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BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE

NEWS GORBLED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Fugitive Cheyenne Indians--Sitting Bull Wants to Surrender Conditionally--The Potter Committee--A New Scheme for the Re-Organization of the Army.

[Special Dispatch to The Tribune.]

FUGITIVES CORRALLED.
ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 13.—A special dispatch states that fifty of the fugitive Cheyennes, from Camp Robinson, are still at large, and are in the strongholds in the bluffs, but are corralled by troops and will probably be captured as soon as reinforcements arrive.

CONDITIONALLY.

Two runners from Sitting Bull who have arrived at the Cheyenne agency, Fort Sully, announce that at a grand council of Sitting Bull's band, it was decided to ask permission to come in if sure of a good reception.

THE POTTER COMMITTEE.

The Potter committee, by a party vote, decided not to admit the testimony of St. Martins, formerly sergeant-at-arms of the committee, to the record, but to notify Secretary Sherman that his testimony would be taken on any one requesting it. St. Martins' affidavit is that he secured the appointment through Weber, and in an interview with others of the committee, understood his service was a manufacture of evidence favorable to Tilden; that he secured pliant witnesses, and he and Weber coached them, furnishing Stenger, of Louisiana, a member of the present Potter committee, with questions to ask witness; that Stenger instructed him to report such witnesses as unfounded that would not testify as wanted; that bribes were made to Dula, who, after all, exposed the plot, and he, St. Martin, went on the stand denying in toto his connection with bribery.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

Senator Davis pronounces the new army bill unconstitutional. It is generally conceded that the bill, as it stands, cannot pass, and a substitute is being prepared by Atkins, which leaves undisturbed the authority of the President and the secretary of war. The army is not to be reduced by summary dismissals, but by natural causes—vacancies caused by deaths to remain unfilled. Regiments are to be consolidated as the effective strength decreases, and the whole army line and staff alike to be allowed to be gradually shrunk to

THE DESIRED NUMERICAL.

limit. The retired list instead of being increased to 400 is to be as large as the necessity may require, and all officers are to be placed on it as soon as they become incapacitated for active duty, or reach the age of 62. In the meantime the new supply of officers from West Point will be cut off, all graduates in the next two classes being allowed \$750 cash, if they desire, and return to their homes, subject to a recall at the expiration of two years, if required. The secretary of war retains supreme control, under the President, and the authority of the General is restricted, rather than increased. Lieutenants are given the same eligibility to promotion outside their own regiments that higher officers have.

THE FIREFIEND.

The Birmingham and Medical Institute Library, of England, containing 80,000 volumes, has been destroyed by fire. It contained the most complete Shakespearian collection in the world.

UNRULY WAVES.

The gale on the Spanish coast has caused a great fatality among the fishermen. Seventy are reported drowned.

KIDNAPING.

It is reported that there is soon to be a change in the United States marshal and collectorship, at New Orleans.

ANOTHER CALL.

Sec. Sherman has called in another 10,000,000—520s.

THE TELLER COMMITTEE.

The Teller committee had some white witnesses under examination Saturday. The testimony mainly showed that the troubles were not political in Texas, but merely of color.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The James river is gorged with ice for five miles near Richmond.

The funerals of Selden, of Texas, takes place to-day.

TON MADE.

Charles Kuperidge has made restitution through the efforts of his wife and Gov.

Davis, of nearly all the money he absconded with. He is now in Canada.

FUN AT THE FORT.

Grand Masquerade at Gen. Sturgis, Quarters.

Last Friday evening Gen. and Mrs. Sturgis and Miss Ella gave a masquerade ball at their quarters at the post. The officers of the garrison generally were invited, and most of them attended. The General appeared as the Lone Fisherman, and his daughter as a Moorish Princess; Mrs. John Carland as a Spanish peasant, and Miss Cook as Flower Girl. Mrs. Sturgis did not mask, nor did Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Poland, Mrs. Benteen, Mrs. Wilkinson, or Mrs. Hare, who attended in evening costume.

