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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 Cannon Ball 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 Southwest 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 had 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, dashing and heedless, he sailed round through the bottoms and prairies as a hawk sweeps round through the unmeasured 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 spilled 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 fluttering 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 hostile. 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 whizzing 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 two remaining in statu quo. At length he got separated from the others, and the Indians in a circle gathered upon their victim before he could reload his piece.

They pinioned 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 grunt and half howl. A young buck seized his soldier cap and stuck a feather in it, and fastened on the top a fox's tail, and swung his head as proudly as a little girl in a carpenter's shop, hanging shaving 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 divested him of his blouse, and nothing now covered him but his soldier pants and shoes. By their gaze 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 afloat 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 blockhouse. A big squad was soon dispatched to rescue Townsend, but the Indians had already waded the Missouri, and were far away amid the wilderness of butes. Tied alongside a pony he traveled, the sun falling on his naked head and shoulders. He heard their talking, but could not understand a word, but by their gestures, which were profuse, he judged he was the principal topic of conversation, and that his prospects were not of the most flattering kind. How hard and brassy 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 prairies 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 seems an intruder, and unappropos.

Night came on at last. The sun went down in all its glory. The air was warm, as if a thundershower was in conception. Tall, fleecy piles of clouds stood like icebergs heaped on some ledge of the Arctic, or glaciers on the Switzer's home.—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 dreary, but heaven, unapproachable as happiness here, is glorious. The rainbow here surpasses imagination. The Aurora Borealis is beautiful in its magnificence as the bursting of light on a newborn creation. But all appeared like mockery to Townsend. He could not lift his thoughts to heaven. The wolves howling on the hills and in the ravines seemed calling for his blood.

At last, he perceived smoke like deep mist rise 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 ears. He knew they were approaching a camp. Soon the squaws, with red blankets, fringed leggins and beaded moccasins rushed forth to welcome the braves from the war-path.

Immediately the slaughter of dogs commenced, for there was to be a feast and a dance; for a victim they had brought.— Him every one came out to see. The child looked with childish stare. The young squaw cast her sidelong glances. The young bucks looked saucy and important. The old squaws as if it was but a matter of course, and showed but little emotion—constant labor and hardship had made them stolid and indifferent. The old men appeared grave as the selectmen of a down-east country town in convention. The horses were soon corralled, and with a huge, hideous drum, sounding like a Chinese gong, the savages were called together for a feast. The lodge was that of the Chief. It was capacious and commodious. On the well-tanned buffalo hides that, sewed together with deer-sinew, formed the tipi were painted the deeds of valor its occupant had done, and engraved in dark paint were horses' hoofs to enumerate the number of horses he had stolen. The poles

[CONCLUDED ON 4TH PAGE.]

FORT RICE, D. T.

THURS. MORN. JUNE 14, 1866.

Indian Village at Fort Berthold.

A brief account of the Berthold Indian Village, its inhabitants and their customs, though they "baffle description," may not be entirely uninteresting to the lover of Indian tales.

The "children of the prairie" who reside here are the relics of the once proud and powerful tribes of the Mandans, Aes and Gros Ventres. For years the latter band have lived at peace with the whites, and have fully proved themselves worthy of confidence.

The Aes are a branch of the Pawnee 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, it having, in 1836-7, sent hundreds of them to the "hunting grounds of the Great Spirit," and even now they tremble at the mention of the terrible scourge.

