

## THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

Scraps from the Correspondence of  
the New York Herald.

NEAR MOUTH OF POWDER  
RIVER, August 15.

The events which have transpired since the troops, under the command of Colonel Otis, passed this point on the 29th of July have been curiously illustrative of Indian campaigns. A large force of troops had traveled some thousands of miles to fight the Indians; but for some reason difficult to explain, when the Indians presented themselves in a very defiant attitude the troops found that their duty called them to some other point.

When the presence of the Indians at Powder River was reported to General Terry there were not wanting officers of experience who urged upon the department commander the wisdom of sending a strong force to Powder River and striking at the savages; but no attention was paid to this advice, on the ground, it is supposed, that it would interfere with the general plan of the campaign by delaying the movement of the main column. It was also open to the objection that a small force would run the risk of being overpowered and cut to pieces. Whatever may be the value of these reasons one thing is certain, that fifteen days ago they were within easy striking distance of the Sioux, and to-day one-fourth of the United States army is making forced marches to discover the whereabouts of the men who, during the latter days of July and the first days of August, invited our soldiers who passed near them to combat with an insolence justified by the successes they have constantly obtained in fighting the white man.

It is somewhat curious that an experienced Indian fighter like Crook should have allowed so large a body of Indians to have escaped from his front, and the fact that he never communicated to Gen. Terry any information of the movements of the Indians has caused quite a good deal of comment. There is no doubt that if the generals in this campaign had kept each other informed of what was transpiring in their immediate vicinity the issue would not have been so disastrous to the army and the country.

The preparations made by the War Department to carry on operations against the Sioux were ridiculously inadequate and altogether unsuitable to the nature of the country. Huge wagon trains have been sent out that creep over the ground and in many cases cannot be passed through the country where it is necessary to fight, instead of good mules, which could go anywhere cavalry or infantry could pass without delaying the column in making bridges and roads. In one of my former letters attention was called to the disgraceful neglect shown in not providing proper means of transportation for the sick and wounded. This matter comes up again in connection with Gen. Terry's present expedition. Three thousand two hundred men left the Rosebud Creek to march forced marches in order to fight the Sioux, and it is impossible that so large a number of men should undergo fatigue and hardships, exposed as they are to sudden changes of temperature, without some among them falling sick and requiring care and attention, yet the only provision made for conveying the sick and wounded was a single *travois*, or Indian horse litter, so that the out-of-luck philosophy is again triumphant. The same heedlessness is shown in the supply department; and, although the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers afford every facility for supplying the troops in the field with all the necessities of life, the men are chiefly dependent on pork, crackers and coffee, a diet that would ruin any stomach.

The march from the mouth of the Rosebud Creek up the Rosebud Valley to the point where we met General Crook's column tried the mettle of the infantry severely. The heat was overpowering, ranging from 109 in the shade to 122 in the sun. The foot soldiers acting as flankers to the column were obliged to sit sometimes for an hour in the sun perched on the sides of treeless hills without even a leaf to cover them, and it is wonderful that numbers of them were not prostrated by heat during the march.

During the night the tempera-

ture suddenly changed, the heat of the day being followed by a heavy downpour of rain. The temperature continued to fall, and next day stood 51 degrees in the shade, a difference of 65 degrees within twenty-four hours. So bitter was the cold that the soldiers lighted fires whenever the column came to a halt, and officers and men stood round and found a fire in August quite welcome, though but a few hours before we had been exposed to sunstroke weather.

Suddenly, while standing around a fire at a temporary halting place, we were startled by a quick succession of unearthly yells, and soon after a band of Crows, painted hideously, burst into camp at full gallop. They report "heap Sioux" coming toward us—more Sioux than they had ever seen before. This our informant expressed clearly in language showing us the Sioux mounted and coming to cut our throats. The interpreter soon after arrived and confirmed us in our interpretations of the Indian sign language. Two companies of the Seventh Cavalry, under Captain French and Lieutenant De Rudio, were sent forward to support the scouts in case of attack, while the column was closed up as rapidly as the difficult nature of the ground would permit. This proved a false alarm, and we camped for the night after a march of some nine miles from our first halting place, and we lay down half in hope, half in fear of meeting the Sioux warriors on the morrow.

