

FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher

Vol. 1.

FORT RICE, D. T., AUGUST 10, 1865.

No. 9.

SAN SALVADOR.

Columbus, the discoverer of the Western Continent, named the first land he saw, which was an island, San Salvador, or St. Saviour. This is allegorized: every human soul is emblemized as on a voyage of discovery, seeking a Saviour, who is neither to be found in the Arctic regions of Stoicism, nor in the Torrid Zone of Fanaticism, but in the Temperate Climate, the mean between the two extremes.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

Sailing o'er a sea of years,
With our Thoughts for mutineers,
We are seeking evermore
For the isle, San Salvador.

Though we almost doubt its being,
So remote from human seeing,
Something in our heart upwells,
Like the harmony of bells,
Ringing out forevermore
That sweet word, "San Salvador."

Then we trust our sails with glee
To the perils of the sea,
Hoping soon to see that isle
On old ocean's bosom smile,
And we deem each cloud the shore
Of the isle, San Salvador.

But its site doth seem uncertain,
As if hidden by a curtain,
And to increase the sore disaster,
Thoughts rebel against their master,
Reason loses all control
O'er the inmates of the soul,
And our barque flies more and more
From the isle, San Salvador.

Then to Northern seas it strays,
Over dark and troublous ways,
To those regions, drear and cold,
That like shrouds the North unfold,
Where the icebergs stand like ghosts,
Ri-en up from slaughtered hosts,
Menacing with arms of white
Every barque that heaves in sight,
Then, alas! there's hope no more
We shall see San Salvador.

Nearly void of life and motion,
Frozen forms on frozen ocean,
Then we sinking pray with breath
Almost chilled to icy death,
While each tear-drop that upwells
Falleth in cold icicles,
That our God would turn the prow
Towards the isle, San Salvador.

Soon a Spring-like breeze upstarts,
Like repentance in cold hearts,
And our barque by slow degrees
Stealeth from those deadly seas,
And the icebergs far behind

Stand like shadows undefined,
And the breeze that bears us o'er
Sings for aye "San Salvador."

Careless grow we then with dreaming
That the isle will soon be gleaming,
As the oasis to rangers
In the desert land of dangers,
And ere long our little number
Sink beneath the power of slumber,
And our barque floats past the shore
Of the isle, San Salvador.

O what wailing and what weeping
Is there when they rise from sleeping,
For they're on a sea of glass

Where no cooling breeze doth pass,
Where the air, like molten lead,
Crushes animation dead,
Every sail is drooping lowly,
And our barque doth move so slowly
That it seems as lifeless thing,
As a bird without a wing,
And an evil far the worst—

We are parched with burning thirst,
And the scorching sunbeams ever
Yearn down like red-hot lava.

A mirage ere long appeareth,
And that island's aspect weareth,
But we know 'tis false and fleeting
And is evermore retreating,
This increases our sore anguish
As we fainting sink and languish,
Like a taunt it stands before,
Image of San Salvador.

But as we are near to dying,
And our last long hope is flying,
Up there springs a cloudy covering,
Like an angel o'er us hovering,
Shutting out the blazing heat,
While like Pity's tear-drops sweet,
Crystal drops for aye descending

With the stilly sea are blending.
Soon there stealeth from the skies
A stray wind of Paradise,
Then like sea-bird with swift wings
O'er the deep our vessel springs,
And we're on the way once more
To the isle, San Salvador.

On and on our barque keeps sailing,
Never tiring, never failing,
With a proud yet gentle motion,
As it were the queen of ocean,
But anon the Thoughts begin
To turn back to ancient sin,
Doubting of the isle's existence
I hated at so remote a distance,
At their hapless lot repining,
And in mutiny combining,
They determine to give o'er
Seeking for San Salvador.

But at once as they retreat,
Comes a music soft and sweet,
Stealing o'er the waters blue
Like a soft and sad adieu,
And as with enchantment bound,

They stand listening to the sound,
Flocks of birds whose plumage shines
Like the jewels of the mines,
Round our little barque are winging,
In their joy forever singing
As they dip and as they soar
That sweet word, "San Salvador."

