SAN SALVADOR.

Columbus, the discoverer of the Western Continent, named this first land he saw, which was an island, San Salvador or St. Saviour. This is allegorized: every human soul is exemplified as on a voyage of discovery, seeking Saviour, who is neither to be found in the Arctic regions of Stoicism, nor in the Torrid Zone of Pantheism, but in the Temperate Climate, the mean between the two extremes.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

Sailing over a sea of years,
With our thoughts for mariners,
We are seeking evermore
For the isle, San Salvador.

Though we almost doubt its being,
So remote from us in seeing,
Something in our hearts uppells
Like a harmony of calls,
Ringing out forgotten.

That sweet word, "San Salvador."

Then we trust our sails with glee
To the ears of the sea,
Hoping soon to see that isle
On old ocean's bosom gleams,
And we dream each hour the shore
Of the isle, San Salvador.

But its shadow is uncertain,
As if hidden by a curtain,
And to increase the sea disaster,
Thoughts rebel against their master,
Reason loses all control.
O'er the imprints of the soul,
And our barques rise more and more
From the isle, San Salvador.

Then to Northern zone it strays,
Over dark and troublesome ways,
To these regions, clear and still,
That like shadows the North to behold,
Where the icebergs stand like ghosts,
Risen up from slaughtered hosts,
Mourning with wreaths of battle.

Every barque that leaves in sight,
Then, shall there be no more
We shall see San Salvador.

Nearly void of life and motion,
Frozen forms on frozen seas,
Then smoking prayer with breath
Almost chilled to icy death.
While each tear-drop that uppeals
Falls like cold shears,
That our God would turn the page
Towards the isle, San Salvador.

Soon a Spring-like breeze upstares,
Like repentance in old hearts,
And our barques by slow degrees
Stealthly from these desolate seas,
And the icebergs far behind.

Stand like shadows uncelled,
And the breeze that bears us over
Songs for aye "San Salvador."

Careless care we then with dreaming
That the isle will soon be gleaming,
As the oasis to rogues
In the desert land of dangers,
And our long little number
Sink beneath the power of slumber,
And are barques flat on the shore
Of the isle, San Salvador.

O what sailing and what weeping
Is there when they rise from sleeping,
For they're on a sea of glass
When no cooling breeze doth pass,
Where the air, like molten lead,
Crushed animation dead,
Every sail is dropping lowly,
And our barques doth move so slowly
That it seems as lifeless things,
A bird without a wing
And an evil far the worst.
We are parched with burning thirst,
And the searching sunbeams ever
Shed dew upon the new laws.

A mirage so long approaches,
And that island's near at earth,
But we know its false and fleeting
And is evermore retreating.
This increases our suspense
As we fainting sink and languish,
Like a tint that standeth before,
Image of San Salvador.

But as we are near to dying,
And our last hope long is hoping
Up there springs a cloudy covering,
Like an angel over us hovering,
Shining out the blinding brow
White like Pity's tear drops sweet,
Crystal drops for eye ascending
With the stifly sea are blending.

Soon there stiameter from the skies
A steady wind of Paradise,
Then like swift bird with swift wings
O'er the deep our vessel springs,
And we're on the way once more
To the isle, San Salvador.

On and on our barques keep sailing,
Never thing, never falling.
With a proud yet gentle motion,
As it were the queen of ocean,
That our God would turn the page
To turn back to ancient sin.
Dubbing of the isle's existence
I fainted at so remote a distance,
At their helpless lot remaining,
And in wailing combing,
They determined to given over
Seeking for San Salvador.

But at once as they straiten,
Comes a music soft and sweet,
Stealing o'er the waters blue
Like a soft and sad adieu,
And as with enchantment bound.

They stand listening to the sound,
Flocks of birds whose plumage shone
Like the jewels of the mines,
Round our barques harpies are singing,
In their joy forever singing.
As they dip and as they soar
That sweet word, "San Salvador."

And upon the waves they note
Flowers of gorgeous beauty float,
Flowers from an immortal stem,
SeedsapiKeyed to them,
Telling them to give not over
Seeking for San Salvador.

