

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. IX.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1881.

NO. 10.

Sitting Bull

The Noted Chieftain of Custer Massacre Fame Arrives at Bismarck.

An Informal Reception at the Sheridan House and Dinner at the Merchants.

The Arrival of the Sherman at Fort Yates and the Scenes Incident Thereto.

Running Antelope the Only Chief Allowed to Meet Sitting Bull Upon Arrival.

What the Celebrated Chief Said in an Interview With a Pioneer Press Reporter.

The Old Warrior Gives a Brief Review of His Life, But Evidently Tells a Few Lies.

He Has Two Wives and Nine Children, and has Personally Taken Sixteen Scalps.

Besides Having Joined in Twenty-two Raids for the Purpose of Stealing Horses.

He Has not Surrendered But Simply Comes in to Ask Damages From the Government.

The Peculiar Terms Upon Which he Desires to Secure a Large Reservation.

Where he Was Born and How He Secured His Name—A Scalper at Fourteen.

Other Interesting Facts About the Most Notorious Indian Now Living.

The Chief's Arrival.

AT THE LEVEE.

All was bustle and excitement at the levee Sunday morning in anticipation of the arrival of Sitting Bull. At 10 o'clock he arrived, and Capt. C. W. Batchelor, of Pittsburg and one of the principal owners of the Yellowstone line, and B. D. Vermilye, private secretary of general manager Haupt, of the North Pacific, took the famous chief in charge and invited him to visit the city. He was asked to step into the general manager's car and ride up town, but this he refused, not fully understanding the modus operandi of the cars. He requested that the car be moved so that he might see how it worked, but after this request was granted he was more confused than ever and declared he would rather walk than approach the machine. A government ambulance being near at hand, Maj. Kirk kindly offered the use of the vehicle for the trip. The large crowd which had gathered at the landing now began to disperse in the direction of town, where they understood Sitting Bull was to be given a reception. From Capt. Clifford, who was in charge of the boat and Indians, it was learned that nothing of interest took place on the boat coming down; that Sitting Bull was jovial and not at all despondent as reported. At Buford he was morose and imperative in his requests to be left at that post, but finally discovering that Uncle Sam was determined in the matter he made little resistance, although he held to the last that he thought it was wrong. On the boat one or two songs were indulged in, but everyone was orderly and under perfect discipline.

The Reception.

AT THE SHERIDAN.

At about 10:30 the ambulance drove into the city with Sitting Bull in the front seat with Captain Batchelor and driver. On the two seats back of him were several

of his fellow chiefs, his sister and the guard, Scout Allison, and Mr. Vermilye. Stopping at the Merchants, dinner was ordered for the party, after which order the chiefs were driven to the Sheridan House. The spacious parlors with velvet carpets, richly adorned furniture, etc., were turned into a sort of counsel room and an informal reception held, at which hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing Sitting Bull. The noted chief sat in the center of a half circle, with Scout Allison at his left. The pipe of peace was lit and the fumes and smoke arose to the ceiling in large blue rings as each Indian puffed in turn. After the pipe had been passed from one end to the other twice, Sitting Bull was requested to write his name on a piece of paper for one of the officers accompanying the party which he did in a round, bold hand as appears at the head of this column. Sitting Bull was scantily dressed, purposely so, no doubt, so as to impress white men with his poverty. He is below medium height, sits erect and displays a well developed arm. His cheek bones are prominent, and beyond having weak eyes, over which he wore a pair of smoked glass goggles, he appeared

IN PERFECT HEALTH.

He had on a pair of blueish leggings and wore about him a blue blanket. His feet were covered with a pair of moccasins of expensive pattern richly studded with porcupine quills. He had what was once a fine laundered shirt, but little the worse for wear, and a noticeable feature was the absence of ornaments, in striking contrast to his associates. Streaks of war paint ornamented the shirt sleeves and the neck, face and scalp at the hair parting were covered with bright red paint. His hair is jet black, reaches below his shoulders, and hangs in three braids, the center one being pendant from a round part at the crown of his broad head, encircled at the parting with a bright streak of red. Between the puffs from his pipe, he fanned himself with the wing of a hawk, and paid no attention to the crowd about him. He looks older than fifty, but is only forty-seven. Occasionally a remark would be made by one of the chiefs at which the rest would smile, and sometimes even laugh heartily. In writing Sitting Bull, holds a pencil about like a school boy just learning, and writes his own name without copy. By furnishing copy he can write perfectly legible imitations. Remaining at the Sheridan but half an hour, the party were

