

FRONTIER SCOUT.

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SANTEE VS. FOOL-DOG, GENL. SULLY'S INDIAN SCOUT.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

My anger it burns with a heat that is white
 Whenever the Fool-Dog appears in my sight.
 His heart rings true to the white man's touch
 As the white-iron rings in the trader's clutch;
 He forgetteth his people, his kith and his kin,
 And letteth our foe to his wigwam in;
 He hath led in safety o'er every trail
 That accursed race with their faces pale;
 They sail our waters, our hunting-grounds
 Are full of their tracks, those human hounds,
 Let them go to their homes, to the South country back,
 And fight in their swamps for their negroes black,
 And leave to the Indian the land of drought
 Which the Great Spirit singled from wide world out.
 There's an arrow I long have hid in my quiver
 To plant in that traitor Fool-Dog's liver.
 He may fool the dogs so they cannot scent
 What was the way that his foot-steps went.
 But he cannot elude with his cunning the hater
 That will have his revenge, be it sooner or later:
 If he goes till his sight is weakened and dim
 In the shadows of age I will punish him.
 I know that his heart it is kingly and regal,
 I know that his sight is the sight of the eagle,
 That his bosom is brave, that it feareth no danger;
 He is perfect in all save his love for the stranger.
 But possessing that fault, there can never be virtues
 In the balance that failing of his can out-purchase.
 Had he all of the sweetness and beauty that glows
 In the inmost heart of Dakotian rose,
 Were he wiser than wisest of medicine-men,
 I should hate him with anger that's fifty times ten,
 The heart that's infected with love of the
 Who would dispossess Indians of all of their rights,

Who would cut up in lots our vast hunting grounds,
 And set to our prairies their measures and bounds,
 Would dam up our rivers as with a huge dish,
 So our waters could nevermore generate fish,
 And instead of the tipi that's fashioned with grace
 A log hut ungainly uprear in its place;
 The buffalo flies from the sound of their presence,
 The antelopes, elks and the wild prairie pheasants,
 The beavers no longer build dams on the waters;
 Like mist-wreaths evanish the minks and the otters;
 The region these dwell in to whites they prohibit,
 To the Indian alone they will freely pay tribute.
 The white man for land has such greed and such lust
 In bags he will gather the pale yellow dust,
 He tearth the bosom of Earth like a vulture
 Or wolf that digs corpse from the place of sepulture.
 No wonder for Fool-Dog my heart is too narrow,
 That I make for his bosom a death-dealing arrow;
 For the day when the moons of his life are all reckoned
 I will tear off his scalp in the lapse of a second,
 And hang on my belt, when my people assemble
 For traitors like him to, beholding it, tremble.
 He led the Chief Sully with his band of marauders
 To the heart of our kingdom away from the borders.
 Who purpled the Black Hills with a sunset of slaughter
 When our veins emptied blood as the clouds empty water.
 These thoughts and these feelings my bosom do harrow
 So I've sharpened for Fool-Dog the death dealing arrow,
 And vengeance alone is my wish and my care.
 Like his shadow I'll follow him everywhere,
 In a moment unguarded, not thinking of danger,
 I will tear out the heart that is warm for [the stranger,
 I will squeeze the blood from it and paint my cheeks gory,
 And never will wash off that trophy of glory.

LITTLE CROW AND HIS SON.

The great Chief, Little Crow, was the ring leader in the Minnesota massacre. Gen. Sibley went in pursuit of him, but he had already retired towards the Missouri with all his warriors. Unaware that he was pursued he started from the main body, and with a small detachment, like a Mosby, he started out on a grand horse-stealing expedition. Gen. Sibley found the main body and drove them across the Missouri at Apple River, but did not intercept in his march Little Crow and his detachment. They struck back to the settlements along the Mississippi. In their horse-stealing raids his body-guard were picked off, one by one, until he had but his son, about fifteen years old, and another Indian left with him. At last this Indian, having murdered a pioneer and stolen his horse, forsook him, and of all the mighty host that erst had followed his beck, his son alone remained.

