

FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

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The Bridal Feast of Death.

When a young female dies among the Indians they make a great feast. They do not bury their dead in the ground, but leave them on stages or scaffolds to wither up, and decay.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

There came from the shadowy land afar
When the Great Spirit lighted his lodge
with a star

A warrior stern and with features proud
And the trappings around him were like
a cloud:

His head with dusky feathers was crowned
And his shadow like cedar-tree gloomed
the ground;

He claimed as a bride our beautiful
daughter

Whom we named The Starlight-upon-the
Water,

He gave her a kiss and a close embrace,
And the starlight forever fell out of her
face,

Her eyes were eclipsed of their dewy
splendor,

Her features grew rigid, erewhiles so ten-
der,

The lashes that shaded the founts of her
eyes

Fell down on her cheeks, and forgot to
rise,

Her lips like Dakotian rose half-blown
The kiss of the warrior has turned to
stone,

And her ears that were quick as a fawn's
to hear,

We have dropped on them each, for a
gem, a tear,

Her feet that danced gaily o'er all the
green slopes

Are now nerveless and still as a dead an-
telope's,

And her fingers that wrought on our
trappings device

Of cunning and beauty are cold as the
ice.

The warrior that took her bereft her of
life,

In the land of the spirits she reigns as
his wife,

So we'll make in her honor a feast that
is rare,

And the young and the beautiful all will
be there,

We'll build her a stage in the green-wood
o' wild,

And lay her in state, our imperial child.
Her robes we will make, and her moccas-
ins,

Of the choicest of furs, and the finest of
skins,

And embroider them deftly, with unwear-
ied skill,

Of the brightest of beads or the porcupine
quill.

A tiara of feathers we'll weave for her
crown,

Her life like the sun shall in splendor go
down,

Of the chosen of plants and each rare
part of beast

We will make for her bridal a gay mar-
riage feast.

The industrious bee shall contribute his
store—

All things in the wave, and all things on
the shore,

And tears shall be mingled with laughter
and glee,

For the dead bride we never more living
shall see,

But she's wed to a chieftain, so stately
and proud,

Our hearts are not broken although they
are bowed.

A wigwam of stars he will weave for our
daughter

In the land of the West, far over the
[Water.

BRACKETT'S BATTALION.

Brackett's Battalion was first formed in a regiment of three companies from Minnesota, three from Iowa, four from Nebraska, one company from Mulligan's old Regiment, taken prisoners at Lexington, Mo., and called Irish Dragoons, and one company from Missouri denominated Osage Riflemen. It was consolidated under a Regular Army Officer, Col Lowe, and called the Curtis Horse. After being awhile in the field an order came from the War Department that they must hail from some particular State, and they assumed the name of 5th Iowa Cavalry. The Regiment first distinguished itself at Fort Donaldson, Feb. 1862. On the 27th of March this Battalion under command of Major A. B. Brackett was ordered to report to Gen. Grant. It was engaged in the battles of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing. It was absent from the main body of the Regiment about nine months.

In the second battle of Donaldson, Feb. 3d, 1863, the 5th Iowa and 83d Illinois repulsed the enemy 8000 strong under Gens. Wheeler, Forrest, and Wharton. It was ordered to report to General Rosecrans at Murfreesboro', where it moved with the Army of the Cumberland, and participated in all its battles, and distinguished itself at Sugar Creek, (the boundary between Alabama and Tennessee,) where it charged the 2d Texas, 4th Georgia and the remnants of Morgan's command, totally routing them, killing 250 men, taking 400 prisoners and six commissioned officers. From there the

Regiment (being part of the 2d Division of Cavalry, Gen. Crook, commanding) moved to Huntsville, Ala. Left Huntsville Christmas eve, 1863, going to Pulaski, Tenn., in pursuit of Gen. Forrest, where the command halted for two days when the Regiment re-enlisted as veterans, and was ordered home on furlough, during which time Major Brackett went to Washington and succeeded in getting the Minnesota companies of the Regiment transferred to Minnesota as a Minnesota organization.