DRIVEN TO THE MERCHANTS.

where dinner was in waiting. Messrs. Marsh & Wakeman had spread themselves in this respect, and everything was served as it would be to the queen of England, with the exception that the whole bill of fare was put before each Indian. They laughed at the printed bills of fare, and at the names of some of the dishes, which were explained to them by interpreter Allison. To the surprise of the scores of people who were peeping in at the windows, and the servants within, each Indian handled his knife and fork as gracefully as the most cultivated. Sitting Bull ate very slowly, stopping quite often to fan himself. When desert was served the Indians marveled much at the ice cream, and remarked that they could not see how the white men could cook victuals so cold. At the conclusion of the feast Sitting Bull presented Capt. Batchelor with his pipe, and gave his glasses to Mr. Vermilye, which event was duly celebrated a few moments after by the uncorking of wine bottles, to the delight of the friends of the above named gentlemen. After finishing dinner Sitting registered his own name on the register, and the party started for the river.

At the Levee.

INTERVIEWING HIS ROYAL NIBS.

At the steamboat landing a thousand or more people had gathered in anticipation of his arrival, to many of whom he gave audience by answering, through the interpreter, questions that were asked. Mrs. Capt. Harmon, wife of the post-trader, acted as interpreter, to whom Sitting Bull was quite conversational. The earnestness of the conversation was evinced by the constant and interesting gestures made. Beside him was a type Indian with hair unadorned and slightly gray. His narrow forehead and fullness above the eyes gave him an interesting countenance. This Indian was introduced to Mrs. Harmon as Sitting Bull's father. He was non-committal in his conversation, and expressed his appreciation for the courtesies extended by the officers of the boat and other gentlemen he had met in the city. To a TRIBUNE re-

porter he stated that while he had first objected to the removal from Fort Buford at present, he was satisfied that nothing treacherous would be done to him. He had also the promise of Capt. Clifford and other officers that they would immediately take messages from him to those of his band still out. He was satisfied that messages from him of his treatment would bring them in. He said that this was the first white town he had ever seen, and he had never before seen a railway or a locomotive, and never wanted to see another. He considered it "bad medicine." Sitting Bull boasted that he

NEVER MADE A TREATY.

and, as never having advised one; his band were known as the non-treaty Indians. He said that some of the chiefs would go to see the Great Father soon, and that he desired that his twin children be sent also, that they might see the ways of the white men and of the Great Father at his home. The secret of Sitting Bull's abhorrence of newspaper men, and one thing which has operated more than any other against his coming into the agency, is learned to have been the publishing, by Frank Leslie, a short time since, a cartoon of a huge bull sitting on his haunches with a ring in his nose. To this was attached a chain, and Uncle Sam was represented as having a vigorous hold of it, while a number of soldiers were briskly engaged in shoveling beans into the bull's mouth. This cartoon was shown Sitting Bull some time ago, and it incensed him greatly, as he believed it would be the literal treatment he would receive if he surrendered. He stated he would be greatly pleased to see his daughter at Fort Yates, who recently eloped with a young buck and surrendered. He believes the young buck was induced so to do by some whites; that he would want to see her and therefore surrender.

THE FIVE CHIEFS.

with Sitting Bull were White Dog, Scarlet Thunder, Four Horns, High-as-the-Clouds and Bone Tomakawk; his sisters and Pretty Plume. Sitting Bull has seven children, among them two pair of twins, the youngest being four winters old. One of them is named War-a-na-pa-pa or the one whose heart is changed. In one of the battles with Gen. Miles this child was left on the battle field and therefore its name rendered "They fled and left him." The name of the other is Pa-ha-ra-re, one whose heart [is brave, or "he who stands and fights." Crow Foot, a seven-year-old boy was designated by the old warrior to surrender his arms. He is a bright little fellow, a twin of "The child who brings word from the lodges;" so named from important news brought by the little fellow from the distant lodges during one of the most exciting campaigns. A fourteen-year-old daughter is named "She who glances-at-you-as-she-walks," so named because of her disposition to flirt. A seventeen-year-old daughter is named "Shook-na-ta," the woman with many horses. Another is named "Medicine Woman." Mrs. Sitting Bull is a woman of about forty-five and is a fine type of Indian beauty. Among the Sioux she is considered a peer of any, and would if white, be a belle in society. On her knee prattle the youngest pair of twins, clad in little coats made of buffalo calf skin. In their ears are ornaments made from pieces of telegraph wire.

