The Three Locks of Hair.

By Capt. E. G. Adams.

A Rebel soldier who went out had been, For the rugged South had sought, but repented its six like Magdalene, And himself as offering brought.

As last he stands north the stars and stripes
A repentant enlisted man, And out the treason that's post he writes With the straightforward he can.

And now to Fort Rice, so desolate, she has come from the forest March, And meets the ends of his bitter fate From Death, demons' Hierarch.

My God! it was a bitter day when he died, The ground it was frozen sift, The landscape was snowey upon every side With mighty valley as wide.

The snow had come with a sudden start, 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 manse In the midst of the solitude,
His knapsack was brought to my mind, and shaken pens.

And his pocket-book, pocket-stained, Which 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 truth! there is a pair.

And yet another I found concealed, Twa darker—of longer growth— Like a living thing, 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, These locks were the dearest sight he saw In his weary march on Earth.

Not far were his treasures of earthly pull From his treasures of love apart, One cherished the needs of his outer self, The other cherished his heart.

Nor poverty, distance, nor long lapes of years
Can blast with their withering breath The love that grows greener when waisted by tears,
And blooms most in the heart 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 verandas. Every beautiful tree peculiar to the Southers was planted. It was a 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's creations, no equal could be found. The mansion within in masse of statues corresponded with the natural appendages without. The walls were high, and fine columns supported the graceful roof. The furniture was of the most sumptuous 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 time. The huge beds were like the vast thrones of an Eastern monarch. Even the candlesticks seemed mere fit, for the ark of the Hebrews than for everyday life. For whom was all this display? A lovely master, a misfit 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 flickered and swung in the wind. The master was very proud and very haughty, but the mistress was very revenge, and very pretty, and the boy has the determination he inherits from the father who ruled by the genial, kind-hearted disposition he inherited from the mother. She was all Southern blood and yet all kindness to whomever he 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 glass, no affectations, gourmet's self-congratulation, and yet firm in the bonds of society as salubrious. When many a Southern dame diluted in the most exultant terms over the success of the Southern Confederacy, she shook her head dubiously. She loved the Stars and Stripes. Her grand father 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 right amid the splendid furniture of her palatial home. Her husband was proud as Caesar, and, simply curling his lip when she doubted the faint separation that raised. It his locks could have established the Confederacy it would have been as firm as the Alleganies—if his looks could have killed Yankees, the South would have been stormed with dead three feet deep. The Rebellion was to be supported with hard knobs, and defeated with the same. When she heard of the fall of Richmond she kept her room, while the house was overflowing with wine and bittleness. No one made any remarks, though all knew her Union sentiments.—Her husband was a bitter Secessionist, and it was not until he was not to be subjected in common women, but then it was the rich Mrs. Ravenworth had done this, and even the greatest sticklers for Southern Institutions stood blasted in her presence; she was so lovely, so altogether beautiful the must do as she pleased.

Reginald Ravenworth is our hero's name. He was but sixteen when the Rebellion broke out, and so went forth with the pioneers to fight against his country's flag. There were, however, many boys, that, as the saying of men, did. They would talk in 'highfalutin' style of the Southern Confederacy, of their heart's blood of the confederacy 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. Only it stung her to the quick to think that he was not more enthusiastic about the Rebellion. Here were any number of youngsters strapping on pistols and looking 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 politics.
A PARTING WORD.

Men of the 1st U. S. V. Inf., a word we leave Fort Rice. Our sojourn in the far West is now 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 remember that we 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 its good name. We are the first fruits of a re-united people. We are the links 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 that 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 to the highest, 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. You will never regret the sacrifices you have made, it will yet be the proudest boast of your life, "I have been a Union soldier."

Respectfully,
Miss M. E. Perkins.

SONG OF THE 1st U. S. V. Inf.
BY CAPT. E. O. ADAMS.

We are going home, over Missouri's foam,
While the muggy 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 gone that he now can rely on.

In a dungeon low, at Fortress Mordor 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 meant.

From the barren plain, where there is no
Dread 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 furniment
When the lightnings cleave it asunder,
For the rainbow of peace, when the tempest doth cease,
Is the arch that we're sailing under.

Neath the vine and the palm, on our Southern farm,
We'll encamp 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 hath 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 disdained.

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

To the hour of our death, to our last parting breath,
When our eyes 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 tear,
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 arrive from above loaded with Idaho miners. They have abundance of gold, but no greenbacks. They are a noisy looking 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 return home.

Sept. 21.——Black Woman's Husband, a Yanktonai, brings a dispatch from Gen. Sully at Fort Sully that the 80th Wisconsin Regt., relief for the 1st U. S. V. Inf., arrived at Fort Randall, D. T., September 14.

