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Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

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The Three Locks of Hair.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

A Rebel soldier he erst had been,
For the maddened South had fought,
But repented his sin like Magdalen,
And himself as an offering brought.
At last he stands 'neath the stars and stripes
A repentant enlisted man,
And out the treason that's past he wipes
With the strongest endeavor he can.
And now to Fort Rice, so desolate,
He has come from the weary march
And meets the end of his bitter fate
From Death, demons' Hierarch.
My God! 'twas a bitter day when he died,
The ground it was frozen stiff,
The landscape was dreary on every side
With naked valley and cliff.
The snow had come with a sudden flint,
And filled his grave to the brim,
They shoveled it out to give place to the dirt
That covered the last of him.
After the escort had come back
To the Fort, so dull and rude,
Which stands like a giant maniac
In the midst of the solitude,
His knapsack was brought to my wind-shaken tent,
And his pocket-book, pocket-stained,
Which the little money he had not spent
In one of its folds contained,
I opened another little fold
And there fell out a lock of hair,
One is flaxen and one is gold,
By my troth! there is a pair!
And yet another I found concealed,
'Twas darker—of longer growth—
Like a living thing to my heart is appealed
As the mother of them both.
From the day when the ruthless demon
of War
Had torn him from home and hearth,
Those locks were the dearest sight he saw
In his weary march on Earth.
Not far were his treasures of earthly pelf
From his treasures of love apart,
One cherished the needs of his outer self,
The other cherished his heart.
Nor poverty, distance, nor long lapse of years
Can blanch with their withering breath
The love that grows greener when watered by tears,
And blooms 'neath the hoar-frost of Death.

The Southern Mother's Pride;

OR
The Loyalized Rebel.
A TALE OF THE 1ST U. S. V. INF.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

It was a palatial mansion in the South where our story commences. It was surrounded by spacious verandahs. Every beautiful tree peculiar to the Southern clime encircled it with its wealth of foliage. Nature and art were alike liberal. It would exhaust the vocabulary to picture in language the luxuriance of leaf and flower. Titanic in the scale of Nature were Nature's productions. The mansion within in massiveness of structure corresponded with the natural appendages without. The walls were high, and fine columns supported the graceful roof. The furniture was of the most cumbersome pattern. There was nothing counterfeit about it. It appeared that whoever had built and furnished the house considered that he had done it for all coming time. The huge beds were like the vast thrones of an Eastern monarch. Even the candlesticks seemed more fit for the ark of the Hebrews than for everyday life. For whom was all this display? A lordly master, a mistress and an only boy were all the whites, but there were any number of dusky slaves that floated in and out like shadows on a garden wall when the branches of adjacent trees flicker and swing in the wind. The master is very proud and very haughty, but the mother is very sweet and very pretty, and the boy has the determination he inherits from the father toned down by the genial, kind-hearted disposition he inherits from the mother. She was all Southern in blood, and yet all kindness to whomsoever she met, bond or free. Whatever errors society had in its formation, no sorrows followed from her actions. She was the purest type of a Southern woman. No gloss, no affectation, pure, guileless, simple, and yet firm as adamant. When many a Southern dame dilated in the most exultant terms over the success of the Southern Confederacy, she shook her head dubiously. She loved the Stars and Stripes. Her grandfather had been a gallant officer in the Revolutionary War, and she disliked the undoing of what he helped to accomplish. It had been her father's pride, and her pride, her ancestor's heroic deeds. His modest sword and soldier trappings hung in sight amid the splendid furniture of her palatial home. Her husband was proud as Caesar, and simply curled his lip when she doubted the final separation of the Union. If his looks could have established the Confederacy it would have

been as firm as the Alleghanies—if his looks could have killed Yankees the Earth would have been strewn with dead three feet deep. The Rebellion was to be supported with hard knocks, and defeated with the same. When she heard of the fall of Sumter she kept her room, while the house was overflowing with wine and hilarity. No one made any remarks, though all knew her Union sentiments.— Her husband was a bitter Secessionist, and she was too rich and powerful to be assailed or even questioned. She always would have her way in spite of her usual mildness. She was a pot. If it was her pet idea to be Union, let her be so. She had taught many of her slaves to read, not to be suffered in common women, but then it was the rich Mrs. Ravensworth had done this, and even the greatest sticklers for Southern Institutions stood abashed in her presence; she was so loveable, so altogether beautiful she must do as she pleased.

