

# FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher.

Vol. 1

FORT RICE, D.T., SEPTEMBER 7, 1865.

No. 13.

## CHATTANOOGA.

When the Federal soldiers reached the summit of Lookout Mountain, an eagle soared from its nest on the topmost crag into the blue empyrean. This Poem was written on hearing of the victory.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

A new-born glory gildeth our flag  
 Since the victory over the boastful Bragg,  
 The sky is brighter, the canopy huger,  
 Since the gallant triumph of Chattanooga.  
 From Lookout's summit I see the day  
 Dispelling the night of Rebellion away,  
 And peace upreareth her rainbow bridge,  
 With one end resting on Mission Ridge.  
 As the ark of humanity erst-times sat  
 On the glorious summit of Ararat,  
 And sent out a dove, which returned  
 with a branch  
 Unwithered left from the avalanche  
 Of waters that God in his wrath had hur-  
 led  
 From the mount of his might on the vale  
 of the world,  
 So the ark of Freedom on Lookout's crest  
 Is a joyous herald of coming rest,  
 Above it is floating a flag of stars  
 On a breeze that is born of a nation's  
 huzzas,  
 And all nations of Earth, as they catch  
 the glad sight,  
 Rim the horizon 'round with the shout  
 of delight.  
 In the midst of the wilderness, barren and  
 dark,  
 A focus of glory was Israelite's ark,  
 When a pall of deep blackness enshrou-  
 ed Earth's things  
 Still wafted was light from the cheru-  
 bim's wings  
 (For the clouds of the Earth are like motes  
 in the beams,  
 When the fount is the God-head whence  
 light is the stream.)  
 So 'midst the dark tempest that over us  
 broke  
 When the land was beclouded with War's  
 sulphur smoke,  
 When perished our young men like  
 things of an hour,  
 The wheat of our country mown down in  
 its flower,  
 When manhood that grew through the  
 full-rounded years  
 The hail of the musketry cut like a shears,  
 When we stood on the verge of Destruc-  
 tion's abyss,  
 And heard the wild surges of Anarchy  
 hiss,  
 When all stars that we saw were the stars  
 of our flag.

So riddled with bullets, it hung like a  
 rag,  
 When the sky was all black, and no cloud  
 rent of blue  
 Let one beam of glory the hurricane  
 through,  
 Still then, although hid from our battle-  
 dimmed sight,  
 Our eagle soared high in the smile of  
 God's light,  
 No arrow from quiver a Rebel erst drew  
 Could bring that proud bird from his home  
 in the blue.  
 When the smoke of the battle from Look-  
 out had whirled,  
 And lay in the vale like a night on the  
 world,  
 As our comrades that eminence gallantly  
 trod,  
 The prophets of Freedom as Moses of God,  
 Far over the summit in thin atmosphere,  
 The tempest just ended had rendered  
 more clear,  
 Our emblem of glory, unlettered, un-  
 stained,  
 Soared out from his nest on the crest they  
 had gained,  
 And upward his flight as our nation's  
 shall be,  
 For God has ordained that this world  
 shall be free.

## A Reminiscence of Nicaragua.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

During the first Expedition of the Fil-  
 ibuster Walker (as some term this la-  
 mented officer) I was one of the few fol-  
 lowers that were with him. Our Division  
 under command of Gen. Hornesby, from  
 New Orleans, La., composed the advance  
 forces of his little army. After remain-  
 ing in that country some two months or  
 more we received tidings of Commodore  
 Paulding's orders to disperse our forces, as  
 we were accomplishing nothing productive  
 of benefit to the Government. The Com-  
 modore succeeded in his object. Our  
 band dispersed, and Gen. Walker pro-  
 ceeded to Washington, D. C., as a pris-  
 oner. Through the intervention of some  
 of his friends he was soon released, and  
 returned to New Orleans. As soon as  
 he arrived in that city he set about or-  
 ganizing another force to proceed again  
 to Nicaragua. He partially succeeded,  
 and with a few men he started forth again  
 upon the stormy road of a soldier's life,  
 to gain laurels or perish in the attempt.  
 The summer of '58 found us, as I have

said in the beginning, upon the tramp  
 from Granada to Costa Rica, a small place  
 of some 1500 inhabitants. They fled  
 to the main army upon our approach.—  
 After passing through this latter place,  
 we halted and spread our canvas. Its  
 white folds were soon flapping by the  
 sway of the wind so refreshing.

