

Chapter 3d

My company was assigned to the delightful Post of Fort Hamilton, Long Island, commanded by Captn. John Munro, Jock, as he was called in the Army, one of the most distinguished and eccentric of the old school of soldiers. He rose to be Colonel of Artillery and was appointed by Gen. Taylor, Governor of New Mexico. He was the son of a Scotch Sergeant who served with gallantry in the regular Army in the Revolution and in the War of 1812. He was the soul of honor and the paragon of duty soldiers. I served and messed with him for five years without a difference of opinion or shade of unpleasantness in our professional or social relations. To his precepts and example in the government of soldiers, his justness, and personal attention to every duty devolved on him, and his care for the comforts of the men, I attribute much of the success and satisfaction, I have always had in commanding men without the exercise of harshness or the infliction of any undue punishment. Indeed, I have never had the least trouble in commanding soldiers either of the regular or volunteer service, and there is not an annual meeting of any of the many volunteer Regiments that I have commanded, that I have not been cordially invited to attend.

It was before the days of Steamers and we went by sail, and were as long going from Charleston to N. York with our little company as it would now take to move a Division from N. York to Ireland, and more trouble.

Major B. F. Pierce a brother of Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the U.S., was Commander of the Post. He was a gay jovial man of fine talents, who spoke well and wrote well, and being a good deal of a politician, was in constant hot water with the Adjutant Gen'l. of the Army who, at that time, was, without knowing it somewhat of a politician also, of the Virginia school, and wished to monopolise all the politics of the Army himself. Major Pierce was very captivating to young officers, and made our time pass very pleasantly. He