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

Their houses are dirt lodges made of logs and poles covered with dirt, forming within a large circular room from forty to sixty feet in diameter. In the centre is a hole six feet square and two feet deep, which constitutes their stove 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 kneeling the male occupants of the lodge, listlessly smoking their pipes, while the squaws sit patiently at their work, making moccasins and watching the precious contents of some boiling pot or stewing pan. Around the walls of the lodge on one side are arranged the beds of the household. Many of these are neat and tasty, 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 exploits of the occupant in battle or in the chase. On the opposite side, and in

close proximity to the beds is the sleeping apartment of the parties. This is simply a rude pole into which the animal's nose is driven every night, for it is not safe to leave them out in the presence of Dakota men, which render the thieving Sioux. No tables or chairs grace these horrid dwellings, such things being regarded as nuisances, and but few dishes are seen, and those of the simplest kind. Bows and arrow-quirrels, saddles worked with beads, and occasionally some old-fashioned fire arms hang about the posts which support the roof. Papposes are to be seen and heard in every corner. Notwithstanding this mongrel group of occupants—warriors, squaws, papposes, horses, dogs, tame birds, &c., 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 of the town, as the lodges are built wherever the architect thought most convenient. We might except the "common" in front of the "medicine-lodge," however, which is a clear spot fifty feet in diameter, in the centre of which stands the "medicine-tree."

Around the village is a rude stockade of cottonwood logs, which affords a slight protection from attacks of the hostile Indians. A few rods from this stands the cemetery. Here their dead are laid up to dry on scaffolds raised some ten or fifteen feet above the ground. Some of the bodies are wrapped in red flannel, some in annuity blankets, some arrayed in their war dress with pipe, tomahawk, bow and arrows in hand; others are securely fastened up in boxes bearing the rather inappropriate inscriptions, "U. S. Army—Sub Dept.," "Hospital Dept.," "Q. M. Dept.," "Ordnance Dept.," "American Fur Company," &c. Here rest the heroes of the Aes, Gros Ventres and Mandans, who "sleep their last sleep." To this sacred spot resort the mourning relatives of the departed, and night after night send up to the Great Spirit their dismal wail of woe. Even now I hear the sad tones of one old man who is riding through the village bewailing the loss of his daughter, who died a few days since.

In the vicinity of the Fort are their extensive fields of vegetables. They have paid much attention to agriculture, and indeed, seem to take some pride in their crops, which are corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins and potatoes. Some years their labors are nearly fruitless on account of the army of grasshoppers, which prove fatal to vegetable life. This year they have a prospect 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 fields. They are really the farmers, while the men smoke the pipe, hunt the buffalo and fight the Sioux, for whom they cherish the most deadly hatred.

An amusing story is told of these Indians, which shows their ignorance of agriculture. A few years ago an agent sent them some potatoes, which they were told to plant as they did their corn. They

did so, but not having been instructed about the harvesting, they watched their growth and eagerly looked for the potatoes on the vines, but disappointed in not finding them there, the potatoes were left to decay in the ground, while the poor red-skin thought himself sold by the pedlar.

At this season the village has an opportunity to witness some of their most interesting ceremonies. It is the "Ree" great "medicine feast" of the year, when they propitiate their deities and obtain the blessing of the Great Spirit on their hunts and war path. The last of July they commence their "medicine assemblies" and keep them up every night for two months. The medicine lodge is very large, situated near the centre of the free portion of the village, and is well constructed. About one third of it is set apart for the audience and two thirds is sacred to the mysterious "medicine men." Within this sacred chancel none save the Ree—medical fraternity—are allowed to go access by special permission. All around the walls of this "temple of the healing art" are hung the various charms used in making medicine, none of which are allowed to be handled by gentle hands lest their magic powers depart from them. The programme of exercises is much the same every evening.

A little time before dark the "doctors" prepare themselves by painting up in a most unearthly manner, braiding their long hair and adorning their heads with feathers. Generally they wear no clothing except the breech-cloth, and some article which is emblematic of the band of animals or birds they represent. After having satisfactorily completed their toilet they come forth from the lodge with drums and rattles, march around the medicine tree on the common in front, singing their wild songs and keeping time with their wader music. After having repeated this for several times they retire within the lodge, and then the audience having collected and the different bands having taken their positions around the chancel, the ball opens by what we would call a grand overture. The "band of ducks" commence a grand strutting of rattles, soon the "band of rabbits" join in with music and song then follow the "antelopes," the "deer," the "wolves," the "mountain lions" and the "bears," all in a gentle rattle and the soft, low voices of the "ducks" mingled with the responsive caw-caw of squaws, the music swells to a confused roar, the ears are taken by storm and one imagines himself in bedlam or the infernal regions, which latter persuasion is almost verified when the dancing commences, for, as these hideously painted demons move around in the dim, flashing light of the wolf fire, which is the only light afforded, we almost believe them infernal spirits, and the war-blasts die in our veins at their wild whoops and unearthly screams.

