The Resurrected Soldier.  

A ROMANCE OF DAKOTA.  

By Capt. E. G. Adams.  

The 1st U. S. V. Inf. arrived at Fort Rice Oct. 17, 1864.— Shortly after their arrival a detachment under command of a Sergeant were sent to a block-house built near the mouth of the Yankton Tall River. The locality is very romantic. The valley and lands that border the river are among the finest in the Territory. Here the Government stock were sent to graze, and these soldiers were for a protection to the stock and herders. The weather, when the Regiment first arrived at Fort Rice, was severe, but it soon melted away, and the season, till winter, seemed with its soft winds and dreamy, hazy skies like an Indian summer. These men were most of them hunters from childhood. The gun had been their companion in the sunny South and far South-west from boyhood. They were perfectly insane on hunting. They had no fear of an Indian. They had never been wounded by an arrow. They had never seen the terrible agony of the savage's victim. They liked faced bullets and shells so long in the Rebellion that they deemed an Indian and his warfare an object of sport and ridicule. The citizens warned them of their imprudence, but little heed did these brave and reckless young men pay to their admonitions. Experience was to be their instructor, Facts are the best orators.

No one was more passionately fond of his gun and the pursuit of game than George W. Townsend, the hero of our story. Young, gay, dashling and headlong, he sailed round through the bottoms and prairies as a hawk sweeps round through the unmoved empyrean. He always returned with game, sometimes loaded with prairie chickens with their pied plumage sometimes with jack-rabbits, cared like mules; and anon perhaps with finely antlered deer, with dun skin like an amber cloud, which fell, and spilt its blood while tears filled its eyes as if it were a human being.

No Indian had thus far waylaid his path.

One day as he and two others, soldiers like him, were walking in the skirts of the forest, they heard a slight rustling in some low underbrush. They paused, thinking some deer had just been roused from its lair. They brought their guns to a ready, and stood expectant. Their eyes glanced in another direction, and they beheld twenty warriors, painted red, and nearly naked. Feathers were floating in their hair, and altogether they presented a fierce aspect. The ponies which they rode were marked with paint, and by every token they were evidently keen. Just at this juncture other Indians rushed from the undergrowth where the soldiers had heard the slight rustle, and soon the arrows began to fly upon their victims, as they thought. But the soldiers were ready. Their guns soon sent the bullets whizzling into the crowd, and they drew off, partly frightened and partly to gain advantage by change of position. Townsend had no fear; he rushed forward when the foe retreated, the other remaining in static quo. At length he got separated from the others, and the Indians in a circle gathered upon their victim before he could reload his peace. They poisoned his arms like a felon with a long lariat of buffalo hair, and helped themselves to his gun and ammunition with a cry of rapture half gruff and half howl. A young buck seized his soldier cap and stuck a feather in it, and stunned on the top a fox's tail, and swung his head as proudly as a little girl in a carpenter's shop, hanging holding curls on her ears. Nothing exceeds an Indian's vanity except his cruelty—and superstition is a great check sometimes to the latter quality. Another Indian disarmed him of his blunder, and nothing now constituted him but his soldier pants and shoes. By their grime of triumph he knew full well he was a victim to adorn some horrid dance, and that torture was all that hovered over him in life. Imagine the sadness of a man about on a single plank on the broad ocean, and it is faint-in comparison to the feeling of oppression Townsend felt. His companions kept firing and rushing up till they found it useless, and slowly and sadly withdrew towards the block-house. A big squad was soon dispatched to rescue Townsend, but the Indians had already crossed the Missouri, and were far away amid the wilderness of butes. Tied alongside a pony he traveled, the sun falling on his back, it had burned his flesh. He tried to prevent their talking, but could not understand a word, but by their gestures, which were profuse, he judged he was the principal object of solicitude that his prospects were not of the most flattering kind. How hard and brawny seemed the sky!—It appeared to him that Nature should open to him her bosom of pity, and appear for his deliverance. But there stood the vast heavens silent, speechless, and the great plains without a voice, and the huge belt of woods on the muddy Missouri, like a stoic to all his fearful anticipations.

Surely Nature looks different through different eyes, and different through the same eyes at different times. If the heart is gay, how the landscape dances in sunshine! If the heart is sad, sunshine becomes somber, and unapproachable.

