occupied in preparations for our long expedition, which was to extend beyond the Missouri river. Its route is shown on the accompanying map.

On the 6th of June the command left Fort Ridgely, and I must confess that to me, and no doubt to others, this seemed more like war than anything we had previously experienced. Few of our regiment had before seen so large a body of troops; and I can also say that, during a year's service in the south, after our return from this campaign, I did not see a finer body of men. Further I may add, quite as truthfully, that we looked much finer on the day of our departure than we did on that of our return, four months later. Our wagon train was increased by a hundred and twenty-five teams, with two hundred and fifty men, women, and children, and their supplies, bound for Idaho, who were to accompany us to the Yellowstone river. These emigrants, from the start to our parting with them, were an encumbrance, causing delay and hampering all our movements.

Our march to the Missouri was not marked by any especially noticeable occurrence; and after the novelty of travelling through a new country wore off, the day's march became tedious. Soon after leaving Big Stone lake, the command began to suffer from the lack of good water, and some days from the scarcity of water of any kind. The few small lakes were impregnated with alkali, and nearly all the streams were dried up, except occasional pools which were stagnant and fouled by buffalo. On one occasion, after getting our tents pitched, the camp was struck by a tornado, levelling it instantly and causing considerable damage, besides stampeding many of the horses and mules, all of which were, however, recovered with considerable difficulty.

After passing the Coteau des Prairies, a few buffaloes and considerable numbers of antelopes were seen; but, as orders had been issued against shooting, only a few of either were secured. Buffalo chips were plentiful, and constituted our fuel until we reached the Missouri river. It was the practice of the soldiers, on nearing the camping location, to collect the chips on their ramrods until they would hold no more, and when the camp was reached to deposit them in a common pile for the cook. These chips made an intense fire and were far preferable to wood, requiring less labor to secure. They were very handy, too, when on the march, if one wished to make a cup of coffee, as it required but a moment or two to make a fire. For heating a "bean hole" the chips were also much superior to wood.

On approaching the Coteau du Missouri, the country became more rolling and the scenery less monotonous; and when it was finally reached, an abundance of good water and excellent grazing for the animals were found. The latter had not only suffered from a lack of good water, but the grazing had been very poor, owing to the drouth. The distance from Fort Ridgely to the Missouri Coteau was accomplished in twenty-four days, an average of sixteen miles a day, Sundays not included. Only an occasional Indian had been seen; these evidently watching our progress. But on going into the Missouri valley, the scouts reported seeing several parties, and several fresh trails indicated their presence a short time before.

The scouts also reported that Gen. Sully was one day's march down the river, and the next day we joined his forces. The day before our arrival, a surgeon attached to Gen. Sully's brigade had been shot by the Indians while out hunting.

On July 2nd the combined commands marched down the Missouri river to a point opposite the mouth of the Cannon Ball river. There we found three steamboats laden with supplies for the command and with material for the post that was to be built on the west bank of the Missouri.

On the 9th of July the command was transferred by the boats to the west side. Gen. Sully's command, now called the First Brigade, was made up of the following troops: eleven companies of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Pollock commanding; three companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Pattee commanding; two companies of Dakota Cavalry, Capt. Miner in command; the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry, Col. Dill commanding; Col. N. Pope's Battery of two sections; and Brackett's Minnesota Battalion of Cavalry.

The Thirtieth Wisconsin was detached to build and garrison the new post, subsequently called Fort Rice.

The Second Brigade comprised the same regiments and companies that formed it when at Fort Ridgely, Col. Thomas being continued in command by Gen. Sully.

On July 19th, the command having been supplied with sixty days' rations, and leaving behind all surplus baggage, marched up the valley of the Cannon Ball for several days, expecting to find a camp, reported by the scouts, of fifteen or eighteen hundred tepees, near the source of the river; but the Indians did not await our coming, and the evidences of their having been there recently were all that were found.

The command then crossed over to the Heart river, which we followed to its source. We were now in an unexplored country. Trails and other signs, and frequently signals, smoke by day and fires by night, indicated the proximity of the Indians, but no large bodies were seen. The country was rough and barren of vegetation, except large tracts covered with cactus, the only thing left by the locusts which had quite lately swarmed over the country. The earth was parched and was soon worked into an impalpable dust, which aggravated our thirst and filled our eyes and nostrils.

