

FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher.

Vol. 1

FORT RICE, D.T., AUGUST 31, 1865.

No. 12.

THE PAST OF THE EAST AND THE PRESENT OF DAKOTA.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

Let the bird of song on the wing of time
Fly back to our country's earliest prime.

Beautiful country! how fair to the view
Were thy dim woods of pine and thy rivers
of blue.

How lovely the mountain! how lovely
the glade!

Where the threads of the light were in-
wove with the shade,

Where the cat' ract that threw its white
foam on the air

Seemed like incense a saint flingeth up
for a prayer,

Where the sunrise shone up from above
the tall pines

As a city on fire in the deep midnight
shines,

And the sun as he sunk in the night's
dreary glooms

Had his hearse all bedecked with the
long piny plumes,

And the stars as they shone through the
forest's thick woof,

Seemed like chandeliers hung from a
temple's high roof.

Beautiful country! all tameless and wild
As the savage that roams thee, fair Na-
ture's own child,

To the sea flow thy rivers, all darkling
and dim,

But in wildness and beauty they scarce
equal him,

As he roams through the forest, so fleet
and so tall,

As a shadow will flit on a cottage's wall.
His buffalo robe o'er his shoulder is
flung,

His bow in his hand with the arrow is
strung,

And woe to the songster that sings in
his sight,

It shall fall at his feet quick as beam of
the light.

It will flutter a moment, but ah, never-
more

On its gay, joyous wing through the ether
'twill soar,

It has finished its song, and some other
gay bird

On the bough where it sung, in its stead,
will be heard.

And woe to the deer as they pause them
to drink,

By the side of some fountain's umbra-
geous brink,

They shall tinge should his arrow but
fly from its string,

With their life blood the crystal of yon-
der pure spring;

A hunter is he so well-skilled in his art,

He aims but his arrow, it enters the
heart.

And woe to the foeman that kindles his
ire,

With death, and death only its flames
will expire,

For his arm never trembles, his bow nev-
er fails,

Then woe to the foeman his anger as-
sails,

He will spill the red current of vigor and
life,

And peel off the scalp with his keen
warrior's knife,

And leave the dead form for the wolf to
destroy

While he dances the war-dance in full-
ness of joy.

Then woe to the pale-face, they've dared
to intrude

On his right of the river, the forest and
flood,

The trees of the forest their axe has
laid low,

They have wrested the tribute these paid
to his bow,

The birds have all fled on their swift-fly-
ing wings

From the spot where the sound of the
woodman's axe rings.

The moose and the deer to some covert
have hied,

And left only hunger to him and his
bride.

Then woe to the pale-face, the red-man
doth swear,

He will give you to flames, and to death,
and despair.

HD. QRS. N. W. IND. EXPEDITION,
Camp No. 43, opposite Fort Rice,

Aug. 29, 1865.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor Frontier
Scout.—Respected Sir.—At your request

I send you a few notes on the Lignite De-
posits found so abundantly in this region.

According to Messrs. Meek & Hayden
the Great Lignite Group of the Upper
Missouri is 2000, or more, feet thick, and
extends from Fort Clark far North into
British America. Its extent Southward
has a wider range than laid down by
those gentlemen, as my observations for
the past two seasons have demonstrated.

Judging from its outcropping strata, I
should lay down its southern boundary at
the Cannon Ball River, beyond which I have
been unable to detect it, but its lower strata
may reach beyond it, as I noticed at
Grand River a thin stratum of Vegetable
Marl, which is the usual stratum immedi-
ately in contact with the Lignite, wher-
ever I have found it. Until this coun-
try will have been thoroughly explored
its extension in any direction can but be
conjectured. My observations lead me
to suppose that its strata increase in depth

as we go northward, and also that the
quality is better. These Lignite Depos-
its of which I have observed six differ-
ent strata from the surface of the high
prairie to the level of the Missouri River
are interstratified by Shales, Vegetable
Marls, clays and sand. Frequently they
are partially destroyed by spontaneous
combustion, and this year I had an op-
portunity of examining several beds thus
smouldering. Although much of the
Lignite is thus destroyed, I am of the
opinion, that the combustion does not
extend through the whole stratum, but on-
ly through that portion which lies near
the sides of bluffs, and is subject to the
action of water infiltrated from above,
which, coming in contact with the pris-
matic iron pyrites found disseminated
through the Lignite, causes chemical ac-
tion, by which sufficient heat is engen-
dered to ignite the Lignite. One of the
strata examined at Fort Berthold, while
smouldering had consumed already suf-
ficient Lignite to leave a bed of ashes
tolerably compressed, four inches in thick-
ness, resting on a thin layer of shale.

