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-woven with the shade,
Where the cat's eye that threw its white foam on the air
Seemed like incense a saint's finger's up for a prayer.

Where the sunrise shone up from above
The tall pines
As a city on fire, in the deep midnight shine.
And the sun as he sunk to the night's grey glooms
Had his beams all bedecked with the long pliny plumes.
And the stars as they shone through the forest's thick roof
Seemed like chandeliers hung from a temple's high roof.

Beautiful country! all timeless and wild.
As the savage that roams there, fair Nature's own child.
To the sea flow they rivers, all darkling fine,
But in wildness and beauty they scarce equal him.

As he roams through the forest, so swift and so tall,
As a shadow will fit on a cottage's wall.
His buffalo robe over his shoulder is flung,
His bow in his hand with the arrow is strung.

And to the songster that sings in his sight,
It shall fall as his feet quick as beam of the light.
It will die a moment, but ah, never more
On its gay, joyous wing through the ether 'twill soar.

It has finished its song, and some other may sing.
On the bough where it sung, in its stead will be heard.
And to the deer as they pause there to drink,
By the side of some fountain's umbra-geous brink,
They shall sing, should his arrow but fly from its string.

With their life blood the crystal of yonder pure spring;
A hunter is he, so well-skilled in his art,
As we go northward, and also that the quality is better. These Lignite deposits of which I have observed six different strata from the surface of the high plains 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 opportunity 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 only 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 pyrites, forms pyrites of a black, dense, compact state, and the amount of water is sufficient to cause the Lignite to be ignited by the heat thus generated in the combustible matter. The Lignite found at Fort Berthold, while usually only pockets of Lignite leaves have been found in the formations of which these are exposed to a current of air, where they immediately blazed up with a clear-bright flame. Over this smouldering mass were two feet of highly heated Lignite, and above this sixteen inches more, entirely unaffected. To this partial combustion of the Lignite Strata near the outcropping points it is undoubtedly due the peculiar formation of at least many of the bluffs of this region, and it must be regarded as the cause of the frequent occurrence of bluffs and slides. The Vegetable Marls found in connection with the Lignite beds are of varying thickness, from four inches to eighteen feet, and are seated in the attention of all who, by scientific researches, desire to develop the resources of this most valuable country, as they do not only possess chemically the elements of fertility, but have also the power to act mechanically on the soil to which they may be added as fertilizers, by their porosity and moisture-retaining properties. The time may yet come when Dakota will furnish the United States with a material which, if properly prepared, at least equal to granite, 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,

ELWOOD M. ROTHENDORF.

HOSP. Steward 8th Iowa Vol. Cav.

Atchison,

Vol. I.

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

No. 12.
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 sound of arms. He feels as if he was in an empty theater 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 unaccountable 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 homes are but blotted circles on a endless handprint. They have done well for their country. Let their country do well by them. Close 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 vouche 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 shining; like light in a stream, though turned asphyxiated, it is shining still. No more shall false teachers or false principles afflict its course, or dim its glory.

DINNER GIVEN TO MAJ. GEN. SULLY AND OFFICERS OF THE 7TH W. INDIAN EXPEDITION.

Aug. 29, 1865, the officers of the Ist U. S. V. Inf. and 4th U. S. V. Infantry gave a dinner. The guests were Maj. Gen. Sully, Major Von Münden, Capt. Nason, Capt. Palmer and Lieut. Uehling of his staff. Lt. Col. Ten Broeck and Capt. Merland of 6th Iowa Cavalry, Major Brackett and Lieut. Rosto and Porter of Brackett's Butterfield. Capt. Pope, Capt. Tripp, Capt. Tripp, Capt. Rutan and Dr. Haywood, 7th Iowa Cavalry, and Capt. Penn. The dinner was a happy reunion. The General said he was in a great state of health, and, like a heartiest 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 it pleasant in so unhealthy a climate. He showed what men could do, if they tried.

