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Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

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The Solitary Headstone.

A TALE OF A. D. 1830.

Written at Island Alove, Durham, New Hampshire, on the Piscataqua River.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

Over the river's blue bosom,
Away in a field alone,
Like a spectre in the moonlight,
Standeth a marble stone.

Who 'neath that stone is there sleeping
In death's long and dreamless rest?
Who is there clasped forever
In the Earth's relentless breast?

A maiden, a beautiful maiden,
With cheeks of a rosy glow,
Like the hue of the moonlight falling
Upon heaps of the drifted snow.

And over her delicate shoulders
Flowed the waves of her yellow hair
Like the golden shadows of sunset,
Afloat on the buoyant air.

Her eyes were of blue the deepest,
Where never a shadow could stay,
If came they, like white clouds of summer,
In smiles they went floating away.

But in unguarded hour the Tempter
To her innocent heart stole in,
And wrote on that spotless tablet
A word of dark sorrow and sin.

Then loathed she the tremulous beauty
Of the sunset dropping gold
Through the leaves of the dim old forest
—A beauty she loved of old—

And loathed she the gush of fountains
In the wildwood making glee,
And the music of pine trees sounding
Like the surges of the sea.

The erst-loved beauties of Nature
O'ershadowed her bosom with pain,
As the soil of the Earth is darkened
By the silver-dropping rain.

She loathed the arch of the rainbow
That hung o'er the river's breast,
For the bow of forgiveness spanned not
Her soul in its deep unrest.

She hated the blessed sunlight
That came from the heavens above,
Like a beautiful angel descending
On a mission of mercy and love.

She hated the silver star-light,
She hated the morning's prime,
For to her the sky seemed blushing
For her unforgiven crime.

The shadows of far off mountains,
That bordered the distant West,
Seemed crossing the breadth of the land—

To fall on her sorrowful breast.

And when round the hills and the valleys
The mist of the evening was furled,
She wished that in shroud of such beauty
She could steal to the grave from the world.

The lapses of silvery music
That swept from the river's strand,
Sounded like the departed's voices,
Luring on to the spirit-land.

The wind from the breast of the mountains,

Sweeping down through the forest dim,
Imagined by her, in the old time,
Like the voices of cherubim,

Now over her spirit like wailing
Of the plague-stricken multitude comes,
Or the mournful yet martial music
That accompanies muffled drums.

Her spirit it seems like a prisoner
Who looks through his iron bars,
And watches the dew's down-dropping
From the silver urns of the stars.

Reality seemeth unreal
Through her spirit's bewildering gleams,
And she walks o'er the Earth's green bosom
Like one risen up in dreams.

She loatheth her princely chamber
In her father's mansion rich,
Where the statues of ancient sculptors
Are gleaming from every niche,

Where over the high-arched windows
Fall curtains with fringe of gold,
While from walls that are broad and lofty

Gleam pictures of painters old.

So she rose from her couch at midnight
With a foot that betrayed no sound,
While the rest of that lordly household
Were in slumber's enchantment bound,

And with robe like the spotless snow-drift
And her tresses all unrolled
O'er the ivory of her shoulders,
In their length of wavy gold,

Down over the old dim stair-case
With its balusters, carved and rare,
She went like a moonbeam, gliding
Out into the cold night-air.

With small clouds the sky was mottled,
And the moon, half-hid and half-seen,
On the turf cast a paly glimmer
With a wave-like shadow between.

O'er the dewy-grass with her naked
And delicate feet she went,
As fair as the first star that enters
The twilight's yellow tent.

There's a circle of willows drooping
'Round a little oval pond
That hide with their dark green branches
Its breast from the heaven beyond.

There goeth the step of the maiden,—
And what is she seeking there
While the cold night-breeze is blowing
Through the clouds of her yellow hair?

Down, down in the blackened water
She layeth her mantling form,
And the chilly waves, clinging 'round her,
Have frozen her life-blood warm.

She has stopped with the veil of the waters
The approach of the heaven-sent breath,
Through her bosom there passes a tremor,
Then she stiffens forever in death.

In the morning they knocked at her chamber,

And no answer returning came,
In her couch they saw only the pressure
And print of her beautiful frame.

In the wildness of terror they sought her,
And there in the pond she lay,
That delicate white water-lily
That Death had stolen away.

Her long golden tresses were floating
Like sunbeams upon the wave.—
Ah, 'twas hard to conceal such beauty
In the shadow and gloom of the grave!

