

FRONTIER SCOUT.

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HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher.

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FORT RICE, D. T., JUNE 15, 1865.

No. 1.

For the Frontier Scout. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY CAPTAIN E. G. ADAMS.

Chief of our country's glory,

Thy death her greatest shame,
Forever live in story,

A proud historic name!

Talk not of ages athen—

Of deeds in old time done;
But talk in this age, the golden,
Of the peer of Washington.

He was the last great martyr

That scaled with blood his trust;
For gold I would not barter
The least grain of his dust.

In the triumph hour of glory

Our Country's Father died:
And shameful was the story,
As of Christ, the Crucified.

When the bays upon his forehead

Were budding into leaves,—
Slain by a death as horrid
As torture 'twixt two thieves.

The nation reeled to stagger,

In a paroxysm of grief;
When the foul assassin's dagger
Was shaken o'er our Chief.

And the voice of lamentations

Went out throughout all lands,
Like a Niobe of nations
Stricken Columbia stands!

From every tower and steeple

The knell of sorrow rings,
And wails the mighty people
Like a harp with million strings.

He has vanished from our vision,

And with Elias talks;
In the fields of Life, elysian,
With the throng redeemed he walks.

His clay-cold brow is altar

Where we lay our hands and swear
That we will never falter
To true allegiance bear.

From the home of thy perfections

Look down upon our clime,
And behold in our affections
Thy monument sublime.

PEACE!—The storm has spent itself in fury. The last shaft of lightning killed our Chief Magistrate. The world rocked a moment, and all was over. The clouds broke, and rolled magnificently away, showing the clear celestial blue. 'Twas like the rending of the veil when the great Messiah died. Across the weeping Heavens the bow of everlasting peace spreads itself like the wings of an angel. All hail thou dawn of the Golden Age!

For the Frontier Scout. "Alone—All Alone."

A few years since, while a student in the venerable old "Harvard," a favorite place of resort for me was the quiet grounds of Mount Auburn,—the city of the dead, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

One lovely summer evening, feeling more blue than usual, I quietly strolled within this sacred enclosure to seek retirement from the busy scenes of active life, and indulge in a student's dyspeptic reflections.

The cool evening breeze bore on it the fragrance of a thousand flowers,—the little artificial fountains, constantly playing, kept time to the vesper songs of the many feathered minstrels, who find their sweet homes amid the verdant foliage, which overhangs the last resting place of loved ones.

The sun had just sunk behind the western hills, the moon—fair queen of night—was gilding with her silvery light the tombstones which tell to the passing stranger the brief history of the sleeping one.

Taking my seat by the side of one of these tombstones, and drawing forth my memorandum book, I commenced to note down some of the inscriptions on the surrounding monuments. These furnished food for reflections, and half an hour had passed, when I was startled from my dreamy meditations by the words, "ALONE—ALL ALONE," uttered in a sad but musical tone. I turned towards the spot from whence came the voice, and saw, a short distance from me, at the foot of a monument, a middle aged woman, attired in deep mourning, kneeling over a fresh made grave. She was evidently paying her tokens of love for some near and dear one who had recently been torn from her by the ruthless hand of death. My interest and sympathies were enlisted, and silently I watched the stricken mourner, seeking to read the history of the bereavement by the monument and inscriptions upon it.

It was a plain marble shaft, surmounted by a silver harp, on which were strung five golden cords. Two of these were large—the other three were small. One large cord had been broken, as also had two of the smaller ones. A moment's reflection told me their significance. This silver harp was an emblem of the family circle; the golden cords were the living members of that once happy home. The severed ones indicated the ravages of death. Two, only, now remained unbroken—a large and small one—parent and child. The family harp, whose cords once vibrated in sweet harmony, had been

roughly swept by the icy hand of Death, and at his chill touch, one by one, the strands had broken, till now, all but two had ceased to give forth their melody.

"Alone—all alone," sobbed the woman, and raising her hand to the emblematic harp, she broke the other little cord, and with the act came fresh bursts of grief. "Another cord is sundered," she sobbed, "only one more left. Oh! God, may that soon be broken, that our harp may be strung anew in heaven!"

Silently I stole away, for I felt that such sorrow was too sacred to be interrupted; but the memory of that scene can never be erased from my mind. "Alone—all alone" has a thousand times since in imagination fell upon my ear, and I seem again to see that lone mother kneeling over the new made grave of her darling child, whom she had just laid beside her husband and other two little angels, and listen to her broken-hearted sobs.