Water was very scarce, and when found was vile, adding to our own and our animals' sufferings. The water on the east side of the Missouri was a luxury compared with this. One day all the water we had was what could be squeezed out of the mud of an alkali pond, near which we had camped the night previous. The water in this pond was only about eight inches deep. Guards had been placed around it only ten feet apart to prevent its being wasted; but during the night a large number of the horses and mules broke loose from their picket ropes, and, taking possession of the pond, remained in it till morning. The water that could be obtained from the mud was all that we had in the march to our next camp. Water from the streets of St. Paul would have been better, for it would have lacked the alkali. This alkali water was so strong that it would burn the skin from the tongue; and it soon caused dysentery. The poor animals suffered intensely from it, and from lack of forage. Large numbers of them began to give out, soon becoming unable to carry their riders, and many were shot.

On the 24th of July, the scouts reported a large village at Ta-ha-kouty (Killdeer) mountain, near the headwaters of the Heart river. The teams and the emigrant train were corralled, the tents and every article that could be dispensed with were placed within, and enough men of those who were dismounted through the loss of their horses were left to protect this property. The command, provided with eight days' rations, no tents, and only enough wagons to carry ammunition, made a rapid march northward, in the direction of the supposed camp.

On the 28th of July, a scout reported the camp only a few miles away. In a short time the village could be seen at the base of a high hill heavily wooded. The view of this camp caused

considerable excitement. We all felt elated to know that we had at length reached the enemy, whom we had travelled nearly seven hundred miles to find. The Indians were advised of our approach, but so sanguine were they of being able to whip us, that they did not think it necessary to strike their camp. In fact, so sure were they of victory, that the non-combatants (old men, squaws, and children) assembled in front of the camp to witness our annihilation, which their braves led them to believe was certain.

The plain which lay before us was well adapted to Indian fighting, being somewhat uneven and rising gradually on the east and west into broken hills. On the north it was terminated abruptly by the high Killdeer hill or butte, at the base of which was situated the Indian village. Immediately, on the camp coming into our view, though still two miles away, great activity among the Indians could be observed. It was not long before the low hills on either flank were swarming with the braves in their war paint and dress (or rather with no dress at all except breech-clout and moccasins), mounted on their ponies, and yelling like demons.

Our forces were soon placed in position; the men were dismounted; every fourth man holding his own horse and three others; and we deployed as skirmishers, forming three sides of a parallelogram, with a rear guard and the batteries in the center. The Indians made repeated charges at the full speed of their ponies, keeping up meanwhile their unearthly yelling. In these charges many of them were killed, while no casualties occurred on our side. They soon learned the range of our small arms, and were careful not to come within it.

Our lines advanced slowly but steadily, repulsing the repeated charges of the Indians, and when they collected on the hills, as they frequently did, a shell from the batteries would scatter them with considerable loss.

The cannons were a revelation to these Sioux, or at least to most of them. They had probably never seen, much less heard, one before. After several attempts to turn our flanks without success, they massed their forces between our lines and their village, and made one final and desperate charge on our right, which was within a short distance of their camp. This charge was repulsed in a hand-to-hand fight by Brackett's battalion, and the first casualties on our part occurred here.

The Indians now realized that the battle was going against them and that their village was in danger. This was evident in the efforts the squaws were making to move the tents and supplies. But we were too close to them, and their haste to escape was expedited by shells dropped into the village, which caused great consternation. They soon apparently abandoned all hope of carrying off any of their supplies, but endeavored to hide them, together with immense quantities of buffalo robes and furs, by throwing them into the numerous deep ravines in the neighborhood. About sundown we took possession of the camp, when the Indians were seen retreating up and beyond the hills. Four companies of the Eighth Minnesota were ordered to pursue the stragglers and drive them from the top of the hills. This was successfully done.

When we (I was one of the detachment) reached the summit of the hill, after passing through heavy timber and underbrush, we were stopped by a very deep cañon, which the Indians had crossed by some path known only to themselves. Beyond this cañon the Indians, with their squaws, could still be seen retreating, but they were out of the reach of our guns. Several warriors, who had evidently remained in the cañon to delay our progress, were shot. Our detachment returned to the abandoned camp after dark, and found that the command had bivouacked at some distance back. We were completely fagged out and very hungry, but lay down on our arms and were fairly asleep when we were aroused by the pickets firing; but the camp finally settled down and we were not again disturbed.

