CHATTANOOGA.

When the Federal soldiers reached the summit of Lookout Mountain, an eagle soared from its nest on the topmost crag into the blue empyrean. This Poem was written on hearing of the victory.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

A new-born glory gildeth our flag
Since the victory over the boastful Bragg.
The sky is brighter, the canopy huzar,
Since the gallant triumph of Chattanooga.

From Lookout's summit I see the day
Dispelling the night of Rebellion away,
And I ease upreared her rainbow bridge,
With one resting on Mission Ridge.

As the ark of humanity erst-times sat
On the glorious summit of Ararat,
And sent out a dove, which returned
With a branch
Unwithered left from the avalanche
Of waters that God in his wrath had hurled
From the mount of his might on the vale of the world,
So the ark of Freedom on Lookout's crest
Is a jaspian herald of coming rest,
Above it is floating a flag of stars
On a breeze that is born of a nation's huzars,
And all nations of Earth, as they catch the glad sight,
Rim the horizon round with the shout of delight.

In the midst of the wilderness, barren and dark,
A focus of glory was Israelite's ark,
When a pall of deep blackness enveloped Earth's things
Still wafted was light from the cherubim's wings
(For the clouds of the Earth are like notes in the score)
When the fountain of God's head whereon light is the stream,
So 'midst the dark tempest that over us brake
When the land was beleaguered with War's sulphur smoke,
When perished our young men like things of an hour,
The wheat of our country mown down in its flower,
When manhood that grew through the full-rounded years
The hall of the musketry cut like a shears,
When we stood on the verge of Destruction's bay
And heard the wild surges of Anarchy hiss,
When all stars that we saw were the stars
Of our flag,

So riddled with bullets, it hung like a rag.
When the sky was all black, and no cloud rest of blue.
Let one beam of glory the hurricane through
Still then, although hid from our battle-dimmed sight,
Our eagle soared high in the smile of God's right.
No arrow from quiver a Rebel erst drew
Could bring that proud bird from his home in the blue.

When the smoke of the battle from Lookout had whirled,
And lay in the vale like a night on the world,
As our comrades that eminence gallantly trod,
The prophets of Freedom as Moses of God,
Far over the summit in thin atmosphere.
The tempest just ended had rendered more clear,
Our emblem of glory, unlettered, unadorned
Soared out from his nest on the crest they had gained,
And upward his flight as our nation's shall be,
For God has ordained that this world shall be free.

A Reminiscence of Nicaragua.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

During the first Expedition of the filibustering Walker (as some term this lamented officer) I was one of the few colonels that were with him. Our Division, under command of Gen. Horseshy, from New Orleans, La., composed the advance forces of his little army. After remaining in that country some two months or more we received tidings of Commodore Paulding's orders to disperse our forces, as were accomplishing nothing productive of benefit to the Government. The Commodore succeeded in his object. Our band dispersed, and Gen. Walker proceeded to Washington, D. C., as a prisoner. Through the intervention of some of his friends he was soon released, and returned to New Orleans. As soon as he arrived in that city he set about organizing another force to proceed again to Nicaragua. He partially succeeded, and with a few men he started forth again upon the stormy road of a soldier's life, to gain laurels or perish in the attempt. The summer of '88 found us, as I have said in the beginning, upon the tramp from Granada to Costa Rica, a small place of some 1500 inhabitants. They fled to the main army upon our approach.

After passing through this latter place, we halted and spread our canvas. Its white folds were soon flapping by the way of the wind so refreshing.

The natives of this country are of a very dark color, but not devoid of intelligence and beauty, possessing as they do, a ready wit, slow to anger, but full of grief at an injury. Like an Indian, when a person once confers a kind favor upon them, they never forget it, but will surely reciprocate it over it lies within the scope of their power.

Directly after we arrived at Porto Bues, a little town containing some 800 or 1000 inhabitants, some soldiers of Gen. Walker's command had occasion to visit the town on some business connected with the army, when one of the soldiers, having too free access to whisky, soon became intoxicated, and while in that state, he induced greatly the local beauty of rare beauty, while she was quietly walking along the streets, she applied to Lieut. in charge of the soldiers, for redress. Not possessing any attributes of a gentleman, he seemed not to notice her complaints.

She, being a lady of more courage than generally belongs to the sex, applied to Gen. Walker. Instead of turning a deaf ear to her as the Lieut. did, he listened to her story of wrongs, and had the guilty offender summarily punished.

