

Bismarck Weekly Tribune.

VOL. 4.

BISMARCK, D. T., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1876.

NO. 1.

NOW IT'S BUSINESS.

NO MORE FOOLISHNESS. TROOPS AND SUPPLIES ENROUTE.

Volunteers Tendered and will be Authorized.

Feeling Throughout the Country.

Custer Monumental Association.

Criticisms on Grant and Others.

False Rumor of Crooks Death.

The Appropriation Bills—Hayes Acceptance—Other Interesting Miscellaneous News.

Special Dispatch to the Bismarck Tribune.

Sr. PAUL, July 10.—Seven companies of the Fifth Infantry from Fort Leavenworth are en route to Fort Lincoln by boat. In reply to representation that they could reach Lincoln several days earlier by rail, Gen. Sheridan said the North Pacific would have all it could do to transport troops, horses and supplies. A bill is before the Senate to authorize the President to muster in five thousand volunteers. Tenders of volunteers have been made from Minnesota, Dakota, Illinois, Nebraska, Utah, Montana, etc. Five companies have been added to Crook's command, and he is again moving northward. The President, Secretary of War and Gen. Sherman have consulted, and resolved upon a vigorous prosecution of the war and without delay. The seven companies of the Fifth Infantry left Yankton on the Western Sunday morning.

Sr. PAUL, July 11.—Washington was terribly excited yesterday over an unfounded rumor that Crooks was again defeated, himself killed and several companies annihilated. Six companies of the 22d infantry to

REINFORCE TERRY will leave St. Paul by rail for Bismarck Wednesday evening. A carload of twenty thousand pounds of ammunition for rifles, carbines and pistols left last evening.

USTER'S FORMER COMRADES in Washington last night organized a Custer Monumental Association. The

FEELING OF SADNESS throughout the country over the occasion of Custer's death wears away slowly. Some

BITTER DISCUSSION has occurred in the newspapers regarding the responsibility for the disaster, in which criticisms upon Custer have been relieved by condemnation of Terry, principally founded upon his letter of explanation to Sheridan which reached the public in advance of official reports of the battle.

THE PRESIDENT is bitterly denounced for his treatment of Custer and the New York Herald declares Grants hands are red with the

BLOOD OF CUSTER and his comrades. Many other anti-administration papers are critically severe.

CROOKS, since his 3rd repulse is in camp at old Fort Phil Kearney on Goose creek, a tributary of Tongue River, waiting for reinforcements which should have reached him by this time. His force will be further increased to about two thousand men.

There is a general demand throughout the country that the troops in the field be largely reinforced and every available soldier sent to the front.

THE APPROPRIATION BILLS. The Government expenses in all de-

partments have been provided for until July 20th, by the extension of last years appropriations. In the meantime conference committees are making encouraging progress in reconciling the differences between the two houses on the pending appropriation bills.

GEN. HAYES ACCEPTANCE declares for general and thorough civil service reform; for speedy resumption of specie payments; for pacification of the south on the basis of equal rights; for unsectarian schools and for but one Presidential term.

STEAMER BURNED. The Propeller St. Clair, of Wards Lake Superior Line, burned near Ontonagon, Sunday morning. Twenty-seven lives were lost among them D. Collins of Duluth. The weather has been

EXCEEDINGLY HOT during the past few days and many sun-strokes are reported from eastern cities.

Politics and Politicians. While strolling around town the other day the writer dropped into the rehearsal rooms of the Bismarck troupe of

KIDDER MINSTELS, and found them busily preparing their parts for the coming season. Doorkeeper Raymond guarded the entrance, assisted by Doc Jennings. Postmaster Lounsbury the song and dance man was there in a corner in close confab with Land Office Brown. Williams was vainly trying to play a Democratic tune on a Republican tamborine. Delamater and Flannery jig dancers, were bruising the floor in a series of awkward movements. Setting apart, however, on a bench was to be seen the melancholy visage of the

BEWILDERED STOVELL, end man of the troupe—so near the end that he has since slipped entirely off. He was making discordant sounds on a Blaine fiddle, with no bridge and half the strings broken. His eyes were listlessly resting upon a copy of a late Yankton paper containing the report of the squabble concerning who should be mourners at the Cincinnati burial bee. The "late convert" will probably be a delegate to Charles Francis Adams' Philadelphia convention.

Leaving Pandemonium hall and its ill starred outfit we sauntered down the street and entered another hall where a goodly number of gentlemen were present busy discussing Territorial affairs. The good manners and true politeness of the gentlemen present soon enabled us to discover that we were in a convention of Democrats. In discussing the Delegate question it was the unanimous opinion of all present that

DR. JOHN P. DUNN was the choice of the Democracy of Northern Dakota for their representative at Washington, and the man who can poll two votes to Kidder's one throughout this section of the Territory. Dr. Dunn is a wholesale druggist of this city—the pioneer of his line here—and who has served the county of Burleigh for three years as its worthy commissioner. An Indian by birth and early training, when the war broke out he followed the fortunes of the gallant Sixth regiment of that State throughout the war. A sterling Democrat of the old school he believes in the success of true democratic principles.