And upon the waves they note
Flowers of gorgeous beauty float,
Flowers from an immortal stem,
Sent as auguries to them,
Telling them to give not o'er
Seeking for San Salvador.

Joy! oh, joy! the island gleameth
In the distance, and upstreameth
Like a banner on the sight,
With a glory wondrous bright,
And a rain-bow is around it
Wherewith God himself hath bound it,
And upon that arch of glory
Is writ out the immortal story
Why that isle forevermore
Bears the name "San Salvador."

Fruits that never pall the taste,
Flowers that never'll be defaced—
See them! see them! how they shine
With a beauty all divine!

And the trees their branches spread
In green arches overhead.
See the amaranthine bowers!
See the fountains' crystal showers!
Every drop doth seem a gem
Shaken from a diadem.
Hear the breeze that floateth by,
Softer than an angel's sigh!
List the birds whose every tone
Sounds like harpstrings round the throne!
Now our barque has reached the shore!
Hail! all hail! San Salvador!

Old Mrs. ——— was a Christian, at least she pretended to be. She had an angelic disposition, as the sequel will prove. Her son was about to be sent to the State's-prison, for some crime. She visited him at the depot to bid him farewell. Her final advice ran after this style: "Be a good boy—read your Bible, my son, and after you get out give those h—ll that put you in."

A dainty officer, (who was a brother of a Lieut. Col.) highly perfumed and got up regardless of expense, once visited the old war-horse, Gen. Sully.— After the Gen. had imbibed a smelt, says he, "Young man, how long have you been in the service?" "Almost six months," was the response. "Well, sir," retorted the General, "I have been in the service twenty-five years, and don't stink half so bad."

Every article in this paper is original, and sees the light for the first time.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1865.

INDIAN IM-POLICY.

Of the many lessons which the late war have forced upon our attention none are more worthy of being carefully considered than the consummate folly and utter impracticability of the authorities at Washington, either civil or military, attempting to control and direct in all their details the operations of Commanding Officers in the field. In no country, nor under any circumstances can a war be successfully prosecuted, unless the immediate field commanders are worthy of being entrusted with discretionary power to act according to the ever varying position and strategy of the enemy. And if they are thus qualified, the Government that withholds the confidence so essential to success becomes justly responsible for disasters which often neither professed skill nor personal bravery can avert. The extent and magnitude of our calamities that are chargeable to this source will never be fully appreciated until, in the calmness of the distant future, the impartial historian records the deeds of heroism, and the dark scenes of pain, anguish, desolation and death that will ever make memorable the thickly studded battlefields of Virginia. With the sad experience of the past in our minds, and so impressive in its silent appeals to our judgment, it is passing strange that all should be forgotten in our contest with Indians, when its observance would seem so obviously and peculiarly necessary. All who have any knowledge of Indians know that they are strictly nomadic in their habits; the frontier traveler may find in the depths of the wilderness, a village of a thousand or more inhabitants, and returning a week afterwards, be greeted only by the howl of the wolf, sole remnant of the busy throng.

For two successive seasons Gen. Sully has pursued them into the very heart of their desolate retreats, and by skillful manoeuvring forced them into an engagement, resulting each time in a total defeat, the loss of many lives, and destruction of a large amount of (to them) valuable property. Long familiarity with their habits and customs and a very thorough acquaintance with their country, gives to Gen. Sully the highest qualifications for a successful commander against them, and justifies him not only in claiming proper attention to his opinions, but great discretionary power as to his movements and operations in their pursuit.—It is well known that after the most careful consideration, and after availing him-

