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Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

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TO MY WIFE.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

In this region, magnificent, chilly and gloomy,
I sit all alone like discrowned Montezuma,
My heart it is pierced by a more pungent arrow
Than that which was thrust by relentless Pizarro
When the Mexican treasure he brought from secretion,
That gave to his ambitious hopes their completion,
And why is my bosom o'erladen with sorrow?
Why loathe I the present and dread I the morrow?
For each blush of the morning when daily returning
To my heart bringeth only unsatisfied yearning,
My arms can no longer enclasp in their meshes
The pride of my manhood, my darling most precious.
With this sorrow I ever like Jacob am wrestling
That my bride in my bosom no longer is nestling.
She gave to me freely her youth and her splendor,
How triumphant my heart to receive the surrender!
I wore her as proudly as monarch a jewel,
Soon wrested alas! by a destiny cruel.
In visions 'tis only my eyes can behold her,
In visions 'tis only my arms can enfold her.
I wake, and is broken this lamp of Aladdin,
That never can satisfy only can madden;
More indignant is man than if never had dreamt he
When he wakes from his slumbers, and finds his arms empty.
O sweet were the hours I enjoyed in her chamber,
When her hair o'er her shoulders fell down like the amber.
As she stood at the mirror completing her toilet
I would steal to her side, and would roguishly spoil it,
As she gave me a look full of anger and chiding
How soon 'twas transformed to a glance most confiding.
Her excellence ever like wealth is amassing,
The reality far is the fancy surpassing,
I thought she was good, and I thought she was tender,

But I've found her a star of the very first splendor,
Her intellect cultured as deeply-read student,
Her lips only utter the words that are prudent,
Of that choicest of treasures, a good disposition,
I find her possessor in the fullest fruition.
Her mind it is genial as summer breeze balmy,
But gifted with courage of disciplined army,
No shrinking nor fear when performing her duty,
She moves like the world in her orbit of beauty.
She ever displays to most casual observer
The radiance of Venus and sense of Minerva,
She loveth her husband so warmly and truly
She would follow his footsteps to the ultimate Thule,
Would go to the Chief Ruler for his promotion,
And bear him the honor like a ship of the ocean.
Though delicate looks she as bouquet of lilies,
You will find on the trial the shield of Achilles,
To ward from her husband each arrow of malice,
He dwells in her heart like a king in his palace.
Like a lion refreshed in a covert umbrageous
In her shadow his lion heart grows more courageous
He never will fall back to things that are meaner,
But walk like a victor through life's fierce arena;
For how can he bring her to shame and dishonor,
The pride of his heart as he gazes upon her?
She buildeth her mansion as doth a wise woman,
Alone to be leveled by hand superhuman.
O roll round ye months with a swift revolution
That bring from celibacy glad absolution.
The habits of anchorites others may choose them,
But give me my wife to repose in my bosom!

Why are the Sioux like mules? They are somewhat hostile (horse-style).
Why is Gen. Sully a fast man? He has gone with Expedition.

MYTHOLOGY.

Scarcely since the dawn of the Golden Era has this theme been so little thought of as at the present time, commencing back before the reign of Christ, when the world ("divisa erat in tribus partibus") was divided in three parts, of which Jupiter reigned supreme in ("cælo") Heaven, Neptune upon the deep, and Pluto in Hades. No poet of the present century can anywise compare with Homer in his beautiful Iliad and Odyssey, particularly in his description of the siege of Troy. Then again the wanderings of Telemachus in search of his father, Ulysses. What is more splendid? he being tossed about much upon the land and the sea, first came from the Lavinian shores to the shores of Troy. We will now pass from Homer down to Virgil. Can we in reading any myths of the present time find anything equal to Virgil's description of Orpheus' descent into Hades in search of his spouse Eurydice. Such a splendid musician was he, and possessing such a melodious voice that in his journey down to the infernal regions of Pluto, the winds ceased their blowing, the foliage upon the green trees hushed their evening whispers, and remained perfectly calm, the roaring waves ceased their loud sounding billows, and the wild animals followed from afar off, drawn towards him as if by some powerful magnetic attraction. Why was Orpheus winding his way slowly and sadly along the dark and miserable path, where the howl of the infuriated panther was wont to be heard in the still hour of the night, the lone star of his future glory and happiness shining unto him as a beacon light from the empire of celestial knowledge?— Shine on you bright star which is productive of so much good in illuminating his pathway with such a brilliant light! After a long march and tedious journey he arrives in safety. Old Cerberus, at first, refuses him admittance. His keeper advances, at a signal from Pluto, and admits him. He is ushered into his presence. He grants him his request that his beloved Eurydice should be restored to him provided he does not turn back to behold his regions, after starting out. Orpheus replies in the affirmative. They start forth, clasped arm in arm, but do not proceed very far before he, forgetful of his promise in that ill-fated hour, turns his eyes back to behold his strange friend's dominions. But alas for him! he now looks forward to behold his dear wife, but lo! she is vanished, never again to be restored to him. Resume your journey, O fickle man; justice has met its reward.

