TO MY WIFE.
BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

In this region, magnificent, chilly and gloomy,
I sit all alone like discouraged Montezuma.
My heart is pierced by a more poignant arrow
Than that which was thrust by relentless Pizarro.
When the Mexican treasure he brought from ventilation,
That gave to his ambitions their completion,
And why is my bosom o'erladen with sorrow?
Why doth he the present and dread I the morrow?
For each blush of the morning when daily returning,
To my heart brings but unassisted yearning,
My arrows no longer encap in their meshes.
The pride of my manhood, my darling most precious.
With this sorrow I ever like Jacob am wrestling.
That my bride in my bosom no longer is nestling.
She gave to me freely her youth and her splendor,
So how triumphant my heart to receive the surrender!
I wore her as proudly as monarch a jewel,
Soon wrested alas! by a destiny cruel.
In visions 'tis only my eyes can behold her;
In visions 'tis only my arms can enfold her.
I wake, and is broken this lamp of Aladdin,
That never can satisfy only canadden.
More indignant is man than if never had dreamt she.
When he wakes from his slumbers, and finds his arms empty.
O sweet were the hours I enjoyed in her chamber.
When her hair o'er her shoulders fell down like the amber.
As she stood at the mirror completing her toilet.
I would steal to her side, and would roguishly spoil it.
As she gave me a look full of anger and chiding.
How soon 'twas transformed to a glance most confiding.
Her excellence over like wealth is amazing,
The reality far is the fancy surpassing.
I thought she was good, and I thought she was tender,
But I've found her a star of the very first order.
Her intellect cultured as deeply-read student,
Her lips only utter the words that are prudent.
Of that choicest of treasures, a good disposition,
I find her possessor in the fullest fruition.
Her mind it is genial as summer breezes balmy,
But gifted with courage of disciplined.
Nurseshaking nor fear when performing her duty,
She moves like the world in her orbit of beauty.
She ever displays to most casual observers
The brilliance of Venus and sense of Minerva.
She loved her husband so warmly and truly.
She would follow his footsteps to the ultimate Tithon.
Would go to the Chief Ruler for his protection.
And bear him the honor like a ship of the seamen.
Though delicate looks she as bouquet of lilies,
You will find on the trial the shield of Achilles.
To ward from her husband each arrow of malice.
He dwells in her heart like a king in his palace.
Like a lion refreshed in a covert unbranched.
In her shadow his lion heart grows more courageous.
He never will fall back to things that are meaner,
But walk like a victor through life's strenuous arena.
For how can her bring to shame and dishonor,
The pride of his heart as he gazed upon her?
She buildeth her mansion as doth a wise woman,
Alone to be leveled by hand supernatural.
O roll round ye months with a swift revolution
That bring from celibacy glad insurrection.
The habits of anchorets others may choose them.
But give me my wife to repose in my bosom.

WHY ARE THE STORMS LIKE SHUTIES? THEY ARE SOMEWHAT HOSTILE (HOMESTYLE).

WHY IS GENERAL SULLY A FAST MAN? HE HAS GONE WITH EXPEDITION.

MYTHOLOGY.

Severely since the dawn of the Golden Age has this there been so little thought of as at the present time, commencing back before the reign of Christ, when the world ("divus erat in tribus partibus") was divided in three parts, of which Jupiter reigned supreme in ("c Certain") Heaven, Neptune upon the deep, and Pluto in Hades. No poet of the present century can anywise compare with Homer in his beautiful Iliad and Odyssey, particularly in his description of the siege of Troy. Then again the wanderings of Telemachus in search of the abode of the Ulysses. What is more splendid? he being tossed about much upon the land and the sea, first came from the Lapiths to the shores of Troy, then will more pass from Homer down to Virgil. Can we in reading any of the present time find anything equal to Virgil's description of Orpheus' descent into Hades in search of his spouse Eurydice? Such a splendid narrative with new, and amongst such a melodious voice that in his journey down to the infernal regions of Pluto, the winds ceased their blowing, the foliage upon the green trees hissed their evening whispers, and remained perfectly calm, the waving waves ceased their loud sounding billows, and the wild animals followed from afar off, drawn towards him as if by some powerful magnetic attraction. Why was Orpheus walking his way so slowly and sadly along the dark and miserable path, where the howl of the infuriated panther was wont to be heard in the still hour of the night, the lone star of his future glory and happiness shining upon him as a beacon light from the empire of celestial knowledge?—Shine on your bright star which is productive of so much good in illuminating his pathway with such a brilliant light! After a long march and tedious journey he arrived in safety, Old Cthetis, at first, refuses him admittance. His keeper advances, at a signal from Pluto, and admits him. He is invited into his presence. He grants him his request that his beloved Eurydice should be restored to him provided he does not turn back to behold his regions, after starting out. Orpheus replies in the affirmative. They start forth, clasped arm in arm, but do not proceed very far before he forgetful of his promise in that ill-fated hour, turns his eyes back to behold his strange friend'sLincolnland. But alas! he is too late; he now looks forward to behold his dear wife, but lo! she is vanished, never again to be restored to him. Resume your journey, O foolish man; justice has its reward.
Battle at Fort Rice