It was named by the Governor of the State Brackett's Minnesota Battalion.— It consisted of four companies: Co. A, Capt. Von Minden, now Major on Gen. Sully's staff as Topographical Engineer, Co. B, Capt. John A. Reed, Co. C, Capt. E. Y. Shelley, Co. D, Capt. Ava Barton.

This Battalion joined General Sully at Sioux City, Iowa, in May 1864, and was with him in the North Western Indian Expedition, distinguishing itself at the battle of Tah-Kah-ah-ah-ah where it charged 800 Indians with sabres, finding 27 Indians lying dead on the field, many being carried off the field during the progress of the engagement according to Indian style. The Battalion had two men killed, ten wounded and lost twenty-two horses. It was ordered back to Minnesota by way of Sioux City, to Fort Ridgely, where it arrived the 10th of November, having marched 2,714 miles during 1864.

This Battalion is again in the field with Gen. Sully on his second Expedition, commanded by its favorite and distinguished commander, Major A. B. Brackett. The Major is a native of Newmarket, N. H., and we recognize in him an old acquaintance. It makes us proud and happy too, when we see the old familiar names of our youth high on the rolls of fame, for the part they have taken in sustaining our country in its late terrible struggle for existence. Hail to thee, gallant old Granite State, the mother of men, whole men from the crown of their head to the sole of their feet! The shores of Great Bay, Piscataqua river, furnished the oak for the old battleship the Constitution, and the Ship of State has obtained many a brace and spar from the same shore, thank God! to strengthen her when caught in the tempest of Secession.

PRAIRIE BATTERY.—The Prairie Battery is the same that distinguished itself under its gallant commander, Capt. N. Pope, last year, who, by the way, is a nephew of Gen. Pope. The Captain is a thorough soldier, and gentlemanly as he is brave.

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1865.

EDITORIAL.

The American people are like a man fallen suddenly heir to a great estate.— This estate consists of the priceless boon of liberty, bequeathed by their brothers who have died on a hundred battle-fields, that they might be free and consequently rich and powerful. But it is as often hard to keep a great estate as to earn it, particularly when those that enjoy it know not the toil and care of its accumulation. And many now who possess a country great and powerful as their heritage have made no sacrifices to acquire it, but have sat in the shade while their brothers have been fighting in the broiling sun of Secession. It is related of a man that found a bag of guineas that he knew no enjoyment after he obtained it. Sleep could not visit his eye-lids, nor slumber refresh him, he was so afraid he should lose them. And the man awake to his country's interests feels quite as much care now as he did when Lee marched on Gettysburg, and the destruction of our country seemed imminent and immediate. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Because every man is free, every man is not capable of making a right use of his liberty. A man needs to have arrived at a certain status before he becomes capable of legislating even for himself. We have guardians for imbeciles and maniacs. Because everybody is free, everybody is not a Daniel Webster at once, or a Solon. Slavery is wrong, but not the only wrong in the world. Demagogueism brought on this Rebellion as much as slavery. They were twin brothers. Slavery is dead but Demagogueism lives. It incited the poor whites of the South to burn their own houses and attempt to annihilate what little liberty they had. A part of the same people are left, and another race is added to the stock in hand for demagogues. We glory in the freedom of mankind; we inherited a hatred for slavery from our mother, we have been called "Abolitionist," and even "nigger" because we wished slavery abolished, but we do not think the country requires no care because King Slavery no longer reigns. Man, black, white or red must be educated for his position. A freeman's position is not a low one. In his fiat, in his vote rest the destinies of millions.— The election of Abraham Lincoln, the

"That come down as still
As snow-flakes on the sod,
Yet execute the freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God,"
were as telling against the Rebellion as the bullets of Grant and Sherman.

Will not demagogues attempt to use the black men of the South the same as corrupt men do the Indian, just to gratify their own selfish interests or spites? Are you sure because a black man elects me I will always do right?

The City of New Bedford, Mass. has a great number of black men in it, and first it goes Republican then Democratic, just as the candidates are unscrupulous in buying votes.

