

L. Packman

# FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

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## THE DYING INDIAN'S REQUEST.

The Indians of Dakota do not bury their dead in the ground, but lay them out on stages constructed of poles, and let them waste away by the action of the elements.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

O bury me not in the midst of the earth,  
In a cavern of dreamless night,  
Where comes not the voice of living mirth,  
Or the gush of living light,

But build me a stage of the greenwood tree,  
And arrayed in my warlike gear, [free.  
Uppanaged, unwashed, uncoffined, and  
Let me lie as I'm lying here.

Let my bow and my quiver be placed by  
my side,

On my head be my feathery crown,  
'Round me wampum-belt wove by my  
beautiful bride

Whom I wooed as the sun went down.

There let me rest, and my form exhale  
In the stainless tomo of the air,  
Why should the mourner my fate bewail  
When he sees me reposing there?

Unstained I lived, and unstained I died,  
And unstained I lie on my bier,  
Then dry-up thy tears, my beautiful bride,  
My fate it demands not a tear.

My spirit will go to the sunset land,  
But be plumed like Dakotian bird,  
And backward will fly to be near at hand  
So that never my corpse shall be stirred

O go to the stage when the sun-chieftain  
hangs,

From conflict of rain and of mist,  
The bow, that no longer in fighting he  
twangs,

In his sky-lodge of amethyst,

And there you will see nor raven, nor crow,  
But a bird of such glorious dyes

As the rain-god paints on the curve of  
his bow,

In the wigwam of the skies.

You will know the soul in that beautiful  
bird

It will list as it warbles a note,

You'll think of the sounds that you erst  
have heard

When they came from a mortal throat.

The wolf will stand afar, and will howl,  
'Tis the voice of the hunter he hears,

And never around that stage he will  
prawl,

For that sound he knows, and he fears.

Then bury me not in the depth of the Earth,  
But out in the open sky, [birth,

Uncubined, uncribbed, 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 beams on the walls of noble Fort Rice the smoke of our camp-fires and the odor of cook tents betokened an early start. At six o'clock the last tent had fallen and was snugly packed away with all other baggage, and the long train of mule teams and ambulances moved out upon the bluffs, east of the Missouri river. The troops formed in three columns. The central one consisted of Brevet Major General A. Sully and his Staff, followed by the detachment of the Dakota Cavalry, (Capt. Tripp) the Prairie Battery, (Capt. Iope) and the trains of ambulances and officers' private carriages. On each side of the central column moved the extensive trains of baggage wagons. Outside of all were arranged on the right, a detachment of four companies of the Minnesota Cavalry, (Lieut. Colonel Ten Broeck) on the left, Brackett's Minnesota Battalion, (Major Brackett) and a detachment of three companies of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, (Capt. Cooper); preceding and following the whole the advance and rear guards. Several Indians and half-breeds scouts and guides, accompanied us.

The first day's march had but little of excitement or interest. An occasional shower acted as a cooler, and served to keep down the clouds of dust, which are the every day product of the barren plain about Fort Rice.

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

The country through which we passed mostly presented 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 borders of which we camped for the night, having traveled about twenty miles. The water, though slightly alkaline, was not very bad and with ice, 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 25th, we passed over much rough, hilly ground, presenting a greater variety of scenery and more difficult roads for our wagon train. During the day we came in sight of various stray buffaloes, but no large herds.

Wednesday the 26th, at about 10 o'clock A. M., we crossed a trail of half-breed hunters. Having suspicious that these characters were here for the purpose of supplying the hostile Indians with ammunition, the General Commanding ordered a detachment of 300 men, under command of Major Brackett, to follow the trail, and upon overtaking them, to search their goods for contraband articles. We set out at about 11 o'clock, and after traveling 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 "council of war" was held, and it being evident that the party had some two weeks' start of us, it was deemed advisable, as we had but three days' rations, to give up the fruitless 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 Northeast, and at night joined our comrades in their camp on the banks of a tributary of the James River.

