SUMMER.

BY K. H. STODDARD.

The hot midsummer, the bright midsummer
Reigns in its glory now!
The earth is searched with a golden fire,
There are berries dead ripe on every brier,
And fruits on every bough.

But the autumn days, so sober and calm,
Steeped in a dreamy haze;
When the upland all with harvest shines,
And we drink the wind like a fine cool wine,
Ah, those are the best of days!

THE RESCUED MAIDEN.

BY BEN. BARNACLE.

'Hands by the to'gallant clewlines! Man the main crew garnets and bunting, shotted!' shouted the captain of a Baltimore brig, as a dark, heavy cloud came sweeping over the bosom of the ocean, and stirring its surface with foam. 'Mind your helm, my man, and look out that she doesn't take the wheel out of your hand!' 'Ay, ay, sir!' 'O captain, captain!' said a fair, light-haired, and lighter-hearted girl, as she came up the companion ladder to the upper deck and stood anxiously regarding the appearance of the heavens. 'If we are not in any danger, are we?' 'No, no—no danger, Ellen,' answered the skipper, in a gentle tone. 'But go below, child, you will only be in the way here.' The brig Joke was on her passage from Baltimore to Havana, and had on board as passengers the Count Gonzales and his only and lovely daughter Ellen, the flower of his household, and the star which shone the brightest of all in the horizon of his hopes. The Count had been upon a visit to the Falls of Niagara, and other places of interest in the United States, and was now on his way back to his immense estates on the Island of Cuba. Up to the period of the opening of our tale, he had been confined to his berth by sea sickness, and his daughter, the gentle Ellen, had tended him with all the kindness and assiduity of a dutiful child, for which he had again and again expressed his thanks. He was a stern, grave man, who said but little to any one, and endeavored by his exterior friendliness to repel anything like undue familiarity on the part of those about him, and in this he succeeded beyond his utmost wish.

But it was far different with his daughter. She was ever all smiles and sunshine to those among whom her lot was cast, and everyone quickly learned to love her for her docility and her kindness. During the whole passage she had loved to linger on deck in the night watches, and listen to the marvellous tales of the sea, which the good skipper took so much delight in telling, and she had already learned to look upon him almost in the light of a brother, so kind and considerate was he upon all occasions, and such pleasure did he feel in ministering to her slightest wants.

Captain Rainer was a noble specimen of the true-hearted American seaman, bold and daring in his profession, but with a heart as warm as the tropic elaines in which he so long had sailed. At the time of the opening of our tale, Captain Rainer was about twenty-eight years of age, with a noble form and manly cast of features, and although without the advantages of scholas- tic attainments, his natural shrewdness enabled him to appear well among the polished circles in which he was often thrown, and the manly frankness of his bearing, and the good nature of his disposition, obtained for him warm and trusty friends in every quarter of the world he chanced to be.

The squall, of which we have before spoken, was now close upon the brig, and every precaution which skill could bring to bear, had been put in requisition to insure her safety. The light sails had been taken in, the top sails close reeled, and courses hauled up snugly, in order to present as little surface to the wind as possible. Down came the black winged tornado on the ocean, pouring up its waters over awful furrows, and with a low moan or wail, as if it grieved for the havoc it was about to commit. Its progress could be traced by the seething and troubled waters, lashed as they were to foam. Ellen Gonzales had not followed the advice of the captain to go below, but determined to remain on deck and witness the awful conflict of the elements that was about to take place.

Here she was shortly joined by her proud old father, who was somewhat alarmed by the threatening aspect of the tempest, and who dreaded the encounter which was about to take place.

'Hold up with the helm! hard up with the helm!' shouted the captain, as four or five of his best men flew to the wheel, and endeavored to obey his mandate. But it was all in vain. The rudder was nearly out of water from its position in which the brig was thrown, and would have no action upon her, and the storm howled and hellowed like ten thousand demons through the tautened rigging, and almost bursting sails, which were now, from the peculiarity of the wind, almost entirely unmanageable. Captain Rainer saw that the destruction of his vessel was inevitable, and with the quick instinct of a seaman, resolved to do all in his power to save the lives of the passengers and crew; but this was no easy matter. The brig, lying completely on her beam ends, would not obey her helm, and the waves broke over her with frantic fury, as if eager to engulf her with all her wealth of property and life.