Sept. 23.——The steamer Hattie May arrives from above. Messrs. Smith, Hambell and Hawley, of the Northwestern Fur Company and Mr. Fletcher, one of the editors 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, Larpenet, at the Fort, had also excited the ire of the Assiniboins. They came riding into the Fort full tiff, and demanded the horses of some Crows who were there stabled. There
were two or three Crows whom Mrs. Penne, herself a Crow, afterward concealed. Mr. Penne held a parley with them, and kept them at bay, while Masses. Hubbard and Hawley were moving their merchandise into the Fort, hiring every available squee and popoague that could tote anything, however small. Industriously as beavers the traders were carrying on operations without Pease, was managing ingeniously as possible within. Larpanter was on the Hattie May that had dropped down the stream. Men were sent to the bastions, expecting every moment an outlet, 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. Masses, Smith, Hubbard 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. Hubbard and Smith had caught on some stanchions, and were saved. Thus ended the adventure of a day in "the land of the Dacotahs."

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

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

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

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

Sext. 25.—Major Weymouth assumes command of the regiment, relieving Capt. Upton. Lt. Col. Pattee thanks Capt. Upton in a Post order for his cooperation in command of the Regiment. Capt. Upton this last time, commanded twenty-five days since relieving Capt. Adams.

Sext. 26.—The steamer Currence 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 heat was within sight of our borders in the bottoms above the Fort. The red-skins were probably a war party of Sioux.

Sext. 27.—A delegation of Unkap was come in. They have lately been very hostile, but now want peace. The principal Chief was Iron Horse, Grind- stones, another Chief was of the crowd. At the same time Red Horse, a distinguished Indian orator, an Ogala, 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 Unkapas stated that Sitting Bull and Two-man, that has his head shaved led the attack on Fort Rite, July 28, 1865. They stole Mr. Hubbard's horses, and decimated 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 mischiefs 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 Lienst. Wilson numbered twenty-five, and that the man who killed him was a Sacs, 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.

Sext. 28.—Two Teams and Bear Rib's tributaries in, and camera on the opposite bank of the river. All are delighted to see them. The soldiers help to transport the damage 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. Capt. Upton had some rations from the Commissary, and in the evening break their camp for Long Lake.

Oct. 2.—Red Horses takes breakfast with the Headquarters' Mess. Major Ogala acts as interpreter. Red Horse is a very intelligent Indian. His physique is very striking. His personal appearance neat and tidy. His eye is keen. His forehead broad and expansive. After satisfying his appetite he spoke, registering his thanks. His gestures surpassed in being 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 come home from Mr. Morris into this Post. Much delight and surprise received, while a chief who pronounced war was in especial honor; but suddenly his opponent sicked and dies, and he is accused of causing his death by his intercessions with the Great Spirit. He acknowledges that it is so, and soon he is owned as the "biggest medicine" of the two, and his councilors are listened to with deference. Think of the Peace now in the country. The number of Indians killed during the summer increases the desire for peace.

Three Indians arrive at night from the Couteal Band, from Medicine Bone's camp. Verily, it savors much of a date with the Algonquins.

Oct. 5.—Just at Retreat roll-call the hills on the west of the Fort were covered with Indians. They appeared against the author of the sky like some caravan of Arabia, crossing the desert. They are not at one 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 gray robes and fancy saddles gave them a very unique appearance, and one that shall not soon forget. Wild and uncontrolled 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 Blackfoot Siouan and the Sacs Area.

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 now no great distance to the West of the Fort. When the Peace Commissioners arrive at Fort Sully the prospect is there will be seen the largest collection of Indians ever congregated at one time in Dakota.

Oct. 7.—Twenty-one lodges of Blackfoot Sioux come in, and camp near the sawmill. A little past noon two hundred more, Unkapas and Ogalas, arrive. The principal chiefs with them are Bear Rib and The Running Antelope. They that shall not be shaved is among them. They all camp, having provisions given them, in the bottom at the sawmill.

Oct. 9.—Breert Brig. Gen. C. A. B. D Ing, arrives from Fort Sully, also Lienst. H. Brun. They report that Black Tomshawk will be here with the mail to-morrow.

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


Major Beckstedt and his command are quartered at Medicine Lake.

The 5th 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 chaw of tobacco—been three days and never fired a gun as a Yankee yet." Federal Soldier:—"Go to h—, you s Arlington worth a chaw."