Joy! joy! joy! the island plant
In the distance, and upsteeped
Like a banner on the sight,
With a glory wondrous bright,
And a rule how is around
Wherefore God himself hath bound it,
And upon that arch of glory
Is writ out the immortal story
Why that isle forevermore
Bears the name "San Salvador."

Fruits that never fall the taste,
Flowers that never be defaced.
See them, and see how they shine
With a beauty all divine.
And the trees their branches spread
In green arches overhead.
See the magnificent flower showers
Every drop don't seem a gow
Stained from a diadem,
Hear the breeze that fostheth by,
Sorcer than an angel's sigh.
List the birds whose every tone
Sounds like harpstrings rounding the throne.
Now our barque has reached the shore
Hail! hail! San Salvador!

**Old Mrs.** was a Christian, at least she pretended to be. She had an angelic disposition, as the sequel will prove. Her son was about to be sent to the State's prison for some crime. She visited him at the depot to bid him farewell. Her final advice ran after this style: "Be a good boy—and read your Bible, say son, and after you get out give those—h'll put you in."
THE FRONTIER SCOUT
CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,
THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1865.

INDIAN IM-POLICY.

Of the many lessons which the late war has forced upon our attention none are more forcibly brought home to us than the folly and utter impracticability of the policy which has been pursued at Washington, either civil or military, attempting to control and direct in every detail the operations of the Commanding Officer in the field. In no country, no matter where, can any circumstances ever make it impossible to prosecute, unless the inconsiderate and arbitrary commands are supported by absolute force, acting with discretion and wisdom, according to the ever varying policy and strategy of the enemy. And if they are as they are said to be, the Government, which holds the confidence, is unable to turn the success becomes justly responsible for disasters which often neither caused, nor directed by the enemy, but in the calms of the enemy's intentions, the impartial historian regards the deeds of honor, and the dark scenes of pain, anguish, desolation, and death that will ever make memorable the thickly-studded battlefields of Virginia. With the sad experience of the past in our minds, and as impressive in its silent appeal to our judgment, it is passing strange that all should be forgotten in our contest with Indians, when its observance would seem so obvious and positively necessary. All who have any knowledge of Indians know that they are strictly nomadic in their habits; the frontier traveler may find in the depths of the wilderness, a village of a thousand or more inhabitants, and returning a week afterwards, be greeted only by the howl of the wolf, solo remnant of the busy throng.

For two successive seasons Gen. Sully has pursued them into the very heart of their desolate retreats, and by skilful maneuvering forced them into an engagement, resulting each time in a total defeat, the loss of many lives, and destruction of a large amount of (to them) valuable property. Long familiarity with their habits and customs and a very thorough acquaintance with their country, given to Gen. Sully the highest qualifications for a successful commander against them, and justifies him not only in claiming proper attention to his opinions, but great discretionary power as to his movements and operations in their pursuit. It is well known that after the most munificent consideration, and after availing himself of all the information it was possible to obtain, the General was fully persuaded that the Indians were in this season to be found on the South side of the river, and that his plan for this season's campaign was arranged in accordance with this view, and was designed to avoid the double object of opening up a thoroughfare to the unexplored regions of the Black hills, and to the more favored region, and also to bring the Indians where there was every assurance of their being found in force. The Command was to cross the Missouri at Fort Sully, proceed up the Sunkye, deploying in every direction according to the nature of the ground, to the North of the Black Hills, establish a post, and return by a more Southern route down the valley of the Niobrara river. This plan with all its details was submitted to the proper authorities and duly approved, but for some inexplicable reason, at the last moment, after all the preliminary arrangements were perfected, peremptory orders were received not to cross the Missouri, but to proceed North to Devil's Lake, and carry on operations with the river at Fort Port Royal. As the Command moved up the river the most positive evidence accumulated from time to time that the General's views were quite as to the position of the Indians, and while at this time the enemy, and that they were in force near this post, and yet orders, which he feared not disobey, compelled him to continue his march directly away from them, and we were subjected to a furious assault within three days after its departure. No one entering any hope of his meeting Indians in the direction he is ordered to take, nor to any one, however fruitful his imagination, conjure up any possible good to result from seven days' march across a trackless plain, with not a military stick of timber on the entire route.