"Alone—all alone." Reader, did you ever realize the full meaning of those words? Did you ever feel hovering around you the gloomy clouds of desolation, till over your heart came stealing the chilling realization that the ones you cherished most dearly were gone forever from your fireside, and that you were left "alone—all alone." MEDICUS.

The First U. S. Vols. Receiving the Stars and Stripes.

It was on the 4th, of June 1864 at Norfolk, Va., the Regiment was to receive the Stars and Stripes. Every man had been laboring with great care to put his musket, equipments and clothes in the best condition. Each one prepared himself as for a wedding feast. The Regiment was to be married by the most solemn compact to the United States' service. Genl. Shepley had come, with his staff, and addressed them with deep feeling, a hollow square was formed, and Col. Dimon replied in behalf of the Regiment. Nature smiled beautifully on the scene, the air was redolent with perfume, the sky was clear and blue as that of Italy, and the circle of the landscape seemed like a vast amphitheatre for some glorious display of patriotism. When their youthful Colonel turned to his Regiment to confirm his promises of their unswerving allegiance to that flag that fluttered so beautifully in the breeze of summer, every man fell on his knees as if by instinct, and so was the solemn compact confirmed.

I had seen many beautiful sights, but nothing that could parallel this. The tears gushed from my eyes, and to my mind it was a glorious premonition of the time that has at length arrived. Happy Regiment! choosing the good part, like Mary of old.

SALUTATORY.

Officers, Soldiers, and Citizens of Dacotah! We salute you, Pioneers of Civilization, assist us in our task. Your co-operation we desire. We will strive to do our duty, you must do yours. You must support us with your Contributions, material and mental. We can make a paper lively, social, agreeable, entertaining and refreshing, but all must contribute a mite. Put every smart thought into writing. Jot down every little adventure. Fashion into rhyme every poetical idea. When this is done our paper is formed, a living, speaking, embodiment of the society in which we dwell. Let it be a picture of the sunny side of Dacotah; something we shall keep or cherish like the lock of hair of a lost loved one, or a flower picked and pressed by a dead sister in far-away years. Let us send our Scout down to our friends in the States, showing we are still living, moving, stirring, acting beings, that the great American heart beats in our bosoms, that the genius, effort, and perseverance, that settled the States, is taking deep root in Dacotah, on the banks of Missouri, the great highway of a broader, deeper civilization.

We live in the Golden Age, of which many wrote, but "died without the sight." Though our President is dead, the nation lives, and over his dead corpse we swear a renewed fealty to the principles he advocated, and the constitution he supported. We have a dead father in the house, but brave stout-hearted sons around the bier, and we have another shadow, a loved son of the Country's, a brother officer is no more, Lieut. B. S. WILSON, shot by merciless savages. The arrow that pierced his heart, stung ours. Language is lame to portray our loss.

Gone to the good and great,
Leaving us desolate!

It is well with him, but sad with us.
But we leave him in the bosom of his Country and his God.

Could he speak, he would tell us to exhibit our love and sorrow for him by actions of bravery, energy, and patriotism. Let us show that the living are worthy of the dead, worthy of the trust reposed in them.

Up and be doing, the morn is breaking.
The night is over, and gone.

Every article in this paper is original, and sees the light for the first time.

TRIBUTE TO LIEUT. B. S. WILSON.

First Lieutenant BENJAMIN SWIFT WILSON was born in Pepperell, Mass., and at the time of his death was only 21 years of age. His life was short, but most eventful. He enlisted as a Private in the 5th N. H. Vols., and was promoted for bravery and efficiency to Sergeant Major of the Regiment. In the 5th N. H. Regiment he served not quite three years; when he entered the First United States Volunteers. In all the struggles and battles of the army of the Potomac he was an active participator. He was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, but in all other engagements escaped without a scratch. Always cheerful, always gay, whether in camp or amid the whizzing bullets of battle, always well, always ready, never tired, never disheartened, never inactive, ever moving, stirring, patient, joyous, hopeful, and satisfied, a true representation of an American soldier of the best type. Such men by the help of Almighty God have preserved us a nation. Lieut. WILSON's Regiment with others was engaged in guarding Rebel Prisoners of War, when the 1st U. S. V. Infantry was enlisted. His application for a Lieutenancy was thus endorsed by Col. Hapgood:

"HD. QRS. 5TH N. H. VOLUNTEERS.
April 10, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded approved. Sergt. Major WILSON has served 2 years and a half in this Regiment as private, and non-commissioned officer. He has been a brave and faithful soldier, and is cheerfully recommended for the position as capable.

