The Seven Miners from Idaho.

By Capt. E. G. Adams.

There were seven miners attempted to go down to the States from Idaho. They wandered across the wilderness stark. Till they neared the ruins of old Fort Clark, No Indian's form or no tipi's smoke The awful stillness of Nature broke. By went inimitable buffalobirds; They then champed the prune's birds; In remoted distance the antelopes Evanesced from sight, like young men's hopes he spoke.

The fox looked out of his den as they went, And the wolf afar followed their scent; The tall grass sighed like a broken harp. When swayed by the North-west wind so sharp. The heavens pretended a fall of snow, As they journeyed onward from Idaho. These bummers bask in a sea of sand In a moment might strike a snare and strand.

But they feared not Nature, though rough her touch, But all that they feared was a human clout. Which was for the tuft of hair on the crown, And this their thought as they journeyed down.

When they came near the site of the ancient work, An Indian they sped in raving to lark, And when they crossed to the upper site bluff. The sight they beheld was wild enough. There were fifty lodges emitting smoke, There were fifty wolves which from their holes beke, And thirty savages, small and large Gathered like waves round a sinking barge.

About these men that had ventured to go Down to the States from Idaho. Each tree with the blood of a foe was painted, Which was swept from his heart as in death ty rained, And savages like bees around them strung. Where the gray locks alone by the side of the young. And woman's hair which their beauty still shone and long, though with blood they were stained; About some swung their tomahawks lightly As to meet the strangers they saluted out,

And some were armed with pistols and guns, Which to slay a foe they discharge but once, And some were equipped with a bow and arrow. That could kill a man or could kill a squaw. The miners they saw that resistance was vain, And so met them with smiles, though their hearts were in pain; For a slow death by torture loomed up in their sight. As a dull, lurid cannet sweeps up through the night.

Yet they seized their rude hands with a most friendly shake, Those hands that they dreaded more than a snake; And the man that was oldest of all of the group, With a courage that never was yet known to droop. Brought him of means of evading the search, That had fallen like hurricane over their path; At last he remembered the portrait of cold, As lovely as an infant ever smiled. It was hidden down deep in his pocket's recess, An infant he never had seen to eaves, A bod that on Earth had began to outgrow.

While he dug in the placers of Idaho. He brought it out, and displayed by signs that to clasp that babe he had left the miner, And had wandered across the desert plains. Fearing no danger nor adversity, Each savage gazed with a keen, quick glance.

On the child with its innocent countenance, And the hands that were feeling for scalping knife. Fell down by their sides as bereft of their life. The brows lately knit with the freest of hate. At once became calm and serene and sedate, And a council was called to consider the cause.

(Four such is the course of their customs and laws.) This father they brought with his pictured pappoose To act as a peader to hearts still obtuse. They met in a waggon, each head man and chief. Was to give his opinion in oration brief, With eyes that were closed, so he should not suspect.

What the rest might accede to or what might reject, But no speaker there was that could cut his heart loose. From the feeling aroused by the palmed pappoose. That picture engraved by stray beam of the sun. Had conquered those savages, every one, And they suffered those miners in safety to go. Back to their homes from Idaho.

Lincoln and Booth.

One a paragon of excellence, the other a synonym for baseness, Perhaps never were two men so entirely antagistico, then utterly wap in life. There was Lincoln with no beauty, no countenance, but a good, honest, noble heart. The outward cas ket but faintly imned the heart within. And yet there was a certain something about him that made him acceptable to the consciousness that under all circumstances he would do right, that gold could not buy him, that flattery could not lead him astray, nor even calamify move him. Like the old man of the mountain in my native state, the same who in storm and sunshine, the same whether the thunder raged and the lightning hurled, or nature repose in undisturbed quietude. He was a man—an American of the noblest type. How faint the glory of any king in history to the halo that encircles his memory. He wears a martyr's crown.

He shares the glory of those he called forth to die for their country. Methinks I see them ranged on the sandy strand of Heaven to welcome their Commander-in-Chief on Earth. What shouts welcomed him there, what sorrow lamented him here—and the cause—what can we say of him? Beautiful in person, but soul of heart like the white sepulchre of old, full of the dead bones of slavery and all uncleanliness. Well might be in his dying hour throw up his arms and exclaim, "Useless, useless!" A fit met for this carnal rebellion, commencing in bluster and ending in a hoity-toity! Lincoln may well be imaged under an everlasting tree, that, though cut down on Earth, left its roots so deeply planted they will spread into a forest that shall bo for the healing of the nations, while Booth is like Josiah's gourd, withering into contempt with the first beams of morning, or like the booths of Asher beth, constructed of trees without roots, for their unbendly nature, divided into fine lines by the rays of the meridian sun, and cast aside as things utterly valueless.
THE FRONTIER SCOUT.
CATT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,
THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1865.