This was in September, 1863. They now realized that they were closely pursued, and kept concealed in the woods, living on blackberries. They were nearly famished with hunger. At length, one day a pioneer by the name of Lawson, near Glencoe, was out hunting in company with his son, when they espied an Indian in the woods. The old man fired, and killed him on the spot, but afraid they had hit on a large party of savages, they went for a body of soldiers stationed at no great distance. They soon returned and found the dead Indian. His son had straightened the body out, as he afterwards related, and put on his father's feet a pair of clean moccasins, had taken his gun, and left him laid out in state in his native temple of the wilderness. As they buried him they knew not it was Little Crow, but when relating his appearance to one well acquainted with his person, it was discovered that the master spirit of the Indian outbreak had met the reward of his cruelty.

Little Crow had been years before wounded by a brother in a fit of jealousy. This brother was envious of his position, and anxious to obtain it for himself. At the time of the rencontre Little Crow was sitting in his tipi, resting his head upon his hands. The ball passed through both arms, and they were never straight and perfect afterwards. He could use them so as to fire his gun, but other ways they were quite useless.

His son after leaving his father tried to work his way back to the main camp. He had a gun but no ammunition. He picked up a cartridge a soldier had dropped, and with it shot at a wolf, but did not kill it. It

was, however, severely wounded, and in his effort to obtain it, the wolf attacked him and tore him badly. He was in that condition when Gen. Sibley's men found him.

The Indian out-break was without doubt started by Southern sympathizers and Rebels, many of whom for years had held places of trust on the frontiers.— We all know that before the Rebellion the Government conferred its patronage mostly on our Southern brethren. The instigators wished to cripple the United States all they could while struggling in the folds of the huge Hydra of Rebellion. We do not wonder at this after the assassination of the President, and the yellow fever, poison and incendiary plots, with the details of which the papers teem.— The sweet, innocent children and fair wives of Minnesota fell martyrs to the cause of Union and Equal Rights as much as the heroes of Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

Midst hideous yell and gleaming knife
And tortures that extinguished life.
They burst existence' gates apart
And joined in Heaven the pure in heart.

EDITORIAL

What shall be done with the Indians, is the great question. What policy shall be pursued with them? How shall the affairs of the Territories be best managed? Here is a population of altogether different habits, tastes and ideas from the whites. Here they are. What shall we do with them? Shall we retire, and leave them the land they dwell in? We cannot. You cannot stay the onward march of civilization, of the Caucasian race more than you can stay the expansion of heated air. You cannot dam up the river of emigration more than you can dam the June rise on the Missouri with a wash bowl. You may make Dacotah an Indian Reservation, but you can not keep the whites out of it. You have to take things as they are. The sensible man does the best he can, under the circumstances. The policy of a nation in the management of its affairs should be the policy of a sound-minded man regulating personal matters.

The Territories and their affairs must not perish for lack of knowledge. The nation as a mass have a very vague idea of the extent, resources and value of the Territories. Most people are gregarious, they love society so much, they would live on a crust a day, for the sake of seeing an innumerable number of individuals, to be in the focus of moving humanity: but the enterprising man swings, like a noble ship, loose from his moorings and sails out into the open sea. Of these two classes are our population composed, the stay at homes and the cosmopolitan. One acts for home guard, the other is in the van of civilization a rifle on the shoulder a composing stick in hand.

We think the stay at homes should be protected, should not the pioneers also? They are the best class of the people because the most go-ahead, the most enterprising. Must their wives and children be murdered because their veins are full of the elixir of energy, and they can't settle down and sleep like a cat in their grandfather's chimney corner? Certainly not. The Indian looks on the white man as an intruder, but he is far better off than if the white man had never crossed the Atlantic. The Indian is benefited by the white man, not injured. Is not steel pointed arrows better than stone? Are not almost every implement the Indian now uses manufactured by the white? "But by the march of civilization the Indian is driven from the tombs of his fathers!"—Wall, I declare to goodness, that is awful! And so am I, so are you; graveyards never can feed us. "Let the dead bury the dead," I would say to all such. Let the man that finds fault because the Indian gives way before the Caucasian find fault with God because he made one human being an Indian and one a white. Let the same man find fault with God because a weak-minded man turns a grindstone for a living and a strong-minded one becomes a President. Intellect will bear the sway. Some Indians will be more intelligent than some whites, but the Caucasian race is the cream of all races. They are the strong elder brother of the human family, supporting their younger brother, giving them their heritage and more too, and being the richest, the strongest after all.

