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A THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF

INDIAN CAPTIVITY,

BY

MRS. MARY BUTLER RENVILLE.



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INDIAN CAPTIVITY

MRS. MARY ADAMS BENTLEY

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P R E F A C E .

In the year 1859, we left Galesburg, Ill., for Minnesota, where we have been in the employ of Government, as Teachers among the Indians, as our readers will learn, without any further preface, from the narrative before them.

At the time of the outbreak, we were living only a few rods from the Mission at Hazlewood, five miles above Yellow Medicine.

P. R. B. F. A. O. F.

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THE INDIAN CAPTIVES.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL

CHAPTER I

So much has been said about the Indian War that it may not be uninteresting to glean a few leaves from the Journal of one who was a captive during the late trouble. In order to realize the spirit of the time in which it was written, we will insert the preface just as it is.

This little book, in the providence of God, may fall into other hands, for we are in jeopardy every moment, and are so closely watched that we scarcely dare use the pen for fear of being suspected of trying to get letters to friends at home. With a full sense of the danger we are in, we forthwith subscribe the names of our family and those of our friends in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. [The names we will omit here.]

Time hastens, night is coming on, and it may be the night of death to all of us; in view of which we will say farewell to the joys and sorrows of this life.

Before commencing what may be termed the Journal part of our correspondence, it may be well to describe as far as practicable the locality of Hazlewood. It is about two hundred miles north-west from St. Paul, and five miles from the junction of the Minnesota and Yellow Medicine rivers. In high water the boats go up as far as Yellow Medicine, or what is commonly called, Upper Sioux Agency.

The country about Hazlewood is (in our estimation) beautiful; being diversified with hills and valleys, and as you look across the Minnesota, the scenery is grand almost to sublimity. The long ranges of hills, bordered with forest trees, extending as far as eye can see, and the table land in the back ground, help to fill up the picture.

The country is well watered with rivers, creeks and small lakes. The valleys of the rivers are covered with heavy timber, while the lesser streams are skirted with wood land.

At some future time we may speak more at length of Hazlewood Republic and why it was formed.

HAZLEWOOD REPUBLIC, August 21st, 1862.

This is the first opportunity we have had to note down anything since the terrible massacre commenced, which was August, Monday 18th inst. The first intimation we had of what the Indians were doing, was about 6 o'clock Monday evening. We had just arisen from the table when two men came in, and with the most intense feelings expressed in their countenances, begged us to hasten for our lives, in the meantime giving a brief account of the massacre. People become so accustomed to Indian stories that they are not willing to believe any reports, no matter how they come; so it was with us; we did not even go to our nearest neighbors to tell what he had heard, but remained quiet; we were soon aroused by our friends calling again, and with authorative tones told us to hasten away or we would certainly be massacred. While the horses were being harnessed we gathered up some articles of clothing and a little provisions and, threw them, pell-mell, into the wagon, ready to make good our escape.

By this time some of the Friends from the Mission Boarding School, called, to see if we believed the reports. It was now nine o'clock in the evening; the excitement growing more intense every moment. As we passed the church some Indians, (strangers) with their guns, were busy talking; when asked what they were doing, they replied in a sullen way, "stop your noise." The Indians were already trying to steal Mr. Cunningham's horse, and, as we afterwards learned, went to our stables but found them minus of their prey. They, however, succeeded in getting Mr. Rigg's horses. He managed to save one horse which had been left in his care by a volunteer, by sending a man on it to the Agency, to see if the disturbance had commenced there.

As we passed the Mission house, some of them inquired where we were going; we told them, and hurried on to a camp of friendly Indians, for protection. Cutting our way through the woods as best we could, for if we traveled on the main road we were in danger of meeting the Rebel Indians, and that would have been certain death to our whole party. When we arrived at the Camp the Indians there knew nothing about the trouble. They immediately sent messengers to the Agency to learn the particulars. About three o'clock in the morning they returned with the news that the fight had commenced; we

inquired for the Mission people; they said all but one family were close by; we went out to meet them and were anxious to go, *but* the Indians at the Camp said they were going to secrete them on an island till morning, but they were afraid of being pursued and thought it much safer that we should remain at the Camp. We reluctantly consented. In the morning Messrs. R. and C. came over from the island and wanted to return to their homes to get some eatables, but were told it was not safe, and that they (the Indians) would bring them some which they did. We talked with them about leaving; said they should leave in the P. M., or as soon as the man returned with one of their horses.

Tuesday, about noon, a man came into camp wounded; we washed his wounds which had been much irritated by the flannel wrapper he wore; gave him a change of linen and a little beef broth, for he was almost famished, and could bear but little nourishment at a time. A little after this, Messrs. R. and C. came from the island and said they were going to start with what teams they had if the horses did not come, for it was not safe to remain any longer in the Indian country. We agreed with them, and determined to go at the same time, but to our surprise and horror some one had taken our harness; we still hoped it might return, and told them we would try and be ready.

CHAPTER II.

We made all needful preparations to leave the camp, but were disappointed. Immediately after our friends left us, there came up a most terrific thunder storm, seeming literally as if the whole heavens were on fire; and the whole earth was to be shaken from its foundation. One could but think that the superstitious savages would have quailed before their Gods, and felt that they were exceedingly angry with them, and were about to render a quick retribution for the terrible tragedy they had but just commenced. The rain descended in torrents, the lightning came flash after flash, the thunder kept pace; and indeed language fails to describe the scene. It seemed as if the whole artillery of Heaven was about to burst. The storm continued till about sunset, when as if to compete with the horror before, the sun came out in glorious splendor, clearing away every cloud, and giving a life picture to every tree and shrub. During the storm we were in an unfinished house without doors or windows; we kept par-

tially dry by placing a hide over a small space where the chamber floor ought to have been. Here we were seated on the few goods we had saved from *home*, wishing, nay praying, that some way would open for our escape from such a miserable life. Place yourselves for a moment in imagination, in such a situation, not knowing but some enemy had crept into camp ready at the first opportunity to end your existence.

Enos came from the island; the Missionaries had left. While he was returning, or when in sight of the camp, he met a Rebel Indian who questioned him minutely as to where he had been. He waived the answer, by telling him he had been looking for some cattle, at the same time showing his coat, how wet he had got it in the rain. It was the general opinion that the blood-thirsty savage was searching for the Missionaries. Having come from the Lower Agency, where he had doubtless "washed his hands in innocent blood," two of our company thinking perhaps they might find our friends, believing they had secreted themselves somewhere else, they started in pursuit, creeping through bushes and grass some of the way, fearing they might be seen by some hidden foe. They were absent some time, and we were very anxious for their safety. It was now dark, and we were told that should we attempt to leave camp that night, the doom of death to some, and the misery of a long captivity to the rest, would be the consequences. Terrible accounts are constantly coming from the massacre, but we dare not vouch for the truth of them till the excitement subsides a little and our own nerves become stronger.

But let us return to our Missionaries again, for too many pleasing associations of the past and anxiety for their present safety, will not permit us to be silent, and the Department people at Yellow Medicine; what has become of them? God only knows. We may hear from them.

While our friends, fourteen in number, men, women and children, had remained on the island, they were without any shelter from the scorching sun, but the surrounding trees; not daring to build a fire, to cook a little food, or raise a smoke to keep off the mosquitoes, which in times of peace are almost intolerable, and would have been thought foe enough to contend with, and one a great hero that gained a victory over them by the aid of smoke, mosquito bars, &c. But in this instance they were merely "accidents attending greater evils;" had they made fire they might have called around them the savage warriors, thus ending all hopes of escape; the men being killed and worse than death to most of their families, for the young Braves had made their boast, they would have *those beautiful girls for their captives*. But they left during the storm, and were exposed to the descending rain, in addition to the fatigue incident to camping on the

island. Here we leave our early pioneers and christians, carrying their lives in their hands, for in all probability they will be overtaken by the band of warriors that have gone (or reported to have gone) to the Big Woods. "They know in whom they have trusted," and He who has so wisely guarded them through so many perils of a Missionaries life of twenty-five years, will we hope take them through in safety.

Can we keep a journal through such times as these? For the sake of our friends we will try to do so.