Pardon me, kind reader, for transgressing so far from the theme of my subject, but the outlines of the story were so fresh upon my memory that I had to refer to it but for one moment. Again we come down from the reign of Jupiter to a period before the birth of Christ, to the time of the founding of Rome. This city furnished many able men and writers of classical literature. Let us hasten on from this epoch in ancient history to the Nineteenth Century. We have no such celebrated myths as the ancients used to have. The writers of our Mythology refer to some daring and roving buccaneer, or a love romance. At the present time our writers impart more fresh fragrance to their myths, and paint each scene with the stern colors of reality. Our writers of prose, for instance, Capt. Mayne Reid, Marryatt, and others, borrow a vast amount of their style from ancient authors. Capt. Marryatt, when he wrote the Phantom Ship, or Flying Dutchman, in his varied descriptions imitates the style of Homer in every line.

MORE ANON.

BATTLE AT FORT RICE. JULY 28, 1865.

The 28th of July 1865, witnessed one of the most vigorous battles ever fought by Indians in Dakota. They displayed a bravery and determination they have never before shown. Their action was simultaneous and preconcerted, and managed with adroitness and promptitude. This Fort, founded in the centre of their country, with its bastions and revolving guns is a great eyesore. This was sufficiently manifest in their Conference with Gen. Sully. Nothing but the most determined and unintermitted action on the part of the Government can bring about a satisfactory state of affairs. Things are growing worse and worse every day: Indians may talk of peace, but their hearts are full of the bitterest hostility. They deem us without horses and proper arms, as only objects of sport and derision. At home in this wild country, they can dash away anywhere over these hills, and await favorable opportunities to wreak their spite and vengeance.

At 7 o'clock A. M. the garrison rushed to arms, for the Indians had appeared on every side. Towards the north the first man who noticed their approach was Mr. Lewis, at Major Gregory's sutler-store. He stood at the corner of the log-house, and looking up the bottom saw a friendly Indian flying with the greatest celerity towards him pursued by seven savages on horse-back. The one ahead was only a hundred yards distant. He was nearly naked, and painted with ochre. He wore a head-dress of feathers and plumes that fell half way over his back. The chased Indian hid behind some logs near the deserted camp of the Friendly Indians, and two horses belonging to Mr. Hubbell, Indian trader, tied near by drew the attention of the invaders. By this time the garrison poured out skirmishers, and the enemy taking the horses decamped. While this was transpiring on the north side of the Fort, other scenes took place on the south side. To depict affairs with truth, borrowing nothing from imagination I will give the narration of