Her son was like the mother. He had read all about the formation of the Government, how much of blood and tears it cost, and when any one said aught against it it seemed worse than sacrilege, it appeared blasphemy.

Reginald Ravensworth is our hero's name. He was but sixteen when the Rebellion broke out, and so went not forth with the pioneers to war against his country's Flag. There were, however, many boys, that, aping the ways of men, did. They would talk in "highfalutin" style of the Southern Confederacy, of their heart's blood, of the cowardice of the Yankees, &c., &c. But Reginald was not one of these. His mother acted as a regulator. She was not so confident that the Union would be upturned, and two Governments reared on the ruin of one.

But there was a black-eyed beauty, Mollie Edwards, was sure the South would triumph. Didn't her father say so? Didn't Mr. Ravensworth senior say so? Didn't they know? Of course they did. Didn't everybody in the community look up to them, and rely on their judgment? The "Bonnie Blue Flag," how she threw her whole soul into the song when she sang it. Her father's elegant mansion was full of her admirers; but she liked Reginald Ravensworth better than them all; only it stung her to the quick to think he was not more enthusiastic about the Rebellion. Here were any number of youngsters strapping on pistols and bowie knives, breathing blood and butchery, and here was he, calm as a lamb in a thunderstorm. Wasn't it provoking?— And she would give an extra jerk to the piano in her indignation. Reginald loved her, too; he did not enter into her politi-

[CONCLUDED ON 4TH PAGE.]

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1865.

A PARTING WORD.

Men of the 1st U. S. V. Inf., a word ere we leave Fort Rice. Our sojourn in the wilderness is nearly over. We are happy as the ancient Jews when they crossed into the Promised Land. But remember this, wherever we go we carry ourselves, and upon ourselves depends our weal or woe. When we become citizens let us determine to become good citizens, loyal, law-abiding, industrious, honest men. We have a country redeemed from anarchy, redeemed from disunion, which we can call our own. We have served that country honorably, let us preserve our good name. We are the first fruits of a re-united people. We are a link between the North and the South—let us prove that it is a golden link, and of no baser metal. If we go north, south, east or west, let us bear the flame of liberty in our hearts, and let us be a nucleus around which every good thing shall cluster. Let it be said that the Southern soil can yield men as in the days of Washington, Marion and Jasper. Do not imagine the Government looks upon you as aliens. She looks upon you as her sons, as part and parcel of her own existence. You have passed through scenes of suffering, believe that the All-Merciful has something good in store for you. Though in worse than Siberian exile, the Great God who holds the Universe in his hands loves you, and has a care for you, and will yet crown you with many and rich gifts. The feast of life is set, and you are invited all. Soldiers, I love you. I am a soldier, and have been for nearly five years. In almost every grade from the lowest, I have served, and tried to do my duty. I have suffered in my person, and have suffered in my feelings, but have patiently endured all for the sake of my country. I do not regret the sacrifice. And you will never regret the sacrifice you have made, it will yet be the proudest boast of your life, "I have been a Union soldier."

The following letter from one of New England's loveliest and most accomplished ladies, the daughter of a distinguished citizen of Salem, Mass., shows that the soldiers of this Regiment are not without the pale of the affections and sympathies of their country, if they are "in the wilds of Dacotah":

HAMILTON, Mass.,
Feb. 15, 1865.

Capt. Adams—Sir—The ladies have been recommended by the Christian Commission to write to the Army. We are told the circumstances remove all impropriety, and it has appeared thus to me.—In the Essex County Mercury, which makes us a weekly visit, I saw your name and address appended to some touching lines entitled "The Three Locks of Hair."