Here comes a messenger with the sad tidings of Mr. Gleason's death, the young man who was taking Mrs. Dr. W——d from the Upper to the Lower Agency, a distance of thirty miles, to aid her on her journey, as she had started on a visit to her friends. This was on Monday A. M., the 18th, they had almost reached the place they intended taking dinner, when two Indians sprang up out of the grass; Mr. G., with his usual calmness and pleasing manners, inquired where they were going, not knowing the massacre had commenced at the Lower Agency. The Indians waited till they had passed them a little way, then one fired his gun, the ball striking him, he fell back a little, the horse being frightened commenced running, when the ball from the other Indian's gun reached him, causing him to fall, exclaiming, "Oh! My God! My God!" the last words he was able to utter. These fiends in human form took the Dr.'s wife and two children captives; taking away her trunk which had about \$500 worth of clothing for herself and children.

We may have occasion to refer to her again, for we saw her during her captivity. In the meantime let us nerve ourselves for what may be before us, for we know not what a day may bring forth, but God has promised as our day is so shall our strength be. If our readers can endure to hear the account (we were obliged to hear) and many exaggerated ones we don't record.

There was a trading post at Yellow Medicine, licensed by Government; this was attacked before the Department buildings. Forbes' store was conducted mostly by Mr. Quin, who was then absent at St. Paul. On Monday evening the Indians informed the Clerk of the intended plot, telling him to make his escape as quick as possible, or his life would be forfeited. The Clerk broke the news to Mrs. Quin; the plan devised was to get a team (theirs being gone) and take Mrs. Quin to a place of safety. He started, and had gone but a short distance, when he saw Indians coming; he hastily returned, advised Mrs. Quin to take her children and flee; the Clerk went with them to some of the farmer Indians, (Muzomony) who tried to secrete the Clerk, but having reason to fear he might be found, he told him to run for his life; he hesitated, not willing to leave Mrs. Quin and her helpless

family; but Muzomony said we had no team, it would be fruitless for her to start with the children on foot. This prevailed. The Clerk took to his feet, crossed the Minnesota river, called at a house, two men starting with him. One of them had a dog he prized highly, and was not willing to shoot him; the other man says we must part, for the dog will bark and betray us; he left them, and as we never heard of his death, we hope he made his escape. Not so with the Clerk and the other man, their bodies were found by the road near the Lower Agency. The most of those who travel on the main road are met and destroyed by Satan's destroying demons.

There were four trading houses destroyed; report says the Clerks of two of them got away. Not so with Mr. Garvie, one of the firm; he defended himself most all night, vigorously firing the guns he had in his possession. The Indians fearing to enter while he kept up such a brisk firing, called to him to desist; but true to his *nature*, he determined to protect his property; at last the Indians concluded to fire into the window, hoping to hit him, which they succeeded in doing.

CHAPTER III.

We are still at Friendly Camp, and are more closely watched than ever. Scouts are on the constant lookout. Garvie made out to reach the ware-house on the hill, a distance of about half a mile from his store. The Department people had all gathered there for self-defence, as well as to try to protect the Government property. Mr. Garvie appearing among them so badly wounded, aroused them to a full sense of their danger and the necessity of escaping at once. They accordingly, with the efficient aid rendered them by Otherday and their own speedy movements, soon had teams ready at the door for the reception of their families—leaving their well-furnished homes without taking even the most movable and valuable articles, and glad to escape with their lives. We have since learned that they were obliged to leave Mr. G. at a friend's, where he was well cared for during his last illness, caused by the wounds he had received. The Department people passed the Indians, and were not molested. Probably the Indians were so engaged in plundering the stores that they cared for nothing else.

Wednesday, Aug. 20.—Rev. Dr. Williamson came to camp last night; we rejoiced to meet him once more. It seemed as if an age had passed, for time flies swift in such conflicts as we are passing

through, though hours seem long. The Dr. was unwilling to leave his house, but his true and faithful friends among the Dakotas said he must leave, for they could not bear to have him murdered in his own house without trying to escape. Robert Hopkins, who is now in prison, told them if they chose to remain with his family, he and others would protect them as long as their own lives were spared. The Dr. appeared unwilling to leave the Mission ground. For this the spirit of the world may censure him, but those who have the spirit of Him who said, "go preach the gospel to every creature," certainly must admire the self-sacrificing man, willing rather to die if needs be, if he could only say to the little flock, *be firm*, and go not among those who are hastening on to certain destruction. They had labored thirty years in this benighted land, and expected to end their days here. We might speak at length of their abundant labors, in connection with their co-workers, the fruits of which we have witnessed during our captivity. Had it not been for the gospel which had been planted by these true worthies, the massacre would have been more terrible and awful than it was, and the suffering captives have found no relief from their hated capture, as some of them did during the last few days of their captivity. Dear reader, please bear this in mind when you are contributing to the Mission cause, for you know not what the fruits of your labor may be.

The Indians held a council with the Dr. as to what he had better do; and he wisely concluded to leave as soon as all could be got ready. As for himself he said he had no fears, and manifested it by returning to his house about three miles distant, and getting some valuable books. We feared for his safety, but God protected him. After he returned he went to a small pond a little distance from camp to water his horse. The Indian women gave a despairing moan, and raising their hands pointed to an Indian that had sprung up out of the grass and was following the Dr. with his gun. Paul and Simon hastily threw their powder horns over their shoulders and went in pursuit. Overtaking the Indian they pertinently asked what he wanted, and where he was going. He replied that he was looking for cattle. They told him in short metre to go where the cattle were. He soon made for the woods. They waited for the Dr., afraid to have him walk back alone to camp, fearing the Indian might return with a stronger party, and succeed in his cruel design, which they supposed was to kill the Dr. and take his horse.

While the Mission Indian women who had learned the art of cooking were preparing some refreshments, we saw an Indian talking to a small boy who pointed at our company. The rebel was raising his gun when we observed him, and quicker than thought, almost, we had our friends secreted in one corner of the unfinished house.

One of our friends, Miss Jane Williamson, remarked, "well, if they kill me my home is in heaven; let us try to keep heaven in view." As soon as we could get ready we determined to leave camp with our friends. When it became known we were told that should we attempt to leave we would certainly be pursued, and thus endanger the lives of our whole party. This, it was said, was on account of the knowledge some of us had of the country, and the assistance we might render to the white settlements should we ever reach them. These were only reports, and we were not inclined to notice them; but reports had proved true in the first instance. We told them we had rather die than remain. They insisted that if we started we would share the fate of many others, a part being killed, the remainder being captives perhaps for life. We were almost deranged with excitement, and not being willing to part with our dearest friend, we bade farewell to the Dr.'s family, or rather those he had with him, having sent the younger members away with his son-in-law.

This was a sad parting. Not a tear moistened the eye but the heart felt; and even now we can't dwell on the scene. The friendly Indians said that they thought the rebels would all leave in a few days, and then as many of them as could leave their families would go to protect us and be certain of our safety. This fond delusion was never realized.

Paul advised us to remain in his tent, for so many were stealthily watching us, there was danger of our being shot. It was finally thought best to move to where they could defend themselves better. On Wednesday P. M. we started, some of us fearing that every rustle of the leaves as we went through the woods, was some savage about to spring upon us. It was decided to occupy the Mission buildings, as they, being larger, would accommodate more, and thus render the chances for self-protection better. Besides, the fields were near, so that we would not endanger our lives by going after vegetables. Our numbers were small then, though many joined us afterwards.

It is impossible to describe the desolation, confusion and destruction that had been made at these houses, and the feelings that took possession of us when we thought of the many families that had thus been driven from their homes. It needs a panorama to represent one-half of what was seen.

We had our choice of a room at what had been the boarding-school house, and chose the most retired one, where we would not be as liable to be seen by passing Indians. The stoves were all standing, and most of the tables and chairs remained. Dry goods boxes and trunks were rifled of their contents, and lay in fragments about the house and yard. We immediately went about searching for any writings the Missionaries had left in their flight, and found some of

value. While doing this we partially forgot our own danger, so true it is that the mind occupied about others forgets its own troubles.

