

night march ahead of us. Just at dawn we reached the place where Weir had left Hall, and we took his trail and followed it up until we found his dead body lying cold and stiff on the mountain side. This seemed indeed an unnecessary sacrifice. Weir was a noble fellow, beloved by all, and the gathering of that sorrowing crowd of soldiers about his body was a sad experience even to the oldest of them. His face still bore the familiar and kindly expression we knew so well. An overcoat was wrapped around the body, and it was then strapped on a cavalry horse. We returned to camp as sad a funeral procession as one could well imagine.

The country through which we were then operating was a howling wilderness; it is now traversed by railroads and covered with vil-

lages and farms. Children at play unwittingly trample the grass over the graves of soldiers who gave their lives that they might live and thrive, and communities throughout the West generally send representatives to Congress, some of whom, in the peace and plenty of their comfortable homes, fail to recognize, in Washington, the hardships, privations, and sacrifice of life suffered by the army, before their prosperity could be possible or the lives of their constituents assured.

In this the simple duty of soldiers was performed, and no credit is claimed, but should not the record of past deeds such as these, accompanied by the prosperity that has followed, at least guarantee a more generous feeling for the army by all citizens, more especially by those who are called upon to support it?

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