It will be by the most recent accident if a single hostile Indian is met with—the entire season will be lost—a large amount of property expended, and the result not only a failure, for the reason that the Indians will regard it as a triumph over them, and a defeat to us. After many humilitating defeats which were well-nigh fatal, depressing with red tape and leaving defeats which they believed, the President Lincoln said to Gen. Grant, "Go and take Richmond." In his own way he proceeded to the task assigned him, accomplished the result, and saved the nation. In like manner must the authorities at Washington say to some incompetent to the task, "Go and take these miserable hand-pirates." If the work will be done, and not until then.

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

Editor Frontier Scout, Dear Sir,—In the memorandum which I gave you of the share taken by my command in the affair of the 20th ult., I unintentionally omitted to mention the name of Lieut. John E. Mitchell, 3rd U. S. V. Inf., with whom we fought our way throughout the fight on that day, and materially assisted in the repulse of the enemy by his coolness, good judgment, and bravery.

Very respectfully yours,
SAMUEL G. SEWALL,

L. S. T.-The Editor of the Frontier Scout, in his account of the battle of the 20th of July, did not state the probable number of the attacking party, nor the number of killed and wound of the enemy, lest it seem such as braggadochi. He gathered an account from different participants in the fight; if any one failed to be credited with their full share in the engagement, they have no one to blame but themselves, as the writer of the piece eagerly sought information from every source, and their own indulgence or carelessness only prevented their being heard from. I think it is a very true account, as it was what was seen, and not the fruit of imagination. The number of killed and wounded were without doubt many, as there were Indians killed on every part of the field. The attacking party must have numbered at least fifteen hundred, and the area over which the fight raged was so extensive. It seemed in miniature like Vespasian's troops attacking Jerusalem, but the results was quite different.

E. G. A.

221st. Qrs. Mess received a fine lot of turnips from Mr. William Treacy. They were raised in his garden at this Post. This season is a fruitful one for Dakota. They were gratefully received and duly appreciated.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

When the winter snows of cold and snow will many a strong old soul, many a lake will turn to stone, and when the snow hath on its brow, Bound with icy fetters fast, and when the spring the glen, and the lake will turn to stone, with the sun the gale, and the stream will rise up water—then

Near the something summer and
Many a stream will cease to run,
Many a lake will sink away,
Many a fountain cease to play,
And when the spring the glen,
Throw up water—then.

When misfortunes round us fold
All men's hearts are soon cold,
We shall find our leader's spirit,
Earth dries up each shallow stream
Of goodwill and love it bore,
And they cheer our sight no more,
But a mother's heart is then
Is like spring within the glen.

LOST.

July 28th, 1865, I lost a BOOK, containing $194.25 in money, one order for head-stones for the grave-yard, and one list of gun-crew.

I will give $25.00 for the return of the same, or any information respecting its whereabouts.

Cord. J. D. CURTIS,
Co. G, 1st U. S. V. Inf.
LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST 2.-The Bear Lodge brings another message of love from C. W. E., Assistant Surgeon for this Post. His reputation as an able doctor and gentleman have preceded him.

I obtained an Indian's skull to add to my cabinet of curiosities. It is securely perched on the summit of my hat, like Poe's raven on the bust of Dallas, just above his chamber door.

A most splendid display of Heaven's fireworks took place just outside the post. The Aurora Borealis came out in a splendor surpassing that of mid-winter. The great waves of light rolled up towards the zenith like the huge white surf round some high, rocky islet in the waste of old ocean. Always forward dashed the lines of light like glittering ships of Chilean cabin, charging a lofty citadel. What splendor can one measure of delight from the elements of Nature display?

AUGUST 3.-An Indian was discovered by a picket thrown out by the herders. Mr. Indian was in the woods for a visit, and came very near being virtuoso himself.

Troops reported in transports above Omaha on the way to relieve the 1st U. S. V. Inf.

