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THE CRY OF THE CARPET-BAGGER

BENNETT BLOWS HIS BAZOOKA AT THE BISMARCK BOYS.

The Radical Candidate for Delegate Begging For Democratic Votes--He Multifies Himself in a "Boomerang" Speech and Leaves without a Sympathizer--Bennett's Relations with Spencer.

A BAD BREAK.

There could be no more pitiful spectacle than that presented by Judge Bennett at the Opera House Monday night. The announcement that he was to speak attracted a large assemblage of Democrats, who wanted to hear what the Republican candidate had to say, and that they, and what few Republicans attended, were thoroughly disappointed was testified in the scant applause and the glances of pity that were shot at the speaker. Instead of coming out manfully and manifesting that degree of self-respect which a man in his position is supposed to possess, he appeared merely as a suppliant for votes, begging for them as a starving man might beg for bread, not offering a solitary valid reason why any man should cast his ballot for him.

He opened by admitting a warm personal interest in the election, and throughout his speech it was apparent that that interest was paramount to all other considerations. Mr. George P. Flannery had introduced him as one too well known to need any encomium, but the Judge seemed to assume that no one had ever heard of him before, and his diatribe was a description of himself, and a prayer that

THE HERO OF HIS NARRATIVE might be chosen, as a favor to himself, to the office of Delegate to Congress.

After alluding to Mr. Tripp as his personal friend, he announced that Tripp had wholly failed to show why a Democrat should be elected. He claimed that Tripp had promised nothing in the way of internal improvements and that he (Tripp) had wholly failed to pledge himself to the extension of the Union Pacific Railroad. These were the only charges he had to make against his opponent. In order to strengthen these, the Judge went on to pay the orthodox stump compliment to the party he represents, drifting helplessly through the mass of generalities that the average Republican thinks necessary to confuse the unreasoning listener. He portrayed the glories which that party has saddled upon the country and, mounting to the zenith of oratorical pyrotechnics, endeavored to prove by mere assertion that the Almighty frowns upon every act not sanctioned by the Republican party.

But it was when he got away from this line and tackled every day affairs that he came down like a stick. Said he, "It is claimed by Mr. Tripp that the Delegate to Congress should be in sympathy with the party in power, and that the party in power will be Democratic. He claims that a Democratic house

WILL NOT ADMIT DAKOTA as a state unless her delegate be a Democrat. What a charge against the Democracy! He is claiming that the party is dishonest, which I do not believe, and I think more of the party than Mr. Tripp does when he degrades it by such a statement." A little further on he remarked: "The business of the territories is done through the departments. Gen. Williamson, the land commissioner, is my personal friend. Is it not reasonable to suppose that I can do more for Dakota, Republican as I am with the Republican departments than a Democrat can?"

And the crowd sat and looked at him bewildered. The spectacle of a man denouncing in one breath the very platform that floated on the next, was a new thing to the people of Bismarck and they looked with dismay upon the speaker who calmly affirmed that he could and would compel his party to do what he had just condemned as degrading and dishonest in his opinions.

Taking up the charge that he is a carpet-bagger, he denied it, and said he had come here four years ago with a Federal commission in his clothes and had determined to make Dakota his home. Yet his whole speech was that of a

COUNTY POLITICIAN in the states and in not a single sentence did he show that he knew the wants of the territories or understood the people to whom his commission had introduced him. "It is said you want to be admitted as a state," he exclaimed, "if all the people in the territory want it, I will work for it. It is said that the people of Northern Dakota desire a division of the Territory. If all the people in the Territory want the division, I will strive for that." "All the people in the Territory." Then the people of Northern Dakota have no rights in this learned gentleman's judgment, and Northern Dakotians will do well to ponder over this avowed intention to disregard their preferences when they come to cast the votes this sectional representative clamors for so loudly.

Coolly and calmly Judge Bennett announced that he would not wave the bloody shirt, and then he plunged into what was the war and the Republican party had effected. Fittingly did he use the term

"BOOMERANG," for his every sentence flew back in his teeth until he stood stultified in every proposition he advanced, an object to command the pity of God and man.

Coming down to his poverty he made a strong play for the support of the working men by claiming that he belonged to the debtor class and that all he had earned had gone to pay his indebtedness. Had he crushed the next sentence in his teeth,

so far would have been well enough, but he must needs explain that the property for which his money had gone was located in Washington, Iowa and Chicago. Not a dollar in the territory he begged to represent. Not a dollar among the people he claimed as his neighbors, but every cent disposed of in the states of Illinois and Iowa.