When examined, fourteen inches of Lig-
nite were found to be smouldering over
the ashes, portions of which were exposed
to a current of air, where they immedi-
ately blazed up with a clear bright flame.

Over this smouldering mass were two
feet of highly heated Lignite, and above
this eighteen inches more, entirely unaf-
fected. To this partial combustion of the
Lignite Strata near the outcropping
points is undoubtedly due the peculiar
form of at least many of the bluffs of this
region, and it must be looked upon as the
cause of the frequent occurrence of land
slides. The Vegetable Marls found in
connection with the Lignite-beds, are of
varying thickness, from four inches to
eighteen feet, and deserve the attention of
all who, by scientific researches, desire to
develop the resources of our common
country, as they do not only possess chem-
ically the elements of fertility, but have
also the power to act mechanically on the
soil to which they may be added as fer-
tilizers, by their porosity and moisture-
retaining properties. The time may yet
come when Dakota will furnish the United
States with a material which, if not
superior, is at least equal to guano, for
its worn-out soils, and when Lignite will
become an article of trade for steamboat
fuel, thereby lessening to a great degree
the expenses of navigation on the Upper
Missouri River.

Very Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

SIGMUND M. ROTENHAMMER,
Hosp. Steward 6th Iowa Vol. Cav.,
Acting Naturalist

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1865

EDITORIAL.

Home! How the heart dilates at the thought of home! War is over. The soldier grows restless at the din of arms. He feels as if he was in an empty theatre after the play is over. He thinks of his wife watching every returning soldier with tears in her eyes. He thinks of his children climbing to the window, and prattling of papa. Surely, the affections are the chains that bind the world. The home of the Northern soldier has never been disturbed by war. His little nest has been far away from the scene of destruction. But the Southern soldier's home has been shattered and riven by the dread thunderbolt of Secession.—Who, then, wonders that the soldiers of our Regiment long for home? There is an un governable curiosity to visit the theatre of this vast volcanic eruption—to see even the worst, to know whether their families have escaped the shock, or whether their Penates are but blackened cinders on a desolate hearth. They have done well for their country. Let their country do well by them. Cheer up, boys, the hour of your deliverance, we trust, will dawn at last. The mandate will, at length, come that releases you from your Siberian exile. You will return respected citizens, not paroled rebels, but honorably discharged soldiers of Uncle Sam, that good old man that can whip the world. You shall yet dwell beneath your own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make you afraid. The Southern maid and Southern matron shall twine the fairest wreaths, and vouchsafe their fondest smiles for their own native-born soldier, who has fought for the Stars and Stripes. The mania of Secession is over. The great Southern heart is sunshine; like light in a stream, though turned astray, it is sunshine still. No more shall false teachers or false principles affect its course, or dim its glory.

DINNER GIVEN TO MAJ. GEN. SULLY AND OFFICERS OF THE N. W. INDIAN EXPEDITION.

Aug. 29, 1865, the officers of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. and 4th U. S. V. Infantry gave a dinner. The guests were Maj. Gen. Sully, Major Von Minden, Capt. Norton, Capt. Palmer and Lieut. Udell of his staff. Lt. Col. Ten Broeck and Capt. Moreland 6th Iowa Cavalry, Major

Brackett and Lieuts. Foote and Porter of Brackett's Battalion. Capt. Pope Prairie Battery, Capt. Tripp, Dakota Cavalry, Lt. Col. Pattee, Capt. Cooper, Capt. Rutan and Dr. Yeomans, 7th Iowa Cavalry, and Dr. Fenn. The dinner was a happy reunion. The General was in his best humor, and, like a harvest moon, shed happiness on all present. His remarks were very felicitous. He highly complimented the officers of this Post for their energy in their efforts to make life even pleasant in such a waste as this. It showed what men could do, if they tried. In response to a toast offered by Cap. Noyes to the Regular Army, the General said he hardly knew whether he was a regular or volunteer, he held such an ambiguous, amphibious, can't-live-on-the-land-and-die-on-the-water position, but while he abjured the course of many of the Regular officers, he would drink to the honor of the rank and file, for they had never disgraced themselves. Capt. Adams, in reply to a toast to the 1st U. S. V. Inf., replied for both officers and men. He said of the soldiers of this Regiment that they deserved especial honor for their course, for they had the privilege to be free citizens, but they rather chose to fight, and if need be, die for the starry flag, that they joined the Union, when there was as good prospect as at any time in its history, of Rebellion being a success, that they expatriated themselves in their devotion, and expected to fight at the front, where capture was certain death—in the face of these facts he was proud of his Regiment. Capt. Tripp spoke often and well. Dr. Yeomans toasted the Frontier Scout, making a very telling and humorous speech. Capt. Adams toasted the twin-sister States, Iowa and Minnesota, and their gallant sons. Col. Pattee stated that he was proud of the course of Iowa. How nobly she had responded to every call of her country in the hour of her need. Gen. Sully stated in the course of some remarks that he admired esprit de corps. He would give nothing for an officer who would not fight for the honor of his Regiment when assailed. Every officer had something to say, and the affair passed off in the most pleasant manner.