Education must be the dominant power in this Republic, compulsory education, Moral Reform schools for Indians, for blacks, for ignorant whites. Men must be informed whether they wish to or not. Schools must be introduced through the whole South, and all the Indian country sometimes preceded by, and always backed up by the bayonet. The Regular Army must be a mighty police to keep the peace of the Republic. The feeling of nationality, of caste and clique must be assailed and broken up. An ignorant man always runs into a clique feeling so does a narrow-minded one. Everything of that kind must be destroyed, every sectional feeling must be frowned down. An Indian must be civilized, if in no other way by putting him in a particular place and making him stay there. The girls must learn to sew, to bake, to brew, the boys to plough, to use carpenter's tools, and the various occupations of civilized life. Romance like ivy on old edifices has covered rottenness long enough. The good, the great is, and shall be, the beautiful. Humanity is worth all the chivalry in the world. We don't mean by this a mean narrow contracted, sniveling sectarianism, but a large hearted Christianity which does not expend itself in forms, but in actions and deeds. The black man must be civilized and the Indian too. Some one says they will all die out then. Well, let them die: that is God's business, and not yours and mine. Life and death are in his hands. You would not let a wild bull run loose, because if he was stabled, he would not be so nimble, active and spirited. I admire a spirited horse, but when he comes to kicking out my brains I suddenly change my opinion. Blood and the ravages of war look splendid in pictures, but when it comes to losing a limb, having your own house burnt, or your own head blown off it is quite a different thing.— Everything cannot be accomplished in a minute. It took God Almighty seven days to set the world a running. You can't always change an old child, but you can work on his offspring. Time will help you lift at the wheel if you will only take hold in earnest yourself. But you must commence at once, and not dicker. Half a thing done is worth a whole one done in theory a year hence. Give the ignorant the Declaration of Independence, but give them Webster's Spelling-Book with it, and station a soldier at the

school-room door with a fixed bayonet, till they can read it and understand it.

The Republics of Rome and Greece, at last, sunk into the worst tyrannies in the world, mob tyranny. I had as lief lose my life at the beak of Caligula as at the beak of a hydra-headed mob. I had as lief be killed by one man as by a thousand. Freedom without order, without intelligence, is tyranny, is slavery.— Where the people are well-informed, property, life, happiness, is most secure. An ignorant man loves to quarrel. He delights in brutality and its exhibition. If he can't set men fighting, will set dogs. Anything for a muss. Educate him, and his tastes change. He will make a better soldier; he fights from principle, not from ferocity. He will die for a right theory just as our educated yeomen have died for a principle in the late Rebellion. Why do the Germans add so much to our national strength? They bring education with them, and though they may not please us in all things, they are not a drag on the car of civilization. They saved Missouri from the whirl-pool of Secession, and as a well-instructed navigator can steer a ship through the surfs of every ocean, so an educated freeman can guide the ship of state in safety between Scylla and Charybdis, and found a more beautiful Italy, and establish a more powerful and freer Rome.

Letter from Fort Berthold.

FORT BERTHOLD, D. T. }
July 12th 1865 }

All hail FRONTIER SCOUT!—Much to our surprise and delight we are the recipients of No. 1 and 2 of your little sheet—Small in size, but big in ideas, and glowing with humor and good feeling. In the words of our immortal Q M. "Hurraa."

We have at present "Ingin" on the Brain. Have held Council with about twenty Chiefs representing almost as many bands of hostile Indians. They talk peace, but what they mean we, of the Military, can't say.

We are waiting now for Chiefs of "Cheyennes" to join in and then will start them for Fort Rice to see their "Big Chief."

Company K. is on the mend, we have but five sick, none dangerously, and are much more contented than we expected to be on coming. If anything of interest occurs we will report.—With our best wishes for your success, and kind regards to all our Friends: We remain Dear Scout.

Yours to Command,
JOHNNY COACH & Co.

The 6th Iowa Cavalry entered the service in 1862. In the spring of 1863 the regiment commenced its campaigns in Dakota, arriving at Camp Cook April 23, 1863. This cavalry has taken part in all of Gen. Sully's Expeditions, and has acquired the reputation of always being up and coming. It is commanded by Lieut. Col. Ten Broeck, who is no flat. He is a native of Concord, N. H. To the intelligence of an Eastern man he adds the go-ahead-itiveness of a Western one, and makes a capital strike in life, as on the billiard board.