self of all the information it was possible to obtain, the General was firmly persuaded that the Indians were this season to be found on the South side of the river, and that his plan for this season's campaign was arranged in accordance with this view, and was designed to affect the double object of opening up a thoroughfare to the unexplored regions of the Black hills, and thence to the more Western gold region, and also to meet the Indians where there was every assurance of their being found in force. The Command was to cross the Missouri at Fort Sully, proceed up the Snyeme, deploying in either direction according to circumstances, pass to the North of the Black Hills, establish a post, and return by a more Southerly route down the valley of the Ni-o-bra-ja river. This plan with all its details was submitted to the proper authorities and duly approved, but for some inexplicable reason, at the latest moment, after all the preliminary arrangements were perfected, peremptory orders were received not to cross the Missouri, but to proceed North to Devil's Lake, and thence to return to the river at Fort Berthold. As the Command moved up the river the most positive evidence accumulated from time to time that the General's views were correct as to the position of the Indians; and while at this point it was well known that they were in force near this Post, and yet orders, which he dared not disobey, compelled him to continue his march directly away from them, and we were subjected to a furious assault within three days after his departure. No one entertains any hope of his meeting Indians in the direction he is forced to take, nor can any one, however fruitful his imagination, conjecture any possible good to result from a seven days' march across a trackless plain, with not a solitary stick of timber on the entire route.

It will be by the merest accident if a single hostile Indian is met with—the entire season will be lost—a large amount of money expended, and the result worse than a failure, for the reason that the Indians will regard it as a triumph to them, and a defeat to us. After many humiliating defeats which were well nigh fatal, dispensing with red tape and leaving details where they belonged, the lamented Lincoln said to Gen. Grant, "go and take Richmond." In his own way he proceeded to the task assigned him, accomplished the result, and saved the nation. In like manner must the authorities at Washington say to some one competent to the task "Go and chastise these miserable land-pirates," and the work will be done, and not until then.

FORT RICE, D. T. }
August 7, 1865. }

Editor Frontier Scout, Dear Sir.—In the memorandum which I gave you of the share taken by my command in the affair of the 28th ult., I unintentionally omitted to mention the name of Lieut. John F. Stuart, Co. A, 4th U. S. V. Inf. who was with me throughout the fight on that day, and materially assisted in the repulse of the enemy by his coolness, good judgment, and bravery.

Very respectfully your obt. servt.
SAML. G. SEWALL.
Capt. Co. A, 4th U. S. V. Inf.

The Editor of the Frontier Scout, in his account of the battle of the 28th of July, did not state the probable number of the attacking party, nor the number of killed and wounded of the enemy, lest it should seem like braggadocio. He gathered an account from different participants in the fight; if any one failed to be credited with their full share in the engagement, they have no one to blame but themselves, as the writer of the piece eagerly sought information from every source, and their own indolence or carelessness only prevented their being heard from. I think it a very true account, as it was what was seen, and not the fruit of imagination. The number of killed and wounded were without doubt many, as there were Indians killed on every part of the field. The attacking party must have numbered at least fifteen hundred, as the area over which the fight raged was so extensive. It seemed in miniature like Vespasian's troops attacking Jerusalem, but the result was quite different.

E. G. A.

Hd. Qrs. Mess received a fine lot of turnips from Mr. William Tredway. They were raised in his garden at this Post. This season is a fruitful one for Dakota. They were gratefully received and duly appreciated.

The Boston Journal, acknowledges the receipt of "Frontier Scout" No. 1, sent by Lieut. Backerman.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

When the winter cometh cold
Ice will many a stream enfold,
Many a lake will turn to stone
When the storm hath on it blown,
Many a fountain spray upcast,
Bound with icy fetter fast,
But the spring within the glen
Throws up water—even then.

'Neath the scorching summer sun
Many a stream will cease to run,
Many a lake will sink away,
Many a fountain cease to play,
But the spring within the glen
Throws up water—even then.

When misfortunes 'round us fold
All man's hearts are spongy cold,
When we faint 'neath Slander's beam,
Earth dries up each shallow stream
Of goodwill or love it bore,
And they cheer our sight no more,
But a mother's heart e'en then
Is like spring within the glen.

LOST.