CHARLES E. HAPGOOD,
Col. 5th N. H. Vols."

With his active temperament he entered upon his duties as soon as appointed, and was pre-eminently a worker till his death. He was the master builder and Architect of Fort Rice, and had he lived to finish what he had so nobly begun and carried forward, this Fort would have still more plainly than now have shown his efficiency and capability. On the 26th of May he mounted his horse to ride out, and superintend his loggers in the woods just north of the Fort. Just above the house occupied by Mr. FISK, brother of Capt. FISK, noted for his Expeditions through these regions, were Indians laid in ambush. They rushed upon him from the ravine, and discharged at him their fatal arrows. One entered his lungs, and the arrow-head broken off there, caused his death. His horse threw him, and dislocated his thigh. He fired his pistol twice, but they were too many for him. Mrs. GALPIN was the first to see him, and rushed out to him when scarcely the murderous savages had left him. She raised up his head, and with all a woman's tenderness dropped her tears upon his forehead. We all knew when we saw his horse in possession of the Indians he was killed or wounded. They would probably not have left him alive, but they saw two other men at some distance from the Fort, and dashed across the prairie after them. But the garrison poured out its soldiers, as a hive

its bees, and they departed as they came like a hawk that swoops down on its prey, and then swoops away. Lieut. WILSON bore all his pains with his characteristic magnanimity, till the great Mustering Officer, Death, mustered him out of the Army Militant into the Army Celestial. His only regret was that he had not another life to give to his country. His funeral was the saddest one I ever knew. The whole Regiment felt they had lost a friend and brother. Col. DIMON paid the following tribute to his worth:

Fellow Officers and Soldiers, but a few days since we assembled to pay our last tribute of respect and veneration to our beloved and murdered President, the savior of our Country. Though we did not know him personally, yet we felt that each of us, constituting a part of our country, had lost our country's best friend, who had died that we and our future generations might live. To-day we meet to bury the ashes of a brave comrade, a dear friend. The grief in the first place was general, but now it comes with terrible force to every individual heart present. We have the consolation that in thus committing the dust to earth that he has left a memory behind sweet to reflect upon, a character for bravery, strict attention to duties and displaying those traits of nobleness, which could only make us love and revere him.

"After serving three years of hard battle, hard fighting with the enemy of our country, he is at last ushered to heaven by the hand of the ruthless savage. God bless him! May we so cherish his memory as to encourage us to be true and faithful in the performance of all our duties as officers and soldiers, and unite us both officers and men more firmly in that tie of brotherhood whereby obedience is pleasure instead of duty."

He was succeeded by Capt. ADAMS, who related many incidents characteristic of his manliness, generosity, energy and bravery. The last sentence of his speech was this, "We bewail our Country's Father to-day and one of his noblest sons; they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided, the one assassinated by a civilized brute in Washington, the other by an uncivilized brute in Dacotah." The Regiment and many citizens followed him to the grave. Wreaths, that ere now have withered, were thrown upon his coffin, but his fame is a garland, perennial, never to wilt or decay.

Green is his memory through all years,
Kept living by his Country's tears.
He was a soldier, true and brave,
For them there is no secret grave.
The very winds declare their name,
And echoes every cliff their fame.
The wave repeats it to the shore,
The lowly vale to mountain hoar,
And every breeze, whose boundless range,
Finds Nature still, how'er she change,
While o'er them Heaven, with sun and cloud,
Stands like a mausoleum proud.

Mr. J. SHAW GREGORY, Post Sutler, arrived here on the "Fanny Ogden," the 10th inst., with a supply of goods for this Post, and is now prepared to see his friends and wait on them, as only he can do. He has a full assortment of goods for the frontier trade.

Indian Affairs.