I know that the 1st U. S. V. Inf. is composed of those formerly Rebels, who have taken the oath of allegiance.—There are so many things nearer home to claim our attention, that these men away in the wilds of Dacotah seem far removed from our interest and sympathy, yet I am sure, if truly repentant, they deserve the latter. They may have been misled by wily politicians to take up arms against the Government which has done them nothing but good; which has been a tender and indulgent mother to her loyal subjects, and when at last she arose in her might to avenge her wounded honor, Mercy and Pity mingled with her just indignation. The guilt of this Rebellion rests with the Southern leaders, and not their deluded followers; the latter are the sufferers. I think of this one, who "Repeated his sin like Magdalen And himself as an offering brought." Perhaps some once happy home in the sunny South mourns over his long absence. He will return to those loved ones no more forever.

We can imagine that to these men, if truly penitent, the old flag possesses a significance which it never before had, and of which we can know little. Here, in our peaceful homes in New England, we think the Stars and Stripes are dear to us. When we see them floating in the breeze after a victory we are glad, we are proud, but those who follow the old Flag through danger and death know what devotion to her means; for we learn to value a thing in proportion to the trouble it causes us, the sacrifices we make in its behalf.

I will write no more. I fear this may seem an intrusion from a stranger.

Respectfully,

MISS M. E. PERKINS.

SONG OF THE 1st U. S. V. Inf.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

We are going home, o'er Missouri's foam,
While the ruddy sunlight flashes,
To the sunny South, from the land of
drouth,
For Rebellion's burned to ashes.

The insane rule of the senseless fool,
That ruled us with rod of iron,
Has gone with a crash, into chaotic
smash,
He has none that he now can rely on.

In a dungeon low, at Fortress Munroe,
He is lying, the fierce fire-eater,
It was void of good, all the spilling of
blood,
And useless the waste of saltpetre.

For he never could drag the starry flag
From its citadel high in the zenith;
It forever will shine o'er the land and
the brine,
For so the Creator meaneth.

From the barren plain, where there is no
rain,
From Dakota's Territory,
We are sailing down to village and town
Of the Union in its glory.

No more is it rent, like the firmament
When the lightnings cleave it asunder,

For the rainbow of peace, when the tem-
pest doth cease,
Is the arch that we're sailing under.

'Neath the vine and the palm, on our
Southern farm,
We'll embrace the dear friends of our
childhood,
How our mothers will weep as they watch
us asleep,
Their sons from the desolate wildwood.

Not with grief, but with joy that bath
not alloy,
No longer as traitors we're branded,
We have wiped all disgrace from our
name and our race,
We are soldiers with honor disbanded.

Not Rebels paroled, but Union full-
souled,
We return to our home and our kindred;
There is many a kiss that we never shall
miss
From maidens that cannot be hindered.

If Seceshers frown, we will topple them
down,
And give them a taste of the Union,
We'll administer oaths and horse-whip-
pings both
To the men that dislike our communion.

To the hour of our death, to our last part-
ing breath,
When our eye with the death-film is
misted,
We will herald with pride that we took
the right side,
And honor the day we enlisted.

Then three cheers for the flag that no
mortal can drag,
Be he Frenchman, or British, or Tory,
From its home in the sky, where it waveth
on high,
And ever shall wave in its glory!

LOCAL ITEMS.

SEPT. 20.—Five Mackinac boats ar-
rive from above loaded with Idaho mi-
ners. They have abundance of gold, but
no greenbacks. They are a motley look-
ing crowd. They look as the Rebels
did just arriving at Point Lookout, from
the Front. The war is over, and they
have no fear of being drafted if they re-
turn home.

SEPT. 21.—Black Woman's Husband,
a Yaanktonai, brings a dispatch from Gen.
Sully at Fort Sully that the 50th Wiscon-
sin Regt., relief for the 1st U. S. V. Inf.,
arrived at Fort Randall, D. T., Septem-
ber 14.