Two years ago, when, through Mr. Armstrong's failure to come before the people for his third re-election in time, some parties here claiming to be democrats sought an excuse to sell the layout to Judge Kidder. Dr. Dunn was one of the first to protest, and though Armstrong's candidacy was hardly known until the morning of the election, he procured tickets and with the assistance of such democrats as Hackett, Jimmy Emmons and others, good and true, saved nearly 200 votes for Armstrong out of the five hundred votes polled in the city. No better man or one who will be truer to the best interests of Dakota can be found than Dr. Dunn, or one more active as our representative at Washington.—Bismarck correspondence Dakota Herald.

The news of the Custer massacre reached the east Thursday morning via Helena and Salt Lake. On Thursday full particulars were telegraphed from Bismarck. Eighteen thousand words to the New York Herald alone. A full list of the dead and wounded as published in the TRIBUNE extra was forwarded by telegraph to the St. Paul, Chicago and New York papers.

MASSACRED.

GEN. CUSTER AND 261 MEN THE VICTIMS.

No Officer or Man of Five Companies Left to Tell the Tale.

3 Days Desperate Fighting Under Maj. Reno.

Full Details of the Battle.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT SLAIN.

Squaws Mutilate and Rob the Dead.

Victims Captured Alive Tortured in a Most Fiendish Manner.

What will Congress do About it?

Shall this be the Beginning of the End?

It will be remembered that the Bismarck TRIBUNE sent a special correspondent with Gen. Terry, who was the only professional correspondent with the expedition. Kellogg's last words to the writer were: "We leave the Rosebud to-morrow, and by the time this reaches you we will have

MET AND FOUGHT the red devils, with what result remains to be seen. I go with Custer and will be at the death." How true! On the morning of the 22d Gen. Custer took up the line of march for the trail of the Indians, reported by Reno on the Rosebud. Gen. Terry, apprehending danger, urged Custer to take additional men, but Custer having full confidence in his men and in their ability to cope with the Indians in whatever force he might meet them, declined the proffered assistance and marched with his regiment alone. He was instructed to strike the trail of the Indians, to follow it until he discovered their position, and report by courier to the Terry, who would reach the mouth of Little Horn by the evening of the 26th, when he would act in concert with Custer in the final wiping out. At four o'clock, the afternoon of the 24th, Custer's scouts reported the location of a village recently deserted, whereupon Custer went into camp, marching again at 11 P. M., continuing the march until daylight, when he again went into camp for coffee. Custer was then fifteen miles from the village, located on the Little Horn, twenty miles above its mouth, which could be seen from the top of the divide, and after lunch General Custer pushed on. The Indians by this time had discovered his approach, and soon were seen mounting in great haste, riding here and there, it was presumed in full retreat. This idea was strengthened by finding a freshly abandoned Indian camp with a deserted tepee, in which one of their dead had been left, about six miles from where the battle took place. Custer with his usual vigor pushed on, making seventy-eight miles without sleep, and attacked the village near its foot with companies C, E, F, I and L, of the seventh cavalry, Reno having in the mean time attacked it at its head with three companies of cavalry which, being surrounded, after a desperate hand to hand conflict, in which many were killed and wounded, cut their way to a bluff about three hundred feet

high, where they were reinforced by four companies of cavalry under Col. Benteen. In gaining this position, Col. Reno had to recross the Little Horn, and at the ford the hottest fight occurred. It was here where Lieutenants McIntosh, Hodgson and Dr. DeWolf fell; where Charley Reynolds fell in a hand to hand conflict with a dozen or more Sioux, emptying several chambers of his revolver, each time bringing a redskin, before he was brought down—shot through the heart. It was here Bloody Knife surrendered his spirit to the one who gave it, fighting the natural and hereditary foes of his tribe, as well as the foes of the whites.

The Sioux dashed up beside the soldiers, in some instances knocking them from their horses and killing them at their pleasure. This was the case with Lt. McIntosh, who was unarmed except with a saber. He was pulled from his horse, tortured and finally murdered at the pleasure of the red devils. It was here that Fred Girard was separated from the command and lay all night with the screeching fiends dealing death and destruction to his comrades within a few feet of him, and, but time will not permit us to relate the story, through some means succeeded in saving his fine black stallion in which he took so much pride. The ford was crossed and the summit of the hills, having, Col. Smith says, the steepest sides that he ever saw ascended by a horse or mule, reached, though the ascent was made under a galling fire.