It is useless to go on with his speech. The foregoing report is a fair sample of his effort and the disgust with which it inspired his listeners was well testified in the feeble response to an effort to get up a cheer for him at the close.

SPENCER.

The one good point he made was on his brother carpet-bagger, Senator Spencer. Said Bennett:

"After I went to the Black Hills in the spring of 1877, I granted an injunction on the Aurora mine. I returned in June to Yankton to attend the supreme court. While at Yankton Senator Spencer sent a dispatch to Gov. Pennington asking him where Bennett was. Pennington replied, 'In Yankton.' Then this almighty Senator sent a dispatch flashing over the wires: 'Hold him until I come; I have important business with him.'"

"A few days later Spencer arrived in Yankton and sought an interview with me at Gov. Pennington's office. He proceeded to business at once. He is a man of business. He said: 'Brown & Thunn, bankers in Deadwood, Hon. Tom Platt, ex-member of congress, Senator Roscoe Conkling and myself have purchased an interest in the Aurora mine and I have come down to have you dissolve that injunction you granted in favor of the Hidden Treasure.' I said to him, 'let me see your motion.' He replied, 'I have none.' 'Have you any additional testimony to offer?' He replied, 'I have none.' 'Have you given the opposite party any notice of this application?' He answered 'no.'

"I then told him, 'I do not do business in that sort of a way.' 'He then shuffled around, flushed up and stammered out that he didn't want me to do anything improper. I replied that he ought to know that such a proceeding was highly improper. He then changed his tactics and came at me with this question: 'I suppose you know there is a petition circulating the hills for your removal?' 'I answered 'Yes, and you

HAVE GOT IT IN YOUR POCKET at this moment.' He squirmed and denied the charge, but he had it all the same. He went on to say that the petition was being signed by the whole bar, and that a strong effort for my removal would be made and he thought it would prove successful. I said I knew just what members of the bar had signed it, and I knew it would not prove successful, as the department of justice would take no action without first making an investigation; that no truthful charges could be made against me that would warrant my removal. I asked him if that was the important business he had with me. He replied, 'It was,' and I bid him good day.

"No man can make me believe that Senator Spencer didn't come with that petition as a threat over my head. He expected me to cringe and bawl 'what shall I do to avert this disgrace to myself and family?' He would cunningly reply: 'Dissolve that injunction and this petition will go no farther.'"

Judge Bennett flavored his remarks on Spencer with the statement that he dare not return to the state he misrepresented; that he was a United States Senator without a state or a constituency and was a stench in the nostrils of the whole country. "I beg your pardon," he said, "for his introduction into this hall even in memory."

THE CRITTER SOLDIERS.

News and Notes From the Seventh Cavalry.

A letter from the camp of the Seventh Cavalry, in the field near Camp Robinson, Nebraska, dated Oct. 20th, reports: "A party of ten Cheyenne bucks and squaws came in to-day. The country is so thoroughly scouted by our troops that they concluded to surrender and not to run the risk of getting captured. It appears from all that we can gather that there are one or two families still in the Sand Hills, south-east of us. Col. Tilford is having that country thoroughly scouted and is doing all he can to meet the views spread from Headquarters at St. Paul. Col. Merrill with two companies of the Seventh is on Wounded Knee to keep open communication with Capt. Wessell of the Third Cavalry at new Spotted Tail Agency. The rumor that the Red Cloud Indians are dissatisfied, is totally groundless. To all appearances they are acting in perfect good faith. Red Cloud himself is exceedingly anxious to create a favorable impression on us, and has behaved remarkably well. I believe the Cheyenne war party passed north before we left Bear Butte. Any stragglers, who remain behind, will be found by our scouts. Rations will be out, the end of the month. We have received notice that clothing will be sent us at Camp Robinson. I hope it may arrive in time as the men will suffer terribly should a storm overtake us. The clothing, the boys had on, when they left Lincoln in July, is a sad excuse for protection against the winds and rains that may come on us any day. We have lots of fun over the dispatch from Headquarters which still wishes us to bear in mind that we must follow to the death, all Indians, whose trail we may discover. It is very absurd, but these are the days of bombast."