We are a painter and wished to present a view of deities holding a Bocheanlian revel in their hands I would select this scene for my model.

After the overture comes the "magic." These are pure yagout-et-naud performances—such as swallowing whole arrows two feet long and drawing them up from the throat again, turning mirrors into turtles, stabbing through the heart, produ-

LOCAL ITEMS.

cing a copious flow of blood and then by magic medicine instantly curing the wound, standing here faced in the fire and on heated stones, blowing fire and smoke from the mouth, &c., some of which are easily seen through and others are indeed mysterious except to the initiated. The superstitious Indian is taught from childhood to believe that these are the results of "big medicine"—a mysterious power possessed by medicine men.

If one of these actors fails in his attempt to accomplish the feat he undertakes he regards it as an indication of a displeased deity, and commences imploring the offended god in the most penitential and piteous terms.

The exercises wind up by the different hands going around to the door of each lodge in the village and serenading the occupants. Then all retire quietly to their homes, and a peaceful calm reigns after the storm of noise which had "made night hideous."

These three little bands, the Rees, Gros Ventres and Mandans, are fast dwindling away, and soon their names will be remembered only in story, and thus every where yields the savage before the onward march of civilization. **MEDICUS.**

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 here in the East this season, consequently the Earth is clothed in a beautiful garment a contrast from last summer. There is a contrast as great as in the vegetable world—it is such a relief to read a newspaper and not see 'Great battles thousands killed and wounded,' and also to know that those that have labored, both dead and living, have not toiled in vain; but I think the conflict is not yet over, though the sword is laid aside, for we shall have the same spirits to contend with; if not so 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 Nicodemus." 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.

'Twas his last request—so we laid him away

In the trunk of an old hollow tree,
'Wake me up,' was his charge, 'at the first break of day,

Wake me up for the great Jubilee!"
So we are all trying our best to wake up Nicodemus, or shall be to-morrow, I suppose, the 4th day of July.

There is a good deal of rough wit among the men of the 1st U. S. V. Inf., but it borders somewhat on the profane. L—, of Co D, speaking of a man who was exceedingly tall, said—"he was so tall he could stand flat-footed in h—, and shake hands with Father Abraham."

What product of Dakota are Indian war-dances? Wild Hops.

SEPT. 8.—The steamer U. S. Grant starts for below, carrying invalids of the Regiment and the men of those companies in Minnesota who have been on detached service with these companies here. We lose many valuable soldiers. They will probably be mustered out at Sioux City. We part with Corporal Johnson, who has been a faithful comrade in keeping the Frontier Scout in existence—The gay, brilliant and lively Charles Stout goes, also Keyser, from the Adjutant's office. Success attend them, whether civilian or soldier.

The appointments of Lieut. S. B. Noyes as Captain, of 2d Lieut. G. H. Champney as 1st Lieutenant, of Serg. Major H. Braun as 2d Lieutenant, and of Q. M. Sergt. G. D. Thompson as 2d Lieutenant have been confirmed by order of the Secretary of War. This we learn by the mail that has just arrived.

