

FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

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No. 3.

The Seven Miners from Idaho.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

For the Frontier Scout.
There were seven miners attempted to go
Down to the States from Idaho.
They wandered across the the wilderness
stark
Till they neared the ruins of old Fort
Clark.
No Indian's form and no tipi's smoke
The awful stillness of Nature broke.
By went illimitable buffalo herds;
'Round them chirruped the prairie birds;
In remotest distance the antelopes
Evanesced from sight, like young men's
hopes;
The fox looked out of his den as they
went,
And the wolf afar off followed their scent;
The tall grass sighed like a broken harp
When swayed by the North-west wind
so sharp.
The heavens portended a fall of snow,
As they journeyed onward from Idaho.
These human bark on a sea of land
In a moment might strike a snag, and
strand,
But they feared not Nature, though
rough her touch,
But all that they feared was a human
clutch,
Which seers for the tuft of hair on the
crown,
And this their thought as they journeyed
down.
When they came near the site of the
ancient work,
An Indian they spied in ravine to lurk,
And when they had crossed to the oppo-
site bluff
The sight they beheld it was wild enough.
There were fifty lodges emitting smoke,
There were fifty wolf-dogs which from
them broke,
And thence fifty savages, small and large
Gathered like waves 'round a sinking
barge,
About these men that had ventured to
go
Down to the States from Idaho.
Each face with the blood of a foe was
painted,
Which was scooped from his heart as in
death he fainted,
And scalps were like belts around them
strung,
Where the gray locks shone by the side
of the young,
And woman's hair curls which their beau-
ty retained,
Still sitken and long, though with blood
they were stained; [about,
Some swung their tomahawks lightly
As to meet the strangers they sallied out,

And some were armed with pistols and
guns,
Which to slay a foe they discharge but
once,
And some were equipped with a bow and
arrow [sparrow.
That could kill a man or could kill a
The miners they saw that resistance was
vain,
And so met them with smiles, though
their hearts were in pain;
For a slow death by torture loomed up in
their sight
As a dull, lurid comet sweeps up through
the night.
Yet they seized their rude hands with a
most friendly shake,
Those hands that they dreaded far more
than a snake;
And the man that was oldest of all of
the group,
With a courage that never was yet known
to droop,
Bethought him of means of evading the
wrath,
That had fallen like hurricane over their
path;
At last he remembered the portrait of
child,
As lovely an infant as ever had smiled.
It was hidden down deep in his pocket's
recess,
An infant he never had seen to caress,
A bud that on Earth had begun to out-
blow
While he dug in the placers of Idaho.
He brought it out, and displayed by signs
That to clasp that babe he had left the
mines,
And had wandered across the desolate
prairie,
Fearing no danger nor adversary.
Each savage gazed with a keen, quick
glance
On the child with its innocent counte-
nance,
And the hands that were feeling for scalp-
ing knife
Fell down by their sides as bereft of their
life.
The brows lately knit with the fiercest
of hate
At once became calm and serene and
sedate,
And a council was called to consider the
cause
(For such is the course of their customs
and laws.)
This father they brought with his pic-
tured pappoose
To act as a pleader to hearts still obtuse.
They met in a wigwam, each head man
and chief
Was to give his opinion in oration brief,
With eyes that were closed, so he should
not suspect

What the rest might accede to or what
might reject,
But no speaker there was that could cut
his heart loose
From the feeling aroused by the pala-
faced pappoose.
That picture engraved by stray beam of
the sun
Had conquered those savages, every one,
And they suffered those miners in safety
to go
Back to their homes from Idaho.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH.

One a paragon of excellence, the oth-
er a synonym for baseness. Perhaps nev-
er were two men so entirely antagonistic,
so utterly unlike. There was Lincoln
with no beauty, no polish, but a good,
honest, noble heart. The outward cas-
ket but faintly imaged the heart within.
And yet there was a certain something
about him that made him agreeable to
behold. The consciousness that under all
circumstances he would do right, that
gold could not buy him, that flattery
could not lead him astray, nor even calum-
ny move him. Like the old man of the
mountain in my native state, the same in
storm and sunshine, the same whether the
thunder raged and the lightning hurtled,
or nature reposed in undisturbed qui-
etude. He was a man—an American
man of the noblest type. How faint the
glory of any king in history to the halo
that encircles his memory. He wears a
martyr's crown.

