

*Lieut. Backerman*

# FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

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FORT RICE, D. T., JULY 27, 1855.

No. 7

## THE AVENGING HAND; A LEGEND OF MAINE.

BY CAPT. E. G. 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,  
In a clearing remote from the haunts of  
men  
A farmer erst dwelt, like a bear in his  
den,  
Uncultured was he and of manners rude,  
Like the cabin he reared in that solitude,  
But there grew by his side a beautiful  
wife  
That shone like a star on the rough of  
his life.  
In that setting coarse not long she  
bloomed,  
But a brighter setting in Heaven il-  
lumed,  
Yet she left an image of form and blood  
In a beautiful girl, a wild rose-bud.  
Ah me! not long in the grave had lain  
The dead wife, ere he again was twin;  
This time a companion as rude as he,  
And with harder heart than his by  
three,  
He chose for a mate and brought to his  
nest,  
My God! for his bedding is no more  
rest!  
For never incongruous hearts can love.  
Can the carrion-crow be a mate for the  
dove?  
Too much that girl with the beautiful  
eyes  
Reflected the dead wife that dwelt in the  
skies.  
The step-mother's skin was rough in its  
grain,  
While the child's was fair, and without  
a stain,  
Her hair was coarse as uncurried mule's,  
While the child's was like silk unwound  
from the spools.  
Thus her heart was full of an envious  
spite,  
And she wished her forevermore out of  
her sight,  
A taunt and a jeer were in every word,  
And the child's heart fluttered like  
wounded bird,  
And she often hid in some dark 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 discolored rings on her fair skin  
rose  
Like clots of blood on a bank of snows,  
Her voice grew hollow, and lost its sweet-  
ness,

Her foot grew heavy and lost its fleet-  
ness,  
Her eye grew dim and forgot its lustre,  
And her hair the silkiness of each clus-  
ter,  
But when from the forest's topmost  
branch  
The darkness fell down like an avalanche,  
And enveloped the cottage in shadows  
deep,  
And the sad child sobbed herself to sleep.  
A voice was heard which was sweet yet  
wild,  
'Twas the dead mother soothing her liv-  
ing child.  
She fans her brow with her angel wings,  
And over her sleep such influence fling-  
That her cheeks resume their old time  
rose,  
And her heart forgets its load of woes.  
But with first flush of the early dawn  
The angel mother has kissed her, and  
gone.  
One day when the weather was fierce and  
wild,  
And the ground with heaps of snow was  
piled,  
And the farmer had gone in the forest  
afar  
To cut a mast for a man-of-war,  
Thau the weather the step-mother's heart  
was colder,  
She took the child by her delicate shoul-  
der,  
And pushed her out with her naked feet  
The terrible blast of the storm to meet.  
And when she cried with acutest  
pain,  
Reluctantly let her in again.  
That night when the darkness began to  
fall,  
A bright light shone on the cottage wall,  
And a being swift as a whirl wind came,  
And the cold air lashed with the cry of  
"Shame!"  
The dead mother rose in the night of  
her grief  
And burst death's bands for her child's  
relief.  
With a hand that was hard as the anvil's  
sledge  
She smote her foe on the forehead's edge.  
The blow was urged by no human  
strength,  
Her child, so wronged, was avenged at  
length.  
The step-mother lifeless falls with the  
stroke,  
As falls on the mountain-side the oak  
When struck by the fiery bolt of levin  
That avenges the wrongs of indignant  
Heaven;  
On her forehead a hand was stamped so  
plain  
That all could decipher by whom she  
was slain.

The farmer returned from his chilly task,  
At the door for a lantern in vain doth  
ask,

He strikes a light from the tinder-box,  
And pushes aside his wife's rough locks,  
He sees the print of the hand like a vise  
Had stamped that brow that was cold as  
the ice,  
He knows by its delicate form and make  
That the dead on the living can vengeance  
take,  
And out from his heart with the sudden  
A fountain gushed like a spring in a rock,  
Not for the dead doth his bosom mourn,  
But his heart it yearns for his sweet first  
born,  
He clasps in his arms his daughter pale,  
And his big tears fall on her cheeks like  
hail,  
And he swears that his hand shall return  
to the dust  
Ere he will again forget his trust.