SEPT. 23.—The steamer Hattie May
arrives from above. Messrs. Smith, Hub-
bell and Hawley, of the Northwestern
Fur Company and Mr. Fletcher, correspon-
dent of the New York Tribune, were on
board. There were quite exciting times
at Fort Union, M. T., just before they
left. The Assiniboins and Crows had
fallen out, and commenced hostilities.—
An old trader, Larpenter, at the Fort,
had also excited the ire of the Assinni-
boins. They came riding into the Fort
full tilt, and demanded the horses of some
Crows which were there stabled. There

were two or three Crows whom Mrs. Pease, herself a Crow, adroitly concealed. Mr. Pease held a parley with them, and kept them at bay, while Messrs. Hubbell and Hawley were moving their merchandise into the Fort, hiring every available squaw and pappoose that could tote anything, however small. Industrious as beavers the traders were carrying on operations without, Pease was managing sagaciously as possible within. Larpen-ter was on the Hattie May that had dropped down the stream. Men were sent to the bastions, expecting every moment an outbreak, but Pease gave the Indians a feast, and turned away their mischievous intentions, and the storm blew over. They changed their minds, and they who came for war went away in peace. Messrs. Smith, Hubbell and Hawley floated down to the steamer on their little skiff, but came near death from the wave, more treacherous than the treacherous foe. Hawley was carried under the wheel, but caught it in the last moment, and climbed on it as a stairs. Hubbell and Smith had caught on some stanchions, and were saved. Thus ended the adventures of a day in "the land of the Dako-
tas."

The Officers had on board the Hattie May a pleasant reunion with these gentlemen. Mrs. Hawley had added a new store to her experiences of savage life. She mentioned that she had been very much interested with the Green Corn Dance at Fort Berthold. Major Galpin and wife came down from Fort Berthold on the same steamer.

SEPT. 24.—The Hattie May started for below.

The same day Capt. Dimon returned from Fort Sully with his detachment.—He brought a mail.

H. G. O. Weymouth, Major of the 1st U. S. V. Inf., arrives with the party.

SEPT. 25.—Major Weymouth assumes command of the Regiment, relieving Capt. Upton. Lt. Col. Pattee thanks Capt. Upton in a Post-Order for his co-operation while in command of the Regiment. Capt. Upton this last time, commanded twenty-five days since relieving Capt. Adams.

SEPT. 28.—The steamer Converse arrives from above, (Capt. Earl Matlock,) loaded with Idaho pilgrims. She was fired into by the red-skins about twelve miles above, and one man, L. L. Lake, of Cold Water, Michigan, was wounded through the calves of both legs by a trade ball. The attacking party was on the opposite side of the river. The boat was within sight of our herders in the bottoms above the Fort. The red-skins were probably a war party of Santees.

SEPT. 29.—A delegation of Unkpa-

pas came in. They have lately been very hostile, but now want peace. The principal Chief was Iron Horse. Grindstone, another Chief, was of the crowd. At the same time Red Horse, a distinguished Indian orator, an Ogalala, arrived. He has been traveling from one camp to another urging the Sioux to make peace with the whites. His home is near Fort Laramie. These Unkpapas stated that Sitting Bull and The-man-that-has-his-head-shaved led the attack on Fort Rice, July 28, 1865. They stole Mr. Hubbell's horses, and decamped and for their cowardice in leaving the fight they commenced Sitting Bull was whipped after arriving in camp, and, to use their own words enforced by appropriate gestures, he only lived by the little end of his little finger. The rest of the party they had led in to mischief would not suffer them to keep the two horses they had captured, but in the dispute the poor animals were killed, thus satisfactorily arranging the division of plunder.—They, moreover, stated that the party that attacked Lieut. Wilson numbered twenty-five, and that the man who killed him was a Sans Arc, the son of The-man-that-hows. They reported that Connor's Expedition was a disaster, that mules, and even men, died from sheer thirst, and that many wagons were abandoned and burned, and broken down mules shot.—They say the Indians used their customary tactics of hanging on their skirts like wolves, and picking off stragglers. That, at one time, they drove ten men off a high bank and killed them. Their stories are very conflicting, and to be received with a grain of salt.