He shares the glory of those he called
forth to die for their country. Methinks
I see them ranged on the sunny strand
of Heaven to welcome their Commander
in Chief on Earth. What shouts wel-
comed him there, what sorrow lamented
him here.—And the assassin—what can
we say of him? Beautiful in person, but
foul of heart like the whited sepulchres
of old, full of the dead bones of slavery
and all uncleanness. Well might he in
his dying hour throw up his arms and
exclaim, "Useless, useless!" A fit mot-
to for this cursed rebellion, commencing
in bluster and ending in a hoop-skirt!

Lincoln may well be imaged under
an ever-living tree, that, though cut-down
on Earth, left its roots so deeply planted
they will grow up into a forest that shall
be for the healing of the nations; while
Booth is like Jonah's gourd, with-
ering into contempt with the first beams
of morning, or like the booths of Ashte-
roth, constructed of trees without roots,
for their unholy rites, dried into unsight-
liness by the rays of the meridian sun,
and cast aside as things utterly value-
less.

EDITORIAL.

The affairs of the Territories are growing more and more complex. The tempest that has hung so low and long over the States, having expended its fury, is floating off in sundry squalls over the Territories. Treason, dislodged from its home in civilization is putting out, like Jeff Davis for the brush. The outskirts of the country for a number of years will need all the attention the Government can confer on them. The Territories comprise such a vast area of land that if Treason is suffered to establish itself here, it can, assisted by the natural character of the country, make us a vast amount of trouble. Every true patriot in the Territories should speak out, and what is thought to be done in a corner should be proclaimed on the house-top. Preventives should be applied in season. The people in the States and our rulers should know, at once, all that concerns the interest of the body politic. Life and property should be as secure here as at Boston, New York, Cincinnati or St. Louis. A man should feel, when he steps on American soil, he is safe. But how is it now? The Territories are infested with worse than brigands. A man needs to go armed to the teeth—When he leaves Sioux City he plunges at once into the civilization of the dark ages, where right makes right. The boats are crowded with the debris of the Rebellion, putting for up the river, trying to outrun their reputation, but in spite of all their endeavors it will get into the goal ahead of them. Missouri is emptying its Border Ruffians into the lap of Montana. All loyal when they pass Fort Rice, but the oath of allegiance makes them pucker their mouths worse than a dose of castor oil. Ladies singing "Stonewall Jackson's March" and "Bonnie Blue Flag" as they sail, like the wild geese, northwards. Can the Government be too strict on such people? Will it allow the Missouri to be the sewer to float such a population off, bidding them "God-speed," and giving them gold mines for worn-out plantations, not even allowing their feelings to be hurt by requiring them to take the oath of allegiance? The majority of the crew and passengers of the first boat, the Yellowstone, were highly offended, and spread all sorts of calumnies about the Post, because they were forced to take the oath

of allegiance, and yet openly rejoiced when the courier from Fort Sully brought the news of the President's assassination.

The captains of many of the boats requested that the oath of allegiance should be administered, as the Union passengers were so violently treated by the Secesh, threats being freely used and bowie knives as freely drawn. Can't a man be allowed to be a rebel in the Territories? Of course he can. Can't he be allowed to be an assassin in the Territories? Of course he can. Booth shouldn't have been apprehended if he'd got into the Territories. Of course not. Jeff Davis even, shouldn't be troubled if his skirts had swept past the out-skirts of civilization. Of course not. At Fort Benton there are men that threaten to take any boat or property they choose, and passengers on one of the boats threatened to take Fort Union, and clean out the garrison. The Governor of Montana has ordered out the home guards, and gives them for pay anything they can lay their hands on, after the style of Mosby and Morgan of Confederate fame. Indian traders and half-breeds from St. Paul and Red River, and outcasts from Dixie are stirring up the aborigines to deeds of blood and rapine. Some of these evil spirits are hovering around Fort Berthold, and to make things more complex, some of Friend Burleigh's good, pious Indians, loaded with annuities and early piety, from Yankton come up, and steal forty horses and murder two friendly Indians at Fort Berthold. Which arm of the service would you recommend them for, Friend Burleigh? Cavalry, of course, as they are already mounted. The Indian Bureau has made an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to buy up the hostile Indians, but Gen. Pope has stopped it. Friend Burleigh, have him overridden, if possible. You'll get more robes if he is. But we hope for the sake of precious lives he will not be. Besides, the whole plan is so unjust to the friendly Indians. Hostility becomes the Indian's stock in trade, and every year he'll ask a higher price, enforcing his demands with human blood and women's scalps. Let the bayonet and the sword propel civilization into the Territories. Swallow tails and broad-brims to the rear! Trust in God, but be sure to keep your powder dry.