### ON GUARD FIVE YEARS.

A Sentinel during one of Napoleon's  
Campaigns, while on duty with his de-  
tachment at the Isle of Aigen, having  
been accidentally left upon the evacuation  
of that place, was greatly troubled.

"Alas! Alas," said he "I shall be looked  
upon as a deserter—dishonored, lost, un-  
happy wretch that I am!"

His lamentations excited the compas-  
sion of a worthy tradesman, a baker, who  
took him into his family, and learned  
him the trade. A few months after he  
married the baker's daughter Justice, and  
lived in peace and happiness for over  
five years. Then he was startled one day  
by the appearance of a strange sail which  
was discovered to be a convey of French  
soldiers.

"I'm done for now!" cried the dismayed  
husband of Justice. "My bread is baked."

An idea however struck him. He ran  
to the house, seized his uniform, slipped  
it upon his person, grasped his musket,  
and returning to the beach, posted him-  
self as sentry at the moment the French  
were landing.

"Who goes there?" he shouted, in a  
voice like thunder.

"Who goes there you self?" replied one  
from a boat. "Who are you?"

"A Sentinel"

How long have you been on Guard,

"Five years."

Daunted, for he it was, laughed at the  
grave reply, and gave a discharge in due  
form to this involuntary deserter. P. A.

Why is a soldier a strong man? He  
is Sam's son (Samson.)

Why is the North western Indian Ex-  
pedition like a sinner? It is bound for  
the Devil's Lake.

# THE FRONTIER SCOUT

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

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 savage nations and deem them very blame worthy 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 mere pittance, and yet clothe herself as expensively as a man. The custom of society makes her the slave of the man and his passions. Discouraged by unrequited love she abandons her virtue, 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 timidly take hold of a new thing, provided we are certain we are right. Right has lately had so great a triumph that those that love justice can take courage to fight for anything that will eventuate in good to mankind.

Fair play is a jewel. Is there a man so cowardly he would more quickly defraud 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 who did it? Certainly not. How much better off is 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 squaws. 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 shadow 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 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.

Trees may be higher, but jails will decrease and taxes be lower, if this wrong of society is corrected. We are so far sticklers for woman's rights, that we believe the same labor should receive the same pay, no matter who does it, whether man or woman. Justice and fair dealing always ultimately bring peace and happiness. Be sure your sins will find you out, however you may conceal them with false colors and glosses. So the sins of society come back upon its own pate. All its errors have to be paid for in the dearest manner. The sore keeps fretted, till it spreads 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 weak? that it awards justice to all? We do not plead that woman should be paid higher, but that she should receive equal pay when she does equal labor. Where her physical ability forbids her in the same field of labor of doing as much as man she is to receive less. Every one is to be paid according to labor done. What man so base, so mean as to wish otherwise! such a man is not worthy to have a kind mother, a tender sister and affectionate wife. He should be banished from the amenities of female society. He should be expatriated 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. 23d 1861, marched from Iowa City Oct. 31st, and arrived at Fort Randal, D. T. Dec. 5th.

September 1st 1862 these Companies were transferred to the 41st Infantry, and formed an Independent Battalion, and John Pattee, the present Commandant of Fort Rice, was promoted from Captain of Co. A, to Major. 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 about twelve hundred men in the Regiment—three companies with Gen. Sully and eight in Nebraska and Kansas. The companies that came with Col. Pattee to this Territory are still here, and formed part of the Expedition last year.

From Dec. 7th, 1861, to May 26th, 1863, Col. Pattee was in command of Fort Randal. He then was ordered to Fort Pierre, where he remained till July 18th, 1863, when he was placed in com-

mand of the District of Dakota by order of Maj. Gen. Pope, and remained in command until Oct. 19th. He was then appointed Acting Inspector General, and served till June 1st, 1864. Since his return from last year's Expedition, he has been in command of Sioux City until the present Expedition started. He came as far as Fort Rice on the Expedition, and was put in command of this Post, July 22, 1865.