Reveille sounded at three a.m., and about an hour and a half later the column began its march. No thing of consequence occurred before eleven a.m. of this day, when we were startled by a simultaneous rush of the Crow scouts from all points, uttering their unearthly screams, while at the same moment figures were discovered on the distant bluffs. By general consent these were pronounced Sioux. The troops were immediately formed in line of battle, and the scene suddenly became animated in the extreme. One battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, under Captain Weir, formed a mounted skirmish line at full gallop, aided by the Second Cavalry, drawn up in column on their flank, under General Brisbin, and Lieutenant Low's battery of three guns. The trains were closed up, and the companies of the Fifth Infantry, under General Miles, the Sixth, under Colonel Moore, and Twenty-second, under Colonel Otis, were extended along the flanks, and moved in the rear as supports. For a few moments all was expectation and anxiety. A single horseman advanced from the timber, and there was a muttered exclamation from many mouths, "There they come." As we strained our ears for the report of the first gun, the horseman advanced toward the skirmishers, making signs of friendship, and was allowed to approach. It proved to be Cody, the scout, better known as Buffalo Bill, dressed in the magnificence of border fashion. He announced that we were in front of General Crook's command, and might put off all bloodthirsty thoughts for that day. The column then resumed its march.

It is worthy of note that, though not a shot was fired, Colonel Weir's battalion of the Seventh Cavalry had twelve men dismounted in the gallop to form the skirmish line, and two men of one company had their legs broken. This result is in part due to the system of sending raw recruits, who have, perhaps, never ridden twenty miles in their lives, into active service to fight the best horsemen in the world, and also to the furnishing the cavalry young, unbroken horses, which become unmanageable as soon as a shot is fired. Sending raw recruits and untrained horses to fight mounted Indians is simply sending soldiers to be slaughtered without the power of defending themselves. Some four miles from the point where we formed the line of battle General Crook was found encamped.

He did not leave his camp to meet General Terry, a circumstance that caused no little comment. The conduct of this officer through the campaign has been, to say the least, peculiar. On consultation General Terry learned that Crook had been following for several days a heavy trail, supposed to be leading in the direction of Powder River. Had this information been sent to General Terry by courier, as could easily have been done, the forces of that General, which were encamped on the Yellowstone,

could have easily moved down to cut off the Indians' retreat northward, or advance up the river until they met Crook's column, when the trail could have been followed in whatever direction it led. This is what the public interest required, but for reasons difficult to understand General Crook allowed Gen. Terry to march into his camp without making an effort to furnish him with information as to his movements. The fact that General Terry is a volunteer general, and not a West Pointer, may, perhaps, have something to do with it. Inquisitive people are also asking how it came to pass that so distinguished an Indian fighter as General Crook allowed a large body of Indians, encumbered with their families and their wounded to escape from him. It is admitted now that the trail which the column is following must be eight days old.

The Indian force is divided into three columns, which during the day march on parallel lines and at night camp together. From the indications the outward column on the left contains the wounded, as there are traces of some 200 traverses on which wounded warriors are usually carried, and the rocks in the road of the column have been moved away where they would interfere with the passage of the traverse.

The indications at present are that the Indians will continue to retreat as far south as the Powder Mountains, where they will probably make a stand, or they will separate into small bands, and so elude pursuit. In either case the patrolling of the Yellowstone ought to give good results. News of an important battle may be expected within a few days. If General Terry fails to come up with the Indians within the next week all hopes of punishing them this summer will be at an end, and the campaign will degenerate into a series of unimportant skirmishes in this region, as a finer campaign is impossible.