In the remarks about Indian traders of last week's issue, the general rule of "Present company excepted" holds good, as Mr. MARSH and Mr. GREGORY are regarded by all as in no way working against the best interests of the country, or opposed to the military so necessary in Dakota at the present time.

First white child born at Fort Rice. July 2d, was born into this world of vicissitudes: a young daughter to Private P. H. and Elizabeth Cardwell, Co. E. May she prove a perfect trump.

Why is Fort Rice of necessity a healthy place? It has a fresh (heir) air.

Of what place in the old world does the daughter of the Regiment when in tears remind you? Cardwell in (wails) Wales.

For the Frontier Scout.

"MAY ANGELS GUARD AND GUIDE YOU, MY DARLING HUSBAND."

Last words in a letter sent to G. H. W. HERRICK, Surgeon of the 1st U. S. V. Infantry, from his wife, Mrs. JENNIE HERRICK, while on the march to Fort Rice, Dacotah Territory. She died Oct. 17th, 1864, the day the Regiment arrived at its destination.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

"May the angels guard and guide thee
O'er the trackless plains Dakotian,
Where no human mark is beside thee
Like the limitless waste of the ocean.

"Wherever thy footsteps wander
May angelic forms be flying,
And make thy fond heart fonder
Of cheering the sick and the dying.

"Thy mission is one of mercy,
And one of tender compassion;
May no sin like ancient Circe
Allure in the ancient fashion,

"But thy heart be always stainless
As the drift of the mountain snow
In that clime that is ever rainless
Where thy weary footsteps go.

"As over the boundless prairies
Fly fleet-footed antelopes
From the shaft of their adversaries,
So fly away earthly hopes.

"Then build not on things that are human
But build thou on things Divine,
Let thy spirit with lofty acumen
Look up to this spirit of mine."

Thus wrote a young wife and a tender
And pure as the morning's breath
To her husband, her heart's defender,
As she went down the valley of death.

He came to the end of his journey,
She came to the end of hers,
A city cut-rivalling Smyrna
In its wealth of gems and myrrhs.

Its walls are of purest jasper
And each gate is a single pearl—
Yet he almost deems he can clasp her
And feel on his cheek a curl.

For her spirit round him hovers
Wherever his footsteps go.
The hearts that have once been lovers,
Whether living or dead, are so.

He dwells in a land that is dreary,
And his sight grows tired and dim,
But has one that is never weary
To cheer up and comfort him.

She is now the choicest angel
That alive she prayed might guide him
On the path of life, an Evangel,
She will walk forever beside him.

The Cemetery of the Fort presents a fine appearance, and does great credit to the superintendence of Sergt. Morgan. There is a look of civilization about it that reminds one of a cemetery in the States. Its fence as well as whole arrangement is neat, and shows the gallant dead are not forgotten.

Lieut. WILSON's monument does great credit to Corporal SHULTZ, Co. C. It is finely painted by CARL MILLER, Co. H.

Every article in this paper is original, and sees the light for the first time.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

LIEUT. C. H. CHAMPNEY, PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Black Tomahawk, on Saturday, 24th June, arrived from Fort Sully with a mail.

Sergt. Hearn, of Co. H, with 37 men, sent with ammunition trains to Fort Sully, arrived here on Sunday, the 25th. They brought a mail. Near Sand Creek, on the same day they arrived, they killed a large grizzly bear. He was in lean condition; if he had been fat he would have weighed 600 pounds. He turned to fight the Sergt. when he attacked him, rushing up eight or ten times on the pony, and was kept at bay only by the unerring Enfield in the hands of the soldier. A number of men deployed across the prairie and finally brought him down. His skin was about as big as a good-sized buffalo robe; the hind feet were shaped like a huge human foot with a moccasin on it. The fore feet resembled a pair of boxing-gloves.

On Wednesday, the 28th, seven or eight lodges of Unkpapas, Blackfeet and Yanktonais arrived at the fort and pitched their tipis just outside of Two Bears' camp. Stragglers have been coming in all the week.

The steamer *Montana*, Capt. Throckmorton, with supplies for this Post, arrived here on the 28th. Capt. Throckmorton and Gorman will always be remembered for their gentlemanly attributes. The social dance and accomplished performances on the piano by the ladies of their household in the elegant and spacious cabin of the steamer carried the officers back to the scenes of home and civilization more than any circumstance that has transpired since their stay in Dacotah. My their return trip be alike speedy and pleasant. The *Prairie State*, Capt. Dozier, from Fort Benton. *Montana*, also arrived here on the 28th June.