THE TAME OWL.

An owl frequented the camp of the 2d N. H. Regiment when it was guarding Rebel Prisoners of War at Point Lookout, Md. The Colonel of the Regiment had a spite against Lieut. Adams, because he was commissioned by the Governor of New Hampshire in opposition to his wishes and wire-pulling, and knowing the Lieutenant wrote poetry said in derision, "That owl would make a fine subject for Adams to write on." Adams heard of it, wrote the following poem, and sent it to the Col., who was so pleased with it, he acknowledged the corn, and called all the officers together to read them the poem.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

Say, thou tame owl, that frequentest this spot,

Art thou the ghost of Secession, or not?

Thine eyes are closed in the daylight so clear,
But open to their full when the darkness is here,
Thou'rt befitting type of Rebellion's chief
Who sits in the midst of his kingdom brief,
On his hollow throne, like a heartless oak,
And hoots to his confederates his desolate croak,
And the press that is there, like a mocking-bird,
A vagabond wanderer, repeats every word,
It echoes likewise what he fain would conceal.
The throes that a people in agony feel,
Who know that their chief, whom their hopes were upon,
Is blind as an owl in the light of the sun.
Go! thou sad bird, to the sand covered graves
That hold in their bosoms Jeff Davis's slaves,
Who died for a tyrant that ground them to dust,
And there hoot thy fill, if be hooting than must,
Or else where the children are starving and cold,
Like lambs in the Winter's storm lost from the fold,
While the owls are low and the wind whistles bleak,
Superadd to the darkness thy ill-omened shriek,
Where woman is cowering in solitude dumb,
And watches for footsteps that never will come.
As a cavern the sun cannot visit with ray,
To scatter the damp and miasma away,
Is the whole Southern country in sadness and gloom,
And haunted with robbers like Edomites' tomb,
O there build thy nest 'midst the mold and the damp,
Where thy eyes are not dazzled by Liberty's lamp,
And there rear thy nestlings, and learn them to shriek,
As thy prototype Jeff did his foolhardy clique.
'Tis no place for thee, where the star-spangled banner
Floats up on the breeze like a nation's hosanna,
And bugles and drums sound the march of the free,
Progressing resistless as waves on the sea,
But if thou wilt dwell on this side of the river,
Alight in the camp where the war prisoners shiver,
And when their scant fires like the crickets shall hum,
As they warm their thin fingers, uncleanly and numb,
Like a genius of ill, flutter down through the smoke,
And give for their vaunted Rebellion a croak.
Sure they will respond with a yell and a howl,
And own thee their brother, thou ill-visaged owl!

Why is a dog with a tail like a dog without a tail? Both are cur-tailed.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT

LIEUT. C. H. CHAMPNEY, PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST 25.—Windy, dust flying in clouds. Dr. Herrick, Frank La Frombois and a small party come in from the Expedition. The Expedition arrives on the opposite bank of the river at 5 P. M. Col. Pattee, Lieuts. Hutchins and Champney went out to meet them.

S. A. Vermillion of Co. A, Brackett's Battalion died of Typhoid Pneumonia, today.

AUGUST 26.—Wind blowing like guns, dust flying like simooms. In the words of another, it was a snow-storm of dirt.

Many of the Expedition's officers visit the Fort. A happy reunion.

Dispatches are brought to the General, (Sully) and Post Commander (Pattee) by a detachment of Co. B, 6th Iowa Cavalry. When they left Fort Sully, the mail was two hours behind.

