

# FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher.

Vol. 1.

FORT RICE, D. T., JULY 6, 1865.

No. 4.

JULY 4th, 1835, AT FORT RICE, D. T.

A meeting of the officers at the Fort was held on the evening preceding and a purse was made up for the amusement of the soldiers. At an informal dress parade, after the square was formed, the Adjutant read the following order:

HD. QRS. POST COMDT.,  
FORT RICE, D. T.,  
July 3d, 1865.

GENL. ORDER No. 25.

To-morrow, the 4th inst., will be regarded as a holiday at this Post, and all business will be suspended for the day. A salute of thirteen guns will be fired at sunrise and sunset. The Troops will be reviewed at 9½ o'clock, A. M. Amusements of all descriptions will be encouraged from the men, and prizes will be awarded.

By order of

Col. C. A. R. DIMON, Comdg.

W. H. BACKERMAN,

Adj. & Act. Post Adjutant.

Promulgated, in General Order No. 38, through Regimental Hd. Qrs., by Capt. ENOCH G. ADAMS, Comdg.

The night preceding the 4th there was a shower which laid the dust, and sunrise ushered in a day remarkably cool. The heavens were full of clouds, and now and then would come a slight sprinkle of rain attended with winds that blew in puffs, and betokened an uncertainty of weather. Capt. Michie, Co. H, superintended the adornment of the Fort, his company being the principal workers in this particular field of operations. The main entrance had above it an arch of green leaves. The motto painted on the curve was "4th July;" on the left side as you enter, "1776," on the right, "1865," with scrolls of yellow and miniature flags painted. On the top of the entrance, "Peace," with stars of red, white, blue and yellow on each side, on the left pillar, "Founded," on the right "Sustained." The American colors crowned the apex of the arch. Festoons adorned the entrance, and two large wreaths, one bearing the motto "G. W.," the other "A. L." On the storm doors of the officers' qrs. both Field and Line, were wreaths with the alternate mottoes, "1865" and "1776." The wreaths were principally manufactured by 1st Sergt. Edwards, and the lettering and ornamental painting by Carl Muller.

At 9½ A. M., the troops, commanded by Capt. E. G. Adams, were reviewed by Col. Dimon, the Commandant of the Post, on the beautiful plateau in front of

the Fort. They consisted of Companies C., D., E. and H., 1st U. S. V. Inf., and Co. G., 6th Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Capt. A. B. Moreland.

The whole appearance of the troops was martial, their equipments and muskets glittered in the light, and they marched as only the citizen soldiery of America can. A square was formed and after a few congratulatory words from Col. Dimon, Capt. Adams addressed the troops. It was a burst of thankfulness that he and they had lived to behold the dawn of the 4th of July 1865, the most glorious epoch in all the world's history.

He likened the American people to old Noah and his family escaping the horrors of the Deluge. That as they so we, as a nation, had been delivered, the ark of our liberties resting on a mountain forever immovable, the dove gone forth with the olive branch in her mouth through all the length and breadth of the land, and the rainbow of peace extending its arch from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea. He congratulated his Regiment on the course they had taken, and bade them, liberated as they had been from their prison-house by the Good Angel of our Institutions, go forth like Paul and Silas apostles through their native clime, preaching Liberty and Union.

The Review being ended, the sports of the day commenced.

The first was a Foot Race three times round the Fort, or a mile.

6 ENTRIES.

1st Prize \$5.00, won by Corpl. W. H. Green, Co. D, Time 3-3-4

2d. Prize \$3.00, won by Private M. W. Winfrey, Co. C, Time 4.

Immediately followed the Wheelbarrow Race Blindfolded. By the way all the sports took place on the West side of the Fort. This same wheelbarrow race was very amusing. Some of the competitors groping about, their bearings entirely lost, provoked the loudest laughter from the spectators.

A group of ladies consisting of Mrs. Larned, Mrs. Galpin, the Misses Galpin and Miss Picot, with officers and civilians, stood on the parapet of the Fort watching the sport; below were the soldiers and frontier's-men with slouched hat, moccasins and Canadian sashes, and lounging and leaning against the Fort's sides were the Indians in their grotesque costume, young boys with nothing but a breech-clout on, and squaws bearing their offspring—A LA pig-back—their faces painted with vermilion and a streak of red showing the parting place of their hair.—Fringes, beads, feathers, paints, buffalo robes, tassels and a conglomeration of everything that hangs, shines and

flutters, they exhibited like a Punchinello.