AUGUST 4.-Another rainy day, and the patient Hufstutler, wounded in the Indian battles of July 24th, dies to-night.

AUGUST 5.-Cloudy and a little rain in the forenoon. Beautiful rain in the afternoon. A most magnificent, and the moon shining regally.

The Indian troubles are over for a night. A perfect arch, and in duplicitate, like the Indian's bow.

I am going to write a full description of the incident hereafter. Mr. Indian, I believe, is going to be a very splendidly because Peace, glorious Peace, has dawned upon our country.

AUGUST 6.-A very fine day.

The Bantam departs for below at an early hour.

The pleasure party returns, reporting a good time. It is so hard to take six men to ponder the things they had in place, and absent its rising a blue hill into the misty horizon.

The 1st Lt. Commissary, Comdg. Co. G, gives a special party tonight, to celebrate his birthday. May he have many, and happier than even this one in Dakota.

AUGUST 7.-Another fine day.

The Big Horn leaves for above with Co. C 4th U. S. V. Inf. Capt. Adams Bennett, Comdg. This Company is to relieve the 1st Lt. U. S. V. Inf. at Fort Uinta, 7th.

Lient. Rose goes on a leave of absence up the Missouri. Success attends Capt. Bennett, and Lient. Eaton, wherever they go. Lient. Bancroft also returns to his duties at this Post, Mr. March, Repl. Butler, and Capt. Frank La Foriens, I did interpreter, also leave on the same boat for Fort Berthold.

The Spray departs about noon for below. She bears away Maj. Gregory, Post Surgeon, Mr. Lewis, his assistant, and the Major's ward, John Hurley, Dr. Dr. Knapp, Col. G. E. R., and Maj. Co. G. W., each bringing out some splendid wine, and we had a very general meal. Good luck go with Maj. Gregory, Mr. Lewis and Dr. Knapp. They are gentlemen the world over.

A detachment of the troops are sent for guard of the steamer Belle Person, high and dry on a sand-bar 100 miles below here.

The full moon rises in all her splendor of twilight. It was a most magnificent display of light, which filled the air with a most magic splendor, which struck into chills that swept like breakers through the line on an aground.

AUGUST 8th.—Pleasant, moon, but a severe rain storm in the afternoon.


The Detachment of 6th Iwa Cavalry, is a very splendid body of men.

AUGUST 9th.—Another rainy day.

AUGUST 10.—Very windy.

FORT RIO, D. T. J.

AUGUST 8, 1868.

Editor Frontier Scout:—Permit me to trespass briefly upon your columns, and reflect an error in the account of the battle of the 28th of July, published in the Scout of Aug. 8th, and which is calculated to create an erroneous impression of the result of the engagement, besides doing injustice to a portion of the troops engaged.

The error referred to, which was doubtless occasioned by a misunderstanding on your part, of the language used, occurs in the conclusion of your paragraph, which gave as my narration, which sentence reads as follows: "I should judge in all, there were ten or twelve Indians killed out right, and there were many more wounded." In the verbal narrative of the fight which I gave you at your solicitation, I stated that there were ten or twelve Indians killed outright and many more wounded by Co. G, the 6th Cavalry, instead of which you give it that the aggregate number killed and wounded was 100, by all the troops engaged. This was undoubtedly exaggerated and inflicted and wounded by the other troops. Besides Co. G, there were four Companies of the 1st, and three Companies of the 4th U. S. V. Infantry engaged.

The fight is to determine a field of over two miles in extent, from the extreme right to the extreme left of our line, and the various Companies, detachments, etc., batteries were disposed at the most available points for making or repulsing attacks. The plan of battle, on the part of the Indians, was misconceived and systematic,—their attacks at all points concerted and simultaneous. It was consequently impossible for those engaged to do more than one thing, and what was was exaggerating on other parts. I therefore spoke only of what came under my own observation, presuming that some "hooker in Venice" could give you a more comprehensive sketch of the engagement.