The Cutter, Capt. Moore, has just arrived to-day from above. She had ten men killed by the Blackfeet on the prairie before she started, where she laid up at Fort Benton. In the contest two or three Indians were killed by them.

The following report comes from above: A big camp is gradually moving towards Fort Rice to meet Gen. Sully.

A party of Yanktonais and Blackfeet started ahead to come this way with their lodges. The hostile Indians stopped them, cutting their tipis and killing their horses and dogs.

Accused by the influence of half-breeds, a party of ten or twelve Indians came from Cornstalk Butte (where Medicine Bear is located with the half-breeds of the North,) to the camp on Knife River. The half-breeds sent as a present a lot of tobacco, &c., and a message

to the Indians to make no peace with the whites, telling them they can furnish them all the supplies they want, and that the whites are enemies, and bound to drive them from their country. These half-breeds get their supplies from St. Paul. Some of them are near Fort Berthold.

There is a report that the steamer *U. S. Grant* was fired into by the Indians. To-day the *St. Johns*, Capt. Soursley, has arrived. On the morning of the 28th she was fired into just below Fort Berthold, and the mate, George Merrick, killed, and a watchman badly wounded. The iron-clad about the wheel-house was all that preserved the pilot. One shot passed over a man in his bunk so close as to almost graze his forehead. It was a wonder he escaped. She was attacked from the opposite side of the river. It is supposed the hostile party were Santees. Merrick was buried in the cemetery of the Fort. His funeral procession was a sample of what life, as well as death, is on the frontiers. He bore the reputation of being a good, honest man. Peace to his ashes!

For the Frontier Scout.

Empress Josephine.

Among those who have been the honored of earth, whose names have been written high upon the scroll of fame, there are comparatively few of "Eve's fair daughters." Woman seems by nature not so much designed for braving the rough storms of public life, and gathering the laurels of worldly fame, as for imparting to the domestic circle the ennobling influences of virtue and Christianity, filling home with happiness, alleviating the sufferings of the sick and dying, and soothing the sorrows of the mourner and broken-hearted. The places where these offices are performed are too sacred for public gaze, but yet it is by these very means, home influences, that some of the noblest actors on life's stage are made.

Few are the women, (I might add men also,) who can pass through the ordeal of a distinguished public life, riding in the chariot of fame, while resounding on every side are the praises of an admiring multitude, and still keep a heart unspotted from the dross of the world, arrogant pride, selfishness and heartless ambition.

When therefore we find such an one, we can but give to her the respect and admiration she so richly deserves.

Born on a quiet plantation in a lonely island of the sea, with few companions, save the dusky slaves of her father, early left an orphan with not even a brother's loving council or a sister's tender affection. Her heart, fresh and pure as the morning breeze, was won by a gallant young officer of the French Army, who took his youthful bride to his native land, and introduced her to new scenes amid the vine-clad hills of sunny France.

A few years of peaceful domestic life, in which those virtues for which she was afterwards distinguished, shone forth in her own "sweet home," and she was left a widow.

Making the acquaintance of Napoleon Bonaparte, then an officer of the regalarmy, she accepted his proposals and became his wife.

Soon after commenced his public ca-

reer, in which he exhibited those traits of character worthy of admiration, mingled alas, with others which have left a dark stain upon his memory.

How much he was indebted to the influence of Josephine for his upward course can never be known, but that she held a strong sway over him cannot be doubted by his own words. Neither can it be doubted that she held the supreme place in his affections. But, alas, there was one enemy to her happiness, one bitter foe in Napoleon's breast seeking to conquer the love of his noble nature. That powerful opponent was ambition. It whispered to him, that if he died childless his regal title would descend to others than those of his own blood. Long and fearful was the conflict between those two contending passions in the Emperor's bosom, but at length Ambition was victorious. Love laid down its arms, not killed, but conquered, and the Empress was divorced; not for unfaithfulness to her spouse, for no crime ever stained her fair name, but to gratify the ambition of the French Emperor, who would leave an offspring to sit upon his throne.

The blow was almost too much for the delicate feelings of Josephine, and broken hearted she retired to the palace of Malmaison.

A few months after, and the merry bells of the "city of fashions" rung out a peal of welcome on the reception of Maria Louise as the bride of Napoleon.

Poor Josephine! gloomy, indeed, were the clouds of sorrow which settled over her, and she sought to assuage her grief by acts of kindness to those around her. The same beautiful, noble spirit she had exhibited in her brilliant life at the regal court, now shone forth in kindness and acts of charity to the poor and suffering peasantry about her retired home.