'Save us, save us, Captain Rainer!' shrieked the Count Gonzales, in a tone of the wildest alarm and terror, while, the workings of his pallid features told how dreadful was the anguish he endured—'Save us, Captain Rainer, and the hand of my daughter in marriage, and one-half my Cuban estates shall be your reward!' It is in moments like these, when instant death is on every hand, that he forgets his rank, his titles, and his dignities, and becomes imbued with the spirit of humanity. On the firm, dry land, with no peril near, the haughty count would sooner have had his right hand smote off than offer a reward to a poor sea-captain: but danger is a potent leveller, and the noble lord became convinced of his forlornness.

'I should be happy to save both you and your daughter were it in my power,' replied the skipper, 'without the prospect of the rich reward you promised, but fear the efforts of any man will avail but little when opposed to the strong arm of the fierce buttress.'

The vessel is now even settling by the head.'

Even as he spoke, a giant billow came roaring along towards the brig, and passed directly over her. Borne down as she was by the current, that came flowing into her saturated topsails, she was unable to rise again, and forging ahead, sank at once into the fathomless deep.

As the ill-fated vessel went down amid the boiling yeast of tortured waters, the galley became detached from its fastenings, and floated clear of the deck. To this frail support did Captain Rainer swim, so soon as he had arisen from the wild whirlpool caused by the foundering brig, and looking about him, the first object that met his eye was the form of Ellen Gonzales, as she drifted past him on the crest of a wave.

He could not leave her thus to perish, and leaving his fragile bark, he swam towards her, seized her around her waist and supporting her he succeeded in regaining the galley with his prize, which, together with himself, he lashed firmly to the bucket-rack with the end of a rope that chanced to be attached to it, and he thought that they were comparatively secure. Several of the crew, together with the count, were once or twice beheld struggling with their man or his daughter to a better situation; but under existing circumstances, it would have been madness for Captain Rainer to have attempted to render them any assistance, and they were left to their fate.

(To be continued on next page)
FORT UNION, D. T.,
WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1864.

LATEST NEWS.

Owing to the non-arrival of boats from below we have been deprived of our mail and all news or information from the states; consequently our paper presents but a meagre appearance this week. We are unable to account for the detention of the boats, as the river has been (until within a few days) up to a passable stage. We know there were several boats loaded with government supplies on the way for this point and shall feel anxious until we hear from them.

We had looked for telegraphic dispatches by the way of Salt Lake, but have had only one boat (the Yellow-Stone) from above, and she was unable to get up farther than Cow Island, (within one hundred and seventy-five miles of Fort Benton), where she lay on a bar for ten days—ten days and two or three flat-boats came down from the Fort to take the passengers and freight up.

We noticed, on the Yellow-Stone, several miners returning to the states; they do not speak very encouragingly of the mines. They say there is gold scattered all through the country, but the good diggings are scarce and mostly confined to a small district. Provisions appear to be plenty but prices are very high, owing doubtless to the long distance everything has to be transported. The general impression seems to be that good diggings can be found on the head-waters of the Yellow-Stone; but the present hostility of the Sioux Indians makes it very dangerous for miners to prospect in that section. They are waiting very anxiously for the Government to send troops there to protect them.

WALTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1860.—An approximate estimate, made with care for Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, sums up as follows:

- Houses: $3,406,984,000
- Land: $9,517,602,567
- Stock investments: $2,901,189,077
- Goods insured: $1,250,000,000
- Shipping: $252,401,000
- Total: $16,985,367,328

COMMUNICATION.

Fort Union, July 12th, 1864.

Messes. Editors,—As we are out of the land of civilization, and as far as we can learn, the news as it transmits is on earth is concerned we might as well be in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. We do not know how the President makes progress, nor do we care, for we are somewhat like the old man that went to the election when Folk was on the stage for president. Of course there were plenty of politicians there who wanted to do all they could for their particular favorites, and of course most of the old men how are felt on the impending election; he being somewhat behind the times, replied that he was going to vote for old "Hickory," and so we, somewhat like the old man, feel for 'Old Abe,' whether he runs or not.

We are in daily expectation of a steamboat, which, perhaps, will give us some light concerning the political workings of the inhabitants; and, till then we will remain in our present faith in the unshaken integrity of Abraham. The enemies of Lincoln can howl and use every intrigue that their perjured hearts can conceive of, but their, turmoil and blight impotence reach us in this secluded and isolated spot.

So go it politicians while you're young, our purpose is fixed and unalterable and all the powers cannot prevail against us. When we find a ship that has withstood the gales and waves and has come so far unstartling through the breakers of revolution, let us stand by her until she goes down (if go down she must), and perish alike in the vortex. Such, I think, are the feelings of Company I and the people in this Fort, and should be the feelings of every patriot who has at heart the principle of his country's welfare.