If you can't beat sense into a man's head by talk you must beat it in with your fist. If you teach a school you must discipline it first. If you would send a Riggs among the Indians, you should also send a brave warrior ahead. Make the Indians respect you, fear you, and then elevate them. Make an appropriation of a few thousand dollars, enough to buy them a stick of candy (chahampi shasha) apiece, and do you imagine you can make them friendly? The Indian is ignorant, but not an idiot. Give these appropriations to the Friendly Indians, and give Medicine Bear, not a blanket, but winding sheet. Give it where it will be a reward of merit not a bribe. The Rebellion of the South was a big thing and the Indian troubles are not so big, and yet the same general rules govern a nation's internal difficulties whether white man, red man, or black man makes the trouble. If you educate a child, and don't discipline him, you only make him a villain on a bigger scale, so with the Indian, you give him a match to fire your own dwelling. Very consoling in the hour of death to be scalped by

an Indian that can talk and write good English! Of course, all right if he has a diploma signed by Riggs and approved by Burleigh! Intelligence is great, but like an "Amen" it should come in in the right place.

Some think if Indians are made to behave themselves wolves will not multiply, nor buffaloes feed, or at least if they do their hair won't grow. The Indian is one of the most wasteful of all beings of wild animals, and where he gets a few pounds of meat wastes enough to feed an army because he is too lazy to take care of it. It takes a thousand acres to support an Indian where one half an acre will feed a whole family of whites, half of them perhaps boys like Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, or Andrew Jackson. We like an Indian to live and be happy, but we must confess to the tender weakness of loving to wear our own scalp instead of having it swinging at a girdle or fluttering as a fringe to a hideously ornamented war-shirt.

Did you ever attempt to catch a calf in a field? Just about ditto to catch a hostile Indian in Dacotah in summer. The time to conquer the Indians is to light on their villages in winter, to come the Col. Pritchard on Medicine Bear, to catch him "at home in the bosom of his family," as Artemus Ward would say. It would take an army like grasshoppers to ferret the Indians out in summer. They see three or four platoons of infantry coming on them, or a solitary horseman commanded by a Major General, and just crawl into the brush and laugh. No wonder they think us inferior, we use so little common sense in our warfare with them. We should use all the Friendly Indians we can. Should make just as much distinction in treating Indians as in treating whites, but should never forget we are schoolmaster, we run the machine, and not Mr. Indian. A man is not required to be a toady or flunky in his own house. But some one says "This is the Indian's country," so is Jeff Davis President of the south. It is if the world would allow, but the world will not, and what can you do? Will you be like the man who was to keep hotel when everybody else was dead, or the man that carried Hull, because he was the "hull" of Hull. It is very fine for a man to live and enjoy himself, and do as he please, but every body don't think so. I want to live as well as you. Men need thinning out sometimes like cornfields. Better save Lot than have every human being swamped in Gomorrah. The greatest good to the greatest number is the answer to any and every political problem, cipher it which way you please. Get it, if you get it by division or even by sub-

traction: I err, there is a modification to this general rule, as there is to all general rules. Some men estimate all human beings' lives of equal value, if you consider man detached from all circumstances it is so, but you can't detach man, any more than you can step off the world, and move it with a crowbar. I would give every body a chance in the race of life, be he Indian, Chinese, or African, but there is as much distinction in the value of men as there is in minerals, some are diamonds, and some are charcoal.

What Indian's life could we offset as of equal value with Lieut. Wilson's?—How many Indians could replace the loss of a murdered Jewett, educated in the Athens of America? We admire Pocahontas, because she was a woman morally, intellectually great, not because she was an Indian. A jewel is a jewel, whether in a white black or copper-colored casket. A man's value depends on his amount of intelligence, as directed by sound judgment, energy and perseverance.

Handle the Indians as you would handle a regiment of undisciplined soldiers. Control them first, civilize them afterwards. If harsh measures are necessary, and they undoubtedly are, use them unflinchingly; apply the knife in season, and cut out the cancer before it spreads. But whatever the course, let it be steady and uniform; no wavering, no vacillation. A great nation like ours should be great in all her ways. She should impress on the Indian that she is good to her friends but terrible to her foes.—These arguments he can appreciate, and these only, and should be proved, not by paltry presents to hostile tribes, but generous donations to those friendly, and a straightforward above-board method of dealing with all Indians and their interests.

DEATH AT THE FORT.