LOCAL ITEMS.

JULY 14.—The steamer *Hattie May*, from above, arrived about 10 A. M., and departed 5½ P. M. She brought down Capt. B. R. Dimon, Commandant of Fort Berthold. The Captain looked a little care-worn from his responsible duties, but he was full of life as usual, and was cordially greeted by all parties. He has, in his new field of duty, acquitted himself ably.

There was a large band of Indians, some 200 lodges, arrived in the morning.

Co. A. and part of Co. D, 4th U. S. V. Inf., arrived at the Post to-day. Capt. Sewall commanding the detachment, Lieut. House belonging to Co. D.

The detachment of Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, sent some time since to Fort Sully, returns, bringing a mail.

JULY 15.—Steamer *Lillie Martin* from above arrived bringing Lieut. Hutchins and his detachment. We were happy to greet our old friends.

1st Lieut. S. B. Noyes, A. A. Q. M. Fort Rice, promoted to Captain Co. C, 1st U. S. V. Infantry, and 2d Lieut. Chas. H. Champney, to 1st Lieut. same Co., Q. M. Sergt. C. D. Thompson promoted to 2d Lieut. Co. K, and Sergt. Major, H. Braun, to 2d Lieut. Co. D.

JULY 16.—The steamer *Fanny Ogden* arrived, bringing Major Shreve, the long looked-for Paymaster. The elongated faces at Fort Rice suddenly changed to fullness, and smiles greeted the way of the man that strews our paths with greenbacks.

Gen. Sully, in the afternoon held a council with the "Aborgoins," who had collected in large numbers from the wilderness to meet the Great Chief. The city of tipis has largely increased within a few days, and the Indians, like the Rebels, seem anxious to take the amnesty oath. Gen. Sully, if not interfered with by meddlers and busybodies, will accomplish more than a hundred thousand dollars expended in annuities to the hostile tribes.

There are at the Fort 250 lodges, and about 3000 Indians. 150 lodges are expected soon. They are from the big camp on Knife River.

JULY 17.—The *Belle Peoria* arrived from below with supplies for this Post. It brought another detachment of the 4th U. S. V. Inf., under command of Capt. Adams Bassett, Co. C, and a part of Co. A. In Lieut. Eaton we met an old acquaintance and friend, and Lieut. Riley, of Co. B, we found erst fought as a comrade in arms in Hooker's Brigade and Hooker's Division. A hearty welcome to all these gallant officers, who have earned their promotions on bloody fields.

The Twilight arrived with supplies for this Post at 3 o'clock P. M.

Notes of the Council with the Sioux, July 16th, 1865.

Communicated by Capt. Palmer, Chief Com. Subs. of Expedition.

Among the principal Chiefs present were Fool-Dog, Two Bears' Son, Black Catfish, Lousy Man's Son, or Four Legs,

Yellow Robe, Big-Head's Brother, Bear-Rib's Son, Little Black-Foot, S. P. or Long Soldier, Stinking Foot, Yellow Legs, Grass or Shield, and many others with names quite as suggestive.

The ball was opened by Fool-Dog, who after presenting his credentials as a good Indian, shook hands all round, and commenced a speech in which he said: "My friend, all these men sitting here, (how) my friend, they all feel happy to hear good words (how). My friends, all these strong men sitting here, (how, how) they sleep good now (how-w). My friend, I have always been friend to the white man, and when you see me you tell me something good, and I do it (how). This is the third time you come up with soldiers and guns, and you find Unkpapas, and kill some. (how) and now you come again, and say something good (how). All these men sitting here, they feel happy, (how) and I pray to the Great Spirit they all come in, and have plenty buffalo meat, (how, how) and hear something good (how). My father, he gave me good advice, and I do it (how). His bones lie at Fort Sully with all his good papers with him, and he holds them fast, and I want to lay my bones with his (how). My friend, I am done."

SPEECH OF BEAR RIB'S SON.

