

# Bismarck Weekly Tribune.

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**The Bismarck Tribune.**  
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**C. A. LOUNSBERRY,**  
 Bismarck, Dakota Territory.

### NOTES AND NEWS.

**Bret Harte is forty and gray.**  
 All the barbers in China are women.  
 Grace Greenwood is looking for a divorce.  
 Sankey's hymns have been translated into Chinese.  
 Jefferson Davis and family sail for Europe in a few days.  
 The Emperor of China—aged 5 years is ill with the small pox.  
 If a row of columns is a collonade isn't a row of lemons a lemonade?  
 Thomas Estrada has been inaugurated President of the Republic of Cuba.  
 Wirt Sikes—Olive Logan's husband—has been appointed consul at Florence, Italy.  
 A sleighing party of 23 persons were devoured by wolves near Moscow, Russia, last month.  
 Vigorous efforts are being made to have the President pardon McKee, but so far with little prospect of success.  
 Since their last failure in an ascension day, the Millerites have been requested to pull down their vestments.  
 It is said to walk through all the aisles of the Centennial buildings one must travel 72 miles. Quite a stroll.  
 It only took Dom Pedro ten hours to discover that Chicago was a city of magnificent lies, "a thing of bombast and a fraud forever."  
 Some wooden headed statistician calculates that the fences in the United States cost \$2,800,000,000. "Millions for defence," etc.  
 Dr. Mary Walker hints that the upward slant of a Chinaman's eye is rather attractive to a good many American women in San Francisco.  
 The railroad war between the Grand Trunk and the Eastern roads from Chicago indicate a probable reduction of fares and freights from that city East.  
 Ben French and wife, in jail at Warsaw, Ky., for the poisoning of Jones, an old and wealthy colored man, were taken out by a mob on the night of May 3d and lynched.  
 The North American Review says that Montezuma was only an ordinary Indian chief, and that all the stories of his grandeur, of his marble halls and refined luxuries are lies and moonshine.  
 The Springfield, Mass., party of Black Hillers which was reported to number over two hundred, afterwards one hundred and twenty-five, actually numbered forty-five when it arrived at Sioux City.  
 Belle Plain, Iowa, claims the smallest woman in the world—Maggie Minot. She is eighteen years old, twenty-six inches high, and weighs thirty-one pounds. Tom Thumb is six inches taller.  
 A silver mine has been opened at Newburyport, Mass., and five tons a day taken out during the last year. The ore assays \$100 per ton and the local journals claim that the Big Bonanza is there and not in Nevada.  
 Col. Coolbaugh, who, during the siege of Vicksburg in 1863 was for a time attached to the staff of Major-Gen. McPherson, is now in the penitentiary of Arkansas under a sentence of fifteen years for stealing a letter from the mail.  
 A sharp-nosed widow on Sangamon street induced a young man last week to propose to her. In an unguarded moment, when he said to her, "Louisa, dearest, be ruled by me in this," she wanted to go to the theatre and he proposed a matinee, which was cheaper; and after which there could be no supper,—she replied, with a snap of her eyes and a hard metallic voice: "I will till we are married." He looked in her face and saw that she was a perfect woman, nobly planned to warm, to comfort, and especially to command, and with a cold shiver down his back, lit out for the Black Hills.—Chicago Times.  
 "What's use play poker," remarked an almond-eyed denizen of Tucson, Nev., the other day. "He hold four kings and a lace; Melican man hold all same time four laces and a king; whole week washee gone likee woo bine."

### TERRY'S EXPEDITION.

**Off for the Big Horn—Roster of Troops—Strength of the Expedition—Notes, News and Jottings.**

Special Correspondent of the Bismarck Tribune.