At daylight the Indian camp was again occupied, and the trail of the retreating savages was followed until the nature of the country prevented further progress. It was found that two pickets had been killed, being shot with arrows. They had been stripped of their clothing, and their bodies were horribly mutilated. One of these men, La Plant, had eleven arrows in his body. All of our dead were buried where they fell, the command passing over their graves so as to obliterate all signs.

Four companies were detailed to destroy the Indian village and supplies. This was no small task, as there were about sixteen hundred tepees, nearly all standing. A few of the tepees, in the haste to strike them, had been cut around the

base, but they remained where they fell. The destruction of this camp and its supplies was a greater blow to the Indians than the loss of the braves who were killed. With few exceptions the tepees were of rawhide. The amount of supplies, including pemmican, jerked buffalo meat, dried berries, and buffalo robes, that was burned could not be estimated,—it was immense. It was their winter village, well situated as to water and wood, and protected on the north by high hills. Indian against Indian, it would have been impregnable; and it had, no doubt, been their winter home for generations.

A pathetic incident occurred in this connection, which indicates the panic and haste in which the camp was vacated. This was the finding of a papoose, a few months old, which had been abandoned or overlooked by its mother, or she may have been killed. The papoose was shot, by or possibly without an order, but it could not be helped.

In this fight, called the battle of Ta-ha-kouty or Killdeer mountain, our force consisted of twenty-two hundred men; that of the Indians was estimated at from five to six thousand. They were superior to us in numbers and knowledge of the country, and the result might have been different, but for the fact that not more than half of them had guns;—such as they had being of an inferior kind. To prove the latter assertion, only six of our force were killed and ten wounded, two being killed by arrows. The Indian loss in killed was supposed to be from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. No estimate was made of the wounded. It is, however, as all Indian fighters know, difficult to determine with any degree of accuracy the actual number killed, because the Indians generally succeed in carrying many of their wounded and dead from the field, while others are dragged off by their ponies to which they are attached by lariats.

To soldiers, or others, who have not seen or heard an Indian charge, it cannot be described. It is calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. I have not the command of words to attempt to give any proper description of it, and can make no better comparison (imaginary, of course) than with the imps of hell let loose.

An effort was made to follow the trail of the retreating Indians, but the character of the country and the jaded condition of our animals, together with the fact that our rations

were getting short, compelled Gen. Sully to abandon the pursuit, and the command returned to the corral on July 30th. It had accomplished a distance of one hundred and seventy-two miles in six days, one of which was occupied in the fight.

The march was again taken up by the whole command, and at this time it was discovered that a miscalculation had been made by the commissary at Fort Rice, so that we had but six days' rations left. As it was very uncertain when we should reach the Yellowstone river, our hard bread ration was reduced one-third, and that of meat one-half. This insufficiency of food added to our hardships.

On the 5th of August we came to the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri river. Gen. Sully had been told by all the guides, excepting one, that it would be impossible to pass through this tract even if we had no wagons. To go around it would require more days than we had rations for. One of the guides, a young Blackfoot, said that a passage could be made, and it was undertaken. The character of these lands is well known to-day, and it would take too much time to describe them in detail. At the time of our descent into this basin from the level of the surrounding country, we were undoubtedly the first body of white men that had ever seen it, not to speak of attempting to cross it. Those who have since travelled through that wonderful tract, including probably some here present who have looked upon it from the window of a palace car, will appreciate our apprehensions as to the result of the undertaking.

A brief general description will, perhaps, be necessary to enable those who have not seen these Bad Lands, to understand the difficulties and hardships encountered in passing through them. They consist of a depression or basin, covering an extent of about forty miles, having an average depth of some six hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country, interspersed with buttes whose tops reach the level of the table-lands surrounding the depression. There are many deep and narrow cañons, having no confirmed general direction and forming a bewildering labyrinth, in which one not familiar with the country must inevitably soon be lost.

Gen. Sully described these lands in very terse language as "hell with the fires put out." Many of the cañons had to be widened for the wagons and artillery to pass through them. Immediately upon our entering the Bad Lands, the Indians

again made their appearance and annoyed our advance from the vantage ground offered by the tops of the buttes, but fortunately without loss on our side, though several of the Indians were picked off.