AUGUST 27.—A very fine day.

Gen. Sully crosses the river, and the customary salutes fired.

One of Brackett's Battalion killed by Indians. Account in another column.

AUGUST 28.—Rather windy, but quite a pleasant day.

The man killed by the Indians found today within three hundred yards of Major Brackett's Head Quarters. He had an arrow through his kidneys and a ball through his shoulder; Buried from the Fort this evening.

Long roll sounded. The sentry at the main entrance fired at an Indian as he thought. A party went out in the direction from which trouble was apprehended, and found a drunken soldier belonging to the Expedition. Mr Soldier was lodged in the Guard House for safe keeping.

Mail arrives on the opposite bank.—Gen. Sully receives a dispatch that 600 men of the 50th Wisconsin Regt. are ordered here to relieve the 1st U. S. V. Inf. The dispatch was dated Aug. 19. They had already left St. Louis.

AUGUST 29—Rather windy.

The officers of the 1st U. S. V. Inf. and 4th U. S. V. Inf. give a dinner to Maj. Gen. Sully and his officers. Lieut. C. H. Champney was caterer. It is a happy time. The officers of this Post all love Gen. Sully. They look on him as a father. His presence throws a sunshine across the dreariness of garrison life in this far Siberia of America.—Account of the dinner given in another column.

Dr. Fern and myself look at the head

of a huge buffalo bull killed by one of the smallest men of Co. A, 4th U. S. V. Inf., at the hayfields on the opposite side of the river. The bullet entered the centre of the huge monster's forehead. His head showed in its gigantic proportions the most indomitable strength. We should not care to be attacked by such a one in the height of despairing rage, unless we had sufficient lee way, or were armed with an unerring rifle.

Have heard the Battalion of the Regiment in Minnesota has been mustered out of service, so say the St. Paul papers.

AUGUST 30.—Extremely windy.

Three Indians are captured near the camp of the Expedition. They are suspected of being those that murdered Jameson, one of Brackett's men. I hardly think so; they belong to Bear Rib's tribe. I know one of them, Left hand Bull. During all the spring Bear Rib's and Two Bears' men proved their loyalty and good faith. While they were here we lost no men—no cattle—not even a shoe-latchet. Honor to whom honor is due, even if an Indian. Let not our prejudices "hang all the Johnsons."

AUGUST 31—Exceedingly windy.—Dust is up "and eternally dusting" in the words of Sergt. Green.

The Big Horn arrives.—Brings Companies B, and K.—Capt. Upton, Capt. Dinon and Lieut. Cronan return to Rice. Lieut. Young is still left at Fort Union to complete unfinished business.

The jovial face of Capt. Wolfe of the Big Horn radiates once more, and Dr. Woods greets us with his intelligent, manly phiz.

Mr. Hubbell is on board the Big Horn, sick. Mr. Pease has also arrived.

A happy greeting to all our friends, confusion to our enemies, and a speedy return to the firesides in far New England and the sunny South.

May we all have (officers and men) a happy Christmas beneath the folds of the starry flag, with the dome circle about us,—father—mother—sister—brother and children—united once more,—never to be sundered by the discordant clarion of War.

Capt. Adams relieved of the command of the Regiment, by Capt. Upton, his senior in rank.

Capt. Adams has commanded the Regiment from May 10th 1865, to Aug. 31st 1865, three months and twenty days.

The following Regimental General Order is promulgated for the benefit of all concerned.

[ORDER]
HD. QRS. 1st REG'T U. S. V. INF. }
August 31, 1865. }

The following order is hereby promulgated:

HD. QRS. POST COMDT, }
Fort Rice, D. T., }
August 31, 1865. }

Special Order }
No. 72. }

[EXTRACT.]

VII. Capt. Wm. B. Upton, Co. B, 1st U. S. V. Inf., having reported for duty at this Post, he will take command of the

1st U. S. V. Inf. as Senior Officer present, relieving Capt. E. G. Adams.

VIII. The Colonel Commanding would take this occasion to thank Capt. Adams for the efficient manner in which he has discharged his duties as Commander of the Regiment.

By order,
Lieut. Col. JOHN PATTEE.
[Signed] H. C. ARCHIBALD,
Lieut. & Post A. Lt.

By order of
Capt. E. G. ADAMS.
[Signed] H. S. HETCHINS,
Lieut. & A. Lt.