In this race there were 6 Entries.

Prize \$3.00, won by Private J. R. Howell, Co. E. Distance 60 yards. Time 3 minutes.

The crowd then adjourned for dinner.

Dinner was succeeded by Target Practice. The Target was two feet by three. There were two rings and a bull's eye. The bull's eye was six inches in diameter, and the rings six inches apart. Distance 200 yards.

1st Prize \$4.00, won by 1st Sergt. J. T. Southall, Co. C, 2 inches from center.

2d. Prize \$2.00, won by Private James Benoit Co. E, 4½ inches from center.

3d. Prize \$1.00 won by Private Henderson Davis, Co. H.

There was a bet of \$5.00 on Benoit and McBride of Co. E. Benoit winner.

The sudden gusts of wind made it impossible to shoot with success.

Next came the Sack Race with five Entries. The competitors tied up in sacks looked like mermaids, and produced much merriment, they went on the leap-frog principle, at the last second falling down and rolling over. Two lost their balance before they reached the goal, upsetting their own gravity as well as that of the beholders.

Time five minutes.

1st Prize \$5.00, won by Corpl. W. H. Green Co. D.

2d. Prize \$3.00, won by Private Franklin Pardon, Co. C.

3d. Prize \$2.00, won by Private James Pons, Co. D.

HORSE RACE.

1st Race, Wager \$25.00.

Col. Dimon, R. M. Indian pony, Wea Washte.

Lieut. Champney R. S. Indian pony Tomahawk.

Half mile heat. Time 1.24

Wea Washte (Beautiful Lady) winning the race by half a neck.

2D RACE.

Capt. Moreland, L. B. S., American horse, Selim.

Lieut. Noyes, B. S. American horse, Charley.

Half mile heat. Time 1.22.

Charley winning by a length.

3D. RACE.

Capt. Moreland, L. B. S. American horse Selim.

Lieut. Champney, R. S. Indian pony, Tomahawk.

Half mile heat. Time 1.22. A Tie Race.

4TH RACE.

Two Bears' Nephew, Two Bears, Bear Rib's Indian pony, Strawberry R. S. Mad Bear's son, The-One-That-Runs-In, Mad Bear's Indian pony, L. S. S. Another son of Mad Bear, The Whirlwind, on one of Mad Bear's horses. Mad Bear's Nephew, The-One-That-Looks-To-The-Ground-As-He-Walks, on one of Mad Bear's horses. The last rode a black horse which would have won the race if he had not shied towards the Indian encampment, the boy that rode him not being able to control him. Half mile heat. Time 1:18—Two Bears, on Bear Rib's pony winning by two lengths.

Second best.—The-One-That-Runs-In, on Mad Bear's Indian pony.

First Prize—Sack of Flour.

Second Prize—Sack of Meal.

When the races were concluded the next thing on the programme was the Mock Dress Parade, and a Parade it was, such as will never be forgotten. Drum Major Badenhop was Colonel. He had on a yellow paper Field Officer's hat with a red plume on it, yellow deer-skin hunting shirt, white pantaloons, high top boots, Canadian sash, and a broken cavalry sword, a foot of the blade left. Private Charles Stout, Co. I, was Adjutant. This was Sammy, A. A. A. Genl. He had on a Zouave cap, cavalry overcoat with 1st Lieutenant's straps, about a foot and a half long. He had a cable big enough to hold the Great Eastern, for a sash, a cotton-wood sword about fifteen feet long, with a gun-cover for a scabbard and a pillow-case for stuffing, so as to give him an Aldermanic appearance, and excite the respect of small boys. Worthy co-adjutor to Johnny, Comdg., Lance-Colonel Joe Jewsharp, and all "them fellers!" Color-Sergeant Yarborough acted as Drum-Major. He had on a buffalo cap, three feet high, which made him about nine feet and seven ax-handles tall.—When the drummers and fifers played, they "cut such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep." Corp. W. H. Green was Captain of Co. D, Priv. Jackson Campbell was 1st Lieutenant, the other was on detached service, shooting rats with a cross-bow. Corp. Miller was 1st Sergeant. The Captain had on a paper hat, huge shoulder-straps, wooden sword with cloth scabbard. His face was painted like an Indian's. Every one was streaked with war paint. Lieut. Campbell had on a tin wash-bowl for a chapeau de bras. He possessed a double set of weapons, a crutch and a wooden sword; with the sword he gave his commands, with his crutch he enforced them. Private Pete Johnson had on a buffalo robe, and bedaubed as he was with paint, resembled the sun rising from a cloud.—Each soldier had paint enough on his face to garnish a moderately sized buffalo robe.

