

FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher.

Vol. I.

FORT RICE, D. T., JUNE 22, 1865.

No. 2.

For the Frontier Scout. DEATH OF REBELLION.

BY CAPTAIN E. G. ADAMS.

Now glory to the Highest!
The foul Rebellion's done,
And hail, thou bird that fiest,
Right on to meet the sun!
Thy course is up and onward,
With a progress never lags,
Thy flight forever sunward;
From our lofty mountain crags.
Thou glorious untamed Eagle,
The Universe's hope,
No tyrant's power or regal,
With thy destiny can cope,
Through all the empire azure
Thy pinions are unfurled,
Fit type of Race Caucasian,
That liberates a world.
The foul and poisonous Adder,
That thought thee all too weak,
Has slunk into a shadow,
Torn by thy ruthless beak.
Up to thine eyrie creeping,
To rob thee of thy young,
He did not find thee sleeping,
And the stinger was the stung!
Back to the darksome valleys,
Back to the loathsome slime,
With unaccomplished malice,
He falls from height sublime:
There let him rest forever,
In a bathos deep of mud!
Emblem of base endeavor,
And steeped in brother's blood.
As in past age most distant,
Hurled from the heights of bliss
With fate alike consistent,
The serpent falls in this.
And the hearts he stung to madness,
When they know that they are free,
Shall sing with a burst of gladness,
The song of Liberty.
No more shall fetters broken,
Emit their horrid clanks,
But instead shall be outspoken,
The living voice of thanks.
And the East-wind and the West-wind
Shall the glorious pean bear,
Like a bird that sings unquestioned,
Through unmeasured space of air.
Instead of Slavery's mutters,
From dungeons deep and damp,
Shall be voice that Freedom utters,
Like an army moving camp.
As the sound of many waters
O'er Niagaras of rocks,
Are Our Country's stormy slaughters,
But she's passed her equinox.

And the hydra-headed terror
Is crushed neath feet of braves,
And the land is purged of error
As the land is purged of slaves.
And fit for Savior's empire:
Is our mighty Common-weal,
For, at last, the loathsome vampire
Is crushed beneath our heel!

SANITARY.

We are happy to state that the Sanitary condition of the Post is very much improved. The number on the sick-list having decreased rapidly since the appearance of wild-onions, and the arrival of a few potatoes. A few weeks since there were fifty serious cases of scurvy in the Post Hospital, now there are only eleven and those convalescent.

The strictest rules for the health of the troops, such as cleanliness of persons and quarters, proper cooking of food, &c. are still enforced, and we hope soon that a messenger of mercy, in the form of a steam-boat may arrive bringing us a large supply of vegetables. The potatoes, which came by the "Fanny Ogden" are nearly all in a state of decomposition and will be of but little service to us. It is useless to attempt to send potatoes to this country in sacks at this season of the year.

We trust that during the season the requisitions, which have been made for anti-scorbutics* will all be filled and forwarded in good condition, so that whoever may be so unfortunate as to be exiled here the coming winter may not suffer as we have for want of healthy diet.

We are like a man in a well, dependent on those at the top for sustenance. If our pleadings are not responded to from down the river, and the means of self preservation furnished, we must die. From what we hear, however, we feel encouraged to believe that our wants will be supplied.

During the past winter we have suffered severely, more probably than a regiment of northern men would have suffered, the soldiers stationed here being southerners, enlisted prisoners of war, who have seen from two to three years of active service on southern fields and until last fall never saw cold weather, and we believe it was unfortunate for them to be sent here just as the cold season was commencing.

MEDICUS.

ROSTER OF NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF OF 1ST U. S. VOL. INFNTY. AT FORT RICE, D. T.,

H. BRAUN, Sergt. Major.
C. D. THOMPSON, Quartermaster Sergt.
H. LEIN, Commissary Sergt.
W. BURDON, Hospital Steward.
C. BADENHOP, Drum Major.
C. KRUGER, Fife Major.

Resolutions in Regard to the Death of Lieut. Benjamin S. Wilson.

HEAD QRS. 1ST U. S. V. INFANTRY.
FORT RICE, D. T., JUNE 2d, 1865.

