

HOW HAPPY I'LL BE.

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
Then twined the buds in a garland fair,
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When ten more years have grown over me,
And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with soft perfume;
Vases there were of antique mould,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she, of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair,
"Ah me!" sighed she, "how happy I'll be,
When my heart's true love comes home to me,
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over a cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest;
"Sleep well," she murmured, soft and low,
And she pressed her kisses on his brow,
"O child, sweet child, how happy I'll be,
If the good God lets thee stay with me,
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower!"

An aged one sat by the gl'wing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun,
"Ah me!" she sighed, in an undertone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife
And I soar away to a better life!"

"Tis thus we journey, from youth to age,
Longing to turn another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till the visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade,
Turning when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven."

The Indian War.

(New York Tribune's Washington Correspondence.)

Delegate McGinnis of Montana Territory, who from his long residence in the vicinity of the great Sioux Reservation and his careful study of the Indian question in that part of the West probably understands the subject better than any other member of Congress, and as well as any one in Washington, gave the following information in an interview to day:—

Correspondent.—Is this news true about Custer's disaster?

Mr. McGinnis.—I fear it is. Muggins Taylor, the scout who is reported to have brought the news, is generally considered to be a very trustworthy man. If it is true that he came from Gibbon's command, I have no doubt that dispatches will soon be forwarded from Bozeman or Bismarck, the nearest telegraphic points to the scene of operations.

"Where is that?"

"The Little Horn River empties into the Big Horn a short distance above the point where the latter empties into the Yellowstone. The point where Gen. Sheridan has been desiring to establish a post, the scene of conflict, is on the Crow Reservation which is habitually invaded by the hostile Sioux, as the Crows are the allies and the friends of the whites. The mouth of the Big Horn is the point at which Gen. Sheridan has been desirous of establishing a garrison or depot as the proper base of operations against these Northern Sioux. There is not the least doubt that such is the proper base of military operations. Converging columns like those of Crook, Gibbon, and Terry, moving from such distant points and through such a difficult country, cannot make prompt connections nor even be properly advised of each other's movements, so that the Indians proving stronger than was anticipated, on account of reinforcements of young warriors from the agencies, can attack these several columns in detail. They recently crippled Crook, who was

advancing from the south, and now have defeated Terry's cavalry before they could gain the cooperation and assistance of Gibbon. Custer I suppose, was scouting for Terry's command, which was moving up the Yellowstone to join Gibbon. He came upon the enemy, and probably greatly underrated their force. We all know his gallantry, and most likely he was smarting under recent criticisms and more than ever determined to make a glorious record. He thought also that he had found the Indians, that if he waited for the other troops to come up they would pull up and retreat into the recesses of the Bad Lands so that the troops could not again come up with them, and the old, unjust taunt would be hurled at the army that it costs thousands to catch an Indian. So he made his desperate charge upon them. He found them three or five to one, armed better than his own troops, with Henry rifles, thanks to the peace policy and the traders, mounted on Government horses, or the best animals stolen from frontier farmers, and well posted. I have been struck with the remarkable similarity of their position as described, to that occupied during the battle with Crook, and so Custer was worsted and his command massacred. He was a gallant soldier, and it is to be hoped the Government will not abandon his remains as it did the graves of our troops who were massacred at Fetterman."

"What is the cause of this war?"