When the supper hour came we seated ourselves at the long table, which we had so often seen filled with happy children and loving teachers. We could hardly refrain from weeping while the blessing was being asked, and as soon as we could be excused we went to our rooms, where, for the first time, we permitted our tears to flow, somewhat to the relief of our aching hearts.

It would not do to indulge in sadness, for if we remained among this people it was necessary to wear an air of cheerfulness. After tea we all assembled for worship in the family sitting room, where Mr. C. had so often led the children in prayer and praise to God.

CHAPTER IV.

Paul and some others have gone to the Lower Agency, to learn if possible, what plan the Indians have in view, and to see if there is any possibility of getting word to the white people.

We had quite a gathering for prayer the other evening; most of those at Mr. R.'s house came; a chapter was read, a hymn sung and a word of exhortation given to the faithful few. It reminded us of early times, when it was not safe to go to the house of God without weapons of defense.

The Northerners are expected daily, and much danger is apprehended from them. A few have been lurking about for several days, and during the night stole five horses. There is no rest for the weary. While at worship Mr. R. was called out to see to his horses, as some one was trying to untie them from the wagon. The thief soon left for safe quarters, being afraid of a gun in the dark. Dogs are quite a help these times; almost every Indian keeps from three to six, and some even a greater number for hunting, and in case of famine, use their flesh for food. The wild shouts of the Indians, and the constant barking of the dogs, were we in a forest, would be intolerable. As for sleep we get a little, and very little it is.

Katherine came in the evening; the first we had seen of her since the trouble. She threw her arms about us and wept like a child, partly in sympathy for us, and for the loss the church had sustained, and the sufferings of the white people. Katherine thought we were not safe in our costume; and immediately devised means of getting a Dakota one, which, with a little help, was soon ready for wear, but

so many of the company realized we would not be at home in it, persuaded us to lay it it aside for the present.

Reports are constantly coming that the Indians are committing great depredations. They are confident of taking New Ulm and Fort Ridgely. May *the All Wise* keep them from it, is our earnest petition. God may have visited New Ulm in offended wrath, for we have reason to believe they burned the Saviour in effigy only last Sabbath, (Aug. 17th;) and their laws are strictly against selling lots to any person who will aid in supporting the gospel.

We have busied ourselves to-day in making preparations for an escape, should one offer, and we may have to secrete ourselves in the woods a long time; then we shall value our sack of biscuit. While we were making them, two gaily dressed Indian girls called at the door exclaiming, this is the last time we shall ever see a white woman. They were entire strangers, and startled us a little. Some of our party gave them a little cool advice, which they deemed prudent not to stay and consider. We have had to secrete ourselves several times during the day, for strangers are passing to and fro all the time, and the sight of a white person may cause them them to yield to *the wicked one* and devour us.

It is quite evident that the white people have not taken any of the fire-water, as the Indians call it, from the country or towns. Oh, that another drop, not even for medicine, may ever be carried in the Indian country again; New Ulm, we are confident, furnished its share heretofore.

Miss Laframboi called here on her way from Lacquiparle. Her brother went after her. She did not have time to give a full account of Mr. Huggins' cruel death; but having learned the particulars since, we will give them in this part of our journal. This sad event was on Tuesday p. m. Mr. H. had been out tending to some hay and did not return till after the thunder storm. While he was absent two young Indians called and inquired when Mr. H. would be at home. After being told they seated themselves and commenced making observations about the sewing machine, intent on examining its rapid movements, and making cheerful remarks in regard to it. They seemed rather anxious for Mr. H. to return. When Mr. H. came into the house, his wife, addressing him, he replied in his kind endearing way, passed out and went to his oxen. The Indians followed, not awakening any suspicion. The ladies in the house heard the report of the gun, but thought they were only firing at ducks. Soon the Indians tried to enter the school-room; the door being fastened they endeavored to break it open with their guns. Even then Mrs. H. supposed they were frightened by seeing Chippeways, and were fleeing from them. They entered the house, knocking over the

children and telling Mrs. H. and Miss L. (the assistant teacher) "go, go, we wont kill you, but don't stop to take anything with you." Driven from her home, Mrs. H. soon saw the corpse of her beloved husband; the only sign of life was a little pulsation above the eyes, his body smoking from the moisture of his dripping clothes; she spread over him a lounge cover she fortunately held in her hand, and was hurried away from this last kind act by the ruthless murderers. Miss L. led this widowed mother and two fatherless children to a Chief's house for protection, where she remained the most of the time during her long captivity; for bear in mind, that Lacquiparle is thirty miles above the Mission Station. The Indians of that place said their teacher should not have been killed if they had known of the massacre. This was their first intimation of it. The murderers belonged to another band. Though we mourn the loss of our dear friend, we rejoice that his daily walk and conversation and earnest labors among the benighted people by whom he was surrounded, leave no doubt of his happy entrance into the mansions above.

Paul has returned and related his interview with the Rebel Chiefs. The substance of which is contained in a letter dictated by him shortly after, and as our readers may be interested in its contents, we give a copy herewith:

HAZELWOOD, September 2d, 1862.

GOV. RAMSEY:

Your Excellency has probably heard ere this of the terrible massacre committed by the Indians Aug. 18th, and continuing up to this date.

As it is difficult to give correct information from a distance, I will give you a statement of all the facts I have been able to glean from the Chiefs concerned. Little Crow has been one of the most active and cruel. The others wished to put off the work of death till payment and see how matters stood with government, but Little Crow, to use his own language, held several councils long before the 18th, in order to hurry the other bands. On the 17th, four men of Shakopee band went to the Big Woods, killed some white men, and stole some horses. The next A. M., they went to Little Crow and told their crimes. Now, says he, you have commenced, let us strike the fatal blow, and rid the country of the whites, taking possession of all goods, cattle, and provisions, and become the rightful owners of our lands again. And as far as I am able to learn they have fulfilled their purpose in the most outrageous manner. Previous to commencing on Monday, a messenger was despatched to Yellow Medicine and Red Iron Village, but not one word did the Bands about the Mission know till the slaughter commenced. We tried to aid the Missionaries in their escape.

Lacquiparle people kept quiet for some days, then went to Big Stone Lake, and joined with the few in killing the small number of defenceless whites there. The most of the Indians were away on a hunt. The reason the Chiefs gave me was that payment was delayed and the traders would not trust them, but told them to leave their stores, and go and eat grass like the oxen, that they were a lazy set and would have to starve if they did not. (Little Crow is a wicked, crafty deceiver.) These things he said, made them very angry, and after they had killed the trader named, they stamped his head in the dust till it was as fine as powder.

He farther stated that the trader told them they could not fight, and that he could chew them all up as fine as dust. I do not think that many blamed our Hon. Agent, only his volunteering about that time caused them to believe he did not intend making any payment, and rather exasperated them. He is, we believe, an honest man, and has always given us good advice; encouraging us to labor, and assisted us in all possible ways, so we think.

We fear our Great Father at Washington has not realized the danger of leaving his people exposed to our savage tribes, and so has failed to furnish sufficient troops to protect them, or the civilized Christian Indians; for I think there is quite a difference between a Christian Indian and one that merely changes his costume and customs a little without changing his motives of moral action.

I have held two councils, and tried by all the persuasions in my power to have the Rebels liberate the captives, willing to lose my own life, if by so doing I could send these poor suffering captives safe to St. Paul. I have succeeded in getting one family and shall persevere unto the end. But, my Father, we are all captives; a small band of Christians surrounded by our persecuting neighbors, and whither, oh whither, shall we flee? Our trust is in God, and we hope He will put it into your heart, our Father, to tell us what we shall do. Think of it, our Father, and don't let our wives and our little ones starve, or, what is worse, move on to Red River with our savage foes and perish for lack of food for both soul and body.

I am a friend to the whites, to civilization, and christianity.

Yours Respectfully,

PAUL, or MUZA KA-TE-MA-NE.

Gov. RAMSEY:

Dear Sir—If you will allow us to address you thus familiarly, for the name of a white man is even dear to those who though not an eye witness, yet as one hearing of the awful tragedies almost

daily committed by the lower bands; we will not detain you with our family sufferings, after writing the lengthy epistle dictated by Paul; but at the earnest request of Lorenzo and Simon, state that they, with their families, are very anxious to escape to the white settlements, and will take the first opportunity; our lives are threatened if we attempt to leave; we have but little provision on hand. If in the all-wise Providence, we are not permitted to go among our white friends, we have resolved to die on Mission ground, rather than go among the idolatrous and wicked Indians. Please publish this at the request of
SIMON AND LORENZO.

