THE AVENGING HAND;
A LEGEND OF MAINE.

BY CAPT. E. O. ADAMS.

Down in the wilderness of Maine
Where the pines grow thick as the drops of rain,
And cover the Earth with a dark green shroud
As doth blue of the sky a thunder-cloud,
Is a clearing remote from the haunts of man.

A farmer and his wife, like a bear in the den
Unacquainted with the borders of the grave;
And in the solitude of their cooped life
They grew as broad by his side a beautiful wife
That shone like a star on the rough of his life.

In that setting came not long she bloomed,
But a brighter setting in Heaven illumined,
Yet she left an image of form and blood
In a beautiful girl, a wild rose-bed.
Ah me! not long in the grave had lain
The dear wife, ere he again was twain;
This time a companion as rude as he,
And with harder heart than by three,
He cover for a mate and brought to his nest,
My God! for his sedgeling is no more rest.

For never inelegant hearts can be loved,
Can the carrion-crow be a mate for the dove?
Too mean's that girl with the beautiful eyes
Of the step-mother's skin it gave in its
While the child's was fair, and without a stain,
Her hair was coarse as uncured mule's
While the child's was like silk unwound from the spoils,
Thus her heart was full of an envious spite,
And she wished her fairer one out of her sight.

A taunt and a jeer were in every word,
And the child's heart flattered like a wounded bird,
And she often hid in some secret recess
To conceal the depth of her deep distress.
She, likewise, beat her with cruel fist,
The child was weak and could not resist,
And disclosed rings on her fair skin rose
Like spots of blood on a bank of snows,
Her voice grew hollow, and lost its sweetness.
THE FRONTIER SCOUT
CAPT. E. H. ADAMS, E.D.M.

FORT RICE, D. T.
THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1865.

EDITORIAL.

Civilized society has many wrongs in its formation. Many of its principles and customs are essentially incorrect and promotive only of evil. We see the customs of savages and deem them very wrong, but are we without sin that we should cast the first stone? We see the females among the Indians made beasts of burden and think them very degraded, but are women in civilized society treated justly, and as they ought to be treated? Are they used fairly? Do they receive just compensation for their labor? When they do the same work and do it as well, should they not receive the same pay? Our large cities are full of courtesans, of abandoned women, the victims of this injustice. A woman must work for a bare existence, and yet clothe herself as expensively as a man. The custom of society makes her the slave of her and her passions. Discouraged by unjust laws she herself abandons herself, and sinks into the maelstrom of vice. Let every one, male and female, black, white and red, be treated justly, and we can well sing the dawn of the golden age. This is a time of progress. Let us not think only take hold of a new thing, provided we are certain we are right. Right has heretofore so great a triumph that those who love justice can make a fight for anything that will evanuate in good to mankind.

Fair play is a jewel. Is there a man so completely he would more quickly defend a woman than a man? If a woman teaches a school and teaches it as well as a man, should she not receive the same pay? If my work is done and well done, when I pay my price should I ask what did it? Certainly not. How much better off is a woman as a class in our society than among the Indians? White men are higher in tastes and habits than Indians; so are white women than savages. What I mean is, how much better off, relatively, as compared with man of the same race, is woman in civilized than in uncivilized life. A dozen wives among the savages have some claim on a man, have some shelter of protection, some home, however poor it may be. One woman in civilized life has a husband and a home while her husband lives, but what becomes of the eleven other women in injustice has made courtesans and perfectly reckless? Only think what a mass of incendiary material accumulates in these vast cities. Is there a robbery, a murder or assassination but an abandoned woman is mixed up in the matter,—

Surely our sins come back to roost.

Taxes may be higher, but jails will decrease and taxes be lower, if this wrong of society is corrected. We are too quick to condemn men's rights, that we believe the same labor should receive the same pay, no matter who does it, whether man or woman. An act fair and dealing always ultimately bring peace and happiness. Be sure your sins will find you out, however you may conceal them with false colors and glasses. So the sins of society come back upon its own pate. All its errors have to be paid for in the hardest manner. The same keeps fretted, till it breaks out into a monstrous cancer.