HEAD QUARTERS POST COMD'T,  
Fort Rice, D. T.,  
July 18, 1865.

General Orders }  
No. 30 }

The following order is hereby promulgated:

HEAD QRS. N. W. IND. EXPEDITION,  
Camp No. 22, Fort Rice, D. T.,  
July 16, 1865.

General Orders }  
No. 17. }

I. 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  
BREVET MAJ. GEN. SULLY,  
[Signed] M. NORTON,  
A. A. Gell.

By order  
COL. C. A. R. PIMON, Comdg.  
[Signed] WM. N. EATON,  
2d Lieut. & Actg. Post Adjt.

HEAD QUARTERS POST COMD'T,  
Fort Rice, D. T.,  
July 22, 1865.

General Orders }  
No. 31. }

I. In obedience to Special Order No. 42, dated Head Quarters North-Western Indian Expedition, Camp No. 2, Fort Rice, D. T., July 21, 1865, I hereby assume command of this Post.

[Signed] JOHN PATTEE,  
Lieut. Col. 7th Iowa Cavalry.  
[Signed] WM. N. EATON,  
2d Lieut. & Actg. Post Adjt.

Why does Jeff Davis deserve to be hung instead of being executed or put in solitary confinement? The Bastille (bare steel) is too good for him.

Why is Dacotah like a Cavalry Quartermaster? It has plenty of bates (boots,) but no booties (bootees.)

Why is Dacotah like the Missouri River? It never is and never will be settled.

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

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

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



# THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

LIEUT. C. H. CHAMENEY, PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

**JULY 21.**—Rain in 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 cloudy with some rain. Very windy and unpleasant.

C. J. C. A. R. Dimon, 1st Sergt. Edwards, Co. H, and Paul Kruger, Co. A, left on leave of absence, and Lieut. Col. John Lattee assumed command of the Post.

Dr. G. H. W. Herrick goes with the Expedition, and Dr. Yeomans is left in his place.

The Officers of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. were guests of the Officers of the Expedition, and were treated with a most splendid dinner. Only think! green peas raised at Fort Berthold in Dakota! Every luxury of the season was furnished in great abundance, and Gen. Sully, by his witty remarks, finely-told stories and excellent conversational powers heightened the enjoyment of the occasion. The General after supper showed us his horses and mules, the finest we ever saw. We never thought before that a mule could be handsome but we acknowledge it now. It was hard parting with the officers of the Expedition. They are the most companionable set of men we ever saw. They leave on the morrow.

A Corporal of the 6th Iowa Cavalry committed 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 rainless climate this year.

1st Sergt. Stewart of Co. A. 4th U. S. V. Inf. promoted to 2d Lieutenant.

Information arrived to-day that the 1st U. S. V. Inf. and all regiments of similar formation were under orders to be mustered out of service. A mail arrived about an hour after dispatches were forwarded to the Expedition which had broken camp, and started at daylight.

The steamers David Watts and Roanoke arrived to-day from above.

**JULY 24.**—A sunshiny 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. Furd, not Indians, but buffalo and elk, and brought in a supply.

The steamer Prairie State arrives from above.

**JULY 25.**—Capt. Mereland, Capt. Adams, Capt. Nicols, Lieut. Champney, and Lieut. Eaton went out with a detachment of the 6th Iowa Cavalry and 1st U. S. V. Inf. on a hunt. They had a gay ride to the Cannon Ball. They crossed it, finding it very high, the Missouri being swollen more than common, and had a jolly hunt, "chasing the ante-

lope over the plain," as well as the elk. In the bottom where they camped prairie chickens were so plenty the men killed them with clubs. Talk about mosquitoes! Just stop a night in a Missouri bottom, and you'll pronounce it "miserable" with a big "M!" We were skinned, if not scalped.