Guns, crutches, brooms, sticks and pokers were their arms, and they might be called "The Bloody Avengers," they looked so "dogon'd" savage, they did.

In Co. H. Private Angel acted as Captain, Privates Jones and Anglen as Lieutenants. The Captain had on a blouse with white lining, high peaked white hat, running to an apex, and heavy shoulder-straps out of yellow envelope paper. Lieut. Jones, blacker than a

thunder-cloud, had a dress coat inside out, heavy shoulder-straps and crownless hat. All the Company Officers had long wooden sabres with gray blanket scabbards. Private Grady was Orderly Sergeant. He had on a dress coat with the tail torn off, heavy chevrons made of white foolscap, and hat minus crown and rim. The men were generally armed with crutches, sticks, brooms and broken guns. One fellow had on nothing but a pair of white drawers and an old piece of overcoat over his shoulders. Some had their faces painted and hair combed down over their eyes, and some had on dark knit drawers with one leg entirely torn off.—One Sergeant appeared to be very badly crippled with scurvy, probably playing for a discharge. After the Parade was dismissed the Captain gave the cautionary command to his men, "Now hold on to your guns till I come back." Corp. Sacre acted as Captain of Co. C. Corp. Wilson and Private Westmoreland were Lieutenants. The Captain had on an overcoat inside out, buffalo cap and red comforter. The worst looking man was Alvis, with a pair of buck skin breeches on, and a red comforter tied around his head. Harper was very much on the same style; only more so. Hutton was en dishabile, with drawers rolled up above his knees. Some had crutches, some walking-canes and some rifles, carried in every conceivable and inconceivable manner. He marched the company out, tail to, left in front. This was called Co. Q. They had no time, as they were evidently on a time. Their line when formed was straight as the edge of a cross-cut saw, or Virginia rail fence. Private Thomas Cook was Captain of Co. E. Privates Spencer and Smith were Lieutenants.—The Captain had on a paper cap with "1st U. S." on it, and his epaulettes resembled a Major-General's more than anything else. The Lieutenants were ditto, the only difference being in the length of their wooden swords. Corp. Fairchild was a very ugly-looking child; he resembled the ghost of Sir John Franklin, just "aroven" from the North Pole. Private Lewis resembled an Indian on the war-rampage, and if not among whites would have been thought a bona fide Indian. Crutches, pokers, brooms and muskets borne like cotton-wood cord wood put on the finishing touch. After the battalion was formed—We will let Adj. Stout, like a second Artemus Ward, record his own proceedings:

"My first order was, 'You fellers with the little red flags, get behind a post. You Captains, bring your guns from a left shoulder shift to a tote, and from a tote to the ground. Lay down your arms and rest.' Then I said to the Drum-Major, 'Give us some fusic won't ye?' Then they 'fusiced.' The Drum Corpse marched down the line. Then I told the Drum Major to come back, if he pleased, and he 'pleased.' My next command was, 'Attention, back-sliders! Make ready to go four steps front backwards.—Wait till I tells ye. Make ready to git. Git! Look up towards me, and make a straight line like a tater-row.' Then I went down the line and brought them from a tote to a left shoulder shift, and from a left shoulder shift back to a tote. I told them to charge bagonets, then I come to a left-about face, and told the

Colonel there they was, if he wanted 'em, take 'em. The Colonel ordered me to take my place fifteen feet in his rear, which I reluctantly did. He then gave the command 'To a right shoulder shift ground your arms.' His follering order was to 'Stack the passade, and thrust.'—Then I said the troops hadn't been in the army long enough, he had better bring them back to a tote. He told me then to bring them back to a tote. From that the Colonel gave the order, 'Right backwards and forward on the centre, close en masse.' Cos. H. and E. executed the commands. Then he gave the command, 'As you were.' I told him they didn't understand. He'd better bring them in a straight line like a tater-row. Thereupon he told me he was my superior officer, and I must keep my tongue.—He then ordered me to go and receive the reports of the First Sergeants. Says I, 'First Sergeants, shoulder shift your arms—up here in the middle, git. Now tell me where all your fellers be.' The reports hinted that those who were absent had drowned their pease in the flowing bowl. After they reported I told them to skin back to their companies. The Colonel then axed me if I had any orders, if I had, to propagate them. I told him to hold on till I skinned 'em out, which I did.