The Hattie May arrives from below, bringing Messrs. Smith, Hawley & Hubbell of the Northwestern Fur Company. They have bought out all the interests of Choteau in this country, and own Fort Union and Berthold. The former Fort has been abandoned by the military, and Fort Berthold probably will be before long. Mr. Pense was also on board the Hattie May, and Mrs. Hawley, wife of 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 has gained many friends by his gentlemanly qualities. We are pleased that this company, so potent with interest to these Territories consists of loyal, patriotic men who will help civilization in its great western march. Mr. Hubbell is a live man and so is Mr. Hawley. Such men are the men for the times.

SEPT. 11.—Lieut. Braun and Lieut. Thompson start for Sioux City to be mustered out as enlisted men and mustered in as officers. "If the court knows itself, and we think it does," we should not object to such a trip. We should not object to be a traveling menagerie for the people of the States.—For local news we have not much more, except that the soldiers when hunting bring in game, and that all officers and men, like Col. Pattee, and wish to have him rule them while they stay in the service, Providence and the military permitting.

Capt. B. R. Dimon goes at the same time with Lieuts. Braun and Thompson to Fort Sully, bearing dispatches to Gen. Sully.

Lincoln's Christmas Present.

WRITTEN AT THE FALL OF SAVANNAH.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

O shout the loud hosanna,
And sing the royal psalm,
The City of Savannah
Is laid in Abraham's palm.

'Twill never be forgotten,
The bail that she did give,
Bales of sea-island cotton
Of thousands twenty-five.

Tell it from our Eldorado
To the piny woods of Maine,

That the Southern depend
We are bleeding with a chain,
From the North Pole to the Isthmus,
From the smoke way to the rough,
We will have a merry Christmas,
For the news is good enough.
Brave Sherman was the giver,
May never such decrease
Till War's rough and sanguine river
Erupts in the bay of Peace!

There never was such present
Ere given on Christmas morn,
Since was Christ, the royal peasant,
For the world's redemption born.

And the day of our redemption
Breaks into light at last,
Forevermore exemption
From War's dread hot pursuit.

No more will sudden panic
Strike the people with alarm,
Nor will leave his bench mechanic,
Nor the farmer leave his farm.

From Tennessee to Georgia
No more J. F. Davis reigns,
All covered o'er like Borgias,
With Tyranny's foul stains.

So we'll see the fierce fire-eater
Of the war-delighting South
Singing different kind of notes
From the other side his mouth.

And the haughty South Carolinians,
Who the bloody sport commenced,
Will be sheltered 'neath the pinions
They so proudly rose against.

And England, cruel vulture,
Who thought to pick our bones,
Will think from his sepulture
Again has risen Jones,

Who laid with fire and pillage,
Along her island coast,
In ashes many a village,
And London's heart almost.

When she sees our rains of iron
Against her heart of oak,
The song of the old syren
Will be changed into a creak,

And with a sudden panic,
Back to her island lair
Who came like fiend Satanio,
Will fly like frightened hare.

Napoleon, who the Latin
O'er the Saxon would exalt,
Will his calculations therein
Most sadly find in fault.

Back to his home o'er yonder
Will Maximilian go,
When we've killed the anaconda
Whose tail is Mexico.

Soon the provinces Canadian
Will follow in our trail,
And, to rule, will let no lady in,
Nor even the Prince of Wales.

From the North Pole to the Isthmus
There will not be a slave,
Rebellion by next Christmas
Will be silent in his grave,

And the crown, that symbol regal,
From this Continent will drop,
And soar will Freedom's eagle
From every mountain-top,

And our Liberty's assaulters
Will find it is the same
With us as Vesta's a tars
We forever keep the flame.

Then we'll shout the loud hosanna,
Soon like starry heavens unfurled,
We'll shake our starry banner
O'er a liberated world.

that stayed it were so arranged that it was well ventilated from the top. The brothers of the Strong-heart were called together. There was the Chief, The Full Moon, in all his glory. The war-shirt was on him, curiously and deftly ornamented with brightly tinted porcupine work. The tails of white weazels hung like snow-flakes all round its borders. Pictures of hoofs on the shirt imaged forth the number of horses stolen, and locks of hair of foemen slain. His history was written on his garments; so among 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 sizzling 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 upwards in the capacious lodge. They would every few minutes sing together like croaking frogs, their legs moving as with an involuntary tremor; when in the last notes they would break off like "yapping" dogs. It would beggar description to paint an Indian eating. When he eats every part of him is instinct with the motion and gratification, and he eats clear down to his toe-nails.