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

Why are the denizens of Fort Rice like organ-grinders? They subject by noise (Noyes).
ical ideas, but still he admired her spirit. He considered she had got an angel in her head, and was bound to keep it there with all a woman's perspicuity, but time would correct the error, and when she found out her mistake she would, perhaps, by putting on a bit of learning, make women generally do. After this Mr. Edwards went into the Seccession 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 loyalty of the Southerners, with whom the so-called "Yanks." They both chanced to be in the 1st Dear or Marines, as the Southerners called it, and saw the complete route of the Northern Army, and their letters expressed how they could be spared, but the reality they said where they were, filling the rest with the glow of a heated imagination. Mollie Edwards was delighted. She dreamed every night regularly of a victory, and often, but it was a sort of "backs to our own mamas' backyards," 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 Mr. Ravensworth. Col. Ravensworth swore, and swore when he heard of it, cursed the Yankees, cursed France and England for not interfering, and drew his Colonels' pay in depreciated scrip, which grew plenteer and more worthless every day. He needed it now to send to his boys, but little good did it do her. Their plantation was ravaged by the soldiers of both armies. The Union Army called the Secesh when they took their pigs and hens, and the Secesh Army called her "Union" when they did the same, so between both parties the harder was growing keen and leaner every day. Reginald did the best he could, but it was hard work. He involved as many people. 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, another, and Miss Mollie was forced to cook her own meals, and make 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 Edwards family declined. At last Jeff Davis was hanged, and hard battles had wonderfully thinned them out, and a sweeping conscription was the result. He shiek robbed the cradle and the grave to find victims for his ambition. The Ravensworth family was not exempt, and Reginald was one of the per- mission 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 somehow with the times. Anything is better than nothing, though she would smile through her tears, and try to keep all the time, a grave heart. Mrs. Ravensworth shed some bitter tears, not because she thought it any harder for her son to fight and die than for her mother's sons to do the same. The trouble with her she had not faith and heart in the cause. No mother can be more zealous than Mrs. Ravenworth to have her son hang up on the altar of her country, if she had thought the quarrel right. Her unwillingness lay not in lack of patriotism and self-de- nied, but because she thought the whole thing was unreasonable. But she bowed with a Christian submission, and what she could not prevent. She was a devout follower of Jesus, and as earthly hopes vanished, looked to Heaven for con- solation. Her only dependence now was union with her son. She was a faithful black man, who could never be true to desert. He had been her father's slave. She took him as part of her marriage portion. Her husband had an elderly brother, very rich. When his younger brother seemed to be unbalanced as 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 kept up the old sums by contracts with the Rebel Government, and, moreover, that Mr. Ravensworth should still live on the plantation and reap all the benefit she could from it, using everything as if it were her own. Mollie Edwards had heard of the conscription of his son a pang stung his heart, but like a gaulder that has risked everything on cards, he had risked everything on the success of the Rebellion, and he was not the person to complain when this last drop was added to the already full bulk. Reginald, in the different battles in which he engaged, behaved with great goodness 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 every little path to turn any misfortune, for he said very little, had scarcely any acquaintances, but insured no repro- a. He wrote in the most cheerful manner to his mother, keeping from her knowledge the frequent hunger and ex- hibition with which he was cursed. Her head bowed to him heavy enough without increasing its weight. Thus time passed on till the fortresses of war nearly the whole of the Brigade in which he was to be 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. They were incarcerated in the black pen on the Chesapeake. Reginald felt very sad indeed. He was secretly clothed and near the last. He suffered un- accountably, but bore it all with the most heroic fortitude. This was late in the fall, near Lincoln well knowing there were many Union sympathizers in 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 gradually 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 "Ains- worth," instead of Ravensworth, so in the 1st U. S. 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 logs, and lived on his old worn-out Clothes, and fell asleep. He dreamed of his mother.—Her face looked exceedingly pleasant. She sailed upon him as an angel. He rose refreshed. Let us return to the Ravensworth family. Reginald's uncle had been killed. His father had lost a leg, and the Rebellion had collapsed. He had never heard any sound of his son. He expected he was dead. His brother had willed the nephew every- thing in his possession, but the lost heir did not make his appearance, and therefore the father could claim all the possessions of his son. But he himself was disfran- chised. He had been an open rebel, and the Union was now triumphant. Nothing but boggery stared him in the face. Reginald's mother heard he was a Union soldier in the Union army by the nearest chance. She sent to Point Lookout, and found a General Ainsworth had been killed, but that was not the name— Her heart sunk into her bosom like lead. But her boy was alive. Among the wilds of Dakota he dared in many a skirmish the savage foe. Once wounded by an arrow he was fortunate enough to es- capes death with his heart.