We are called upon to lament a comrade's death, our Brother in arms, our beloved friend. 1st Lieut. BENJAMIN S. WILSON, formerly Sergt. Major of the 5th New Hampshire Vols. is no more. It has pleased the Almighty, to remove him from our midst, and take him unto himself, thereby overwhelming us with grief and sorrow, and though he fell by the arrow of a cowardly savage, we still have the consolation of knowing he fell in the discharge of his duties, and that he gave up his life willingly for his country, bravely contending with a common foe, and has left behind a memory we shall ever cherish, and a character for manliness, attention to duties, self-sacrifice and generosity, which few attain to, but which it is our inestimable privilege to strive to model.

Beloved by all, thus has he fallen in the very blossom and spring-time of life, full of hope and aspirations, far away from kindred and home, gone from his old associates in arms, sacrificing his young life on the altar of his country.

Well may we say

Oh, gallant soldier, companion of our love,
Who dying here surviv'st in bliss above,
A happy life thou gain'st, no more to know
The toils and changes of our world below.

To give utterance to our loss in words, though inadequate to express our sorrow, we would adopt the following resolutions.

Resolved. That while we can only bow to the blow, and say, Father thy will be done, we deeply mourn the loss of our brave comrade, who for the past four years has been connected with many of us in the hardships and dread vicissitudes of war, gaining our love and esteem by his affability of manner and integrity of character, which constitute a true soldier and man, and properly define courage. Resolved. That we condole with the afflicted family of the deceased, commending them to the care of him, "who doeth all things well" and who alone can comfort in so deep a sorrow.

Resolved: That copies of the above be furnished to his friends, and be forwarded to the New Hampshire Statesman, Concord N. H., Portsmouth Journal, New Hampshire, and Manchester Mirror, Manchester, New Hampshire, for publication.

IN BEHALF OF OFFICERS 1ST U. S. V. INFANTRY.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

CAPT. E. G. ADAMS, EDITOR.

FORT RICE, D. T.,

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1865.

COMMUNICATED.

The following was communicated, and neither Editor, nor Publisher, can hold themselves responsible for all therein said.

Probably on no subject has there been such clashing in national affairs, and such contrariety of opinion as on the Indian question. The diseased body politic for the last five years has had its pains aggravated by continued Indian outbreaks, and the most horrid massacres on the frontiers. Rebel emissaries no doubt have been among the different tribes, setting them on to deeds of desperation, but not alone avowed enemies, but professed friends have caused us much trouble. There have been two parties antagonistic in their aims and purposes, attempting to manage the affairs of the Territories. The one is composed of Indian traders, whose sole object is to make all they can in the shortest time, to cover themselves with a golden fleece, and then leave. They have no desire to open the country to civilization and the people, for then, at once, it ceases to be their manor, their park, and hunting ground. They get up any amount of sickly sentimentality about, "Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind, Sees God in trees, and hears him in the wind,"

but they love the Indian as a poor niece does a rich uncle. They like to have soldiers in the country to protect them against the savages, whom they have roused to the height of desperation by their impositions and rascality. They wish to manage the soldiery, and have a Major General wait at their beck like an orderly for Hd. Qrs.. While soldiers are protecting their interests in the territories, they are at Washington log-rolling for those they can use as tools; or writing from their harem of squaws about a demoralized military. Such is a true picture. Many of these same traders have abetted the Rebellion all they were able to do, and often while Minnesota soldiers have been abroad fighting rebels, their wives and children have been murdered at home in cold blood by savages these traders have encouraged and pampered, in order to collect their peltries. What care they if thousands stand waiting to press into Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Oregon and Washington. "Let them wait" they cry "till we are full." Thus this vast

area of territory is monopolized by a few leeches, too cowardly to fight, men who in this Rebellion have gone to the territories to escape being drafted, and who hate a blue coat as the Enemy of all righteousness, hates the Children of Light. Let a soldier, that has fought all through the Rebellion apply for a chance to fill to moderation his depleted pocket, and he don't stand the chance of a pauper's seventh baby. He is only to be used as a tool for the Indian Bureau, Hd. Qrs. of Indian speculators and Indian traders. The soldier can guard peltries, but he is not allowed to buy a robe of an Indian to protect him from a winter whose cold ranges forty degrees below zero. The present attitude of Indian affairs in the country seems to render martial law necessary, yet at the same time civilians broken down, or more likely cut down, in the States must bear the sway. Does an officer in the territories attempt to do his duty, the Indian agents and their adherents, jump on him, at once, like Dakotian wolves on a stray buffalo.

