

NEW NORTH-WEST.

DEER LODGE CITY, FRIDAY, JULY 16.

Sculpted at Washita.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

A victim of Indian vengeance in the present struggle along the borders and in the Territories and one that will forever have cause to remember it, arrived in this city Saturday night, and departed yesterday for his home in New York, near Ruffeld, Monroe county. His name is Delos G. Sanbertson, and he lost his scalp at the battle of Washita. He has been an inmate of Laramie Hospital since that event, and was discharged about ten days ago by reason of the expiration of his term of service. He allowed the curious to examine his poll, and a look at the still red and tender spot from which his scalp was jerked away was not calculated to prejudice any person in favor of "his lifting." As but few persons have ever lived to undergo the process, perhaps the sensations experienced by Mr. Sanbertson will interest and enlighten. Says he: "I was in the infantry. Custer had command of the troops. There was quite a force of cavalry with us, but they were about a mile in the rear when we first discovered the reds. Some of the troops had been sent around so as to attack from the other side. The reds were camped in a sort of valley, and we were within eighty rods of them for half an hour before daybreak. Just in the gray of morning the firing commenced on both sides, and we had it all our own way for a few minutes, the cursed snakes being much confused, and not knowing what was up. At length they rallied, and we could hear Black Kettle shouting and ordering. The vermin got into holes and behind rocks—anywhere they could find a place—and began to fight back with a will. We fired whenever we could see a top-knot, and shot squaws—there was lots of them—just as quick as Indians. We just went in for whipping out the whole gang.

"When it was fully daylight, we all gave a big yell and charged right down into camp. The lodges were all a standing yet, and lots of Indians in them. As we ran through the alleys a big red Indian jumped out at me from behind a tent, and before I could shorten up enough to run him through with my bayonet, a squaw grabbed me around the legs and twisted me down. The camp was then full of men fighting, and everybody seemed yelling as loud as he could. When I fell, I went over backward, dropping my gun, and I had just got part of the way up again, the squaw yanking me by the hair, when the Indian clubbed my gun and struck me across the neck. He might just as well have run me through, but he wasn't used to the bayonet, or didn't think. The blow stunned me; it didn't hurt me in the least, but gave me a numb feeling all over. I couldn't have got to my feet then if it hadn't been for the squaw screaming and pulling my hair out by handfuls.

"I heard some of our boys shouting close by and the squaw started and ran—one of the boys killing her not three rods off. The Indian stepped one foot on my chest, and with his hand gathered up the hair near the crown of my head. He wasn't very tender about it but jerked my head this way and that, and pinched like Satan. My eyes were partially open, and I could see the bead-work and trimming on his leggings. Suddenly I felt the awfulest biting, cutting flash go round my head, and then it seemed to me just off. I never felt such pain in all my life; why it was like pulling your brains right out. I didn't know any more for two or three days, and then I came to find that I had the sorest head of any human that ever lived. If the boys killed the viper, they didn't get back my scalp; perhaps it got lost in the snow. I was shipped down to Laramie after a bit, and all the nursing I got hadn't made the hair grow out on this spot yet.

**Maud Muller—After Whittier.**  
Maud Muller, on a day in June, sold lager in her pa's saloon. Singing, while taking her lager straight, (the drink that don't intoxicate;) but when she looked out on the sky, and saw the Grecian bands go by, her sweet song failed on an upper note, caused by bronchitis in her throat; and she wished a wish that she might own some better clothes than she had known. Hans Swivel was a tutor, and he tooted his horn in a German band, and he owned of corner lots a lot, had a bank account, and the Lord knows what. He stopped for beer while he hummed a tune. Maud Muller went and pumped him up an overflowing big quart cup, and blushed as she gave it, looking down on her bosom bare and her low-necked gown. "Thanks," then said Hans; "a better drink ain't made than lager beer, I think." Then he gave a wink, and hobbled out, like a man with an awful gout. Maud Muller "love" a sigh, and said, "I'd like that rich old cuss to wed. Then all the dances I'd attend, and swing a stunning Grecian band." Hans Swivel, too, felt kind of queer, though't might have come of drinking lager beer. But I guess he was just a bit sa-looney, and, mandlin, on Miss Maud was spoony. But he thought of his corner lots and gold, and said, "O Maud, I wouldn't be sold. She's pretty, plump and nice, I know, but as for marrying her, 'not for Joe.'" But at rehearsal that afternoon, instead of playing the proper tune, he'd play nothing else, would you believe, but the serenade from "Genevieve." And Maud behind the bar did muse till she got an awful case of blues. Hans, in his shrewdness, wed a shrew—fearful scold and fifty-two. "Let us have peace," Hans humbly plead; she granted a piece of her mind instead. And I could swear that he wishes now that he had made plump Maud his wive. Maud married a shoemaker, who, soulless, snatched, but shoe sales knew; and often, when he'd get in beer, there'd run straight down her nose a tear; and she would wish, but wish in vain, that she was Miss Maud Muller again. With all his gold, I pity Hans; for a wife he wants another man's; while Maud with him would run away, but she thinks, "What would Mrs. Grundy say?" Of all the sad words of that Webster cuss, the saddest are those, "It can not was."

How Poor Boys Reach the Top Round.