July 28th, a POCKET-BOOK, containing \$104.25 in money, one order for head-stones for the grave-yard, and one list of gun-crew.

I will give \$25.00 for the return of the same, or any information respecting its whereabouts.

Corpl. J. D. CURTIS,
Co. C, 1st U. S. V. Inf.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST 2.—The Deer Lodge brings among its passengers Dr. C. W. Knight, Assistant Surgeon for this Post. His reputation as an able doctor and gentleman have preceded him.

I obtained an Indian's skull to add to my cabinet of curiosities. It is securely perched on the summit of my bat-tree, like Poe's raven on the bust of Pallas, just above his chamber door.

A most splendid display of Heaven's fireworks tonight. The Aurora Borealis came out in a splendor surpassing that of mid-winter. The great waves of light rolled up towards the zenith like the huge white surfs round some high, rocky islet in the waste of old ocean. Always forward dashed the lines of light like glittering ranks of bayonets charging a lofty citadel. What splendor can one motion of Deity through the elements of Nature display!

AUGUST 3.—An Indian was discovered by a picket thrown out by the herders.—Mr. Indian was lying in wait for a victim, but came very near being victimized himself.

Troops reported in transports above Omaha on the way to relieve the 1st U. S. V. Inf.

AUGUST 4.—Another rainy day, and windy also.

Private Hufstuder, wounded in the Indian battle of July 28th, dies to-night.

AUGUST 5th.—Cloudy and a little rain in the forenoon. Beautiful rain in afternoon. A most magnificent evening, the moon shining regally.

Private Hufstuder buried to-day.

The steamers Big Horn and Spray arrive with supplies for this Post.

The wolves are howling to-night like demons.

Dr. Curtis T. Fenn, from U. S. Genl. Hospital, Madison, Wisconsin, arriving on the Spray, relieves Dr. Knight. Such are the mutations of military life.

AUGUST 6.—An extraordinarily fine day.

By the Big Horn and Spray the Q. M. Dept. at Fort Rice receive 4500 sacks of corn. The Mail arrives. The wolves are howling on all sides tonight; we can see them, some of them are as large as year old calves. The first cat arrives at Fort Rice. There are so many rats and mice here it is a great field for feline missionaries.

AUGUST 7—Another fine day.

The Big Horn leaves for above with Co. C, 4th U. S. V. Inf. Capt. Adams Bassett, Comdg. This Company is to relieve Co. B, 1st U. S. V. Inf. at Fort Union, M. T.

Lieut. Rouse goes on a leave of absence up the Missouri. Success attend Capt. Bassett, and Lieut. Eaton, wherever they go! Lieut. Bancroft also returns to his duties at Fort Berthold. Mr. Marsh Regl. Sutler, and Mr. Frank La Frombois, Indian Interpreter, also leave on the same boat for Fort Berthold.

The Spray departs about noon for below. She bears away Maj. Gregory, Post Sutler, Mr. Lewis, his assistant, and the Major's ward, Johnny Edgar, also Dr. Knight. The Captain of the boat brought out some splendid wine, and we had a very genial time. Good luck go with Major Gregory, Mr. Lewis and Dr. Knight. They are gentlemen the world over.

A detachment of soldiers are sent for guard of the steamer Belle Peoria, high and dry on a sand-bar 150 miles below here.

The full moon rises in all her splendor at twilight. It was a most magnificent sight to behold, but after an hour Luna sailed into clouds that swept like breakers through the blue ocean empyrean.

AUGUST 8th.—Pleasant forenoon, but a severe rain storm in the afternoon.

Col. Pattee, Capt. Noyes, Post Adjt. Archibald, and Lieut. Hutchins, Act. Adjt. 1st U. S. V. Inf., visit the hay-fields, where Lieut. Stuart is gathering the products of Dakota.

The Detachment of 6th Iowa Cavalry, dispatch bearers, from Fort Sully, return with mail.