The natives of this country are of a  
 very dark color, but not devoid of intelli-  
 gence and beauty, possessing as they do,  
 a ready wit, slow to anger, but never for-  
 getful of an injury. Like an Indian,  
 when a person once confers a kind favor  
 upon them, they never forget it, but will  
 surely reciprocate if ever it lies within  
 the scope of their power.

Directly after we arrived at Porto Bue-  
 na, a little town containing some 800 or  
 1000 inhabitants, some soldiers of Gen.  
 Walker's command had occasion to visit  
 the town on some business connected  
 with the army, when one of the soldiers,  
 having too free access to whisky, soon be-  
 came intoxicated, and while in that state,  
 insulted grossly a young lady of rare beau-  
 ty, while she was quietly walking along  
 the streets. She applied to Lieut. —  
 in charge of the soldiers, for redress. Not  
 possessing any attributes of a gentleman,  
 he seemed not to notice her complaints.  
 She, being a lady of more courage than  
 generally belongs to the sex, applied to  
 Gen. Walker. Instead of turning a deaf  
 ear to her as the Lieut. did, he listened  
 to her story of wrongs, and had the guilty  
 offender summarily punished.

Two months had elapsed since this oc-  
 currence when the lamented General hap-  
 pened to fall a prisoner in the hands of  
 the enemy. Gen. ——— condemned  
 him to death, and on the day he was to  
 be shot, just as the officer was giving  
 the command "Ready," a beautiful  
 young lady fell upon her knees, and in  
 suppliant attitude, besought him to spare  
 his life, but the mandate had been is-  
 sued first from the lips of the cruel Ne-  
 ro, and his life could not be spared,  
 and as the third command, "Fire," was  
 being given, she threw her arms around  
 his neck, and there fell a victim with  
 him upon the altar of his country.

MORE ANON.

HOW THE PEOPLE DRESS IN THE  
 STATES.—"Beads are high, for the In-  
 dians are almost outdone by the whites  
 in bead-work; almost everything is or-  
 namented with beads. There is another  
 style of hat worn more than the panama,  
 but they are hateful-looking things, I  
 think—high crown, like the tall black  
 hats, and narrow rim—sand color—so I  
 got you a panama as you requested."

# THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1865.

## Siegmund M. Rothhammer.

The road to Science has generally been through grim portals. Our friend Rothhammer, whose article appeared in the last "Scout," affords no exception to the rule. It is true that actual War and Science go hand in hand in these times, each preparing the way for the other; yet the work of a naturalist is rather impeded by the presence of a military expedition, which moves and halts, without regard to his spots of interest. In spite of this it will be seen that Siegmund Rothhammer deserves to rank among the best collectors for the Smithsonian Institute.

The Bad Lands, still unexplored, present the most inviting field in Dakota, both as to mineral and fossil wealth.—These he has not been permitted to visit; but with the eye of an enthusiast nothing has escaped his notice where he has gone. His claim that Dakota is capable of developing great wealth does not seem improbable.

The vast beds of vegetable marl above the Cannon Ball, which he has been the first to notice, must have been deposited for some purpose. Extensive beds of coal also crop out near Fort Rice, leading far to the North and West.

In the single department of Entomology Dakota stands unrivaled. Rothhammer has collected from Sioux City to Devil's Lake of grasshoppers alone one hundred and fifty varieties. He believes that, taking the season through, at least five hundred distinct varieties exist. A far more economical product is buffalo grass, admitted to be of the very finest quality for grazing. With this the plains of the Territory are covered from Yankton to the Cannon Ball River. Barley, wheat, oats and millet are found wild, growing in spots abundantly.