CHAPTER V.

About the 25th of August Gabriel removed from Yellow Medicine, where he had been staying with his own and his sister's family a short time. Mrs. Brown was warned of the intended massacre in time to have escaped; but with others did not credit the report. She started to go with her family, to the Fort, accompanied by her son and wife and son-in-law and his family. They were stopped by the Indians, and would all have been killed or taken captive, had not Mrs. B. satisfied them in regard to her mother's family. Happily the relationship saved them. They let the son-in-law go. He barely escaped with his life, his health poor, having been under the care of physicians for a long time, and taking only five small crackers with him, and being obliged to lie hid in a marsh for a long time, surrounded by Indians who were searching for him. You can easily imagine in what an emaciated state he reached his destination. Mrs. Brown remained at the Lower Agency till her brother went after her. The Indians dressed them up in the poorest kind of Dakota clothes, and then laughed at them, saying "these are the people who used to dress in silks so rich and fine," little realizing that one cared not for fine dress in such perilous times as these.

The day before this family moved from Yellow Medicine Mrs. A. B. had a little son. She was a delicate lady, and was preparing to go and make her mother a long visit before they were taken captive. They all suffered much during captivity, but not as much as those who were entire strangers; the most of them having lived in the Indian country a long time, and being familiar with the language. The 26th the Lower Bands moved up to Yellow Medicine, seeming disappointed that Gabriel had moved away with their captives. A

day or two after they sent a company of thirty soldiers to Hazlewood with the intention of making them move back, which they positively refused to do. Chagrined at their failure, they went back. Big Amos told them they had no business at Hazlewood, and that they had made themselves work enough below and had better remain there. It is strange how impudent these Indians are to each other, and still live in constant fear of the same ones. They frightened us very much, passing through the house, singing their war songs and threatening to burn all the buildings that P. M. Some of us kept hid; the rest went to packing up their things. Our readers will have to allow their imagination full scope to realize all that we suffered; there being none but women in the house at this time. The men, with one exception, had gone to attend a council.

Mr. R. had gone to the Lower Bands to see his sisters, and their families, who were taken captives by Little Crow's band. They wanted to come and stay with us, and started to do so, and were driven back on to the prairie away from wood or water, and their children were crying for food. Mr. B. returned, called a council, which formed themselves into soldiers; this took some time, as they all came out on dress parade. We prepared the uniform for one of the principal officers, and became so interested in it as to almost forget we were captives, and enjoyed a real hearty laugh at its fantastic appearance. They all mounted their fiery steeds which seemed to have breathed the spirit of war, and at a given signal formed the line of march, firing their guns into the air, and giving one simultaneous shout. They were joined by some other bands on the way. Confident of success they surrounded Little Crow's camp and demanded the captives mentioned above. We expected they would have a serious time, but this wicked cowardly set hid their cattle and horses and remained perfectly quiet in camp.

Sept. 3d. Mrs. DeCamp came this A. M. with her three children, the eldest nine years of age, the youngest not two, her own health very delicate. She gave vent to her feelings by weeping, but we restrained her as well as ourselves for fear of those who are on the watch to see if our sympathies are not all enlisted towards the whites. This was the second time we had seen a white woman, and could we have wept freely it would have relieved our aching head. At the time the trouble commenced her husband was absent from home, and a chief who had always been befriended by their hospitality, came and told her of the imminent danger, saying "get into the wagon and I will protect you as long as I can, till you can obtain a better place." She had suffered much, walking twenty-five miles, carrying her babe, and leading another little son, wading streams, being told by the wicked ones if any of the children were troublesome they would dis-

patch them. She had always been spared any hardships by indulgent parents and a more indulgent husband. The chief treated her as well as the economy of a large family would allow. She lived in a tent, sleeping on the ground, laying her sick children on an over-coat she had obtained from the Indians that had plundered her house. The food was not eatable. One day she made up her mind for some nice fresh beef, when she saw the woman put it over for boiling; but was soon disappointed by her throwing the entrails into the same kettle. Had she understood them she might have prepared her own food. The chief had Mrs. D. write a message to her husband, and endeavored to take it to him, but was wounded on the way and obliged to return. The most thrilling incident related by this reliable woman, was the suffering of three young ladies brought to camp in the evening—six young drunken Indians (or Satan's emissaries) taking these helpless girls. They clung to Mrs. D. crying, "save, oh, save us!" She could only listen to their heart-rending moans.

One of them had been seriously wounded in the morning trying to make her escape, and died the next day. These fiends in human form, not satisfied with their crimes, took them to a tent where there was another drunken rabble, and afterwards returned them to the first camp. The chief seemed very sad about the whole affair, and said had he been at home he could have prevented it. Satan tempted them. But who left the liquor in the country for them? The captives doubtless suffered much more than they would have done had it not been for this fire-brand left by the white people, and which has caused so many crimes by all nations.

When Mrs. DeCamp came we were scarcely able to walk, and could not bestow as much attention on her and the little children as we desired. We had an attack of the pleurisy, and suffered extremely for several days. We gave Mrs. D. an upper room, which was the best circumstances afforded, but was almost unendurable from the heat of an August sun, and served to heighten the disease which had fastened itself on the little ones. We sent for Paul and Lorenzo and held a council of five, as to what was best for Mrs. D. to do, it not being safe for her to remain long with us. It was decided to get a canoe, as she felt confident she could manage it by the help of her boy, and follow a French family Paul was going to send that evening with a dispatch to Gov. Ramsey. Accordingly Mr. Benville and Lorenzo went four miles, found a large canoe, and labored hard to paddle it back over the rapids. But on their return to the house some one told them that the plan was known, and they must not send away the captives; if they did a plot was laid to kill them all. Some evil person, we supposed, had listened to the council, though all had spoken in a whisper. We think they must have placed a chair under

the safe of the stove pipe, as we found one there when we went into our room. This was trying indeed, and grieved us to inform Mrs. D. of the result. But she had wrestled in prayer all the afternoon, and was ready for any way Providence seemed to open.

CHAPTER VI.

MISSION STATION, Sept. 3.

The excitement still increases. Rebels report constant success, and are confident of taking all the smaller towns, and if they could get St. Peter, and Travers de Sioux, they are going to attack St. Paul in the night. We are quite sure they will find some men in the country yet, though the prevailing opinion is, that they have all gone South, and none but old people and little children are left at home. This was circulated by Little Crow about a year since, when he says he went to Shakopee to spy out the land; and when Government called for men at Yellow Medicine it seemed to confirm them in this opinion.

The Mission Bands are much more quiet, seeming to have a little hope that God will yet appear and deliver them. Chande, an old wicked heathen woman, said to Catherine, "Where is your God? why don't he come and help you? You see now that our gods are strong and mighty, and have driven away all your teachers. You had better renounce your worship, and serve our Idols." We have had meeting every Sabbath so far, one of the Elders reading and explaining a portion of scripture. White people, in times like these, might omit praising God for fear of calling around them the enemy, and so scatter the assembly. Every evening almost as many convene as on the Sabbath, and the same course is pursued in giving instruction. It may be providential that some have been detained as captives for the encouragement and example they are able to give this people.

We have been to Rev. Mr. Riggs' house to see what prospect there is of saving a part of his valuable library. The Dakota books will be distributed, and the others buried, if men enough can be found to do it; but the most of them think it is of no use, for the enemy are ever on the watch, and would dig them up and destroy them. The sewing machine, the first time we saw it, was injured but a trifle; the clock stands in its place keeping time and constantly pointing to the fleeting hours as they pass, the same as the owner had done many years to the Dakotas, pointing them to a crucified and risen Savior. The garden, trees, shrubbery and flowers, are nearly all destroyed. The last have rendered us daily pleasure. The little children, uncon-

scious of danger, have filled the air with their merry laughter, gathering flowers for us, nicely arranging them in glasses. By their fragrance and beauty we are led to adore the Creator in his wisdom and love to fallen man; and as these frail beauties fade and fall we are reminded that life and death are written on every page of the universe.