Her parents they made no wailing,
Their grief was too deep for tears,
But their hair it grew suddenly silver,
And Death shortened the sum of their years.

Alas! if a train of such sorrows
One error of Life can make!
Keep us, O Father, from sinning
For the blessed Jesus' sake!

Mrs. Tar, of Newburyport, Mass., had the disposition to make the most of everything, and have everything sound large. Being asked how long her husband had been gone from home, she replied, "He will be gone three days day after to-morrow."

There is a set of people in Seabrook, N. H., called Algerines. A young feminine of that tribe went to Newburyport to buy her a dress. The trader asked what kind she desired. She replied after this style—"He-alf me-ourning and he-alf rejoicing—fa-ather's dead, and I'm goin' to git married."

The same one (or her sister) at another time addressed a trader thus—"Sir, how much a yard do you arx for your nine-penny calico?" Were they not specimens of unsophisticated innocence?

Why is an Irishman like one of the most powerful potentates of Africa? He is king of (Ashantee) a shanty.

EDITORIAL.

The result of Gen. Sully's Expedition has confirmed our prediction. The entire season has been spent in making a continuous march over trackless plains, and not a solitary hostile Indian met. The immense forces that so fearfully menaced the frontier settlements of Minnesota are proven to be myths, and the only good that can be counted on as a compensation for the toil of our men, and the expenditure of the public treasure is, that facts are furnished that have not failed to convince those in authority of the mercenary motives of the men by whose representations the season's operations have been controlled. We have been long convinced that the little knot of self-constituted guardians of this country were animated by the sole desire of effecting the removal of the District Commander, and securing a successor less disposed to interfere with and expose their nefarious Indian transactions. Assuming a knowledge of Indians above all others, they have availed themselves of every possible means to force upon the Government a policy, the failure of which promised success to them. The immediate result is as they well knew it must be, but happily they have been less fortunate in shifting the responsibility from their own shoulders. Their motive is at length made apparent—wiser councils have prevailed—they are shorn of their power, and the whole management of Indians is placed where it should long since have been, under the control of the War Department. It is now to be presumed that the opinion of military men will receive due consideration, and that in the future Indians will be sought where they are to be found, and treated as enemies who are to be taught that murder and pillage are crimes that admit of no compromise—A more favorable opportunity of striking an effective blow has seldom occurred than was this season presented.—the Indians were south of the Missouri river. A very large force of our troops were sent up the Platte, and had Genl. Sully been permitted to cross from the north either at Fort Sully—Rice or Berthold, the Indians would have been between the two columns, and it is scarcely possible that they could have escaped a decisive engagement with one or the other,—but the events of the past cannot be recalled, and can profit us only as we may acquire knowledge from experience to guide us in a better way for the future. With all the difficulties surrounding this Indian question, the military do not

shrink from accepting its responsibilities if they can be protected from the intermeddling of that class of frontier vultures whose only aim is to dispossess Indians of the scanty means which God and our Government have given them for sustenance.

The Fall of the Alamo.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1846.

Reader, will you be so kind as to glance back for a short while, and, glancing back, will you not linger for a few moments until your optic vision scans the contents of this piece? Then bear with me kindly if I do not reach the summit of your expectations, for I will assure you, I am no knight of the quill. Let us glance to the progress of Texas in its primeval growth, particularly when it was engaged in war with Mexico. The year '46" found it trying to cast off the foul and degrading yoke of tyranny and despotism which Mexico was endeavoring to force upon it. Soon, soon, though, had a deliverer, destined by the unseen hand of Allwise Providence come upon its borders to save it even at the eleventh hour. Gen Taylor, better known by the sobriquet of "Rough and Ready," with a mere handful of men in comparison to the innumerable hordes of Mexicans, planted his foot upon its soil, and unfurled in mid-air the starry emblem of our national liberty over more than five and twenty cities. In the far distance from the army of occupation (American Army) stood the little Fortress Alamo, garrisoned by only one hundred and fifty men with the chieftains, Travis, Crockett, Fannin, the hero of Goliad, and others of some note with them in command. This little fortress was a rough stockade put up for temporary use by the weary travelers of some wealthy hacienda as they journeyed backward and forwards into Mexico, to protect themselves from the attacks of robbers; as that class roamed over that country as Dakotian wolves over this. It was an outpost situated far, far away from the army of Gen. Taylor, to watch the movement of Mr Mexican as he advanced with the army of subjugation into the interior of the country.