A SOLID SHOT FROM STOYELL

PLANTED SQUARELY IN BENNETT'S POLITICAL STOMACH.

Another Republican Who Can't Go the Nominee of His Party--A Strong Speech for Tripp, With Reasons Why He Should Be Elected--Some Pleasant Reading for Intelligent Voters.

STILL ANOTHER COUNTY.

The Hon. John A. Stoyell arrived in Bismarck yesterday from a successful trip up the Red River valley, and was invited by a number of Democrats and honest Republicans to speak at the Opera House in the evening, and refute the arguments and show up the fallacies shot off by Judge Bennett the night before.

The acceptance of the invitation by Mr. Stoyell jammed the Opera House full of the leading Democrats and better class of Republicans, who listened with the utmost interest, and frequently cheered enthusiastically the able manner in which one of the severest logicians in the Republican ranks tore to pieces the shallow pretensions of the candidate of the Bismarck Bennett club.

Mr. Stoyell was introduced to the assemblage by Col. Thompson in a few graceful remarks which captivated the audience in the start. The speaker of the evening opened by saying that in appearing before the audience as an honest advocate for the election of Bartlett Tripp as delegate to Congress he renounced none of those principles which had formerly allied him to the Republican party, but only desired the election of

BARTLETT TRIPP

as Delegate, who for thirteen long years had been a constant resident of the Territory of Dakota, and an earnest advocate of every principle which seemed to portend her future prosperity. He discussed the greenback question, and argued that it all simmered itself down to an important issue between labor and capital. The most important legislation, he argued, of the past sixty years for the protection of corporations had been instituted with a view of assisting the masses, whereas, in fact, the benefits had really accrued to speculators and adventurers, who had benefitted thereby under the insidious guise of honest reformers.

Coming down to a practical application of politics to the wants of the people of the Territory, Mr. Stoyell contended that our prosperity rested fundamentally on the admission of Dakota as a State. He demonstrated clearly that it lay beyond a peradventure that the next Congress would be Democratic, and proved conclusively that in order to induce favorable legislation the Delegate from the Territory must be in sympathy with the political aspect of Congress. In his argument he completely shattered the feeble efforts of Judge Bennett, who strove to show that it all depended on the Departments at Washington, and that it was necessary to elect a Radical to complete the destinies of the people of the Territory. His plea proved that Congress was the father of the Territories, and not a carpet bag holder of a high toned clerkship who would only listen when feed in advance, and that Congress was more successfully approached through its own political stripe than through any gentleman who

CAME IN WITH A COMMISSION,

and went out without even a residence. Mr. Stoyell gave the facts to show that Bartlett Tripp had thoroughly identified himself with every material interest of the Territory; that he is one of the ablest jurists living in Dakota, and that no motive, act or thought of his could be questioned as to its purity.

Throughout the whole speech Mr. Stoyell was eloquent, logical and forcible. It was manifest that he hated to attack a man even pretending to represent Republican principles, but it was also manifest that he thought honestly that Bennett is not the man to represent the Territory in Congress, and the audience, to a man, Democrat and Republican, agreed with him.

TRIPP.

Bartlett Tripp, the next delegate to congress, from Dakota, made a trip down the Red River valley that was entirely satisfactory. In Richland he made a stirring address that told well for his party. In such a strong Republican town as Grand Forks Tripp is holding Bennett more than level. His whole voyage was marked with a series of which not only demonstrate his personal popularity but show that the vote of the valley will be overwhelmingly Democratic.

PAINTED WOODS PRECINCT.

The polls of the Painted Woods precinct will be located, election day, at the residence of G. G. Rhude.

WOODRUFF'S RACE.

A report is in circulation, which is receiving but little credence in this county, but might do mischief in other parts of the district, that Mr. Woodruff is running for the office of District Attorney simply to draw votes from Mr. Francis, in order to secure the election of Mr. Stoyell. This is a malicious lie, and the man that is circulating the report knows it. Mr. Woodruff authorizes us to say this, nor would we hesitate to say so without a word from him, as we know that he is running in his own interest and expects to be elected, and the man who seeks to do him injury by circulating such falsehoods is not worthy of the support of the voters of any part of the district. In addition to this, we may safely say that either Woodruff or Stoyell

could secure the election over Mr. Francis without the assistance of a third party.--Grand Forks Plaindealer.