Private Andrew J. Burch, Co. H. 1st U. S. V. Infantry, nearly in his own words. He and Private Brown of the same Company had charge of some horses in the vicinity of the saw-mill. He says. "The first notice I had of the Indians, I saw one come round the point of the hill on this side the creek. He was mounted and painted red. He was alone, a hundred yards in advance of three others. He was in pursuit of Hufstuder, of Co. C. 4th U. S. V. Infantry. I ran my mare as fast as I could to prevent him getting him. When I got within sixty steps, the Indian shot him with an arrow, and beat him over the head with his bow. Just at that moment I shot at the Indian, and he dashed and ran, and I after him. I ran him up the hill some four hundred yards, and shot at him five times with my revolver, but did not hit him. I should, if my horse had not been frightened by his war-rigging. His pony was hung with red tassels; he, himself, had a red blanket around his waist, his shoulders were naked and painted red, his hair was hanging loose, two feathers fluttering in it. He had a rifle or shot-gun in a fringed covering hanging on his back, and in one hand his bow and arrows. His horse was streaked off with red paint over his haunches. When he ran behind the hill, I pursued him to the top (near the cemetery) and saw over the hill twenty-five or thirty Indians.— They kept pretty well concealed, as I could only see their heads. Just then I heard the sound of horses' feet on the opposite side of the saw-mill creek, where were herded the eight horses under Brown's and my charge. Brown was close behind me, following me up as I chased the Indian. The enemy left the ponies on account of the firing of the guard and details at the saw-mill. At this juncture Capt. Moreland, Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, approached the bridge with ten of his men. (The Indians afterwards obtained those horses who, frightened by the approach of cavalry, stamped towards them, when they secured them without difficulty. They got five horses and a mule.) But a fierce fight ensued between Capt. Moreland and his ten cavalry men and the savages—yes, the fiercest kind of a fight. I saw three Indians shot down, and dragging their wounded lengths along to get out of the way.— About the time they made a rush after the ponies, away to the right, on the North side of the Fort, I saw the Indians sally from the woods above the sutler's, and soon heard firing from the skirmishers, deploying from the Fort. The enemy simultaneously appeared on all the hills to the West. Those that lay concealed behind the hill in rear of the cemetery rushed down across the creek to reinforce the party attacking Capt. Moreland. They went yelling like barking dogs. As they whipped across the creek they struck their ponies every step with their leather whips fastened round their wrists. Their horses went with the swiftest kind of a run into the fight. I saw three unhorsed, and I thought Capt. Moreland shot them himself, as he was fifty feet in advance of his men, and firing."

1st Sergt. Hobbs of Capt. Moreland's Company gives a very interesting history of a part of the engagement, and the death

of Privt. James O. Hoffman, Co. C. 4th U. S. V. Inf. His relation in substance is as follows. "The attack commenced near the saw-mill. Capt. Moreland and eleven cavalrymen crossed the bridge. The number of cavalry-men was afterwards increased to twenty five. The Indians commenced as soon as we had crossed the bridge. We returned the fire, and then they made their first charge, rushing from all points. It was a hand to hand fight. The Indians, driven back, would rally, and then charge again, and so successively with great bravery. Indians never fought so gallantly before. At last they stubbornly gave way, falling back on the butes and their reserves. When Co. G. got out of ammunition, they made a grand charge. I rode an untrained horse, lately obtained from the Q. M., and he became unmanageable, and I had to dismount, and was left by my company. I went to the Infantry Company with Lieut. Baekerman. The other companies were on the hills back of the Fort. The Company under Lieut. Baekerman was stationed as a reserve.— The Cavalry was away off to the left. There was a party of men in advance of the Infantry Company going up to a high bute. I went on out past the Infantry to where these men were, and when we got upon the hill, we could see many Indians on the bluff beyond and in the ravine between the hills. After the Cavalry got out of ammunition the Indians charged in round, to cut us off. I knew we were so distant we could never get back to the Infantry Company. Our only chance of safety was to stay where we were. Beside myself there were three others of my Company dismounted who were with me. Our only chance appeared to be to stand our ground. I was just over the brow, on the point of the hill, and there were two infantry-men, Hoffman and another of the 4th U. S. V. Infantry. They were close by me on the top of the hill, and just to the right of me, as we faced out, were the three other men from Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry. Along on the hill back and to the right of us were ten or twelve infantry-men. When the Indians charged on the cavalry I yelled to these men to stand their ground, and they could keep the Indians off. Instead of standing their ground, these ten or twelve men started to run. This reduced us to the necessity of following them. I pursued them, all the time hallooing for them to stop. Hoffman ran in another direction round the point of the hill, bringing him closer on to the Indians. When I got half way down to the infantry company under Lieut. Baekerman, my three men following me, I stopped, and looking to the right, I saw the Indians had swept past the cavalry, and were, one hundred strong, whirling down the slope upon us. There were four of us together, only a few yards apart. Those ten men before spoken of had got out of sight somewhere, but there were other men still off to the Northwest on a bute. When I looked to the right as we came in I perceived the Indians close upon us on horseback, going at a dead run. Then I spied Hoffman for the first time since we had been together on the hill. He was making for our party. We stopped as soon as they came upon him. He was within twenty

