FRONTIER SIEGE.

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THE LIVING INDIAN'S REQUEST.

The Indians of the West do not bury their dead in the ground, but lay them out on a platform of poles, and let the wind scatter them away by the action of the elements.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

O bury me not in the midst of the earth, in a grotto of dreams and visions, where the sage is the voice of the living earth. Or in the dark of the greenwood light, but build me a stage of the greenwood tree. And array me in my warlike array, (Free,) under the wheel, without, and within, with my war cries, and my war dance. Let me lie as I am lying here.

Let my bow and my quiver be placed by my side. On my head be my feather crown. "Round me wampum-b. It were by my beautiful bride. Whom I loved as the sun went down. Why let us not rest, and let us form a circle of hope, and be free. We shall not be disposed of there.

Untried I lived, and untried I died. And untried I be on the brant. And upon the snow, in the face of the sun, and on the ice. Where my spirit and body were not bound.

O go to the stage when the sun is in the east. From o'er the ridge, and in the mist. The bow, that no longer in fighting be to be. In his sky-lodge of smoky, where you see no fire, nor crow, but a bird of such glorious dye. As the rain-god paints on the curée of his hand.

In his wigwam of the skies, you will know the soul of that beautiful bird. If you listen, it wails a note, you'll think of the sounds that he once have heard. When they came from a mortal threat.

The wolf will stand, and will howl, to the voice of the hunter be heard, and never sound that wail he will hear, for that sound he knows, and he fears. Then bury me not in the depth of the Earth. But where the sun in the sky, I birth. Unburned, unscorched, I have been since and so would I be when I die.

For the Frontier Scout.

MARCH OF THE NORTH-WEST INDIAN EXPEDITION.

Early on the morning of the 23d of July, all about the camp of the North West Indian Expedition was astir. Long before the sun had thrown its golden rays on the walls of Fort Rice the sounds of our camp fires and the odor of cook tents betokened an early start. At six o'clock the last tent had fallen and we were up and moving away with all our baggage and the long train of men and women and wagons and ambulances moved out upon the plains, east of the Missouri River. The troops formed in three columns. The central one consisted of Colonel Major General A. Smith and his staff, followed by the detachment of the Dakota Cavalry, (Capt. Tapp) the Pierre Battery, (Capt. Lipp) and the medical and ordnance and officers' parties comprising the south side of the column were the extra teams of baggage wagons. Outside of all were arranged on the right, a detachment of a company of the Minnesota Cavalry, (Capt. Colonel Tom Brock) on the left, Brackett's Minnesota Battalion, (Major Brackett) and a detachment of three companies of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, (Capt. Cook,) on the right and following the whole the advance and rear guards. Several Indians and halfbreeds scouts and guides, accompanied us.

The first day's march had brought us to a stretch of grand or interest. An occasional shower acted as a cooler, and served to keep down the clouds of dust, which are the ever present products of the barren plains.

It seemed like starting out on a sea voyage as we left the Fort and set forth on the wildness of Dakota plains.

The country through which we passed was mostly the same monotonous barren appearance to which we had been accustomed during our winter's long exile.

At two and a half o'clock P. M. we reached a small lake on the border of which we camped for the night, having traveled about twenty miles. The lake, though slightly alkaline, was not very bad and with hot, with which we had provided ourselves from the Fort, was passable.

The morning light of Monday, the 24th found us again on our course over the plains to the northeast, but through a better country, covered with a more abundant supply of grass.

Tuesday the 26th we passed over much prairie. As we approached the line of the boundary, the country began to scatter, and to assume the character of a semi-arid desert. The ground was rocky, stony, and the singularly difficult and to traverse it, we passed through a series of small valleys, and over a number of ridges of rocks.

Wednesday the 26th, at about 10 o'clock A. M., we crossed a trail of half-bred horses. Having suspicions that these were the horsemen that had been seen on our route to the west, we gave chase, and after a hard ride we overtook them, and found them to be a party of horsemen, who had been following us.

We set out at about 11 o'clock, and after travelling Westward at a rapid rate for two hours, we came to a small lake where they had evidently encamped. After thoroughly examining the relics of this encampment, a"counterscarp" was formed, and it being evident that the party had spent two nights away from the camp of the 20th, the start of us, it was desired advisable, as we had but days to spare, to give up the chase and return to the main body of the Expedition. Accordingly, after a "free lunch," given by the commander of the detached force, we turned our faces Southward, and at night halted our horses near the mouth of the river, on the banks of a tributary of the James River.