**IN CAMP, May 14th 1876.**—Your correspondent joined the expedition Sunday and went into camp. At that time the order for march was given for five o'clock Monday morning; but owing to the severity of the storm of Sunday evening, the order was countermanded, and the expedition will not move until Wednesday morning. The appearance of the camp is very inspiring, and brings vividly to mind days ago, during the "late unpleasantness," when grim visaged war stalked boldly over the land. Located three miles below Fort Lincoln, on a beautiful table of land, level as a floor, and on the banks of the Missouri on the east, with a range of coteaus on the west at a distance of two miles; overlooking a panoramic view that is peculiarly attractive. Officers and men are in the best of health and spirits, notwithstanding the depressing effects of the weather, and eager to move. So far as I have as yet ascertained the outfitting is complete in detail as well as in the aggregate.

### Roster.

**IN COMMAND.**  
 Gen. Alfred H. Terry.

**STAFF.**  
 Capt E W Smith, Adjutant General.  
 Capt O E Michales, Ordinance Corps.  
 Asst Surgeon J W Williams, Medical Director.

Lt H J Nolan, Q. M.  
 Lt R A Thompson, A. C. S.  
 Lt Edward Maguire, Engineer Officer.  
 Acting assistant surgeons, Ashton, Porter and Woolsey.

**7TH CAVALRY.**  
 Lt Col Geo A. Custer, Commanding.  
 Lt W W Cook, Adjutant.  
 Lt H J Nowlan, Q. M.  
 Maj M A Reno, Com'd'g Right Wing.  
 Capt F W Benteen, Com'd'g Left Wing.

" M W Keogh, " 1st Battalion.  
 " G W Yates, " 2d "  
 " T H Weir, " 3d "  
 " T H French, " 4th "

Capt M. Moylan, commanding Co A;  
 Capt T. W. Custer, com'd'g Co C; Capt T. M. McDougall, com'd'g Co B; 1st Lt. E. S. Godfrey, com'd'g Co K; Lt A. E. Smith, com'd'g Co L; Lt D. Molosh, com'd'g Co G; Lt E. G. Mathey, com'd'g Co M; Lt J. Calhoun, com'd'g Co E; Lt F. M. Gibson, com'd'g Co H; Lt J. E. Porter, com'd'g Co I; Lt DeRudio, Co A; Lt B. H. Hodgson, com'd'g Co B; Lt W. S. Edgerly, com'd'g Co D; Lt G. D. Wallace, com'd'g Co G; Lt C. A. Varnum; Lt H. M. Harrington, Co G; Lt R. R. Nave, Co K; Lt J. G. Sturgis, attached to Co E; Lt W. V. W. Riley, Co F.

**17TH INFANTRY.**  
 Capt L H Sanger Commanding Battalion.  
 Capt Malcolm McArthur, com'd'g Co C; Lt Josiah Chance, com'd'g Co G; Lts Frank Garretty and J Nickerson Co C; Lt H P Walker Co G.

**6TH INFANTRY.**  
 Capt S Baker, com'd'g Co B; Lt John Carland.

**20TH INFANTRY.**  
 Lt Low com'd'g Detachment; Lt F X McKinzie.

**INDIAN SCOUTS.**  
 Lt G D Wallace, com'd'g; Fred Girard, Interpreter.

**BATTERY.**  
 Consisting of four one inch and two 2 1/2 inch Gatling Guns, Lt Low, commanding.

**THE HEADQUARTERS GUARDS.**  
 Consist of one company of the 6th Infantry, and are commanded by Capt S Baker.

**THE TRAIN.**  
 Chas Brown, Chief Wagonmaster, J C Waggoner Chief Packer, J M Ayers Chief Herder.

**STRENGTH OF COMMAND.**  
 1 General officer, 8 staff officers to the commanding General, 27 officers of the 7th cav., 2 officers with the Gatling Battery, 8 officers of inf, 4 Acting Asst. Surgeons. Total, 50 officers.  
 750 men of the 7th cavalry, 32 men with the Gatling Battery, 128 Infantry, 1 Commissary Sergeant, 2 Hospital Stewards 45 Indian Scouts. Total number of enlisted men, 968.

**CIVILIAN EMPLOYES.**  
 1 clerk, 3 guides, 2 interpreters, 1 master mechanic, 2 blacksmiths, 2 wheelwright, 1 chief packer, 9 assistant packer, 1 master of transportation, 5 assistant wagon masters, 162 civilian teamsters. Total, 190. Grand total, 1,207.