On arriving at the Little Missouri river, which runs through the Bad Lands, dividing them about equally, we found a narrow valley in which were frequent thickets and meadows. The latter were covered with plentiful grass, and the water in the river was excellent. Altogether this valley seemed to us a veritable paradise, and men and animals made the most of it. However, we were not to enjoy it long, for the Indians, having been reinforced, became more bold and in fact, through the guides, dared us to fight. They confined their operations to endeavors to pick off men who were out grazing their horses, and to stampeding our stock. A few horses were lost.

On our leaving the valley and entering the hills beyond, the Indians made an attack in force, but with the same results as previously, notwithstanding that they had the advantage of position on the buttes above us, while we were often in single file, extending our column for miles. The attacks continued until we were well out of the hills, when the Indians suddenly disappeared and were not seen again. In this fight it was afterward learned from the Indians that there were from seven to eight thousand braves. The number of the Indians killed, as was estimated, exceeded three hundred, with about seven hundred wounded. Our loss was nine killed, and one hundred wounded.

I may venture the opinion here, that, if the Indians had been as well armed at this time, or even at the fight at Ta-hakouty, as were those at the Custer fight, the result would have been as disastrous, and even more terrible; for what would have been the fate of the women and children in the emigrant train? If any had been so fortunate as to miss being killed by the savages, they would certainly have perished by starvation. There would have been no possibility of succor, for, with the exception of Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, there was no place where white men were living within six hundred miles.

The country between the Bad Lands and the Yellowstone was as barren as that crossed east of the Little Missouri; and this continued to be the case until we reached the Yellowstone

valley, on the 13th of August. It was none too soon. Men and animals were nearly exhausted from fatigue, short rations, and bad water or none. I was so weak that, on our last day's march to the river, I fell from my horse twice, and such was the condition of many.

We learned at the river that it was fortunate we took the short route through the Bad Lands; for if the command, taking the longer route, had been able to reach the Brasseur House, the objective point of the expedition, on the Yellowstone some eighty miles above where we struck it, we should not have found the three steamboats which had been ordered to meet us there. They had been unable to ascend so far, and indeed we did not know, until the day before we arrived at the river, whether the boats had been able to reach even the point where we struck it. These were the first steamboats to ascend the Yellowstone.

We were put in good spirits, however, by one of the guides bringing to Gen. Sully a chip which he found floating in the river. Ordinarily this small bit of wood found floating in the water would have had little significance, but to us it meant volumes. Although not sufficient to assure us that there were three steamboats above us, or any other number, it was enough to hang our hopes upon. A reconnaissance by the guides soon proved that such hopes were not unfounded. Two boats, the Chippewa Falls and Alone (the third, named Island City, having been sunk below Fort Union), were found two or three miles above, and they soon dropped down to our camp. The arrival of the boats was hailed with cheers and other demonstrations of joy, which under other circumstances might have appeared foolish. We now had plenty to eat. The poor horses and mules, however, had to be content with grass and a very little corn, as much of the forage was lost on the Island City.

Aside from the regular rations, the command had all the fresh meat it needed, and even a surfeit, for the valley abounded with buffaloes, elks, and blacktail deer. There was also an abundance of berries and choke cherries. The cherries were a God-send, as they were better than the doctor's prescriptions for dysentery, which had become prevalent.

After several days' rest, the command was transferred to the northwest bank of the Yellowstone river by the steamboats, and the horses and mules by swimming. A number of

the mules were drowned; and, I regret to add, several men of the emigrant contingent were also drowned while swimming their stock across the river. At this point we parted company with the emigrants, they going up the river and our command down.

We reached Fort Union, one of Chouteau's trading posts, located near the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, about the 18th of August. There were no troops at this post, it being garrisoned by employees only. The quarters were commodious and protected by a stockade. The crossing of the Missouri river was accomplished in the same manner as that of the Yellowstone, but it was more hazardous to the animals, owing to the quicksands. However, there were no casualties. The distance accomplished since leaving Fort Rice was 460 miles, and the time consumed had been thirty days.

Soon after crossing the Missouri, on our return to Fort Rice, we began to see buffaloes, at first in small groups, and later in immense herds of countless numbers. Buffalo rumps, steaks, and tongues, were our regular diet. On one evening, after going into camp, over fifty of these animals were killed. In one of these hunts, Dr. J. H. Murphy, who was surgeon of the Eighth Minnesota, was unhorsed and severely gored by a buffalo bull. Indeed, the buffalo herds were so great that frequently the command was corralled as a precaution, and on one occasion our train was sadly demoralized by a herd going through it.

