

to spy on the men, make arrests and report everything that occurred, was shot by one Beckett, a soldier. The facts of the transaction as I recollect them, are these:

Provost Coffin had discovered the soldier Beckett, in the act of leaving the Fort through one of the windows, from which a couple of iron bars had been removed. It was one night after *tattoo*. Coffin was on the watch, and he caught the man just as he got out, and kicked, beat and otherwise injured him, until he was nearly dead, and then had him dragged to the guard-house. The soldier was in a dangerous condition, and the physician had him put in the Hospital where he laid sick a long time. He asked and received permission to go back to his company, as soon as he was able to be up. He had ever been a favorite with his comrades, and they all expressed their joy at his return; but he replied to their kind welcome with a strange quiet in his manner, that left an impression of dark foreboding on the minds of his friends. He continued in a state of morbid taciturnity, in spite of efforts made to cheer him.

One day, while acting Quarter Master's Sergeant, I was going out with a file of men to see to butchering some cattle, when an officer named Green hailed me and said the Pay-Master was at the Quarter Master's Department and I had better go there soon, if I wanted my pay. I then had all the money I needed, and not being afraid to trust Uncle Sam, I went on with the men. When I got back, I went into the Quarter Master's Office to make my report, and found the Pay-Master gone. The only persons present, was Coffin, who had a little desk in the office, at which he was writing, and the soldier Beckett who had come in and was standing with his musket near the stove. I noticed something strange in Beckett's appearance, and knowing his disposition, it instantly occurred to me, that he intended to shoot Coffin, who stood with his back towards us.

Without speaking, I walked towards Beckett, hoping to approach near enough to snatch the musket; when designing my purpose, he warned me off, and quickly shot Coffin—a