How much better to cure evils in the start! Some one says: "Woman is the weaker vessel." Should she then be dashed to earth? Is it not the glory of civilization that it protects the woman? It awards justice to all? We do not plead that woman should be paid higher, but that she should receive equal pay she does receive lower. Where her physical ability fortifies her in the same field of labor of doing as much as men she is to receive less. Every one is to be paid according to labor done. What man so base, so mean as to wish others to be such a man is not worthy to have kinder mother, a tender sister and affable wife. He should be banished from the society of women. He should be excommunicated from the land of beautiful women, should be sent to Siberia or exiled to Dacotah.

7TH IOWA CAVALRY.

Companies A, B and C, 14th Iowa Infantry were mustered into service Oct. 23, 1861, mustered into service Oct. 24, 1861, mustered into service Nov. 1, 1861, and arrived at Fort Rusk, D. T., Dec. 6th.

September 1st, 1862 these Companies were transferred to the 31st Infantry, and formed an independent battalion, and John Pattee, the present Commandant of Fort Rice, was promoted to the rank of Capt., and was Maj. In April, 1863, the battalion was consolidated with one company of cavalry that was raised at Sioux City, Iowa, and eight new companies, and formed the 7th Iowa cavalry, and Major John Pattee was made Lieut. Colonel. There are now but twelve hundred men in the regiment—three companies with Gen. Hurlin and eight in Nebraska and Kansas. The companies that went with Col. Pattee to the Territory are still here, and formed part of the expedition last year.

From Dec. 7th, 1861, to May 30th, 1863, Col. Pattee was in command of Fort Rusk. He then was ordered to Fort Pierre, where he remained until July 11th, 1863, when he was placed in command of the District of Dakota by order of Maj. Gen. Pope, and remained in command until Oct. 25th. He was then appointed Acting Inspector General, and served till Jun 1st, 1864. Since his return from last year's Expedition, he has been in command of Sioux City until the present expedition started. He has now, as far as Fort Rice on the expedition, and was put in command of this Post, July 22, 1863.

HEAD QUARTERS. POST COMPT.
Fort Rice, D. T.
July 12, 1864.

General Orders.
No. 29.
The following order is hereby promulgated:

By the
N. W. Ind. Expedition,
Capt. No. 22, Fort Rice, D. T.
July 16, 1863.

General Orders.
No. 17.
The General Commanding takes this opportunity to express that he is well pleased with the military appearance of the troops comprising the garrison at Fort Rice, and the manner in which their duties have been attended to.

During the past Winter the garrison has been repeatedly attacked by hostile Indians; on all these occasions the troops have behaved as soldiers should.

The report of their conduct on these occasions has been forwarded, and the General hereby informs the troops of this Garrison that he is well pleased with their conduct in these affairs.

By order of
BRIG. MAJ. GEN. SULLY.
[Signed] M. NORTON.
A. A. G. M.

By order
Col. A. C. R. PEMIN, Comdy.

HEAD QUARTERS, POST COMPT.
Fort Rice, D. T.
July 22, 1863.

General Orders.
No. 31.
1. In obedience to Special Order No. 12, dated Head Quarters North-Western Ind. Indian Expedition, Camp No. 2, Fort Rice, D. T., July 21, 1863, I hereby assume command of this Post.

Signed
JOHN PATTEE,
Lt. Col. 7th Iowa Cavalry.
[Signed] W. M. EATON.
2d Lieut. & A. G. Post Adj.

Why does Jeff Davis deserve to be hung? I feel of being executed or put in solitary confinement? The Bastile (bare-stool) is too good for him.

Why is Dacotah like a Cavalry Quartermaster? It has plenty of buttes, boots, and no boots (boos).}

Why is Dacotah like the Missouri River? It neither is and never will be settled.

What was singular about the ark? It had an R (Amm) and no K (Kabot) in it at the same time.

The only green things in Dacotah—
Those that go there.

Every article in this paper is original, and come the light for the first time.
LOCAL ITEMS.

July 21.—Rice is plenty. The steamer G. W. Graham arrived here from up the river.

The Expedition still continues on the opposite side of the Missouri.

July 22.—As usual, closely with some rain. The Missouri is in the mouth.


On the H. W. Herrick goes with the Expedition, and Dr. Yeomans in left in the place.

The officers of the 1st U. S. Vol. Inf., went off the officers of the Expedition, and were treated with a most splendid dinner. Only think — green peas served at Fort Berthold in blue sky! Every luxury the season was furnished in largest abundance, and then, Sally, by her own talents, supplied us with a menu of great variety and elegance, and the whole dinner, and in every respect was highly appreciated by the officers.