Steamer Benton, Capt. Howard, arrives from above. No passengers. Texe, cabin and stacks full of bullet-holes, where red-skins had fired into her. We had a gay time with the genial Captain Charley Stout sung his Pioneer song, and others of that ilk, on board, for the edification of all.

The most splendid rain-bow I ever saw spanned the Heavens after the storm. I never beheld a rain-bow "as is a rain-bow," till I came to Dakota. I would go a thousand miles to see to grand a sight. A perfect arch, and in duplicate, like Q. M.'s vouchers. I am going to write a full description of it hereafter, or perpetrate a poem, or do something else terrible about it. The rain-bow now a-days, I really do believe, is got up more splendidly because Peace, glorious Peace, has dawned upon our country.

AUGUST 9.—A very fine day.

The Benton departs for below at an early hour.

The pleasure party returns, reporting game rather scarce. It blew so hard it took six men to hold the tent they had in place, and prevent its rising like a balloon into the mid-heavens.

1st Lieut. Champney, Comdg. Co. C, gives a social party to-night, to celebrate his birthday. May he have many, and happier even than this one in Dakota!

AUGUST 10.—Very windy.

FORT RICE, D. T. }
August 8, 1865. }

Editor Frontier Scout.—Permit me to trespass briefly upon your space, to correct an error in the account of the battle of the 28th of July, published in the Scout of Aug. 3d, and which is calculated to create an erroneous impression of the result of the engagement, besides doing injustice to a portion of the troops engaged.

The error referred to, which was doubtless occasioned by a misunderstanding on your part, of the language used—occurs in the concluding sentence of what you give as my narration, which sentence reads as follows: "I should judge in all, there were ten or twelve Indians killed

out right, and there were many more wounded."

In the verbal narrative of the fight which I gave you at your solicitation, I stated that there were known to have been ten or twelve Indians killed outright and many more wounded by Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, instead of which you give that as the aggregate number killed and wounded by all the troops engaged. There were undoubtedly large numbers killed and wounded by the other troops. Besides Co. G, there were four Companies of the 1st, and three Companies of the 4th U. S. V. Infantry engaged.

The fight in its details covered a field of over two miles in extent, from the extreme right to the extreme left of our line the various Companies, detachments, and batteries were disposed at the most available points for making or repulsing attacks. The plan of battle, on the part of the Indians, was preconcerted and systematic,—their attacks at all points concerted and simultaneous. It was consequently impossible for those engaged on one part of the field to know what was transpiring on other parts. I therefore spoke only of what came under my own observation, presuming that some "looker on in Venice" could give you a more comprehensive sketch of the engagement.

Capt. Moreland with Co. G, of the 6th, and Lieut. Riley with Co. D, of the 4th, entertained the Red-skins strenuously, if not pleasantly on the left, while Capt. Michie and Lieuts. Champney, Backerman, and Braun, with Companies H, C, E, and D, respectively of the 1st, and Capt. Bassett, with Co. C, of the 4th, did the honors of the occasion at various points towards the right of the line where Capt. Sewalls with Co. A, of the 4th, was the presiding genius.

The operations on the field were directed by Lieut. Col. Pattee, in person, assisted by the Post Adjutant, Lieut. Archibald, and Surgeon Yeomans, was on the field to care for the wounded.

Individual praise being of necessity invidious is uncalled for. All did their duty well, and all doubtless contributed more or less to increase in numbers that wailing crew of which you say "There is many a squaw will bewail her brave, killed on the 28th of July, and make night hideous with her howlings, as in the depth of her anguish she pulls her long black hair by the side of some bluff, or in some deep ravine of Dakota." Poor dear creatures! As though Indians possessed the attributes of humanity, or the affectionate instincts of the higher order of brutes! As though their fiendish hearts were susceptible of one spark of the anguish they so gloatingly inflict upon others!

They are devoid of every ennobling emotion of the human heart—intuitively brutal—preferentially degraded—essentially heartless, vindictive and remorseless. Their stately pride and nobility of character exists only in the ideal fancies of imaginative flash novel writers. The chivalrous knights errant and romantic heroes of the Indian race are myths of the poet.