TELEGRAPHIC.

General News From The Outside World.

[Special Despatch to the Tribune.]

FINANCIAL.

St. Paul, Oct. 30.--Within the past week over a million in specie arrived at New York from Europe.

The indications at the Bureau of Statistics are that the exports this fall will be larger than ever before. Everything is regarded by Secretary Sherman as favorable for the resumption of specie payments at the allotted time. United States Treasurer Gillfillan, after consulting with the Secretary of the Treasury, has concluded to adopt the opinion of Gen. Devans upon the taxability of

NATIONAL BANK

capital as far as future assessments are concerned, but the point made in behalf of the books when they have been unjustly and illegally assessed in the past will be left to congress to settle.

HAYES' RECEPTION.

The President entertained the members of Cincinnati Literary Club at the White House yesterday. There was no wine, Apollonaris and Potomac water supplying their place. There was great flow of table talk as a result of these innocent potations.

SPORTING.

Howard has accepted Yales' challenge to an eight oared, four mile race.

THE NATIONAL RELIEF BOAT

Chambers has returned to St. Louis. The officers report that in many small places extreme misery exists, food, clothing and other necessities of life being sadly needed. Four deaths occurred during the past 24 hours in Memphis, and three outside of the city. One new case is reported at New Orleans, and ten deaths; six new cases at Baton Rouge, and one death; thirteen new cases at Jackson and four deaths; sixteen new cases at Chattanooga, and three deaths; three new cases at Holly Springs, and one death. Total number of deaths at New Orleans 3,094.

THE MANHATTAN BANK.

Depositors at the Manhattan Bank have been thronging the doors, but are all informed that the deposits are all right and will be paid, if wanted, at the end of sixty days. No clue to the robbers has yet been found.

CLAGETT'S CHARGES.

A Life Long Republican on Carpet Bagger Bennett.

At the conclusion of Hon. Bartlett Tripp's speech at Deadwood, loud calls were made for Hon. W. H. Clagett, the "silver tongued orator," and a life-long Republican, who, in response, arose in his seat, as he remarked, out of courtesy, not feeling exactly at home, and consequently not eligible to speak. He returned thanks to the audience for the honor conferred, and stated that he was a Republican, born, bred and dyed in the wool, but that he intended to vote for Bartlett Tripp. [Terrible applause.] He said that it was a question with him whether Bennett is the nominee of the Republican party, for from pretty good authority he understood that in the convention at Yankton, Mr. Kidder received 78 votes, and Bennett less than sufficient to nominate him, still the latter was declared the choice of the convention. Further than this the speaker had been told that the primaries in the Hills had been manipulated in the interest of Bennett to the prevention of an expression of the will of the people, and that the anti-Bennett ticket was defeated by fraud. Eighteen years ago the speaker took a solemn vow that he would never vote for any man who came into the country until he had dropped his carpet bag, and become one of the people. The occupation of Bennett has been that of proprietor of an injunction mill in the Hills, while his habitation was a question of great uncertainty. The statutes of the United States contain a law making it incumbent upon a Territorial judge to reside in the district over which he presides. Judge Bennett took upon himself a solemn oath to abide by the laws of the land, including the one above cited, yet in the face of this specific provision during his brief connection with the Hills Bennett was in the district six months, and out of it eight. The great inconvenience and loss to our miners that followed, is known to us all. Mr. Clagett's words were keen, and his argument, fascinating in the extreme, was repeatedly interrupted by great applause, and at its conclusion, three ringing cheers were given the speaker.

A Lucky Tramp.

The talk in Leadville, Col., is about a vagabond of a miner, Bassick, who tramped into town without a cent in his pocket, and jumped into an income of \$2,000 a day. He began to dig in Tyndall Hill, and three feet below the surface he struck a rotten, chalky substance that formed the entire eminence. Everybody laughed at the beggar and derisively called his find "Bassick's Whitewash Mine." But Bassick found the stuff rich in carbonate of lead carrying silver, and in digging down found boulders and pebbles that were coated with silver chloride. From the surface down 200 feet the mine has paid richer than any other in the country, yielding thus far \$64,000 a month.

CAPTURE OF THE CHEYENNES

AFTER AN EXCITING CHASE THEY ARE GATHERED.

A Good Deal of Monkeying Around Necessary, But the Troops Manage to Get There--Movements of the Soldiers and Likewise of the Red Skins--Gossip About Miles and Gibbons.