**ANIMALS.**  
 752 mules, 32 Q. M. horses, 695 Govt. horses, 26 battery horses, 95 pack horses, 74 hired horses. Total, 1604.

All of the seventh cavalry are connected with the expedition, including the three companies lately arrived from the south.

Gen Terry proposes to carry an ample supply of provisions with the marching column to provide against the possible failure of the supply boats to reach Glendive Creek, the position for the proposed depot of supplies on the Yellowstone. All available means of transportation is required for transporting,

and its organization has required much attention of the officers.

Gen. Terry informs me that the LINE OF MARCH will follow Gen. Stanley's trail of 1873. The hostile Indians are in camp on the Little Missouri, Big Horn and Powder rivers. The expedition will make a stand at the Missouri crossing on the Gen. Stanley trail. Gen. Gibbons' command are marching east from Ft. Ellis with two hundred cavalry. Gen. Terry sent orders Sunday, via Ft. Ellis, to Gen. Gibbons to move down the Yellowstone to Stanley's stockade, above Glendive Creek—if possible to cross over to attack the Indians at the mouth of the Powder River.

**PERSONAL.**  
 Gen. Alfred H. Terry is arranging for the campaign with all of his well known executive ability brought into play. His courteous manner and kindly tones win fast the affections of the men in his command. Nothing seems to escape his notice, not even the smallest detail, and I am safe in stating that no expedition of the Government has ever excelled in preparation, and careful detail, the one now about to move.

Gen. Geo. A. Custer, dressed in a dashing suit of buckskin, is prominent everywhere. Here, there, flitting to and fro, in his quick eager way, taking in everything connected with his command, as well as generally, with the keen, incisive manner for which he is so well known. The General is full of perfect readiness for a fray with the hostile red devils, and woe to the body of scalp-lifters that comes within reach of himself and brave companions in arms.

Fearing to intrude too much upon your space at this time, I will omit further personal mention in this; but shall have occasion from time to time to make mention of the many gentlemanly officers and others connected with the expedition, as we move along.

**JOTTINGS.**  
 I have visited every department and every position of the camp, and find everywhere perfect preparation, order and system. Everything is moving along like clockwork. The citizen teamsters, and other citizens connected, have "accepted the situation," are ready and anxious to move.

This morning some ambulance mules were missing. The scouts took the trail, and after an hour or so, came upon them, securely fastened to trees in the dense forests about two miles south east of the camp, and brought them in. The thieves supposed the expedition would move at daybreak this morning; that there would not be time to hunt for lost stock, and after the soldiers were away they could take their mules in any direction they chose. It was a cunning scheme, but fell through.

We will break camp at three a. m., Wednesday, and move at 5 a. m., weather permitting; and now that all is ready everyone is anxious to start to be rid of the ennui of camp life.

And now, at this writing, two p. m., May 15th, the elements promise pouring rains, which may defer the proposed moving on the morning of the 17th. This days delay has allowed time for a fuller preparation, if that was necessary or possible; and if anything is left undone it will be something beyond the comprehension of men whose experience and judgment have prepared in general and detail so completely that nothing seems remaining undone. During a short

**INTERVIEW.**  
 held with Gen. Terry, to-day, he informed me that there was to be no child's play as regards the Indians. They must be taught that the Government was not to be trifled with, and such measures would be taken as would learn the Indians to feel and recognize that there existed in the land an arm and power which they must obey.

**FRONTIER.**  
 [The expedition moved this morning at 5 a. m. the band playing Garry Owen and the Girl I left Behind Me as they disappeared in the distance.—Ed.]

**Big Horn News.**  
 The Bismarck TRIBUNE is the only newspaper which sends a special correspondent with Gen. Terry's Big Horn Expedition, therefore, those who desire early and reliable information concerning the discoveries and prospects in the Big Horn and Wind River region, as well as reliable information in relation to the Black Hills should subscribe for the TRIBUNE. Sent to any address, together with a pocket map of the Black Hills, six months for one dollar.