The Prairie State left for below, and the Belle Peoria came from above, bringing among its passengers Lieut. Bancroft, A. A. Q. M. and A. C. S. of Fort Berthold.

Weather fine.

**JULY 26.**—The hunters still remain broad. They have an exciting chase and kill some fine elk on the Cannon Ball. They make the old block house their hotel. Steamboat hands have badly injured it. Some steamboat hands have no decency and no conscience, would steal the Grace of God, if done up in cord wood, and burn it to raise steam.—Lieut. Bancroft, Lieut. Backerman and Lieut. Hutchins paid us a flying visit at our dilapidated hotel, and the night passed off in hilarity, with a due proportion of hard snoring.

The Peoria left the Fort, and the Steamer Fanny Ogden came from above, and passed down.

**JULY 27.**—The hunting party returns. An exceedingly windy day, and very uncomfortable.

## COMPANY B. DAKOTA CAVALRY.

William Tripp, Captain of Company B, Dakota Cavalry is a native of Maine, and resided in that State till November 1854 when he removed to Dubuque, Iowa where he resided till August 1858 when he located in Sioux City of 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 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 Mr. Tripp was elected Captain of a mounted Rifle Company, raised in the North Western part of Iowa, and was assigned to duty for the protection of that region of country against the hostile Indians, who were then disturbing the white settlements of the North Western Frontier, in which capacity he served until the time of enlistment of the Company expired.

On the 3d day 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 first 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 Gen. Sully's North Western Indian Expedition in the capacity of Provost Guard, while a detachment of twenty five under command of Lieut. Wood

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 1863, 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. This was composed the 25th Dec. 1862, when the flag was first raised above the Fort.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

Rice, the glorious hero  
Died upon a day  
When the cruel Nero,  
Davis, had his play.

See the blood is trickling  
From his gallant crown!  
Death has put the sickle in  
Field of his renown.

But he turned his bosom  
To the raging fight,—  
Woe is me! to lose him,  
Champion for the right.

I will cease my weeping,  
I will dry my tears,  
Time with besom sweeping  
Refuse of the years,

Treasures him like gold dust  
With the choicest care,  
While he lets the old dust  
Fly no matter where,

And a grateful nation,  
Keeping him alive,  
Gives denomination  
To this busy hive,

So that those in transit  
Shall his history learn,  
Tear (the cause demands it)  
Dropping on his urn.

Freedom's sons and daughters  
Will not let him die,  
Like the voice of waters  
Is the loud reply.

Flag he saw to glisten  
Ere his sight had fled  
Here to-day we christen  
With the blood he shed.

In a climate zero,  
On these far frontiers,  
Honor we our hero,  
Chief of volunteers.

Spread our flag of honor,  
He so highly prized,  
With the name upon her  
Of the canonized.

As a mighty river  
Flowing to the sea,  
So his fame forever  
Shall increasing be.

As the glorious Savior  
Died the world to save  
So was the behavior  
Of the fallen brave.

## WILLIAM H. MERRIMAN.

LATE HOSPITAL STEWARD, 1ST U. S. V. INF.

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 feeble 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 vocation to the tented 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 South 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 was confined as a prisoner-of-war till September following, when he was removed to the prison camp at Point Lookout, Md.

Long and dreary 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, he sighed for

"The home of his youth, on his father's plantation,  
Still dear to his heart 'midst the war's desolation."

Yet he never murmured or complained of his treatment while thus a prisoner, and often said that his food and clothing were more abundant and of better quality than that received much of the time while serving under the Rebel colors, and frequently after reading statements of the brutal treatment of Northern soldiers in Southern prison pens he would express the most earnest indignation that the kindness of our own loved Government to its captives should be returned by such brutality.

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

Among the first to accept of this generous offer was the subject of this sketch. He

"—returned to the faith of his fathers, the Union,  
Like a lost saint, repentant, restored to communion."