President LINCOLN cleaned out the States, and if President JOHNSON will clean out the Territories we shall be a happy people. He can only do this by upholding the military, and his brave soldiers. Must a man with the sanctimony of a Pharisee, and the rapacity of a Shylock, dictate to men who have gathered their laurels on every bloody field of the Rebellion? Should a Washington be subservient to an Astor? Must the old rule of dollars versus bravery, virtue, and goodness return? Then as a nation we have gained nothing. Our disease may take a new form, but we are not cured. The Indian Bureau is the Slave Power of the Territories. But its own corruption will be its fall. It may strive with gold-dust, to blind the national sense of justice, our great republican Samson, but he will yet pull down its temple of fraud on the shoulders of its adherents. Every day is writing words of doom on its walls. But yesterday the news reaches us that a battle has been fought at Fort Berthold, where Indians who have just obtained annuities at the Yankton Agency murdered the friendly Indians at that Post. Indians, to suit the traders, must be brought in during the winter with their peltries, and must be subsisted and fed with government rations; and go out in the spring to murder whom they please. One fact is patent, an Indian trader can go among them and if he furnishes them ammunition he is safe. Troops are kept here at vast expense to the Government, to act as body-guard and menials for these men, generally disloyal and always rapacious. The Government sends a Major General, and gives him directions as

particular as you would give a half-wit sent on an errand and orders him to report to an Agent of the genus, Rev. Aminadab Sleek furnishing toothpicks for the amelioration of the Hottentots. The only way for the Government to do is to give these Indian affairs into the charge of a General who has proved his love of right by periling his life in defence of his country's integrity, and give him power untrammelled by Indian Bureaux, Indian traders, speculators and ameliorators, and let him clean out this Augean stable by pouring the river of a healthy civilization through its length and breadth. Can a man fight with his hands tied behind him? Soldiers saved us in the States, and must save us in the Territories. If we are Lazaruses we shall yet sit at the feet of Abraham, while the whole posse of Indian traders, like Dives, will be in hell, where they ought to have been long ago.

What the American Eagle thinks of Dacotah.

The American Eagle has flown to the West,
Leaving the land that she loveth the best,
Has gone to Dacotah, to dwell in the wild,
A land on which God in his mercy ne'er smiled,
Which Missouri flows through with its river of mud,
Where no flowers ever blossom or trees ever bud,
Save the cottonwood mean, or the willow so tough,
If you've split them or burnt them you know well enough,
And there she has perched on a wild desert cliff, [sniff,
To take of the air that's around her a She hears an old wolf that comes out of his den, [again,
He switches his tail, and then burrows She sees a small prairie-dog come forth to bark, [dark,
Then retire once more to his hermitage Then she spies in a thicket of cotton wood brush, [rush,
An elk through the wilderness go with a Then a buffalo herd canter by with a roar, Shake their tails and their horns till she sees them no more,
Then an Indian at last in his skins and his paint,
Gives the air that's around her a repulsive taint, [blue,
A flock of lean buzzards wheel off in the To add to the desolate cast of the view.
The Earth it is bare wherever she looks, She sees neither fountains nor clear water brooks,—
Arid plains like Sahara where simooms have swept, [wept,
And hills on whose summits no dew ever "If this is the land of Dacotah," she cries, "I pity the 1st U. S. V. at Fort Rice." Then plumes her gay wings, and soars far from the scene,
To lands more delightful and skies more serene.

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.

On the 17th of June a party started out from the Fort for a buffalo hunt, consisting of about fifty, Officers, Soldiers, Civilians and Indians. They proceeded about fifteen miles due west from the Fort, but did not see a single buffalo. The only game discovered were a few antelopes.

In the evening Capt. J. C. MICHIE, Co. H., gave a supper to the officers and citizens at the Post. It was a splendid affair, and alike creditable to the heart and taste of this gallant officer. The heroes of Bunker Hill on this Anniversary of the battle were duly toasted.

June 19th about 40 Indians (Sioux) arrived here from Knife River. They came for the purpose of making peace, and learning the news. The most of them returned back to their camp on Knife River. Stragglers have been coming in all the week.

June 20th a War Party come near the Fort. There were about ten or twelve of them. They made a dash on some horses belonging to the Friendly Indians at the Post. They were driven back by the Indian horse guards. One of the Hostile Indian's horses was killed, and one Indian was badly beaten by their bows, but rescued by the remainder of the War Party.

June 21st, a party of fifty, mostly Minikanyes, arrived, bringing in a white woman, Mrs. Morris captured on the Platte, January 10th 1865. Details found in another column. Principal Chief, One Horn. They held a council with the Comdg Officer of the Post, and expressed themselves desirous for Peace, and sick of the War.

