The Solitary Headstone

A TALE OF A. D. 1830.

Written at Island Aloe, 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 speck in the moonlight,
Stalkech a marble stone.

Who’s that stone in 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 heads 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 drooping gold,
Through the leaves of the dim old forest
— An 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 esteemed beauties of Nature
O’er-shadowed 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 sunshine
That came from the heavens above,
Like a beautiful angel descending
On a mission of mercy and love.

She hated the silver starlight,
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 landscape
To fall on her sorrowful breast.

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

The lapes 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,
Sweping down through the forest dim,
Imagined by her, in the old time,
Like the voices of chorubim,

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

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

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

She loathed 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, glistening
Into the cold night-air.

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

O’er the dewygrass 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 snatching form,
And the chilly waves, clinging round her,
Have frozen her life-blood warm.

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

In the morning they knocked at her chamber,
And an 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 they lay,
That delicate white wraith of
That death had stolen away.

Her long golden tresses were floating
Like an anchor upon the wave—
Ah, was there now conceal such beauty
In the shadow and gloom of the grave?

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

Also! how a train of such sorrow
One error of Life can make!
Keep up, O fair one, from sinning
For the blessed Jesus’ sake!

Mrs. Tar, of Newburyport, Mass.,
had the disappointment take 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 after to-morrow.”

There is a set of people in Soubrooke, N. H., called Algernes. A young female of that tribe went to Newburyport to buy her a dress. The trader asked what kind she desired. She replied after this style—“He-all me-arralling and he-all rejoicing—father’s dead, and I’m goin’ to get married.”

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

Why is an Irishman like one of the most powerful potentates of Africa? He is king of (Ashantees) a shanly.
EDITORIAL

The result of Gen. Sully's Expedition has confirmed our prediction. The entire season has been spent in making a continuous march over tireless plains, and met a solitary hostile Indian met. The immense forces so emotionally moved the frontier settlements of Minnesota are proven to be mythical, and the only good that can be counted on is as a compensation for the toll 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 necessity of the men by whose representations the season's operations have been controlled. We have been long convinced that the little knot of self-appointed guardians of this country were instigated 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 verified 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 will know 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 a sham of their power, and the whole management of Indians is placed where it should long since has 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 compensation. 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 Gen. Sully been permitted to cross from the north either at Forts Supply or Bent, 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 character of frontier vigilance whose only aim is to dissuade 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 1816.

Reader, will you be kind enough to glance back for a short while, and, when back, will you not linger for a few moments until your optic vision seizes the contents of this piece? Then hear with me kindly as I do not reach the amount of your expectations, for I will assure you, I am no knave of the gall. Let us go to the progress of Texas in its primeval growth, particularly when that was engaged in war with Mexico. The year '40 found it a nation in arms, and the jargon of the backwoodsman, supported by those of the canny, was making its way. Mexico was endeavoring to force it upon us. Soon, soon, there hung a delirium, destined by the unwise hand of Allwise Providence came 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 host of Mexicans, planted his foot upon its soil and made it feel the sturdy emblem of our national liberty over all than five and twenty cities. In the far distance from the moves of occupation (American Army) stood the little Fortress Alamo, garrisoned by only one hundred and thirty men, while the Mexicans charged the stronghold and forwards into Mexico, to protect themselves from the attacks of robbers; as that class roamed over that country as the Nez Percé wolves over this. It was an outpost situated far, far away from the seat of war, which the fallacy of Mr. Polk as he advanced with the army of subjugation into the interior of the country.