July 28, 1865.

The 28th of July 1865, witnessed one of the most vigorous battles fought by Indians in Dakots. They displayed a bravery and determination they have never before shown. Their action was simultaneous and preconcerted, and managed with dispatch and promptitude. This Fort, founded in the centre of their country, with its bastions and revolving guns is a great eyecatcher. This was sufficiently manifest in their Conference with Gen. Price. Nothing but the most determined and uninterrupted action on the part of the Government can bring about a satisfactory state of affairs. Things are growing worse and worse everyday. Indians may talk of peace, but their hearts are full of the bitterness hostility. The two nations without honourable pacts, are only objects of sport and derision. At home in this wild country, they can dash anywhere over these hills, and await favorable opportunities to wreak their side of the Fort. At 7 o'clock A. M. the garrison rushed to arms, for the Indians had appeared on every side. Towards the north the first man who noticed their approach was Mr. Lewis, at Major Gregory's sutler store. He stood at the corner of the log-house, and looked up the bottom saw a friendly Indian flying with the greatest celerity towards him pursued by seven savages on horseback. The one ahead was only a hundred yards distant. He was nearly hidden by the Indians who were walking in the broad daylight and were devoid of feathers and plumes that tell half way over his back. The chased Indian hid behind some logs near the deserted camp of the Friendly Indians, and two of them belonging to Mr. Hubbell, Indian trader of the vicinity, by drew the attention of the invaders. By this time the garrison poured out skirmishers, and the enemy taking the horses desouled. While this was transpiring on the north side of the Fort, I was on the south side to depict affairs with truth, borrowing nothing from imagination I will give the narration of Private Andrew J. Burch, Co. H. 1st U. S. V. Infantry, nearly in his own words. He and Private Brown of the same Company had charge of some horses in the vicinity of the said Indian. He says: "The first time I had of the Indians, I saw one come round the point of the hill on this side the creek. He was mounted and painted red. He was alone, a hundred yards in advance of three others. He was pursued by Huns, of Col. C. C. 4th U. S. V. Infantry. I ran my mare as fast as I could to prevent him getting away. When I got within sixty steps, the Indian shot him with an arrow, and then turned back with his horse. Just at that moment I shot at the Indian, and he dashed and ran, and I after him. I run him up the hill some hundred yards, and shot at him five times with my revolver, but did not hit him. I should, if my horse had not been frightened by his war-riding. His horse was hung with red tassels; he himself, had a red blanket around his waist, his shoulders were naked and painted red, his hair was painted brown, and his feathers floating in it. He had a rifle or shot-gun in a fringed covering hanging on his back, and in one hand his bow and arrows. His horse was streaked off with red paint over his haunches. When he was belted the horses pursued him to the top (near the cemetery) and saw off the hill twenty-five or thirty Indians—They kept pretty well concealed, as I could only see their heads. Just then I heard the sound of horses' feet on the opposite side of the hill and creek, when five more horses were herded the eight horses under Brown's and my charge. Brown was close behind me, following me up as I chased the Indian. The enemy left the ponies on account of the firing of the guns, and I heard the same in the sawmill. At this juncture Capt. Moreland, Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, approached the bridge with ten of his men. (The Indians afterwards obtained those horses who frightened by the approach of cavalry, stampeded to the creek where they learned them with great difficulty. They got five horses and a mule.) But a fierce fight ensued between Capt. Moreland and his ten cavalry men and the savages,—yes, the fierce fight of a fight that saw three Indians shot down, and dragging their wounded legs along to get out of the way.—About the time they made a rush after the ponies, away to the right, on the North side of the Fort, I saw the Indians cable from the woods above the sutler's, and soon heard firing from the skirmishers, deploying from the Fort. The enemy simultaneously appeared on all the hills to the West. Those that lay concealed behind the hill in rear of the company me rush at once to the creek to inform the party attacking Capt. Moreland. They went yelling like barking dogs. As they whipped across the creek they struck their ponies every step with their feathered and round two strings of arrows. Their horses went with the swift, yet kind of a run into the fight. I saw three unhorsed, and I thought Capt. Moreland shot himself, as he was fifty feet in advance of his men, and was unhorsed. 1st Sergt. Hubbs of Capt. Moreland's Company gives a very interesting history of a part of the engagement, and the death of Privt. James C. Hoffman, Co. C. 4th U. S. V. Inf. His relation in substance is as follows. "The attack commenced near the same woods where the cavalry crossed the bridge. The number of cavalrymen was afterwards increased to twenty five. The Indians commenced as soon as we had crossed the bridge. We returned the fire, and the Indians were evidently shooting from all points. It was a hand to hand fight. The Indians, driven back, would rally, and then charge again, and so successively with great bravery. Indians never fought so gallantly before. We returned the fire, and found them laying back on the buttes and their reserves. When Col. G. got out of ammunition, they made a grand charge. I rode an untrained horse, lately obtained from the Q. M., and became unmanageable, and I had to dismount, and was left by my company. I went to the Infantry Company with Lieut. Backerman. The other companies were on the