DIED.—MRS. ELIZABETH CARDWELL, and her babe, July 9th 1865.

Thus has passed away the young mother and her infant like a dream of the morning. How close the alliance between life and death! Mrs. Cardwell was a native of Charles City, Va. and 22 years of age. Her babe was seven days old. With a true hearted wife's devotion she followed her soldier husband to the far frontier. We shall never forget how heroically she endured the fatigue of the march from the White Earth River to Fort Rice.

Mother and child lie both together, Out of the world and its stormy weather, Their forms are resting beneath the sod, But their spirits went at the beck of God Away from the nests of their mortal bosoms,

To sing in the starry world of blossoms, Green be the grass that grows above them, A soldier's household who would not love them?

All the white women at the Fort attended the burial on the 10th: they were but four.

Carl Muller has painted a beautiful headstone for the mother and child. It is really tasteful, and does his head and heart great credit. She was the first white woman that has died at this Post.

LOCAL ITEMS.

JULY 7th.—Very fine day. Sergt. Garret and four privates of Co. B, 6th Iowa Cavalry, arrived from Fort Sully with a mail. They reported Gen. Sully's Expedition starting July 4th, the day they left. The troops who had garrisoned Fort Sully all winter, consisting of parts of Cos. B, K, and H, 6th Iowa Cavalry, and amounting in all to about one full company, were to start for Sioux City on July 5th. The Sergeant and his squad met the Indian mail carrier from Fort Rice about forty-five miles out from Fort Sully, on the second day of their march.

The steamer G. W. Graham bound for Fort Benton, arrived. Gen. G. H. Roberts and lady, for Virginia City, M. T., were among the passengers. The General has seen many a hard fought battle in the Army of the Potomac, with Hooker's Brigade and Hooker's Division. 'Twas pleasant for us to recount old scenes, and speak of the old heroes, some dead, some living, but all cherished.—The General's bride is the daughter of Major Culbertson, beautiful as Pocahontas, and far more accomplished. Mrs. Roberts recalled us to the scenes of home by the patriotic she pieces played on the piano, accompanied by her charming voice and the manly voice of her husband.—May their life be a continued honeymoon! A social dance completed the pleasures of the evening.

The only supplies brought for the Fort was one stove-pipe hat for the curiosity-shop.

JULY 8th.—Extremely windy.

JULY 9th.—Seven lodges of Blackfeet came in. They report at the big camp on Hart River there are two thousand lodges of Indians, fighting among themselves, some being for peace and some for war. The old warriors recommend a pacific policy, and the young men like King Rehoboam of old advocate a rash course. The old warriors surrounded the turbulent spirits and held them under guard. The Unkpapas are most bitter in their hostility.

Fanny Ogden arrives from above.

JULY 10th.—Forty Indians consisting of Sans Ares, Yanktonais, Oohenonpas, or Two Kettles, Unkpapas and Blackfeet, accompanied by the white men Claymore and Joe Bongeneau, have come in from their camp at White-stone hill. It is near the place where Genl. Sully fought the Indians two years ago. They report the buffalo plenty. Their purpose to hold a consultation with Genl. Sully when he arrives. They left Fort Sully (where they had wintered,) May 28th, 1865. An Indian came in afterwards from another direction, and said that 400 lodges of Indians, consisting of Blackfeet, Yanktonais and a few Unkpapas, were on the move towards the Fort; that the rest left behind intended to league with the Shyennes and fight the whites.

Weather fine and summer-y. Hot.

JULY 11th.—Another very warm day. Splendid weather for Biscotah.

Steamer Twilight came from above, and left at the hour of twilight, report-

ing all quiet above. Short-lived her stay as the stay of the twilight. Farewell, ye couriers of civilization! Soon the last one will go down, and then sets in the six months of uncompanionable winter.

JULY 12th.—Six lodges of Yanktonais came in to-day. They report the big camp en route for the Fort, but that the Unkpapas and Sans Ares have split off from the main body, determined to fight Genl. Sully where they fought him before. Weather warm, 98 in the shade. Windy towards night.

JULY 13th.—Another splendid day.

Gen. Sully and his Expedition have arrived, and are encamped across the river. With them are two companies of the 4th U. S. V. Inf., to reinforce the garrison at this Post. Another Co. to come. The white tents across the Missouri bring back the days of our old campaigning in Virginia.