The Khedive of Egypt is forty-five years old and has four wives. The Khedive of Bismarck is only 21 and has many wife. Thus do great men differ.

The trade dollar is rated eight per cent below par by San Francisco bankers.

### A PILGRIM'S RETURN.

**Charlie Nearing's Black Hills Experience—The Tramp of the Red River Boys to the Ebony Hueed Mountains—Fight with Indians—Death of George Ward.—Other Black Hills Notes and News.**

On the 22d day of March a party of Bismarckers reinforced by parties from Grand Forks, D.T., Winnipeg, and other small parties from Minnesota, numbering in all 72 men, 5 women and 12 children, left Bismarck for the Black Hills. They were well supplied with provisions and well armed and in addition to the 8 double horse and mule teams, 20 Red River carts and six horsemen, drove forty head of cattle, principally cows, owned by the Wards and J. S. Collins.

They left immediately after the heavy snow storms in March and were forced to shovel paths much of the way until they reached the Belle Fourche, three days march of the Hills. They were beset by storms, were overloaded and found the trip, taken all in all, a terrible one.

They saw no Indians, or traces of them, until the evening of April 1st, when a party of four Indians made a dash on the camp and stampeded their stock getting away with 18 head of cattle and two ponies, and wounding a cow and an ox so that they had to be killed next morning.

When daylight came the immigrants took in the situation, and determined to follow the Indians and recover the stock. So, a party consisting of Oscar Geo. Ward, J. S. Collins, Tom Cushing, — Smith, French Joe, Hite Stoyell, and Joe Mitchell, of Bismarck, Wm. Budge, James Jenks and "Frenchy" from Grand Forks, Wm. Ryan from Ft. Totten, Chas. Robards, from Michigan, and James Williams from Fort Garry, went out to recover the stock. The stampede occurred at Big Meadow and they followed the trail back to Rabbit Springs, or Black Horse creek, as the Indians call it, where they found the stock huddled together in a hollow guarded by four Indians. They recaptured it and just as they started back with it the Indians opened fire on them from the knolls in every direction. The boys, of course, abandoned the stock and made a dash for one of the knolls where they fought the Indians for about three hours, J. S. Collins, Tom Cushing, Wm. Budge and Jim Jenks each killing an Indian. Jenks killed the chief "Slave," who led the attack and captured his horse. Charley Nearing, from whom we gathered these facts, says the Indian story that Slave approached them with a white flag in one hand and his papers—certificates that he was good in the other—and without a gun is all gammon, and will do to tell to Indian sympathizers—to the agent in order to explain how they lost their chief; but the first notice they had of the approach of the noble red man and his fellows was the crack of their rifles.

Of the whites Geo. Ward, of Bismarck, formerly of Albert Lea, Minn., was killed, James Williams had his leg broken, and J. S. Collins was shot through the knee and received a shot through the stock of his gun.

The Indians, about twenty-five in number, finally withdrew from the field, carrying three of their dead with them but leaving "Slave's" body in possession of the whites.

Ward's body was carried to camp and given a decent burial—buried on the camp ground at Big Meadow—about 80 miles south of Grand River. Hildebrand set Williams' leg as best he could but made a bad job of it, and after they reached the Hills it was re-set, and again re set a few days later. It had given him much pain and will make him a cripple for life. Collins' wound was a flesh one and was nearly well when Nearing left the Hills.

The party was 28 days on the road, owing to the deep snows, and became short of provisions and of forage, much of the flour having been fed to the stock of which the loss in storms, and through other difficulties, including the Indian stampede, was twenty-seven head.

After the Indian battle no Indians were seen until Rapid City was reached, but they had hardly gone into camp before "firing all along the line" commenced. Upper and lower Rapid Cities, and outlying camps being attacked, the Indians getting away in this instance with the loss of another man.