Mr. Rothhammer may meet with more exciting scenes in Central or South America, where he proposes to go with his family, but we could not wish him any better fortune than that of being the first to point out the resources of Dakota.

Why is Shakespear's play of Othello an immoral production? It is a history of amour (a Moor.)

What proof have we that Abraham had many nephews? The Bible says he had a lot (Lot.)

Why is Lot's wife a sailor? She is the oldest "salt" on record.

## Letter from Lt. Col. Jos. R. King

HEAD QUARTERS 3d SUB-DIST., }  
Fort Larned, Kansas, }  
July 29, 1865. }

To Capt. Enoch G. Adams, 1st U. S. V. Inf., Fort Rice, D. T.—Dear Captain.—The Frontier Scout made its appearance this A. M., dated June 22d. I assure you it was a very welcome visitor, and it afforded me much pleasure while perusing its contents. It reminded me of many pleasant hours, and bright old times and faces fresh to memory, and almost awakened a desire to "would I were with thee." I am very sorry to hear of poor Wilson's death; his loss must be keenly felt by the little band of gallant and jovial spirits that remain, and you all must feel that a blank exists in your midst and in your social gatherings. The loss of that well-known voice must often recall to your minds the once cheerful, warm-hearted, social comrade, poor Wilson. My acquaintance with him was short, but his many manly and gentlemanly qualities endeared him, and I soon began to look upon him as an old and tried friend.

I am exceedingly glad to know that good health prevails throughout your command.

\* \* \* \* \*

You have pictured to the "balance of mankind" what the "Eagle Bird" thinks of Dakota—I wish she would sail over this God-forsaken section, but sufficiently high, so as not to get even a sniff of the air that we poor devils breathe, for I am convinced that if she did, she would not remain long enough to form an opinion of "shrieking Kansas." We are about 1000 miles from nowhere, excepting it be the verges of h—, and I think we "aint more nor" ten rods from that delightful spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Give my compliments to the "devil," Chaupney.

I expect to visit your Post probably by Christmas, if your "red friends" are not too particular about who travels the Upper Missouri the coming Winter, and will furnish me with a pass, guaranteeing the safety of my "har."

I have quite an important command just now. In command of the 3d Sub. Dist., Dist. Upper Arkansas. I have the 14th Mo. Cavalry, 15th Kansas Cavalry, three companies 2d Colorado Cavalry, two companies 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, five companies Veteran Battalion 1st Colorado Cavalry, and four companies 2d U. S. V. Inf., with a Battery of Mountain Howitzers.

I have been preparing for a raid after Indians—intend to take 1000 Cavalry, three companies Infantry and the Bat-

tery. Expect to have some fun, as well as hard knocks. I will send you a report of my campaign.

Give my kind regards to Col. Dimon and all the officers—all the civil-villains (civilians) also.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hoping that you are all very well, and that long may you wave, I am,

Ever of thee, &c.,

J. R. KING,

Lt. Col. 2d U. S. V. Inf.

Comdg. 3d Sub. Dist.

Buffalo hunts for amusement, che and cribbage for recreation, and "draw poker" for profit or loss.

## Letter from the Hub of the Universe.

BOSTON ATHENÆUM LIBRARY, }  
July 19, 1865. }

Friend Adams.—I received yesterday a copy of the Frontier Scout, No. 2, by which it appears you are located in the far west. It is the first intimation of the fact that I have had. Came must have received a copy of No. 1, for it was noticed a few days ago in the Journal.—Your paper does not give a very glowing account of the natural beauties of the locality.