Thursday 27th.—Our course today lay through the valley of the river, having left the Columbia Missouri yesterday. Large bodies of buffalo came in view on all sides, and by noon we found ourselves in the midst of them. Many of the men, eager for the chase, obtained permission to go out and hunt. The buffalo reached a large herd, and the frightened creatures came bounding out of the prairies, and swiftly bore down on our columns. Never and never came the large buffalo, followed by the elk, whose swift steeds, while the constant crack, crack, of arrows reminded one of the battle of the old days.

As the herd, several hundred in number, approached the main body of troops the excitement became intense, and many a true soldier, who had remained to remain at the Fort in the face of the risks, in the face of the dangers, and to bear the greater part of the toil and the danger, turned to the hunting ground.

As we {nexted our lines and scattered us, they turned in another course. But one old fellow who had become bewildered and lost his company, came sneaking down the prairie, separate from the others, and was soon surrounded by a score of delighted hunters, all popping away at his majesty with revolvers and carbines. Still he held his head up; ignoring his weary legs with the same determination to outrun his pursuers, now abashed by the singing pain of a bullet, he would turn upon his 6 feet and lowering his woolly head, take vengeance by endeavoring to gore the horses. This, of course, produced a general stampede, for riders as
The sides are thickly wooded, with oak principally. Some of the trees are of large size. Springs of crystal water, free from alkali, dash out from the rocks, and our eyes and stomachs were delighted at the sight of blooming morning-glories and ripe strawberries, which, alas, 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

From the summit of the bluff the view is magnificent. In front lies the lake, extending for miles, dotted over with large wooded islands; behind extend the vast plains, and far away in the distance like a thousand hills, between which lie numerous lakes affording drink for the immense herds of buffalo, which roam over the Indian hunting grounds.

After placing on the summit of this hill a monument of wood with our names and the date of the arrival of the Expedition engraved thereon, we retired to the encampment.

On Monday the 1st.—We moved our camp up the shore of the lake, some five miles to wood and better water. A sail-boat, which had been detached since our arrival, was launched and some of the neighboring islands explored.

Tuesday, August 1st.—Was a dull rainy day. We spent it mostly in hewing wood for our tents.

Wednesday, Aug. 2d.—We broke up camp and bade farewell to Mini-Wakan.—Three days marching brought us to Mouse River, in the beautiful valley of which we encamped, on the A. M. of the fourth. Here we found excellent water, which was a rich treat after the slight we had been drinking.

The 2d and 3d, of August were very cold, reminding one of a New England November day. Overcoats and gloves were in good demand. Saturday, the 6th.—We followed along the course of the Mouse River, some eighteen miles, and camped in its valley at night.

Two days more of weary marching brought us within sight of the "Old Muddy," and on the morning of the 8th we marched to within three miles of Fort Berthold, where we made our camp on a small creek.

We have thus marched a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles without encountering a hostile Indian, though every means in the power of the General command has been used to find their camp.

The Expedition thus far shows the folly of a Commander sitting quietly in his office at Head Quarters, and ordering an expedition under command of an experienced Indian fighter to a certain point (as Devil's Lake for instance) in this vast Territory. If he is sent here to fight Indians let him have the privilege of going where the Red-Skins are, and not mix him down with orders from Head Quarters, a thousand miles away, telling him to fight the Indians, but to be sure and not fight with them! Much which might be accomplished this year, will not be, simply on account of such hand-tying orders.

We have just learned that a large camp of hostile Indians are some sixty miles west of Fort Berthold, and that only a few days since they attacked Fort Rice, killing some of our soldiers there. But as General Sully, has strict orders not to cross the Missouri River, we may have to pass by this opportunity of punishing the rascals.

Let the blame fall where it should, upon those who sit at home and order, but not on those who take the field and obey orders. As long as the Army of the Potomac was controlled by politicians living up in Washington, it accomplished nothing, and just so long as these Indian Expeditions are controlled altogether by Generals at home, they can accomplish comparatively nothing.

**MEDICINE.**

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**THE ROARING BUTE.**

There is a hill between Fort Rice and the Cannon Ball River called by Indians The Roaring Bute, and by whites The Crystal Palace.