Capt. Morehead, with Co. G, of the 6th, and Lient. Riley, with Co. D, of the 6th, entertained the Red-Shirts steadfastly and not piously on the left, while Capt. McCune and Lient. Chumney, Brecken-\(\text{\texttt{\textbackslash n}}}\)man, and W. O., with Companies H, I, and D, respectively of the 4th, were the right, with the 1st Lt. of the 1st, a temporary honor, on the occasion of various points towards the right of the line when Capt. Swaller, with Co. A, of the 4th, was the prevailing general.

The supposed on the field were directed by Lient. Pattee, in person, assisted by the Post Adjutant, Lient. Archibald, and Surgeon Yeomans, on the field to care for the wounded.

Individual praise being of necessity impossible, I will state that the men are all well, and all doubtless contributed more or less to increase in numbers that swelling crew of which you speak. There is many a squaw to believe her brave, killed on the 25th of July, and make night hideous with her howlings, as in the depth of the anguish she pulls her long black hair by the side of some bluff, or in some deep ravine of Dakota. Poor dear creatures! As though Indians possessed the attributes of humanity, or the affable dispositions of braves.

As though their feelings were susceptible of one spark of the anguish they so scantily inflict upon others.

They are devoid of every animating emotion of their noble heart—insensible of all their feelings and pride of character exists only in the ideal faculties of imaginative flesh and blood writers. The selfish and brutal, the insensible and remorseless, their stately pride and nobility of character exist only in the idle fancies of imaginative flesh and blood writers. The sluggish and brutal, the insensible, and remorseless, their stately pride and nobility of character exist only in the idle fancies of imaginative flesh and blood writers.

C. F. Huns.
THROUGH THE REBELLION.

SKETCH FIRST.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 1ST U. S. V. INE.

Think not, kind reader, that it is in my intention to write a book, or for it, only, to give bribes and in so few words as possible the doings of one who has partaken in this great Rebellion, and the vicissitudes through which he has passed, hoping in the meantime to save the reader's time or prove too tedious for his perusal.

Jan. 27, 1861, found me arrayed against the Stars and Stripes, a soldier of the C. S. A. No wonder had I enlisted in the 1st Mississippi, was I of the Union side, to assist in wresting Fort Pickens from its lawful owners. For three long months did we remain there, when upon one quiet night in April, 1861, naught could be heard nearer the trump of the sentinels than the interminable battle-notes of Fort Moultrie and Hatteras.

In the distance, looking over a blue sheet of water, could be seen a soldier dressed in blue uniform, going his rounds upon the gun-mantle. One moment and grim-looking Fort Pickens, over which the National colors were fluttering gracefully in the breeze. On the beach adjacent Fort Moultrie were to be seen white tents stretched along for a distance of some miles; three thousand men. Confederate troops. All was quiet, as I have said, when very suddenly the thundering of a horse's hoofs meeting with the cry from the sentinels of "Halt! who goes there?" and the hoarse answering of fifty strong voices from their breast slammers. A courier from the adjutant-general, with glorious news, wants to see Gen. Braxton Bragg, who was then commanding the defence of Pensacola Harbor. In the response, The Corp of Engineers advance and grant him the admittance. Soon he be before the Head Quarters of Gen. Bragg. He is ushered into the old General's presence. "What, what is the news?" asks the General.

Fort Pickens is now in our possession. God bless the Union!"

It has been said that fighting, has made it succumb to the prowess of his valor. "Orderly, tell me Adjutant General I want to see him," He obeys the tyrant's mandate. Capt. Gregory reaches his bedside. "Captain," says he, "I have the laurel wreath, and read the glorious news which the telegraph wires have flashed to Warrenton from Charleston, South Carolina, contained in this dispatch," at the same time handing him the dispatch.