NEAR POWDER RIVER, Aug. 17.

Leaving the united columns of Terry and Crook to be looked after by my colleague, as soon as it was definitely known that the two commands were in future to move together, your correspondent, accompanied by his trusty scout, set out to rejoin the column of Gen. Miles, which had left for the Yellowstone on the previous night.

It was announced at the supply camp by Indian couriers that some 450 Crow Indians would arrive the same day, on their way to join General Crook. Lieutenant Clark, of the second cavalry, had been left behind in order to take charge of these warriors and scouts. As soon as the Crows arrived the Lieutenant went to work to get them into fighting shape. They had come with old men and boys, and a small number of squaws, and needed reorganization.

The orator of the Crows, Black-foot, a splendid man, over six feet high, rose and replied with the dignified grunts of his race. He said he had traveled far, and was hungry and as soon as he had eaten he would talk with the white chief. He and his tribe had come down to fight the Sioux, and recover from them the land which belonged to the Crows, and when he had eaten he would have a talk. In order to put the Indians in good humor one day's rations were issued to the nobler men.

When the serious business of eating had been accomplished the chiefs and leading men assembled before Lieutenant Clark's tent and discussed the grave question as to whether they would proceed further on the warpath, although they professed great desire and willingness to fight the Sioux. When it came to the question whether or not they would proceed to Powder River, they showed a strong desire not to move one inch. They were full of brave words, but when it came to deeds it was too much. Another question, the savages felt they were the masters of the situation, and meant to do very much as they pleased. The result of a stupid and vacillating Indian policy was plainly visible in the mingled arrogance and indifference with which they treated our officers. It was evident they neither feared nor respected the United States army, although they were not too proud to crouch down about the tents while the white man was

eating in the hope of being invited to share the meal. The proposition clearly put to the Crow chiefs was whether or not they were willing to go down the river under Lieut. Clarke, scouting the left bank as far as Powder River; but they managed to evade this issue with great cunning. They would go by any road except the one they were asked to go, and though they professed great desire to meet the Sioux, they were very careful to avoid coming in contact with him. This being the state of their minds, their picturesque council by the camp fire broke up with a promise that in the morning they would give a final reply.

Good Heart, the chief soldier, came to say that even if the chiefs would not go he would get a number of the young men together and would go with them. The matter was talked over and smoked over during the night, but the morning found our Crow friends in the same chicken-hearted frame of mind. At first they said the young men would go on, and asked how many days' rations they would get, and being told five they seemed contented. Then they wanted ammunition. This they were told would be issued to the young men who were going on the war-path, and when asked how many would go, they said they would see as soon as the young men who had gone in search of their ponies returned. Then they demanded that the ammunition should be given to the chiefs to be distributed among the whole tribe, and afterward they would inform the white chiefs how many of the young men would accompany them. As it was evident they were only endeavoring to obtain supplies of food and ammunition without making any return, this cool proposition was properly rejected, and as it was evident that the Crows had no intention of entering on the war path, Lieutenant Clark embarked his dismounted soldiers in Lieutenant Reed's Mackinaw boats and proceeded down the river to rejoin General Terry's command.

As a signal instance of the loyalty of these Crows, it may be mentioned that they absolutely refused to furnish thirty ponies to mount Lieutenant Clark's cavalry detachment, although they had an immense supply of ponies with them and full payment was offered in food and blankets.

On our return to camp we found the forces of General Terry encamped on the Yellowstone at the mouth of Powder River. The command had met no Indians, and, in all probability will meet none this season.

NEAR GLENDINE CREEK,

August 18.