EDITORIAL.

The affairs of the Territories are growing more and more complex. The tempest that has hung so long and low over the States, having expended its fury, is floating off in sundry squalls over the Territories. treason, disharmoned from its home in civilization is putting cut, like Jeff Davis for the brush. The outskirts of the country for a number of years will need all the attention the Government can confer on them. The Territories employ such a vast area of land that if treason is suffered to establish itself here, it can, assisted by the natural character of the country, make us a vast amount of trouble. Every true patriot in the Territories should speak out, and what is thought to be done in a corner should be proclaimed on the home-top. Preventions should be applied in season. The people in the States and our rulers should know, at once, all that concerns the interest of the body politic. Life and property should be as secure here as at Boston, New York, Cincinnati or St. Louis. A man should feel, when he steps on American soil, he is safe. But how is it now? The Territories are infected with worse than brigands. A man needs to go armed to the teeth—When he leaves Sioux City he plunges at once into the civilization of the dark ages, where right makes right. The boats are crowded with the doings of the Rebellion, putting up for the river, trying to oust their reputation, but in spite of all their endeavors it will get into the goal ahead of them. Missouri is emptying its Border Russians into the lap of Montana. All loyal when they pass Fort Rice, but the oath of allegiance makes them buck their mouths worse than a dose of castor oil. Ladies singing "Swenson Jackson's March" and "Bonnie Blue Flag" as they sail, like the wild geese, northward. Can the Government be too strict on such people? Will it allow the Missouri to be the sewer to font such a population off, blotting them out of the country, and giving them gold mines for worn-out plantations, not even allowing their feelings to be hurt by requiring them to take the oath of allegiance? The majority of the crew and passengers of the first boat, the Yellow-stone, were highly offended, and spread all sorts of calumnies about the Fort, because they were forced to take the oath of allegiance, and yet openly rejoiced when the courier from Fort Sully brought the news of the President's assassination.

The captains of many of the boats requested that the oath of allegiance should be administered to the Union passengers as they violently treated the steersmen, threats being freely used and blows given as freely drawn. Can a man be allowed to be a rebel in the Territories? Of course not. Jeff Davis and his friends should be required to make oath of allegiance before they can be allowed to be an assassin in the Territories? Of course not. Booth's friends shouldn't have been apprehended if he'd got into the Territories. Of course not. Jeff Davis and his friends shouldn't have been treated as if they had been out of the United States. At Fort Benton there are men that threaten to take any boat or property they choose, and passengers on one of the boats threatened to Fort Union, and clean out the garrison. The Governor of Montana has ordered out the mounted police, and given them for pay anything they can lay their hands on, after the style of Moody and Morgan of Confederate fame. Indian traders and half-breeds from St. Paul and Red River are planning to take over the aborigines to deads of blood and pine. Some of these evil spirits are howling around Fort Berthold, and to make things more complex, some of the Friends Beulah's good, pious Indians, loaded with annuities and early pyypt, from Yankton come up, and steal forty horses and murder two friendly Indians at Fort Berthold. Who arm of the service would you recommend them for, Friend Beulah? Cavalry, of course, as they are already mounted. The Indian Office has made an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to buy up the hostile Indians, but Gen. Pope has stopped it. Friend Beulah, have him overrided. The Indians will get more robes if he is. But we hope for the sake of peace he will not be. Besides, the whole plan is so unjust to the friendly Indians. Hostility becomes the Indian's stock in trade, and every year he'll ask a higher price, enforcing his demands with his man blood and women's scalps. Let the fact be an actual proof to civilization into the Territories. Swallow tails and broad-brims to the rear! Trust in the Government, but be sure to keep your powder dry.

In the remarks about Indian traders of last week's issue, the general rule of "Present company excepted" holds true, as Mr. Mans and Mr. Gwinn are regarded by all as in no way working against the best interests of the States in our Indian department. The farmers are hollering out, but the military are necessary in Dakota at the present time.

First child born at Fort Rice, July 24, was born into this world of visionaries a young daughter to private P. H. and Elizabeth Grubin, Co. E. May she prove a p. r. trust. friend.

