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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., August 29, 1868. No. 51.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths inserted without charge.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, will receive prompt attention.

Look Here!

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he always keeps on hand, and is constantly receiving new supplies of

Ready Made Clothing,

such as

COATS, PANTS, VESTS, UNDERGARMENTS, &c., &c. Also, Trunks and Hats.

His supply of Fall and Winter Suits is very arge. Selling at Baltimore prices.

Being thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to him since he has been in Easton, he hopes by strict attention to business, and keeping a good stock of goods, to merit a continuance of the same. J. L. STEINEM,

jan 4-1y One door from Talbot House.

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TRY THE

ALTA VELA

Phosphate.

IT contains three per cent of Ammonia, an ample quantity to give activity without injury, and nearly fifty per cent. of Bone Phosphate of Lime, (a large part of which is Soluble) together with Potash, Soda, and other valuable ingredients making a Complete Manure. Price $56 per ton of 10 bags 200 lbs. each, delivered at any depot in New York city. Ask your neighbor about it, and send for a phamphlet.

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For sale by NICOLS & BARTLETT, Easton, Md.

Individual Enterprise Line.

ON and after TUESDAY, May 19, the Steamers of this line will run as follows, from Pier No. 3, Light Street Wharf:

To Annapolis and West River daily, at 7 A. M., (Sundays excepted,) leaving Annapolis on her return at 2 P. M. Breakfast and dinner on board. Fare to Annapolis and back (returning same day) $1.00.

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Night Boat to Annapolis, Easton, Cambridge, Lloyd's Landing and intermediate landings on Choptank, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 P. M., returning on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. Good stateroom accommodations on board.

Trips to St. Michaels and Miles River are discontinued. may 23

THE LATEST SPRING STYLES OF

Millinery & Fancy Goods,

LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS AND PATTERN BONNETS.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lynch

HAS just returned from the city with a large and full assortment of the above Goods, which have been selected with great care and at very low prices. She invites her friends and the public generally to give her a call, and feels confident of pleasing *all* who may so favor her. She also has a *very fine assortment of ready-made Bonnets*, calculated to please the most *fastidious*.

☞ Bonnets made to order, and repairing done at the *shortest* possible notice. All kinds of fancy work done.

Thankful for the patronage bestowed upon her in the past, she will leave nothing undone to merit a continuance of the same.

E. A. LYNCH,

Cor. Washington & Dover Streets.

apr 25.

NEW STORE! New Goods!! NEW STAND,

AT THE SIGN OF THE

RED FLAG.

O Dover Street in the town of EASTON.

Cash Buyers look to your interest!
One cent saved is two made!!

NO MONOPOLY!
FREE TRADE!!
EQUAL RIGHTS!!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has fitted up a store room on Dover Street opposite Nicols & Bartlett's cheap hardware store, where he has opened a stock of goods just received from the city and selected with great care and at low prices. His stock is now ready for inspection and an invitation is extended to all to call and examine for themselves. It is no trouble to show goods, and his motto is "live and let live." His stock consists in part of Calicoes of the latest Spring styles, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Drills, Oznaburgs, Linens Domestics, Shirtings, Flannels, Mens' and Boys' wear, Notions, Hosiery, Fancy Goods and Boots and Shoes.

The attention of Housekeepers is especially directed to his fine assortment of family Groceries, consisting in part of Brown and White Sugars, Super, Extra and Family Flour, (Duer's Brand,) at retail or by the barrel, Bacon, Lard, Pork, Beans, Coffee, Tea; a variety of washing Soaps, Baking and Washing Soda, Molasses, Syrups, Coal Oil, Salt, Pepper, Spice, Segars, Smoking Tobacco, best Garret Snuff, Confectionery, Dried and Green Fruits, Corn, Corn Meal, Mill feed and many other articles not herein named.

☞ Remember NEW STORES SELL CHEAP.—Call early and get bargains as I am determined not to be undersold.

He returns thanks for the liberal share of patronage extended to him and solicits a continuance of the same at the sign of the RED FLAG, on Dover street, where he promises to sell cheaper than formerly. Country produce generally on hand and for sale, and taken at all times in exchange for goods.

mar 21-1y J. H. T. HUBBARD.

PRICE REDUCED—Coal Oil of superior quality, warranted to be above the standard, for sale at a reduced price by

may 2 DAWSON & BRO.