Col. Poland immortalized himself and flattered the press by an exaggerated representation of a newspaper reporter, in which the dominating characteristics were an obnoxious development of quality, and a phenomenal display of cheek. H. was ably assisted and befriended by Capt. Josiah Chance, as a gentlemanly, efficient devil. Lieut. Stevens wore a complicated uniform, in which he artistically blended the dashing spirit of the Spanish free booter, and the grace and beauty of the Mexican brigand. Major Sanger appeared as a Chinese puzzle, and wasn't solved the whole evening. Major John Carland united the somewhat diverse functions which inhere in an effort to successfully miscegenate the child of the Emerald Isle and the son of Senegambia. Messrs. Bell and Starr cleverly counterfeited Henrietta and Louise, from the "Two Orphans." They displayed all the grace, attractions and bouquet that made these unfortunate girls as popular at the garrison as they ever have been on the professional stage. Mr. Canon took the character of sick man in the Bible and walked in with his bed. Lieut. Fuller appeared as a peripatetic arsenal, loaded to the muzzle.

Several others were in character so well assumed that to identify them was impossible. There was an excellent supper and lots of fun, and the party did not break up until late.

DAKOTA'S FIRST WEDDING.

How the Torch of Hymen Bared Twenty Years Ago.

[Press and Dakotian.]

The first marriage in Dakota Territory conducted according to the legal forms then recognized occurred on the first day of January, 1859—just twenty years ago—at the house of Louis St. Onge, on Big Sioux Point in Union county. The groom was John Claude, and the bride a dusky maid of the forest and a relative of the St. Onge family. The ceremony was performed by John H. Charles, then a justice of the peace of Sioux City, and now more generally known as Commodore Charles of the Charles line of Missouri steamers. He was assisted in the performance of the ceremony by the late Enos Stutsman, who made a prayer, sang a song, and delivered a lecture to the newly wedded couple which, coming from a bachelor, contained some astounding statements and advice in which he did not appear to consider the physical endurance of the groom. After the ceremony, dancing commenced to the squeaky music of a cheap fiddle in the hands of a negro named John Brazean, who lived with the Indians, and whose boast it was that he was "de just white man who built a house in Dakota Territory." At a late hour the festivities ceased, and the party adjourned to a neighboring cabin, where a feast had been prepared. The appetites of the guests had been sharpened by the vigorous exercise of swinging a two hundred pound squaw through the rapid and muscular changes of a Big Sioux cotidian, and all partook most heartily of the viands set before them, and it was not until after their hunger was fully appeased, and they took time to examine the appearance of the remnants before them, that the truth fastened itself upon their minds that dog meat was not at all unavory, and that when once discovered was more effective in satisfying appetite than the most temptingly prepared roast turkey. Although this was the first marriage in the territory under a quasi legal ceremony, it did not prove a happy or enduring one. At the end of two weeks the bride deserted her husband and returned to the parental type, alleging as an excuse for her action the astounding assertion that she could not sleep with her husband because his feet gave forth an odor directly the opposite of the exhalations of the night blooming cereus.

A short time after the separation Mr. Claude removed to what is now Yankton county, married a white woman with less sensitive olfactory, and now resides on his valuable and well stocked farm about two miles east of Yankton.

Assassinations.

The Opera House, especially since the arrival of the Hudson Bros., has been well patronized and the entertainment, with one or two exceptions, has been good. If Mr. Cavana had as keen an apprehension of smutty language and disgusting suggestions his acting would be more thoroughly appreciated by the intelligent portion of the audience. His acting in the main, is good, but he should not sacrifice common decency to the credit of vile profanity. No variety show west of St. Paul can be compared to the one being given every evening by manager Whitney.

Mr. Gus Rivers, the old stand-by, ended his engagement Saturday, and was tendered a grand benefit last evening. He left this morning for Fargo.

FT. BUFORD CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POST LOOSES ITS CONNECTION WITH THE COUNTRY.

The Wires Down in Several Places this Side--The Famous "Horse Guard" Visits the Post--Dr. H. A. Skinner Improving--Miscellaneous Notes and News.

[Special Correspondence of the Tribune.]

IN THE DARK.

