

which sounded well enough. That afternoon we commenced our journey to Ft. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming, one of the most dreary, desolate, and God-forsaken places I had ever seen in my life, where to help along our misery we were informed that it was a mountain battery to which we had been drafted, or in soldiers' parlance to a « Jug Head Battery », so named on account of the jug like shape of the heads of the mules which are used to carry the guns and ammunition.

