markably well, considering the scarcity of Spring rain, and farmers are anticipating a good harvest. Wheat in the Territory looks well. So also do oats, corn, potatoes, &c. Corn sells here for 60 cents per bushel, flour for $5 per 100 pounds, and other things in proportion. Indeed, about every other house along the Platte Valley is a trading house, and the sign of "Pure Liquors" "Beer," "Hay and Corn for Sale Here," "Bread and Pies," &c., &c., meets the eye at almost every point. Every house almost is a post of entertainment for man and beast, and if in many of them the weary-worn traveler can get a good meal and a comfortable bed, he may consider himself fortunate.

The Missouri River, I understand, is now in "a good stage of water." Freights are low, and Missouri River merchants are receiving large stocks of goods. This Pike's Peak gold excitement has been a perfect "God send" to Missouri River merchants.

Interesting from Nebraska and the Pawnee Reservation.

SIOUX INDIANS ATTACKING THE PAWNEES UPON THEIR RESERVATION—A DAY AMONG THE PAWNEES AND AT THE AGENCY—SUNDAY IN A MORMON HAND-CART TRAIN—RETURNING MINERS FROM PIKE'S PEAK—GENERAL NEWS.

Correspondence of the New-York Times.

ON THE PLATTE, Nebraska Territory, Saturday, June 23, 1860.

Your correspondent spent a few days quite recently in and around the Pawnee Indian Reservation, located on the Loup Fork of the Platte River, about one hundred miles inland from the Missouri River settlements. Since their removal to the lands set apart for their cultivation and improvement, they have been constantly annoyed by bands of Sioux Indians, with whom they are constantly at war and in constant fear of their sudden and fearful attacks. A few days prior to my visit, a small band of Sioux, just at dusk, and under cover of a severe storm, came upon the reservation, and dashing down on the leeward of a herd of ponies, under charge of some of the Pawnees, succeeded in capturing about thirty of them and killing a few of the herdsmen. Immediately the Pawnees rallied for a fight, and at a mile from the main village overtook the band of Sioux, who gave them battle, in which five or six of the Pawnees were killed. A Pawnee, explaining the fight to me, said that "the wind blew strong—the rain fell fast—the Sioux arrows came amongst us like the rain, killing our men—but the Pawnee arrows, when fired at the Sioux, came back to us." The Great Spirit, indeed, seemed to favor the Sioux, and although the Pawnees outnumbered their foes in the field, four to one, yet the former returned in haste to their village. The day before yesterday, in the morning, quite early, a few Sioux warriors again made a dash down upon the Reservation, and within rifle-shot distance from the residence of Judge GILLIS, the United States Agent for the Pawnees. They killed two squaws and took some more ponies. A more cowardly set of Indians cannot be found than these Pawnees. They will neither fight abroad or at home, and fear seems now to control the entire tribe. A son of the Indian Agent and their farmer happened to be near the Sioux, in their foray upon the tribe, on the day before yesterday, endeavoring to rally the Pawnees for battle. Had his advice been heeded, I doubt whether one of the Sioux would have escaped alive—but they were too cowardly to try. Yesterday morning, Agent GILLIS dispatched a messenger to Fort Kearney, (75 miles distant,) requesting that every exertion be used at the Fort to stop this killing off of the Pawnees, and if needs be to protect them on their Reservation. The treaty with the Pawnees stipulates that they shall be protected by the United States upon their lands.

The condition of the Pawnees is very much improved since their removal to this reservation. A good and competent Indian Agent, with a practical farmer, assistants, a good physician, mechanics, blacksmiths, machinists, &c., are located near the village, and every exertion is being used to make them (what I doubt they were ever intended for) respectable Indians. They have an excellent saw and grist mill in process of erection, some 700 acres now under cultivation, and farming utentils in abundance. The village is upon the eastern side of the reservation at Beaver Creek. Judge GILLIS, the agent, is from Pennsylvania, and is somewhat advanced in life. He is very much esteemed by the Indians, and has far more trouble from unlicensed Indian traders, who located immediately upon the border of the reservation, than from the Indians themselves. With his amiable family we spent a few hours, and, after dinner, visited the licensed trading post, under charge of an intelligent trader, who has spent a good portion of his life amongst Northwestern Indians. Thence we visited the Mormon settlement of Genoa, about one mile distant from the reservation, and spent the night. At this place all the Mormon emigration to Utah crosses the Loup Fork—about quarter of a mile in width.

On the next morning, which was Sunday, in company with a friend we visited a large hand-cart train of Mormons encamped near Genoa. The idea of pulling a hand-cart with its load, making about 150 pounds for about 1,000 miles over our western prairies, through sand hills, and over mountains, may look rather doubtful to many Eastern readers, yet thousands of Mormons do it annually. In this hand-cart train we found that same spirit of fanatical Mormonism which prevails in Salt Lake City. At 10 o'clock the ringing of a hand bell summoned the 400 hand-cart toilers to the centre of the "corrall" formed by the carts, and there seated upon the ground they listened to a dissertation on Ecclestastical History, and more particularly its adaptation to Mormonism. It was an appeal to Mormon passions. On the outside of the congregation were gathered groups of Pawnees, whose village appeared in the background, and who seemed to enjoy the teachings about as well as Pawnees usually do, who are simply watching an opportunity, when unobserved, to steal. The congregation, or hand-cart train, were composed of Welsh, English, Scotch and Americans, the foreign portion of which were landed in Philadelphia, whence they all started westward—the American portion being from Pennsylvania. Every exertion seems to be used to keep up a constant religious enthusiasm amongst the masses, and from appearances it succeeds very well. Some few were already discouraged, but fear or shame seemed to keep them to the main body. The road along the Platte valley is dotted with Mormon trains, some with hand-carts and some with ox teams. They are pouring into the valley of Salt Lake by thousands, and BRIGHAM'S Church bids fair to take the van of churches in America—at least, so prophesy the Mormon leaders. Their success as missionaries is really remarkable.

The Platte Valley route is constantly dotted with trains bound for Pike's Peak, California, Oregon and Utah. You are, in fact, never out of sight of them. There are also numbers of traders and freight trains from Pike's Peak. I am constantly meeting and talking in with persons, many of whom seem discouraged. But one point is settled by this season's emigration back to the States, and that is, faith in an almost inexhaustible amount of gold there to be found in paying quantities. Capital, however, is required to make fortunes. To-day I saw some return miners who had a young pet grizzly bear, and had "friend BARNUM" been with me, I think he could have closed a bargain, for it was not a pleasant traveling companion. By the way BARNUM might make a decided "hit" by inducing some half-dozen or so of good-looking Pawnee braves to "pitch their tent" awhile at his Museum. I should not have thought of it, probably, had not an intelligent Pawnee interpreter suggested a "new mode of making money" to me a few days since.

The crops of this section of the Territory look re-

The New York Times
Published: July 9, 1860
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