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Jan. 11, 1878.—We have seemingly lost our connection with America. It is needless to write of our felicity when the telegraph reached us from the East, and our hearts were gladdened with the thought that hereafter we were in the ring; we would know of events as they transpired in the States, and in the joyfulness of our hearts we even boasted, some of us, that we had become connected with the rest of the universe. But to-day we meet on every side with the same query—What of the mail? How about the telegraph line? And both questions are answered—*non est.*

The army may have been increased, or, horrible thought, decreased largely, but we know nothing of it, and still rest rather contentedly, soothed by the conviction that the train of trouble cannot burst until on or about January 9th.

It is an unpleasant position, that of mail carrier. Especially in this season of storms, and undoubtedly with frost-bitten fingers and cheeks, they earn their wages, even though they do not arrive on time; but it is an annoyance at a frontier post when you get no mail, and the gentleman who manipulates the lightning cooly, informs you, from day to day, that the line is still down.

And then when the mail-wagon arrives on time, and you see in the very flourish of the driver's whip letters galore from friends and loved ones far away, how grievous the disappointment when you learn from that awful potentate, the post-master, the unwelcome tidings, "No Eastern mail to-day." If this feeble protest should by chance meet the eye of any of the post office fiends who occasionally miss that sack for Buford, they will understand that an injured people must occasionally growl.

Christmas festivities, as usual at Buford, were not neglected. The surrounding hills were leveled upon for Christmas trees, and the "little ones at home" were gladdened by much ornament and an abundance of Christmas gifts. I think it was in the December number of Harper's some two years ago that General Strother, interesting article on "boys and girls," referred to that oft propounded, solemn and perplexing query, "What shall we do with them?" This conundrum was very satisfactorily solved by the ladies of this garrison, in so far as Christmas was concerned.

I have not time to go into details. I can only say there was a huge Christmas tree, its branches hung with presents, and the whole brilliantly illuminated; a great pile of books with illuminated mottoes; good music in attendance, the rooms crowded with a gay and joyous throng of delighted children, and Santa Claus himself presiding at the distribution of gifts. Born of rich but honest parents myself, I have sympathized heartily with your correspondent, Vicar, in his painful reveries over the lap of luxury, and the child nurtured therein, with the striking contrast he produces for our edification, in that connection. Judge then of my astonishment as I peeped over Santa Claus' shoulder on Christmas day, and read the names of the children inscribed on each gift, to find that though General Order No. 24, laid down no form for this procedure, still kind hearts had prompted its enactment, and every child in our little burg had been remembered. They were all there, even to wee little ones, and all received their "present" with glee.

We were all children as far as enjoyment was concerned.

Mr. James Leighton will leave for the East in a few days.

Mr. W. B. Jordan has returned from Keogh, and was smiling on his numerous friends during the holidays at the Traders' establishment.

New Year's passed off quietly. As usual, at Buford, callers were out in "full togs" and notwithstanding the severe cold, the ranks were full.

From casual observation and a self-registering card receiver, it was found that Professor Sam O'Connell entertained largely, in fact more than any one else in our burg.

It is probable that several officers from this Post will soon be ordered to Lincoln on court martial duty. Colonel Huston, Lieut. Munson, Jacob, Jr., and Bronson, are among the number.

Travel between Buford and points in the upper country is uninterrupted, the mails arriving from Poplar River and Miles City on time. To-day one of Broad-water's trains is loading with stores for Keogh at the government storehouse.

The Gros Ventres who live in this vicinity are, the most of them, absent on their annual hunt. They are camped near a range actually covered with buffalo, and are rich in robes and meat. I naturally infer their hearts are strong, though they are somewhat "silent as to their intentions."

THE TRIBUNE sometime since contained an account of the shooting of Dr. H. A. Skinner, agency physician at Poplar River, Montana. The doctor had so far recovered from the effects of the wound as to warrant the belief that a journey East

would be harmless. He came down from Poplar and started East on the mail that left this point on the 25th of December. The first day's drive is to the Muddy. Here the doctor suffered a relapse, and his journey homeward had to be postponed. Mr. Matthews brought him back to this post on the 26th, and I am happy to state that under the excellent care of the medical officers here, he is much improved.

Prominent among our distinguished visitors during the holidays, was the noble chief of the "Little Girls," a youth of great parts known as Horse Guard. The Little Girl band of Assinaboines, of which Horse Guard is chief, are a part of the fraternity who hail from Poplar River and Wolf Point.