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**BY CAPT. E. O. ADAMS.**

I will sit on the top of the Roaring Bute Where the wild winds play and the lightnings shout; My heart it is dry as the drought of summer, It sickens at sight of the pale new-comer. I lay myself down on this frozen splinter, And curl myself in the bleak air of winter. To my lips I will lift up the icy cold chalice, And die on the dome of this crystalline stake. For my people's destruction I cannot see it— O why did the Almighty suffer to be it? Round this lonely sierra my spirit will roam and shrivel to the passer like mantle illumined, Down deep in his heart it will sink like a phantom, And his footsteps shall never approach to it. He'll feel that his presence doth deeply infringe on The land of the red-skin, the home of the Indian. Of the backslider his footsteps will soon be the barker, And his bones they will lie in his fathers' Godacre. My people are hid like a fox in his burrow They are outcasts to-day in the bad lands of sorrow, The day of their glory I never shall know it, I only shall live in the song of the poet. On this summit I'm taking my final siles. And with the arrow of the cruel North-wester, 'Gainst the North pole tis sharpened by constant abrasion, To bring me at last to my life's termination. My blood in my bosom beginneth to curdle, The cold air around me is tightening his girdle, [leaply, My eyelids fall down with a sensation receive me, O Great Spirit, into thy tip! Thus the Indian he uttered his last Te Deum. [Joun, And d'ed with that hill for his manse forever to stand against Time and his arrows. [Pharos. More lasting than pyramids over the
LOCAL ITEMS.

The only subject of local interest that has taken place this week is the buffalo hunt. The party started last Saturday, and returned on Friday, bringing in about 8 A.M. They consisted of Lieut. Col. Pattee, Commandant of the Post, and his orderly, Capt. Moreland, and twenty-one men of the 6th Iowa Cavalry, of Lieut. Col. Driscoll, and thirteen men of the 1st U.S. Yak. Inf.

Joseph Bongueane acted as interpreter, and Black Tousmahawk as guide. They passed Wolf River and No Name Creek, and camped on Heart River, 55 miles from Fort Rice. Just as they were about to leave the next morning, they discovered a buffalo which had been killed by some men, one of whom was killed in the hunt. The next morning, at 7 o'clock A.M., Capt. Moreland, with his mounted men, started across Heart River. At 8 o'clock a buffalo bull was discovered. Capt. M. and one of his men gave chase, and succeeded in killing him. They saw two more, about five miles off. Hailed for them till 4 P.M., but could not find them. The next day, the 12th, they went to North America Creek, and discovered a buffalo herd. About 4 P.M. Bongueane, and Black Tousmahawk discovered a herd of 17 buffaloes, and Capt. Moreland, and Lieutenant Braun, with six of the 6th Iowa pursued them; and arrived within a hundred yards of them. The whites were aware of their presence. Sergt. Cappetti, and two other men succeeded in catching up, and killing one bull. The party camped that night at No Name Creek, the 14th, and the 15th, Capt. Moreland killed a fine antelope. Lieut. Col. Pattee, with four or five men hunted through the woods on foot; they saw many elk, but owing to the thickness of the brush, did not kill any. Returned to the Fort on the same day.

SIOUX NATION.

It is well known that un civilized, as well as civilized, nations delight in dancing: the Sioux have their dances—The Scalp dance, after the return of a successful war party, is often kept up for days and even weeks, and does not differ materially from other tribes of Indians, but it has been found necessary to need much attention at this day.

The Horse-dance is performed before going out to steal horses, after the return of a successful horse-stealing expedition, and often when two bands meet for a feast. In performing the Horse-dance each "brave" takes a part in the dance and has around his body as many lariats as he has stolen horses; and performing any and all dances, each Indian wears as many feathers in his headdress as he has counted coos. The counting of coos is regulated among the Sioux as follows:—We will suppose a case in illustration—Five men go out to fight or steal horses, and each one of the horses they steal counts one coo. Killing a bear, capturing a gun or bow and quiver, and also capturing a horse, each counts one coo. The whole number of coos is the same as the number of horses stolen. The YELLOW TAIL (Chief, who fell on the ice and killed himself in the winter of 1858-9) counted more coos than any other one of the Indian nation—he counted seventeen.

"Medicine Bear," another chief of the same band, now counts more coos than any other man of the nation. In a fight with the Crow Indians, some eleven years ago, he came out first through the body, but afterwards killed the one who shot him, and also another who was with him. His wound was very severe, and has never healed up. His most celebrated dance is probably the "Sun Dance," and a description of it will no doubt be of interest to the general reader. This dance is also called the Strong-heart dance, and is generally performed in June. It commences by planting posts in the ground seven or eight feet apart, in a circle of thirty to forty feet in diameter, leaving an opening on the east side about twenty feet wide. A strong pole is planted in the center: rafters made of lodge-poles are then fastened to this center pole, and extended outwards: over this is then spread several lodge skins made of tanned buffalo hides sewed together with sinew. On the side of the lodge are arranged a number of blankets (or rather I might say the Orchestra,) with a large drum, upon which seven Indians beat with clubs. A bed of leaves is prepared on the north side of the lodge, with two posts about eight feet high at the end of the lodge. When the dance is about to begin, all these preparations being made, the dance begins at sun-rise.