He was welcomed back again under the old flag Jan. 25, 1864, and assigned as a private to Co. C, 1st U. S. V. Infantry. He was immediately detailed as Acting Hospital Steward, and entered on his duties with interest and energy. Entirely unacquainted with drugs and the modes of compounding them, he felt his wants

and set himself diligently to work to remedy his defects. Books were supplied him, and possessing an active mind and retentive memory he soon learned the nature of the most common remedies and the simplest prescriptions used by the Surgeon of his Regiment. Not satisfied, however, with this, he still toiled on, ever attentive to instructions from his superior officers, and constantly studying every book within his reach relating to his new occupation, and never venturing to put up a prescription till he was fully satisfied that he perfectly understood its nature. Not only was he thus careful in his laboratory, but won the entire confidence of his officers as a faithful executor of orders outside of his duties as an apothecary, and frequently was left in charge of responsible duties which were always faithfully performed.

Quiet and modest in his deportment, he always conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner towards his superiors and with kindness to his inferiors.

While he was thus engaged with his whole heart in the work, and anxious for the restoration of the Union, hoping soon to see the old flag floating over every part of his native State, his brother was a few miles from him, fighting for the flag which is now forever disgraced and under which he fell a victim of the "Davis folly."

On the first day of July 1864 by order of Col. Dimon, commanding the Regiment, Merriman received his appointment as Hospital Steward of 1st U. S. V. Infantry.

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

After accompanying his regiment to the frontier he entered with zeal upon his labors, superintending the Post Hospital at Fort Rice, requiring perfect obedience from those under him, 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 laid its withering hand upon him, and gradually he yielded to its call. Not however till completely prostrated, was he willing 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 soldiers at 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. H. 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 take me to 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 2d New Hampshire Vols. there was a Sergeant made a Lieutenant for bravery in the battle of Williamsburg. He was wounded 200 yards ahead of the Regiment, in a position they took at first, but afterwards fell back from. In the simplicity of his heart he stated in an account he gave of his being wounded, the facts as they really were, and some officers took offense at it. As the Regiment was marching to Gettysburg this Lieutenant (erst Sergeant) fell out of the ranks a moment, and as the course was round a corner, cut across and stood near the head of the column. A soldier in the leading company, incited by an inimical officer, sang out in a saucy voice, "Lieutenant, are you going to get as far ahead of the Regiment as you did at Williamsburg?" The Lieutenant retorted, "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 coward who had skulked out of every fight.

The 2d N. H. Vols. were rendezvoused at Portsmouth, N. H., before they started for Washington in the spring of 1861. Some soldiers who lived in a neighboring town called into a house as they were going home on a short leave. Sister N., hypocritically pious and coppery, gave them a glass of water, and said in a sarcastic voice, "I suppose you don't expect to see many hard fights—only a few squirmidges." Without any thanks to Sister N., or any of her copperhead friends, some of those same soldiers and their country have "squirmidge" through, and are now, thank God! in fair sailing.

At the time of the 1st Bull Run battle a number of soldiers in the 2d N. H. Vols. were left sick at the camp near Washington. Among them all was only one Corporal, the ranking officer in the crowd. He had military on the brain, and signed a pass for a soldier to go into Washington thus: "Ezekiel F. Jackman, Corporal Commanding Post."

When this war broke out, a certain country woman said all she feared was that calves would be awful high.

The same one remarked that she knew there would be a storm tomorrow, for she saw a "circumstances" round the moon.

Farmer K. was not the sharpest man in the world, though he thought he was. He drove a yoke of oxen to P., N. H., and when the purchaser said he could just squeeze them into No. 1, retorted, "Well, that's too bad, I thought they would be as high as No. 3 or 4."

A negro in Maryland went to a clergyman, and wished to be unmarried, as another man had run away with his wife, adding, and "I shouldn't have cared, unless, had he only arked for her like a gentleman."

Another negro being asked his occupation replied "Carpenter." Well, Adam, responded his questioner. "What part of the work do you do?" "I cuts down the trees."