HEAD QRS. SWAMP BUGS, }  
Dacotah Seche, }  
July 4, 1865. }

SPECIAL ORDER 9,749,000.

Claws First.—Any soldier having served three years in Dacotah, and re-enlisting to stay there will be considered a maniac, and treated accordingly; will be shipped on the first boat for the States, and turned over to Barnum, to act the role of Jeff Davis in the skeleton skirt.

Claws Second.—Any soldier convicted of eating more than two pecks of onions and potatoes at one meal will be posted as a scurvy fellow, and turned over to the Post Surgeon to be castoriated with castor oil.

Claws Eighth.—Any soldier convicted of wearing soldier clothes after becoming a civilian, or buttons with an eagle on on them, without taking such eagles off when necessary, shall be considered guilty of fowl behavior.

Claws Ninth.—Sergt. Higginbottom is detailed to blow the Paymaster's call when the green-backs are unloaded; the Drum Corpse will play the tune,

We are coming, Father Abram,  
Three hundred thousand more,  
To settle up our three years' score.

The Officer of the Day will detail a Corporal and six other mules to haul up the specie.

HEAD QRS. SWAMP BUGS, }  
Coon Hollow, }  
July 4, 1865. }

Detail to-morrow for guard: One Private, fourteen Lieutenants, and lance-Colonel Joe Jewsharp will act as Officer of the Night. By my order.

JOHNNY, Comdg.

SAMMY, A. A. A. Genl.

"He then hinted for me to dismiss the Parade, and I took the hint. I called all the Officers up to the centre and made them draw sabre. After that I gave the order 'Double quick, march.' When we got there I told them to halt, right dress, and salute their superior officer. The Colo-

nel then said, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the promptness with which you have executed my commands. Capt. Angel, you went beautifully to the rear when I gave the command About face, just as if you had been practicing all winter.'"

The Parade terminated by a march on the Commissary, and every man taking a drink. The Parade was followed by Private McCarthy, Co. E., performing the role of Jeff Davis in female apparel.—When pursued, he uttered the plea of Rebel innocence, "Be jabbers, ye wouldn't be after troubling a pair woman going for a pail of water." With his big boots, spurs, green goggles, sun-bonnet, hoop skirt and calico dress the resemblance to the fallen slaveocrat was very striking. One of the men cried out, "You wanted the 1st U. S. V., didn't you? Now take them." Alas, for greatness subsided into petticoats!

The thirteen guns of evening, as in the morning, shook the dirt roofs of Fort Rice, and waked far echoes in the hills and ravines around, and the sun set on the happiest Fourth of all time, past, present, or to come.

In the evening the Head Quarters Mess gave a supper. The bill of fare would do credit to a hotel in the States.—Soups: pea, tomato, clam chowder. Fish: salmon, fried mountain trout, baked catfish. Boiled: beef, cold tongue. Entrees: sardines and lemon, cold salmon, lobsters, oyster pie, oyster stew. Roasts: buffalo, elk. Vegetables: mashed potatoes, fried potatoes, onions, corn, tomatoes. Dessert: puddings—tapioca, corn starch—pies, apple, peach, raspberry. Fruits: raspberries, strawberries, peaches, prunes—nuts, figs and raisins. Wines, etc.: champagne, catawba, sherry, ale and cigars.

Nearly everything on this bill of fare had been brought thousands of miles, even the commonest articles of food in the States. The buffalo elk and catfish were the only native productions. The supper wound up with the dawn of the 5th, prolonged by toasts, speeches and dances.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

**JUNE 30th.**—The sawmill caught afire and was soon in flames. The wind, for a wonder, happened to be light, and blowing the right way. Through the energy of Col. Dimon, Dr. Herrick, Lieut. Noyes, Lieut. Champney and the soldiers present the machinery was saved. All honor to Fort Rice's gallant firemen!—The fire is supposed to have caught from a spark from the chimney. The weather exceedingly cool.