The forces under General Terry, which left Rosebud Creek on the morning of the 11th, arrived yesterday afternoon on the Yellowstone by the Valley of Powder. They had met with no Indians on their march. On leaving Rosebud Creek the column had followed the large Indian trail, which was found to lead almost due east to the Tongue River. Following the course of this stream for some miles, it again turned due east through a rough and difficult country, the chief features of which were rolling hills, clad with pine trees and deep valleys, which rendered the march very fatiguing. The trail struck the Powder River some forty miles from its mouth, and then turned down stream, reaching to within about nine miles of its mouth. Here again it strikes toward the east, leading in the direction of the Little Missouri River, where the bands of Sitting Bull are in the habit of wintering. It is thought that they will try to escape from the troops either by crossing the Yellowstone and going north or by breaking into small bands and sneaking back to their reservations. They have burned the grass behind them so as to stop pursuit and the want of forage will render this measure very effective against our cavalry horses, which are already very much worn out. The scouts say the main trail is at least nine days old, but a small trail has been discovered which is comparatively recent. This band was headed off by the patrol kept moving up and down the river by General Miles. In consequence of the system of magnified scouts employed by our general against the Indians the troops are unable to keep up an effective pursuit. General Crook has left his supply train entrenched

on Goose Creek, where it is now practically useless.

Under orders from General Terry a reconnaissance of the Yellowstone River was made to day by General Miles, with two companies of the Fifth Infantry, the — pounder field piece and one Gatling gun. No recent traces of Indians were found, but General Miles resolved to leave a detachment of troops under the command of Colonel Rice, to whom the army is indebted for its effective trowel bayonet. This officer will be charged with scouting along the banks of the river and preventing the Indians crossing in his vicinity.

## GREAT PRINTING PRESSES AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Printers, and for that matter all persons who take an interest in "the art preservative of all arts"—as who does not?—will find much to interest them here, particularly in the department of Printing Presses. I have never seen so many, and I doubt whether so large a number and such a great variety were ever before brought together under one roof. Many of them are running more or less of the time, but most of them are standing motionless, serving in that way to illustrate the principles upon which they are constructed or to advertise their inventors and builders.

My attention has naturally been drawn mostly to the great newspaper printing machines in the exhibition; and in the operation and results of these I have been greatly interested. They are four in number, viz.: the Bullock, the Campbell, the Hoe and the Walter. The first three are American conceptions, and the last an English invention, being the product of Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the London *Times*, who was driven by the needs of his great journal into the domain of mechanics. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may say that the essential difference between these presses and the best heretofore in use in the principal newspaper establishments of the world, lies in the fact that (1) they must print from stereotype plates, instead of from plates or moveable types, as might be preferred; that (2) they print both sides of the sheet in one passage through the press; and (3) that they are self-feeding—that is, they supply themselves from a continuous web or roll of paper many hundred yards in length, which is at the same time cut off into sheets of the proper size. Through the last two great improvements the maximum of speed and the minimum of expenditure are secured; inasmuch as the printing capacity is doubled, as compared with presses of the old style, and under ordinary circumstances a man and one stout boy are sufficient attendance. These points are the great desiderata in a newspaper office now-a-days. The highest rate of speed must be united to the least expenditure in money, in order to offset the steadily enlarging expenses in other directions growing out of the constantly increasing demands of the public on modern journalism.

As to the relative merits of the four rival machines, it may be said that up to this time they are not all sufficiently developed or perfectly developed to enable one to finally judge without danger of making a mistake, in view of what may be developed in connection with them in the future. It is only safe, therefore, to tell what one sees, and to say what impression is made by results. In common with other visitors to Machinery Hall, I have seen them all (except the Campbell) running at odd times; and in this way a tolerably fair idea of their character and respective merits may be formed. But it was my good fortune to see more than this. I was lucky enough to be present when two of them (the Bullock and the Walter) made their test run, of an hour each, in presence of the judges who are to make official award concerning them.

Within the hour allotted to it the Walter press turned out the astonishing number of 10,455 complete and well printed (8 page) copies of the New York *Times*—having stopped six minutes and a half to supply a new roll of paper.

In the same period of time the Bullock printed and delivered 14,840 complete copies of the New York *Herald*—eight pages likewise. Eight minutes were required here