I witnessed one of these dances among the Yanktons, and there were eight who had participated in the dance—sometimes there are more, and sometimes less. It seems to be an initiation into the Strong-heart. The dancers stand in a single line facing the sun, and looking directly at it with a wild earnest stare, at the same time keeping up a steady jumping up and down: this is kept up for several hours. They also have a short bone whistle in their mouths, and blow a short quick blast at every breath; they are painted, and dressed in gay style, and hold a number of horses and weapons of various other things, which they intend as offerings to the sun, to be made at some future time. At the end of perhaps three hours the music ceases and the dancers retire to the back of the Great-Lodge, which is a pile of gently inclining herbage, and rest a few moments, then they again engage in the dance as before. Thus the dance is carried on till sun-down, when they again rest for a short time. They then face about to the east (for as the sun goes around to the west, the line wheels to the right, and at sun-down they are facing to the west,) and gaze at the moon. These dances generally go on two or three days and one night, and often for three days, and that without food. Near the close of the dance comes the grand trial of courage and endurance of pain. There are two Indians, old warriors, who officiate as masters of ceremonies, and the dancers having a short rest, these two without word or apparent sign seize one of the dancers with great determination, throw him down upon his back upon the bed, and when he struggles, rubbing both of the skin on one side of his breast with the thumb and finger, and pinch it up till it forms a sharp ridge: then a narrow sharp-pointed knife is run through, making a hole about three fourths of an inch through the strong skin, made of sinew is passed, and made fast to a short piece of wood about three inches long. This is laid there, another piece of wood being fastened to the top of one of the poles before described. They then proceed to insert another string on the other side of the breast. The man is again seized and turned upon his side, and this process is repeated. The holes are fastened to in each side of the back, and fastened to the top of the two poles standing at the head of the bed. The candidate is then lifted upon his feet, and the balance having been formed in the string on the sides, he is thus tied up begins to dance by advancing and retreating alternately until these strings strain hard on the hold in the skin; here the dance is carried on with the greatest possible vigor; the one tied pulls harder and harder on the strings—sometimes throwing his whole weight upon them—till the flesh gives way; he is then conducted to a seat in the back of the lodge with the balance of the dancers. In a few minutes the same thing is gone through with on the other side, and all have proved that they have strong hearts. They sometimes have one or more who choose to have one or two of the strings inserted a second time. The dance is then not conducted as before, for a short time, when all eat and drink, but a big feast of fresh meat, corn, and if possible, they will have dog-meat for the feast. Dogs are often eaten at feasts made when friends meet after a long separation, and it is considered a great honor to one that can be conferred. The idea of eating dog is, I will admit, disgusting to the extreme, but I can assure the kind reader that I have participated in this grand feast, and thought it very good meat, until after the feast was over, and I found that I had been eating 'dogs.'

During the last few years I have seen Indian life in many of its details. I was born on an Indian Mission at the upper Platte, and have spent my whole life on the frontier. I have read of the Wyanadoes, Shawnees, Chippewas, Potawatomies, Otoses, Delawares and others, but there is no doubt that the Sioux are the most degraded set of savages on this continent. There is a great deal in them that can be found to interest any one; almost entirely without tradition, and with but little skill in practicing those articles they use most.

How often have I thought of Longfellow's Hiawatha, and of his "Land of the Dakotahs, Land of handsome women." How must he have drawn upon his imagination in describing the "mountains of the west," the "Great White Nomi," the "Mighty," came down and sat and addressed as a signal to the nations. But why wonder at Mr. Longfellow's ideas, and not at the many erroneous ideas entertained of the Indians by the general public, who cry out against every supposed interference of the United States with these vagrants as their past conduct merits. I think if some of them could visit this country and eat hard bread and busk, and lay out on these broad prairies a few acres of corn, they would see that the mercury stood from 22 to 30 degrees below zero, as I have done, they would cease their sensibles sympathies and cease their cry about Mr. Longfellow's idea.
From the Sioux City Register.
Fort Scott, July 29, 1867.

Mr. Editor,—Having become temporarily indisposed, I am unable to give you the results of such observations as I have been able to make, which you are at liberty to present to your readers if you deem them of sufficient interest.

The city is located on the South side of the Kettle River, and is about 80 miles by land and 360 miles by water—It was burned by the Spaniards upon his arrival here last season, and was built by the 4th Regt. W. I. Inf, under command of Capt. Murphy, who first surveyed the area and then constructed the fort. The soldiers are reportedly well cared for, and the surrounding area is quite beautiful.

I have been impressed by the neatness and orderliness of the town, which is well worth a visit. The weather has been favorable, and the crops are growing well.

I am enclosed with the following: A letter from a soldier stationed here, describing the life of a soldier in this camp. The letter is quite touching, and I urge you to publish it.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

[End of letter]