Two months had elapsed since this occurrence when the lamented General happened to fall a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Gen. Walker was condemned to death, and on the day he was to be shot, just as the officer was giving the command "Ready," a beautiful young lady fell upon her knees, and in plaintive attitudes, besought him to spare his life, but the mandate had been issued first from the lips of the cruel Ne-ro, and his life could not be spared, and as the third command, "Fire," was being given, she threw herself around his neck, and there fell a victim with him upon the altar of his country.

MORE ANON.

HOW THE PEOPLE DRESS IN THE STATES.—"Beads are high, for the Indians are almost outdone by the whites in head-work; almost everything is ornamented with beads. There is another style of hat which is worn by the Indians, but they are hateful-looking things, I think—high crown, like the tall black hats, and narrow rim—sand color—so I got you a panama as you requested."
Letter from L.t. Col. Jos. R. King

HEAD QUARTERS 3d Sub-Dist. Fort Laramie, Kansas.

July 29, 1865.

To Capt. Enoch G. Adams, 1st U. S. V. Inf., Fort Rice, D. T.—Dear Capt. Sir,—The Frontier Scout made its appearance this A. M., dated June 24th; I assure you it was a very welcome visitor, and is afforded me much pleasure while perusing its contents. It reminded me of many pleasant hours, and bright old times and faces fresh to memory, and in all my awaken the desire to "would I were with thee!" I am very sorry to hear of poor Wilson's death; his loss must be keenly felt by the little band of gallant and jolly spirits that remain, and you all must feel that a blank exists in your midst and in your social gatherings. The loss of that well-known voice must often recall to your minds the once cheerful, warm-hearted, social comrades, poor Wil.-

Mr. Adams, I am exceedingly glad to know that your health prevails throughout your command.

You have pictured to the "balance of mankind" what the "Eagle Bird" thinks of Dakota—I with she would still over this God-forsaken section, but sufficiently high, so as not to get even a whiff of the air that we poor devils breathe, for I am convinced that if she did, she would not remain long enough to form an opinion of "shocking Kansas." We are about 600 miles from nowhere, excepting it be the verge of New York, and I think we are more nor ten rods from that delightful spot.

Give my compliments to the "devil," Capt.

I expect to visit your Post probably by Christmas, if your "red friends" are not too particular about who travels the Upper Missouri the coming Winter, and will furnish me with a pass, guaranteeing the safety of my "half-breed.

I have quite an important command just now. In command of the 3d Sub-d. Dist. Upper Arkansas. I have the 14th Mo. Cavalry, 15th Kansas Cavalry, three companies 2d Colorado Cavalry, two companies 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, five companies Veteran Battalion 1st Colorado Cavalry, and four companies 2d U S V. Inf., with a Battery of Mountain Howitzers.

I have been preparing for a raid against Indians—intend to take 1000 Cavalry, three companies Infantry and the Battery. Expect to have some fun, as well as hard knocks. I will send you a report of my campaign.

Give my kind regards to Col. Dismorr and all the officers—all the civil villains also.

Hoping that you are all very well, and that long may you live, I am,

Ever of thee, &c.,

J. R. King,
Lt. Col. 2d U. S. V. Inf.

Doubg. 3d Sub-Dist.

Buffalo hunts and embarkations are a healthy and enjoyable recreation, and "draw poker" for profit or loss.

Letter from the Hub of the Universe

BOSTON ATHENAEUM LIBRARY.

July 19, 1865.

Friend Adams—I received yesterday a copy of the Frontier Scout, No. 2, by which it appears you are located in the West. It is the first intimation of the fact that I have had. I have not received a copy of No. 1, for it was noticed a few days ago in the Journal. Your paper does not give any very glowing account of the natural beauties of the locality.

I had a few days ago from Tim, Dwight the record of our class for the five years from July 1860 to July 1861. I copy the record of the person who stands at the head of our class:


The following deaths are reported since July 2, 1860: Beckwith, Chasmer, Conner, Kirby, Starr, Upson and Wadell.

Dr. Eliot, of New York, was in Boston a few days ago with his wife, and I was at aE. nook at my house of Eliot, Ioane and Milaie, with their wives and children, and a very pleasant affair it was.

My family are all well. Shall be glad to hear from you and receive your paper. I put it up for preservation in the library. We are doing a good deal in enacting Rebel newspapers and documents. We have a complete file of the Richmond Enquirer from Feb. 1861, to the day of the surrender of Richmond, not a paper missing or mutilated, and partial sets of many other papers. Your frontier papers will be very curious and valuable.

Yours very truly,

W. F. Poole.

Epitaph of Lady of Newburyport, Mass.

