JULY 6th, 1885, AT FORT RICE, D. T.

A meeting of the officers at the Fort was held on the evening preceding a parade 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 CONDY.
FORT RICE, D. T.,
JULY 6th, 1885.

GENL. ORDER No. 25.

Tomorrow, 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 9 o'clock, A. M. Amusements of all descriptions will be encouraged from the men, and prizes will be awarded.

Col. C. A. R. DIMON, Comdg.
H. W. BACKMAN,

Promulgated, in General Order No. 38, through Regimental Fliers, by Capt.
ESQU D. A. 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 gusts, and betokened an uncertainty of weather. Col. 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, “1885,” with scrols of yellow and minutely faged painted. On the top of the entrance, “Peece,” with stars of red, white, blue, and yellow on each side, on the left pillars, “founded,” on the right “Sustained.” The American colors crowded 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’ quarters, in front and line, were wreaths with the alternate mottoes “1885,” and “1776.” The wreaths were principally manufactured by Capt. J. S. Edwards, and the lettering end ornaments painted by Capt. A. B. Morland. By order of

At 9 A. M., the troops, commanded by Capt. E. G. Adams, were reviewed by Col. Dimon, the Commandant of the Fort, 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. Morland.

The whole appearance of the troops was martial, their equipment and munitions glittered in the light, and they marched as only the citizen soldiers 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, 1885, 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 immoveable, the love 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 illustrated 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 Constitution, 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 one mile. 6 Entrants.

1st Prize $5.00, won by Col. W. H. Green, Co. D, Time 3′54. 2nd Prize $3.00, won by Private M. W. Winfrey, Co. C, Time 4′

Immediately followed the Wheelbarrow Race Blindsfolded. 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 guessing about, their bearings entirely lost, provoked the loudest laughter from the spectators.

A group of ladies consisting of Mrs. Larond, Mrs. Gelplin, the Misses Gelplin and Miss Price, with officers and civilians, stood on the parapet of the Fort watching the sport; below were the soldiers and frontier-men with slouched hats, mossesins 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 offering—a ta pig-back—their faces streaked red showing the panting 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 Punch-balloons.

In this race there were 6 Entrants.

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. -Smith, Co. C, 2 inches from center. 2nd Prize $2.00, won by Private James Benefo Co. E, 4 inches from center. 3rd Prize $1.00, won by Private Hender- son Davis, Co. H.

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

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

Next came the Sack Race with five Entrants. The competitors tied up in sacks looked like mermaids, and produced much merriment. They went on the leapfrog 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 Col. W. H. Green, Co. D.
2d Prize $3.00, won by Private Frank In Pardon, Co. C.
3d Prize $1.00, won by Private James Pons, Co. D.

HORSE RACE.

1st Race, Wager $25.00.
Col. Dimon, R. M. Indian pony, Was Washite.
Lieut. Champney, R. S. Indian pony, Washite.

Half mile heat. Time 1′24
Was Washite (Beautiful Lady) winning the race by half a neck.

2d Race.
Capt. Morland, 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. Morland, L. B. S. American horse, Selim.
Lieut. Champney, R. S. Indian pony, Tomahawk.

Half mile heat. Time 1′22. A Tie Race.
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 sab- boards. Private Grady was Ordered to take the dress coat with the tail torn off, heavy chestnuts made of white footsack, and hat minus crown and rim. The men were generally armed with crutches, sticks, brooms and broken guns. One fellow had 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 trousers with only one leg entirely torn off.

One Sergeant appeared to be very badly crippled with scrofula, probably playing for a discharge. After the Parade was dismissed the Captain gave the customary command to his men, "Now hold on to your guns till I come back." Corp. Sale acted as Captain of Co. C. Corp. Wilson and Private Westraoweland were Lieutenants. The Captain had on an open coat inside cotton 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. Private Hutchings was en dishabille, 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-sword. Virginia militiaman. Private Thomas Cook was Captain of Co. E. Privates Spencer and Simms 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 Rhett Butler of John Wil- liam, just 'arrov'n' from the North Pole. Private Lewis resembled an Indian on the war-m Mapper, and if not among whites would have been thought a bona fide Indian. He was a very fit-looking fellow, and nakutes borne like cotton-wood cord wood put on the finishing touch. After the battalion was formed — We let Adjut. Stou, like a second Arthurs Ward, record here own proceedings: "My first order was, 'You fellows with the little red flag, get behind a post. You Captains, bring your guns from a left shoulder shift to a tote, and a from a left shoulder shift back to a tote.' Then I said to the Drum Major, 'Give us some funse won't ye? Then they 'fused.' 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, backsiders! Make ready to go four steps front backwards. — Wait till I tells ye. Make ready to git. — Look out your hands, and 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, but they came 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 'Now shift ground your arms.' His following 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 these to a left about face, then to bring them back to a tote. From that the Colonel gave the order, 'Right Backwards and Forward on the centre, close in masses.' Capt. H. and E. executed the command. Then he gave me the order, '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, tell me where all your fellows be.' The reports hinted that those who were absent had disowned their peas in the flowing bowl. After they reported I told them to skin back to their canvas back, and then to git. I had any or- ders, if I had, to propagate them. I told him to hold on till I skinned 'em out, which I did.