On Lowering the Flag at Retreat, in Fort Rice.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

The sun is setting behind a crag
As we haul down our beautiful starry flag.

It is to the sun a befitting attendant,
Shining in Heaven so clear and resplendent,

Let it fold up its wings when day's circuit is done,
Be their flight with the morning together begun.

One is the source of all grandeur and beauty,
The other the emblem of justice and duty.

They are twin-born fountains of Heaven and light,
And turn into splendor the darkness of night.

The stripes are an emblem of national suffering,
And the stars are the glory our agony covering.

The blue it betokens existence eternal,
And the care that protects us, the Powers Supernal.

We know that the sun will be rising to-morrow,
And chase from creation its darkness and sorrow,

And our flag, for its followers where'er it doth lead them
Only brings them to honor and glory and freedom.

While the sun shall continue its swift revolutions,
Our flag shall exist and our free institutions.

The sun it shall vanish when our flag shall not wave,
They shall perish together, and lie in one grave,

From their orbits the planets forever be whirled,
And chaos resume its first sway o'er the world.

Then we'll haul down our flag, to run up on the morrow,
Our emblem of glory, baptized in our

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

THE PALE FLOWER.

A TRUE STORY OF TEXAS.

Many years ago upon the borders of Texas, between that province and Mexico there resided a tribe, famous in the annals of our earlier history, and known as the Comanches; the time of which I have reference was when Santa Anna had been captured, and his Army ingloriously defeated, and only a few Rangers were guarding the whole border from the Rio Grande to the Guadalupe. These Comanches were then becoming very annoying to our dashing Yeomanry of the South West, attacking unprotected settlements and murdering all, indiscriminately, without regard to sex, age, or beauty. In one of these small settlements there resided a family well known to the writer by the name of Snowden. The old man Joseph, his wife Aurelia, and only one son Charlie. His son who will figure somewhat conspicuously in our romance, (if such it may be called,) we will describe very particularly. To give the reader a faint idea of his beauty I would refer him only but for one moment to Adonis the amoured swain of Venus. Born as one to command, his features small and regular, his forehead prominent and rounding, his eye dark and glittering as a diamond in the mine of Ophir, his finely chiseled mouth with an alabaster set of ivory enclosed within, tall slim and of commanding figure, and at the time he is about to enter that broad arena of life whose sands are bloody and torn from the brow of many a noble champion, he was just entering upon the verge of his eighteenth year, naturally of a fiery disposition and driven almost to madness by the repeated massacres of the Comanches. He organized a Company of Rangers to protect the settlements, success attended his efforts, he was fast gaining an undying name; on more than one occasion he had met the murderous savages, numbering more than five to one, and driven them before him like chaff before the wind's howling blast with his Company of Youths. But fortune, that fickle goddess, was not destined to be with him all the time, to follow him in all his meanderings in this manœuvring world of ours.

On a wild dark stormy night in June 1849, after returning from an unsuccessful chase after "Thundercloud" the most celebrated Chief of the Comanches at that time, with his company he encamped upon the banks of Navarra, a stream which flows along through the upper confines of Texas. It was a dark and stormy night in the balmy month of June, stormy was the night but wilder grew the scene, old Æolus it seems had been reveling in his Bacchanalian revels and opened his bag containing the mighty winds and allowed them to rush forth like a tornado upon a Lybian Desert, old Neptune in his dark cave upon the deep, brooding over the injuries he had received at the hands of his brother Jupiter, did not say unto his angry elements "Peace! be still!" but allowed them to rush forth and mingle with the winds of Æolus. This youthful partisan with his companions were soon wrapped in the