I had a few days ago from Tim, Dwight the record of our class for the five years from July 1859 to July 1864. I copy the record of the person who stands at the head of our class:

"Enoch George Adams.—Resident in Durham, N. H., 1859-61. In the Army, 1861-64. Entered as a private, Co. D, 2d N. H. Regt., April 23, 1861. Promoted to be Sergeant Oct. 1, 1861; 2d Lieut. Co. D, 2d N. H., May 1, 1863.—Capt. Co. D, 1st U. S. Vols., May 7, 1864. Married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Libby, of Berwick, Me., May 23, 1863."

The following deaths are reported since July 27, 1859: Beecher, Chandler, Cooper, Kirby, Starr, Upson and Wade.

Dr. Ebor, of New York, was in Boston a few days ago with his wife, and we had a reunion at my house of Eliot, Cramo and Miles, with their wives and children, and a very pleasant affair it was.

My family are all well. I shall be glad to hear from you and receive your paper. I put it on file for preservation in the Library. We are doing a good deal in collecting Rebel newspapers and documents. We have a complete file of the Richmond Examiner from Feb. 1861, to the day of the evacuation of Richmond, not a paper missing or mutilated, and partial sets of many other papers. Your frontier papers will be very curious and valuable.

Yours very truly,

W. F. POOLE.

## Epitaph of a Lady of Newburyport, Mass.

Refined in manners, yet devoid of art,  
Lofty of spirit, but of noble heart,  
In her all graces were at once combined,  
And formed the priceless jewel of her mind.  
Her frame was feeble, and with pain she trod  
Life's thorny pathway, now she rests with  
God;  
Her sufferings cease, her sorrows find an  
end,  
In heavenly joys participates our friend.  
E. G. A.



LOCAL ITEMS.

SEPT. 1.—Very warm day. Cos. A and D, of the 4th U. S. V. Inf. embark on the steamer Big Horn for Fort Sully.—Mrs. Yarborough leaves, so Mrs. Kruger, Miss James and Mrs. Larned are the only white women at the Post.

John Hilliard, of Co. E, 1st U. S. V. Inf., accidentally shot by Sergt. Merkle, of the same company. He was a good soldier. He was a ferryman, and his strong arms will row us no more across the Minnecosher, or Big Muddy, geographically called, Missoari, for Death, "the boatman pale," has rowed him across the shadowy river to the silent hills of Eternity. Alas! that the grim monster should so disappoint the expectation he had of soon meeting his friends once more. In a conversation some days preceding, he stated his parents resided in Indiana.

Co. K, under Lieut. Cronan, relieves the detail of the 4th U. S. V. Inf. at the hayfields.

Gen. Sully moves his camp four or five miles down the river to get better grass for the horses.

SEPT. 2.—Visited the camp of the Expedition, and took dinner with the General. Found him in one of his most genial moods. I partook of a chicken stew, something I had not tasted of for over a year. He has had hens on the whole march.—He related how one fell out of a wagon, and how frightened she was for fear of being left in the desolate prairie; how at a double-quick she overtook the train, screeching with alacrity. Sensible chicken not to like Dakota.

SEPT. 3.—Very windy. The roughest day I ever saw in Dakota. Dust flying in clouds. The army of the winds are most essentially kicking up a dust.

The General and many of his staff, also Major Brackett, visit us, and take dinner at Hd. Qrs.

SEPT. 4.—Visit the camp of the Expedition to bid the officers good-bye. It is hard parting with them, they are such genial, kind-hearted men. Capt. Moreland has left us, and many warm friends he has gained in his short stay at Fort Rice. Co. G, of the 6th Iowa Cavalry we shall long remember. They are a gentlemanly, quiet set of men. They mind their own business, and that alone. We lose the intelligent, intellectual, scholarly Dr. Yeomans from our midst, and the lightened Capt. Pope, on his return from the hostile Sioux.

The mail arrives.—Brevet promotions of officers, we see by the Bos on Journal, just received, are made by Congress at the rate of 700 a day. We hear that Col. Dimon is brevetted Brigadier Gen'l; also, Gen. Sully informs us he has another dispatch that troops are on the way to relieve us.

SEPT. 5.—The Expedition starts very early this morning on its winding way for civilization.