THE CANNY CHEYENNES.

It looks as if somebody blundered in the Cheyenne Indian campaign. When they broke out in the Indian Territory Gen. Pope, commander of that department, telegraphed to Sheridan that it was quite improbable that they would be able to cross the line of the Kansas Pacific. Pope was "off his nut," however, and the Indians crossed, sacrificing the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Lewis. They then crossed the Nebraska-Kansas line, and left a bloody trail to the line of the Union Pacific. They were then in Gen. Crook's department, with every advantage in favor of Crook's stopping them before they jumped the Union Pacific. But he didn't, and the Indians got six hours the start of them for the Sand Hills. The troops stuck in the sand, and the Indians escaped to this department in the temporary command of Gen. Gibbon. Gibbon started out the Seventh Cavalry from Bear Butte. That famous regiment, through a fraudulent guide, lost a day's march and reached Camp Sheridan on the 16th, in time to learn that there were no

INDIANS IN SIGHT.

or hearing. Several companies were also sent out from Cheyenne agency on the Missouri. There were detachments of soldiers in every direction, but no Indians. Next it appears that these Cheyennes were not in the neighborhood of Camp Sheridan in Southern Dakota on the 16th or 17th, but had crossed the Yellowstone several hundred miles north on the 13th. The Seventh Cavalry and several other battalions were looking for flushed game, four days old.

On the 13th the Cheyennes crossed the Yellowstone, seventeen miles northeast of Fort Keogh. Gen. Miles had received no intimation of their approach north, and only learned through his own scouts that the Indians had come and gone. He was not aware of the sensation the Indians had made, nor had he been informed of their depredations. On the 14th Miles sent four companies of cavalry, under Maj. Baker, in pursuit. He had received no orders from Gen. Gibbon, and did not receive any until several days after the Indians had passed the Yellowstone. This neglect upon the part of Gibbon may be attributed to his indifference about seeing Miles gather in any more Indian laurels. He is a rival of Miles for the Brigadier's star, and is not in good humor with Miles' luck. Gibbon certainly made a gross mistake that can hardly stand ventilation. It further appears that Gen. Miles did not advise Gen. Gibbon when he sent Baker in pursuit of the Cheyennes. It looks a little queer all around.

A NEW MOVE.

On last Thursday the steamer General Sherman left Fort Buford with three companies of the Sixth Infantry under Capt. Rowell. The battalion numbered 120 men and five officers, including Indian scouts and two mountain howitzers. They were well provided with ammunition, rations and forage, and seemed bent on a campaign. No news had reached Buford of Indians crossing the Missouri, and there was, therefore, a hope of intercepting them.

THEY WERE NOT CHEYENNES.

A private dispatch from Fort Buford on Friday evening over the new military line reported as follows: "Steamer Benton arrived from above this evening. Col. Baker, with his command, has turned back from the Missouri towards Tongue river, on Glendive on the Yellowstone. Baker struck a trail on Red-water, and followed it, making rapid marches, but when he reached the Missouri he found the Indians had crossed. They were Minneconjou Sioux, and not the renegade Cheyennes. They crossed the Missouri near Porcupine creek. Two smaller parties have since crossed. The first party was from Spotted Tail's agency, and were thirty days out when they jumped the Missouri, bound for Sitting Bull's ranche. No Cheyennes have passed the river, and from reliable reports it would seem impossible for them to have reached it yet. The Benton passed the Sherman getting on finely with her load of troops. The Benton leaves for Bismarck to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. Col. McLeod, chief of the Canadian police, is a passenger on the Benton."

GOBBLED AT LAST.

The latest report proves the Cheyennes prisoners, at Camp Robinson. They were found in the Sand Hills and were easily taken. They as easily escaped and took to rifle pits. The military brought out the artillery and sent the obstinate warriors word that they would shell every one of them from the face of the earth, if they did not surrender. The Indians, half starved and half frozen, held out for forty-eight hours and then came in. They fought with the desperation of the "lost."

The Indian Agency Cases.

U. S. Marshal John B. Raymond went through here on Sunday from the Hills. He reported the United States court at Yankton on the 12th of November. The Cheyenne Indian agency cases before Judge Moody were all postponed to the next term of court, at the request of the government. Gen. Hammond's first crop failed to yield anything.

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