Thursday 27th.—Our course to-day lay through the valley of the James, we having left the Coteau de Missouri yesterday. Large herds 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. They attacked a large drove, and the frightened creatures came bounding over the prairies, and swiftly bore down upon our columns. Nearer and nearer came the huge monsters, followed by their pursuers on their swift steeds, while the constant crack, crack, of firearms reminded one of skirmishing on the sacred soil of the Old Dominion.

As the herd, several hundred in number, approached the main body of troops the excitement became intense, and many a true soldier, who had resolved to remain steady in his place in the ranks, forgot his resolution, and rushed off across the plains to meet the coming host.

As they neared our lines and scented us, they turned in another course. But one old fellow who had become bewildered and lost his compass, came steadily on, 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 out; now using his weary legs with vigor to outrun his pursuers, now maddened by the stinging pain of a bullet, he would turn upon his foes and lowering his woolly head, seek vengeance by endeavoring to gore the horses. This, of course, produced a general stampede, for riders as

well as horses were willing to clear the way while the maddened monster passed.

At length, weary and faint from loss of blood, the hero, who had thus bravely braved the fire of a whole battalion of cavalry, with a hideous hollow fell over, rolling on his fiery eyes, and was soon cut up by the fire of the horses of the victors as charges.

Friday, 25th.—To-day we marched but eight miles, and came to the Shyenne River, on which were camped the half-breeds whom we passed on Wednesday. They consisted of two parties, numbering about two thousand persons, including women and children. They had formed two circular corrals with their carts on the banks of the river. Outside were arranged the extensive racks on which hung the fresh buffalo meat recently killed and cut into thin slices for drying.

These people live on the Red River of the North, mostly in the British Possessions. They leave their homes with their families every summer and come west to the Dakotian plains to kill their winter's supply of buffalo. They are mongrelized, a mixture of Scotch, English, French, Irish and Indian blood.—For purposes of transportation they have two-wheeled carts, made entirely of wood, and bound together by buffalo thongs, drawn by horses or oxen, with harnesses of raw-hide. The men are expert hunters, and kill from five hundred to a thousand buffalo a day. The day previous to our arrival they had slaughtered six hundred. The women cut up the meat into thin slices, and hang it on racks made for the purpose, to dry. They also dress the hides, but are not made slaves of as Indian squaws. Most of them talk the Canadian French language, and a few could express their ideas in English.—Some seemed well educated. Accompanying them were a French Count, who came for a pleasure and hunting excursion, and a Roman Catholic Priest, who watched over the interests of the souls of these semi-civilized denizens of the plains.

Our camp was formed upon the opposite side of the river, which at this point, is a small creek. We spent the afternoon and evening very pleasantly in visiting our neighbors, and trading with them. As no contraband goods—ammunition and whisky—were found among them, they were not molested.

Saturday, 29th.—We struck our tents and, after a march of twenty-five miles, came to the southeast corner of "Mini-wakan," or Devil's Lake, pitched our tents, having made a journey of one hundred and thirty-one miles from Fort Rice. The water of the lake is very alkaline.

Sunday, 30th.—At 6 o'clock A. M. a detachment of 200 men under command of Capt. Burdick, 6th Iowa Cavalry, were sent out as an escort to Major Von Minden, while he explored the southern border of the lake. We proceeded along the south shore some twenty-five miles, observing several small ponds of quite good water separate from the lake. At 12 o'clock we came to the summit of the "Chantee Hill." It is situated on the south side of the lake, is very high, three hundred feet above the level of the lake, and seventeen hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the sea. Its

sides are thickly wooded, with oak principally. Some of the trees are of large size. Springs of crystal water, free from alkali, gush out of its sides, and our eyes 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 rise a thousand hills, between which lie the 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 31st.—We moved our camp up the shore of the lake, some five miles to wood and better water. A sail boat, which had been constructed 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 lounging in 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 alkali 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 5th.—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 seeing a hostile Indian, though every means in the power of the General commanding 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 tie him down with orders from Head Quarters, a thousand miles away, telling him to fight the Indians, but to be sure and not go where they are! 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 hived 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.