HEAD QRS. SWAMP BUGS,

Duns Shah, 
July 4, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDER 9,740.

Claws First.—Any soldier having served three years in Mississippi, and not convicted of a misdemeanor, 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 swamp. The Claws have the privilege 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 castastrophized with oil.

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

Claws Ninth.—Sergt. Hugginbottom is detailed to blow the Paymaster's call when the green-backs are unloading; 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 mates to haul up the specie.

HEAD QRS. SWAMP BUGS,

Coom Hollow, 
July 4, 1865.

Detail to-morrow for guard: — One Private, fourteen Lieutenants, and lance-Corporal Jon Jeffary will act as Officer of the Night. By my order.

John Smith,

Sergt. A. A. A. A. Gurl, "He then hinted for me to dismiss the Parade, and I took the hint. I called all the Officers up to the centre made them draw flour. After that he gave the order Don't stick out your teeth." When we got there I told them to hate, right dress, and salute their superior officer. The Colo-
Sixth then said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for the promptness with which you have carried out my orders. It is now snowing heavily, and I am sure you went beautifully to the west where I gave the command About face, just as if you had been practicing all winter."

The Pandu terminated by a march on the commissary, and every man taking a drink. The Pandu was then followed by Private McPharley, Co. E., performing the role of Jeff Davis in female apparel. When pursued, he uttered the plea of Rebel innocence, "Be j — — a, you wouldn't be asth'mish seeing a patron going for a pair of water." With his big boots, spurs, green pajamas, sun-bonnet, hoop skirt and calico dress the resemblance to the fallen slaveress was very striking. One of the boys shouted, "You wanted the 1st U. S. V., didn't you? Now take them." Also, for greatness subsided into petiteteats!

The thirteen guns of evening, as in the morning, shook the dirt roofs of Fort Benton, and the howls of the wind and ravines around, and the sun set on the happiest Fourth of all time, past, present, or to come.


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 products. The supper wound up with the dawn of the 5th, prolonged by toasts, speeches and dances.

LOCAL ITEMS.

June 30th.—The sawmill caught fire and was soon in flames. The wind, for a wonder, happened to be light, and blowing the right way. Through the energy of O. D. Atwood, Dr. Herrick, Lieut. Nyes, Lieut. Champoy and the soldiers present the machinery was saved. All honor to 1st R. Rice's gallant firemen!—The fire is suppoed 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 to men. It seems hard enough to live here, if regularly paid. Cannot the Government remember her children in the wilderness? Where?"

Fire chief, 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 penningmates suddenly, and enjoying the delit-hts 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 desola-

The Sam Cauty passed down the same day, Baker, Captain, and the Converse, bound for Fort Benton, arrived also—Earl Matlock, Captain. He had been very fortunate 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.

Weath-er 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 the river rises 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. A roar of color to the top of the pel-t 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 shook down their mud on all their innates 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.

In the obituary 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. Adjutant," Only defence for such blunders "To err is human."

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

PROLOGUE.


By Capt. E. G. Adams.

We are jewels of Dakota, Though not diamonds ever one, If we cannot be a voter, We are each a loyal son, We fear nor gun nor arrow That give man a gripe, We are fished to the marrow, To the graceful 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, Truot and Dunker Hill, Our ancestors did trouble him, And we can trouble him still.

Civilization carry We where our footprints go, Be it mud or sand, Be it a temple of the muses. We rear in this far clime, And dedicate to uses, Of Shakespeare's art sublime.