SEPT. 30.—Two Bears' and Bear Rib's tribe come in, and camp on the opposite bank of the river. All are delighted to see them. The soldiers help to transport the dunnage of those coming on this side. All, officers and men, consider them reliable and good friends.—They proved their good faith and loyalty during the Winter and Spring. Two Bears was as full of wit as ever. They had a feast, and of course were delighted.

OCT. 1.—They draw some rations from the Commissary, and in the evening break their camp for Long Lake.

OCT. 2.—Red Horse takes breakfast with the Headquarters' Mess. Major Galpin acts as interpreter. Red Horse is a very intelligent Indian. His physique is very striking. His personal appearance neat and tasty. His eye is fine. His forehead broad and expansive. After satisfying his appetite he spoke, returning us his thanks. His gestures surpassed in beauty anything of the kind I had ever seen. He said that a messenger of peace, he had been traveling from one camp to another ever since he had brought Mrs. Morris into this Post.—Much derision he had received, while a chief who persuaded war was in especial honor; but suddenly his opponent sickens and dies, and he is accused of causing his death by his intercessions with the Great Spirit. He acknowledged that

it is so, and soon he is owned as "the biggest medicine" of the two, and his counsels are listened to with deference, and the Peace party grow stronger. The number of Indians killed during the summer increases the desire for peace.

Three Indians arrive at night from the Cuthead Band, from Medicine Bear's camp. Verily, it savoreth much of a peace with the Aborigines.

OCT. 5.—Just at Retreat roll-call the hills on the west of the Fort were covered with Indians. They appeared against the amber of the sky like some caravan of Arabia, crossing the desert. They halted some time, and Major Galpin went out to meet them. They came riding in chanting a wild melody, fifty abreast, and marched like well-disciplined cavalry.—Their gay robes and fancy saddles gave them a very unique appearance, and one that we shall not soon forget. Wild and uncultivated as they are, there is something very dashing about their personal appearance. Their limbs are well-developed, and they have a very martial and nonchalant bearing. They were the Blackfeet Sioux and the Sans Arcs.—The principal chief of the former was Fireheart, of the latter Elkhead.

OCT. 6.—About 2 o'clock P. M. the Indians left. There is a report that there is a camp no great distance to the West of the Fort. When the Peace Commissioners arrive at Fort Rice the prospect is there will be seen the largest collection of Indians ever congregated at one time in Dakota.

OCT. 8.—Twenty-one lodges of Blackfeet Sioux come in, and camp near the sawmill. A little past noon two hundred more, Unkpapas and Ogalalas, arrive.—The principal chiefs with them are Bear Rib and The Running Antelope. The-man-that-has-his-head-shaved is among them. They all camp, after having provisions given them, in the bottom at the sawmill.

OCT. 9.—Brevet Brig. Gen. C. A. R. Dimon arrives from Fort Sully, also Lieut. H. Braun. They report that Black Tomahawk will be here with the mail to-morrow.

The 50th Wisconsin they passed at Beaver Creek; they will probably camp at Sand Creek to-night.

Gen. Sully and staff still remain at Fort Sully with the Peace Commissioners, Gen. Curtis, Gen. Sibley and Gov. Edmonds.

Major Brackett and his command are camped at Medicine Creek.

The 6th Iowa Cavalry are at Sioux City awaiting muster-out.

—A story that is often told in our Regiment is this: A prisoner of war, at Point Lookout, Md., who afterwards went out of the pen as a civilian, accosted a Federal soldier thus: "Say, mister, give us a chew of tobacco—been three years in the war, and never fired a gun at a Yankee yet."

Federal Soldier.—"Go to h—, you aint worth a chew."

Why was Jonah after the whale threw him up like an Adjutant General's paper? He was off-fish-all (official).