But a third lover, who admires a shining mark, claimed her for his bride, and on a beautiful cloudless evening—emblematic of her own character—she quietly sunk into a peaceful slumber to wake at the portals of heaven.

Sadly and slowly moved on the funeral train followed by a long line of true friends, who weep over the last resting place of one, who was loved in life, beautiful in death, and whose example is worthy of imitation by her sex.

Ambition, indeed, gained its victorious laurels, but soon they be an to fade beneath the scorching sun of adverse fortune. Napoleon's star of glory began to wane and soon set forever, and he was banished to the "lone barren isle" of St. Helena.

The title and throne he had hoped to bequeath to a son was no longer his to give. The throne he now held was a moss covered rock, and the weeping willow his over-hanging canopy.

He died "alone, save the few his stern heart cherished," on a dark and stormy night, while the howling winds madr the dark waves lash the rocky shores of his exile-home, and the crashing thunders and fierce lightning's glare added increased terrors to the scene. A fit hour for the departure of such a spirit.

In St. Helena's rocky bosom he was lain and his few faithful followers left him alone in his fallen glory.

MEDICUS,

March of the 1st U. S. Vol. Infantry to Fort Rice, D. T.

Perhaps there never was a more wearisome march than that of the 1st U. S. Infantry, from Mankiztah or White Earth River to Fort Rice. It was through an uninhabited waste, through a country barren and desolate as the land around the Dead Sea in Palestine. Wherever the eye turned were the same monotonous hills and prairies, nearly destitute of every covering or vegetation. No smiling villages to charm the eye, no beautiful rivers or cool woods. Desolate—behind, around, before, above, beneath, wherever the eye could turn, all dreary, all a blank—a solitary grandeur swept its veil over all the landscape. The Regiment were almost the only living objects in the panorama. The birds were few, the wild animals seldom seen, and nothing living was in plenty but grasshoppers. The wind swept o'era with unchecked fury over the forestless waste, and great clouds of dust hung like a mist over the empty space.

When we left the steamer "Effie Deans" we were like men that put out in an open boat on an uncertain sea. The first night we camped on American Creek, having marched a distance of thirteen miles. The second we spent at Crow Creek, having gone that day, the 28th Sept., sixteen miles. The third we went eight, and reached Crow Creek Agency about noon. There we found a little fort surrounded by its village of tipis and their wild inhabitants. We were glad to see any human forms, motley though they were, with robes, feathers, beads and fringes, and not a slight admixture of grease and dirt. Here was a school where instruction was given in the Sioux language. A pretty black-eyed school-ma'am taught the young idea how to shoot. Her husband was the Principal but with her sparkling glances and ceaseless activity she seemed the presiding genius of the institution. At this Post are the wives of the Indians guilty of the great Minnesota massacre. Sioux and Winnebagos constitute the Indian community. Here we met Major Shrive the Paymaster, on his downward trip over the Missouri—a welcome visitant to the soldier. Return, ye happy days! Come on, thou steamboat that bearest him! Mayest thou never hit a snag in all thy course, but bring him without so much as injuring one hair of his head, to Fort Rice! When we left Crow Creek Agency we bade adieu to many kind friends whose acquaintance we shall all ways prize. Mr. De Witt, the trader, Lieut. Marshal and lady, and the kind hearted soldiers of his company, and Major Balcombe and family. The Major was Indian Agent. He rode out with his span of horses a number of miles to accompany us, but soon returned, leaving us with Nature for our only escort.

The vegetation beneath our feet was crisped and parched with drought. The prickly pears covered large spaces of the ground, while in the low bottoms the tall wiry grass rustled like shattered glass in deserted houses.

Soon gone from the sight were the tipis, gone the fort, gone every vestige of human existence, hid by the everlasting, barren, bell-shaped hills. The first