Night came on at last. The sun went down in all its glory. The air was warm, as if a thunder shower was in conception. Tall, foamy piles of clouds stood like barricades near some ledge of the Arctic, or glaciers on the Switzer's house. Behind them the lightning danced like circles of waltzers in a festive and splendidly-draped hall. No clime has such beautiful clouds as Dakota. The Earth is dreyar, but heaven, unapproachable as happiness here, is glorious. The rainbow here surpasses imagination. The Aurora Borealis is beautiful in its magnificence as the burning of light on a newborn creation. But all appeared like mockery to Townsend. He could not lift his thoughts to heaven. The waves bowling on the hills and in the ravines seemed calling for his blood.

At last, he perceived smoke like deep mist rising from a sort of amphitheatre amid the hills. Then there was a sound like that of tame crows, then a gibbering as that of squaws. Then the snarling of dogs fell on his ear. He knew they were approaching a camp. Soon the squaws, with red blankets, fringed leggings and banded mocassins rushed forth to welcome the brave,./
THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

CAPT. J. W. M. E. ROGERS.

FORT B. H. T.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1869.

INDIAN VILLAGE AT FORT BERTHOLD.

A brief account of the Berthold Indian Village, its inhabitants and their customs, through the "frontier" description, may not be entirely uninteresting to the lovers of Indian tales.

The "children of the prairie" whose homes here are the relics of the once proud and powerful tribes of the Mandans, Hidatsa, and Gros Ventres. For years the latter band has lived at peace with the whites, and have fully proved themselves worthy of consideration.

The rites are a branch of the Fowlers nation, from which they became separated by the migration of the Dakotas.

The Mandans are the last remnant of a distinct tribe, which was once the most powerful in the country. The small-pox has been their great enemy, if having, in 1867, sent hundreds of them to the "hunting grounds of the Great Spirit," and even now they trouble the mention of the terrible source.

The Gros Ventres are a small band of the Crow nation, and were the first to make their permanent home at the Fort Fy intermarriage (if buying squaws with poles can be called marriage) these tribes have become confounded, but still preserve a certain degree of distinctness, each having its own special part of the village in which to live.

Their homes are dirt lodges made of poles and poles covered with dirt, formed within a large circular room from forty to sixty feet in diameter. In the center is a hole six feet square and two feet deep, which constitutes their store for warming and cooking purposes. Directly over this is an opening in the roof through which escapes the curling smoke. Around the fire are spread the robes on which may be seen the large occupants of the lodge, listlessly smoking their pipes, while the squaws sit patiently at their work, making mocassins and watching the precious contents of some biling pot or stewing pot. Around the walls of the lodge on one side are arranged the beds of the household. Many of these are neat and tidy, being made of round poles raised one or two feet from the floor and hung about with curtains of calico or dressed skins, which are embellished with rude drawings representing the daring exploit of the occupant in battle or in the chase. On the opposite side, and in

This is the part of the lodge in which the animals are driven every night, for it is a safe place for them out in the presence of Indians. In which room do the horses remain. At night the lodges are surrounded by large fires, which are kept burning throughout the winter months. Papoose are to be seen and heard in every corner. Nevertheless this mingled group of occupants—warriors, squaws, papoose, horses, dogs, tame birds, etc., many of the lodges are kept quite neat and clean, and exhibit a taste not usually attributed to the savage.

There is no regularity about the streets in the town, as the lodges are built wherever the architect thought most convenient. We might expect the "common" in front of the "medicine-lodge," but never, which is a clear spot fifty feet in diameter, the center of which stands the "medicine-lodge." Around the village is a rude stockade of cottonwood logs, which affords a slight protection from attacks of the hostile Indians.

A few miles from this stands the cemetery. Here their dead are laid to rest on scaffolds raised from ten to fifteen feet above the ground. Here the monuments are the graves themselves. Some are wrapped in red blankets, some in quilled blanket, some in war dress with pipe, tomahawk, bow and arrows in hand; others are securely fastened up in houses—nearing the rather to appropriate inscriptions, "U. S. Army Sub.-Capt. " Hospital dep't," "Q. M. dep't," "Ordnance Dep't," American Company," etc. Here rests the hero of the Fy, Gros Ventres and Mandans who laid down their lives.

The next event was the morning revels of the departed, and night after night send up to the Great Spirit their annual ball of woe. Even now I hear the low tones of one old man wailing through the village howling the loss of his daughter, who died a few days since.