Why are the denizens of Fort Rice like organ-grinders? They subsist by a noise (Noyes).

ical ideas, but still he admired her spirit. He considered she had got an idea in her head, and was bound to keep it there with all a woman's persistency, but time would correct the error, and when she found out her mistake she would signify it by keeping almighty still, as women generally do.

Mr. Ravensworth and Mr. Edwards soon went into the Secession Army, both of them as Colonels, and the son Reginald was left at home to look after the mother. Their letters to their families were full of the most glowing accounts of the easy victories they would win over the hated "Yanks." They both chanced to be in reserve at the 1st Bull Run or Manassas, as the Southerners call it, and saw the complete route of the Northern Army, and their letters expressed they could march to Boston, Mass; but in reality they staid where they were, filling the rest with the glows of a heated imagination. Mollie Edwards was delighted. She dreamed every night regularly of a victory to Southern Chivalry, but Mrs. Ravensworth dreamed as regularly of her grandfather's sword hanging in vengeance over the Southern Confederacy. Thus things passed on until the slaves on the plantation became uneasy, and began to decamp with "right smart" of "massa's fixus," at last the whole "business" of them left with the exception of two or three household slaves who had become personally attached to the gentle Mrs. Ravensworth. Col. Ravensworth swore, and swore when he heard of it, cursed the Yankees, cursed France and England for not interfering, and drew his Colonel's pay in depreciated scrip, which grew plentier and more worthless every day. He needed it now to send to his wife; but little good did it do her. Their plantation was ravaged by the soldiers of both armies. The Union Army called her "Secesh" when they took her pigs and hens, and the Secesh Army called her "Union" when they did the same, so between both parties the larder was growing leaner and leaner every day.

Reginald did the best he could, becoming thoughtful beyond his years.—He labored like a slave. He took little rest, indulged in no pleasure, striving to keep things from falling to ruin.

Col. Edwards' slaves left, one and all, and Miss Mollie was forced to cook her own bacon, and cook her own cakes.—What a downfall to her pride! Things were growing worse and worse every day with the Southern Confederacy, and as they grew worse with that, the affairs of the Ravensworth family declined. At last Jeff Davis lacked men—the many hard battles had wonderfully thinned them out, and a sweeping conscription was the result. He alike robbed the cradle and the grave to find victims for his ambition. The Ravensworth family was not exempt, and Reginald was not over politely invited to shoulder his musket, and fight for the shadowy Republic. Mollie Edwards did not taunt him now for being a conscript. She had grown somewhat humble under adverse circumstances, though she would smile through her tears, and tried to keep, all the time, a brave heart. Mrs. Ravensworth shed some bitter tears, not because she thought it any harder for her son to fight and die than for other mothers' sons to do the same. The trouble with her she had no

faith and heart in the cause. No mother could be found more willing than Mrs. Ravensworth to yield her son up on the altar of her country, if she had thought the quarrel right. Her unwillingness lay not in lack of patriotism and self-denial, but because she thought the whole affair wrong and treasonable. But she bowed with a Christian's submission to what she could not prevent. She was a devout follower of Jesus, and as earthly hopes vanished, looked to Heaven for consolation. Her only dependence now was a middle-aged and faithful black man, who could never be induced to desert her. He had been her father's slave. She took him as a part of her marriage portion.

Her husband had an elderly brother, very rich. When his younger brother had become embarrassed so badly there seemed no deliverance, he offered to buy the plantation, and pay in Confederate currency, of which he had any amount, for in the first years of the war he had realized large sums by contracts with the Rebel Government. He stipulated, however, that Mrs. Ravensworth should still live on the plantation and reap all the benefit she could from it, using everything as if it were her own.