The troops were mustered for pay. The muster was preceded by an inspection, which was very satisfactory. It is now ten months since the 1st U. S. V. Inf. has been paid. It is very embarrassing to the officers, as well as men. It seems hard enough to live here, if regularly paid. Cannot the Government remember her children in the wilderness? Where is the Paymaster? Echo answers "Where?"

Fireheart, Chief of the Blackfeet, has come in.

**JULY 1st**—Kate Kearney arrived on her downward trip, Capt. John B. La Barge in command. The officers of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. had a pleasant re-union

with their old friend. The Captain was very happy at the thought of seeing his interesting family soon, and enjoying the delights of home. As his stately steamer swept down the stream we, one and all, felt like a crew ship wrecked on a desolate island, when a part of their companions put out and leave them more desolate than ever.

The Sam Gaty passed down the same day, Baker, Captain, and the Converse, bound for Fort Benton, arrived also.—Earl Matlock, Captain. He had been very unfortunate in his voyage. He had broken his shaft three times, and lost his little son, who died from eating some vegetable poison while ashore just above Sioux City.

Weather exceedingly windy.

A herd of buffalo cows, sixty or seventy in number, reported a short distance west from the Fort.

**JULY 2d.**—Weather rainy in the morning. It afterwards clears off, and becomes fine. Very warm in the afternoon.

**JULY 3d.**—Very windy. Every one making great preparations for the 4th. The Indians kill a buffalo bull and calf within two hundred yards of the Fort. Our colors went to the top of the pole today for the first time since hearing the news of the President's death.

**JULY 4th.**—Weather disagreeable, wind blowing very hard. A heavy shower with thunder and lightning at night.—The roofs of the garrison shower down wet mud on all their inmates and everything they possess. Agreeable, very!

**JULY 5th.**—Awful day, black and cloudy.

**JULY 6th.**—Weather fine.

**ERRORS CORRECTED.**—In the notice of the arrival of Prairie State, Capt. Dozier, in the last issue, it is stated "from" Fort Benton, it should be "for" Fort Benton, quite a big difference.

On the outside of this issue by an Editorial, Typographical or some other blunder a new Adjutant has been appointed. At bottom of Post Order No. 25, is W. H. Backerman, Adjutant, and Act. Post Adjutant. It should be "Lieut and Act. Post Adjutant." Only defence for such blunders "To err is human."

"Emperor" on outside also, spelt "Emporor." We see our faults, but alas! too late.

## PROLOGUE.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE THEATRE AT FORT RICE, D. T. JANUARY 23d. 1865.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

We are jewels of Dacotah,  
Though not diamonds every one,  
If we cannot be a voter,  
We are each a loyal son,  
We fear nor gun nor arrow  
That give a man the gripes,  
We are filial to the marrow,  
To the glorious stars and stripes.

We dare the British Lion,  
Here on our Northern lines,  
Does he think he can get by one,  
Without our countersigns?  
He never could pronounce them,  
Trenton and Bunker Hill,  
Our ancestors did trounce him,  
And we can trounce him still.

Civilization carry  
We where our footsteps go,  
Be it in Southern prairie,  
Be it mid wastes of snow,  
A temple to the Muses,  
We rear in this far clime,  
And dedicate to us,  
Of Shakespear's art sublime.

As when Dakotian roses  
In summer's sunbeams glow,  
And cheer our hearts and noses  
O'er weary wastes we go,  
So up the far Missouri,  
When our streaming flag appears,  
The Indian's wily fury,  
Dread not the pioneers.

We stand upon the border,  
Our hearts a wall of fire,  
Our Fort, like giant Warder,  
Lets not a foeman by her.  
Indians must hide the hatchet,  
And smoke the pipe of peace,  
Or they will surely catch it,  
When summer's suns increase.

We've left behind the "niggers,"  
We're in a land of drouth,  
Others must pull their triggers,  
Against the rebel South,  
But the music of plantations  
You surely shall not lack,  
If you'll only have the patience,  
We'll turn from white to black.

The tragic and the comic,  
We can act or we can speak,  
From the army of Potomac  
We've escaped the vulture's beak.  
From the deadly cannon's rattle,  
From the muskets' awful glare,  
Midst the wildering smoke of battle,  
We have stood undaunted there.