In response to a toast offered by Capt. Nason to the Regular Army, the General said he hardly knew whether he was a regular or volunteer, he held much to and against, auspicious, can't live or 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 were the private citizens, 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 so good prospect as at any time in the history of Revolutionary order, and that they expatriated themselves in their devotion, and expected to fight at the front, where capture was certain death—at the fence of facts he was proud of his Regiment, Capt. Tripp sympathetic and well. Dr. Yovias, 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 or her country in the hour of her need. Gen. Sully stated in the course of some remarks that he expected expeditions of the future. He said nothing for an officer who would not fight for the honor of his Regiment when called. 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 Ed N. H. Regiment when it was guarding Rebel Prisoners of War at Point Lookout, Md. The Colonel of the Regiment led a sortie against Lieut. Adams, because he was commissioned by the Governor of New Hampshire to take satisfaction to his wishes and wire-clubbing, and knowing the Lieutenant wrote a note, said in derision, "That owl could make a fine subject for Adams to write on." Adams heard of this, 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 ope to their fall when the darkness is here.
Thou hast bitten off the head of Rebel's chief.
Who sits in the midst of his kingdom.
On his hollow throne, like a heartless foe,
And boasts to his confederates desolate crew,
And the press that is there, like a mock serpent,
A vagabond wanderer, repeats every word,
It echoes likewise what he said would come.
The man that a people in agony feel.
Who knows that their chief, whose hopes were upon
Is blind as an owl in the light of the sun.
Golgotha said bird, to the sand covers grave.
That hold in their bosoms Jeff Davis's shaves.
Who died for a tyrant that ground them to dust.
And there heat thy fill, if be hoisting them
Or else where the children are staring and cold.
LIKE LAMBS, in the Winter's storm lost from the fold.
While the wolves are loose and the wind whistles keen.
Supposed to the darkness thy illogical shriek.
Where woman is cowering in solitude.
And waiting for footsteps that never did come.
As eastern the sun cannot visit with joy.
To scatter the damp and misan phase.
Is the whole Southern country in sadness and gloom.
And haunted with rubbers like Bloomer's tomb.
O there build thy nest amidst the mud and the damp.
Where thy eyes are not dazzled by Liberty's light.
And there rear thy nestlings, and learn them to shriek.
As thy prototype Jeff did his fodder claps.
"The eye of thine, where the stars spangled banner
Flies up on the breeze like a nation's bosoms,
And bugles and drums sound the march of the free.
Progress noiseless as oxen on the sea.
But if thou wilt dwell on this side of the river.
A sight in the camp where the war prisoners shelter.
And when the wolves and fires like the nickels shall hunt.
As they warm their thin fingers, unbearably and numb.
Like a genius of ill, flutter down through the smoke.
And give up their vaunted rebellion a conk.
Sure they will respond with a yell and a howl.
And own thee their brother, thou Illinoised owl.
Why is a dog with a tail like a dog without a tail? Both are cut-tailed.
LOCAL ITEMS.

AUGUST 25.—Windy, dust flying in clouds, Dr. Herrick, Frank La Fromboise and a small party come in from the Expedition. The Expedition arrived to the opposite bank of the river at 5 P.M., Col. J. Latte, Lieut. Hutchings 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 snowflakes. In the woods 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 (Patterson) 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 sentries 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. 20. They had already left St. Louis.

AUGUST 29.—Rather windy.

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

Dr. Pau 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 fire way, or were armed with an unerring rifle.

Here heard the Battle of the Regiment in Minnesota has been mustered out of service, to 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 last no man was either eaten, or 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.

But it is up and cloud dusting in the words of Sgt. Green.

The Big Horn arrives.—Brings Comanches B and K.—Capt. Upton, Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Cronam return to Rice. Lieut. Young is still left at Fort Union to complete within the next month the jubilant.

The jubilant of Capt. Wolfe of the Big Horn radiates once more, and Dr. Woods greets us with his intelligent, manly phrase. Mr. Pease is on board the Big Horn, sick. Mr. Pease has also arrived.

A happy greeting to all our friends, confidence to our enemies, and a speedy return to the President in far New England and the southern South.

May we all have officers and men a happy Christmas beneath the folds of the starry flag, with the dome circle above us,—father,—mother,—sister,—brother,—and children—until once more,—never to be membrane by the discordant clanging 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 REGT. U.S. V. INF. August 31, 1865.

The following order is hereby promulgated:

HD. QRS. Fort Comot, Fort Hise, 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, will take command of the
AN HEROIC WOMAN.

Mrs. Galpin, wife of Major Galpin, is one of the finest women in the world. She makes us believe that Peonkutas 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 parapet in rear of Regimental Head Quarters, at Fort Rice, I first caught sight of the Indian attack in which Lient. 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 strange 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 fire was raging between the whites and Indians, in the village.

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 Yanktonal 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, but the 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 slay 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 ride drove off the remnant, and the Major and his family were saved.

What kind of rot was worse than the "later rot?" Atrocit. Did rot him.

Another Soldier Killed by Indians.

Corporal Horace Jansen, 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 Jansen 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 examine the latter say the medicine belonged to the Cut-head Yanktonals. Major Brackett sent out Lieut. Church with six men. They tracked them several miles, but no Indians were seen. One afternoon, the Indians came near the camp, but they were not noticed. Afterward, the Indians came near the camp, but they were not noticed.

Gen. Sully and 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 make a Medicine with them. He consented, and went with him to Fort Berthold.

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 medical in its distribution, as they did not feel the little fall in the immediate vicinity of the Fort. The General replied by stating that the storm was like a fiery horse, and he was not able to hold it in; in fact, that it ran away with him. He returned the Medicine, and the Indians were perfectly satisfied to see such a kind and quantity. He went to the Fort that afternoon, and a fine, freshening shower immediately followed him, and they were forever convinced that Gen. Sully is a Big Medicine Man.

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 "Sauk," 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-breed 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.

M. D.

Capt. Fielden.—Capt. Fielden, of the U. S. Cavalry (Regulars) was killed last year on the Little Shyene. He was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the colliery when he was ambushed. He was gathering specimens of petrifications for the Smithsonian Institute. He had just stopped to the brick 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 encamped in buffalo holes, places where the buffalo roll to free themselves from grunts and flies. They were of that band of the Yanktonals, called Cut-heads. He brought them to Gen. Sully, who cut off their heads and struck them on the palms, and then they were cut-heads sure enough.