Mr. Renville, Simon and Lorenzo, have succeeded in burying the church bell, so that if the house is burned we shall be spared the sad scene witnessed at the Dr.'s church—young men ringing the bell and choosing one of their number to stand in the pulpit ridiculing the reverend man who had so lately been driven from its courts. Being afraid that we cannot get the books buried securely, we have selected a few, and boxed them up, and shall keep them as long as we have any hope. In our search we found a large ledger belonging to Government, in the dining room closet, looking as though it had come through mud and water and was stained with blood. It has probably been brought here by some of the Indians. It is a kind Providence in our not getting our salaries for teaching, for the present Administration may allow our claims, and if we had received it when due, it would have all been destroyed in this massacre, and if we ever reach a place where property is of any value, we shall need something to purchase the bare necessaries of life, for every article but what can be packed in one trunk has been taken from us. We have kept the cattle so far; furnished one of the small ones towards a feast Paul held last week. We were almost wicked enough to wish it had choked Little Crow and all the crows in the rebellion, but we were quite official in searching for pans, bowls and spoons, or any thing else less than a small wash-tub, for this feast, hoping that it might result in the liberation of the captives. Paul is said to be very eloquent, but neither his feast nor eloquence prevailed.

Mrs. DeCamp is still with us; we should not consent to have her leave us could we protect her from the Lower Bands, and have concluded that it is best for her to live in Lorenzo's family when we leave this house, and we will take care of her oldest boy.

The people have all left Mr. R.'s. An Indian has been breaking windows, blinds, and everything else his strength was able to accomplish, preparatory to setting fire to the building; some of our friends made him desist, and promise to wait till we were all removed.

They have not taken the Fort yet. Little Crow says he has been a great warrior, and fought many battles, but this is the best sport he ever had, and as for those little cannon at the Fort they only make him laugh to see the balls roll around and not harm any one. Killing white people, he says, is like shooting ducks.

All are busy making preparations for living in tents; we were much

perplexed at first, supposing we should be entirely dependent upon some of the Indians for a tent, but fortunately Mr. R. traded a two-year-old colt for one. This is rather a round sum to pay, but cotton is in great demand for building material just now.

The friendly Indians are urging us to leave the house, fearing the rebels will set fire to it at night.

Sept. 4. We are now living for the first time in a tent. This P. M. we went with Mr. R. to take a last look at the Mission buildings. He went with the intention of getting some boards, for making a shed over our cooking stove near the tent, determined to keep this vestige of civilization as long as possible. We really enjoy the large rocking chair, and could have good times if we were with a company of chosen friends, on a pleasure excursion, instead of being afraid of one's life every moment. This is something that cannot be described on paper. Before we had time to get many boards, two young rebels entered the church, a short distance from us, and made havoc of everything within their reach, until stopped by an older man. They came then to where we were, went into Mr. C.'s house, singing and appearing to be very joyful, going through the house, making sport of the Dakota hymn book they had found, and continuing this till they reached Mr. Riggs' house. By this time the flames were pouring out of Mr. C.'s chamber window. We went a little distance and watched the progress of the fire, keeping our blankets wrapped close about our head, for fear of being known as white persons, for we have all been obliged to lay aside civilized costumes. After Mr. C.'s house had become completely enveloped in flames, the smoke and fire were seen issuing from the lower part of Mr. Riggs' house. They had set fire to a small house used for the Mission school, and where we had both been employed as teachers by government some years before—government renting the house of the Mission here. Again our thoughts were concentrated on the past, as we called to mind the men, women and children we used to meet daily, often thirty in number. We had a few trials then, which were made as smooth as possible by our experienced friends, the Missionaries; but they are not here now, and we must look to a higher source for aid and comfort in these greater trials.

Frank Bascom, a blind boy, who has been a member of our family and school for a long time, and dear little Lillie, who had become accustomed to our ways of living, are now wanderers we know not where.

Lillie has been with us ever since she was three years old, and is now seven, her father promising to pay for her board; and being a white man and employed by government several years, acquired a sufficient sum to afford to hire her board.

When her grand father, Bad Track, came for her, it was almost like letting our own darling go into captivity. Dear Lillie was so sad, and begged us not to let her go. We could not persuade the old man, and to have refused would only have irritated him. Poor Lillie does not understand their language or customs.

We can certainly realize in a measure, how those mothers, who have had their dear children torn from them and taken captives by others, must mourn.

It has led us to forget ourselves, thinking of these dear children. At some future time we will try to give a short history of Frank Basenm's life for the benefit of our young readers. At present we shall have only time to introduce Mrs. Newman and her three children, captives, taken by the Lower Bands and who have succeeded in getting to Simon's for protection since the rebels moved up.

We called to see her on our way from the fire; we found in her another example that in trials, deep trials, Jesus is the only real comforter and soother in our afflictions. Friends may try to alleviate sufferings, but it is sometimes beyond human agency to relieve the anguish of the heart. She seems a meek and loving disciple of her Lord and Master.

How glad the captives are to get among the friendly Indians! The praise is all due to that gospel which makes the savage heart become humane, and man respect the rights of his fellow man.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP NEAR RUSH BROOK.—The rebels are camped on the opposite side of us. We have only six tents in our company. A part have gone about half a mile above; we came here with the intention of deceiving the enemy, thinking that if we showed no signs of fear or desire of escaping, they might remove their dilligent watch. We are confident that by leaving the tent and team standing we could make our escape if we were only able to walk the distance necessary to take a canoe, though we have been a little intimidated by one woman being shot, or reported to have been, for trying to get away. That would be our fate or similar should we be discovered.

Sabbath, Sept. 7th.—Lorenzo addressed the people, about forty in number. The tents being all small, seats were made of the boards we had saved from the Mission and placed in front of our tent. Mrs. Decamp and Mrs. Newman, with their families, came. Quite an

excitement arose during the exercises by the rebel soldiers suddenly appearing, about one hundred in all, mounted, and firing off their guns into the air, and singing triumphant songs. Only a few came to our camp, but not a Dakota left their seats. The white captives were not so quiet. Some of them having more reason for fear than we had, tried to secrete themselves in the tent. The cause of this sudden move was the return of a war party from Forest City, bringing more captives.

The day has been truly a sad one; rebels, as if to show as much disregard as possible to all sacred rights of christians, burned the church in the forenoon. Paul tried to prevent this by calling a council the day previous, and endeavoring to persuade them to desist, and to spare the church; that it was no use for them to think they could escape the penalty of justice, and that they had done terrible deeds, and continuing, would only add vengeance to justice in their final retribution; pleading with them and even demanding the captives, telling them the white people would pursue them though they might secrete themselves in the forests, or flee to the mountains, and the husbands and brothers of the captives, if not restrained by a Higher Power, would literally destroy them root and branch.

We learned afterwards that the superstitious savages were almost afraid to commit to flame the house dedicated to the Most High, especially on the Sabbath. Undoubtedly had some ghastly figure been represented on the wall it would have prevailed more than all the combined force of Paul's argument.

Early Sabbath forenoon, one of Little Crow's head warriors came to our camp with a small day-book which had been found by some of his war parties. It was a brief sketch of the times, at that place. The object, he said, in bringing it to us was to see if we interpreted it the same as the others who had read it. He eyed us closely while it was read. At any other time we might have quailed beneath his stern gaze, but we were so elated at the good news contained in the little book that we could scarcely keep from expressing by our countenance what we felt in our hearts. It stated that General Sibley was marching forward with a large force.

About three o'clock Monday forenoon Mrs. DeCamp sent Catherine for her boy. We awoke him, asking no questions, fearing that some traitor might be lurking around the camp. Soon the whole camp was aroused, guns answered to guns, loud speeches were made, which were answered in the same vehement manner. The order was given to take down tents, load the wagons and march forward. We found we were completely cut off from any hope of an escape, for the distance Mrs. DeCamp and Lorenzo's family would have to walk to get to their canoes, was too far for us to make an attempt, as we would

be overtaken in our slow march. Mrs. DeCamp lay hid all day in a swamp.