This Post has been much annoyed this spring by small parties of Hostile Indians, attacking our loggers and herders, carrying off stock, and resulting in many cases in loss of life to the garrison. These parties have been made up principally of Unkapapas, Minneconsues, and Cheyennes, Young Bucks who are anxious for renown and act against the advice of their Chiefs. We are happy to know that the majority of the Chiefs who opposed Genl. Sully last summer have come in and given themselves up to the whites, and are now at this Post, the principals are Two Bear, Chief of the Yanktonais, Bear Rib, of the Unkapapas, Black Catfish, Little Soldier, Medicine Bear, Two Heart, with a portion of each of their bands. They express themselves as thoroughly sick of the war, they are very poor, having lost, by being driven from place to place by our troops, during the two last Campaigns, a great part of their horses, and tipis, and are unable to hunt. At Young Man's Bate, on the Little Missouri Grosventres, are now collected some three thousand lodges of mixed bands. Yesterday ten came in from that part and gave themselves up. They report the Yanktonais and Blackfeet, numbering some 500 lodges, have had a fight with the Unkapapas, and Cheyennes, and have moved in body towards this Post, to give themselves up and make peace, and will be in here in a few days. Their Chiefs are, Lame Deer, White Swan, One Horn, Four Horn, and Black Moon. The remainder of Indians west of us are still of the opinion that they can whip the whites, encouraged by the success of the Cheyennes on the Platte.

The "Frontier Scout" is published weekly by the 1st U. S. V. Infantry for the edification of the people of Dacotah, both civilized and savage; and as "green" spots and "green"-backs are so few, we will not mention terms, but bid it, like the grace of God, go free!

ARRIVAL.—We are happy to announce the arrival of an addition to our little garrison in the shape of Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, Capt. A. B. MORELAND, commanding, from Fort Berthold, D. T. They will probably remain at this Post for the present. We find the Captain, a genial, quiet gentleman and officer, and his men well-behaved and willing to do their duty, though the transfer from cavalry to infantry—they having but few horses—makes them naturally feel like fish out of water.

In the north-east bastion of the Fort may be seen the traverse carriage, invented by corporal William T. Welch, of Co. F, which plays on a pivot in such a manner that it can be used through any port in the bastion. It works well, is a perfect success, and can do the same execution as four guns could without the carriage. It shows that great mechanical genius is not wanting in this regiment.

List of Deaths in Six Companies of 1st U. S. Vols. in Dacotah Territory.

NAME.	CO.	DISEASE.	DATE.
OCTOBER, 1864.			
Archibald Ware,	K,	Chr. Diarrhea,	12th.
John Blackburn,	E,	" "	13th.
Albert Triplet,	B,	Heart disease,	14th.
Samuel Hetton,	C,	Chr. Diarrhea,	16th.
Henry Bowen,	D,	" "	17th.
Harvey Hill,	C,	" "	"
Wm. Manning,	E,	" "	24th.
Erwin Combs,	H,	" "	28th.
Soloman Shaver,	D,	" "	30th.
NOVEMBER.			
Geo. P. Dever,	C,	Chr. Diarrhea,	4th.
Francis Allen,	H,	" "	12th.
Riley Salyer,	D,	Typh. Fever,	14th.
Benj. James,	C,	Chr. Diarrhea,	15th.
Arch. McKenney,	B,	Dropsy fm. dis.	19th.
M. M. Hartness,	K,	Consumption,	22d.
Wm. W. Hally,	D,	" "	27th.
DECEMBER.			
Wm. J. Carter,	E,	Consumption,	3rd.
H. Shepherd, drn.	B,	Chr. Diarrhea,	4th.
Wm. Caudell,	K,	Typh. Fever,	6th.
E. H. Milton,	B,	Chr. Diarrhea,	11th.
Benj. Darden,	K,	" "	17th.
Jacob Everheart,	D,	" "	18th.
J. C. Croom,	E,	" "	23rd.
JANUARY, 1865.			
J. R. Shotwell,	K,	Chr. Diarrhea,	2d.
John H. Smith,	B,	" "	7th.
C. Skelton, serg.	C,	Scurvy,	8th.
Wm. Myers, priv.	C,	Chr. Diarrhea,	11th.
D. Hammond,	K,	" "	13th.
D. Westmorland,	C,	Consumption,	13th.
F. M. Bolton,	B,	Chr. Diarrhea,	21st.
M. P. Oliver,	C,	" "	21st.
FEBRUARY.			
John Stephens,	D,	Typh. Pneu.	3rd.
Jacob Newell,	B,	Scurvy,	21st.
Isaac Farmer,	H,	" "	22d.
John Garrison,	K,	" "	23d.
Robert Holmes,	K,	" "	24th.
J. J. Smith,	K,	Consumption,	24th.
MARCH.			
Henry Hotellin,	K,	Chr. Diarrhea,	1st.
Jas. Thornton,	K,	Scurvy,	3rd.
W. H. Merriuan,		Scurvy,	5th.
Wm. Griffin,	D,	" "	5th.
E. Corns,	H,	" "	6th.
D. M. Stearns,	E,	" "	8th.
Wm. H. Dean,	E,	Chr. Diarrhea,	11th.
A. T. Roach,	K,	Scurvy,	11th.
Benj. Garner,	H,	" "	11th.
H. Sallenger,	E,	" "	18th.
J. Q. Dillworth,	K,	" "	22d.
Wm. Malone,	H,	Consumption,	23rd.
R. H. McCall,	H,	Scurvy,	27th.
Wm. Morgar,	C,	" "	31st.
APRIL.			
Wm. Rodgers,	K,	Scurvy,	1st.
D. Johnson,	C,	" "	2d.
J. L. Wallace,	K,	" "	3rd.
L. B. Suggs,	C,	" "	3rd.
D. F. Aleshire,	H,	" "	4th.
James Harlis,	H,	" "	8th.
Allen Petty,	H,	" "	"
R. F. Kelley,	K,	" "	11th.
J. T. Butler,	E,	" "	15th.
J. W. Cantwell,	C,	" "	20th.
John Benson,	H,	" "	22d.
Jas. Dunavan,	H,	" "	23rd.
W. A. Laine,	E,	" "	25th.
Wm. Broughton,	E,	" "	25th.
John Cantwell,	C,	" "	30th.
MAY.			
Amos Edwards,	H,	" "	4th.
P. Monahan,	I,	" "	4th.
John Milan,	H,	" "	5th.
John Estridge,	C,	" "	7th.