When Dakotan roses In summer's sunshine 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 fiery, Dread not the pioneers. We stand upon the border, Our hearts a wall of fire, Our Fort, like giant Warder, Let not a foe pass her, Indians must hide the hatchet, And smoke the pipe of peace, Or they will surely seek it, When summer's suns increase. We've left behind the "riggers," We're in a land of drouth, Others must pull their triggers, Against the rebel South. But the mustangs and nations 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 captured old Vulcan's head. From the deadly cannon's rattle From the muskets' awful blare, 'Midst the wildering smoke of battle We have stood undaunted. We've escaped three years of fury The constant enemies of wars, And have sought 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 black-eyed Indians, We will build a church with steeples, And a school-house near at hand, And will introduce the people To this broad extended land; We have raised an Ebenezer, And Solly he built. To the bravery of Caesar, He adds his power to write. Standing like Corinthian column, In the temple fair of State, Round him vainly wrestles 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 that never over, Our Nation God abides, Through this bloody force 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 righteous, 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 Kebel, but now in the Union Army.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

In this far North I sigh for the Southland so many, I love its milder, dearer love, I love the dearer spot the more as I grow older.

The home of my youth on my father's plantation.

Though I dear to my heart midst the war's distress.

Though the house I was born in abode may smoulder,

I love the dear spot the more as I grow older.

No hope of time weakens it, stronger and stronger.

The affection I have as I stay from it longer.

Though all of its beauty like mistreath has vanished,

And I from its precepts like exile am banished.

Fond memory will paint with minutest precision.

The scenes I enjoyed in the old time elyian.

My heart was with grief and with care unencumbered.

From the fountain of youth I drank blisses.

As I look through the years as through forest's dark vista, I see the sweet face of my dear younger sister.

In my heart and my mother's remembered glance glintens.

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 wretch,

Dear forms, shall these arms of mine never embrace you.

Will your lost son still living, in his lifetime yet face you.

If such feeling is roused by the bare identity.

What painter can picture the joy of reality.

When I sleep my dear mother, may Heaven 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 sorrowful traces.

While the hand of my father my forehead is pressing.

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.

As the scenes 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-accorded 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 hurled.

Like a dog that is cast out too soon must be buried,

They fell with a bravery no history can equal.

With but for their portion, dishonor the sequel.

I've returned to the faith of my fathers, the Union.

Like a lost saint repentant restored to communion.

But I love them, though victims they were of Excession.

My heart it turns back with a food retrospection.

Though on their lip I despise, I still love the committer.

I drank of that Marrow and knew it was bitter.

For our Father in Heaven as freely disburse.

On the erring as rightous 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 blues,

Its foliage vivid, its fruitions so bosomious.

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 occasional pollution.

When the ambitious elude are forever defeated.

Will shine like the gold in a furnace thriceth heated.

MEXICO.

Reader, have you ever pictured to yourself in your imagination the contrast that Trans-Atlantic province presents at the present time with its past history? (Trans-Atlantic, because it is separated from the balance of the Emperor Napoleon's kingdom in Europe.) It was in the year 1816, if my memory fails me not, when Santa Anna had already pronounced himself not only Ruler but Arbitrary Dictator over Mexico, with a view to conquer the province 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. - In addition, that much 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 hirdings. Their shrill note of the file, 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 truces were offered to each volunteer as an inducement to accomplish the hard 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 uniform, 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 Kast, when the conquest of Persia and Greece was begun. As Clytie, one of Xerxes' aiis, is told him to exchange all the gold and silver of his army for true and valuable men, so sought 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 Lyly's lane. His tent is there, pitched in their midst; no glittering array of peacocks are in front of it to point out his Head Quarter. No brush or tapestry, no carps 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 root of the British told him the field of Lyly's Lane was won. Holding the fate of the nation in his hands, and in the hands of the destinies of thousands also he had no thought but for his country's welfare. We all remember how he finished that glorious struggle. Suffice it to say he not only received enormous praise from his country, but also the world over. The old hero of Uberesca, Chapultepec, 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 over the iron crowned battlefields of Monterey. He knew this was about to be sustained and horns aloft until the sickle of time shall be voiced over to the grim monster, Death, when that life which he has so freely offered for his Country on so many occasions shall return to his Maker from whence it came. (In the language of the bard Horace in one of his odes to Memnon, his intimate friend) we should erect to his memory a monument, "perennant memoriae". A mother's love for her child, Maximilian, a second Santa Anna, is now holding the reins of government, proclaiming himself Emperor, the rendezvous and dernier resort of the desperadoes 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 scars and stripes, our emblem of the war, will be seen all over the empire, the same in Mexico; and soon will the following poetic prediction of a certain officer in Ueilde 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.