The 4th U. S. V. Inf. leaves on the Big Horn tonight for Fort Sully. Success go with them, both officers and men have won golden opinions from all. May they soon be mustered out, and returned to happy and peaceful homes. Capt. Sewall and Lieuts. Riley and Rouse, we regard as brothers, and shall be proud to take them by the hand, if in the course of human events we should meet again.

Capt. Moreland, we understand, has received orders to cross the River and join his Regiment, on Sept. 2d. Success attend this gallant officer, and the 6th Iowa Cavalry. Their native state may well be proud of her sons. May they all be mustered out, and return to the hearts that yearn so fondly for their presence.

When will deliverance come for the 1st U. S. V. Infantry? How long, O Lord, how long?

Gen. Sully is one of those men that gain as well the respect of the most cultured as of the most ignorant. His presence at once dispels all prejudice.—His bitterest enemy might attempt to poison your mind, but a half hour's intercourse would forever dissipate all feelings but those of admiration. No one more than himself enjoys a joke at his own expense. As he has often been brevetted, he relates this story: Once upon a time he was a Quartermaster.—He had a surplus of mules, but there was a deficiency of horses. Like most officers in such a quandary, he was in a fret over his papers, getting them ready to send away. Just at this juncture a drunken officer, somewhat of a bore and the last one he would wish to see at such a time, made his appearance, and inquired the trouble.—"Trouble enough," replied the General, "A surplus of mules, a deficiency of horses! What can I do?" "Make some of the mules brevet horses," thundered out the half-drunken visitor.

AN IRISHMAN'S RENDERING OF "SIO SEMPER TYRANNIS.—An Irishman was a witness in the assassination trial at Washington. He was asked if he saw Booth, when he shot the President. "An sure, yer honor, I did." "Did you see him run upon the stage?" "Yis, yer honor." "What did he say?" "I am sick, send for McGinnis."

When I resided at Point Grove, Missouri, a Dutchman lived in the neighborhood. Another Dutchman moved alongside of the former. A gentleman asked the oldest resident of the two how he liked the other. "He pe one pad man—he whip his wife pefore breakfast, and he whip her pehint breakfast."

AN HEROIC WOMAN.

Mrs. Galpin, wife of Major Galpin, is one of the finest women in the world.— She makes us believe that Pocahontas is no myth or fabrication of the poet. She speaks no English, but her native Sioux. She is the friend of her own race, and also of the whites. Her friendship is not proved by words but by deeds.— When on the parmpet in rear of Regimental Head Quarters, at Fort Rice, I first caught sight of the Indian attack in which Lieut. Wilson was mortally wounded, the second glance revealed the heroic woman supporting the agonized officer in her arms, when the murderous savages stood removed only a few feet.

She has been placed in scenes of great danger, but she has always stood the test, and proved a golden link in the chain between the savage and civilized. At the time of the great massacre in Minnesota the Major had started from Fort McKinstrie, with his family in a Mackinaw down the Missouri.

One day the boat approached the shore and the Major hailed an Indian he saw. The Indian appeared estranged and distant. Galpin continued, "Why do you not come and see me on board? I have tobacco to present you." The Indian warned him to keep from that bank of the river, for a great fight was raging between the whites and Indians in Minnesota, and the flame of hatred had extended even to Dakota. This was the first news Galpin had of the great massacre. The Indians soon gathered about the boat, their hearts intent on mischief.— Mrs. Galpin, with her keen woman's sense, saw the magnitude of the danger, and eloquently began to address, with tears in her eyes, the infuriated crowd. Her eloquence touched the heart of a Yanktonai chief: he said "Sister, no one shall harm you or yours: we have always been friends, and so we will continue." He addressed the crowd, but still they moved not; he then stripped himself, swearing to die in their defense. He made the party that held the boat and that were on board retire, and the Mackinaw swung loose from the shore with its living freight. But like wolves who have once the scent of blood the hostile Indians pursued their prey, meaning to slaughter them at the next bend in the river. The chief harangued the foe, and kept them at bay, but they still pursued, eager for blood. With entreaties, with menaces, they were held off till their number became limited, and at last the rifle drove off the remnant, and the Major and his family were saved.

What kind of rot was worse than the 'tater rot? Atzerot. Dood rot him!

Another Soldier Killed by Indians.