We found our tame wolf, Dicky, dead

of distemper this morning. What a loss to the Drum Corps! It will near break them up, as he will nevermore howl an accompaniment as of old.

SEPT. 7.—The steamer U. S. Grant heaves in sight from above.

Lieut. Young returns to Rice from Fort Union, and Lieut. Bancroft from Fort Berthold.—Major Kirkbridge, with 200 of the 3d Illinois Cavalry, has been in to Fort Berthold during the week to obtain rations.

FORT RICE, D. T., }  
Sept 8, 1855. }

Mr. Editor.—It is with the greatest pleasure that I acknowledge the kind treatment which I received while I was detained at your Post with Hemorrhage of the Lungs. I was left under the care and treatment of Drs. Herrick and Fenn, who are skillful and accomplished in their profession, and are gentlemen. I have been personally acquainted with most of the officers of the 1st U. S. Vols., and it gives me pleasure to say they are worthy of wearing the sword.

Gentlemen, accept my warmest thanks.

Lieut. A. J. CHURCH,  
Co. C, Brackett's Minn. Bat. Cav.

A Woman's Thoughts.

"I have received many little papers—they are excellent. In one of your Editorials you spoke of the pioneers having so much energy that they could not settle down, and sleep in their Grandfather's chimney-corner. There are a great many young men here in New England, the most like a great house-dog, watching for a few crumbs that may fall from the table of some of their friends, afraid to move from the chimney corner for fear they shall not make sure of those little morsels that rightfully may belong to them; if a few nice bits are thrown to them they are lost in an instant in a great vacuum, seemingly doing no good, not appeasing their hunger in the least, so they grow lean and lazy with watching and waiting, never venturing out among the vast and rich fields and forests of human beings where they will need a little ambition, sagacity and fleetness to supply their wants, though the game is abundant. They need not fear—what if they should not be able to devour all the game they catch? It is better to leave something than to famish watching for the table cloth to be shaken, for perhaps the persons may remain so long at the table that there will be but little to shake."

The Heroes of the 21 N. H. Vols.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

The orderly sergeants, with ringing voice,  
When the day had surceased its din and  
and its noise,  
In the midst of the woods, where each  
was a column,  
Called the names of his men with an  
emphasis solemn,  
And I thought of the roll of the judg-  
ment-seat. [his beat,  
Who? Time had arrived at the end of  
But the names that he called have no  
longer bodies, [a goddess,  
They are abstract virtues, like a god or

They have gone from existence, those  
gallant men. [when?

And how did they perish, and where, and  
One stole to the land of shadows away  
From the Williamsburg fight on the 21st  
of May, ["Forward,"

When the order came to the column to  
He fell with a brow that had bullet gasp  
horrid. [dizzied,

Like a statue he lay as the cull mist  
That the sculptor Death from his Life's  
block had chiseled.

Alas! for his mother's heart, horror-  
curdled,

The shade of her life is from tree that  
is girdled. \* [ven,

Another one perished at the hill of Mal-  
By a fate as relentless as creed of Calvin,  
Like a culprit that's killed by stones in a  
pillory,

Demolished forever by Rebel artillery.  
The thread of his life was by Death so  
tangled,

And his form was so wrenched and so torn  
and so mangled,

That his mother that knew him in every  
feature,

To distinguish her son, would require a  
teacher. [Rus, †

Another one perished at the Second Bull  
His father had him for the only one,  
To support him in age, to uphold him in  
weakness,

But he bore it all with a Christian's meek-  
ness,

Yet only a few moons longer existed  
Ere he joined his son, in Death's corps  
entitled.

The land was like Rachel in days of Herod,  
When after that battle her sons were un-  
buried,

But the wind o'er their forms shed the  
leaves and her sobbings,  
As o'er children o' th' woods did the red-  
breasted robins,

For Nature is never a recreant to duty,  
She throws 'round her children the scarf  
of her beauty.