Anapuca, the Mexican General, seeing a terrible chastising at the hands of Gen. Taylor, fled with such rapidity that even the dashes of dragoons of horse May could not catch him. On he fled like the Sioux Indians, fleeing from the hails, shrieking hounds, thrown from the命名为 "Never-Fly-Never-Tiring," until he had passed the borders of Texas, and safely arrived upon terra firma in Mexico's deep sea dominions. One—two—three, yes, four months past they have been in Mexico, to recuperate his shattered forces. He is removed. Gen. Cos, an officer of little renown, now succeeds him in command. Again the Mexicans advance. Annually is warming her bloody Skippers over the land. Fast today the citizens from before the advance of these forces. The walls of Alamo they look to for protection. But not! there is no safety or refuge there. "The thousands twenty-five" of Cos's hirdlings will storm the place as soon as it arrives. "What, what shall we do?" asks the lovely maiden of sixteen, and the old man whose silver locks are white with the fruit of years, "Here they are!" How else they bewitch the Altar gay to spare them from the direful wrath to come. Oh, with such and reflections did the memory of the historian linger upon such scenes, as he in his study he propped the history of the former State'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 fifty yards from the sky, 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 inoffensive, fearful of being contaminated with their foul and polluted presence, give way before the outward-marching camp.

What is that object so far off in the distance that seems to rivet its attention upon the yonder forming grand object? Does it move? It is not inanimate. It must be coming this way. My eyes do not deceive me—it is now. He is rapidly approaching. The winds in their powerful gusts bring to us an anxious awaiting ears forebodings. "Lo! he is here!" and not encased in the paraphernalia of the Mexican soldier. No! but instead a hussar wearing a shirt of buckskin around his body loose. Mexican embroidered of Mexican, "with us," and his feet so small. A cup of brown skin, yet covers his flowing locks. A rifle lies carelessly in his hands. The steel which bears him upon his back is handsomer and cleaner than the one of Korg Satan to be, first as Pagan, as the incense of Busphathi, his nostrils flashing flame, his eyes darting from their sockets like the snakes (in his hair) from Medusa's head, he impressively and awesomely looking upon the whole preening 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 hand for his hat, and the Mexican army. Suddenly his mouth opens. "Who is he?" In what is that his master is raising in his hand? It is his rifle. Quick does it reach his shoulder. His finger now rests upon the trigger. Now he is ready to send his compliments to that handomely dressed officer who is walking 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?" he somebody one 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 is his order, his whole army echo the shout. Everybody, all ye brave strugglers for independence who shall now fall in the lion's path.

The solitary horseman, not waiting to see either his shot take effect, flies forward to a distance from the advance of the army, as the enemy are advancing," he cries, "make preparations, for we shall have a 'blood field of deaths' to-morrow night.

Let us imagine ourselves in this state for about a while, and see what happens.
LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST 15.—The men shooting and railing for witches.

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

Maj. Gilpin and his son Samuel, and Louis Benoit arrive from Fort Sally. It is pleasing to see the Major again. He is a great addition to the society of the Fort—always accommodating, always striving to make the camp of life at a frontier post possible. He was present at the execution of the conspirators at Washington, and brings back news of much interest. His young son has been admitted to New York City.

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

AUGUST 23.—Capt. Neos 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. Anhebold, Post Adjutant, and Lieut. Backmann, with nine mounted men, carrying a mail, start out to meet the Expedition expected camped at Apple Grove on the 4th of September.

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

Black Townshend’s son and another Indian arrive from Two Bears’ stand, bringing in dried buffalo meat.

The Post has this year furnished very fine redashias.

The highest temperature at Fort Rice, during the week ending Aug. 20th. Thermometer in the shade was 92.

Lowest noonday temperature 71.

The Dying Soldier’s Request.

By Capt. E. O. Adams.

A soldier was dying at Fort Rice. While his soul was winging for Paradise, Over his weak and exhausted frame A trumpet blared and trumphet 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 use When life and existence close. For my comrades that died as we hitherward 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 dashed on the rocks And the checks that a sister kissed, Were torn from their sepulchre, place by place, And devoured in the next night’s mist.

I never in battle was called a brave, I expected by bullet to die, That I might be torn by the beast of a race, And my bones would unburied lie.

But there were never beasts in that land of ours That could utter such awful howl As I hear all night through the chilly hour. As over these hills they prowl I sometimes dream in my forced brain (As I hear their discontent tones) And think that I really am feeling the pain, As they crunch with their teeth my bones.

I imagine his gleam of their angry eyes The moonlight through the leaf’s hole; Then bury me deep, if I did as Fort Rice, I beseech by th’ love of Christ.