Today there is a fine shower.

Grizzly is a bear brought down from Fort Berthold, D. T., by Mr. KEYSER, of the Adjutant's office. He was caught by the Indians in the woods. Since his introduction to civilized life he has acquired great taste for sugar. He is quite tame, and generally quiet, but when fretted is brought under due subjection by a dose of willow. He is long-heeled, and with head shaped like the highest order of monkey. He is quite an addition to the menagerie of the Fort.

Two Bears and Bear Rib, are still staying here with their bands. We have met with no loss of life or property since their arrival. They are always on the alert, prompt to discover, and brave to repel any threatened danger to the Fort and Post. They are true and reliable Indians, and should ever be treated with kindness and consideration.

Who took the last (breaches) breeches in this war? Mrs Davis, after they had been disgracefully evacuated.

History of Mrs. Sarah Morris.

CAPTURED ON THE RIVER PLATTE, JANUARY 10TH 1865, BY THE CHEYENNES, AND BROUGHT IN TO FORT RICE, D. T. JUNE 21ST 1865, BY THE SIOUX.

"I was living at American Rancho, on the Platte River in Colorado, at the time of my capture by the Cheyennes. My family consisted of my husband, William Morris, one child, my own, and an adopted one. My child's name was Charley. The adopted one we called Joseph. It was the 10th of January 1865, the Indians attacked the house where we lived. The party consisted of about one hundred. It was near 10 A. M. We kept a hotel. They set the house and stables afire, and drove us into the pilgrim room. At last the doors of the pilgrim room got in flames, and we had to leave. We ran out towards the river, through the corral, hoping to make our escape. My husband said perhaps we could escape that way. When we got to the corral we found we could not. He told me to stop, that they would probably take me prisoner, and he possibly might get away. They surrounded, and killed him and another man as they were running to the river. The Indians stood so thickly about me, I could not see him when he was killed. He had no arms of any kind with him. My baby, fifteen months old died about a month ago. The Sioux took Joseph, and have him yet. They put me on a pony, and went south about fifty miles. They have been traveling, and I with them the most of the time since. At their first camping ground they stayed three or four days, holding their scalp dances. Since they have been moving North. About four days ago they told me they were going to bring me in to the whites, pointing this way, saying "Sioux, sugar, coffee, heap." My joy knew no bounds. I certainly know they killed my husband, for they told me there were four men killed at the Rancho and they were all there were there. At the time of my capture I received five wounds from arrows and six stabs from knives. They also struck me across the head with their whips. My wounds are not entirely healed. An Indian, who could talk English, told me after I arrived in camp that if I showed them the wounds in my shoulders, they would not kill me as it was their intention to do. The old chief who took me doctored me with his medicine, and my wounds partially healed up. He treated me very well, making me do scarcely anything except pack on my back a few kegs of water, and saddle my pony. He gave me plenty of meat, which was all he had. He however did not like my little boy. My baby was afraid of him, and would cry. One day he took him by the neck and threw him down, and stamped on him. The child then took sick, and died in about three weeks. They wanted to bury him before he was fairly dead. I had hard work to keep them from doing it. He sunk away, and I knew he was not entirely dead. After his death they put him in a coffee sack, and laid him in a hole in the ravine, hardly covering him over. I wanted them to dig the grave deeper, but they would not. The chief's name is White White. He is the one that brought

me in. I think the Indians are getting frightened. I saw while a captive one white woman and baby, she was taken by the Sioux, but traded off to the Cheyennes. They let her stay with me about two hours. They promised to let her visit me the next day, but did not. She stated that she was captured on the Little Blue. The circumstances of her capture were these. A young woman came to pay her a visit, and she and her husband went to see her home. They killed her husband, and the two women were taken captive. She said that while with the Sioux she was used meanly, but better after sold to the Cheyennes. She knew of still another woman captured on the Little Blue." Mrs. Morris is a woman of small features, and beautiful dark hair. She is very lady-like in her appearance. She says White White used her well. Her only complaint is his treatment of her child. She thinks he saved her life. His version of the story is that the Cheyennes were very much exasperated about Col. CHIVINGTON killing two hundred of them, and determined on revenge. He was the only Sioux among them. He had a daughter married to a white man, and was afraid they would kill her, so he followed the party. When he saw the Indians around Mrs. Morris, he rushed in, threw his arms about her to shield her from their arrows, put her on his pony, and paid on the spot an American horse, and afterwards another, so that her life could be spared. Mrs. Morris was born in Granville, Delaware County, Indiana, where she has a father, mother, four brothers and one sister living. Her father's name is Reason Ins. American Rancho is about one hundred and twenty miles north-east of Denver City, and forty miles east of Fremont's Orchard, Colorado.