In the vicinity of the Fort there are extensive fields of vegetables. They have paid much attention to agricultura, and indeed, seem to take pride in it. In the corn-field, which are oaks, beans, squashes, pumpkins and potatoes. Some of these blanching poles are nearly fruitless on account of the swarm of grasshoppers, which prove fatal to the growing corn. This year they have a profusion of an abundant harvest, some six hundred acres being under cultivation, which has been well watered and but little disturbed by the grasshoppers. The squaws do most of the work in the field. They are really the farmers, in the sense that the men send the pipe, hunt the buffalo and fish for the chiefs, for whom they cherish the most deadly hatred.

Another event is the "medicine dance," in which the squaws take part. These are the dances of the sun, which are the usual dances of the white men, which are almost veritable when the dancing commences, for, as these Indians dance, painted dots and rings appear on the floor, following lines of the red fire, which is the only light afforded, the air filled with the sweetest odors, and the whole band dances in our voices as their wild whoops and uncertain acclamations.

We are a painter and wished to present this Indian village with a view of how it stood in my mind. I would select some scene for my model.

After the overture comes the "magic." These are theSeparation of hands and feet in two long rows, leaving a space between them. The men and women, standing in two rows, and the women in between them, turn scissors, stabbing through the heart, prowling...
LOCAL ITEMS

Sept. 8.—The target U. S. Grant sets for below, carrying tritons of the Regiment and the last of those capons in Minnesota who have been on detached service with those companies here. We have many valuable soldiers. They are backed out at the City. We part with Capt. A. Johnson, who has been a faithful example in keeping the Frontier Scout in existence—The gay, belligerent and lively Charlie goes, and Keyser, from the Adjutant's office. Such a reward is worth the curb or a change.

The appointments of Lieut. S. W. Vigna as Captain, of 24th Lieut. H. Thompson as 1st Lieutenant, of 52d Major H. Bevan as 2d Lieutenant, of Q. M. Seg. C. B. Thompson as 2d Lieutenant have been continued by order of the Secretary of War. This time we have by the mail that has just arrived. In the Hattiesburg May arrive from the bringing Morse, South, Hawley & Hal- bell of the Northwestern Company. They have bought out all the interests of Cities in this country, and own Forts Union and Berthold. The former Fort has been abandoned by the military, and Fort Berthold probably will be before long. Mr. Poe was also on board the Hattie and Mr. Hawley, the greater part of the officers went on board, and had a very pleasant, sociable time. The most of them were well acquainted with Mr. Hubbell, who has often been at this post, and met many friends by his gen- erous qualities. We are pleased that this company, so potent with interest to those Territories consists of law, patriots who will help civilization in its greatest western march. Mr. Hubbell is a fine man and so is Mr. Hawley. Such men are the men for the times.

Capt. 11.—Lieut. Brain and Lieut.

BRITISH ITEMS

The Day Before the 4th of July in the States

"Many of the soldiers are coming home. * * * You do not say anything about your coming home. We have had an abundance of rain. And the East this reason, conse- quently the Earth is clothed in a beauti- full garment a contrast from last summer. There is a contrast as great as in the vegetable world—it is such a riot to read a newspaper as not see great battles thousand killed and wounded, and also to know that those that have labor, bith and living and not to see it; but the people that are not yet, though the sword is laid aside for we shall have the same spirits to contend with, if as many of them as formerly especially as long as the present generation lives. I have bought one piece of music recently, with many others, which you will like, I guess, and may have heard—the title is "Wake Necedota." An old negro, a giant among his race in intellect as well as in body, was weary, waiting so long for the freedom of his kindred, and died.

"Once his last request—so we laid him away in the bosom of an old hollow tree—"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the first break of day. Wake me up for the great Jubilee!"

But we are all trying our best to wake him up to-day, and when he wakes, I suppose, the 4th of July will.

"There is a good deal of rough wit among the members of the last U. S. Inf, but it bordered on the grimmest of Co D, speaking of a man who was exceedingly tall, said—"he was so tall he could stand flat-foot- ed in b—, and shake hands with Father Abraham.""

What product of Dakota is Indian war-dances? Wild Hogs.

Tell it from our Elders.

The plee woods of Maine,

From the North Pole to the South, from the sun-kissed skies to the rugged.

We will have a merry Christmas,

For the moon is good enough.