Why is Fort Rice of necessity a healthy place? It has a fresh (heir) air.

Of what place in the old world does the daughter of the Regiment when in terms remind you? Cardwell in (waits) Wales.

For the Frontier Scout.

"MAY ANGELS GUARD AND GUIDE YOU, MY DARLING HUSBAND."

Last words in a letter sent to G. H. W. Harroun, Surgeon of the Ist U. S. V. Infantry, from his wife, Mrs. Jeannie Harroun, while on her march to Fort Rice, Dakota Territory. She died Oct. 17th, 1861, the day the Regiment arrived at its destination.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

"May the angels guard and guide thee over the trackless plains Dakotan, Where no human mark is beside thee. Like the limitless waste of the ocean. Wherever thy footsteps wander May angelic forms be flying, And change thy food heart fonder. Of cheering the sick and the dying. Fly my mission is one of peace, And one of tender compassion. May no sin like ancient Circe Allure in the ancient fashion, But thy heart be always stainless As the drift of the mountain snow In that clime that is ever stainless Where thy weary footsteps go. As over the boundless prairies Fly fleet-footed antelopes From the shaft of their adversaries, So fly away earthly hopes. Then hold not on things that are human But build thou on things Divine, Let thy spirit with lofty acean Look up to this spirit of mine."

Thus wrote a young wife and a tender wife pure as the morning's breath To her husband, her heart's defender, As she went down the valley of death. He came to the end of his journey, She came to the end of hers, A city cut-rivalling Suyvum In its wealth of gems and myrrh. Its walls are of purpure Jasper And each gate is a single pearl Yet he who at dreams he can clasp her And feel on his cheek a curl For her spirit round him revolve Wherever his footsteps go The hearts that have once been lovers Whether living or dead. He dwells in a land that is dreary, And his sight grows tired and dim, But has one that is never weary To cheer up and comfort him. She is now the choicest angel That alive she played mid-day guide him On the path of life, an Evangel, She will for ever beseech him.

The Cemetery of the Fort presents a fine appearance, and does great credit to the superintendence of Sgt. Morgan. There is not a lack of civilization about it that reminds one of a cemetery in the States. Its familiar ways in whose arrangement is neat, and where the gallant dead are not forgotten. Leut. Wilson's monument does great credit to Corporal Shultz, 1st C. It is finely painted by Carl Miller Co. H.

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

THURSDAY MORNING.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Black Tomahawk, on Saturday, 24th June, arrived from Fort Sally with a mail.

Sergt. Hearn, of Co. II, with 37 men, sent with ammunition trains to Fort Fully, arrived here on Sunday, the 25th. They brought a mail. Near Sand Creek, on the same day they arrived, they killed a large grizzly bear. He was in lean condition; if he had been fat he would have weighed 600 pounds. He turned to fight the Sergt. when he attacked him, rushing up eight or ten times on the pony, and was kept at bay only by Sergt. Hearn's crew of the hands of the soldier. A number of men deployed across the prairie and finally brought him down. His skin was about as big as a good-sized buffalo robe; the hide from head to foot is a handsome foot with a metallic on it. The four feet resembled a pair of boxing-gloves.

On Wednesday, the 28th, seven or eight lodges of Unkapo, Blackfeet, and Yunktonis arrived at the fort and pitched their tips just outside of Two Bears' camp. Stragglers have been coming in all the week.

The steamer Jontann, Capt. Throck- morton, with supplies for this Post, arrived here on the 28th. Capt. Throck- morton and Gorman will always be remembered for their gentlemanly attributes. The social dance and accom- plished performances on the piano by the ladies of their household in the elegant and spacious cabin of the steamer carried the officers back to the scenes of home and civilization more than any amusement that has transpired since their stay in Dakota. May their return trip be alike speedy and pleasant. The Prairie State. Capt. Doxter, from Fort Benton, Montana, also arrived here on the 28th June.

The Cutter, Capt. Voore, has just ar- rived from above. She had ten men killed by the Blackfeet on the prai-rie before she started, where she had two men at Fort Benton. In the contest two or three Indians were killed by them.

The following report comes from above: A big camp is gradually moving towards Fort Rice to meet Gen. Sully. A party of Yunktonis and Blackfeet started ahead to come this way with their horses. The hostile Indians stopped them, took their horses and killing their horses and dogs.