As my mother erst wrapped round my infant limbs Thus the thick cloth yielded me from cold, And bade me to sleep with the balm of her hyssop, 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 palms Then dig me my grave at least twelve feet, To be raised by no tattoo, Till the anchorage calls with its 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 get-up of the rebellion like a gap in the Blue Ridge? They were man-annas (Manzanas).

Why is Fort Rice like Washington? On the way to the convent we were arrested. The principal topic of conversation, Sir Tar (Surrum).
Through the Rebellion.

SKETCH SECOND.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 1ST E. S. V. INT.

The fiftieth 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 in the rear of commercial centers. On that day Capt. Benjamin Yancey, son of William L. Yancey, the great fire-eater and descendant of Alabama (who now lies quietly beneath the sod of his native State's red clay) 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, Charleston, Stantone and Winchester, Virginia. At all these places we found crowds assembled to give us a hearty welcome, for the triumph of Secession was accomplished, 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 bathing in the sunshine of their merriment 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 even now here amidst the wild, barren and shapeless hills of fruitful Dakota, after the ravages of war as 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 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 brave 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 Fiemont. 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. Boger at its head, was under the command of Kirby Smith. We double-quicked 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. Damnfills, near Evansport, upon the Potomac, was our camping place. Here we erected masked batteries to intercept and prevent the navigation of the Potomac—We partially succeeded, until the iron rams came into play; as soon as they made their appearance our six pounders were powerless to respond to their broadsides in the shape of "lauz-pots", 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 for being good upon a retreat, he maintained it, particularly upon this occasion. Following this unhappy officer through his various manoeuvres 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 last of June witnessed a singular engagement for both parties. No doubt both sides were considerably worked. As regards the C. S. A., I can say with truth, they were crippeled to a great degree. Gradually onward and onward, nearer and nearer drew McClellan, with his army. The advantage was to tighten his fold around the doomed city. There is a pause, and almost an cessation of hostilities. For two months both sides were recuperating their energies. Genl. Johnston being A. G. O. on the 31st of May 1862 at Seven Pines, Genl. McClellan 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 8th, some statements are made which were based upon information received at the time, and which I did upon further information was erroneous. The 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 overture I state in the letter I addressed to, that the Indians met Gen. Sally and at this place by invitation, and that upon the strength of their professions of friendship they were presented with a supply of clothing, which is the truth 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 protectory force for the Fort.

Yours truly.

S. P. Y.

HOW A REBEL WAS GOBBLED.

Stephen M. Deshon, belonged to Co. D, 24th N. H. Vols. He was one of those dare-devil good-hearted fellows that create mirth, and throw sunshine on the dullest scene or the gloomiest day. He boasted he was the only private for duty in Co. D, the next morning after the 24th of July at Gettysburg. After Lee, had escaped into Virginia, our Regt. (the 24th) were ordered to go to Manassas Gap. The 24th of July we found us skirmishing through the Gap to beyond Front Royal. When we returned back from pursuing the Philistines, some of them lied upon the stony walls, and in clumps of bushes, hung on our rear to pick up stragglers, Col. Bailey, and Adjt. Cooper found their horses minus shoes, and as Deshon was a blacksmith, those three stopped up in the valley. Their horses were shoe, and they were mounted, and overtaking the column, but Deshon was absent and behind. The Rebels were gathering in the village, and here they lay in for us, but Deshon did everything. He wore a white hat which with his apparently leisurely manner completely belied 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. Rebell joins company. A mutual inquiry follows as to respective regiments, Deshon is suddenly transformed into a Mississippian. The Rebel was from Alabama, with a huge plantation hat, and a mouth that seemed made his head just half off. As their intimacy increased, Deshon desired to examine Johnny Rebell's gun, to see what kind it 'might be.' The gun changes hands, and the scene shifts—Deshon lifts the gun on the Rebel and announces the astounding fact that there is a prisoner of war, warning him if he attacks him or make any disturbance whatsoever, he will blow his brains out. This feat was done in a village full of Rebels, and within a few miles of the enemy, and in an hour or two Deshon was the captive of his own. That awful hat and still more awful mouth I often afterwards saw at Point Lookout.