My friend, you see these men sitting here, all good men (how). My father was Chief among them (how). I am a young man, and take my father's advice (how). I am here. I am not raised in two worlds (how). I think I am raised on one ground (how). My friend, you scared me last Summer (how). I came and saw all these big guns at the Fort, and took my young men and came in. (How.) I don't know how to read. A good many men do wrong (how). You come up here to scare me (how). I don't want you to go again, that is the reason I come here (how). My friend, I think I can get something, on your account I can't get something (how). All these young men think it's your fault (how). All these traders below here we want to be friends. (How.)—I was afraid but now I a'n't any more. (how)—that's the reason I come here—how.—My friend, I am sitting here with traders and strong men—how.—They are coming from below. I can't get powder. (How-how.) All this trouble is not my fault. (How-how.)

YELLOW LEGS' SPEECH.

"My friend, what you tell me make me feel proud. (How.) All these Indians sitting here feel happy. (How.) What you tell me make me proud. I am going to smoke before the Great Spirit. (How-how,") and taking his long pipe of peace lighted it, and taking a few puffs, and at the same time muttering some words, handed it to the General who took three whiffs, handed it to Col. Dimon who did likewise. He then smoked a few moments, and, handing the pipe to an old chief, said, "All my friends are my brothers. (How-how). I don't think they'll tell me anything bad. (How). I am done. (How)."

WHITE SHIELD'S SPEECH.

"All these men sitting here feel proud. (How). My friend, do you tell us truth? Are you speaking honest? (How). My friend, you came down here two years ago, and fought the Brules, and killed

some, and took prisoners down below (how). All these men here are relations of Bear Rib's, and his papers are with him in the ground, and he holds fast to them, and no man can take them away. (How.—My friend, you told me to be a soldier on this ground, and I do it. (How.—I am a fool—but who made me that? On this river twenty Agents pass. One told me he was a big chief. (How.—He told me to catch white men, and these men told me this, and I said 'yes' and we did it—How.—My friend, I say now hang all the Agents!—How-ow-ow," from all sides.—"This is the third time you come, and you kill some every time, and I guess they've got their bellies full of fighting.—How-ow-ow—All these men want buffalo meat.—How-ow-ow.—Last fall you told me to go that way and if we met any warriors to shake hands with them, and we did it—How. Long Soldier, and Grass and I came then across here, and if you pick out men that are smart, and put them here it will be a good idea.—How-how—Men come here, and sit here, I think more will come but are afraid.—How.—I see here two or three guns on each house. I send for these men, and they stick out the guns, and I ask you if you are in earnest. How—All these men have got no flesh on them.—How.—All these men hear your guns, and that is the reason they have no flesh. Have mercy, and pray to the Great Spirit. We want buffalo meat, and I wish we could get some.—How-how.—"

SPEECH OF LONG SOLDIER, OR S. P.

My friend, when men tell me anything I want to hear good.—How.—You came up here, and killed Brules.—How.—Ever since you told me good, you see me on the same road.—How.—I say nothing bad.—How.—All my friends came back here. You told me to shake hands and I did it.—How.—I got what I wanted, and you are here.—How.—Twice I overheard it, and I shake hands. I want to go to Fort Sully, and die there. (How.—Bear Rib lies there, and all these men wanted to go there last fall, but you know who kept them from it. (How.—I am done.—How-how.—"

GRASS'S SPEECH.

Around here when you came up, you gave me this paper and I lay down, and staid here.—How.—I have seen you three times. I stay on the river, you don't see me anywhere else.—How.—On that side of the river the Santees came. You gave me this, and you told me to call my friends.—How.—I came on this side, and they listened to me, and that's the reason they are here. You told me to go for that prisoner—white woman—and give them a horse apiece, and I brought the woman to the Fort, and I thought it would make you feel proud.—How.—They all helped me, and I want to live, and that is the reason they are here.—They want to sleep well, and hunt buffalo. Bear Rib went under the ground, and I think I want to be there too.—How.—When the Agents come round I think bad.—How-how—All these men will come in when they have something good. You give me this, and I get something to eat.

Another ducky individual, who wanted to make a speech, after a few remarks, was summarily ejected from the circle.

GENERAL SULLY.