The first sheep ever seen at this Post arrived on the "Silver Lake." The Indians here never saw one before, and called them "deer." Capt. TODD picked them up on a bar in the middle of the Missouri river, near Vermillion river.—The young buck after attracting the attention of the boat hands by his bleating, directed them by his actions to his mother, who was imbedded in the sand nearly out of sight. His joy at her liberation seemed beyond bounds.

My tame wolf Dicky manifests good sense and judgment. He had some salt meat given him to-day. He picked up one piece after another and laid it in the basin of water, always by him, in order to freshen it. He dont calculate to die with scurvy—not he.

Why is Fort Rice like the State of Missouri?

Because it has Two Bears for its shield.

Why would the 1st U. S. V. Infantry like to be as the Rebel prisoners of War at the present time? Because they would like to be (pay rolled) paroled.

Why is an old fashioned tombstone like Jeff Davis at the time of capture? It has a skeleton on it, and is over a defunct individual.

When is Miss Souri married? When she merges into Mrs. Sippi.

FORT RICE, D. T.

Fort Rice was established by Brig. Genl. SULLY, July 7th 1864, on the west bank of the Missouri, just above Two Bear Creek. The particular site was selected by him. His orders from the War Department were to establish a fort in the neighborhood of Long Lake. He thought at first of locating it at Beaver Creek, but upon examination of different sites, at last, decided upon this. It is about ten miles above the confluence of the Cannon Ball River and the Missouri. It is a little further north than Fort Abancrombie which is on the Red River, that separates Minnesota from Dakota. Fort Rice is in North Latitude 46 degrees, 30 minutes, and 23 degrees, 30 minutes West Longitude. It is on a line with Mars Hill, Aroostook County, Maine, Oregon City, Clackamas Co., Oregon, and Fond du Lac, Michigan. It is near the northern extremity of the most barren strip even of land in Dakota, with the exception of the Mauvais Terres or Bad Lands. Above the soil soon grows more fruitful, and at Fort Berthold large crops are some times raised.

The cold here in winter is often extreme, being for days 40 degrees below zero. In Spring and Autumn the winds are very high. The dust flies in clouds, and the landscape borrows the appearance of the Lybian desert when a simoon is raging. In summer the heat is extreme, but often by sudden changes it becomes very cold. Some seasons there is scarcely any rain. This Spring there has been more rain than common, and the prairies and treeless hills are covered with a beautiful garment of verdure. There is a large supply of wood in this vicinity, principally cotton-wood. It is on the bottoms of the river, and in the ravines. Experiments have been made with gardens, but grasshoppers are so thick that everything disappears before them. In the immediate neighborhood of the Fort, game is not very abundant. The grand highway of the buffaloes in their migration North and South is considerably above here. What the Tunnel is to the Thames, what an oasis is to the desert, what a Caravansary is to India, is Fort Rice to the Atlantic and Pacific States. Through this barren region must Civilization march on her grand Western Tour. The American flag as it first waved above Fort Rice, saluted a landscape that had never seen it floating so high and magnificently before. In this Ultima Terra it was the fortune of the 1st U. S. V. Infantry to unfurl the National Colors. When we hailed Fort Rice, Oct. 17th 1864 we saw no flag kissing the breeze to welcome us, but on the 25th of December, the same day that Christ was born, whose mission was "Peace and Good will to men," was unfurled in mid air that flag whose mission is one and the same.

The Regiment was assembled, and Col. DIMON made some appropriate remarks, dedicating the Fort to Genl. SULLY and consecrating it to the memory of Brig. Genl. RICE whose name it bears, and who died gallantly fighting for his country in the Battle of the Wilderness. He was followed by Capt. ADAMS who threw down the glove to the British Lion, whose paw once rested on Dakota. The cheering was long and loud when the flag fell open, and swept out upon the breeze as if instinct with the life that pervades our free institutions. The day was one of festivity. An Indian feast was given at which the Col. explained through the Interpreter, Frank La Frombois, his mission and the potency of the United States to the wild sons of the Forest, and Prairie. Variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors was the garb of these Beaux Brumels of the Wilderness. Bears' claws, bears' teeth, feathers, fringes, beads, and porcupine quills, and an abundant supply of red and yellow paints, helped to complete their costume. To what was said they all uttered a guttural "how" but the way they stowed away the groceries in their human bread-baskets was a caution to beholders. As the Camels drink water, so the Indian eats, laying in at once in his stomach enough to last him for a week. In the evening the Colonel gave a supper to his officers, and the citizens at the Post. It was very good, and many fine speeches wasted their sweetness on the desert air, which if uttered in the States might have been handed down to future generations.