We've escaped three years of fury.  
The contingencies of wars,  
And have sailed up the Missouri,  
And been grounded on her bars,  
We have come to fight the Indians,  
Who have scalped our emigrants,  
We can offer all the vengeance  
That the bloody red-skin wants.

We will build a church with steeple,  
And a school-house near at hand,  
And will introduce the people  
To this broad extended land;  
We have raised an Ebenezer,  
And Sully he is hight,  
To the bravery of Cæsar,  
He adds his power to write.

Standing like Corinthian column,  
In the temple fair of State,  
'Round him vainly wreathes his volume,  
The malignant serpent, Hate,  
For his fame will never crumble,  
'Till we're conquered by a crown,  
And take position humble,  
With the nations fallen down,

And that will be, O never  
While this Earth around revolves!  
From a fate like that forever,  
Our nation God absolves,  
Through this bloody fierce baptism,  
She has passed with many scars,  
And forever cured of schism,  
She shall shine amid the stars.

Did it never strike our Colonel,  
That the 1st United States  
Was an emblem most fraternal  
Of reunion that awaits,  
When forevermore are righted,  
All differences and jars,  
And the States are reunited,  
'Neath the old-time Stripes and Stars?

For the Frontier Scout.

## MY SOUTHERN HOME.

Representing the feelings of a soldier once a Rebel, but now in the Union Army.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

In this far North I sigh for the Southland  
so sunny,  
I love it more dearly than miser loves  
money.  
The home of my youth on my father's  
plantation,  
Still dear to my heart midst the war's  
desolation,  
Though the house I was born in in ashes  
may smoulder,  
I love the dear spot the more as I grow  
older,  
No lapse of time weakens it, stronger and  
stronger  
The affection I have as I stay from it  
longer,  
Though all of its beauty like mistwreath  
has vanished,  
And I from its precincts like exile am  
banished,  
Fond memory will paint with minutest  
precision  
The scenes I enjoyed in the old time  
elysian,  
My heart was with grief and with care  
unencumbered,  
From the fountain of youth I drank blisses  
unnumbered,  
As I look through the years as through  
forest's dark vista,  
I see the sweet face of my dear younger  
sister,  
In my sad heart my mother's remem-  
bered glance glistens  
As sunlight and starlight will fall into  
prisons,  
And the look of my father so kindly and  
genial,  
Whether meeting a rich man or meeting  
a menial,  
Dear forms, shall these arms of mine never  
embrace you,  
Will your lost son still living, in his life-  
time yet face you,  
If such feeling is roused by the bare ideal-  
ity,  
What painter can picture the joy of reality,  
When I clasp my dear mother, may Heav-  
en defend her,  
And the maid that to no man my heart  
could surrender,  
And I take my young sister in the purest  
embraces,  
And kiss from her pale cheeks the sor-  
rowful traces,  
While the hand of my father my fore-  
head is pres-ing,  
As he gives to his lost son the patriarch's  
blessing.  
I will visit the church where a babe I was  
christened,  
And in days of my youth to the gospel  
I listened.  
I shall see in the concourse a crowd of  
new faces,  
And those that are gone there can none  
fill their places,  
In the churchyard are headstones that  
herald their going,  
Those tidemarks that indicate Time and  
its flowing,

But all are not there in that God-acre  
graven,  
First food for the bullet then food for the  
raven,  
I closed up my ears as I heard the death  
rattle,  
As they died in the tumult and wildness  
of battle,  
And were left as away from the field we  
were hurried,  
Like a dog that is cast out too mean to  
be buried,  
They fell with a bravery no history can  
equal,  
With death for their portion, dishonor  
the sequel.  
I've returned to the faith of my fathers,  
the Union,  
Like a lost saint repentant restored to com-  
munion.  
But I love them, though victims they  
were of Secession,  
My heart it turns back with a fond retro-  
gression.  
Though their sin I despise, I still love  
the committer,  
(I drank of that Marah and know it was  
bitter.)  
For our Father in Heaven as freely dis-  
burses  
On the erring as righteous the wealth of  
His mercies;  
In His Almighty heart there is no stint  
to kindness,  
In the death hour He could forgive them  
their blindness.  
O give me the Southland with its smiles  
and its blushes,  
Its foliage vivid, its fruitage so lus-  
cious;  
Fair Nature will heal up the scars where  
she's riven  
And our lost friends we'll meet in the pure  
land of Heaven.  
Our clime, when 'tis cured of the awful  
delusion,  
And her garments are washed from Se-  
cession's pollution,  
When the ambitious clique are forever  
defeated,  
Will shine like the gold in a furnace  
thrice heated.