arms of Morpheus, worn out and exhausted with the toils and turmoils of the day, they were sleeping quietly, unconscious that the ever-wakeful "Thundercloud" was then near them meditating upon some dark and horrible deed. Sleep on ye unsuspecting victims, soon you will wake and find yourselves in the dreamless space Eternity! On rushed the winds; silently the Indian braves creep forward, now but hark! wait a moment! methinks some one is rising from his couch upon the mossy grown woodbank, it is Captain Snowden, he attempts to awaken his sleeping companions, it is useless. Thundercloud's braves are doing their terrible work, now they have finished. All of his Command now sleep quietly beneath the sod, he alone is saved. The Indians carry him to their hunting ground far over the water, after a long and wearisome march they arrive in safety at their lodges. Squaws and Papposes now assemble around the victim: after holding a Council of their oldest and wisest braves they think the Great Spirit is offended and calls for the life of the Pale-face, they make the necessary preparations for his sacrifice, he is bound to the Stake with thongs of buffalo meat, the fagots are placed around him, soon the fire commences to blaze forth, in a minute more he would be consumed, when an Indian Princess Mesanippa, (Pale Flower) rushes forth in their midst, casting the fagots away and addressing the Indian braves thus: "Ye braves—listen unto me but for a moment—give your attention that you may hear what the daughter of Thundercloud says, the Pale-face," pointing to the victim, "lives far over to the East, he has friends who are pining for his return. It is true that the Pale-faced brave has killed some of our warriors, but he only did what he thought was right, you were the aggressors, they were only acting in defence of their lives, they were fighting for the defence of their pale-faced maidens. If some braves of another tribe were to rush upon us would you not peril your lives in our defence? Echo answers in the affirmative. I have consulted the Great Spirit, and he will be angry if we sacrifice the pale-face, these hills over which we have had so long undisputed possession will know us no more. no more will the Indian braves chase the fleetfooted antelope, or pursue the nimble deer over these Butes, if we take the life of the youthful victim, then release him! the daughter of Thundercloud speaks not in vain." Her words had the desired effect, the thongs that bound him were snapped asunder, he is carried in triumph to the old Chief's lodge, a splendid feast awaits him there, Mesanippa shares it, their eyes meet, young Snowden recognizing his preserver, and she in turn closely scrutinizing his manly beauty. The young man cannot erase the sad reflection from the tablet of his memory. Slow, but sure and strong grow the ties of tender feelings between the two. In her he not only recognizes a second Pocahontas, but sees her more than equal. As he is handsome, so she can compare with him very favorably in the point of beauty. Six moons (months) now roll over their heads.—The Pale-face longs to return to his home. The Indian Princess will not permit him, unless she can accompany him.—

The old Chief at first opposes them, but soon the sweet smiles of Mesanippa conquer his every demoniac passion. They are united; they are soon ready. The Indian braves consent; the Great Spirit consents. A party of their choicest warriors accompany them. They are gradually approaching his once happy home. Before another moon shall have rolled around he will be there. But little more remains to be told. They arrived at home in safety. The warriors returned to their tribe, and now, gentle reader, we will bid you farewell, hoping that if you ever visit the quiet little city of Waco, Texas, you will inquire for Capt. Snowden, and ask him to show you his Pale Flower. MONK ANON.

WIT AND HUMOR.

When the 2d N. H. Vols. was at home on leave of absence from the War Department, two companies garrisoned Fort Constitution, at Newcastle, below the city of Portsmouth, N. H. An express wagon was the only conveyance between the two points. Soldiers were always going on the wagon back and forwards to the city. Once there was a fish trader's wife, of Newcastle, undertook to slur the soldiers by calling the war an Abolition one, and saying she didn't want her husband killed for a "nigger." "Don't blame you," retorted a Sergeant, "you'd better hold on to the one you've got for you are so confounded ugly you could never get another."

Two Students at Yale went to the Woodcock to dine. One ordered the waiter to bring his companion a "Stewed Brick." His chum retorted by ordering for his colleague a "Fried Knot-hole."

Class in Grammar.
Teacher.—What part of speech would you call "Method."
Scholar.—Adjective.
Teacher.—Compare it.
Scholar.—Positive, method, Comparative, methoder, Superlative, Methodist.

Teacher to scholar, inquiring his age. When were you born.
Scholar.—I was born next monday.
Smart scholar that!

It is the custom in all New England District schools to read in the Testament every morning, each scholar reading a verse.

It came Joe Quint's turn to read, he electrified his listeners by reading the verse in Corinthians, "Beware of covetousness" after this manner. "Bow-wow the Circumference!"

This was about equaled by a scholar in Dixie, who, reading the verse "And he saw Abraham afar off with Lazarus in his bosom," rendered it thus, "And he saw a broom afar off with leather ears in Boston."

Why can we speak of the American flag as a dyer recommending to the purchaser his dyes? We can warrant its fast colors, and not likely to fade.

Why are Spectacles like oat? Because they are good for age (forage).