Alas for Dakota, minus reporters and other things too numerous to mention.

The plan of the Fort is very elaborate, and if completed according to the prospectus, it will be the finest fortification on the Missouri River. That it is in such a state of forwardness is greatly owing to the energy of Col. DIMON, assisted by the unwearied activity of Lieut. B. S. WILSON whose labors are now forever over. The climate impedes a work of this kind so, that one that has never lived in this region can form no just idea how much labor must have been bestowed to make the Fort what it is today. The 30th Wisconsin Regiment commenced it, and did well for the time they had, and the 1st U. S. V. Infantry received it at a season of the year most unpropitious for building. While other Forts have been built by contract at great expense to the Government, Fort Rice is a free-will offering of the 30th Wisconsin and 1st U. S. V. Infantry to the well drained treasury of the United States. Let Fort Rice stand as a monument of what, soldiers, once Rebel, now Union, can do for the cause they have espoused. In this inhospitable region, this desert sea of land, they have reared a light-house whose beams shall conduct in safety the Ship of State across these vast shoals, into the broad and deep bays of the Pacific. Peace to the heroes of Fort Rice, the living and the dead sleeping on yonder hill, and let all the world say "Amen."

They have gone from the barren hills of Rice,
To the beautiful valleys of Paradise.
But their memory as grateful a fragrance
throws,
As over the landscape Dakotian rose.

LIFE AT FORT RICE.

From his boundless cornucopias,
God has poured for us Utopia,
As is written in ancient Locke's works,
All things move as they were clock-works,
Everything by detail goes,
Even to blowing of the nose,
By that holy oath St. Patrick,
We are on detail theatric,
And tomorrow, so the chance is,
It depends on circumstances,
We'll be detailed for court-martial,
Meting justice out impartial,
So we go from gay to solemn,
As we change from flank to column,
Like manoeuvres military,
So our occupations vary,
Now as officer we figure,
Next we personate a "nigger."
Nothing meddles, naught infringes,
Round we move like well oiled hinges.
As a log is hit by beetle,
If we die we die by detail,
If we live we're on detail,
Never knew it yet to fail.
If we're living or we're dying,
We're detailed there's no denying.
Just so many must be sick,
One that's over totes a stick.
Every day is made a coffin,
Detailed man to carry off in,
And the rations he would eat,
Is deducted from our meat.
This is done by strong potations,
Of the Army Regulations.
This is not untrue nor libel,
Tis the soldier's chart and Bible.
All we lack in this vicinity,
Is a stock of femininity.
Butter, cheese and woman's eyes,
Would make this a paradise,
And if round would little faster,
Come our friend the good paymaster,
In this post we are like Adam,
Ere he had obtained his madam,
We would take a long siesta,
And when waked would stand the pester:
Since we've none to charm our leisure,
Billiards are the only pleasure,
In that hall there dwells a Victor,
Fasces bears like Roman licitor,
And the fasces that we use,
P's they are not, they are (Q's) cues,
If your peace (P's) and (Q's) you mind,
You will never fall behind,
Bear the shame of being beat,
Pay your board and stand the treat.
In this climate like mid Alpine,
Dwells our old friend Major Galpin,
And Frank Frombois, who unites,
Friendly Sioux with friendly whites.
Brugier's here, the jovial, hearty,
Good accession to a party,
And the great wolf hunter Pewit,
Wolves that bite his bait will rue it,
Marsh that just now is complainer,
Of the Champagne bottle mania,
Late recovered of a fever,
Technically called the beaver.
Johnstone who with languid glances,
So the female heart entrances,
And there's Larned like Jack Horner,
Sitting in the Fort's far corner.
Indians with their chief Two Bears,
Sailing round us everywhere,
First United States the glory,
Of Dacotah's Territory,
May the mighty powers supernal,
Shield them and their youthful Colonel,
Tis now time to eat my hominy,
Good bye votaries of Melppener.