Corporal Horace Jameson, Co. C, Brackett's Minnesota Battalion of Veteran Volunteers, was killed by Indians on the afternoon of Aug 27, 1865. The circumstances attending his death were these: He was out cutting tent-poles.— There were probably three Indians. They were concealed in some thick willow brush. In a clump of bushes were found three haversacks, one of them with the initials "J. K." on it. In one of the haversacks was a bottle of clear water and a piece of fat meat, and lying near were three lariats. Another man, Gibson by name, of Brackett's Battalion, saw three Indians running. He thought they were friendly, because they were only three hundred yards from the tents, and inside the picket line. He did not pay any attention to the incident, but when Jameson was found dead it occurred to him that those might have been the Indians. A pair of moccasins and a painted medicine-stone were found, and Indians examining the latter say the murderers belonged to the Cut-head Yanktonais. Major Brackett sent out Lieut. Church with sixty men. They tracked them seven miles to a narrow bend in the river where they swam across. By their tracks one wore moccasins, and two were bare-foot. One afterwards put on moccasins. Corporal Jameson was a farmer in Minnesota. He leaves a wife and two children. He is spoken of by Major Brackett and Dr. Herriek, who accompanied the Expedition, as being an excellent soldier. All through the Rebellion he has fought Rebels on Southern soil, and when the Stars and Stripes float once more in triumph he is assassinated by a cowardly savage. Rest in peace noble soldier, all thy long marchings and toil over. Thy country and thy comrades will cherish thy memory. Major Brackett with his characteristic kind heartedness felt deeply the loss, as long companionship in arms has endeared his soldiers to him so much, that they seem to him his children or brothers.

Outlet of Devil's Lake.

FORT RICE, D. T., Aug. 29 1865.

Mr. Editor:—In the brief account given of "Mini-Wakan" Lake, two weeks since in the "Scout" an interesting fact was inadvertently omitted—viz:—The discovery by Major Von Minden of its outlet. Not having had the pleasure of accompanying the Major in his tour on the north west border of this beautiful sheet of water, I did not fully learn the particulars of his explorations till recently. "About Long. 99 deg. 15 min. Lat. 48 deg. 15 min. he discovered what appeared to be an outlet running for several miles north-west and no doubt connecting

with the chain of lakes which form the sources of the Pembina River. And although there is no perceptible current in this outlet, which is from one to two hundred feet wide, yet the country warrants the belief that at high water Devil's Lake feeds the Pembina River, and has one outlet at least."

This is confirmed by the half-breeds of the North, who are somewhat acquainted with this region of country.

There is much of interest connected with this lake which we would be happy to see in print from the pen of its worthy explorer. MEDICUS.

Gen. Sully a Big Medicine Man.

When Gen. Sully arrived at Fort Berthold, on the return of his present Expedition, all the chiefs visited him, requesting him that he would, like Father De Smidt, make it rain. At first the General put them off. They would not desist; they said their cornfields were perishing for lack of moisture. Crops never looked so prosperous before, but the Great Spirit refused them rain. Tired out, the General, at last, told them he would bring rain. Accordingly, that night occurred a furious tempest; a thread of water near where Co. L, 6th Iowa Cavalry and Co. A, Brackett's Battalion, were camped, suddenly swelled to a huge stream, sweeping away saddles, tents, and everything in its course. The Indians next morning visited the General, thoroughly convinced that he had granted the promised boon, but hinting that the dose was a little too strong and unequal in its distribution, as there did but little fall in the immediate vicinity of the Fort. The General replied by stating that the storm was like an unruly horse, and he was not able to hold it in; in fact, that it ran away with him. He promised to do better next time, and perfectly satisfy them as to kind and quantity. He went to the Fort that afternoon, and a fine, refreshing shower immediately followed him, and they are forever convinced that Gen. Sully is a Big Medicine Man.

CAPT. FIELDNER.—Capt. Fieldner, of the U. S. Cavalry (Regulars) was killed last year on the Little Shyenne. He was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the column. He was gathering specimens of petrifications for the Smithsonian Institute. He had just stooped to the brink of the river to obtain a drink of water in his india rubber cup, when the Indians killed him. A Sergeant of Co. M, of his Regt., who was his orderly, was two hundred yards from him. Capt. Miner of Co. A, Dakota Cavalry, went in pursuit of the murderers. He caught them on the prairies, finding them concealed in buffalo holes, places where the buffaloes roll to free themselves from gnats and flies. They were of that band of the Yanktonais, called Cut-heads. He brought them to Gen. Sully, who cut off their heads and stuck them on poles, and then they were cut-heads sure enough.