MEDICUS.

## 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.

BY CAPT. E. O. ADAMS.

I will sit on the top of the Roaring Bute  
Where the wild winds play and the lightnings shoot;

My heart it is dry as the drought of summer,

It sickens at sight of the pale new-comer.  
I will lay myself down on this frozen splinter,

And chill to a statue 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 palace;

For my people's destruction I never can see it—

O why did the Almighty suffer to be it?  
'Round this lonely sierra my spirit will roam and

Shrick out to the passer like vulture illumined,

Down deep in his heart it will sink like a plummet,

And his footsteps shall never approach to this summit,

He'll feel that his presence doth deeply infringe on

The land of the red-skin, the home of the Indian,

Of the back-trail his footsteps will soon be the taker,

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 siesta,  
And slain by 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,

My eyelids fall down with a sensation [sleepy,  
Receive me, O Great Spirit, into thy tipi!

Thus the Indian he uttered his last Te Deum.

And died with that hill for his mausoleum,

Forever to stand against Time and his arrows,

More lasting than pyramids over the [Pharaohs.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

The only subject of local interest that has transpired this week is the buffalo hunt. The party started Aug. 13th, at 8 A. M. They consisted of Lieut. Col. Pattee, Commandant of the Post, and his orderly, of Capt. Moreland and twenty-one men of the 14th Iowa Cavalry, of Lieut. Braun, Drum Major Badenhop, and thirteen men of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. Joseph Bongeneau acted as interpreter, and Black Tomahawk as guide. They passed Wolf River and No Name Creek, and camped on Heart River, 35 miles above Fort Rice, just at dark, seeing nothing during the day but antelopes and wolves. 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. Saw two more about five miles off. Hunted for them till 4 P. M. but could not find them. The next day, the 15th, the party started back for Fort Rice. About 4 P. M. Bongeneau, and Black Tomahawk discovered a band of 17 buffaloes, and Capt. Moreland, and Lieutenant Braun, with six men of the 6th Iowa pursued them, and arrived within a hundred yards before the wild brutes were aware of their presence. Sergt. Cuppett, and two other men succeeded in catching up, and killing one bull. The party camped that night at No Name Creek. Next day, the 16th, 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 uncivilized, 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 too often described 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" who takes a part in the dance 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 head-gear as he counts 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 one of them shoots an enemy, but the other four get to the fallen man first and strike him; they count one coo each, while he who shot counts none. Killing a bear, capturing a gun or bow and quiver, and also capturing a horse, each counts one coo. "Big Head," a Yanktonai Chief, (who fell on the ice and killed himself in the winter of 1863-4) 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 or twelve years ago, he was shot through the body, but he afterwards killed the one who shot him, and also another who was with him. His wound was very severe, and has never healed up.

The most important 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 sometimes called the Strong-heart dance, and is generally performed in June.

A large lodge is erected 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 south side of the lodge the singers are arranged (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 set at one end of the bed, and two at the other. 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 participated in the dance,—sometimes there are more, and sometimes less. It seems to be an initiation into the Strong-heart land. 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 in their hands images of horses and 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, and seat themselves on a pile of green 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 continue for two days and one night, and often for three days, and that too 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 the ceremony, and while the dancers are having a short rest, these two without a word or apparent sign seize one of the dancers with great determination, throw him down upon his back upon the bed of leaves before selected: they both seize 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 long: through this a strong string, made

of sinew is passed, and made fast to a short piece of wood about three inches long, the other end is made fast to a leather thong which is 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 face, and two thongs are fastened into holes made in each side of the back, and fastened to the tops 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 line again, the dance begins. The one thus tied up begins to dance by advancing and retiring 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 another candidate, until 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 continued as before, for a short time, when all ends with 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 is considered the greatest favor that can be conferred. The idea of eating dogs is, I will admit, disgusting in 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 "dorg."