hills back of the Fort. The Company under Lieut. Backerman stationed as the Cavalry was stationed on the hill. The Cavalry was sent off to the left. There was a party of men in advance of the Infantry Company going up to a high butt. I went on out past the Infantry to where these men were, and when we got upon the high butt we could see many Indians on the bluff beyond, and in the ravine between the hills. After the Cavalry got out of ammunition, the Indians charged in round, to cut us off. I know we were so distant we could never take them, but we could have saved ourselves. The only chance of safety was to stay where we were. Beside myself there were three others of my Company distinguished who were with me. Our only chance appeared to be to stand our ground, and we did just so. We got on the point of the hill, and there were two infantrymen, Hoffman and another of the 4th U. S. V. Infantry. They were close by me on the top of the hill, and just to the right of me, as we faced out, when the whole column of the 6th Iowa Cavalry. Along on the hill back to the right of us were ten or twelve infantrymen. When the Indians charged on the cavalry I yelled to these men to hold on to the horses and drive the Indians off. Instead of standing their ground, these ten or twelve men started to run. This reduced us to the necessity of following them. I pursued them, all the time hailing for them to stop. Hoffman ran in another direction to see around the point of the hill, bringing him closer on the Indians. When I got half way down to the infantry company under Lieut. Backerman, my three men following me, I stopped, and looking back I could see the Indians charging on past the cavalry, and one hundred strong, whirling down the slope upon us. There were four of us together, only a few yards apart. Those ten men before us who were unhorsed, they were thirty strong, but there were other men still off to the Northwest on a butte. When I looked to the right as we came in I perceived the Indians close upon us on horseback, going at a dead run. Then I spied Hoffman, and I fired a shot in the air to stop him. He was making for our party. We stopped as soon as they came upon him. He was within twenty
yards of us. There were fifteen or twenty coming on him, and the rest stringing behind. I could not believe they shot him with fire at once, but the flames had reached his waist. He turned and ran through our crowd. He clubbed his gun, speaking invectives to the Indian who was in advance. The savage waited till he was off, and started on the run. He struck the Indian on the head with a wooden handle, and a long spear attached. He struck at Hoffman's head with this, and hit him in the face. It cut his mouth. I think when he struck at Hoffman, I fired at him with my revolver. He left the man, and broke for home. When he got within ten or twelve feet I fired at his breast. He dropped down, catching his horse by the nose, whirled him about, and started off up the hill. The rest of Co. C, G, and F, followed. The Indians started on, and were cut down with every shot. At that very moment he put the arrow under his arm. When Hoffman struck, he fell from the effect of the arrow in his breast. The redskin had one of his arrows rammed in his back. A wooden handle, and a long spear attached. He struck at Hoffman's head with this, and hit him in the face. It cut his mouth. I think when he struck at Hoffman, I fired at him with my revolver. He left the man, and broke for home. When he got within ten or twelve feet I fired at his breast. He dropped down, catching his horse by the nose, whirled him about, and started off up the hill. The rest of Co. C, G, and F, followed. The Indians started on, and were cut down with every shot. At that very moment he put the arrow under his arm. When Hoffman struck, he fell from the effect of the arrow in his breast. The redskin had one of his arrows rammed in his back. A wooden handle, and a long spear attached. He struck at Hoffman's head with this, and hit him in the face. It cut his mouth. I think when he struck at Hoffman, I fired at him with my revolver. He left the man, and broke for home. 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Here the Indians formed a determined stand, with the evident object of covering the movement of a party who were driving away a number of cattle, and succeeded by rapid movements on both flanks in nearly surrounding Captain Sewall's small party. Three of the charges were made by the Indians, and as often repulsed, in the last of which two Indians were killed. A small party of infantry under command of Capt. S. F. Morgan, Co. D, 1st U. S. V. Inf., at this juncture made their appearance, and the enemy retired precipitately. Deeming it useless to pursue, Capt. S. retired towards the Fort. Subsequently being joined by Capt. Miscie, Co. D, 1st U. S. V. Inf., the command returned and recaptured the cattle which had been driven off, and brought them safely to the Post. Every officer and every soldier of Fort Rice, on that eventful day, were on the alert for scalps, and anxious to inflict as much injury on the red-skins as possible. And I have every reason to believe, indeed I know, that more Indians bit the dust that for a long time before in the annals of the service. Co. Pattee was flying around in every direction, snuffing movements. Lieut. Archbold was carrying orders to every part of the field with the celerity of the wind. The guns in the parade ground of the Fort were run out at the different gates, and hurled shots upon the groups of Indian pickets on the hills. The brass guns under charge of Corp. Curtis and Corp. Heilbeck discharged the natives like iron-clad guns on the ocean. Capt. Adams had summoned of the Fort, and was engaged under Col. Pattee's order in sending ammunition to every part of the field. Some of the 6th Town Cavalry were ordered to the front to bring in the horses, fall of cartridges, and Capt. Noyes went back and forwards from the scene of strife to the Fort to see the ammunition safe.
AFFAIRS AT FORT RICE.