CAPTAIN CLIFFORD.

Who brought the Indians down, is a most affable gentleman. He has been in active service for over twenty-one years and a larger portion of that time has been spent in Indian warfare. He is a friend of the Indian, so far as the government pledges to them and humanity is concerned. The Indian recognizes in him a friend and his word to them is as good as gold. He had with him twenty soldiers, but says he did not need any. The Indians were perfectly orderly and obeyed every instruction without a sign of contempt.

Having taken on sixty-five tons of freight, the Sherman at 6 o'clock Sunday evening, departed for Fort Yates, which point she reached yesterday.

On Board the Sherman.

AN INTERESTING NIGHT.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune. FORT YATES, D. T., Aug. 1.—The boat which left Bismarck at 6 o'clock only proceeded ten miles down the river where it tied up for the night, the Indians being allowed to go ashore. The squaws quickly shouldered the blankets and cooking utensils, and getting dry wood for the purpose, soon had bright fires burning, in front of which the sturdy bucks sat and smoked the pipe. As darkness came and the fires began to fade away, the scene from the cabin of the boat was a wierd

and dreary one. Now and then a melancholy wail or monotonous chant could be heard, but by one o'clock all was quiet. In the stillness of the night, beneath a cloudless sky, studded with millions of bright twinkling stars, the tall weeds and luxuriant undergrowth waved gently to and fro over the sleeping forms of the once brave and mighty warriors; and this scene scarcely a half a dozen miles from the Custer flats, and in a country well known by the Indians, and which recalled a fierce battle or a pleasant hunt. Thinking this quietude monotonous, the TRIBUNE man sought Captain Clifford, and besides enjoying a fragrant Havana, listened to the stories of frontier life as seen by one of the government's most trustworthy servants.

IN RELATION TO THE SURRENDER.

The Captain said: Having received information that Sitting Bull was ready to come in I left Buford with a Sergeant and five half-breed scouts at an early hour in the morn and went to meet him. After marching about sixty miles we found Sitting Bull and his band in camp about ten miles northwest of Sand Buttes. The traditional "How," was all the greeting I received. We countermarched that day and went into camp. The next morning, July 18, after a long rambling talk, Sitting Bull asked, "What is the reason they put my daughter in irons? What has she done? What will they do with me?" I tried to calm his fears, and told him his daughter had not been put in irons. What would I gain by lying to you? The United States government has no cause to lie to you. It was in a spirit of mercy that you were sent for; they wish to settle this great question forever. I put a knife in your hands, and if I am lying to you, you may kill me. This, however, did not seem to satisfy the great chief, and having repeated his question, and declined to accept my reiteration of the truth. He said,

"I DON'T BELIEVE YOU."

I told him I was not in the habit of lying to either white or red men, after which the conversation ended. We then took up the march and reached Buford at 2:15 p. m., July 19. A detachment was then sent out to hunt an aged squaw, who had wandered away to dig pomme blanc, or white apple, and got lost. During the first day the 188 Indians in the band made themselves as comfortable as possible, but Sitting Bull requested that no one speak to him, and his request was granted. On the morning of the 20th he went up to see Maj. Brotherton, and told him that he wanted six chiefs and his daughter, at Fort Yates, to come up and see him. Maj. Brotherton said, "You must obey the commands of the Great Father, and go where he sends you." Sitting Bull replied, "I am entitled to some consideration from the government and the Great Father, as I have never received a handful of corn from the United States authorities. I come (he did not say surrender) and yield to the wishes of the government not on my own account, but because my women and children were starving. Maj. Brotherton then informed him that his daughter and the chiefs could not come to see him, and Sitting Bull said, "All right; it is all of one piece, they have always lied to me."