## MEXICO.

Reader, have you ever pictured to yourself in your imagination the contrast this Trans-Atlantic province presents at the present time with its past history? (Trans-Atlantic, because it is separated from the balance of the Emporor Napoleon's kingdom in Europe). It was in the year 1846, if my memory fails me not, when Santa Anna had already proclaimed himself not only Ruler but Arbitrary Dictator over Mexico, with a view to the conquest of Texas. The annals of history only informs us but too well of the myriads of myrmidons he had mustered beneath his black banner for the purpose of conquering this little State.—Ambition, that mad love of glory and renown, was daily and nightly accomplishing its task over his already heated brain. He commenced his famous conquest. He was fast assembling his hirelings together. The shrill note of the fife, bugle and drum was sounding throughout the length and breadth of every hamlet and village in Mexico, trying to call their energies into action. So

many francs were offered to each volun-  
teer as an inducement to accomplish the  
mad object of Santa Anna's ambition.—  
It had the desired effect. Being not only  
proud to receive the money, they were  
so dazzled by the magnificent splendor of  
their uniforms, they enlisted only too  
readily. There is nothing I can compare  
Santa Anna's army to, but to the never  
before and not since equalled magnificent  
splendor of Xerxes' army in the Oriental  
East, when the conquest of Persia and  
Greece was begun. As Clytus, one of  
Xerxes' aids, told him to exchange all  
the gold and silver of his army for true  
and valuable men, so ought some one to  
have whispered in Santa Anna's ear,  
"Likewise do the same." Let us but  
for a moment turn to the American camp  
and see if they are anyways similar to the  
Mexicans in their array. No pomp nor  
military splendor adorns their camp.—  
Winfield Scott is there, the hero of Lun-  
dy's Lane. His tent is there, pitched in  
their midst; no glittering array of pa-  
geants are in front of it to point out his  
Head Quarters to the passer-by, no Brus-  
sels carpet or finely-polished mirrors adorn  
the interior, no ottoman on which he can  
rest his weather beaten and war worn  
brow, no! nothing of the kind, but simply  
a plain, white, common tent like the rest.  
The battle-fire blazes as brilliantly out of  
his eyes as it did when the rout of the  
British told him the field of Lundy's  
Lane was won. Holding the fate of the  
Nation in his hand and controlling, as it  
seems, the destinies of thousands also  
he had no thought but for his country's  
welfare. We all remember how he fin-  
ished that glorious struggle. Suffice it  
to say he not only received encomiums of  
praise from his country, but the world  
over. The old hero of Cherubusco, Cha-  
pultepec, Monterey, Resaca de la Palma  
and a host of others of less note, is now  
at Washington. At the commencement  
of the present war the old hero remained  
firm and loyal to his country, to that flag  
which waved so magnificently o'er the  
iron frowned battlements of Monterey.  
He knew it would be sustained and borne  
aloft until the sickle of time shall be in-  
voiced over to the grim monster, Death,  
when that life which he has so freely of-  
fered for his Country on so many occa-  
sions shall return to his Maker from  
whence it came. (In the language of the  
bard Horace, in one of his odes to Mæ-  
cenas, his intimate friend) we should  
erect to his memory a monument, "peren-  
nibus auro." What is Mexico to-day?  
Maximilian, a second Santa Anna, is now  
holding the reins of government, pro-  
claiming himself Emperor, the rendez-  
vous and dernier resort of the despera-  
does of the Southwest, trying, but in-  
vain, to re-establish another government  
upon its old and rotten foundation. His  
overthrow will be more complete than  
Santa Anna's. The stars and stripes, our  
glorious emblem, will yet wave over ev-  
ery citadel and fort in Mexico; and soon  
will the following poetic prediction of a  
certain officer in Uncle Sam's Army  
prove true:

Back to his home o'er yonder  
Will Maximilian go,  
When we've crushed the anaconda  
Whose tail is Mexico.

MORE ANON.