BUTTERFLY TIES—A large assortment and something entirely new.

may 23 JAS. H. GRACE

LIME—Just received a supply of white washing Lime.

apr 4 NORRIS & WILLIAMS.

LIQUID RENNET for sale by

DAWSON & BRO.

"COSTAR'S" PREPARATIONS

EVENYBODY—Tries Them!
EVERYBODY—Uses Them!
EVERYBODY—Believes in Them
EVERYBODY—Recommends Them!

Are you troubled by Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. box of "Costar's" Exterminators.

"Only Infalible Remedies known."—"Free from Poison." "Not dangerous to the Human Family." "Rats come out of their holes to die." Improved to keep in any climate.

Are you annoyed with Bed-Bugs? Can't sleep nights! Buy a 25c. or 50c. Bottle of—"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exter.

"Destroys and prevents Bed-Bugs."—"Never fails." A Liquid, used by Hotels, Boarding Houses, Ships, Boats, Public Institutions, and Housekeepers everywhere.

For Moths in Furs, Woolens, Carpets, &c., &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Flask of—"Costar's" Insect Powder.

Destroys instantly Insects on Fowls Fleas on Animals. "Nothing exceeds it in power and efficacy." "Free from Poison." Imported and prepared only by "Costar."

"A sure thing." Thousands testify to its merits. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Box of—"Costar's" Corn Solvent.

For Corns, Bunions, Warts, &c. "Try it." It is positively efficacious. Take away the cause. Apply the Corn Remedy, to your comfort. Then tell your friends about it.

Don't suffer with Pain! A Wonderful power of Healing! Every family should keep it in the house. Buy a 25c. or 50c, Box of "Costar's" Buckthorn Salve.

Its effects are immediate. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds, Sore Breasts, Piles, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itch, Scrofula and Cutaneous Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Lips, &c., Bites of Animals, Insects, &c. This Salve has proved a comfort and blessing to thousands.

"A Universal Dinner Pill," (sugar-coated) 30 years administered in a Physician's Practice. 25c. and 50c. Boxes—"Costar's" Bishop Pills

Of extraordinary efficacy for Costiveness, Indigestion, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Chills, Fevers, &c. Not griping. Gentle, mild and soothing—cleanses the system of impurities, and builds up constitutions broken by the use of Tobacco, Liquors, &c.

"That Cough will kill you. Don't neglect it. Take home the Cure—the nicest improved article. 25c. and 50c. Sizes "Costar's" Cough Remedy.

The children cry for it—its a "Soothing Syrup." For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Singers, Speakers, and all troubled with Throat Complaints, will find this a beneficial Pectoral Remedy.

For the "Toilet," for Beautifying the Complexion, giving to the skin a transparent freshness. Bottles $1.00 "Costar's" Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms

Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

☞ Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express. Address,

HENRY R. COSTAR,
482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by LEVIN H. CAMPBELL, Easton, Md., and by all Wholesale Druggists in Baltimore, Md. (feb 1-6m

An Autumn Thought.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Autumn's dreary days are coming,
Sharp and surly winds are humming,
Dark the river waves are running,
And the clouds are bleak and gray;
As the frost swings and surges,
In its depths and from its verges,
Strange and melancholy dirges,
Mour the summer, past away.

Ah, life's summer days of dreaming,
All its hours with beauty beaming,
Starred with hope, aglow with scheming,
From our hearts will pass away;
Like the leaves that writhe and shiver
On the marge of yonder river,
Seeming loth to sink forever
'Neath the waters cold and gray.

Yet the season's frowning features
Are but God-appointed teachers,
Priests of nature, holy preachers,
Send from Heaven to you and me;
Singing sweetly, and in chorus,
Of the grave that lies before us,
Of the blue sky bending o'er us.
And the soul's eternity.

For the Easton Gazette.

Ramblings with the Army in the West.