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 end of Lake Erie, and have spent my whole life on the frontier, have seen the Wyandots, Shawnees, Chippewas, Potawatomies, Ojoes, Delawares and others, but there is no doubt that the Sioux are the most degraded set of savages on this continent. There is but little among them that can be found to interest any one; almost entirely without tradition, and with but little skill in fabricating 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 he must have drawn upon his imagination in describing the "mountains of the prairie," where "Gitchie Manitou, the Mighty," came down and sat and smoked as a signal to the nations. But why wonder at Mr. Longfellow's ideas, and not at the many erroneous ideas entertained by almost all eastern people, who cry out against every attempt to chastise these vagrants as their past conduct merits. I think if some of them could visit this country and eat hard bread and bacon, and lay out on these broad prairies without a tent, and that, too, when the mercury stood from 22 to 30 degrees below zero, as I have done, they would cease their senseless sympathy and cease their cry about Mr. "La-the-Poor Indian."

From the Sioux City Register.

Fort Rice, July 25, 1865.

Mr. Editor.—Having been able to temporarily resign of this Post, I propose 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.—Fort Rice is located on the South side of the Missouri river, 460 miles above Sioux City by land, and 836 miles by water.—It was located by Gen. Sully upon his arrival here last season, and was built by the 50th Regt. Wis. Inf. under command of Col. Dill. It is simply a square enclosure the exterior being the outer walls of heavy round log buildings, the spaces between the houses being barricaded with closely set and strongly joined palisades, freely perforated for the use of small arms, with projecting bastions at two opposite corners, in each of which are field pieces commanding approaches from all directions, while upon either side are massive double doors or close gates. The troops now here, compelled to make additional improvements for their accommodation, have constructed inside of the first quarters substantial sawed timber houses, thus doubling the capacity of the Fort, and adding much to its appearance and to the comfort of the occupants. As a defensive work it is well constructed, and with a small force could be held against the combined attack of all the Indians in the upper country.

The Post is now garrisoned by four companies of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. under command of Col. Dimon, three companies 4th U. S. V. Inf., in charge of Capt. Sewall, and Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, Capt. Moreland commanding. I regret that the departure of Col. Dimon on leave of absence, about the time of my arrival, prevented my seeing more of him. Though but a youth, he has had a large experience in the active scenes of war, and has won promotion and honor by his personal gallantry in the field. While he lacks nothing of the genial suavity of the well-bred gentleman, no gray-haired veteran is more rigidly exact in holding every subordinate to a strict account for any dereliction in his official duties. He is a rigid disciplinarian, and has spared no pains to educate his Regiment to the highest degree of efficiency as soldiers. In the absence of Col. Dimon the duties of Post Commander have been devolved upon Col. Pattee of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, who by the exhibition of his good practical sense is making himself deservedly popular as a commander.

Dr. Herrick, Post Surgeon, a graduate of the Medical Department of Harvard University, is devoted to his profession, and has improved the opportunities afforded by an extensive army practice in qualifying himself to rank among the distinguished members of the healing art. He is pleasant, affable and courteous in his manners, and merits the confidence which is so fully bestowed by the entire command. His Post duties have been exceedingly laborious in consequence of the continuous large percentage of sick. He has himself suffered from a severe and protracted illness, the result of long-continued and almost unremitting labor, to which was added the depressing influence of heavy family afflictions. He has been

and it is hoped he will derive both pleasure and profit from the change.

Capt. Adams, the Senior Officer of the 1st, now here, belongs to the old New England family of this name, whose fame is not only national, but world wide. He is a graduate of Yale, an accomplished scholar, a graphic writer and fluent speaker. He entered the army as a volunteer in the ranks early in the war, was severely wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, and promoted for meritorious conduct from one position to another until he obtained his present rank. He is a frank, genial, pleasant gentleman, attends promptly to the discharge of his duty, and employs his leisure moments in attention to the "Frontier Scout," of which he is editor.

Capt. Noyes has charge of the Commissary and Quartermaster Departments, and with that shrewdness and energy which is an important element in New England education, manages the responsible duties of his station with precision and dispatch.