When one of those vast herds, often numbering thousands of animals, got started in any given direction, nothing could stop them except a cliff or a river, and then only after hundreds had been killed by being forced over the precipice or into the water. Near Fort Berthold, I saw more buffaloes than I could count lying dead, or dying, at the foot of a high bluff, they having been forced over the brink during a stampede; and at another time a sand-bar, evidently quicksand, in the Missouri river, was seen covered with dead buffaloes, the stench from which was terrible.

The march down the Missouri valley was uneventful, except that a short distance below Fort Berthold a fresh trail was struck, indicating a large force of Indians going northeast towards the British possessions. It was made, evidently, by a part, at least, of those with whom we had fought on the west

side of the Missouri, who had crossed at this point. This trail was followed to the lime springs, and at that point it was found that a very large camp had but recently been abandoned, in fact, so recently that the ashes of their camp fires were not cold. The camp had been warned by their scouts of our coming, but had concluded not to await our arrival. The condition of our animals did not permit the command to pursue them further.

At Fort Berthold we had an opportunity to see the Ree and Mandan villages. The command reached Fort Rice on September 9th. It was there learned that Captain Fisk's Idaho expedition (this is not the train that accompanied our command to the Yellowstone), after leaving Fort Rice with a small escort of troops, had been surrounded about two hundred miles west from Fort Rice by Indians, and had sent for assistance. Two hundred men from the Eighth Minnesota, unmounted, and one hundred of the Second Minnesota Cavalry, were sent to relieve Capt. Fisk. The two hundred men detailed from the Eighth regiment, on their return from Capt. Fisk's relief, went down the Missouri on barges to St. Louis, and joined their regiment at Murfreesborough, Tennessee.

After a much needed rest of four days at Fort Rice, the Minnesota brigade started September 15th on its return, our route being north of our outgoing trail, and comparatively devoid of interest. The command arrived at Fort Wadsworth on September 26th. Companies B, C, D, and H, Second Minnesota Cavalry, Major Robert H. Rose in command, relieved a detachment of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry at this fort, the latter going with our command to Fort Ridgely and thence to Fort Snelling.

The command left Fort Wadsworth on the 29th of September, and arrived at Fort Ridgely on October 8th, after an absence of four months and two days. In that time we had marched sixteen hundred and twenty-five miles; had whipped the savages at an estimated loss to them of four or five hundred killed, and many wounded; and had forever settled the Indian question east of the Missouri river. Thus it was made possible for white immigrants to settle and develop a territory equal in area to the New England states. It was believed at that time to be almost a desert, fit only for Indians and buffaloes; but now it supports a large and prosperous population,

and is one of the greatest wheat and cattle producing regions of the world.