Gen. Alfred Sully is a Philadelphian by birth. He is about forty-five years of age. He is a son of Sully, the celebrated painter. He graduated at West Point, and served as a 1st Lieutenant through the Mexican war. He was in service as Captain in New Mexico and California from '49 to '53. In 1856 he campaigned in this country, crossing from the Yellow Medicine to Fort Pierre. He went with his Company, the 8th Artillery, into the Army of the Potomac, at the breaking out of the Rebellion. He was commissioned as Colonel of the 1st Minnesota Vols. early in the spring of 1862. He went with it to Yorktown, and through the Peninsular Campaign, being all the time Colonel of the Regiment, but commanding the Brigade of which his Regiment constituted a part. Gen. Gorman, the Brigadier, being sick, and consequently off duty.

At the battle of Fair Oaks the 1st Minn. Vols. saved the army from utter annihilation. After Gens. Keys and Casey had been repulsed at Seven Pines, Sumner's Corps was ordered across the Chickahominy to support them. The 1st Minn. was in advance of this Corps. They had previously built a bridge, by direction of Gen. Sumner, across the Chickahominy, over which they marched. The Chickahominy was then rising rapidly from heavy rains. The Rebels knew the nature of this stream, and took advantage of these rains to attack a small portion of the Army of the Potomac on the right side of the Chickahominy. The 1st Minn. got over safely, but the rest of the troops had great difficulty in crossing. Gen. Sumner ordered the 1st to support the troops engaged. They arrived about a quarter of an hour before the rest of the support, and found Gens. Couch and Abernethy hotly contesting with an overwhelming force. A portion of a Maine Regiment had been driven in on the right. This was near Dr. Courtney's house. It was necessary to hold that place. The 1st Minn., under command of Col. Sully, proceeded there, charging across a wheat field, getting possession of Dr. C.'s house, and holding it until reinforced by several regiments and a battery of artillery. The Regiment was opposed by the whole of A. P. Hill's Division, and for a long time under the heaviest fire. For his gallant and judicious conduct Col. Sully was promoted to Brigadier General. After the Peninsular Campaign the Brigade to which Gen. Sully belonged was in the army of Gen. Pope.

At the conclusion of the 2d Bull Run it was the 1st Minn. and Tompkins' R. I. Battery, under command of Gen. Sully that repulsed an attack of the Rebel advance guard, which gave the army time to retire with their baggage and wounded.

At the battle of Antietam Gen. Sully commanded a Brigade in Sedgewick's Division. On the extreme right of our line, after Gen. Hooker's men had been badly used up by the enemy, the Division charged over the ground Hooker's troops had occupied, passing beyond their lines of dead and wounded, and also those of the Rebels slain in the preceding strug-

gle, away into a piece of timber where they were met by a part of Stonewall Jackson's Corps, the extreme left of the foe. Sedgewick's Corps was soon completely surrounded, and fell back in confusion, suffering unparalleled slaughter. The 1st Minn., in the Brigade under Gen. Sully, kept its ground until ordered to retire by the General Commanding. In coming out of the timber they came upon an old corn-field, in which there was a slight rise of ground in the middle of the field. Here he halted his men, faced them to the front, and ordered them to lie down behind this rise. It was necessary to hold the enemy here in check, if not done, the whole right of the army would have been lost. They were soon reinforced by the 19th Mass. and 82d New York. The Rebels soon charged upon them, but the terrific fire from the concealed position checked them, and drove them back. This gave the army time to again reform.

At the battle of Fredericksburg Gen. Sully was the first to cross the river.

He was, in the spring of 1863, transferred to the Department of the Northwest, in consequence of the Indian outbreaks in Minnesota, and put in command of the District of Iowa. He commanded the North-western Indian Expedition in 1862, attacking the Indians at White-stone Hill, destroying the whole camp, and killing many.

In the spring of 1864 the North-western Indian Expedition left Sioux City, in June, arrived at the locality of Fort Rice in the beginning of July, locating that Post on the 7th, and leaving on the 19th. Crossing the river with his troops, the General attacked an Indian camp on the Takkahokuty mountains in latitude 47:45 and longitude 103. The number of warriors in the camp was six thousand. He completely routed them and destroyed their camp and all it contained. This was on July 28th, 1864.