yards of us. There were fifteen or twenty coming on him, and the rest strung along back of him. They shot him with fire arms first. The bullets came whizzing through our crowd. He clucked his gun over the Indian who was in advance. The savage warded it off with his left hand, and coming down, it struck the pommel of the saddle, and was broken.—At that very moment he put the arrow under his arm. When Hoffman struck he fell from the effect of the arrow in his breast. The red-skin had one of those long Indian lances with a wooden handle, and a long, sharp spear attached. He struck at Hoffman's head with this, and hit him in the face. It cut his mouth, I think. When he struck at Hoffman I fired at him with my revolver. He left the man, and broke for me.—When he got within ten or twelve feet I fired at his breast. He dropped down, catching his horse by the mane, whirled him round and started off up the hill. The rest of Co. G, with me kept up firing, and the Indians sheered, and followed the wounded one up the hill. One of my Sergeants stood watching the Indian I wounded, and he saw two others tie him on his horse and convey him away—so I conclude he got his death-pill. Col. Pattee was with the infantry company when I arrived there. The infantry advanced, and two companies went on to the butte we had left, and a howitzer was brought out, and discharged two or three shots. When the cavalry got out of ammunition they were a long way out. Lieut. Riley had his company deployed as skirmishers, ahead of the artillery and rather on the right of the cavalry. Our company killed in one place seven. I should judge in all there were ten or twelve Indians killed on right, and there were many more wounded."

There are many little incidents connected with the fight that will never be forgotten. Private John Blair, Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry, was quite severely wounded by a battle axe. Private Charles Stout, Co. I, 1st U. S. V. Infantry, was with Captain Moreland, and behaved very handsomely; he was completely surrounded at one time, but saved by the timely assistance of Private McFarland, Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry. Capt. Moreland and his command behaved with great gallantry. Their conduct on this occasion is a sufficient answer to any slurs that have, or may be, thrown out against them. One Indian that Capt. Moreland shot dropped his sabre and bow and arrows, and left them on the field together with his blanket full of blood and gore.

There is many a squaw will bewail her brave killed on the 28th of July, and make night hideous with her howlings, as in the depth of her anguish she pulls her long black hair by the side of some bluff or in some deep ravine of Dakota. The captain saved the life of one of his men whose horse had been shot under him. He was completely surrounded by the revengeful fiends, when he advancing drove them all off from their devoted victim with an empty revolver.

Lieut. Riley advanced with his command abreast of Capt. Moreland, almost as far as the Roaring Butte or Crystal Palace, Moreland being on the left and he on the right. A smoke that rose in

the distance lured them on. They hoped to light on some Indian encampment. It was evidently a signal fire. Lieut. Rouse was a volunteer aid-de camp for Capt. Moreland. Lieut. Hutchins, Act. Adjt. 1st U. S. V. Infantry, picked up fifteen soldiers on a high butte, and took command of them. Lieut. Bancroft, who was in company with him, captured an Indian battle flag. This consisted of strings of buffalo hide wound round a long pole and two feathers hanging loose on the end of it. When the Indian ponies ran, they went so fast, they seemed to lie out entirely straight. It was a wild scene, and Capt. Bassett throwing shells from his 12 lb. howitzer added variety to the engagement, and scattered terror among the natives, they believing shells not inanimate, but living, shrieking demons.

