

sessed an especial charm for one who had been so long a wanderer. He purchased a ranch some sixty miles from San Francisco; and there, in quiet happiness, he devoted his time to the cultivation of his ranch. We had lived there about a year, when, even in our distant home, we heard the nation's cry of alarm at the fall of Sumter; and when he heard of the mustering of armies, and knew that danger was threatening that land he loved so well, he would often say to me, "If I were only a single man, I should certainly go East, and join the army." Even as early as this, he began again the study of military science, and interested himself in all pertaining to it; and, in the summer of 1861, he joined a company of men, as private, who met for drill and instruction in military matters; but, knowing full as much as any of them, he was frequently the instructor. During this time, his mind was unsettled; his thoughts were often dwelling on the danger that was threatening that land he loved; and I have often heard him say, "that if this, the best government the sun shone on, was destroyed, he should not wish to live." He would have joined the army at this time, had it not been for me; but I *could not* give him up. In November, 1861, we again returned to San Francisco, — an excellent situation being offered him there, together with a better opportunity to serve his State as a military man; for at that time it was seriously thought that there would be trouble there. A new zeal had been given to the different military organizations; and he was soon re-elected captain of his old company, — the First Light Dragoons, — having resigned that position when in Lower California. Here I hoped he would be content, and gratify his love of military life as captain of that splendid company; but his heart was with those noble men who were sacrificing their all for their country, and again and again was the unwelcome subject discussed between us. I *had* felt that there were plenty of men here, that there was no lack of material, and that his services were not needed; but when I heard that men were less willing than formerly to volunteer, and that drafting even must be resorted to in Massachusetts, I felt that it was my duty to give up my precious husband to the cause. I saw that *good* men were needed, and I knew how admirably adapted he was for the life; and I, too, loved my country too well to see her destroyed without doing my all to save her.