The companies engaged in this affair were those of Captains Moylan, French and McIntosh. Col. Reno had gone ahead with these companies in obedience to the order of Gen. Custer, fighting most gallantly, driving back repeatedly the Indians who charged in their front, but the fire from the bluffs being most galling, forced the movement heretofore alluded to. Signals were given and soon Benteen with the four companies in reserve came up in time to save Reno from the fate with which Custer about this time met. The Indians charged the hill time and again but were each time repulsed with heavy slaughter by its gallant defenders. Soon, however, they reached bluffs higher than those occupied by Reno; and opened a destructive fire from points beyond the reach of cavalry carbines. Nothing being heard from Custer, Col. Weir was ordered to push his command along the bank of the river in the direction he was supposed to be, but he was soon driven back, retiring with difficulty. About this time the Indians received strong reinforcements, and literally swarmed on the hill sides and on the plains, coming so near at times that stones were thrown into the ranks of Col. Reno's command by those unarmed or out of ammunition. Charge after charge came in quick succession, the fight being sometimes almost hand to hand. But they drew off finally, taking to the hills and ravines. Col. Benteen charged a large party in a ravine, driving them from it in confusion. They evidently trusted in their numbers and did not look for so bold a movement. They were within range of the corral and wounded several packers, J. C. Wagoner, among the number, in the head, while many horses and mules were killed. Near 10 o'clock the fight closed, and the men worked all night strengthening their breast works, using knives, tin cups and plates, in place of spades and picks, taking up the fight again in the morning. In the afternoon of the second day the desire for water became almost intolerable. The wounded were begging piteously for it; the tongues of the men were swollen and their lips parched, and from lack of rest they were almost exhausted. So a bold attempt was made for water. Men volunteered to go with canteens and camp kettles, though to go was almost certain death. The attempt succeeded, though in making it one man was killed and several wounded. The men were relieved, and

that night the animals were watered. The fight closed at dark, opening again next morning, and continuing until the afternoon of the 27th. Meantime the men became more and more exhausted, and all wondered what had become of Custer. A panic all at once was created among the Indians and they stampeded, from the hills and from the valleys, and the village was soon deserted except by the dead, and Reno and his brave band felt that succor was nigh. Gen. Terry came in sight, and strong men wept upon each others necks, but no word was had from Custer. Hand shaking and congratulations were scarcely over when Lt. Bradley reported that he had found Custer dead, with one hundred and ninety cavalry men. Imagine the effect. Words cannot picture the feeling of these, his comrades and soldiers. Gen. Terry sought the spot and found it to be too true. Of those brave men who followed Custer all perished; no one lives to tell the story of the battle. Those deployed as skirmishers, lay as they fell, shot down from every side, having been entirely surrounded in an open plain. The men in the companies fell in platoons, and like those on the skirmish line, lay as they fell, with their officers behind them in their proper positions. General Custer, who was shot through the head and body, seemed to have been among the last to fall, and around and near him lay the bodies of Col Tom and Boston, his brothers, Col Calhoun, his brother in law, and his nephew young Reed, who insisted on accompanying the expedition for pleasure, Col Cook and the members of the non-commissioned staff all dead—all stripped of their clothing and many of them with bodies terribly mutilated. The squaws seem to have passed over the field and crushed the skulls of the wounded and dying with stones and clubs. The heads of some were severed from the body, the privates of some were cut off, while others bore traces of torture, arrows having been shot into their private parts while yet living, or other means of torture adopted. The officers who fell were as follows; Gen G. A. Custer; Cois Geo. Yates, Miles Keogh, James Calhoun, W. W. Cook, Capts McIntosh A. E. Smith, Lieutenants Riley, Critenden, Sturgis, Harrington, Hodgson and Porter, Asst Surgeon De Wolf. The only citizens killed were Boston Custer, Mr. Reed, Charles Reynolds, Isiah, the interpreter from Ft. Rice and Mark Kellogg, the latter the TRIBUNE correspondent. The body of Kellogg alone remained unstripped of its clothing, and was not mutilated. Perhaps as they had learned to respect the Great Chief, Custer, and for that reason did not mutilate his remains they had in like manner learned to respect this humble shaver of the lead pencil and to that fact may be attributed this result. The wounded were sent to the rear some fourteen miles on horse litters striking the Far West sixty odd miles up the Big Horn which point they left on Monday at noon reaching Bismarck nine hundred miles distant at 10 P. M.

The burial of the dead was sad work but they were all decently interred. Many could not be recognized; among the latter class were some of the officers. This work being done the command wended its way back to the base where Gen Terry, awaits supplies and approval of his plans for the future campaign.

The men are worn out with marching and fighting, and are almost wholly destitute of clothing.

The Indians numbered at least eighteen hundred lodges in their permanent camp, while those who fought Crook seems to have joined them, making their effective fighting force nearly four thousand. These were led by chiefs carrying flags of various colors, nine of whom were found in a burial tent on the field of battle. Many other dead were found on the field, and near it ten squaws at one point in a ravine—evidently the work of the Ree or Crow scouts.