The following in substance is Captain Sewall's report of operations. He was ordered by Col. Pattee to proceed with thirty men of his company (A, 4th U. S. V.) of Mounted Infantry to a ravine on the extreme right of the line. When about two miles from the Fort, he encountered a body of Indians numbering about 100. He immediately dismounted his command, and having deployed them as skirmishers, advanced, driving the enemy before him for about a mile towards the foot of a high bluff. Here the Indians made a determined stand, with the evident object of covering the movement of a party who were driving away a number of cattle, and succeeded by rapid movements on both flanks in nearly surrounding Capt. Sewall's small party. Three successive charges were made by the Indians, and as often repulsed, in the last of which two Indians were killed. A small party of infantry under command of Sergt. S. P. Morgan, Co. D, 1st U. S. V. Inf., at this juncture made their appearance, and the enemy retired precipitately. Deeming it useless to pursue, Capt. S. retired towards the Fort. Subsequently being joined by Capt. Michie, Co. H, 1st U. S. V. Inf., the whole command returned and recaptured the cattle which had been driven off, and brought them safely to the Post.

Every officer and every soldier of Fort Rice, on that eventful day, were on the alert for scalps, and anxious to inflict as much injury on the red-skins as possible. And I have every reason to believe, indeed I know, that more Indians bit the dust than for a long time before in the annals of Indian warfare. Col. Pattee was flying around in every direction, superintending movements. Lieut. Archibald was carrying orders to every part of the field with the celerity of the wind. The guns, in the parade ground of the Fort, were run out at the different gates, and hurled shots upon the groups of Indian pickets on the hills. The bastion guns under charge of Corpl. Curtis and Corpl. Hardy belched terror to the natives like iron-clad rams on the ocean. Capt. Adams had command of the Fort, and was engaged under Col. Pattee's order in sending ammunition to every part of the field. Some of the 6th Iowa Cavalry were sent out with the nose-sacks of their horses, full of cartridges, and Capt. Noyes went back and forwards from the scene of strife to the Fort to see the ammunition safe-

ly delivered, and all supplied that needed it. Capt. Adams kept oscillating between a gun run out beyond the cemetery and the Fort, anxious to be in the theatre of excitement, and only kept away from the field by the just idea that his duty forbade that the Fort should be left without a single officer. Even Capt. Fay, hobbling about, had his Henry rifle shouldered, ready to kill an Indian. Lieut. Champney, Lieut. Eaton, Lieut. Braun, Lieut. Thompson, all named and unnamed, tried to the best of their ability to act their part well, and a little past noon every Indian had vanished from sight, and Fort Rice had added a day of glory to its calendar that will give it a name and fame in the annals of Indian warfare.

E. G. A.

LOCAL ITEMS.

JULY 28.—Tolerably fair. A little cloudy in the afternoon.

Big fight with the Indians. Account given in another column.

JULY 29.—Clear, yet windy.

Co. A, 4th U. S. V. Inf., left for the hay fields on the opposite side of the river.

Sergt. Hoffman was buried this afternoon.

Capt. A. F. Fay, Co. E, 1st U. S. V. Inf., left on the steamer Effie Deans, just arrived from above. It made a short stay, and soon departed on its homeward voyage for St. Louis. Thus the same steamer that brought him to Dakota, bears him away.

Private Williams, of Co. H, 6th Iowa Cavalry, left here by the Expedition, dies at 11 o'clock P. M.

JULY 30.—Another attack from the red-skins, but they do not meet with the success they did before. None of our troops received injury, but one of the "hostiles" was knocked into pieces by a cannon-ball (solid shot) from Corporal Curtis' gun. He dropped like a half-cooked hoe-cake from a darky's hand.—Capt. Moreland came very near having a brush with them on the hills, and Major Gregory, who acted as an independent scout, made one of the Indian advance guard fall back on the reserve on the 2:40 run. Co. G, 6th Iowa Cavalry brought all the stock in in fine style. Two or three venturesome Indians tried to get up a stampede; they galloped towards the bottom where the herd was sweeping in like an ocean surf, but when they saw Co. E, 1st U. S. V. Inf., commanded by Lieut. Backerman, they whirled back quick as zig-zag lightning, and put for the butes.