May 14th, 1867, the writer, in company with some eighty others, left Fort Columbus, New York harbor, for the "far West," via the railroad. Went through to Chicago without change. Reached Omaha, Nebraska, on the evening of the 17th, (Friday.) Omaha is a thriving city, situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, about 600 miles above St. Louis. We reached the west bank by means of a steam ferry boat, about 9 o'clock, when the officers in charge of the party told us to remain where we were until morning. In the meantime, they would go to town (about ¾ of a mile distant) and procure us some hot coffee; our fare on the line of travel from New York having been simply "hard tack" and "salt hose." After a couple of hours of weary waiting and watching, (for we were tired,) we were compelled to "turn in" without our promised coffee. So unstrapping our knapsacks, we (myself and chum) spread our blankets on the lee side of a pile of lumber, as it was blowing rather fresh, and were soon lost in dreamland. Towards morning I was awakened by a sound of splash! splash! and on turning over discovered, to my great consternation, that it was raining fearfully, and as the ground was low where we had spread our blankets, we were surrounded with about four inches of "as wet water," my chum observed, "as he ever saw." Pretty fix, wasn't it? Knapsack, clothes and blankets wet as they could possibly be, a very chilly morning, and the rain pouring down in torrents! However, there was no help for it, so we gathered up our "traps," struck a bee line for an old deserted Saw Mill near by, built a rousing fire by which to dry ourselves, hoping that with the appearance of daylight the rain would cease. Vain hope! The rain increased instead of abating, and the old mill leaked so that it was impossible to get dry, and as much as we could do to keep the fire going.—We were told to make ourselves as comfortable as we could until noon, which most, if not all, of the party did by immediately going up into the town. Noon arrived, and our party all being together we started for the town to receive instructions where to camp. After standing on the street for an hour or more, we started for our camp, about half a mile from town. And such a time as we had getting there! Mud knee deep, and the rain falling as though the flood gates of Heaven had opened to engulf us. Struggling through the mud and water we finally reached our camp, which had always been used as a rendezvous for recruits. The party in advance of us, however, had struck all the tents, which had been used at the reudezvous for an indefinite period, and carried them off. We were compelled, therefore, to put up new tents, which had accompanied us from the town in wagons. There was a job! more especially for those of the party who had never before been in the army, and were of course perfectly ignorant of the manner of sitting up a tent properly.—However, we soon got them all up, and were congratulating ourselves that we should lay there three or four weeks, as had generally been the case with recruits, when we received orders to make a cup of coffee each, strike tents and get ready to leave in an hour. Thus were our hopes again dashed to the earth. And then to talk of making coffee in all that rain! To make coffee requires fire; and it is the most difficult and aggravating thing in the world to start a fire in the midst of a deluge of water.—But my chum proposed we should make a fire in our tent, and after it had got under headway to lift the tent from over it and roll it up, which we did; and so we had our coffee and were among the first ready to leave camp.

At 6 o'clock, P. M., we took up our march for the depot of the Union Pacific Railroad, distant about a mile, where we were to take cars and shoot across the plains, at the rate of about 40 miles an hour, to the regiment to which we had beed assigned. The cars we were put into were freight cars, and leaked like a sieve, while the rain fell steadily. But it was no fault of the railraod company that we were not supplied with better cars, for it was then in its infancy, and had but few passenger cars, running almost exclusively freight cars with road material. At the present time, and even on my return East, I found the road stocked with finer coaches than I have seen on most eastern roads,

Towards evening (Sunday 19th,) the rain ceased, and the sun rose with all his majesty. About 11 o'clock, A. M., we reached North Platte City, 250 miles from Omaha, where was quartered our regiment. We were not all sorry when we disembarked from the cars, as we had been unable to get any sleep in them, and our condition was anything but comfortable. On getting out of the cars, we were marched to camp on the edge of town, and told off into the various companies. The entire party was put into the first battalion of the 4th Regiment. It was really amusing to see the boys spread all their wet clothes on the grass in the sun, and then lie down themselves to dry those in which they stood. Never was sun more acceptable. North Platte city was a station of the R. R. and consisted of about fifty shanties. It boasted of a hotel, where a reasonable meal was furnished the passengers and public at large for the modest sum of one dollar in currency. The cars ran no farther than this point, the railroad being finished only a few miles beyond. The grading parties, however, were many miles beyond North Platte.

About 2 P. M., after having received our rifles and ammunition, four companies of our regiment took up the line of march for Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory, distant about 100 miles, the other six companies having left for Fort Laramie, in Dacotah Territory, two days previous. We started in fine spirits, the band playing a lively air, as we passed through the "city." By this time our clothes had become perfectly dry, the sun having shone out bright and hot. At dusk we encamped on the banks of the North Platte River, within sight of the city. Next morning early we resumed our march towards Sedgwick, which we reached on the following Sunday (26th,) morning without opposition from the Indians, numbers of whom, however, were seen skulking in our rear and on our flanks. We followed the course of the North Platte River the entire route, being obliged to encamp on its banks in order to procure water for man and beast.