night after we left the Agency, we camped at Soldier's Creek, a distance of nine miles. The next day we marched to L'Echepelle Creek, a distance of twenty-six miles. From L'Echepelle we marched to East Medicine Creek, sixteen miles. Here was a beautiful looking sheet of water, but nauseous to the taste. The wind blew very high and the way was rough, or we should have gone on to Fort Sully. The night was cold and the crackling fires burning briskly made the scene one of unique beauty. What so fine a subject for a painter as soldiers round a camp-fire at night, in an uninhabited country. Every element of grandeur and beauty can enter into the composition. The various expressions of countenance brought out in relief by the glowing fire-light, showing brighter from the clouds of smoke that whirl up and roll off through the empty void of the heaven. The 7th of October we arrived at Fort Sully, and met the North-western Indian Expedition going down. We marched that day fourteen miles.— There we first saw the old warrior, Gen. Sully. No pomp—no parade—but practical, energetic and simply great he appeared. His face betokened a man of action, not theories—the right man in the right place. The next night we camped at Okataje Creek, a distance of twenty-one miles. Here was good wood and water, but two miles out of our road.— The 9th we marched from Okataje Creek to Assiniboin Creek, meeting an emigrant train a short way out. Two or three white women in the crowd looked strangely in this country. Shortly after we left our camp we came into the metropolis of prairie dogs. Every one was sitting like a warder at the entrance of his castle. The earth was full of hills as far as the eye could reach. A Corporal of my company shot one of the inhabitants of this prairie city. At Assiniboin Creek we found good wood and water. On these creeks were relics of the Indians in the shape of old moccasins, pieces of robes and bones. This was the only sign they left of their presence.— Now and then, in the distance would be a scaffold where some dead Indian had lain till he had dried up and blown away. There were no other vestiges of humanity. On the 10th of October we marched from Assiniboin Creek to Little Shyenne, a distance of sixteen miles. Here we found good wood and water. On the 11th, from Little Shyenne to Swan Lake, a distance of seventeen miles. Here also were good wood and water—great items on a march in Dacotah. From Swan Lake we marched, on the 12th Oct., to Bois Cache nineteen and a half miles. Here, likewise, were good wood and water. The next day to Bois Dauche, twenty-one miles. Good water here, but no wood. Here we buried two of our comrades who had died on the journey, leaving their forms in this waste, howling wilderness, far from home and the place that saw their birth and the sports of their childhood. Thou mighty visitant, death! coming at all seasons and places. From Bois Dauche, on the 14th Oct., we marched to Wood Lake, a distance of seventeen miles. The few scant willows that grew in the sands around its margin made it look more desolate. Here Two Bears met us; this was the first

acquaintance with this good Indian and true friend. In simple majesty he stood, this king of the uncultured waste. Gay as an eastern king in his fancy trappings, a combination of simplicity and style which no being exhibits so much in the wide world as an Indian. On the 15th we marched to Beaver Creek, a distance of seventeen miles. At Beaver Creek we had a fine camping ground. The woods looked like old deserted orchards on a worn-out farm. In the ravine we found skulls of men, whether Indians or whites we could not tell. The shrubbery was full of wild fowl, and our men put in practice their early lessons in the art of hunting with good effect. The next day, the 16th October, we marched from Beaver Creek to Sand Creek, a distance of eleven miles. The 17th we arrived at Fort Rice, a distance of seventeen miles. What a cry of joy burst out, as we saw its unfinished battlements! As joyous were we as the relics of Xenophon's ten thousand, when they beheld the sea whose waters laved their homes.

Thus endeth the first chapter of the 1st U. S. V. Infantry in Dacotah.

WIT AND HUMOR.

TOM CLARK was a tin peddler in New Hampshire; among other wares which he peddled was religion, which chiefly consisted in exhorting a motley crowd in a nasal tone attended with snuffing and snortings to flee from the wrath to come. He used to wipe his great greasy, sweaty face with a big fiery colored pocket-handkerchief of coarse cotton, and swing it round like a played-out Confederate flag over his amused listeners. He was a Copperhead, but I will exhibit him only as a Pewter-head. Witness his exhortations like these. "Brethren, I want to be a watchman on the walls of Zion-er, and live on the Lord's side-er." And another for specimen. "There are some here that perfers to persess, and I hope that all those who perfers to persess, will persess what they perfers to persess-er."

Beguiled by fawns (fawns) and billet-doux (does.) Mrs. Back, my aunt elopes (antelopes) with her dear (deer) Alex. (elks.) leaving on her husband's head a set of antlers, and making himself and herself both objects of game.

Why is Jeff Davis like Jack Falstaff in the Merry Wives of Windsor? Because both hid in old linen, and both got tumbled into the ditch.

Why is cotton-wood like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. 'Cause it is used for your (cough n') coffin.

What line of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard" does giving sugar to an Indian remind you of?

Wasting your sweetness on the desert (hair) air.

Why are all steamboats that come up to Fort Rice like brave soldiers? Because they have to pass the Cannon Ball to get here.

Why are the beavers like boat hands on the Missouri? They are constantly damming (damning) the river.