G. T. Sampson, D, Typhus Fever, 15th.
 J. P. Wilson, K, Scurvy, 23rd.
 John R. Lucky, G, " 29th.
 J. R. Patterson, E, Consumption, 30th.

CASUALTIES FROM INDIANS.

Edwin Durbin, private, Co. H, wounded, Nov. 21, 1864; 1st Lieut. S. B. Noyes, Co. B, wounded Nov. 27; Quartermaster Sergt. Thompson, do.; Geo. W. Townsend, private, Co. C, killed, Nov. 27; Francis Connor, Co. D, wounded Feb. 20, 1865, died March 4th; John Odum, private, Co. B, killed, April 14; Wm. T. Hughes, do., Co. F, do.; Hiram L. Watson, do., Co. E, wounded, April 25; John Cumbey, do., do., May 20; Lieut. B. S. Wilson, Co. C, wounded, May 26, died, June 2nd.

A Misrepresentation Corrected.

These lines are written to correct, erroneous ideas propagated concerning this Regiment, either through ignorance or prejudice. The enlisted men of the 1st U. S. Vols., at the time of their enlistment, were Prisoners of war, at Point Lookout. Before each man was enlisted he was separately questioned, and had these four alternatives, either to be exchanged, paroled, to go north, and work on Government fortifications, or enlist in the service of the United States as a soldier. There was no compulsion in any shape used. It was an act of their own free will. There were no reservations, or promises made that they would not be sent to the Front to engage in deadly conflict with their quondam friends. They made the choice at a time when the Southern Confederacy was as likely to succeed as at any time in its history. But they cast their mite in with the United States, when she needed every man she could muster. No bounty was offered them, no glaring inducements were held out, no chicanery or flattery was employed. They were made of such stuff as not to be moved by such means as those. Their whole course and behavior has displayed that unadulterated patriotism was the only motive that urged them on. They felt confident that they were at last on the right side, and the right must succeed. Without a moments demurring, they shouldered their muskets, and donned their equipments, ready to go wherever their country called. Many have laid down their lives at the beck of disease, some have been murdered by the arrow of the savage, and they with but few exceptions, living or dead, have been true to their trust.

How petty will all the slanders uttered against them sound alongside of the fact, that forever in history they will be recorded as the noble first fruits of a reconciled and re-united people.

FORT RICE, D. T. June 15, 1865.
 To the Inhabitants of Fort Rice:
 With the first number of the "Scout" we send you greeting. In the words of the immortal Danl. Webster "we still live," and are prepared as heretofore to furnish you with all the necessities of frontier life. We are constantly receiving additions to our now extensive stock by the various steamers of the river, and we are always happy to wait on our patrons with promptness.
 D. W. MARSH,
 Sutler, 1st U. S. V.