A Corp of the 5th Iowa cavalry returned suicide. He got tired of living, and went to the spirit land by the way of Dakota.

July 23.—Another day of rain, surely this is not a favorable climate this year.


Information arrived today that the 1st U. S. Inf. and all regiments of similar service were under orders to be taken out of service. A man arrived about an hour after despatches were forwarded to the Expedition which had been camped, and started at daylight.

The steamer D. W. Williams and Roscoe arrived today from above.

July 24.—A sunny day, pleasant and agreeable.

The couriers sent out to the General Return and report him twenty miles from here.

Another mail arrives.

A party of Co. A, 4th U. S. V. Inf., went out on a scout. Fund, not Incom. 1st buffalo and elk, and brought in supply.

The steamer Prairie State arrives from above.


Rice, the glorious hero. Did upon a day
When the cruel Nero, Davis, had his play.
See the blood is trickling
From his gallant crown!
Death has put the sicken
In field of his renown.
But he turned his bosom
To the raging fight.
Wee is not to lose him,
Champion for the right.
I will ease my weeping,
I will dry my tears,
Time with be man sweeping
Refuse of the year.

COMPCNY B, DAKOTA CAVALRY.

William Tripp, Captain of Company B, Dakota Cavalry, is a native of Maine, and resided in that State until November 1834, where he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, where he resided till August 1853, when he located in South Dakota in the same State. He is by profession a lawyer. He has been admitted to practice in all the State Courts of Maine, also in the various District and Supreme Courts of the United States. In 1848 and 1849 he was a member of the Senate of Maine, and in the latter year was elected President of that body, and in that capacity served one year, being the youngest member of the Senate at the time, to wit, 28 years of age.

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861, Capt. Tripp was elected Captain of a mounted Rifle Company, raised in the North Western part of Iowa, and was soon appointed for the protection of the region of country against hostile Indians, who were then inhabiting the white settlements of the North Western Frontier, in which capacity he served until the last year of enlistment of the Company expired.

On the 24th of Oct. 1862 Captain Tripp was made Captain of Co. B, Dakota Cavalry, which Company he now commands. It is made up of recruits partly from Iowa and partly from Dakota.

The Company was stationed at Yankton, the Capital of the Territory, during the last year of its service.

During the North Western Indian Expedition of 1864 this Company served under General Sully, and took part in three battles.

This year a part of this Company is with Genl. Sully's North Western Indian Expedition in the capacity of Provost Guard, while a detachment of twenty-five men under command of Lieut. Hood have gone to Virginia City, and the remainder of the Company are left in the settlements of Dakota, under command of Lieut. Clark.

The Company numbers ninety-three men rank and file. It was mustered into the United States' service March 31st 1866, and its term of service will expire March 31st 1866. It has never been attached to any Regiment.

RICE.

This Fort was named by the Secretary of War for Brig. Genl. Rice, of Mass., who fell in the Battle of the Wilderness. The map passed the 25th Dec. 1861, when the flag was first raised above the Fort.

EY CAPT. E. C. ADAMS.

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EY CAPT. E. C. ADAMS.
Among those who fell victims to the scourge which has visited this garrison during the past Spring there was one whose memory will ever be cherished by those who were most intimately acquainted with him. He deserves more than the passing notice our humble pen can give him.

William H. Merriman was born near Rogersville, Hawkins county, East Tennessee, in 1838. His father is a farmer, in which occupation the son was reared till the tumult of battle called him from his peaceful avocation to the troubled field.

In the fall of 1862 he bid farewell to his young wife and entered the Southern Army as Corporal of Company B, 60th Tennessee Volunteers. His regiment was ordered north to Vicksburg, Miss., for the defence of that city against the victorious army of the North, then approaching it. Here he remained during the winter, and was engaged in active service in the spring of 1863, till May 17th, when he was captured with nearly all of his regiment, and immediately sent up the Mississippi river and across the Western States to Fort Delaware, in which he served in prison until the close of war till September following, when he was removed to the prison camp at Point Lookout, Md.

Long and weary seemed the days during this confinement, cut off from all communication with his family, who supposed him to have been killed at the place of his capture, and shut out from the world the hour of reunion with Government at his captives should be returned by such cruelty.