C. F. HOURS

Why is Co. C, 4th U. S. V. Inf. like a drunkard? It is transported by a big horn, (Big Horn.)

THROUGH THE REBELLION.

SKETCH FIRST.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 1ST U. S. V. INF.

Think not, kind reader, that it is my intention to write a history of myself; far from it, only to give briefly and in as few words as possible the doings of one who has participated in this great Rebellion, and the vicissitudes through which he has passed, hoping in the meantime it will not draw too heavily on the reader's time or prove too irksome for his perusal.

Jan. 27, 1864, found me arrayed against the Stars and Stripes, a soldier of the C. S. A. No sooner had I enlisted than I was hurried off to Pensacola, Florida, to assist in wresting Fort Pickens from its lawful owners. For three long months did we remain there, when upon one quiet night in April, 1864, naught could be heard except the tramp of the sentinel as he trod the imperial battlements of Forts Mollae and Barrancas. In the distance, looking over a blue sheet of water, could be seen a soldier dressed in blue uniform, going his rounds upon the parapet of the defying and grim-looking Fort Pickens, over which the National colors were floating gracefully in the breeze. On the beach adjoining Fort Mollae were to be seen white tents stretched along for a distance of some miles, affording shelter to some 2000 Confederate troops. All was quiet as I have said, when very suddenly the thundering of a horse's hoofs meeting with the cry from the sentinel of "Halt! who goes there!" awakened many from their sweet slumbers. "A courier from Warrington, with glorious news, wants to see Gen. Braxton Bragg," (who was then commanding the defenses of Pensacola Harbor,) is the response. The Corporal of the Guard advances, and grants him admittance. Soon he reaches the Head Quarters of Gen. Bragg. He is ushered into the old General's presence. "What, what is the news?" asks the General. "Fort Sumpter is now in our possession. Gen. Beauregard, after two days' hard fighting, has made it succumb to the prowess of his valor." "Orderly, tell my Adjutant General I want to see him." He obeys the tyrant's mandate. Capt. Gregory reaches his bedside. "Captain," says he, "have the long roll sounded, and read the glorious news which the telegraph wires have flashed to Warrington from Charleston, South Carolina, contained in this dispatch," at the same time handing him the dispatch.

What means that issuing out of so many soldiers from those white tents that dot the enclosure of yonder encampment? The cries of "Fall in, men—right dress—steady, front!" can be heard reverberating throughout the length and breadth of the whole encampment. What mean those drums beating in that style? Does it announce the approach of the enemy? Methinks not! What can it be? Vague are the rumors and conjectures! Soon do we receive the correct news, for while we are in line a courier gallops up to Capt. Wade, my Company Commander, and hands him a dispatch, or rather an order. He reads the contents of the order. Some one utters a shout. It is caught up. Wild, loud and terrific

are the yells emanating from the throats of some two thousand soldiers. Every one is elated with joy over the result of the bombardment. Little did they think, poor deluded followers of Jefferson Davis, that three years from that day Fort Sumpter would be again in possession of the Union authorities. Too fast I am with my story. We will come to this glorious consummation in the end. Not long after the night on which were these wild manifestations of joy and glee, orders for my Regiment (18th Mississippi) to proceed to Virginia were received at the Head Quarters of the Genl. Comdg. Transportation was quickly provided for us. We embarked, numbering some eight hundred strong, for the seat of war. President Lincoln, hesitating not for one moment from pursuing the proper course of restoring national authority, had called for seventy five thousand volunteers, and from every hamlet and city in the North men were responding with an alacrity worthy their forefathers of '76.

The Rubicon (Potomac) was crossed, and the army under command of Genl. McDowell was advancing upon Manassas; On sped the cars on which we were placed, trying if possible to out-peed the wind. At every depot were large crowds assembled to give us a warm reception. Conspicuous among these were a large proportion of the fair sex. So pretty were some of these that to be smacked to death by their tiny hands would alone be the quintessence of human happiness. Bouquets composed of amaranths, water-lilies, and magnolias were thrown in beautiful profusion among us. Many a kiss from the sweet lips of the ladies was retura'd by a salute of the bronzed hand of the young soldier.