Armed by the influence of half- breeds, a party of ten or twelve Indians came over on the Foot (where Medicine Bear is located with the half-breeds of the North,) to the camp on Knife River. The half-breeds sent as a present a lot of tobacco, &c., and a message to the Indians to make no peace with the whites, telling them they can furnish them all the supplies they want, and that the whites are enemies, and bound to drive them from their country. These half-breeds got their supplies from St. Paul. Some of them are near Fort Berthold.

There is a report that the steamer U. S. Grant was fired into by the Indians. To-day the St. John's, Capt. Sonbey, has arrived. On the morning of the 28th she was fired into just below Fort Berthold, and the mate, George Merrick, killed, and a number badly wounded. The iron-clad about the wheel-house was all that preserved the pilot. One shot passed over a man in his bunk so close as to almost graze his forehead. It was a wonder he escaped. She was at- tacked from the opposite side of the river, it is supposed the hostile party were Yunktonis. Merrick was buried in the cemetery of the Post. His funeral pro- ceeded at noon. The day was a sad one. The place where they were buried was a scene of mourning and Christian sorrow, filling the house with happy devotion, now she has ceased the sufferings of the sick and dying, and soothing the sorrows of the mourner and broken-hearted. The place where those offices are performed are too sacred for public gaze, but yet it is by those very means, home influences, that some of the noblest actors on life's stage are made.

Few are the women. (I might add men also,) who can pass through the ordeal of distinguished public life and come forth with the charmer of fame, while resolutely on every side are the praisers of an admiring multitude, and still keep a heart unspot- ted, from the dust of the world, arrogant pride, selfishness and heartless ambition. When therefore we find such an one we can but give to her the respect and admiration she so richly deserves.

Born on a quiet plantation in a lonely island of the sea, with few companions, save the daisies and the bluebirds, her father, from his earliest youth, found an orphan with not even a brother, loving council or a sister's tender affection. Her heart, fresh and pure as the morning breeze, was won by a gallant young officer of the French Army, who took his youthful bride to his native land, and introduced her to new scenes amid the vine-clad hills of sunny France.

A few years of peaceful domestic life, in which two children, a boy and a girl, afterwards distinguished, shone forth in her own "sweet home," and she was left a widow.

Making the acquaintance of Napoleon Bonaparte, the descendant of the royal ar- my, she accepted his proposals and became his wife.

Soon after commenced his public ca-

roer, in which he exhibited those traits of character worthy of admiration, mingled also, with others which have left a dark stain upon his memory.

For a few months he was indebted to the influence of Josephine for his upward course can never be known, but that she held a strong sway over him cannot be doubted by his own words. Neither can it be doubted that she placed a charm in his affections. But, alas, there was one enemy to her happiness, one bitter foe in Napoleon's breast seeking to conquer the love of his noble nature. This powerful opponent was ambition. It wrought to the highest degree his regal title would descend to others than those of his own blood. Long and fearful was the conflict between those two contending passions in the Emperor's bosom, but at length Ambition was victorious. Love laid down its arms, not killed, but conquered, and the Empress was divorced; not for unfaithfulness to her spouse, for none overstrained her fidelity, but to gratify the ambition of the French Emperor, who wished to leave an offspring to sit upon his throne.

The blow was almost too much for the delicate feelings of Josephine, and broken hearted she retired to the palace of Mal-

nouche.

A few months after, and the merry balls of the "city of fashions" rang out a peal of welcome on the reception of Maria Louise as the bride of Napoleon. Poor Josephine's gloom, indeed, were the clouds of sorrow which settled over her, and she sought to assuage her grief by acts of kindness to those around her. The same beautiful, noble spirit that was exhibited in her brilliant life at the regal court, now shone forth in kindness and acts of charity to the poor and suffering pauperity about her retired home.

But a third lover, who admires a shini- ing mark, claimed her for his bride, and on a beautiful cloudless evening, problematical of her own character—she quietly sunk into a peaceful slumber to wake at the portals of heaven.

His coffin was followed on the funeral train followed by a long line of true friends, who weep over the last resting place of one, who was loved in life, beau-

tiful in death, and whose example is worthy of imitation by her sex.

Ambition, indeed, graced her victorious laurels, but soon they be to fade beneath the scorching sun of adversity. Napoleon's star of glory began to wane and soon set forever, and he was cast into the "burning barren isles" of St. Helena.