The shield of his honor is blazoned with  
mulletts. \*\*

The one that fell pierced with nine death  
dealing bullets, [like Minerva,  
More glorious than full-armed and war-  
Was the hero that died in the orchard of  
Sherry. [scythe of the mower,

When our dead lay like swaths from the  
Or the ripples that follow the paddle of  
rowe, [disabled

On the Gettysburg field, where Rebellion  
Went back like a mule where he erst had  
been stabled,

Retired with shame at repulse and disaster,  
To be whipped back to fight by more ob-  
durate master.

I cannot remember the heroic names,  
They were Freedom's then, but they now  
are Fame's. [ful faculty!

They are carved by the bullet, and stand  
On the granite shaft of an immortality.  
They are dear to the heart as is Young  
Love's mystery, [day;

They shall live forever in Freedom's his-  
When the Earth is recalled like a picture  
from past [unnumbered host,

And the Judgment is thronged with the  
And a record is read of each man's be-  
havior. [savior?

What name shall outshine his Country's

\*Pvt G.P. Prendergast, of Durham, N. H.  
†Sergt. Robinson, of Manchester, N. H.  
\*\*Capt. G. W. Roberts, of Dover, N. H.

## DEVIL'S LAKE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

Camp No. 29, Southern end of }  
Devil's Lake, D. T. }  
July 30, 1865. }

Here we are at last, camped, as you will see by the heading of this letter, on a beautiful headland that juts into the Southern extremity of the much-talked-of and much-dreaded Devil's Lake, with a beautiful bay on each side of us, and the broad expanse of sea-green water, with numerous forest-covered islands in front of us, on as lovely a breezy, clear, July day as it often falls to the lot of man to experience, and after a seven days' march as pleasant and interesting as fine weather, good water, plenty of grass, but no trees, and rolling prairies and innumerable herds of buffalo, plenty to eat, drink and wear could make it. Indeed, if we had only started out for a pleasure excursion, we could not have asked to have been more favored. The command is small, duties light, marches from eighteen to twenty-five miles a day—starting usually a little before six in the morning, lunch about 10½, and getting into camp by 12 or 1 o'clock, taking a good nap—by which time dinner is ready, and we have appetites to do justice to the culinary powers of "Duke," who aside from the usual routine of soup, buffalo hump, antelope steak, potatoes, tomatoes, tea, bread and butter, to say nothing of iced milk-punch, generally winds up with "something in the bushes" or "behind the door," as he expresses it, such as "nigger in de blanket" or "squaw in de robe"—i. e. "rolly polly" with cream sauce, "wid just a little somethin'" in it to give it flavor. In fact, Duke is an indispensable part of the command, so far as our personal comfort and welfare is concerned, and, in after years, we shall sing his praises whenever our Devil's Lake campaign crosses our memory.

About twenty miles from here, on the "Shyenne of the North," we came upon a camp of Red River Half-Breeds on a hunting excursion. It consisted of about four hundred men, five or six hundred women, and innumerable children of all ages, sizes, colors and sexes, dogs and ponies without number, with over a thousand carts for transporting their provisions, camp equipage and families. They also had a French priest with them, who is their spiritual comforter, and has a great influence in all their councils and the management of their temporal affairs.—We also found a French nobleman, Viscount M. Hyacinthe de Balazie—10 Cite Antin, Paris—who is traveling through the country to see what is to be seen, hunting and seeing frontier life among the Half-Breeds.

Their carts are curiosities in themselves, being made entirely of wood—with wrappings of rawhide—no iron—not even a nail—is used in their construction. The wheels are made in the ordinary way, only much heavier, and without tires and bands. The hub is cut from a small tree with an auger hole through it, in which the wooden axle is thrust without grease or other lubricating material; and as they go screeching, squeaking, squalling, and making most unearthly noises over these broad, desolate prairies, in close proximity to Devil's Lake, it does not require a very great stretch of imagination to believe that one is listening to the weepings, wailings, &c., of the "spirits of the damned" in the original Devil's Lake, so vividly described by Dante and Milton.