The Christmas tree has been cut down,

Empties in the bay of Peace.

There were such presents

Green on Christmas morning,

Since was green, the real green,

For the world is redemption bare.

And the joy of our redemption

Breaks into light at last

After more and more,

From 1776 to 1861.

No more man soiled gone

Strike the people with alarm,

Nor with his heavy machete,

Nor the farmer leave his farm.

From Tennessee to Georgia.

So came Jeff Davis reigns,

All covered with blood,

With Tyranny's foul stain.

So we'll use the fierce fire-eater

Of the war-delighting South

Singing different kind of notes

From the other side his mouth.

And the hungry South Carolinians,

What the black man's sport commended,

Will be sheltered with the pinions

They so proudly rose against.

And England, cruel culture,

Who thought to pick our bones,

Will think from his emprise

Again her Jesus.

Who held with fire and pillage,

Along her island coast,

In what many a village,

And London's heart almost

When she saw our rails of iron

Against her heart of oak,

The song of the old siren

Will be changed into a croak,

And with a sudden pause,

Back to her island fair

Who came like a Satyr,

Will fly like frightened hare.

Napoleon, who the Latin

Over the Sahara would exert,

Will his calculations that in

Most audacious find in fault.

Back to his home of yonder

With Steadfast.
that stayed it were so arranged that it was well ventilated from the top. The brothers of the Strong-heart were called together. The Full Moon told his half-sister, the Thanksgiving Woman, all his glory. The war-shirt was on him, curiously and deftly ornamented with brightly tinted porcupine quills. The tails of the feathers which gave the war-shirt its diaphanous round its borders—Pictures of hoofs on the shirt imaged forth the number of horses stolen, and locks of hair of sooty slain. His history was so interesting to the Full Moon that he forgot to mention to the Young Plume Indians, if not among whites, a man can be known by the clothes he wears. His face was also painted as well as his shirt, every streak was a sign or symbol of some exploit, and had to the initiated a meaning, but to the uninformed was perfect hieroglyphics.

All the assembled chiefs and head men sat on their haunches like squirrels on the inner circumference of the tent. The simmering hot dog meat and maize in a big kettle smoked in the centre, and sent forth an odor grateful to their senses, for each and all emitted a guttural sound of pleasure as the steam curled upward in the dark, dense air. In a few minutes singing together like croaking frogs, their legs moving as with an involuntary tremor; when in the next notes their voices were raised to the rhythm of the howling wind dogs. It would beggar description to paint an Indian eating. When he eats every part of him is instinct with the motion of digestion, and he eats close down to his toesails.

While the feast of the Strong-hearts was proceeding, Townsend was taken to an artificial king bed, and held by the chief, Full Moon, and tied to a stake driven deeply in the ground. All this was done by squaws. Strings of buffalo fat were tied round his legs, and it was with difficulty that the voracious dogs were kept away.

To return to the blockhouse on the Cannon Ball. — News of Townsend's death (no one doubted that) was sent to Fort Rice, and the Commander of his Company, Lient. Wilson, sent his Final Statement to the Secretary of the U. S., and he was considered in the Regiment as the first victim of Indian warfare.

We now return to Townsend. The clouds had cleared away that hattedinem rain, and the full moon arose in its splendor, but the rays fell upon a victim whose heart was pierced at the sight. He looked round on Nature as if to take a last farewell of all things sublinary. It was sad to die such a death as he was about to die, so full of youth, of strength, of hope. How beautiful seemed the fesst of life to him, now it was to be snatched from before him! It is human nature to value things, alas! too late.

Who is that approaching from the rear of the lodge of the Chief, Full Moon? —
The shadow, even is beautiful. It is a female form. Her long, dark hair is ornamented with the feathers of the Dakota magpie. They are a dark, glittering green, with white spots. Her moccasins are glittering, with the same color on the dark award, garnished as they are with crystal glass beads. Her leggings are brilliant with porcupine quill and delicate fringe of antelope tufted with the same. She has a Mackinaw blanket of the brightest purple, but more glittering than the necklace of shell about her neck or the bracelets of gold from the Black Hills about her wrists. The light falling on the fountain that gushed round Mini-Wakan is the glow of those luminous eyes. She approaches Townsend. She lays her oft-brightened eyes on the half dead. She secretly signs the fate that awaits him. With an air of solemnity she sits by, staring and squatting, and then emitting a slight whistle which struck her half dead heart, motioning that she will relieve him when the moon has sunk in darkness, that she has gained permission to be his sentinel, and that she will liberate him. He understands enough of her signs to know that a savior has appeared, and the pulse that beat slowly so few hours at fever heat. At a late hour all was still in the Indian encampment. At sunrise Townsend was to be struck full of knives, and thus gashed to be burnt, and the following day was to be devoted to the hardest orgies of Indian life.