AUGUST 1.—The savages appear again, waiting to find us, if possible, off our guard, hoping to gobble up some unfortunate soldier, or steal some valuable horse, or do the pile-face some injury.

Long roll beats at night. An Indian with a big white "dorg" lurking round to shoot a sentinel on his post, is the report.

AUGUST 2d.—Weather very cold. A fire necessary for comfort.

The great white "dorg" after due investigation is proved friendly, not hostile, and is relieved from suspicion, if not from arrest.

The Deer Lodge arrives from above to day with a load of Idaho pilgrims.

AFFAIRS AT FORT RICE.

FORT RICE, D. T., Aug. 1, 1865.

Dear Madam.—In my last I gave you an account of our Indian fight of the 28th ult. At about midnight of the same day, while all not on duty after the fatigues of the day, were asleep, we were startled by the sentinels' guns, fired in rapid succession, signaling a night attack. A scene of excitement ensued which beggars description—the sharp twang of the drums as they beat furiously the call to arms, the shrill blast of the bugles, the shouting of officers and the rushing of men, succeeding so closely the unbroken silence of night, created a medley which was perfectly bewildering to a novice in the active scenes of war. Yet the result clearly manifested that every movement was controlled by thorough and well-regulated discipline, as less than ten minutes had elapsed from the first alarm before the companies were all formed in good order with their guns loaded, and in position at the different gates of the Fort. Fire-balls were being discharged, lighting up the prairie for a great distance around, and shells were whizzing towards the points from which danger was apprehended.

We remained under arms for a couple of hours, but the closest scrutiny failed to reveal the cause of the alarm, when we again retired with the consciousness of having at least favored the Indian with a very creditable pyrotechnic display.

We were enlivened with no further hostile demonstrations until the 30th, while engaged in Sunday morning inspection—a detachment was discovered charging with their accustomed speed upon some stock grazing a short distance below the Fort; finding it strongly guarded by herders, they wheeled rapidly behind the hills and soon reappeared, driving in the pickets and attempting to cut off a party guarding stock some distance above the Fort, which they would probably have succeeded in accomplishing but for the timely admonition of half a dozen shells which exploded within an uncomfortable distance of them, and caused a counter-movement remarkable for celerity, rather than military precision. Skirmishing parties were again sent out, but the Indians were found too modestly reticent for any effective results.

On the night of the 30th the long roll again called to arms, and the scenes of the former night alarm were re-enacted, with no other result than again to demonstrate the sleepless vigilance of those who guard this Post.

It is not the province of a subordinate either to praise or censure those who are responsible for military movements, and while I do not propose to commit the indiscretion of violating established regulations, I will venture the opinion that all who have been connected with the execution of prescribed measures in this military district have spared no pains to accomplish the results designed. Yet the Indians are to-day as bold, defiant and hostile as they were three years ago.

It occurs to me that in the adoption of an Indian policy, the first question that presents itself is, Do the demands of civilization require that this country be possessed and held by white men? And I think I hazard nothing in saying that

West of the Capital of Dakota Territory, for all productive purposes, the whole Missouri region is utterly without value. A dreary, barren, desolate waste that may be devoted to the Indian without any detriment to any public interest, at least for such a period of time as will settle by the inexorable laws of fate, the destiny of its present occupants. Beyond this valley, however, is the gold region of the mountains, already the theatre of extensive operations, with a wide spreading area, yet unexplored, which will doubtless, within a brief period, yield millions of treasure to the Nation's wealth, and nothing in the future is more certain than that there must be free, safe and direct transit to and from this El Dorado, towards which the attention of so many of our people is now directed.

The Missouri River is the great highway which Nature has provided for this purpose, extending from the very heart of our country almost to the centre of these remote placers.

This being the case, the Indians claim national attention only so far as their hostility renders transportation upon the river unsafe and insecure. That such hostility now exists needs no proof.