In accordance with an ancient custom, which all good or bad Indians invariably observe, Horse Guard and his followers started out for buffalo—being hungry, they sought food—they found it, but according to Chief H. G.'s tale, it was seasoned with Uncapapa sauce, and this being an ingredient foreign to the Assinaboine stomach, they resigned the coveted buffalo meat to superior prowess, or as H. G. says, to Sitting Bull's braves.

Horse Guard—that name sounds so royal, or at least smacks so much something akin to the "blasted thing," that I love to repeat it—tells us that the famous old campaigner, Sitting Bull, was at the mouth of Frenchman's Creek with 1,200 lodges, about two weeks ago; Four Horns was with him.

H. G.'s band, after making "three runs" of the buffalo, and securing a supply of meat, were in turn run by the Sioux, who made it so hot for them that they abandoned their meat after a heavy skirmish, and returned to their agency. Horse Guard said they did not intend to run from the Sioux, but they were told by two half breeds that the hostiles were about to charge them again, and wipe them out, consequently discretion being to the Assinaboine mind by far the better part of valor, a retreat on the agency was conducted by H. G. in person, the Little Girls falling back in good order. Our friend Horse Guard had a long tale to relate concerning the agency, and seemed to be under the impression that his people did not get enough to eat. But when he itemized the articles he received, it struck several bystanders forcibly that he and his followers were happily situated if they got as much at this agency as he acknowledged.

He also exultantly described to us how after his people had been worsted by the hostiles, they caught two of the warrior Sioux away from their band, and by way of sweet revenge gave them a sword horse whipping, refraining in this instance from removing the customary ornamental lock of hair, and allowing them to depart. The story about Sitting Bull with 1,200 lodges on this side of the line, may be taken, I imagine, as somewhat of an exaggeration.

I should add that the illustrious Horse Guard, after entertaining every one with his eloquent recital of Indian prowess, and Uncapapa vengeance, visited the commanding officer and, as usual, was hungry. He also wanted cartridges to kill those rascals, the Uncapapas. He got none. REX.

NEW YEAR'S LITERATURE.

Poetical Seraps from Country Exchanges.

It is when your country editor braces himself for a struggle with the pathetic that the heavens grow pale and the earth quivers. Generally their bracing strikes in about New Year's time, and the following selections from a couple of exchanges will illustrate the stomach ache which generally results.

The Vermillion Standard man perpetuates his views in this strain: "The wailing winds of December sing the requiem of the dying year, and we are about to bid good bye to 1878, and we welcome the young and promising 1879. The bare branches of the trees, those harpstrings of the woodlands, utter their solemn dirge, and the fields put on their robes of snowy white. It is only by looking back through the vista of the past that we realize how swiftly time passes; for it seems but yesterday since we welcomed in the birth of the new year now about to lie down in its shroud to sleep forever. So 'own thoughts will press upon us at such a period, spite of the natural joyousness of our nature, for we cannot forget that time is but the isthmus between our lives and eternity. How rapidly these years run through their career and vanish, while time seems quite undefined—the past is gone, the future is not yet, and the present becomes the past even while we are speaking about it."

Measuring time by looking back through the vista of the past, is perhaps as efficacious as any, except when a fellow's note or wash bill is about to mature, when a little squint into the future and a casual examination of the bank account will be found convenient, if not poetical. That "the past is gone" is a piece of information startling, if correct, and only equalled by the intelligence that "the future is not yet."

The Selkirk Inter-Ocean man appears to have been educated in the same school. He observes: "Another year has been numbered with the past and the ceaseless roll of time finds us in the last year of another decade. 1878 has left its impress on the history of the ages, and we now write 1879. Some of the remembrances of the dead year will be fondly cherished, while others will rankle bitterly, and many more soon be forgotten as a dream."

This sort of thing always makes a prosaic man feel down in the mouth and wish he could sling his feelings in the poetical way.

SOJNS FROM THE SPIRIT LAND

A REMARKABLE REVELATION FROM BISMARCK'S MEDIUM.

Unravelling the Contents of a Letter--Miraculous Demonstrations of Ghostly Presence--A Poisoned Glass Placed at the Lips of the Medium by a Bad Spirit.

A WONDERFUL SEANCE.