At this point Capt. Clifford said, "Hold on, I will bring Sitting Bull into the cabin, and through the interpreter

HE MAY TELL HIS OWN STORY

to the TRIBUNE. Sitting down to a round table at the forward end of the cabin, Sitting Bull soon came down from the upper deck, and sat down at the opposite side of the table. The pipe of peace was lit and smoked, after which Capt. Clifford asked the reporter to read to the two interpreters the story as written down. This was done, and a copy of the TRIBUNE was laid before the chief. Capt. Clifford then told the interpreters to say to Sitting Bull that this man talks to thousands; the great paper wants to tell your story as it is, to the people. This man will scatter it broadcast; he can talk to more people in the morning in his newspaper than you can see in several moons. Your story will go to people far away; so far that it would take you four moons to reach them. After this explanation the great chief hung his head for a few moments, the while he fanned himself with a palm leaf fan. He looked up, gave one of his indescribable grunts, and looking at the people congregated about him said, "I cannot talk to-night to the great newspaper; there are none of my people here to listen to me, to listen to what I say and see if I tell the truth, and the great

NEWSPAPER TELLS THE TRUTH.

At this juncture Capt. Clifford sent for

other chiefs, and Shoot-the-bear, Bear-that-looked-back and Stand-and-kill-him entered the cabin and took seats in the circle, and took a whiff at the pipe of peace, passed by the reporter. They assumed a stalwart attitude, and Sitting Bull, who had been talking to interpreters, was again requested to talk. He arose, gesticulated and talked for about five minutes, but what he said proved only to be that he refused to talk for reasons that were not made public, but which were afterwards told the reporter. He promised, however, to give a long talk when he arrived at Yates and had seen his people. Capt. Clifford said that the fulfillment of this promise could be depended upon. The interpreters were then accused of having purposely thwarted the object of the interview for the purpose of getting money for the information, which Sitting Bull would but for their advice give to them. Their desire to hinder the interview was denied, and they claimed that the interview was not granted for the reason that what Sitting Bull would say reflected upon Capt. Clifford. An interview being promised at Fort Yates the evening's proceedings were brought to a close.

AT EARLY DAWN

The officers and others were awakened by the plaintive songs of the Indians, and as soon as on the boat the Indians began arranging their toilet. The bucks unbraided the hair of the squaws, combed it out and greased it with pork and re-braided it. A pine stick was then dipped into the ochre pot and the scalp partings of the hair painted red. Then with their hands any desired coloring was applied to their faces, according to the kind of beauty desired. During this operation the eyes are closed and the eyelids are rubbed as thoroughly as any portion of the face.

The first night out from Buford a squaw took a standing position in the center of the camp, and, dancing about the camp fire sang the following thanksgiving song, which was literally translated as follows: Be brave my friends be brave. My fathers and my brothers lit up your hearts and be strong; My brothers and my sisters paint your faces. My father and my mother, let not sorrow fill your hearts. For the white men have met us, and have fed us with food. Be not afraid, be not afraid! [No chorus, and no metre.]

At Fort Yates.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

SCENES ON THE BOAT.

FORT YATES, August 1.—The steamer General Sherman arrived at this post at twelve o'clock, noon. As soon as the boat came within sight of the landing there was great commotion among the Indians. All the chiefs quickly assembled on the upper deck, standing in a row at the very forward part. One of the number raised a yellow flag about a yard square, in the center of which was a rude design of a deer, with two parallel lines below and above and in the four corners a design representing the double dagger, as used in printing. This flag was raised as during a battle, and as it was flung to the breeze the seven chiefs began their peculiar chanting and monotonous song, which was every few moments varied with warlike yells and peculiar and indescribable demonstrations. These were continued with greater vehemence as the boat neared the landing, Indians, soldiers and citizens to the total number of 500 began to pour down the sides of the bluff.

THE INDIANS ON SHORE

simply said "How," and manifested but little interest, as a line of soldiers bayonets, quickly formed, kept them at a considerable distance. As the boat touched the landing the chant died away into low guttural tones and finally ceased. During all of this time Sitting Bull stood immovable and undemonstrable in the row of chiefs second from the end farthest from the landing side. He was the least adorned of his companions and the last selected as the notorious one by those unacquainted with him. After the boat had touched the shore it was some little time before the gang planks were run out and the interpreters having gained permission for him, chief Running Antelope stepped aboard. He passed hurriedly to the upper deck, and in ascending the stairs near the side of boat found Sitting Bull standing yet immovable in the row of chiefs and directly in front of the hatchway. He stepped up to Sitting Bull's back, threw his right arm around his neck and placed his cheek against his face and exclaimed in the Sioux language,

[Concluded on 81th page.]