Early in 1864 arrangements were made by which the "prison of Secession," then confined in prisons, was placed under the oath of allegiance and volunteering in the United States service, walk forth as freemen.

The first to accept of this generous offer was the subject of this sketch. He returned to the Union, like a saint, repentant, restored to his family. He was welcomed back again under the old flag Jan. 25, 1864, and assigned as private to Co. C, 1st U. S. V. Infantry. He was immediately detailed as Acting Hospital Steward, and employed in the duties of the hospital. This work, though of a nature not calculated to excite the interest of a soldier, nevertheless occupied him, and he was able to return to the field.

On the first day of July 1864 by order of Col. Dixon commanding the Regiment, Merriman received his appointment as Hospital Steward of 1st U. S. Vol. inf. and was attached to the duty.

Although gratified at his promotion he manifested no spirit of pride toward those whose rank he had left. He had honestly earned his position by his devoted attention to duty.

After accompanying his regiment to the frontier he entered with zeal upon his duty, superintending the Fort Hospital at Fort Rice, requiring perfect obedience from those under his care, but exercising his authority with kindness.

But his duties here were soon cut short in the midst of his usefulness, when his services were most needed. Disease broke out among his men, and gradually increased, and he was compelled to retire from his post. He was not able to get away from them, nor to resign his duties at the post of labor which he occupied.

He died March 5th, 1865, leaving a wife and child of two summers to mourn his loss with an aged father and mother.

We all felt that we had lost a faithful friend and brother, and every token of respect in our power was paid him. The flag floated at half-mast, and his remains were borne to their resting place on yonder hill, followed by all the officers and men of the Post. We consigned him to his narrow home by the side of his comrades, trusting to meet his freed spirit in the bright home above.

Geo. W. HERRICK, Surgeon 1st U. S. V. Inf.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN OFFICER AND VETERAN SOLDIER.—Question by Officer, eager to get to Richmond (time, after Lee's surrender).—How long will it be before we go to Richmond? — Veteran Soldier.—I can't say how long it will take you, but it has taken me three years and eleven months.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In the 21st New Hampshire Vol's, there was a Sergeant under a doctors care for scurvy in the hospital of Williamsburg. He was wounded 200 yards ahead of the Regiment, in a position they took at first, but afterwards fell back. In the simplicity of his heart he stated in an affecting way that his cow would not eat grass where the facts as they really were, and some officers took offense at it. As the Regiment was marching to Gettysburg this Lieutenant (not Sergeant) fell out of the ranks only to round a corner, cut across and stood near the head of the column. A soldier in the leading company invited by an imbibing officer snune out in a saucy voice, "Lient-tenant, are you going to get so far behind the Regiment as you did at Williamsburg?" The Lieutenant replied, "Are you going to get as far behind the Regiment as you did at Williamsburg?" This was received with loud cheers by the soldiers, for the man was a notorious drunkard who had skunked out of every fight.

The 24th N. H. Vol's were rendezvoused at Portsmouth, N. H., before they started for Washington in the spring of 1861. Some soldiers who lived in a neighboring town went there with them, as they were going home on a short leave. Sister N., hyperbolically pious and copious, gave them a glass of water, and said in a sarcastic tone, "I suppose you don't expect to see men hereights only a few squabucks.

Without saying thanks to Sister N., or any of her corporeal friends, some of these same soldiers, and those who have "equinised" through and through, now think God in fair sailing.

At the time of the 1st Bull Run but a number of soldiers in the 24th N. H. Vol's were left sick at the camp near Washington. Among them was only one Corporal, the ranking officer in the regiment. He had done duty on the breast, and signed a pass for his wife to go to Washington thus: Enoch F. Jackman, Corporal Commanding Post.

When this war began a certain country woman said all she feared was that calories would be authorised high. The same one remarked that she knew there would be a storm tomorrow, for she saw a "crescent moon" around the moon.

Former K. was not the sharpest man about the world, though he thought he was. He drove his wagon into the N. H., and when the postmaster asked he couldn't squeeze it into No. 1. returned, "Well, that's too bad; I thought they would be as tight as No. 3 or 4."

A negro in Maryland went to a clergyman, and wished to be unburied, another man had run away with his wife, adding, "I don't care, massa, had we only asked for her like a gentleman."

Another negro being asked his occupation replied, "Carpenter." Well, Adam, what do you think of the work you do? I can't do much of it,"