For a distance of 1500 miles the traveler is at every moment exposed to an attack from powerful bands, as wild, as roving and unsettled as the Arabs of the Desert; with no fixed abiding place, no worldly goods to impede their continued migration, at home wherever game or an enemy may be taken, as hardy as the wolf, and as fleet as the deer, with an expanse almost illimitable for retreat, it will at once be seen that to conquer them is a task of no small magnitude.

There are two modes of dealing with these Indians now proposed, one of them pacific, the other hostile. The advocates of the former would have the Government negotiate a treaty, and by large presents and a perpetual annual tribute hire them to desist from murdering white men. The experience of every year confirms that of many preceding ones in teaching that a treaty has no binding force upon these untamed savages. They have an innate hatred of whites which no treaty stipulations will eradicate.—Fame and distinction among them is measured by the number of white scalps which adorn their lodges, and the lives of the young men are devoted with the most untiring zeal to the acquisition of these trophies. Many of those whom Gen. Sully fought last year in the "Bad Lands" met him here a few weeks since, by invitation, ostensibly to treat for peace. They made warm protestations of friendship, and expressed a great anxiety for the establishment of amicable relations, upon the strength of which they were feasted, and presented with a supply of clothing. In our fight three days since these presents were distinctly visible in the front ranks of the enemy's line.—They claim, and no doubt firmly believe, that we cannot conquer them. To treat with them now will but strengthen this conviction, and make them more insolent and exacting. Besides humiliating the Government, it will be barren of results for good, and will finally leave us the only alternative of doing that which can never be so easily accomplished as now, viz: their subjection to such terms as we

may dictate. We are then brought finally to the great practical question, How can this end best be accomplished?

My opinion may be of but little value, but you can take it for what it is worth. First then: The sending of a large force for a single season's operations, with an immense train to drag its slow length along, a corps of camp followers, and subordinates, like those who followed the ancient Persian armies to defeat and ruin, with imperative orders to pursue an undeviating line of march, regardless of the locality, or movements of the enemy sought, and compelled to commence their retreat almost as soon as they reach the hostile region must in the nature of things not only result in most signal failure, but tend greatly to increase the Indian's idea of his own importance, while safely viewing our puerile efforts to bring him to terms. Again, the assignment of regiments of infantry to these military posts can have no other effect than to doom the pent up victims to the ignoble work of devoting their time to eating Government rations, while the mutilated remains of hundreds will every year be left to sleep their last sleep upon these sterile hills. The reason of this is apparent. Indians do not take the war-path on foot, they are always well mounted, they know therefore that they have only to keep out of range of the guns of the Fort to insure their safety, that they may with perfect impunity commit whatever depredations they choose and retire at their leisure with no danger of pursuit. Even now while I write these lines this Fort is actually in a state of siege, for many days we have been literally surrounded with a large force, they know as well as we that a mile from the post they may with the most impudent audacity shout defiance. With eagle eye they watch every movement, and lose no opportunity to charge like demons upon man or beast who ventures beyond the reach of protection. What we need to close this strife, and secure a lasting peace is a thousand or more mounted men, stationed at two or three central positions, with infantry sufficient to take care of the Forts and man the guns, and the men must be selected with special reference to their capacity for the duty required. From commander to drummer boy, they must be active, hardy, fearless, frontier men.—inured to trial, good marksmen, and skilled horsemen, men who at a moment's notice can pocket a cracker and ride a hundred miles without sleeping.

In the next place the horses must be neither scrubs nor such as have been worn out and condemned, those only which are sound, fleet, and enduring will answer, such men thus mounted could pursue a marauding band, overtake, and easily cut them down. Uninterrupted navigation of the Missouri is all we need demand, and this we can and ought to have without tribute or humiliation.

I am not now considering the question of protection of frontier settlements, as I do not think our operations here have anything to do with that. The policy already adopted of a chain of posts with a small but vigilant force to guard the streams which afford the principal avenues of approach will undoubtedly be found fully adequate to this end.

Respectfully,
S. P. Y.