

GRAND STATE
RAILROAD

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The Daily Sentinel.

JOSIAH TURNER, JR., EDITOR.

INDIAN FIGHT IN MONTANA—NINE
SAVAGES AND ONE WHITE MAN
KILLED.

Correspondence of the Indians (Montana). Post-

Bosman was there to note a cascade of excitement on Tuesday evening last by the return of the Indians, fight, under command of Captain Cliff, and Lieutenant Thompson. A tenish Indian yell heard by these Indians that was enough to startle the heart, and all holding on the right that we not was at first appalling. Down the street, on all gallant, came the returning soldiers all tattered and stained in due Indian costume, with trophies floating in the air. After our first surprise and again incident of being captured and scalped on the instant had occurred, the truth was made apparent that the Fort Ellis boys had returned, their ranks crowned with glorious results, and the Indians completely routed. The capitulation of the happy Indians was a testimonial of their gratitude to Captain Cliff and his brave command, as well as the men who accompanied him, and will long be remembered.

A party of twelve Indians had been overtaken, nine of them killed and one wounded. But this was not accompanied without much hard fighting and sad loss.

The following is a list of the casualties:

Territory Company, D, killed; Michael Fitzgerald, company F, wounded—

George Crason, company G, wounded—

Lafayette Pool, a citizen, wounded—

Thomas P. King, a citizen, wounded—

John Cashaw, a citizen, wounded—

(night).

The wounded are all doing well, and will recover. An ambulance was sent out, and through the body of Crason, who was buried at Fort Ellis on Saturday, the 10th, with military honors. His name is in Lyons, Iowa.

The following are the particulars of the engagement, so far as we could learn:

The pursuit was commenced on Monday, April 12, and on the third day, the 15th, the Indians, twelve in number, were overtaken about noon, by the soldiers, guard upon the North Fork of Sixteen-Mile Creek, and about seventy-five miles distant. From signs discovered there were supposed to be other bands of Indians in the vicinity, and that they had scattered to different directions on the approach of the pursuers. The Indians fled to the top of a very rough mountain upon which was a fortification formed by nature, almost impregnable. Here they imagined they were safe from the attack of a host, and from this point commenced shaking their blankets at the men and making several other demonstrations of hostility, daring them to "come on," cursing and swearing in every pitch English.

Captain Cliff divided his forces, sending Lieutenant Thompson upon the east and surrounding the mountains. Then came the ascent, and a raking fire from the Indians. The summit was reached at last, and from the crags and roughness of the surface they were enabled to obtain positions that completely surrounded the Indians, and from which they could fire with safety. A point was gained above the fortifications from which they could fire with telling effect. Near and nearer the men began to gather about them, creeping from point to point, and firing whenever an Indian raised a gun or made a movement.

The Indians sat at this juncture there was no further hope for them, and sang their death song. Nearly half of their numbers were killed or disabled. The firing had been going on for upwards of two hours, and the sun was getting low. Fearing that darkness would overtake them before finishing their work, and the Indians would yet make their escape, Captain Cliff called for volunteers from those nearest the fortification to make a charge. A half dozen or a dozen men sprang for the walls with revolvers, the Indians making the last faint struggle for life. It was here that Cashaw fell. King was shot at the same time with an arrow through the left cheek, dislocating a tooth, and Pool received a severe wound in the forehead with an arrow, the point running under the scalp, but without injury to the skull. But the work was finished, and nine dead bodies lay before them. Two of the Indians had escaped during the early part of the engagement, the third having previously departed with a pony captured from the surveyor. The last Indian escaping was discovered before out of reach of firearms, and received a severe wound. Large quantities of blood were discovered and traced quite a distance, until reaching the creek it was lost. Search was made for the remaining man, but without success. They were fortunately spared to tell the story to their tribe as a warning for the future.

Among the dead was a blood called "Tim," and recognized by Neil Campbell, who had known him a long time as a "friendly." They were all well armed, having revolvers and one or two heavy rifles, with plenty of ammunition; were dressed in soldiers' clothes, all wearing the regulation plumes, showing they have been accustomed to stop about frontier posts, and beautiful recipients of many favors from the fostering hand of their indulgent mothers.

WHETHER ARE WE DRIFTING.

Let the sentimental and the sanguine say what they will, and the thoughtful or the bold make no sign that reveals their consciousness of the drift of passing events, there are monitorings in the air, and an ill-conceived disquietude, and forecasted shadings that prevent to tell of coming events, which weigh with apprehension upon the more thoughtful; the more sanguine, and those in whom a sense of foreboding is naturally a consciousness and a mark, and without which—and without whose influence there would be the normal condition of society, and anarchy the normal condition of government. Whenever these monitorings arise, or presage what they portend, or whether they are the shadowy premonitions of partial or complete overthrow, it is difficult and, perhaps, unnecessary now to state with precision; this we at least know and feel, and it is enough to rouse the most lethargic and thoughtless of us to a keener sense of the dangers that certain developments indicate—that they bode no good to us or our children, the people, the government, and the institutions under

which we live. No one can predict the drift of things, the transitions that are taking place, the new and strange scenes are coming, and the world is already drawn into the folds of the unknown in which they are enveloped and disengaged, until such time as we know, without doubt, that a great change has come, and that we are still growing, developing, over the American people. A few years ago, and we have more than once said, we were in a position to say that we were in a condition of repose—but now we are in a condition of alarm, and our thoughts are with the country, and our hearts drawn upon all responsible for them, as we vainly with them, as a system of government as some, nothing could have influenced. The very fact that such is not the case—that the injured people is allowed to speak, not fearing without complaint, justly entitled to every voice and adequate means being applied to control its deadly influence—so as to sugar anything but good and hopeful (indeed, it cannot be otherwise than depressing) to all who cling to the old faith which makes the people free, and as the old times on which that land was founded. People begin to talk freely, to think freely, to revere and reverence nothing, to tolerate and to forgive, in roads upon their old and well-governed political convictions, to listen to proposed novelties, to try experiments; and, as doing all this the faith is becoming unstable and the old foundations slipping from under them. They are beginning to tamper with their inheritance, and their inheritance is losing its value in their eyes. They are forgetting what it cost, what blessings it has bestowed upon them, and how it has never failed them when rightly understood, and the lessons taught in the whipping-top—if not by them, by braver souls that may be before them—remembered. No all of us is there is in each food for reflection, and not a little ground for serious misgivings.—National Intelligence.

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