On our arrival at Julesburg, a prairie town on the line of the railroad, and opposite Fort Sedgwick, we found the river so much swollen from the rains and the snow melting in the mountains, that it was impossible to cross to the fort. On the Friday night preceding our arrival at this point, rain commenced to fall in torrents, and continued without intermission for 8 days and nights. I believe I never saw so great a quantity of rain fall in that length of time as on that occasion. Immediately upon our arrival, we pitched our tents and were rejoicing at the prospect of remaining where we were in idleness for three or four weeks, until the river went down sufficiently to allow us to cross; I say idleness, because we would have had no duty but to guard our camp, drilling being impossible in consequence of mud. But we were not destined for such enjoyment—at least some of us. We had not been encamped three hours before our sergeant was singing out for company "F" to fall in. Accordingly we fell in line, when fifty men were called from the ranks and the remainder dismissed. The fifty were then ordered to pack knapsacks, get twenty extra rounds of ammunition, (making eighty in all per man,) and hold themselves in readiness to start at a moment, to escort a provision train of twenty wagons to Dead Pine Bluffs, distant about 80 miles. Your humble servant was among the number. After considerable necessary and unnecessary swearing and yelling at the teams, we were fairly started, and many expressed the opinion that, if the rain continued, we would be compelled to *swim back*. We teamped about twelve miles before encamping for the night, which we did on the banks of Lodge Pole Creek. Shortly after midnight, when all was still in camp, the sudden snorting of a mule caused one of the sentries to examine closely the ground in that vicinity, and discovering a "red skin" crawling towards the wagons, he raised his rifle and fired. The shot aroused the camp, and the boys turned out promptly, giving the reds a volley or two, which caused them to disappear suddenly. A more diligent watch was kept until morning, but the reds were not to be seen. During the night a slight snow fell, just enough to whiten the ground and render objects thereon visible at a considerable distance. Perhaps it was lucky for us. Who knows? Next morning we resumed our march. The next day I witnessed a sight which even now to think of chills my blood. It was the bones of a Sergeant of the 3rd Regiment, stretched out on the prairie, the flesh from which was nearly all eaten by wolves. His scalp had been taken down to his eyes; his right hand and left foot hacked off with a dull tomahawk; the sinew cut out of his legs and arms; and from the number of arrows sticking in the ground in close proximity to the bones, he had been shot through and through while he was yet still alive. The story as told me was this:

"On the praires, about every twenty or twenty-five miles, are traders established for the sale of provisions to emigrants, freighters, &c.—These houses are called "ranches." About two miles from the ranche in question, was stationed the company to which this sergent belonged. The men had been accustomed to go down to "Dutch Charlajo," (the ranche keeper,) sometimes alone, armed or unarmed, as the notion took them, not holding the reds in any particular fear. On a certain evening, about dusk, the proprietor and sergent were sitting in the ranche engaged in conversation, when in stalked about twenty Sioux Indians. These fellows had caught a mouse, of which there are large numbers on the pairie, and wanted to trade it for a drink of whiskey for each! Now, considering that the price of whiskey was twenty-five cents per glass, (and small glasses at that) the ranche keeper laughed at the idea, said it was pretty smart for an Indian, and told them to clear out, at which the reds became indignant and scowled fiercely upon the two men sitting on the counter, whereupon the proprietor and sergent reached for their rifles, and presented them at the reds, causing them to beat a very hasty retreat. Next morning early, as the sergent was on his way to camp, he was waylaid and killed as above described by the red devils, near a line of bluffs by which he had to pass to reach camp. When the company to which the sergent belonged heard of the affair, they turned out, and fifteen Sioux "bit the dust" in retaliation therefor." We put the bones under ground, and marked the spot as best we could.