Amputia, the Mexican General, having received a terrible chastising, at the hands of Genl. Taylor, fled with such rapidity that even the dashing dragons of heroic May could not catch him. On he fled like the Sioux Indians, fleeing from the hideous, shrieking bomb, thrown by the mortar so large, "never failing, never tiring" until he had passed the borders of Texas, and safely arrived upon terra firma in Mexico's despotic dominions. One—two—three, yes, four months pass away, allowing him time to recuperate his shattered forces. He is removed. Gen. Cos, an officer of little renown, now succeeds him in command. Again the Mexicans advance. Anarchy is waving her bloody Sceptre over the land. Fast fly the citizens from before the advancing hordes. The walls of Alamo they look to for protection. But no! there is no safety or refuge there. "The thousands twenty-five" of Cos's hirelings will storm the place as soon as they arrive. "What, what shall we do?" shouts the lovely

maiden of sixteen, and the old man whose silvery locks are white with the frost of three score winters, as in kneeling attitude they beseech the Almighty to spare them from the direful wrath to come. Oh, with such sad reflections did the memory of the historian linger upon such scenes, as in his studio he panned the history of the Lone Star's (Texas) struggle for Independence.

On they march, the Mexican Army, with brightly burnished arms glittering like gold in the rays of the mid day sun, their banners floating along gracefully in the breeze by the sway of the wind so cool and refreshing. All this pomp and military splendor fails in the great object. Not only do the inhabitants, but even the deer, so nimble and so active, the antelope, so fleet of foot and so blithe-some, fearful of being contaminated with their foul and polluted presence, give way before the onward-marching camp.

What is that object so far off in the distance that seems to rivet its attention upon yonder forward marching line?—Does it move? It is not inanimate. It must be coming this way. My eyes do not deceive me—it is so. Now he is rapidly approaching. The winds in their evening whispers convey to his anxiously awaiting ears forebodings. Lo! behold, he is not enclosed in the paraphernalia of the Mexican soldier. No! but instead a hunting shirt of buckskin fits around his body loose. Moccasins embroidered "with unwearied skill" cover his feet so small. A cap of beaver-skin, so soft, covers his flowing locks. A rifle lies carelessly in his hands. The steed which bears him upon his back is handsome beyond description. Black as the mythological poets describe the war-horse of King Satan to be, fleet as Pegasus, possessing the ingenuity of Bucephalus, his nostrils flashing flame, his eyes darting from their sockets like the snakes (instead of hair) from Medusa's head, he impatiently awaits the coming cavalcade, partaking of the scene, as it seems, with the same gusto and relish as doth his master. No longer is he idle. Now he dashes wildly forward. Only one hundred paces lie between him and the Mexican array. Suddenly his master reins him in. What is that his master is raising in his hand? It is his rifle. Quickly does it reach his shoulder. His finger now rests upon the trigger. Now he is ready to send his compliments to that handsomely dressed officer who is riding at the head of his troop. A moment only does he pause. He is sending up a prayer that his ball may take effect. "Is not that officer falling from his saddle?" asks some one in breathless anxiety among the Mexican host. Ah! it is true—sure enough has the hunter's prayer been answered. "Death to every Texan now that in our path we meet!" shouts Gen. Cos. That, now, is the cry, his whole army echo the shout. Farwell, all ye brave strugglers for independence who shall now fall in the lion's path.

The solitary horseman, not waiting to see whether his shot takes effect, flies forward at a dashing pace to Alamo. "The enemy are advancing," he cries, "make preparations, for we shall have a 'baddest feast of death' to-morrow night."

Let us imagine ourselves in this for a short while, and see what prepara-

tions are being made. Travis, the hero chieftain and master-spirit, calls his little band, few in numbers but breathing forth the flame of patriotism, together.— He addresses them thus, "Col. Crockett has just returned from his scout—he has seen the Mexican army. Before yonder bright constellation glitters in the heavens again after to-night we shall receive the summons to surrender." "No! never!" cry the whole host. "Victory or death, is our motto," they wildly exclaim. But says he, "We only number one hundred and fifty men, while their men count by thousands." "So much the merrier; we shall only slay the more, and if we can hold them at bay a short while, 'Old Rough and Ready' will be here."