In all the wide realms of spiritualistic manifestations, it is questionable if any have ever arisen so closely to the marvelous as the demonstrations which have characterized the circle under the control of Col. Sweet, of Bismarck. For years the Colonel has made a careful study of spiritual phenomena, and is perhaps better posted in them than any man who has devoted himself to their investigation. He pretends to no mediumistic powers himself, but says that the shades of the departed have vouchsafed him complete control over Madame La Secher, who is one of the most remarkable media of the age.

Madame is a lady of French extraction, petite, but well developed, with expressive dark eyes and a halo of ineffable sweetness about the lower features. She is quick and intelligent in her normal condition, but in the trance or clairvoyant state is completely bent to the Colonel's will and ENTIRELY SUBJECT TO HIS INFLUENCE.

The spirits have told him, through her, that his compliance with certain conditions will yield her power entirely to his own, and the Colonel's interest in the study of his life is so strong that he is prepared to do anything to secure a further insight into the mysterious.

At a seance last night, one of the most extraordinary tests ever submitted was applied. A gentleman had mailed a letter during the day. He enclosed in an envelope a question as to the contents of that letter. The medium read the enclosure, told what the letter contained, and then said that the answer to the letter would be found in the envelope. Upon unsealing it, the discovery was made that the original piece of paper was gone, and the piece substituted upon which was written an answer dated at Boston a week hence.

During the sitting the medium called for water. The Colonel brought her some.

"DON'T DRINK IT!" exclaimed the spirit, "an evil spirit has poisoned it." The light was turned up, and the water in the glass found to have turned green. It is now in the hands of a skillful chemist for analysis. The barrel from which the water was drawn contained nothing of the sort and the rest of the water was perfectly clear.

During the evening the Madame made an astonishing revelation to the effect that the Colonel's luxuriant hair and long flowing beard in a measure effected his power over his subject and weakened her. The spirits advised him to shave his face close and trim his hair, as they absorbed the electricity which he should impart to her. The Colonel immediately announced that he would comply with the request of the spirit, have his face shaved and his hair cut, and the strength of his faith in the revelations will be tested by his compliance with the order. There are a number of citizens who denounce the whole business as a fraud, perpetrated and perpetuated by Sweet, and they are anxiously waiting to see to what extent he believes in the manifestations before they yield their own faith to his influence.

THE CONTRACT.

The following contract has been signed by Col. Sweet and Madame La Secher:

This agreement made and entered into by and between George W. Sweet, of the City of Bismarck, Dakota Territory, and Alice Le Secher, of the same place.

Witnesses: That in consideration of the covenants and agreements hereinafter mentioned, to be kept and performed by the said Alice Le Secher, she said Sweet does agree to pay the said Alice Le Secher the monthly sum of fifty dollars, payable monthly, and also to pay the board of said Alice at some respectable boarding house, restaurant or private family as may be most convenient for the term of one year from the first day of February, A. D. 1879, being the first proximo.

In consideration whereof the said Alice agrees to give her time to service in the matter of Clairvoyance, mediumship, psychometry, delimitation of character, and events in the life of other persons as well as the discovery and finding of lost and stolen property, and the detection of criminals, as may be required by said Sweet and for his benefit, either at the said City of Bismarck or at such other place or places as the said Sweet shall determine, he paying the necessary traveling fares from place to place. GEO. W. SWEET.

Dakota as a State

[Chicago Times.]

And now Dakota—to use the accepted phrase—is "knocking at the doors of the Union." A bill for her admission was introduced in Congress yesterday. It is not unlikely that the next census will prove her population sufficient to justify the demand; and there is a certainty that in character it will be the equal of any State in the Union. The fertile prairies of the far Northwest, with their wonderful wheat-producing capacity, are drawing to the country along the line of the Northern Pacific some of the best farmers in the west.

A Bad Look Out.

[Cedar Springs (Mich.) Clipper.]

One of Brother Murphy's active helpers in his Washington revival is now a convict in the West Virginia penitentiary, and if Murphy doesn't reform, he too will darken some prison door before he dies. Then will come Moody and Sankey and the rest of that class of would-be good men who save souls for money. The highest bidder gets their service, so you see when a city or town haven't got the collateral, they can get drunk, sin and go down. Oh consistency thou art a jewel.