MISCELLANY.

Roster of the Field, Staff & Line OFFICERS COMPOSING THE GARRISON OF FORT RICE D. T.

C. A. R. DIMON, Col. Comdg. Post.
G. H. W. HERRICK, Post Surgeon.
1st Lieut. H. C. ARCHIBALD, Post
Adjutant.
1st Lieut. S. B. NOXES, A. A. Q. M.
& A. C. S.
Capt. E. G. ADAMS, Comdg. Troops.
2d Lieut. C. H. CHAMPNEY, Comdg.
Co. C.
Capt. A. F. FAY, Comdg. Co. E.
1st Lieut. W. M. H. BACKERMAN Co. E.
Capt. J. C. MICHIE, Comdg. Co. H.
2d Lieut. J. C. CROWAN, Co. H.
Capt. A. B. MORELAND, Comdg. Co. G.
6th Iowa Cavalry.

OFFICE OF A. A. Q. M. To all whom it may concern.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this office for the destruction of the numerous army of infernal grasshoppers that have had the audacity to destroy our fine garden, which a short time since gave promise of supplying our table with fresh vegetables, during the coming season.

The crime of the aforementioned outlaws is the more heinous from the fact that they are giving aid and comfort to our old enemy, and conspirator against the life of this Garrison, Scurvy.

Forms of the contract, specifications, and bonds can be had on application to the undersigned, who reserves the right to reject any, and all bids which in his judgment may not be for the interest of the service.

June 14th, 1865.

A. A. Q. M.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMERS AT THIS POST.
—Yellowstone, Capt. Mayhood, May 10th, 1865, Fort Benton, M. T.; Deer Lodge, Ray, 12th, do., Fort Benton; Benton, Howard, 13th, do.; St. Johns, Soursley, 23d, do.; Effie Deans, Joe La Barge, 23d, do.; Genl. Grant, Haney, 23d, do.; Lillie Martin, Patterson, 31st, do.; Twilght, Massey, 31st, do., Roanoke, Jacobs, June 7th, do.; Yellowstone, Mayhood, 8th, do.; St. Louis Mo.; David Watts, Johnson, 9th, do., Fort Benton; Silver Lake, Todd, 9th, do., Fort Rice, D. T.; Fanny Ogden, Townsend, 10th, do., Fort Benton; Hattie May, do.; Sam Gaty, 12th, do.; Kate Karney, LaBarge, May 28, do.

All were well loaded with passengers and freight. After taking in ice &c. they started for above, and we wish them a speedy and pleasant trip. The passengers think this the speediest and safest route to the mines.

Why were the men of the 1st, U. S. V. Infantry before enlistment like good sentinels. They were on the "Lookout" till they were relieved.

Why is Dacotah like the swamps of South Carolina? Because "Rice" is the principal production of the country.

In what military position is a soldier with a hole in the seat of his Pants. To the rear Open Order.

What line of sacred poetry can the sutler of the 1st, U. S. V. Infantry sing with great appropriateness. A charge to keep I have.

Roster of the Staff of Maj. Genl. Pope Comdg.

MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI.

Lieut. Col. JOHN T. SPRAGUE, A. A. A. Genl. & Chief of Staff.
Major Genl. ALFRED PLEASANTON, Chief of Cavalry and Artillery.
Brig. Genl. T. C. H. SMITH, Inspector General.
Col. T. J. HAINES, Chief Commissary.
Lieut. Col. FRED MEYERS, Chief Quartermaster.
Col. D. F. CALLENDER Maj. of Ordnance U. S. A. Chief of Ordnance.
Major J. F. MELINE, Aid De Camp Judge Advocate.
Capt. JOS. M. C. BELL, A. A. Genl.
Capt. M. NORTON, A. A. Genl.
Col. C. A. MORGAN, senior Aid De Camp.
Capt. E. HAUGHT, Aid De Camp.

Roster of the Staff of Maj. Genl. Curtis Comdg.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NORTH WEST.