We had two or three fights with the reds during this trip, out of which we came first best, not lossing a man. The trip occupied us ten days, at the end of which we were again back to the banks of the Platte River, opposite Sedgwick. When we reached here, we found the remainder of the battallion had crossed the river and encamped outside the fort, waiting for the 30th Regiment to leave, before taking possession of the barracks inside the fort. We waited until near sundown, for the sun was pretty hot, when we put our "traps" into a large scow and started to pull it over. The river at that time was about half a mile in width, very much swolen. The currant ran about six miles an hour, and the bed nearly all quicksand. So you may judge what a time we had in getting to the opposite shore, which we did however, without any accident. This same river, in the depth of winter, freezes solid to the bottom; but then it is not more than eighteen inches in depth; while in spring, during the freshets, its depth ranges from one to eight feet. In the course of a week the 30th Regiment left for Fort Davy Russell, situated in Colorada, at the base of the Black Hills, and immediately on the line of the railroad. We moved into their quarters in Sedgwick, when commenced the dull routine of garrison life, with scarcely excitement sufficient to make life endurable. True, the reds were constantly around us, and could be seen at almost any time from the fort; but we were not allowed to fire on them except they approached within a certain distance of the fort.

So we killed time, and occasionally a red skin, until the 20th of June, when fifty men were detailed to act as escort to a surveying party to Salt Lake City, who were to finish some surveys in connection with the railroad. The troops were merely to guard the camp at night, while some two hundred mounted Pawnee Indians, in the service of the government, were to do the fighting. A word or two in regard to these worthless rascals. From time immemorial the two nations, Sioux and Pawnee, have been warring with each other, until the former have killed off the latter, leaving but a remnant of a once powerful band. The Pawnees then joined issue with the whites, since which time they have dealt destruction among the Sioux. It is a matter of great wonder how the Sioux destroyed so many of them, as they are by far the best fighters of the two, and fearfully reckless of their lives. Government had some four hundred at Sedgwick, equipped as cavalry, with the exception of the sabre, all of whom were commanded by Major Wharton and Lieut. Andrews, of Nebraska, both experienced Indian fighters. It was necessary to hold these fellows with a tight rein, which of course the Major did. And often I have known them, after having been punished by the Major for some of their rascality, ride off to their reservation in Nebraska, some two hundred and fifty miles, alone or in pairs, stay there a month or so, and after having disposed of their horse and equipments, even to the saddle blanket, come back to the post with a long story about a fight with the Sioux. Another horse and equipments would be given them, to share the same fate when opportunity offered. They were incorrigible. We took some two hundred with us, when we started for Salt Lake. During the third week of our trip, our rations were short on account of one of our wagons having tumbled into a deep canon, (into which it was impossible to get, the sides being perpendicular, about fifty feet high,) and 'hard tack' commanded a premium in camp. The Pawnees would come and ask us for "muck-a-muck," (food) and if a cracker was given them that had the least corner broken off, they would throw it on the ground as not fit to eat. This exasperated some of our men, and one of them struck a Pawnee with the butt of his rifle, which came near sending him to his "happy hunting ground."—The rest of them did not appear to like this proceeding, and started up with their carbines.—We immediately seized our rifles and threw ourselves together, and but for the timely interference of Major Wharton, there would have been bloodshed in camp. The Major explained to them, and next morning every one was as pleasant as if nothing had happened. The second day out on this trip the Pawnees took some fifteen Sioux scalps, and at night had a grand "scalp dance" in camp. The scalps were suspended to a pole some ten feet in height, around which the victorious Pawnees danced, swinging their tomahawks and carbines, and giving vent to the most unearthly yells I ever heard. Two days after, eight of our reds were found minus their "top-knots." It was then the Sioux's turn to have a scalp dance.

We reached the Rocky Mountains on the 30th of June, and on the 4th of July were *snowballing* each other, away up in the Mountains where there is no end to snow. On the 15th of July we reached Fort Bridger, in Utah Territory, after a terribly heavy march through the mountains where we were relieved by a detachment of the 36th Regiment, and ordered back to Sedgwick. We were greatly disappointed at thus being stopped, as there was a general wish throughout the command to go on to Salt Lake City, the "land of promise" of Mormons, the distance from Bridger being only 150 miles.—However, we had received orders which were decisive, and could (or would) not be revoked. Coming back we took our time, and did not reach Sedgwick until the 28th of August. After leaving the mountains and striking the prairie, we were surprised at seeing numbers of reds of nearly every tribe, all wending their way eastward with us, and not disposed to much fighting, though we had a brush or two with a band of Sioux. Nearly every evening our camp was visited by some of them, and it was only after several *knock-down* arguments that we could *persuade* them to leave without taking everything they could lay their hands on. They are the most inveterate thieves in the world.—Not until we had nearly reached Sedgwick did we hear that there was a peace council to be held at North Platte city, and these reds whom we had seen on the prairie were deputations to the pow-wow (the talk.)