We had almost resolved to remain when some of our friends from the upper camp came on purpose to expostulate with us, saying that if we remained, we would not only cause our own death, but that of all our friends in the camp, for they would not leave us, but remain and die with us. We told them we were entirely opposed to starting to Red River. Cold weather would come and our provision be gone, and the horses famished for want of grain before we could reach there with the Indian camp.

Nepansi came in and said if you remain, don't cry for mercy, for none will be shown you. The rebels will surely put you to a cruel death, as they have declared they will do if they find any deserting or remaining. To all this we replied, the rebels in the confusion and hurry of moving, would forget us, or think we only tarried awhile; but says he, soldiers are to be left to watch the movements of all the bands, and especially the captives, and they are now in pursuit of Lorenzo. We laid down upon our couch in a kind of exhaustive despair. Worn out with excitement, fatigue, and exposure, we laid in a kind of stupor till nearly daylight, then we arose and went calmly to work, making preparations for moving.

Mr. R. went to see Simon, for the good old man was fully determined to never move on towards Red River, with the idolatrous Indians. Simon came back with him. The same emphatic words were said to Simon that had been to us; he was decided; said he could only die if he remained on Mission ground, and that was our certain doom, if we went to Red River. It was a sad parting; he shook hands with all, wiping the tears from his eyes, which he could not keep from falling. We had already tarried. The camp had nearly all gone, and soldiers were sent from several standpoints, watching our movements. We were not afraid. The storm had swept over us so bitterly that we were almost paralyzed, or careless as regards this present life. But of necessity we were obliged to take up our line of march. Mr. R. driving the cattle, while we drove the team, and carrying our darling Ella in our arms, clinging closer to her fearing she might be torn from us in any new freak of the enemy. To realize in the least what our feelings were, place yourselves in imagination in the same condition, leaving the last vestige of civilization, not even daring to wear a bonnet or hat to protect your eyes from the blazing sun as you rode across the broad prairie. It being contrary to our nature to remain long on the hill of difficulty, or in the Slough of Despond, we whipped up the horses, and looked around to see what nature offered to assist us in raising our thoughts to the Creator, who wisely orders all things.

By this time Mr. R. joined us, having found a young man to drive the cattle. We were really happy to have his company again. This, with the renovating atmosphere, had almost a happy effect.

We went slow or fast, just as we pleased. There were three or four wagons in company. At one of the Indian camps we found a nice wagon seat, which proved a valuable article as we had to travel over two hundred miles, in an open wagon, before we left Minnesota, and this good spring seat added much to our comfort. At the several camps we saw trunks, boxes, tubs, barrels, oyster cans, and various other articles, scattered in hopeless confusion. Mr. R. loaded his wagon with strings of corn the Indians had left; many of them having no teams were forced to leave all that would prove a hindrance in their march. The rebels have decided, if the upper bands will allow, to march direct to Red River.

Nothing of importance transpired on our way to Red Iron village. We met scouts who eyed us keenly, then passed to where there had been a camp the night previous, and went about preparing a feast for themselves and comrades. We could easily judge what was to be the chief dish at the feast, for a young Indian went by carrying a good sized dog they had just shot. We were detained some time by one of our company breaking his wagon, so as to render it necessary to place his load on the other wagons.

We reached Red Iron village about the middle of the afternoon. We had a fine view of the rebel camp; small flags were flying in every direction to direct the occupants to their various lodges, for there is as much danger of getting lost here as in a city.

First in order was Little Crow's camp. Second, all the lower bands connected with him in crime. Third, those forced to join his camp, not daring to separate themselves for fear of bringing on a civil war. Fourth, the Hazlewood band. Fifth and last, Red Iron band, which had stopped Little Crow in making any farther advance into the country. We rode about some time searching for a suitable place to camp, all the desirable ones near water having been selected before we arrived.

The point determined, we waited patiently for some one to assist in putting up the tent. Soon Red Feather's wife put up the tent, making it secure against the winds, for the winds in Minnesota are very searching at this season of the year. She then brought a few brands and made a blazing fire in the center of the tent, and then, like a thoughtful mother, brought a pail of water, Mr. R. being busy taking care of his horses and cattle.

We were thankful to Mrs. Red Feather, and in return gave her a small brass kettle we had saved to barter with. We had scarcely arranged our buffalo robe, and other useful articles in a tent, before

summoned to the door by the war songs of the soldiers, who always go upon their horses, firing their guns into the air. These savage demonstrations always frighten us more or less. Their business seemed to be turning over tents, and though we did not know but our tent might be the next, it being the nearest to them, still we could not suppress a silent laugh at the apparent unconcern of the occupants, as they sat in the form of circles around the fire, some inclining on their elbows listening or talking, while others were smoking their kinnekinnick, the women busy making or preparing moccasins, not seeming to hear or see what the soldiers had done.

Others went to taking down their own tents, in preference to having the soldiers do it for them, and packed up their effects. There were some of the lower bands entirely innocent of the massacre, and who were anxious to separate from Little Crow and all his followers. This was the occasion of their joining our band. The soldiers succeeded in driving them all back, for resistance only makes them more furious, and their numbers are the largest. How long we shall have a respite from their unearthly songs and firing of guns, we know not.

CHAPTER VIII.

RED IRON VILLAGE.

Everything moves on in about the same way. War parties returning. Councils held. Criers go about the camp making known the commands of the rebels. Occasionally one returns from battle wounded, and a death in any of the camps produces great lamentation. The female relatives go about with their hair disheveled, and tattered garments, making the most heart-rending moanings that can be imagined, varying from a boisterous cry to a low, deep sound; then again we can think of nothing but an old deserted building, whose walls creak and groan with the burden of years as the wind howls through the frail tenement; inhabited only by the dim spectres of haunted imaginations. Who has not listened to the low murmuring whistle among the trees in the Autumn? Add to this the tremulous appearance of the popple leaf, supposing it to be sound instead of motion, and you have in partial effect a description of the mourning for the dead, which is like most of the heathen nations, and not much unlike the weeping of Israel. The time chosen for these scenes is usually just as day is departing, or at midnight, or before the day dawns.

The friendly Indians will doubtless get killed or make themselves trouble in the future, by trying to get horses from deserted settlements. The Indian's reason that the owners cannot return after them, and that the rebels will take them, if they don't, and as they still expect to be driven on to Red River, and have no teams of their own; it seems to us they act much the same as white people would in the same circumstances. Their love for the aged ones, and helpless children is very strong, and to plunder for these objects of their care, they do not believe to be wrong; for, say they, we are driven to it by the rebels, who threaten our aged parents and helpless children with death, if they cannot keep pace on a march with the able-bodied men. It would be better if they would put their trust entirely in their Heavenly Father,—but that is what men are often slow to do.

The Indians are using up the powder and shot very fast. It being a season for ducks, a constant firing is kept up morning and evening; this adds to the wild excitement, for the running to and fro in haste to procure guns, left momentarily in their tents; and to one not initiated in all the strategems of Indian warfare, it is hard judging what these movements mean, until you hear the guns explode, one after another, into the air. This wasting of powder is a matter of rejoicing, for it gives us reason to believe they cannot carry on the war much longer.

Wednesday.—We called on Maj. B.'s family to while away a few tedious moments; they have a large and commodious tent, but many to occupy it with them. Nellie's walking habit looked very becoming with her rich broadcloth skirt and fashionable shawl, thrown gracefully over her shoulders. The shawl and habit she had when taken captive, and had been allowed to keep them by getting to the friendly Indians for protection.

We throw in this to give a ray of cheerfulness to the narrative. But while we were there, none of us dared to speak above a whisper in English, and if we forgot ourselves, some friend outside would warn us of our danger. Mr. R. came for us with a buggy he had borrowed; this was a rare treat, and we accepted with a cheerful heart.