"The cause of this war, or rather of these expeditions—for this war with these Indians has been going on for fifteen or more years—may be summed up in the words, "Sitting Bull and the outlaw Sioux." We have never had peace, or even treaty relations, with these bands. After the spirit Lake massacre in Iowa, and the great Sioux massacre in Minnesota, all the more turbulent spirits banded together. After Gen. Sibley's expedition in 1863, they crossed the Missouri, and endeavoured to concentrate for another invasion of Minnesota. But the next year Sully followed them across the Missouri, and after several running fights, they retreated across the Bad Lands into the Big Horn country. Sully followed them to the Yellowstone and established Fort Buford. Upon this post and on the steamboats and immigrants to Montana they kept up unceasing war, often keeping the garrison at Buford in a state of siege for weeks at a time, and murdering every straggler who went outside the post. An attempt was made to treat with them in 1866, but after accepting the presents and securing some ammunition, Sitting Bull broke up the council, and the Commissioners escaped to the fort across the river. When Red Cloud and Spotted Tail made peace at Larabee, Sitting Bull stubbornly refused to come in. All that year he made war on the steamboats and commerce of the Missouri, massacring several small boat loads of returning miners and capturing large quantities of gold dust, which he traded for arms with the Northern halfbreeds. In 1867 he threatened the Gallatin Valley in Montana, when the Montana Volunteers were raised to meet him. In 1868 he attacked the settlement of Musselshell, and suffered defeat losing thirty-six warriors. The settlers having notice of his coming, ambuscaded him in a ravine outside the town. Although the attack was made by the Sioux on the village, this battle was denounced as a massacre by a portion of the Eastern press. After this he lost prestige. During 1869 and 1870 he devoted himself principally to the slaughter of the Crows, the Mondaks, the Rees, the Shoshones, and all other tribes friendly to whites, varying it by an

occasional attack on the Missouri River forts: In 1870," continued Mr. McGinnis, "Gen. Hancock, then commanding that department, thought of organizing an expedition to bring Sitting Bull to terms; but as there was a prospect of the extension of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which would simplify operations, he recommended another attempt to buy a peace with him until that road should be pushed into the Big Horn country. On this recommendation, backed by the assurances of the Peace Commissioners and the Interior Department, Congress voted \$500,000 to make peace and support him. This was the famous Seaton Sioux appropriation, Sitting Bull himself claiming to be a Seaton, though his followers are outlaws and hard customers from all the bands of the Sioux nation. Considerable criticism has been made on the expenditure of this appropriation. It resulted in bringing to the Fort Peck agency a portion of his following, but he refused to treat himself. Next year Gen. Custer went out with the Northern Pacific surveying party, and twice defeated Sitting Bull, or at least repulsed his attacks. One of his bands invaded the Gallatin Valley in 1872 and carried off 500 head of horses, after murdering a number of farmers. In 1873 he made a knight attack on Col. Baker but was repulsed and pursued. In 1874 he drove the Crows from their reservation and agency and made war on all peaceable Indians. The Peace Commission, finding him intractable, now began to demand that the army should take the offensive and subdue him, and this request has frequently been repeated by the Peace Commission and the Interior Department until the War Department has acted on it. Last year some of his followers went down to meet the Commission in conference with the Red Cloud Sioux, and came near precipitating a massacre of the Commission, Sitting Bull himself refused to go in, and spent the summer in attacks on the Crow Agency and on the Montana settlers. He captured a Government wagon train on the Carroll road, murdered a number of recruits going to the Montana posts, and captured the stock of the Carroll Stage Company. Such have been his exploits up to the bloody history of the present year. He defies the Government, and hopes that he can get the Sioux Nation to join him. If they will only do this, he promises to drive the whites back into the sea, out of which they came. He utterly disbelieves the reports of Red Cloud and others who have visited the East as to the numbers of the whites they saw. He says their eyes were dazzled by bad medicine (magic)."

"How many followers has he?"

"Ordinarily not more than 200 or 300 lodges; but there is no doubt that his numbers are now swelled by recruits from all the agencies. The Northern Cheyennes are with him, and a large portion of the Ogallalabs; and probably he has had 2,000 or more well-armed and well-mounted warriors in these late fights. There were times last winter when he could not have gathered 800 men; but the young bucks have suddenly slipped away from the agencies where they wintered, and where the old people and women and children are being fed by the Government, and they will remain with him during the summer. This war then has no connection with the Black Hills trouble—none whatever. It was waged defensively on our part for many years before the Hills were entered by anybody. The Black Hills troubles may be used as a pretext to induce treaty Sioux to join in the war. Of course Sitting Bull is anxious to confederate all the Sioux tribes and bands in a general war. He