Let us look at the army of Taylor.— Tidings are being conveyed to him that the little fortress is in danger. Soon does he receive the news. Again the army moves on in the direction of the Alamo. "Hark! is not that a gun?" asks Taylor, the hero, as the boom of the gun reverberating over the prairie struck terror to the hearts of the natives. Mounting his fiery charger he wildly dashes over the plain. Again he hears the boom of the distant gun. Dismounting from his steed he places his ear in close proximity to the ground, and listens whether he can hear the rattle of musketry and small arms. "It is only too true," he cries, "they have attacked the brave garrison, and I know full well they will have to succumb, it being impossible for me to reach them."

Again the Alamo attracts our attention. Let us see what scenes have been transpiring since we left the doomed place.— Slowly and slowly draws near the army of Santa Anna. Gen. Cos was overthrown, and Santa Anna had succeeded him. Another day passes by. The shades of evening are now drawing to a close. Twilight's departure finds them within hearing of the fort. Aurora, rising early from her golden couch, dispels the darkness of night and ushers in a lovely morn. The Mexican General demands the surrender of the fort, promising the garrison honorable terms. "Come and take it," is the laconic reply of Travis and Fannin. No sooner is their answer received than Santa Anna commences the attack. Three hours' fighting witnesses a dreadful carnage among the Mexican army. The boom of the gun that had aroused Taylor from his reverie was a signal gun fired from Alamo's walls urging him to push on. The bullet and the shell are doing their deadly work, for upon both sides can large loss of life be seen. The dead of the Mexicans can be counted by scores, and hundreds, while the Lone Star defenders are slowly giving way. "Unless Taylor arrives to-night," speaks Travis, "we shall all find our last resting-place." Alas! too true were these words, for ere the sun had as yet sunk upon old ocean's bosom so wild and stormy, the Mexicans had rushed in, and put to death all the wounded.

Let us draw a curtain over the scene. Alamo fell, "and the voice of lamentations went up" through the whole land. From the icy North to the melting South, from the balmy East to the fertile West, was uttered a dreadful oath—"Death to the Mexican."

We shall soon see how true that oath

was kept by the bronzed and war-worn veterans of Taylor. Scarcely a month had elapsed since the fall of the Alamo when both armies lay stretched upon the plains of Mexico's barren soil. 'Twas on a lonely night. The constellations were shining with more than their accustomed magnificent splendor from the bright and starry firmament above, when old Taylor addresses his soldiers thus. "Tomorrow will be fought the decisive battle of Texas' Independence. The eyes of the Nation are concentrated thereupon. I know full well that you will achieve all I expect of you. Let your battle cry be Remember the Alamo."

Little more remains to be told, the battle was fought and won, and for every soul that perished at the fall of the Alamo were slain twenty Mexicans. Methinks I now see their white bones bleaching upon the scarlet sands of Texas. The traveler of the present day, as he passes by the battlefield of San Jacinto, hears the ill-omened shriek of the vulture, as, in search of his prey, he skims along the surface of the prairie so barren. The howl of the wolf and the jackal can also be heard, as they tear Old Mother, Earth's bosom, looking for the corpse of the Mexican Invader, who participated in the massacre of the Alamo.

MORE ANON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST 18.—The men shooting and raffling for watches.

AUGUST 20.—Mail arrives from the States. The Frontier Scout gets nearly all the newspapers. Subscribers send for the paper, wishing to know the terms.

Maj. Galpin and his son Samuel, and Louis Benoist arrive from Fort Sully.— It is pleasant to see the Major again. He is a great addition to the society of the Fort—always accommodating, always striving to make the annal of life at a frontier fort passable. He was present at the execution of the conspirators at Washington, and brings back news of much interest. His young son has been attending school in New York City.

Major Galpin presents Head Quarters Mess with a fine lot of green corn. It is a great luxury. Dakota is very fruitful this year.

AUGUST 23.—Capt. Noyes and Lieut. Hutchins, with two mounted men, visit the hayfield. They report the hayfield as presenting a very fine sight, there being three hundred tons of hay cut.

Lieut. Archibald, Post Adjutant, and Lieut. Backerman, with nine mounted men, carrying a mail, start out to meet the Expedition expected camped at Apple Creek.

AUGUST 24.—The party return with no news of the Expedition. They went as far as Apple Creek, but saw no signs of the General or his troops. They report antelopes in great abundance.

Black Tomahawk's son and another Indian arrive from Two Bears' band, bringing in dried buffalo meat.

The Post Garden has this year furnished very fine radishes.

☉—The highest temperature at Fort Rice, during the week ending Aug. 23d. Thermometer in the shade—was 92.

Lowest noonday temperature 71.