When Mr. Ravensworth heard of the conscription of his son a pang stung his heart, but like a gambler that has risked everything on cards, he had risked everything on the success of the Rebellion, and was not the person to complain when this last drop was added to the already full bucket.—Reginald, in the different battles in which he engaged, behaved with great coolness and bravery, but his heart was not in the fight. In his dreams, as he laid his head on his hard knapsack, he saw his grandfather's sword hanging in vengeance above him suspended by only a single thread. He longed for a deliverance from the Southern army, even by death, taking very little pains to shun any peril. He said very little, had scarcely any acquaintances, but incurred no reproach. He wrote in the most cheerful manner to his mother, keeping from her knowledge the frequent hunger and exposure with which he suffered. Her load seemed to him heavy enough without his increasing its weight. Thus time passed on till in the fortunes of war nearly the whole of the Brigade in which he happened to be was captured on the Rappahannock. They fought bravely as long as there was any hope of escape, but they were completely flanked, and surrendered gracefully.—They were brought to Point Lookout, Md. The weather was bitterly cold when they were incarcerated in the bleak pen on the Chesapeake Bay. Reginald felt very sad indeed. He was scantily clothed and nearly barefooted. He suffered unaccountably, but bore it all with the most heroic fortitude. This was late in the fall of 1863.—President Lincoln well knowing there were many Union men forced into the Rebel army, determined to open a door for their escape, and accordingly plans were set on foot early in the year of 1864 to honorably test their patriotism and love of the Union.

Reginald was a pioneer in the good cause. The mustering officer through some blunder registered his name "Ainsworth," instead of Ravensworth, so in the 1st U. S. V. Inf. he always bore the latter name. After he had taken the

oath and was regularly enlisted, he went to his little house manufactured out of hard-bread boxes, and lay down on his old worn-out Confederate blanket, and fell asleep. He dreamed of his mother.—Her face looked exceedingly pleasant. She smiled on him like an angel. He rose refreshed.

Let us return to the Ravensworth family. Reginald's uncle had died. His father had lost a leg, and the Rebellion had collapsed. He had never heard aught of his son. He expected he was dead.—His brother had willed the nephew everything he possessed, but the lost heir did not make his appearance, and of course the father could claim all the possessions of his son. But he himself was disfranchised. He had been an open rebel, and the Union was now triumphant. Nothing but beggary stared him in the face.

Reginald's mother heard he was a Union soldier in the Union army by the merest chance. She sent to Point Lookout, and found a Reginald Ainsworth had enlisted, but that was not the same.—Her heart sunk in her bosom like lead.

But her boy was alive. Away in the wilds of Dakota he dared in many a skirmish the savage foe. Once wounded by an arrow he was fortunate enough to escape death.

The months rolled round, and for his gallant conduct upon the recommendation of his commanding officer he was appointed a Lieutenant. Late in the autumn of 1865 the Regiment was mustered out, and Reginald started for his far Southern home. His heart was very sad as he marked the devastation of the olime Nature had favored so much. He came at last to the old plantation, and he saw a large crowd assembled as for a sale. The estate had been confiscated, according to act of Congress, and there were many men, mostly Northern, ready to purchase it, for it was one of the finest in the whole South, and going for a song.

The auctioneer stopped as he saw the gallant form of an officer in the Union uniform approach. Reginald was a perfect type of manly beauty. Straight, lithe, active, vigorous, he struck every beholder with admiration. Mr. Ravensworth had grown old, and looked like a field run to weeds. Mrs. Ravensworth was neatly and tastefully, though rather poorly dressed. Her beautiful hair had many a silver thread in it, but those glorious eyes shone lovely as ever. "Mother, O mother!" exclaimed Reginald, and clasped her in his arms. She recognized her son. It all flashed on her at once that her darling boy had gallantly served in defence of the Stars and Stripes. She fainted away, but ere long recovered, and sobbed more than an hour in the height of her joy. The sale of the plantation was stopped, as Reginald displayed his honorable discharge from the United States' service, and the next day a beautiful flag his mother had secretly wrought in the fiercest days of Secession waved from the cupola of the Ravensworth mansion. The sword of Reginald was hung up with the sword of his grandfather.—His mother was the proudest lady in the South. The next week he married Mollie Edwards, and the way she played on the piano the "Star Spangled Banner" would raise the patriotic Key, who composed it, from his Southern grave.