Fort Rice, D. T., Aug. 1, 1885.

Dear Madam,—In my last I gave you an account of events which occurred at this post the night before last. At about midnight of the same day, while not all on duty after the fatigues of the day, we were attacked by the sentinel’s guns, fired in rapid succession, and in a manner which made one think it was the work of a night attack. A scene of excitement ensued which beggars description—the sharp twang of the drums as they burst fearlessly into the call to arms, the shrill blare of the bugles, the shouting of officers and men, the rushing of men, succeeding so closely the unbroken silence of night, created a medley which was perfectly bewildering to a novice in the active scenes of war. Yet the result clearly manifested that every movement was controlled by thorough and well-regulated discipline, as less than ten minutes elapsed from the first alarm before the companies were all formed in good order with their guns loaded, and in position at the different gates of the Fort. Fireballs were being discharged, lighting up the prairie for a great distance around, and shells were bursting in the air, the whole air resounding from which danger was apprehended.

We remained under arms for a couple of hours, but the closest scrutiny failed to discover the cause of the alarm, when we again element to the position of having at least favored the Indians with an every creditable pyrotechnic display.

We were enlivened with no further hostile intelligence, until the 36th, when engaged in exercises, a detachment was discovered chemist with their accoutrements, speed upon some stock grazing a short distance below the Fort. Driving this party, hastily gunned by herdsman, they wheeled rapidly behind the hills and soon reappeared, driving in the picnics and attempting to cut off a party of stock grazing some distance above the Fort. This party, it would probably have succeeded in accomplishing their object but the timely adoration of half a dozen shells which exploded within a comfortable distance of them, and caused a counter-charge from the stockmen, made it impossible for reptile men, and the Indians were now too modestly incontinent for any effective result.

On the 29th, the 50th the log roll again called to arms, and the scenes of the former night alarm were re-enacted, with no other result than again to demonstrate the sleepless vigilance of those who guard this post.

It is not the prowess of a subordinate either to praise or censure those who are responsible for military movements, and while I do not propose to commit the indiscretion of giving all established regulations, I will venture the opinion that all who have been connected with the execution of prescribed measures in this military district have spared no pains to accomplish the results desired. Yet the Indians are to day as they were, and hostile as they were three years ago.

It occurs to me that in the adoption of an Indian policy, the first question that presents itself is the demands of civilization that this must be treated and held by white men. And I think I hazard nothing in saying that the West of the Capital of Dakota Territory, for all productive purposes, the whole Missouri region is utterly without value, and barren, desolate waste that should be devoted to the Indian without any detriment to any public interest, at least for such a period of time as will settle by the inexorable laws of fate, the destiny of those enormous resources. Beyond the Missouri River, however, is the gold region of the mountains, already the theatre of extensive operations, with a wide spreading area, yet unexplored, which will doubtless one day bring into cultivation, yield millions of treasure to the Nation’s wealth, and nothing in the future is more certain than that there must be free, safe and direct transit to and from this El Dorado, upon which the attention of so many of our people is now directed.