A few days after reaching Sedgwick, our company was ordered to North Platte city to preserve order at the Council that was to be held there on the 15th of September. We knew we would have plenty to do in case the reds got an overdose of "fire water," and prepared ourselves accordingly. We had no serious difficulty, however, and were soon on good terms with the red skins. The "Council" was the biggest piece of nonsense I ever saw. Old Gen. Harvey was one of the Commissioners, and if his advice had been acted upon, many lives of whites would have been spared, and the Government saved much expense. The brave old General's council was to inform the Indians that, if they did not stop immediately their butchery of the whites, the Government would annihilate them, root and branch; *the Government to be as good as its word in the strictest sense of its meaning*. During the "pow-wow," the Indians were incessantly asking their white brethern for arms with which to kill game, and instead, as Gen. Harvey advised, of presenting the arms muzzle first, with a soldier at the butt of each rifle, the Commissioners gave to each red devil a rifle and ammunition, which was used by them with deadly effect against all whites with whom they came in contact within one week from the dissolution of the Council. It amused me to see and hear at this Council a strapping six-foot chief of a tribe of Sioux Ogallalla Indians, who called himself "Pawnee Killer." He was the most perfect specimen of an Indian I ever saw, and an implacable enemy of the Pawnees; hence his name. He told Gen. Sherman, with fierce gesticulations, that he would have a white scalp for every Buffalo killed on the prairies by the whites; that he would allow no more travel west by the whites; that he would tear up the Union Pacific Railroad, and do divers other naughty things. At the conclusion of his speech, he painted his face, (which means war) mounted his pony and rode off. Gen. Sherman replied, telling the rest that if they did not behave themselves towards the whites, their "great father" at Washington would send many "walk-sharps," as they call our foot soldiers, with "smoke-wagons," (artillery,) and kill them all; at the end of which, the General left for St. Louis. It was a matter of question among our fellows who was the most frightened—the General or the reds. At the end of five days we returned to Sedgwick, from where, in about two weeks, we were started off one morning before daybreak, for Willow Island, a station on the railroad, about 50 miles east of North Platte, after some of those reds who had attended the Council and had expressed so much love for peace and for the pale faces. It seems a party of "Spotted-Tail's" band of Cheyennes had thrown a train of cars from the track and scalped all on board—some thirteen persons. The manner in which the train had been thrown off clearly showed that white men were at the head of the affair. They had procured a quantity of telegraph wire, a profusion of which lays at intervals along the road, with which they loosely tied the two rails together, until a strong cable was formed, the centre of which they elevated by a piece of wood sufficiently high to strike the cow-catcher of the engine. The train came thundering along; the cow-catcher caught the wire, piling the cars pell-mell upon each other. The savages were lying in ambush, and upon the stoppage of the train, rushed out and scalped all on board. The conductor, however, revived, and picking up his scalp, which the reds had dropped in their haste, walked nearly all the way into North Platte, where his head was properly dressed and his scalp applied thereto. When I saw him two days afterward, he was doing well, and the doctors had every hope of his recovery. We had the satisfaction of making eight or ten of the reds 'bite the dust,' but would have been better pleased could we have secured the *white* men at their head. That there were white men at the head of this affair we were certain, for no Indian would ever had thought of connecting the rails with wire. That involved too much labor; and the reds are just the fellows to avoid all labor, no matter how much profit it may bring them. We were occupied five days in looking after this tribe, at the end of which we returned to Sedgwick, where we resumed the drill routine of garrison life until the 20th of November, when the writer received his discharge and started for civilisation.

There are many reasons given why the hostilities with the Indians are prolonged, and as many plans to put an end to them. The only plan that will effectually terminate the endless butchery by the savages, and one indorsed by all Western men who have in any manner come in contact with them, is that exercised by Gen. Harvey during his command in the West. That plan was to tell the chiefs not to molest the whites, and if these instructions were disregarded, march the troops to their villages and EXTERMINATE THEM—brave, squaw and pappoose.—Experience has shown that they are no better than wild beasts, and should be dealt with as such. I could cite many instances corroborative of that sentence, but have already exhausted your patience.—The best proof of this statement is a short residence, not necessarily in their midst, but where you are brought in contact with their actions. The most skeptical will be convinced. H.

An Anatomized Yankee.