Thursday.—Mary went with us to Mr. Pettijohn's house, to do some washing, for we are too poor to hire a Dakota woman now, although we have been forbidden by friends and medical advisers to attempt such labor when we were living in civilized life. We had to go about four miles,—found the stove standing,—the feathers flying, the bureau rifled of its contents. The front door was locked. The teachers were at the Missions on the eve of the outbreak, and made their escape with the Missionaries. We took one tub with us and found another at the house. Mr. R. carried the things to the spring. We met two soldiers that had been acting as scouts; one of them had

on a table spread belonging to Mrs. Riggs. They watered their horses, inquired what we were going to do, and appearing satisfied, went their way. We are saving our beef for the last extremity. The Indians have plenty, but probably think we are selfish, in not killing ours, and so do not give us but a very little. Washing in cold, hard water, is not very pleasant, but we have plenty of soft soap we borrowed from some of our company, or rather begged, for we can make no return here, except kind words. We have a little hard soap for colored clothes we saved from our own dear home. When about half through Ella cried so much we carried her up the long hill, hoping to find her father there. The desolate appearance of the once happy home of a christian family, the howling of the wind through the broken casements, all tended to fill the mind with gloom. We were looking for Mr. R., when we saw several Indians coming with their teams after corn. Frightened almost out of our senses we took Ella in our arms and started down the hill as fast as possible. They called to us, asking what we wanted or who we were looking for; we told them. They probably knew us, though we did not them.

Mr. R. came back just as we were through washing. He had to go much farther than he expected after corn. Our clothes did not look very white, but were cleaner.

We had gone about a mile towards home when Mr. R. found that he had left his axe at the house. He ran back after it, while we held the horses. They were very uneasy, and kept backing all the time. Two Indian women came along with their hatchets in their hands, flourishing them about and looking "daggers" at us, inquiring of Mary what white woman that was, and what business we had off on the prairie. Mary told them very pleasantly. The muscles of their faces relaxed. We have always felt they intended doing us harm, but finding out who we were, discouraged them. Some of the women, it is said, can fight as well as the men. Whether they can equal the German women at New Ulm or not, is a question; for they were much more courageous it is said than their husbands during the seige of that place.

We have already given one letter dictated by Paul. We now copy one from some other chiefs. Before doing so, we will state that we endangered our lives by writing, and had to be very cautious so as not to be discovered. If in the day time, we usually secreted ourselves in the tent some way; but generally the Indians wished us to write in the night. Sometimes we have waited until we thought every one ought to be asleep, and then putting out the fire, Mr. R. would hold a blanket over us and the candle, so as to keep the light from shining through the tent; besides this caution, a guard was

placed outside the tent to report any intruder who might be approaching:

RED IRON VILLAGE, Sept. 10th, 1862.

GEN. SIBLEY:

Our much esteemed friend—We (that is) Wabaxa Hoxaxa and Wakata, have carefully considered our positions, as Chiefs of three Bands, and being desirous of returning to our former homes, at the Lower Agency; we consult your wish in regard to doing so.

Our bands did not commence the trouble, but contrary to our wishes some of our young men joined with the guilty ones; we were driven to act, and our fear is now, if we go back without your consent we shall meet your forces in hostility instead of meeting them as friends. Besides, the Lower Agency Bands will probably pursue us and try to destroy us all together. Now, dear Sir, we, with all our bands, are anxious to move back. Please write immediately and let us know what you think we had better do. We shall not move from here if we can help it, until we receive an answer to this letter. Direct yours to Wabaxa.

Yours, very truly,

WABAXA,
and the above named Chiefs.

CHAPTER IX.

RED IRON VILLAGE.

The Rebels are becoming more and more excited since they have found out that Gen. Sibley has command of a large force instead of a few companies, as they at first supposed. Little Crow would like to make terms of peace, but seems to infer, from the last message he received from Gen. Sibley, that there is no peace for him. He says the Gen. demanded all the captives, and when they were delivered, he would talk to him like a man. A little while ago he could laugh at cannon balls; but he is not willing to place himself in front of its mouth, or end his existence on the scaffold. He is now threatened by his own soldiers for his cowardice. He is a cunning warrior, and lays many plans to defeat his enemies. He set fire to the numerous bridges, so as to detain Gen. Sibley in his march. The lumber being green they were not destroyed so but what the white soldiers soon repaired them. Though sometimes obliged to hide himself for the

night from the fury of his soldiers, the next morning he will call an open council, and every man is ready to do his bidding. He has what is called a council house, or home for the soldiers, consisting of a large tent near the center of the camp. From its top waves our stars and stripes, they plundered from the department. In this council house they are provided with the best provisions the camp affords, carried voluntarily by any who have a good supply, or variety of eatables.

When a messenger returns from battle, he goes at once to the council home, and delivers his message. Then a public crier, usually an aged man, is sent to call the members of the house. From this home they send out small companies of soldiers to watch the movements of the white people, and to return to camp, or punish any captives they may find trying to escape. As we intend giving some of the customs of the Indians, we will say more about this council home, which has been a long established custom, not only in war but in the chase. When there is to be a buffalo hunt, the hunters all assemble at the council home, where a bounteous feast is prepared, in which all join. After this the best of tobacco and kinnekinnick is passed around, and when they have talked and smoked long enough, they send two or three of the most active men on foot to look for the buffalo. When they return they satisfy the whole party of the relative position of the buffalo, the distance from the camp, &c. All hands prepare as quickly as possible, saddling the fleetest horses.

If the dogs bark, their mouths must be tied, for fear of alarming the buffalo. When ready, all start; if any get ahead, they are whipped into line. As soon as near enough they separate, so as to surround the buffalo, narrowing the circle, till the signal is given for the chase to commence. If the buffalo do not scent their pursuers the hunt is a successful one; but if the wind is to their advantage, and they scent the approach of the hunters, they rush in one body through the ring. Then none are successful but those on the very fleetest of horses. Mr. R. knows of one instance where a strong athletic man sent an arrow clear through the buffalo, and left it standing in the ground.

This is a rare feat, and only done when the arrow passes between the ribs. If the hunt has been a joyful one, as it always is, if they get plenty of meat, they return to their homes with glad hearts; and those that were too poor to have horses are met by their wives five or six miles from home, relieving them of their heavy burdens by placing it on two poles, fastened each side of a dog, the ends dragging on the ground. A kind of rack or frame of bark or strips of buffalo hide or deer skin. On this they carry their heavy loads, sometimes their little ones besides.

One law in relation to these hunts is severe, and always put in practice if violated. If two or three men go independent of the whole and frighten the buffalo, their property, whatever it may be, is destroyed; and if disposed to resent it, their lives are forfeited. The flesh of the buffalo is much like our common beef, only coarser grained, and in our estimation much sweeter. The buffalo came very near Hazlewood this summer, and we procured a quantity of beef, and came very near going on to the prairie in search of them, in company with the Mission School and some young ladies and others, to have a grand time. News came that the buffalo had left. It was very providential, for we should doubtless have been off on the desert wilds of the prairie when the massacre commenced, subject to the fury of the savages.

We have just returned from a ride, and though we had cause to fear some if not all of us might be killed, we find ourselves in better spirits than when we started. Mr. R. and Two Star were going after wood, and being nearly out of potatoes, we resolved to accompany them, with Mrs. Lucy T., a captive that had been staying with us sometime.

Two Star took his gun with him. We wrapped our blankets about us so as to appear as much like the Dakotas as possible. The Indian women smiled at the way we put the blanket over our heads, for we have not quite learned the art of arranging our new costume. We had to go about three miles to where the potatoes were buried. The men opened the ground, and found a tin boiler, coffee pot, tea kettle, and some soup spoons made from the ribs of an animal. Mr. R. hesitated about leaving us while they went for wood, but to expedite matters we felt it necessary to remain. Lucy said she would pick up the potatoes while we watched outside. We stood awhile, resting from the tent posture, but fearing we might be seen we hid in the grass. Lucy had the sack partly filled when we discovered an Indian walking stealthily some distance south of us. We could not secrete ourselves in the potato hole, it being too small, so we carefully watched his movements till he entered a ravine leading to the woods where the men had gone.

Lucy said we must run across to the woods, or he might shoot the men before they would see him.

We started, but having to carry Ella we could not go fast. Lucy said she would run, and we could watch. We consented, determined in our own minds not to be left. We tried carrying Ella on our back like the Indian women, but could not keep her from falling off or raise ourselves up so as to walk. The next plan was to carry her under our arms. We kept pace with Lucy who was not a swift runner; we met Mr. R. coming up the hill with the load of wood, but

Two Star was still in the woods. Mr. R. went back for him, and we were soon on our way back to camp, leaving the Indian searching in vain for us, if that was his object.