Lieut. Archibald, Regimental and Post Adjutant, is a young man of excellent business attainments, and long experience has made him perfectly familiar with his duties. The office work is conducted with system, neatness and dispatch. His record is without blot or blemish, and his department always in shape for the inspector. Active, vigilant and untiring, he seems like the mainspring of the whole machinery, and whether deeply absorbed in cyphering up his tri-monthlies, inspecting troops, mounting guard, making details, or flying off with orders, you may always approach him with the assurance of being met with a cordial greeting and a genial smile.

Capt. Sewall, of the 4th, is a middle aged gentleman hailing from the State of Maine, the recipient of the highest collegiate honors that old Dartmouth can confer upon her Alumni. He entered the service at the commencement of the war as Second Lieutenant, and has fought his way through the terrific tempest that has proved fatal to so many of his companions in arms. He is well posted in all the intricacies of military science, and thoroughly qualified for a more exalted position. He is a good business man, and will perform well whatever part the fickle wheel of fortune may assign him in the unknown future.

Of Capt. Moreland it is enough to say that he possesses all the soldierly qualities that have distinguished the many gallant men whom Iowa has sent to the field. If his deeds have been less conspicuous than others, it is because he has been doomed to the bootless fate of seeking glory in border warfare, rather than upon the great national battle-fields that have covered our noble State with unfading laurels.

I cannot take the space to particularize further than to say that all the officers except those of Iowa troops are young men from New England, possessing a full share of Yankee traits of character, such as shrewdness, energy and versatility. They are intelligent, hospitable and loquacious—always ready for a trade that promises profit, or an enterprise that will afford adventure or excitement. I believe they were all early volunteers, and were selected from the ranks and

promoted because of their fitness for the positions they now hold.

These Regiments are made up of recruits from Confederate prisons and I am pleased to say that they are a much better class of men than I had supposed. They have been schooled in the most thorough discipline in both armies, and are brave even to recklessness. I have met with no troops whose deportment towards officers as well as each other was more gentlemanly, none who exhibited as much neatness in their personal appearance, none who discharged their duties with greater cheerfulness and alacrity, nor any less addicted to the camp vices of drunkenness, profanity and vulgarity. Upon most of them the war has fallen with crushing effect, many having been impressed into the rebel service and compelled to leave their homes on a moment's notice, who have for years had no tidings of the fate of families and friends from whom they were thus separated. Coming as many of them did, almost from the heat of the tropics to this extreme northern point at the very commencement of winter and compelled to endure unusual fatigue and exposure on the march, and perform heavy fatigue duty after their arrival, in the preparation of winter quarters, it is perhaps not strange that besides those killed by Indians, over a hundred of their number have had their names recorded upon the head boards of our cemetery. Many have fallen victims to scurvy, and many others must follow from this and other posts in this vicinity, unless Government provides us with a more liberal hand such remedies as experience has taught us to possess antiscorbutic properties.

I am pleased to meet quite a number of our fellow townsmen here, among these is C. K. Smith, express agent, who improved his short stay by making a host of friends and all regret that his load of greenbacks force him to so early a departure. Mons. Brugier, and the Messrs. Fredway, appear to have struck a rich lead, their house being filled from morning till night with a crowd eager to dispose of cash and furs.

Major Gregory, and Mr. Hubbell, seem to have their stores constantly filled with customers and to be doing a heavy business. There is one feature of the trade that strikes me as passing strange, and that is, goods are quite as cheap as at Sioux City. I suppose your merchants would explain by that everlasting scape goat "expense of transportation, prices of gold" &c. &c.

I had almost forgot to mention our staid old puritanic friend, McDougald, who really exhibits more patience and industry than any man here in his efforts to make army watches come to time. He is doing well. Yours truly,

S. P. Y.

Rev. Mr. Milton, of Newburyport, Mass., was a wit. He once went to the market to buy a fish. He held it in close proximity to his nose to smell it.—The huckster asked him what he was doing.—"The fish spoke to me," said the reverend divine. "What did he say?" enquired the trader. "He said," retorted the parson, "'twas three weeks since he had seen any of his friends in the briny deep!"