The Dying Soldier's Request.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

A soldier was dying at Fort Rice,
While his soul was winging for Paradise,
Over his weak and exhausted frame
A tremulous terror and tremor came,
And this was the wish his lips expressed
Ere his head fell back, and his soul was
at rest.

O bury me deep in the bosom of Earth,
Let my ashes in peace repose,
Though I know that the form is of little
worth

When life and existence close.

For my comrades that died as we hither-
ward marched,

Whom we buried in haste at night,
Were torn from the scant earth, barren
and parched,

By the fierce wolf's appetite.

And the forms that were dandled on
mothers' knees,

And the cheeks that a sister kissed,
Were torn from their sepulchro, piece by
piece,

And devoured in the next night's mist.

I never in battle was called a craven,

I expected by bullet to die,

That my flesh would be torn by the beak
of a raven,

And my bones would unburied lie.

But there never were beasts in that land
of ours

That could utter such awful howl

As I hear all night through the chilly
hours

As over these hills they prowl.

I sometimes deem in my fevered brain

(As I hear their dissonant tones

And think) that I really am feeling the
pain,

As they crunch with their teeth my bones.

I imagine 'tis gleam of their angry eyes

The moonlight through windows iced;

Then bury me deep, if I die at Fort
Rice,

I beseech by th' love of Christ.

As my mother erst wrapped 'round my
infant limbs

The blanket to shield me from cold,

And lulled me to sleep with the balm of
her hymns,

In the far-away days of old,

So let Earth, like a kind and tender
mother,

Receive me to rest in her arms,

And Nature repeat (for there is no other)
Above me her glorious psalms

Then dig me my grave at least twelve
feet,

To be roused by no tattoo,

Till the archangel calls with his bugle
note sweet

The soldier to pass in review.

How was Jeff Davis connected with
himself by marriage? He was his own
mother-in-law.

Why were the getters-up of the Re-
bellion like a gap in the Blue Ridge?
They were man-asses (Manassas.)

Why is Fort Rice like Washington on
the day the conspirators were executed?
The principal topic of conversation is
Sir Hat (Surrat.)

Through the Rebellion.

SKETCH SECOND.

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

The fifteenth day of May, of the same year (1861) found us in Lynchburg, a quiet little city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, enjoying before the war a scene of comparative seclusion, situated as they were far from the seaboard and the noise of commercial marts. On that day Capt. Benjamin Yancey, son of William L. Yancey, the great fire-eater and disunionist of Alabama (who now lies quietly beneath the sod of his native State's verdant soil) mustered us into the Confederate service for three years, unless sooner discharged.

One thousand men, (many additions having been made) responded to their names, ready to battle for the supposed rights of their misguided Southern brethren, led astray by the arch-traitor, Jefferson Davis. After remaining at this place for the space of two weeks, we embarked for Harpers Ferry via Richmond, Charlottesville, Staunton and Winchester, Virginia. At all these places we found crowds assembled to give us a hearty welcome, for the triumph of Secession was consummated, particularly in this part of Virginia. O never shall I forget the sweet and winning smiles of Winchester's fair daughters as they assembled around us with gifts of every description and variety, bestowing them so freely upon us. O sweet were the hours we whiled away while basking in the sunshine of their merry and enchanting smiles as their fingers played on the piano-forte, accompanied by their melodious voices, some spirited, and martial air. So sweet were they, that now even here amidst the wild, barren bell-shaped hills of fruitless Dakota, after the ravages of war so horribly manifest in that section of country, I think with unmeasured delight of the fair damsels of Winchester, of the Old Dominion. Forty miles is the distance as measured by the odometer from this place to Harpers Ferry, our final destination. The march by foot was something so new to us that when we arrived at the place of our destination you could number the cripples by scores: among this class was the writer of this article. Having, as I did, good attendance, I soon recovered, and reported for duty as a soldier. The description of this place (Harpers Ferry) having been given by so many better writers than your humble servant, I think it sufficient to say that we found it a second Gibraltar. Here we remained doing guard, picket and police duty until Major Genl. Patterson commenced his forward march to Manassas. No sooner

was the object of his expedition made manifest than we were quickly withdrawn from this place by way of Bunker Hill and Winchester to Piedmont. The cars were here ready to carry us on swiftly to Manassas, as the eyes of all were concentrated on this spot, so soon to become famous in the annals of this war. Owing to some unavoidable accident we did not reach the battle-field until two o'clock in the afternoon.

Our Regiment, with Col. Buoyer at its head, was under the command of Kirby Smith. We double-quickened up just in time to see the closing scenes of this thrilling panorama. We will not dwell upon this. The results are so fresh upon the mind of the reader that it is useless to refer to it.