The title and throne he had hoped to bequeath to a son was no longer his to give. The throne he now held was a moss covered rock, and the weeping widow his over-hanging canopy.

He died 'alone, save the few his stern heart cherished,' on a dark and stormy night, while the howling winds made the darkness and the black ship, which was the relic of his exile-home, and the crashing thunder and fierce lightning's glare added increased terror of the scene. A fit hour for the departure of such a spirit.

St. Helena was lonely, his flesh was laid in his left alone in his fallen glory. MEDICINE.
March of the 1st U. S. Vol. Infantry to Fort Rice, D. T.

Perhaps there never was a more wearisome march than that of the 1st U. S. Infantry from Mankizatia or White Earth River to Fort Rice. It was through an uninhabited waste, through a country barren and desolate as the land around the Great Salt Lake. Whenever the eye turned were the same monotonous-like little hills and prairies, nearly destitute of every covering or vegetation. No smiling villages to charm the eye, no beautiful rivers or cool woods,—desolate,—behind, around, before, and afar, it seemed that one could turn all day, all day, a blank,—a solitary grandeur swept its veil over all the landscape. The Regiment were almost the only living objects in the panorama. The birds were few, the wild animals seldom seen, and nothing living was to please but grasshoppers. The wind swept often with unceasing fury over the endless waste, and great clouds of dust hung like a mist over the empty space. The strong, steady, inflexible "Dales," we were like men that put out in an open boat on an uncertain sea. The first night we camped on American Creek, having marched a distance of thirteen miles. The second we spent at Crow House on the 28th, six miles. The third we went eight, and reached Crow Creek Agency about noon. There we found a little fort surrounded by its village of tents and their wild inhabitants. We were not allowed to see any human forms, only through they were, with robes, feathers, beaded and fringed, and not a slight admixture of grass and dirt. Here was a school where instruction was given in the English language. A pretty black-eyed schoolma'am taught the young idea how to shoot the brick-hard bead was the Principal, but with her sparkling glance and careless air she seemed the proudest girl of the house. The old blackened rifle of the soldier. Return, ye happy days! Come on, thou steed! that bearest him! Nay, thou never hit a stag in all your life, but hit him without so much as injuring his hair. At Fort Rice! When we left Crow Creek Agency we bade adieu to many kind friends whose acquaintance we shall all sorely miss. Mr. De Witt, the trader, Lewis Hamilton, and the kind-hearted soldiers of his company, and Major Balchane and family. The Major was Indian Agent. He rode out with his pack of horses a number of miles to see many of us, but on returning, said, "We have some acquaintance with this good Indian and true friend. In simple majesty he rode this king of the uncultivated waste. Gay as an eastern king in his fancy trappings, a combination of simplicity and style which no steedless lord in the wide world could rival. Now the 13th we marched to Beaver Creek and a distance of seventeen miles. At Beaver Creek we had a fine camping ground. The woods looked like old desert orchards on a warm day. In the ravine we found small pines and not uncommon and white of water, which we could not tell. The shrubbery was full of wild fowl, and our men put in practice their early lessons in the art of hunting with good effect. The next day, the 14th October, we marched from Beaver Creek to Soldier Creek, a distance of eleven miles. The 17th we arrived at Fort Rice, a distance of seventeen miles. What a cry of joy bursts out, as we saw its unfolding battlements! As joyful were the men of Xenophos's ten thousand, when they beheld the seat whose waters loved their homes.

Thus ended the first chapter of the 1st U. S. V. Infantry in Dakota.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Tom Clark was a tin peddler in New Hampshire; among other wares which he peddled was religion, which chiefly consisted in exhorting a motley crowd in a nasal tone attended with snuffling and snotting to flee from the wrath to come. He used to wipe his great grey, sneasy face with a big fiery colred pocket handkerchief of coarse cotton, and swing it round like a played-out Confederate flag over his head to the most likely in the neighborhood. His set of exclamations, and making himself and himself both objects of jest.

Why is Jeff Davis like Jack Fafstein in the Merry Brides of Windsor? Because both had led lives of sin, and both are maimed into the ditch.

Why is cotton-wood like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "Case it is used for your (cough n.) coffin.

What line of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard" do's giving sugar to an Indian remind you of?

Wasting your sweetness on the desert (heir) air.

Why are all steamboats that come up to Fort Rice like brave soldiers? Because they have to pass the Cannon Ball to get here.

Why are the beavers like boat hands on the Missouri? They are constantly damming (drowning) the river.