Gen. Sully's troops numbered 2000, composed of the following troops: 1st Brigade—5th Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Col. Pollock, a portion of 7th Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Potter, Brackett's Battalion Minnesota Veteran Volunteers, commanded by Major A. B. Brackett, the Prairie Battery, commanded by Capt. N. Pope, two companies Dakota Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Miner and Tripp, one company Nebraska Scouts, commanded by Capt. Stuff.—2d Brigade, commanded by Col. Miner Thomas, consisted of the 8th Minnesota commanded by Lieut. Col. Rogers, 2d Minnesota Cavalry, commanded by Col. R. M. McClaren, and 2d Minnesota Battery, commanded by Capt. John Jones.

After this the Expedition returned to camp on Hart River, latitude 46:50, longitude 102:0. From there it moved in a North-western direction, and entered the Mauvaise Terres or Bad Lands, August 5. On the 7th of August the combined force of the Indian nations, Blackfeet, Unkpapas, Yanktonais, Santees, Minnitaes, Mikanyes, Sans Ares, Oohenopas, Poncas and Ogalalas, tried to prevent their farther progress, and ambushed them. The Indians fought two days with great desperation. At noon, on the second day of the battle our troops came upon their camp which had been evacuated about twenty-four hours,

the Indians flying in all directions. On the 12th of August they arrived on the Yellowstone, marching through an unexplored country, never before trodden by white men. This was in latitude 47:15, longitude 104:15. Crossed it on the 13th, arriving at Fort Union near the mouth of the Yellowstone, Aug. 16th. From there the Expedition returned to Fort Rice, making a detour to Maison du Chien, in latitude 47:50, longitude 100:15, in search of Indians whose trail had been crossed near Fort Berthold, a part of those who had been attacked on the Little Missouri Grosventres. They could not be discovered, and the Expedition arrived at Fort Rice, having marched 1250 miles, fought 13,000 Indians, and been in battle three days. Upon arrival at Fort Rice Gen. Sully received a message from Capt. Fisk that he was in need of assistance, corralled as he was by the Indians. The General sent 1000 men, consisting of a portion of Brackett's Battalion, a part of the 6th Iowa Cavalry and other troops for his relief, under command of Col. Dill, of the 30th Wisconsin.

They found Fisk about 150 miles due west from Fort Rice, and rescued him and his train. They left it to his discretion to go ahead or come back. He thought it impracticable to proceed, and so returned to Fort Rice.

The North Western Expedition of 1865 left Sioux City the 14th of June, and arrived at Fort Rice the 13th of July.

It consists of the following troops.
4 Companies 6th Iowa Cavalry commanded by Lieut. Col. Ten Broeck, 3 Companies 7th Iowa Cavalry commanded by Lieut. Col. Pattee, Brackett's Battalion of Minnesota Veteran Vols. commanded by Major A. B. Brackett
Prairie Battery, commanded by Capt. N. Pope.
Dakota Cavalry Co. B. commanded by Capt. Tripp.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS.
Brevet Major General ALFRED SULLY, Commanding.
Capt. M. NORTON, A. A. Genl.
Surgeon W. S. WOODS, Medical Director
Major H. VON MINDEN, Ind. Minn. Battalion, Topographical Engineer of Expedition.

Capt. PALMER, Chief Com. Sub.
1st. Lieut. FRANK UDELL, 6th. Iowa Cavalry, A. A. Q. M. of Expedition.
1st. Lieut. FOOT, of Brackett's Battalion, Ordnance Officer.

From the slight and imperfect sketch given of Genl. Sully, it will be seen how great and varied have been his services to this Government; his experience in all kind of warfare surpasses that of any General we can bring to mind. He has seen humanity under every color, guise and circumstance, and with his naturally keen discernment and hard common sense must be equal to any emergency.

Why was Noah's ark like a poor mouser? Because it was a long time ere she had her pause (paws) on Afarat (ary rat).

Why were Roman Generals like doublets? Because they were duces (deuces).

According to all travelers the Chinese are much given to surmise (mice), and very or-BAT-ic in their taste.