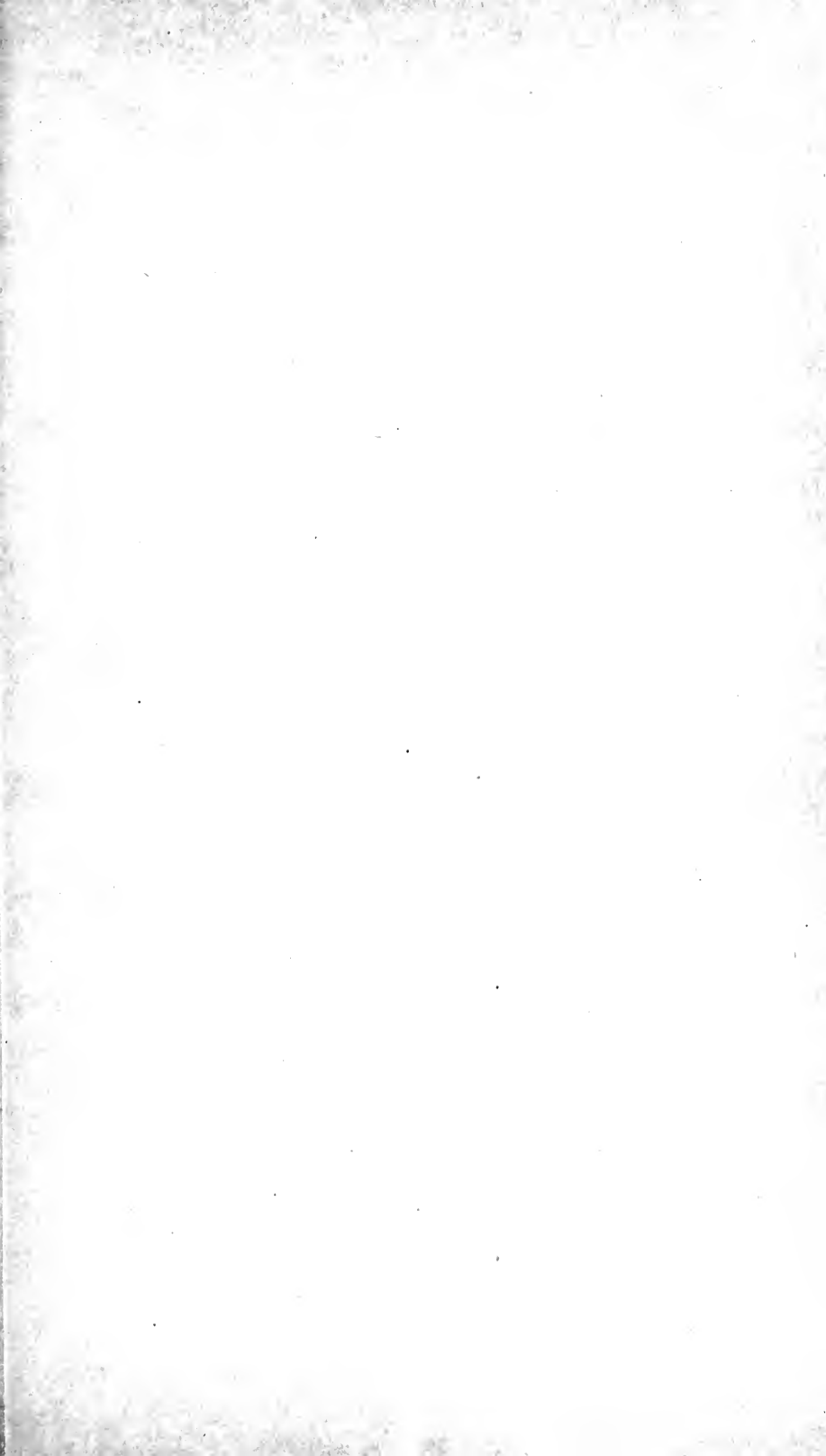
The success of the campaign was due in a great degree to the character of the officers and men. Gen. Sully was an able and experienced officer, having seen service on the plains and in the south. He and Gen. Minor T. Thomas were each held in high esteem, having the confidence of the whole command.

Thirty-three years have passed since the events presented in this paper. Nearly all of the principal officers, many of the subordinate officers, and many of those who filled the humble but necessary positions of non-commissioned officers and privates, are dead. Some lived long enough to witness the marvelous changes which their bravery and hardships made possible. Those of us still living see what the most visionary never dreamed of, a territory, which at that time contained a population of a few hundreds, now possessing several millions.

As a matter of record of my regiment, and I trust of general interest, I will, in conclusion, quote the words of one who has written its history, that my paper may thus include a slight reference to our later service in the closing part of the great Civil War:

The Eighth Regiment was fortunate in the character of its material; fortunate in the harmony within; fortunate in the variety of its service, mounted and on foot, railroad and steamship; fortunate in the wide extent of the United States it visited at Uncle Sam's expense—from Fort Snelling, via Montana, Alabama, Washington, Fort Fisher, and southwest North Carolina, to Minnesota again; fortunate that in the last year of the war it traveled more miles and saw a greater variety of service and country than any other regiment in the United States army; fortunate that the end of its enlistment saw the end of the Rebellion and a saved country. In a word, the Eighth Minnesota, in that wonderful contest of splendid organizations of men, thinks it honor sufficient to claim only to be the peer of its fellows.

And now, after twenty-five years, a large part of the regiment are still citizens of Minnesota, and are a full average in character and usefulness of the citizens of the towns where they have since made their homes. When we know how they freely gave three of the best years of their lives to their country, and then, returning poor, went to work with a will to secure an independent position in civil life, and how sturdily, how bravely, they have struggled to overcome the obstacles in their way, it is the crowning glory of the volunteer soldier, and the best guarantee of the future of the republic.







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