[From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

There are 17,919 names who pay an income tax in this city. Sixty-seven persons who pay tax on incomes of \$100,000 or over. Most of these solid gentlemen are self-made men, who have come up from the lowest round of the ladder. The man who leads the list, A. T. Stewart, everybody knows is an Irish emigrant, who commenced life with a capital less than twenty-five cents; indeed, with few exceptions, most of the parties in the list were as well off as Mr. Stewart. Take Henry Keep; he boasts that he graduated from the poor house of Jefferson county. J. Gould drove a herd of cattle from Delhi, Delaware county, when a lad, for fifty cents a day, in order to get money enough to reach the Hudson river. David Groesbeck, over thirty years ago, used to mend old shoes for his brother, who was a respectable shoemaker in Albany. We all know the history of J. Gordon Bennett and Robert Bonner, poor boys full of talent and industry. Rufus Hatch, when a youngster, had an ambition to hold the reins of a peddler's wagon. E. D. Morgan commenced life with a quarter measure of molasses. It is scarce a dozen years since Henry Clews was errand boy in one of the banking houses down town. The brothers Seligman started out in life with a peddler's pack. David Downt, in his younger days, retailed pork by the half pound and molasses by the gill. H. T. Hembold was first cabin boy on the sloop Mary Jane, that navigated the Delaware river. We might go on through the list, and show that nearly every one of these solid men were the architects of their own fortunes. Young men, who are struggling for place and position, should remember that the individuals in the list above had to battle for life just as hard as they are doing. Let them take heart and never say die. Honor and shame from no condition rise. Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Two Ladies Fight a Duel.

[From the Paris Monitor.]

"Two ladies of the world, who pass the winter at the watering places on the shores of the Mediterranean, were scuffling, at six o'clock on the morning of the 15th of May, the gorges of the Alps undulating toward the sea at a few miles distant from Vintimiglia. Upon reaching the summit of the hill, on which are to be seen the ruins of the Roman castle, they stopped two peasant women and induced them, by means of a sum of money, to serve them as witnesses in a very important operation, which they said they were about to execute. The two ladies next measured the ground. One of them placed herself with her back against the ruins of the castle of Appius, and the other placed herself before her—at a distance of 20 steps. Each of them then drew a pistol from under the cloaks which they wore. At the sight of these weapons the peasant women uttered piercing cries, and advanced with uplifted arms to prevent the Amazons from firing on each other. But two shots were discharged at the same moment. The poor peasant women fell down, while the ladies burst into loud laughter upon seeing their witnesses on the ground piteously begging them not to kill them. The ladies then reloaded the pistols and took position in front of each other at a distance of fifteen steps. They were about to fire again, when a third witness emerged from behind the wall of the ancient castle. Startled by the report of the pistols, he hid hastened to the spot from the neighboring parsonage. He urged the two rivals to make up their quarrel, and succeeded in reconciling them. They then accompanied him to the neighboring village church, where they confessed and received absolution. A love affair was at the bottom of the strange duel."

Jenkins in the West.

A Western editor recently attended a ball, and in imitation of the usual editorial custom in such cases, gave a description of the prominent guests thus: Miss A. was everlastingly scrumptious, in an underskirt of red calico, flounced with blue mousseline, surmounted by an overskirt of linsey, looped in the rear, an saddlebag, with yellow bows. Waist, a la anoragon, bosoms de bustles. Hair in a chignon resembling half a cabbage. Extraordinarily hefty. Mrs. B. wore a short skirt of home-made flannel, displaying in a very beautiful manner her No 11 moccasins. *Corsage de Shoganoah*, ornamented with soldier buttons. Hair en fricasse; perfume of cinnamon drops. Excessively highfalutin. Madame C., a noted half-breed belle, appearing in a hoop skirt, ornamented with fox tails, arranged en circumbendibus. Waist of yellow flannel slashed with stripes of buffalo hide. She carried a large sunflower, and danced with great luculence. Terrifically magnolious. Hon-ki-do-ri, chief of the Dirty Paw, was the lion of the evening.—He wore a blanket de Machiavese, with broches de boukazine, terminating in shoe packs. Rooster feathers in his hair. His whole ensemble was very antagonistique. Nit-che-check-shirt, a distinguished representative of a neighboring friendly tribe, fairly divided the honors of the evening with the first named chieftain. He wore his coat a la womocoss, hair platted, blanket classically slung, broches de tomahopoc. Resident with parfumerie de Chippococ, Mich'l M'ackarell, Esq., a festive importation from the "Old Dart," gorgeously resplendent in a red shirt and shillelagh.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.—We clip from the Inland Empire:

A correspondent writes us from Camp, five miles northwest of Hamilton, under date of the 22d instant: "A duel was fought this morning at 10 o'clock on the Base Metal Range, between John A. Womoc, of Los Angeles county, and R. C. Dalley, late of Tennessee. The difficulty originated about an article written by Womoc for an Eastern paper, in which he severely censured Dalley for unskillfully conduct at the siege of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1863. The weapons used were Col's pistols—Stoness 15 paces. Womoc came on the ground whistling "Dixie." When all was ready, Womoc lit his pipe and continued smoking until the whistle ceased. Only two rounds were fired. A ball from Dalley's pistol plucked the rim of Womoc's hat and struck the right ear; Dalley receiving in return a slight wound in the left shoulder. The parties now exchanged themselves satisfied."

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