After this battle our Division pushed on to Centreville and Fairfax Court House, my Regiment remaining in the former place as Gen. Beauregard advanced his lines. We were then thrown further forward. Dumfries, near Evansport, upon the Potomac, was our camping place. Here we erected masked batteries to interrupt and prevent the navigation of the Potomac.

We partially succeeded, until the iron rains came into play; as soon as they made their appearance our six pounders were powerless to respond to their loud inquiries in the shape of "lamp-posts" as some of the soldiers termed the conical shell thrown by these monsters. We finally fell back to Manassas, at which point we remained until the spring of '62 when Genl. McClellan, commenced his Peninsular Campaign. March and April succeeding found us upon the retreat backward in good order. Genl. Joseph E. Johnson, was then our commander. Having, as he always had, a good reputation of being good upon a retreat, he nobly sustained it, particularly upon this occasion. Following this unlucky officer through his various manœuvring up to the time of his surrender to Sherman, we find only too well that he strictly adhered to this principle all the way through.—We kept up the retreat until we arrived in the vicinity of Richmond. Here we made a halt, and faced about. The 31st of May and 1st of June witnessed a sanguinary engagement for both parties. No doubt both sides were considerably worsted. As regards the C. S. A., I can say with truth, they were crippled up to a great degree. Gradually onward and onward, nearer and nearer drew McClellan, with his army. He commences to tighten his fold around the doomed city. There is a pause, and almost a cessation of hostilities. For two months both sides were recuperating their energies. Genl. Johnson being badly wounded on the 31st of May 1862 at Seven Pines, Genl. Lee succeeded him in command of the Confederate army. Many and great are the endeavors made to prepare for this desperate conflict.

FORT RICE, D. T., Aug. 21, 1865.

Capt. Adams, Editor Frontier Scout—Sir—In my communication of the 1st inst., published in the Scout of August 3d, some statements are made which were based upon information received at the time, and which I find upon further inquiry were erroneous. As these statements may be so construed as to do injustice to the Commanding General, (than which nothing was further from my intention,) I respectfully ask you to make the correction. I state in the letter alluded to, that the Indians met Gen. Sully at this place "by invitation," and that "upon the strength of their professions of friendship they were presented with a supply of clothing;" while the truth is, as I now learn, that the General gave them no such invitation, and furnished clothing only to such as were then, and are still known to be friendly, and who, during the whole spring, acted as a protective force for the Fort.

Yours truly, S. P. Y.

HOW A REBEL WAS GOBBLED.

Stephen M. Deshon, belonged to Co. D, 2d N. H. Vols. He was one of those dare-devil good-hearted fellows that create mirth, and throw sunshine on the darkest scenes of a soldier's life. He boasted he was the only private for duty in Co. D, the next morning after the 2d of July at Gettysburg. After Lee, had escaped into Virginia, our Regt., (the 2d) among others was sent to block his game at Manassas Gap. The 24th of July found us skirmishing through the Gap to beyond Front Royal. When we returned back from pursuing the Philistines, some of them hid behind stone walls, and in clumps of bushes, hung on our rear to pick up stragglers. Col. Bailey, and Adj. Cooper found their horses minus shoes, and as Deshon was a blacksmith, these three stopped behind in the village smithy. Their horses were shod, and they were mounted, and overtaking the column, but Deshon was afoot and behind. The Rebels were gathering in the village, and he knew it, but he took it coolly, as he did everything. He wore a white hat which with his apparently leisurely manner completely lulled all suspicion of his being a Federal. He walked in a sauntering manner, as if nothing was the matter, humming "Dixie." At last he is hailed by a Johnny. He returns the salute, and Mr. Rebel joins company. A mutual inquiry follows as to respective regiments. Mr. Deshon is suddenly transformed into a Mississippian. The Rebel was from Alabama, with a huge plantation hat, and a mouth that when open made his head just half off. As their intimacy increased, Deshon desired to examine Johnny Rebel's gun, to see what kind it "mought" be. The gun changes hands, and the scene shifts—Deshon lifts the gun on the Rebel and announces the astounding fact that he is a prisoner of war, warning him if he tries to escape, or make any disturbance whatever, he will blow his brains out. This feat was done in a village full of Rebels, and within hailing distance of them, and in an hour or two Deshon joined the column with his captive. That awful hat and still more awful mouth I often afterwards saw at Point Lookout.