In a curious halo, made of the horns of a mountain sheep, Owarpit, Full Moon's daughter, brought the proached victim, and placed him upon the little altar. Her lips a bell of toto to appease his rapid appetite.

At last deep singing was heard in every tipi. Silent as the dead Owarpit stood trembling on his knees, and until each word of every thing that bound him. An Indian woman is the fullest mortal in the world. They can tread as softly as a zephyr. In anything relating to a horse or a hunter, he will not even breathe. Talk about a part-rudge; they are no half so sly as an Indian woman. Townsend pulled off his coat, and lit a pipe. The light of the fire worked moccasins soon encased his feet.

A blanket and feather made his disguise complete; at a short distance one any world would have thought him an Indian. Owarpit led him, "whishing" down Townsend: that commenced to walk, to a little corn in the shade of a ravine close by. There he saw two splendid American horses; saddled and bridled. Their frames presented a combination of strength and fleetness rarely seen. Exrhodon stools, from the moment they came from the settlement, they had not enough of the blood of Indian Indians to make them stout, but not to diminish their size.

He placed the bridle of one of the steeds in his hand, and motioned Townsend to mount, while she hopped across the dark back of the other as a rain apriling across a dark thunder-cloud. Her horse had a burden of blankets and food, but most compactly arranged, and also a tent folded snugly as a morning-glory before it has opened to the gaze of the sun.

Fleety as the wind Owarpit and her victim dodged behind a bute, and when day began to dawn they were afar off on a lofty mountain overlooking the camp. — Soon they saw it pour forth its destruction. But pursuit was useless. On they fled, day and night till they reached the deserted camp of the Friendly Crosses. With these they went to the mouth of the Missouri River. Where they spent the winter in the warm lodge of an old French trap at St. Mary by name. In early spring with Owarpit Townsend started for Idaho, and is engaged in digging gold from the rich placers. He considers himself not a deserter, as his Final Statements are at Washington, and some day, if you go to that Territory, you may yet meet the Resurveyed Soldier.

ABOUT RATS.

Fort Rice has been the scene of another attack. This time the relentless white man is the aggressor, and a swarm of dusky rats and mice the victims. For months the depredations of these enterprising settlers within the Fort have been borne. Our food has been stolen, our coals and boots eaten, and our sleep disturbed till endurance has ceased to be a virtue. The murrinings of the storm were heard several days before any system had been devised; indeed, it must be confessed that there has been very little organization in the whole matter. A few mornings since, two officers, either from a sense of grievance or less fear of blood, commenced the war in their own quarters. Strict secrecy was observed that the marauders might pursue their accursed raids uninhibited. That day's adventures can never all be told. —

If any of them deserve narrative it is an account of their escaping. Armed in the morning with clubs and pikes and the indomitable fighters waited to see an intruder. Not a mouse stirred. —

Not a rat stirred. A few hours after one little fellow ran along next the wall and slipped behind a valve standing on the floor. It seemed a small thing but, not to be baffled, the tallest of our heroes, with club upraised, sprang to the spot, and stamping at one end, curiously burst the floor at the other, in instant expectation of viewing the lifeless remains of the little raider. Compelled at length to desist he found the mouse had vanished, probably several minutes before. Many other attempts were like fruitless. At night only two mice died; two others, their dusky mates, no doubt pulled their hair and gnashed their teeth at being beheaded.

In the meantime, unknown to any one else, our black boys had resolved themselves into a Corps d'Afrique, and on a bright night systematically attacked the whole tribe of Grountwines. It is not known how many these rats number, but certain it is that some of their-lodges will be without ratten empty. The ground lay strewn with dead in the morning. No account of incident has been received. It is suspected that the fight was not altogether characteristic by the humane principles of Christian warfare. All things are measured by success, however, and this was successful. By the way, while various plans are devised for ridding ourselves of rats, we would suggest that this Corps d'Afrique be retained to catch them by-deal.