Most of the party were pretty badly discouraged when they reached the hills and after remaining five or six days Charley Nearing, Andrew Nesbit, the two Keeffe boys, and Cahoe, took an outgoing train for Fort Pierre, where they arrived May 1st. On the 3d Nearing took the Nellie Peck for Bismarck where he arrived on the 15th inst. The others, not having the means to pay their fare waited at Fort Pierre for something to turn up.

Nearing is satisfied there is gold in the hills, and gold that will pay in some

instances, but he thinks it a pretty hard place to land a man without a supply of grub or anything to buy it with. He did but little prospecting, however, and has no desire to discourage others from going. The boys were hardly settled when he left and had hardly recovered from the fatigues and privations of the tramp to the hills.

Though they passed over the Bismarck route under the most unfavorable circumstances, Nearing declares the road to be a good one, supplied with wood, water and good grazing lands all the way—better in every respect than the route from Fort Pierre, except that it is somewhat longer, though it requires seven days staging or five days on the steamboats from the terminus of the railroad to reach Fort Pierre, which is, at most, only a day's march nearer the Hills than Bismarck.

Nearing brought in letters from Tom Winston, Thomas J. Baird, Ed. Donahue, William Holloway, and others, who went out with the saw mill party early in February, or who went early in December, all of whom report good prospects, one running as high as \$1.05 from four pans of dirt taken out by Tom Winston and Ed. Donahue on Jim Sutherland's Deadwood claim.

Mr. Baird wrote Wm. Falconer some time ago that there was gold in the Black Hills, but there was so much dirt on top of it that he had but little faith. He now writes Mr. Falconer that having prospected the Deadwood and White-wood mines, he has faith in them and believes they will pay. He says as the miners go further north they find the mines richer and better, and more easily worked. Baird will open his claim and thinks it will pay well. He reports Henry Dien and John McClellan in the Deadwood mines.

Tom Winston writes that they have determined to move their saw-mill from Rapid City to Deadwood. Tom says he and Ed. Donahue took out \$1.05 from four pans of dirt on Jim Sutherland's claim and it is estimated that the mines will pay from twelve to fifty dollars a day.

All of the boys speak of the Indians. Tom says he hasn't lost any and don't care to hunt them, but when they come to find him, no matter what the hour, they will find him ready to receive them, though in the recent fight Tom says he spread himself on the ground to the thinnest possible consistency; indeed, his front made a pretty good sized dent in the ground.

The boys report the death of Henry Hurnn, whose people live near LeMars, Iowa, whose death has been reported, and Chris. Vestrom, a Swede, who was shot about the same time. These with J. S. McCall, who was shot early in the winter, and Geo. Ward, whose death is mentioned above, make four Bismarck boys who have fallen victims of the red devils, who will have occasion to mourn the loss of many a brave because of these murders.

Hobart and Holloway also speak of the prospects but everything seems centering in the Deadwood country. Holloway says these mines are twenty-five miles nearer Bismarck than Rapid City. To reach them he says the Bismarck trail should be followed to the mouth of Bear Butte creek. Crook City is 25 miles west of this—ten miles northwest of Bear Butte.

Crook City is less than 200 miles from Bismarck and the boys all think it will be the city of the hills during the present season. Winston says the miners are flocking in there at the rate of one hundred a day from Custer and Hill Cities. Flour is worth \$20 a sack and everything in proportion. Nearing says he would have remained if he had had the provisions or money to buy it with, and would return any day if he had proper supplies.

**A Fearful Warning.**  
 A Dakota man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold all his old corn four cents below the market price; then his place was sold for taxes because he didn't know they were due; he lost the nomination for supervisor, because he only heard of the convention three days after it adjourned; he lost \$10 by betting on Columbia two days after Cornell had won both races; he was arrested and fined \$8 for going a hunting on Sunday; and he paid \$300 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised, and the public warned not to negotiate them, two weeks. Then he paid a big Irishman with a leg like a derrick three dollars to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years subscription in advance, and made the editor sign and swear to a written agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again.—Exchange.

The Indians call general Crook "The-man-who-catches-his-shadow." He has caught some of them.

IMPERFECT PAGE