Waiting, but one moment, so many soldiers from those white tents, that cut the encirclement of the encampment? The crisis of "Fall in, men—right dress—steady, front!" can be heard reverberating throughout the length and breadth of the whole encampment. Can those drums be beating in that style? Does it announce the approach of the enemy? Methinks not! What can it be? "Vague are the rumors and conjectures! Soon do we receive the true news, we are in line on a courier galloping up to Capt. Wade, my Company Commander, and hands him a dispatch, or rather an order. He reads the contents of the order. Then one utter a shout. It is caught up. Wild, loud and terrific are the yells emanating from the throats of some two thousand soldiers. Every one is elated with joy over the result of the bombardment. Little did they think, poor delayed followers of Jefferson Davis, that three years from this day Fort Sumter would be again in possession of the Union authorities. Too fast I am with my story. We will come to this glorious consummation in the end. Not long after the night to which these wild men gave utterance and the ceremonies of the 15th Mississippi to proceed to Virginia were received at the Head Quarters of the Gen. Coa. Transport station was quickly provided for us. We embarked, crossing the Potomac some eight hundred strong, for the seat of war. By this time, Lincoln, hesitating not for a moment from pursuing the proper course of restoring national authority, had called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and from every hand and city in the North men were responding with an anxious breath for their forerunners of '76.


CAPT. HENRY HAYWARD'S AFFECTION FOR HIS MOTHER—Capt. Henry Hayward, C. S. A. 24 N. II. Vols. was one of the heroes that fell in the battle of Cold Harbor. Indeed he never was the commission of Captains; he died with a First Lieutenant's staff on his commission had come, but he had not obtained the appointment. The officers of the 24 N. II. Vols. had not yet been appointed. They gave him a special berth at Gettysburg. Some stranger speaks of finding his grave in front of Richmond. I will bet when he fell he had that little pin case of his mother's which he carried in his bosom. He showed it me one day when we were bathing at the time our Regiment was encamped at Bladensburg. How his lips quivered when he spoke of her who died when he was a mere child. When ever we hunted for deer or woods he would speak of his mad mother's beauty, and how she loved everything beautiful in nature and art. No wonder such a mother should have given birth to a hero.

Harry was a fine singer, but there was a plaintiveness in his voice, as if it was to be heard far. A man of sorrow from the music which touched the heartstrings of his voice, or a sad remembrance broke as a ripple the current of his musical utterances. We addressed him as a hero, but the quiver of the lip, and the quiver of the eye, and the sob like a foemen, so great, that when a mother was mentioned, impresses on that bravery was not shown by his trial, but that in his inmost heart the noblest feelings of humanity had their origin and abiding place.

Why is old Joshua's daughter in the Bible like the milky way? "Case also in the gal Alchla (Galaxy)."

Why did Joshua have no parents? "The Bible says he is the son of none."

What affair in King David's history excites your anger? "The affair of your life."

WIT AND HUMOR.

259—Old Mrs. Littlehale of Bethel, Me., far in the interior of the State, was once called by a Methodist preacher who held a conversation from the waist to the crown, and asked religion, as it was what she needed to live by. "Ah!" she replied, "in this new country we need a gristmill a dollar a week.

260—Three Irishmen caught an eld, and held a consultation how to terminate its existence. At last they decided to kill it by drowning. Accordingly they contrived to get its waters away, as they thought, by a direct line. But the small craft explained, "Ah, not, how it will sink its tail for pain?"

265—A farmer once had an Irishman, by the name of James Veeck. He set him to fell some trees, telling him which way he would like to have the top fall. Jimmy heard him through, and then innocently liquidated, "And which way would ye have the butt to fall?"

269—Bob B—, of D—, N. H., was a confirmed liar; in the words of another he would lie by the yard. His lieorous taille was as well known as his glasses. He was so fond of his glasses and his tail that he had to see me-my tail before my face, when I took my frock against something, and heard it jingle—looked down, and picked up a five dollar bill.

272—Tailor Tommy Thompson, of D—, N. H., was not destitute of sense nor ignorant of human nature, if he hadn't traveled but he were at West, East, North and South; as he said to his employer begging contributions for Necessary Parishes once visited him. After the solicitor he urged his claims in the most eloquent terms, the old gentleman went to his pile of reserved change, and brought out the most unashamed and astonishing visitor. He soon regained again, and bringing out a dollar, said, "Sir, I give you this dollar to get that cent to the heathen!"