Yours truly,

Idaho Correspondence.

IN THE MINES, JULY 4th, 1864.

Dear Scout,—Owing to the late spring there has been but very little prospecting done yet, and what has been done has not proved very successful in finding the yellow earth. But I have heard reports of yellow earth near the town.

"Cold many hunted—Swat and bled for gold."

So says the poet and so say I, for my experience in the gold producing region of Idaho goes to prove that a man must get away from a great deal, and perhaps become some, to obtain a very little or no gold; the truth of which, I think, will be fully established by the many, who, with heavy hearts and light purses, and with disappointment on account of the hope of a better class of goods than the common pure service. 5th. Since the size of vessels, upon which alone depends their ability to carry over all the heavy armory thus required, and particularly limited by the depth of harbors, the concentration of armory—a perfectly feasible system for sea-going as well as harbor vessels—would appear to be absolutely necessary. 6th. High speed, to be attained chiefly by means of improved steam machinery, and accomplished by using rapid turning, is essential to choice of position, to decreasing the risk of being hit by the shot of an enemy, especially by constructions only in time to find them completely vulnerable before the new class of guns which the enemies can use, and having put as service. 7th. The comparative merits of solid and laminated armor can only be certainly decided after further experiments are made; or, as adopted by Europeans, is superior as far as the facts inform us. 8th. But in the situation of armament of the United States, the Americans are certainly in advance; although the principal of making a small battery at the same time large enough to enable an ordinary large battery nowhere completely carried out. Indeed, this is the principle, as far as we can now determine, upon which protection will be finally triumphantly against attack.

Artemis.
Letters from Home.

Ah, nothing cheers the soldier like letters from home. Soldiers are not soldiers of fortune, where home is in the annals of the field; but improved for this great occasion from the work-shop and the farm, from the bar and the counting room, from the bosom of affectionate families and all the sweet amenities of peaceful and happy life. At their country’s call they have left all these for the perilous risks and wearing fatigues of war, and no wonder if heart sometimes fails them in the new and untried career. What mental and moral evil can exist which will not be drooping spirits or flagging energies?

Letters from Home. Not complaining, whining, fault-finding, discouraging letters; but brave, cheerful, encouraging letters, full of love, and hope, and noble sentiments; scraps of village news; a word about the old house dog, boney, pussey, the baby’s new tooth; with streaks of sunshine enough to dry up all the dews and damps of homesickness, and make them long for such a home and country to live and to die for.

Our National Debt.

One of the results of the wicked rebellion against our national government is the accumulation of an enormous national debt, which on February 1, 1868, amounted to $315,000,000, and which it is supposed will reach $2,000,000,000. Even then it will be but $63.50 for each individual of the nation; while that of Great Britain, amounting to $4,410,361,476, is $137 for each individual; that of Holland; that of France, $51; of Spain, $45; and of Austria, $34. Estimating the real and personal property of the United States at $16,588,356,388, exclusive of the value of the products of labor and of the cotton crop, the debt of $2,000,000,000 will be but 12 1-3 per cent, of that valuation. The total annual interest on the public debt of Great Britain is $127,131,492, or $434 for each person; of France, $118,608,191, or $3.00 for each; while the United States interest will be $13,190,325, or 40 cents for each person. The total annual national expenditure of Great Britain is $351,223,489, or $12 for each person; of France, $422,990,198, or $11 26 for each; of the United States, $474,744,778, or $14.83 for each person.

The burden of the debt of the last war with Great Britain, apportioned equally among the people, was $14.83 to each. If the present debt be apportioned equally, it is $14.83, or just the same to each, while our ability to carry it is far greater. A Member of Congress, alluding to the debt and the annual products of our dairies, which the census estimates at $315,000,000, remarked that in ten years' time women can churn this debt all out.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.
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Night slowly drew her curtain over the face of the heaving waters—and what a night it was for those two poor creatures, tearing through a feather in the grasp of the tempest to and fro amid the mountain surgery! That fearful night, amid the deafening whirl and dash of waters, did those two beings, cut off from all the world beside, and doomed to the dreariness of des- truction, vow, if their lives were spared, to live henceforth for each other, and to love each other dearly; and that vow was registered in heaven, for it arose from sincerest hearts that trusted bounty and fre- quently in the providence and mercy of an all-wise God.