Refined in manners, yet devoid of art.
Lady of spirit, but of noble heart.
In her all graces were at once combined.
And formed the priceless jewel of her mind.
Her frame was feeble, and with pain she trod
Life's thorny pathway, now she rests along
Her sufferings cease, her sorrows find an end,
In heavenly joys participates our friend.

E. G. A.
THE FRONTIER SCOUT
LIKE C. H. CHAMPIE, PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Sept. 1.—Very warm day. Capt. A. and D. of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. knocked off after the steamer took them to Fort Sally — Mrs. Yarborough leaves, so Mrs. Kruger, Miss James and Mrs. Learned are the only white women at the Post.

J. H. Hilliard, of Co. E, 1st U. S. V. Inf., accidentally shot by Sgt. Marks, of the same company. He was a good soldier.

Georg. Lane moved his camp four or five miles down the river to get better grass for the horses.

Sept. 2.—Visited the camp of the Expedition and took dinner with the General. Found him in one of his genial moods. I partook of a chicken stew — something I had tasted of for over a year. He has had more on the whole bill — he related how one fell out of a wagon and how frightened she was for fear of being left in the desolate prairie; how at a double quick she overtook the train, screeching with fright. Beausoleil chicken not to like.

Returned with Van Zandt. The roughest day I ever saw in Dakota. But flying in clouds. The army of the winds most essentially kibbutzing up a dust.

The General and many of his staff, all major Brackett, visited us, and have dinner at 11. Q. R.

Sept. 4.—Visit the camp of the Expedition to bid the officers good-bye. It is hard parting with them, they are such good, kind-hearted men. Capt. Moore and has left us, and many warm friend, he has gained in his short stay at Fort Rice. Co. G, of the 6th Iow Cav. we shall long remember. They are a gentle, quiet set of men. We enjoy their company and are glad to have them.

We have the intrepid, intrepid colonel, Dr. Venetian from our crew, and the high-minded Capt. Pope, on the hunt for the hostile stock.

The mail arrives. Brevet promotions of officers, we see by the Lieut. on Journal, just received, are made by Congress at the rate of 700 a day. We hear that Col. Dixon has brevitted Brigadier Gen. But also, it usually informs us he has another dispatch that troops are on the way to relieve us.

Sept. 5.—The Expedition starts very early this morning on its winding way for civilization.

We found our tame wolf, Dicky, dead of distemper this morning. What a loss to the Drum Corps! It will near break them up, as he will never show how an accompaniment as of old.

Sept. 7.—The steamer U. S. Grant leaves in sight above.

Lient. Young Urla, 3d R. I. from Fort Union, and Lient. Banoic from Fort Berthold. Major Kirkbridge, with 200 of the 3d Illinois Cavalry, has been sent to Fort Berthold during the week to obtain rations.

FORT RICE, D. T., Sept. 8, 1853.

Mr. Editor:—It is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge the kind treatment which I received while I was detained as your correspondent at Horsemens of the Iowas. I was left under the care of Mr. Herrick and Penn, who are skillful and accomplished in their profession, and are gentlemen. I have been most courteously acquainted with all the officers of the 1st U. S. V. In., and it gives me pleasure to say they are worthy of wearing the sword.

Gentlemen, accept my warmest thanks,


A Woman's Thoughts.

"I have received many little papers— they are excellent. In one of your editorials you spoke of the pioneers having so much energy that they could not sit down, and sleep in their Grandfather's chimney-corner. There are a great many young men here in New England, the most like a great house-down, watching for a few crumbs that may fall from the table of some of their friends, afraid to move from the chimney-corner for fear they shall not make ends of those little morsels of warmth they may belong to them; if a few nice ones are thrown to them they are lost in an instant in a great wilderness, unacquainted, not wanting, not appearing in the least, so they grow lean and lazy with watching and waiting, never venturing out among the vast and rich fields and forests of human destiny, which still yield a little ambition, dignity and fastness to every wants, though the game is abundant there. They need not fear, what if they should not be able to devour all the game they see? It is better to leave nothing than to finish watching for the table chair to be shaken, for perhaps the person may remain so long at the table that there will be little to shake.

The Heroes of the 21st U. S. V.

BY CAPT. E. O. ADAMS.

The orderly sergeants, with singing voices.

When the day had increased its size and its noises,

In the midst of the woods, where each tree was a column,

Called the names of his men with emphatic solemn say.

And thought of the roll of the judgment-seat.

Who Time had arrived at the end of

But the names that he called have no longer Stories with them.

They are abstract virtues, like a god or

They have gone from existence, those gallant men. [Why?]

And how did they perish, and where, and one to the blood of shadows away From the Williamsburg light on the east side of May.