Maj. T. J. WEED, Add'l. A. D. C. Chief of Staff.
Maj. T. I. MCKENNY, Add'l. A. D. C. & I. G. of Chief of Cavalry.
Maj. C. S. CHARLOT, A. A. Genl.
Maj. S. S. CURTIS, 2d Colorado Cavalry A. D. C. & Judge Advocate.
Capt. I. N. MASON, A. Q. M. Vols. actg. Chief Q. M.
Maj. W. W. BURNS, C. S. Chief Commissary.
Lieut. Col. ERN. SWIFT, Surgeon U. S. A. Medical Director.
Maj. R. H. HUNT, 15th. Kansas Vol. Cavl. Chief of Ordn. & Artillery.
Capt. R. J. HINTON, 2d Kansas Col'd. Vols. A. D. C.
Lieut. S. P. CURTIS, 16th. Kansas Vol. Cavl. A. D. C.

Roster of the Staff of Brevet Maj. Genl. A. Sully.

COMMANDING DISTRICT OF IOWA.

Capt. JOHN H. PELL, A. A. G.
Maj. D. C. CRAM, A. A. G.
Capt. S. BAGG, Chief Q. M.
Capt. J. J. PALMER, Chief Commissary.
Capt. N. W. POPE, Chief of Ordnance.
Lieut. A. WILLIAMS, 6th. Iowa Cavl. Chief of Cavalry.
Surgeon, L. B. FREEMAN, Medical Director.
Lieut. Col. E. P. TEN BROEK, A. A. Genl.

Roster of the Staff of Brevet Major Genl. A. Sully,

COMDG. N. W. N. INDIAN EXPEDITION.

Capt. M. NORTON, A. A. Genl.
Capt. S. BAGG, Assist. Quartermaster.
Capt. J. J. PALMER, Assist. Commissary.
Surgeon L. D. FREEMAN, Medical Director.

We are much indebted to Capt. A. F. Fay, who has just arrived from Fort Berthold, for his glowing account of his trip to Fort Union and return, as well as the buffalo hunts and other sights witnessed; but very much regret it was received too late for this number.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Dying Indian's Request.

The Indians of Dacotah do not bury their dead in the Earth, but place them on stages formed of poles, and let them waste away by the action of the elements.

O bury me not in obscurity,
But bury me up in the top of a tree,
When my spirit goes to the land of souls,
Set me up on two bean poles,
Where I cannot be eaten by wolves and foxes, [boxes,
That eat "them" fellows they put in
Fix round my head a feathery wreath
Round my throat bear's claws like harrow teeth,

Bring me a bow and bring me an arrow,
And plenty of "toro" that's made of marrow,

Set me a feast and light me my pipe,
Each is a sign, and emblem and type
Of something I never was able to tell,
But do it all, and it will be well.

Farewell squaw! farewell pappoose,
From life my spirit is cutting loose,
My eyes grow dim, I cannot see,
I have left this world, and climbed a tree!

Jeff Davis in Petticoats.

Grand climax of a bloody farce! Jeff Davis stealing away in his wife's crinoline! But he was so spurred on by fear he forgot his spurs. His heels were his ruin. They did their duty, but were not properly rigged. He like the "nigger" in one of Lincoln's stories struck for the woods, but got stopped by the last ditch. What pride those heroes who have lost a limb in his service must feel! What numbers of ratterriers and bull-dogs will bear his name! Who will replenish his wife's shattered wardrobe, and sew up her torn linen? Surely we'll subscribe a million of Confederate Scrip, and buy her a pocket-handkerchief. What a loss such a husband must be! so heroic! so brave! so much like Julius Caesar dying in state at the foot of Pompey's pillar! What a scene for an artist! Jeff Davis running like a scared chicken to hide himself in the brush! Who won't be proud to have been "secesh"? Who won't have for their coat of arms a Petticoat and spur with a chicken Rampan?

Strike for your Chief in petticoats,
Who so for you his life devotes,
To crown the climax of his sinning
He steals at last his dear wife's linen,
And turns her on the world adrift,
Without a petticoat or shift.

Epitaph of a Soldier.

Here lieth a soldier that's vanished in fog,
By eating too much of a prairie dog;
He swallowed all but intestines and hair—
Of the course of this mortal, oh, reader beware.

He griddled him quickly upon the coals,
As ancients did martyrs, alas! poor souls;
Then ate him, the blood running out of his mouth,

This gallant and chivalrous son of the South.

Oh, sad it will be when the nights are so dark,

To hear round his sepulcher prairie-dogs bark. [swallowed

Bewailing their friend he voraciously
And whom into death he so speedily followed.