Day slowly dawned over the wild and howling expanse of waters. As the red sun slowly rose, his face from the surface of the swelling ocean, and bathed the vast expanse in a flood of glorious light, the storm began to abate, and before noon the sea was almost unagitated, save by the long, sleepy and regular swell which the storm-kissed waters had left behind to tell him the path he has lately trod.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, a vessel was observed bearing down under a perfect cloud of canvass towards the ship—what was it? to save them, or to believe that they should be saved. As she drew nearer, they saw that she was a clipper brig- antine, and filled with men; and on looking aloft, the black emblem of the pirate's fearful calling was most strikingly out-palling-like upon the sunny breeze.

The two helpless creatures would now have willingly avoided the approaching interview had it been in their power, and trusted to the mercy of the elements rather than to the honor of the ruthless men whom they knew manned that black vessel; but they were the victims of circumstances, and knew full well that all efforts on their part to escape would be in vain.

Like men-of-war, piratical vessels always keep lookouts at their mast-heads, and it was not many minutes before one of the argus-eyed fellows espied the galley and its occupants, and a shout now began to bear them to the captain. The brig was immediately kept away a little, and came along side the gal- ley, when Captain Rainer and Ellen were quickly transferred to the deck of the pirate vessel.

No sooner were they safely on board, than the commandant of the pirate craft, a most villanous looking creature, with his face almost concealed by the immense whiskers that he wore, came forward, and after steadily regarding them for some moments in silence, at length, in a hoarse, cracked voice said:

"We cracked in the galley last night, eh? I'm very happy to meet you both on my vessel. As for you, 'nodding' to the young man, 'you will make a capital pirate. I'm in want of hands, and you must join. The lady I think I can find a use for. What say you, pretty one? Would you not like to be a captain's wife?"

Pale and trembling, Ellen made no reply to the insulting speech of the pirate, and both she and her fellow-captive were thrust down into the cabin, the chief remarking as they disappeared: "I'll give you till tomorrow morning to make up your minds."

The craft was slowly drawing on, and no sooner was Captain Rainer below, than with great shriewhess he began to look about him for some mode of escape, cheered on by the supplications of Ellen. By good luck he espied the grog tub, in which the pirates were served their liquor, standing at the deck's edge, and at once determined upon his course of action. He well knew that the pirates had not as yet been served their evening allowance, and searching the lockers, he was fortunate enough to find a large bottle of laudanum. This he once poured into the liquor tub, and prepared himself to await the result.

It may be well in this connection to men- tion that the grog tub was kept in the cabin, in order to have it beyond the reach of the sailors, who take it with灌 intoxication, and that the liquor in it had been left from the noon allowance that had been served out to the crew by the captain in person, who, together with his officers, always took the first drink, and often the lion's share.

About eight o'clock in the evening the captain, suspecting nothing, came down to the cabin and had the tub conveyed on deck where he poured the men their allowance of liquor for the night, not for- getting to take a goodly share himself. The tub was then put below again, the crew went to supper, and silence settled down on the vessel like an ominous silence.

Captain Rainer and Ellen were locked in the cabin in anxious suspense as to the success of their scheme, for upon that de- pended everything. It might have been about ten o'clock, when a crash was heard on deck, followed by the rustling and shaking of canvas.

"Follow me," said Rainer, in a whisper, "the time has come."

The two quickly climbed the ladder, and as soon as they reached the deck, they saw by the bright moonlight that the helmsman had fallen down from his post in deep slumber, and that the vessel had drew up in the wind and been caught aback—hence the crash of a stern-sail-boom that had been carried away, and the rustling of the vessel's sails. All the crew, from the captain down, were strewed about the deck, sleeping deep. The sound of Rainer having with the help of Ellen, lowered down the stern-boat, put a good supply of water and provisions in the boat, he quickly stepped in, precluding all delay, with a sad heart, having assisted Ellen into the boat, he quickly set fire to the piratical brig in several places, and leaving her, made sail upon his little craft, and stood away from his enemies as fast as the fresh breeze would bear him. He had not gone many miles, however, ere a tremendous crash from the burning brig told that the fire had communicated with the magazine, and that the pirates, with all their spars upon fire, and a heavy cloud of smoke, had been summoned before the final Judge.

For several days Rainer continued to drift about the ocean, but at length was rescued by an American frigate, and carried in safety to Havana. Where, a few days after his arrival, he was wedded to the Countess, his companion in distress and sorrow, and came into possession of that immense estate left her by her father, the Count Gonzales, on one of which he quietly settled down, and "went no more a roving."

The man who imagined himself wise, because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.