Forward, the order came to the column to He fell with a blow that had bullet gone furth. [Drawn.]

Like a statue he lay as the calmness of the sculptor Death from his Life's like a block had been cut. [Drawn.]

Alas! for his mother's heart, horror-cuddled, The shade of her life is from true that is girdled.

* From.

Another one perished at the hill of Mount as a reeling as one could think of Calm, like a culprit that's killed by stones in a pillow.

Dismayed forever by rebel artillery. The thread of his life was by Death as tangled.

And his form was a wrenched and so torn and so mangled.

That his mother knew him in every feature.

To distinguish her son, would require a F act.

Another one perished at the Sacred Hill. His Father had him for the only one,

To support him in age, to uphold him in weakness.

But he bore it all with a Christian's meekness.

Yet only a few months longer existed Ere he joined his son, in Death's dark enlistment.

The other like fished in days of Herold. When after that battle their sons were buried.

But the wind o'er their forms shed the leaves and her sobbing,

As her children of '89 would do the red-browed toads.

For Nature is never a recreant to duty. She throws 'round her children the scurf of her beauty.

The shield of his honor is blazoned with unbleached chivalry.

The one that fell pierced with nine death dealing bullets, Like Minerva.

More glorious than full armed and was

The hero that died in the orchard of Savings twenty-steps of the night.

When our dead lay life swells from the O the ripples that follow the plod of a horse.

[Drawn.]

On the sandy field, where Rebekah went back as a stave when she met him had been stabled,

Rohed, with shame at repulsed and disaster.

To be whiplashed back to fight by more absolute master.

I cannot revenge the heroic names, they were Freedom's but, they now are Famine's, [full family]

They are roared by the bullock, as one Roaring the main shaft of an immorality.

They are dear to the heart as is Young Love's mystery.

They shall live forever in Freedom's land.

When the Earth is received like a present From the ground that lies there to the mind.

And the Judg's sent is through with And a report is read of each of the man's behavior.

What name shall continue his Country's


**Capt. W. Roberts, of Dover, N. H.
Their carts are curiosities in themselves, being made entirely of wood—with wrapings of rawhide—no iron—not even a nail—is used in their construction. The wheels are made in the ordinary way, only much heavier, and without tires and bands. The hub is cut from a small tree with an auger hole through it, in which the wooden axle is thrust without grease or other lubricating material; and as they go screeching, squeaking, squawling, and making most unearthly noises over these broad, grassy prairies, in close proximity to Devil's Lake, it does not require a very great stretch of imagination to believe that one is listening to the woopings, wailing, &c., of the "spirits of the damned" in the original Devil's Lake, so vividly described by Dante and Milton.

These people are most a distinct race, a mixture of French and Indian, who live a half-civilized life, hunting, trapping, trading and a little farming, independent of all laws except their own making, paying no taxes, and owning no allegiance to any other government—They are all devout Catholics, and carry their priest with them in all their expeditions, whether hunting, trading, or war. They also take their families and fiddles—hunting, and curing their meats and hides during the day and dancing and singing at night. They have one President or Chief and twelve Counsellors, who, with the Priest, make and execute all laws for their governance and protection. They have a captain of the hunters, who gives all orders, and any disobedience is punishable by fine of from five to fifty dollars. The day before we reached their camp, they killed seven hundred buffaloes, at one run. The meat is preserved by cutting it in thin flaps, and drying it in the sun by hanging it for two or three days on frames made of poles. They seem perfectly happy and contented, their wants being few and easily supplied.

Their encampment presented quite a picturesque appearance, the carts being placed so as to form two circular corrals, into which the ponies and cattle are driven at night. The tops of the carts are connected by dressed buffalo hides that form a continuous shelter, under which they have their bedding and sleep. The rest of their lives is passed in the open air.

The babies, whose name is legion, are swung in hammocks made of buffalo hides under the axles of the carts, and there kept in motion by some of the older children, while the women are engaged in cutting and drying the meat, and dressing the hides. Except when on the hunt, the men do little but look after the stock, the women doing all the drudgery.

We staid part of one day in their camp, and had a good opportunity of seeing something of their inner life. Few speak English, their language being like themselves a mixture of French and Indian.

Today we launched a boat that we christened "The Devil," built for the purpose of exploring and taking soundings on the lake, and your correspondent together with Major Brackett, Lieut. Udell and several others, made up the party who had the temerity to make the first voyage across the lake, and a delightful one it was.

On the opposite shore, gathering berries, and returning in time for supper, intending to extend our sail to other parts of the lake the next day, but it being stormy, it was deferred, and the morning after we took up our line of march for Horse River.

C. S.