Prof. H—— was a physiological lecturer who travelled from one end of the country to the other, displaying his posters to the best advantage in country towns. Among the attractions of his exibition were a skeleton and a manakin, the latter very perfect of its kind, and capable of being taken apart bit by bit, till nothing was left but a ghastly pile of muscles and other parts of the human structure, Prof. H—— was a big wag in his way and did not confine his drollery to his audiences. In one of the rural places out West he chanced to have for a bed fellow a verdant farmer, who was absolutely so green that he had never seen, or even heard of artificial teeth! Before retiring for the night, the conversation turned upon the facility with which a soldier stopping at the tavern, used his artificial leg, and the Professor astonished the verdent by telling him that some men were almost completely artificial and predicted that the time would come when a man might be false throughout, having a stomach in which food might be placed and with the help of a spoonful of patent gastric juice, have the food quickly digested, and adding slyly that he himself was greatly dependent on the manufacturer for his present existence. With these revelations the countrymen hardly dared to look upon him.

On retreing for the night the lecturer purposely attracted the verdant's attension, by removing his wig, when, however, he opened his mouth, and quietly removing his teeth, the verdant, tereified by such a performance, hurriedly jumped into bed, and burying his head beneath the sheets, tried to lose himself in sleep. This the lecturer prevented by inarticulate mutterings, stating that he would extinguish the light, as he was rather ashamed to be seen taking himself apart.

Opening his closet door, he carefully took his manakin apart, and bringing out his nicely cleaned skull, proceeded to arrange the lung, heart, kidneys, liver intestines and other parts of the manakin in various conspicuous parts of the room. The washstand, table, bureau chairs were partly littered with the appartus. While busy at this work, he gave utterance to numerous painful howls and groans, fairly making the verdant's hair to stand on end. He imitated winding up his lungs, in readiness for the morning and after sundry other tricks, jumped into bed, carrying with him the cold wash basin, which he purposely backed up against the warm body of his bed fellow, who nearly jumped out of bed from the contact, and through the night clung to the extreme verge of the bed in fear. The Professor had his eyes open bright and early in the morning to witness the fun. Buried in the bed clothes with one little peep hole, through which to watch the proceedings, he waited.

The verdant soon slipped out of bed, and started for his pants, when his eyes fell on the glistening skull. The lecturer instantly jumped out of bed, and quickly dressing, skippeb down stairs, where he met the countryman half scared out of his wits, and trying to explain the necessity of leaving before breakfast. The appearance of the lecturer so quickly put together, completed his fright, and with another howl he flew from the tavern and village, to his home where he relate the astounding character of a Yankee who could take himself apart as easily as one could butcher and cut up an ox.

THE CHAMOIS.

This animal, which belongs to the antelope tribe, chiefly inhabits the Alps and Pyrenees, and are found in flocks of from four to eighty, and even a hundred. It is about the size of the domestic goat, of a dusky yellow brown color with the cheeks, chin, throat and belly, of a yellowish white. The horns are black, slender, upright, hooked backward at their tips, and about eight inches in height, and at the base of each there is tolerable orifice in the skin, of which the use is unknown. Like all the antelope race the Chamois has sparkling and animated eyes. It feeds on the finest herbage, and its flesh is of a delicate flavor.

When alarmed, the Chamois hisses with such force that the rocks and forests re-echo, the note being very sharp at first and becoming deeper towards the close. Having paused a moment, the animal looks round, and perceiving his apprehensions to be well founded, he again hisses with increased violence, at the same time striking the ground with his fore feet, bounding from rock to rock, and evincing the utmost agitation, till the alarm is spread to a very considerable distance, and the whole flock provide for their safety by a precipitate flight. The hissings of the male is much louder than that of the female; it is performed through the nose; and is, strictly speaking, no other than a very strong breath driven violently through a small aparture.

Heat is so extremely disagreeable to these animals that they are never seen during summer, except in the excavatations of the rocks, amidst fragments of unmelted ice, or under the shade of hanging precipices, which face the north, and effectualy keep of the rays of the sun. They drink but sparingly, and chew the cud in the intervals of feeding. Their agility is wonderful, as they will throw themselves down, across a rock which is nearly perpendicular, and twenty or thirty feet in height, without a single prop to support their feet. Their motion has, indeed, rather the appearance of flying than of leaping. The Chamois hunters of the Alps are so fond of the ocupation that it has almost become a mania, and they will brave every danger in pursuit of this animal.

Be always at leisure to do a good action, never make business, an excuse for avoiding offices of humanity.