CAPT. HENRY HAYWARD'S, AFFECTION FOR HIS MOTHER.—Capt. Henry Hayward, Co. D, 2d N. H. Vols was one of the heroes that fell in the battle of Coal Harbor. Indeed he never wore the commission of Captain; he died with a First Lieutenant's straps on: his commission had come, but he had not obtained it. He and I were the only officers of the 2d N. H. Vols. who escaped without a scratch at Gettysburg. Some stranger speaks of finding his grave in front of Richmond. I will bet when he fell he had that little pin case of his mother's which he carried in his bosom. He showed it to me one day when we went in bathing at the time our Regiment was encamped at Bludensburg. How his lip quivered when he spoke of her who died when he was a mere child. When ever he arranged a bouquet of flowers, he would speak of his mother's good taste, and how she loved everything beautiful in nature and art. No wonder such a mother should give birth to a hero.—Harry was a fine singer, but there was a plaintiveness that obtruded as if a hand of sorrow from the unseen shore touched the harpstrings of his voice, or a sad remembrance broke like a ripple the current of his musical utterances. We admire him as a hero, but the quiver of the lip, and changed tone, so solemn, so reverential, when a mother was mentioned, impress us that bravery was not his only fine trait, but that in his inmost heart the noblest feelings of humanity had their lodgment and abiding place. E. G. A.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Old Mrs. Littlehale of Bethel, Me., far in the interior of the State, was once visited by a Methodist preacher who exhorted her to flee from the wrath to come, and seek religion, as it was what she needed to live by and what she needed to die by. "Ah!" but replied she, "in this new country we need a grist-mill a darned sight more!"

Three Irishmen caught an eel, and held a consultation how to terminate its existence. At last they decided to kill it by drowning. Accordingly they committed it to its watery grave, as they thought, and one of them looking after it exclaimed, "And tath, how it wiggles its tail for pain!"

A farmer once had an Irishman by the name of James Vecock. He set him to fell some trees, telling him which way he would like to have the tops fall. Jimmy heard him through, and then innocently inquired, "And which way would yer honor have the butts to fall?"

Rob B., of D., N. H. was a confirmed liar; in the words of another he would lie the hair off a yellow dog's tail. He likewise suttered awfully, which made his lying seem worse. He once said "I n-n never found any m-m-m-mon-ey but o-o-once in m-m-my life, I was w-w-walking in Spring G-G-Garden, Portsmouth, It was so d-d-dark I couldn't see m-m-my hand before my f-f-face, when I hit m-m-my f-foot against s-s-something, and heard it j-j-jingle—l-l-l-looked down, and picked up a five dollar bill."

Tailor Tommy Thompson, of D.—was not destitute of sense nor ignorant of human nature, if he hadn't traveled but "twelve miles East, West, North and South," as he said. A colporteur begging contributions for missionary purposes once visited him. After the solicitor had urged his claims in the most eloquent terms, the old gentleman went to his pile of reserved change, and brought out a cent, and delivered it to the astonished visitor. He soon retired again, and bringing out a dollar, said, "Sir, I give you this dollar to get that cent to the heathen!"

Old Jock Clay, of M., N. H. was a shrewd one to get his ruin without paying for it. He once filled a two quart jug half full of water, and went to a store, and ordered a quart of whisky; they measured it out, and put it into the jug, but he not having the money to pay for it, and having withal very poor credit, they emptied out, he making just one pint of liquor in the operation.

Why is old Joshua's daughter in the Bible like the milky way? 'Cause sho is the gal Achsa (galaxy).

Why did Joshua have no parents? The Bible says he is the son of none (Nun).

What affair in King David's history excites your anger? The affair of your ire (Uriah).