The Missouri River is the great highway which Nature has provided for this purpose, extending from the very heart of our country almost to the centre of these remote places.

This being the case, the Indians claim national attention only so far as their hostile render transportation upon the river safe and secure. That such hostilities now exist makes no proof.

For a distance of 1500 miles the traveler is at every moment exposed to an attack from powerfull hands, as evil is always insinuated as the Army of the Missouri; with no fixed abiding places, nor worldy goods to impede their continued migration, at home wherever game an enemy may be taken, as hardly as the well, and as fleet as the deer, with an expanse of travelleable for retreat, it will at once be seen that to conquer them is a task of no small magnitude.

There are two modes of dealing with these Indians, one proposed, one of them, most feasible, the other hostile. The advocates of the former would have the Government negotiate a treaty, and by large presents and a perpetual annual tribute take them to destroy from murdering white people and destroying the crops of every year. There is a firm that of many preceding ones in teaching that a treaty has no binding force upon these untamed savages. They have an innate hatred of whites which it is utterly impossible to eradicate. If we give theIndians aid and assistance among them is measured by the number of white scalps which adorn their lodges, and the lives of the young men are devoted with the most unirritating zeal to the acquisition of them trophies. Many of those whom Gen. Sully hunted last year in the "Bad Lands" met him here a few weeks since, by invitation, ostensibly to treat for peace. These were warm advocates of friendship, and expressed a great anxiety for the establishment of amicable relations, upon the strength of which they were feasted, and presented with a supply of clothing. In our fight three days since these presents were distinctly visible in the front ranks of the enemy’s line. They claim, and no doubt firmly believe, that we cannot conquer them. To treat with them is to weaken our claims to conviction, and makes them more insolent and exacting. Besides humiliating the Government, it will be barren of results for good, and will finally leave us the only alternative of driving back that which is never to be so easily accomplished as now, viz: their submission to such terms as we may dictate. We are then brought finally to the great practical question, How can this end best be accomplished?

My opinion may be of but little value, but you can take it as worth nothing. First then: The sending of a large force for a single season’s operations, with an immense train to drug its slow length of 150 miles, a corps of camp followers, and subordinates, is no less than an ancient Persian army to defeat and ruin, with imperative orders to pursue an un-deviating line of march, regardless of the locality, or movements of the enemy sought, and with no leeway for retreat almost as soon as they reach the hostile region must be in the nature of things to not result in most signal failure, but tend greatly to increase the Indian’s idea of our importance, while safely viewing our pursile efforts to bring him to terms.

Again, the assignment of regiments of infantry to these military posts can have no other effect than to dome the post up victims to the ignoble work of devoting their time to eating Government rations, while the multitudes remained of hundreds will every year be left to sleep their last sleep upon these sterile hills. The real danger in this case is not to take the war path on foot, they are always well mounted, they know therefore that they have only to keep out of range of the guns of the Fort to insure their safety. Any attempt to commit whatever depredations they choose and retire at their leisure with no danger of pursuit. Even now while I write these lines this Fort is actually in danger, and has to improve a certain amount, been literally surrounded with a large force, they know as well as we that a mile from the post they may with the least impenitence audacity do the most damage. With eagle eye they watch every movement, and lose no opportunity to charge like demons upon man or beast who ventures beyond the reach of protection. What we need to close this stripe, and to make peace a thousand or more mounted men, at least, as the three central positions, with Infantry sufficient to take care of the forts and man the guns, and the men must be skilled horsemen, men who at a moment’s notice can pocket a croaker and ride a hundred miles without sleeping.

In the next place the horses must be neither scroug nor such as have been worn out and condemned, those only which are fresh, strong, and well mounted, and as many as such men thus mounted could pursue a sunburning band, take, and easily cut them down. Uninterrupted navigation of the Missouri is all we need demand, and this we can and ought to have without tribute or humiliation.

I am not now considering the question of protection of frontier settlements, as I have no operations here have anything to do with that. I have already adopted a chain of posts with a small but vigilant force to guard the streams which afford the principal avenues of approach which will undoubtedly be found fully adequate to this end.

Respectfully,

P. Y.