While the feast of the Strong-hearts was proceeding, Townsend was taken to an open space not far from the lodge of 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, Lieut. Wilson, sent his Final Statements to L. Thomas, Adjutant General of the U. S., and he was considered in the Regiment as the first victim of Indian warfare.

Let us return to Townsend. The clouds had cleared away that betokened rain, and the full moon arose in its splendor, but the rays fell upon a victim whose heart sickened at the sight. He looked round on Nature as if to take a last farewell of all things sublunary. 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 feast of life to him, now it was about 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 Dakotian magpie. They are a dark, glistening green, with white spots. Her moccasins glitter like diamonds on the dark sward, garnished as they are with cut glass beads. Her leggins 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, are her eyes. Sweet, pure as the fountains that gush round Mini-Wakan is the glow of those lustrous eyes. She approaches Townsend. She lays her soft velvet cheek against his. She certifies by signs the fate that awaits him. With an air of hauteur she bids every staring squaw retire, and then emitting a slight "whish" through her half-shut teeth, motions 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 lately so low throbs at fever heat. At a late hour all was still in the Indian encampment. At sunrise Townsend was to be stuck full of knives, and thus gashed to be burnt, and the following day was to be devoted to the horrid orgies of Indian life.

In a curious ladle, made of the horn of a mountain sheep, Owarpi, Full Moon's daughter, brought the parched victim drink, and placed between his lips a ball of toro to appease his rabid appetite.

At last deep snoring was heard in every tipi. Silent as the dew Owarpi stole to the side of Townsend, and unloosed every thing that bound him. An Indian woman is the stillest mortal in the world. They can tread as softly as a zephyr. In anything relating to love or a lover they will not even breathe. Talk about a part-ridge—they are not half so sly as an Indian woman. Townsend pulled off his heavy shoes, and a light pair of finely-worked moccasins soon encased his feet. A blanket and feather made his disguise complete; at a short distance any one would have thought him an Indian. — Owarpi led him, "whishing" down some dogs that commenced to growl, to a little corral 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. Evidently stolen from some frontier settlement, they had just enough of the blood of Indian ponies to make them stout, but not to diminish their size.

Owarpi placed the bridle of one of the steeds in his hand, and motioned to him to mount, while she leaped across the dark back of the other as a rainbow arches over 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 Owarpi and her victim dodged behind a butte, and when day begun to dawn they were afar off on a lofty eminence watching the camp. — Soon they saw it pour forth its denizens. But pursuit was useless. On they fled, day and night till they reached the camp of the Friendly Crows. With these they went to the mouth of Milk River, where they spent the winter in the warm lodge of an old French trapper, De Mornin by name. In early spring with Owarpi 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 Resurrected 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 coats and boots eaten, and our sleep disturbed till endurance has ceased to be a virtue. The mutterings 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 greater sense of grievances or less fear of blood, commenced the war in their own quarters. Strict secrecy was observed that the marauders might pursue their accustomed raids unimpeded. That day's adventures can never all be told. — If any of them deserve narration it is on account of their absurdity. Armed in the morning with clubs and pikes and knives the redoubtable 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 valise 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, furiously beat 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 alike fruitless. At night only two mice lay dead; two others, their dusky mates, no doubt pulled their hair and gnashed their teeth at being bereaved.

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 Grosventres. It is not known how many these rats number, but certain it is that some of their lodges will hereafter stand empty. The ground lay strewn with dead in the morning. No account of incidents has been received. It is suspected that the fight was not altogether characterized 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 de-tail.