These people are almost a distinct race, a mixture of French and Indian, who live a half-civilized life, hunting, trapping, trading and a little farming, independent of all laws except of their own making, paying no taxes, and owning no allegiance to any other government.—They are all devout Catholics, and carry their priest with them in all their expeditions, whether hunting, trading, or war. They also take their families and fiddles—hunting, and curing their meats and hides during the day and dancing and singing at night. They have one President or Chief and twelve Counselors, who, with the Priest, make and execute all laws for their governance and protection. They have a captain of the hunters, who gives all orders, and any disobedience is punishable by fine of from five to fifty dollars. The day before we reached their camp, they killed seven hundred buffaloes, at one run. The meat is preserved by cutting it in thin flaps, and drying it in the sun by hanging it for two or three days on frames made of poles. They seem perfectly happy and contented, their wants being few and easily supplied.

Their encampment presented quite a picturesque appearance, the carts being placed so as to form two circular corralls, into which the ponies and cattle are driven at night. The tops of the carts are connected by dressed buffalo hides that form a continuous shelter, under which they have their bedding, and sleep. The rest of their lives is passed in the open air.

The babies, whose name is legion, are swung in hammocks made of buffalo hides under the axles of the carts, and there kept in motion by some of the older children, while the women are engaged in cutting and drying the meat, and dressing the hides. Except when on the hunt, the men do little but look after the stock, the women doing all the drudgery.

We staid part of one day in their camp, and had a good opportunity of seeing something of their inner life. Few speak English, their language being like themselves a mixture of French and Indian.

Today we launched a boat that we christened "The Devil," built for the purpose of exploring and taking soundings on the lake, and your correspondent together with Major Brackett, Lieut. Udell and several others, made up the party who had the temerity to make the first voyage across the lake, and a delightful one it was.

We visited the opposite shores, gathering berries, and returned in time for supper, intending to extend our sail to other parts of the lake the next day, but it being stormy, it was deferred, and the morning after, we took up our line of march for Mouse River.

C. S.

The following was received Sept. 4th, 1865:

To Capt. Enoch G. Adams—  
Cogite Concilium, et Pacem laudate  
sedentes.

The Graduates and Friends of Yale College desiring gratefully to commemorate the patriotism of those who have represented the University in the service of our country in its memorable struggle for national existence, have made arrangements for an academic festival on Wednesday, July 26th, the day before the next Commencement. You are invited to be present on this occasion as one of the guests.

A public discourse will be delivered by Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., and after the dinner addresses may be expected appropriate to the occasion. A report will also be made by a committee appointed to advise the Alumni in respect to a permanent memorial in honor of those who have given up their lives in the good cause.

New Haven, July 4th, 1865.

JEREMIAH DAY,  
WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,  
NOAH PORTER,  
THEODORE D. WOOLSEY,  
ROGER AVERILL,  
THOMAS A. THATCHER,  
EDWARD OLMSTEAD, Class of 1845.  
HENRY B. HARRISON, " 1846.  
EDWARD I. SANDFORD, " 1847.  
HENRY M. COLTON, " 1848.  
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, " 1849.  
HUBERT A. NEWTON, " 1850.  
HENRY D. WHITE, " 1851.  
DANIEL C. GILMAN, " 1852.  
HORACE H. MCFARLAND, " 1853.  
CHARLES H. LEEDS, " 1854.  
HENRY N. COBB, " 1855.  
HENRY E. PARDEE, " 1856.  
DANIEL C. EATON, " 1857.  
WILLIAM P. BACON, " 1858.  
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT, " 1859.  
HENRY CHAMPION, " 1860.  
WINTHROP E. SHELDON, " 1861.  
JOHN W. ALLING, " 1862.  
ELEAZER K. FOSTER, Jr., " 1863.  
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD, " 1864.

An answer is requested, which may be directed to Arthur W. Wright, Yale College, Secretary of the Committee.