RED IRON VILLAGE, Sept. 15, 1862.

BRIG. GEN. SIBLEY:

Hon. Sir—I have just read a letter you sent to Wabaxa and the other two Chiefs, who intend doing as you advised, as soon as practicable. We shall join them, but should your troops be delayed we may be destroyed. Little Crow's soldiers are constantly moving us. We would not move where they wished us to to-day, and they came near fighting. The Cin-ci-ti-wans came down to-day; they have just returned from a scouting expedition, and have had nothing to do in the rebellion.

They appeared sorry about the trouble at first. Little Crow made them a great feast, and tried to buy them by presenting them a quantity of powder and shot. I hope they will not join, but can't tell.

I am still laboring for the captives. Eight have come to me for protection. Little Crow allows them to remain. We are all captives because we have adopted the dress of the white man, and renounced the heathen worship, and will not join in destroying our white friends. Please inform me what time you expect to reach here, and I will get our little band ready and hoist the white flag. Little Crow says the first command he shall give after your troops arrive, is to have every captive put to death. We trust that our Heavenly Father will send you soon, to deliver us from this bondage and then we will try to show how much we honor our great Father at Washington.

PAUL, or MU-ZA-KA-TE-MANE.

CHAPTER X.

RED IRON VILLAGE.

Our readers will review, in memory, the leaves we have already given them. They will recall what we said about Simon remaining at his house. We learned afterwards, from his family, that he took Mrs. Newman and children and went to the Fort. Lorenzo also reached the Fort in safety, with his own and Mrs. DeCamp's family, and another family he overtook trying to make their escape. Mrs. DeCamp started with the bright hope of meeting her husband at the Fort, but her cup of sorrow was not yet full. Her dear companion

had received a mortal wound at the battle of Birch Coolie, and his body had been consigned to the grave before she could reach the Fort. The soldiers sympathized deeply with her, and lent a helping hand by raising one hundred dollars to aid her on her journey.

Gen. Sibley had sent a party to bury the dead that had fallen victims in the massacre. They had completed their mournful task, and encamped for the night at Birch Coolie, feeling comparatively secure, believing the Indians far distant from them. Just before day they were aroused by the savage war whoop, and found they were surrounded by Indians. They had taken the precaution to construct a rude fort by placing the wagons and mules so as to form a circle. We can readily imagine what a terrible confusion it must have made among the animals, as they were shot down one after another. It would seem as if they would rend the heavens in twain by their hoarse braying in their dying agonies. The men fought bravely. They dug entrenchments with the few spades, shovels, and axes they had taken to bury the dead. Some of the party ran away at the commencement of the battle and gave information at headquarters. Gen. Sibley sent troops immediately to their assistance. The Indians saw them coming and divided their forces, leaving one party to fight the almost defenceless camp, while others were detached to keep back the re-enforcing party. How long they fought in this way we do not certainly know, but believe it was nearly all day. Rev. Mr. Riggs said the sight was beyond description. Men half dead lay buried beneath the carcasses of the mules, and the moans of the dying and wounded were heart-rending. It seemed but one great mass of corruption as they separated the dead from the heap of dirt and fallen bodies of the animals. The few that were saved for further action were suffering from their protracted labor and fasting. How appropriate the passage: "Prepare to meet thy God." The golden bowl is broken. Mourners go about the streets. The windows are darkened. Let us wail and lament over our once happy country.

This eventful battle occurred while we were at the Mission Station; but not learning the particulars until long afterwards, we failed to give the details in that part of our journal. We will take the liberty to go back a few weeks in our history. Mrs. DeCamp was then with us. None slept or tried to that night, hoping the white soldiers would conquer and come to our rescue; but alas! our cherished hopes were dashed to the ground by the Indians reporting that every gun was silenced, and every voice hushed within that temporary fort!

We regret not being able to keep dates better. The almanac we found at the Mission Station and carried so long with us, is lost. We should not have been able to keep the proper day for the Sabbath had it not been for that valuable little book; for there was noth-

ing to mark the days of the week. The same routine of moving tents so as to have forage for cattle, and the same busy life of cooking; for it is more laborious doing work in a tent than in a well furnished kitchen. Besides, we have been rather more liberal lately, for we are expecting Gen. Sibley up soon. We have cooked several days in succession all day, and in the morning had nothing remaining. Being completely tired out, we were obliged to stop this and let others cook for themselves.

Mr. R. has watched the horses every night for about six weeks. He ties them in front of the tent door, and takes his gun and blanket and lies down near the door, so that he can see any intruder that may venture to come near. If he could only sleep in the day time; but there is no rest for the weary here. We prevailed on him to let us take his place at the door towards morning. We did this until we took a severe cold, and were obliged to surrender to Mr. R.'s request, which we should have done long before had we not feared he would fail entirely; for he was becoming weaker every day, and losing flesh until he was almost a skeleton.

Tent life is not very agreeable. Sometimes the wind blows the smoke, ashes and dust all about. We try to clear up the tent, but cannot make it look like home. Ella cries every day to go home, saying, "Mamma, I want to go home." She is getting more contented, having learned a little of the language; and the girls carry her on their backs, and the women fetch her all the *goodies* they can. She is a great favorite, and should we punish her we should have half a dozen women to see what is the matter with Ella. She has learned this, and will not be washed or combed without screaming like the Dakota children, and we dare not punish her.

But we want to tell a little more about living in a tent. Those that are able have a straw mat to eat on. When we have none but our own family we use the wash-tub for a table: but of late we have had from ten to fifteen to eat with us, for provisions are getting scarce; and by persevering and getting potatoes we have made ours last longer than many of our neighbors. The frying pan we brought from home was the most useful article we saved. We use it for both baking and frying. We baked apple pies in it which were very good. The apples were given us by Mrs. Williamson.

While our faithful old cow gave plenty of milk, we had plenty of good bread; but she has had too hard fare to afford to give us milk, as all the cattle have to be tied to stakes or they will be shot for beef. The Dakota Indians make quite good bread with soda and water and a little butter and lard, without any acid.

We are obliged to remain in a sitting posture in a tent when at work. At first we burned our face and hands by the blazing fire.

Once these things would have troubled us, but are hardly worth noticing now. We spend but little time in arranging our toilet. When our broad cloth skirt gets dusty we shake it and brush it with moistened hands. No better costume could be adopted for tent life.

It has been reported about camp that a white boy has been shot. The woman who had taken him was always at variance with him, and the boy, being very resolute, would not obey her. She became enraged, and tried to kill him, but did not succeed. When her husband came in she told him about the boy. He led him very coolly out of the tent and shot him. He said that he had compassion on the poor boy; that his father and mother were both dead, and his wife was always quarreling with him; but now he had gone to the spirit world. (If we had time we would give the Indian views of Spiritualism.)

Since we moved to Red Iron we have had no quiet night or day. Such horrible yells—it is beyond all description. It comes the nearest to the punishment of the wicked, as described by Holy Writ, to anything we ever witnessed before.

One evening, when Mr. Renville was at worship, several of these barbarians marched around the tent, howling, and struck Mr. Renville three times on the head through the tent. We often wish our tent was longer, so as to accommodate all who love to attend worship morning and evening. Amidst all our trials we can truly rejoice that there are so many that love to praise God.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMP HOPE, Sept. 21, 1862.

We are now about five miles above Red Iron village. We do not know of any name being given to this camp by the Indians, but for convenience we will call it Camp Hope; for we have a faint hope that Gen. Sibley will reach here soon, probably this week. In the meantime we will give a brief history of some of the captives.

Mrs. Crothers we never saw, but learned a little about her. She had two little children, both too young to walk any distance. Her life being threatened, she was told that she had better try to escape. She weighed the matter, and concluded that between two evils she would choose the less, and start for the Fort. We do not know how far she had to walk; but if she fled from camp at Yellow Medicine she must have walked over forty miles. She had little or no food, depend-

ing upon what she could pick up. At one time she was obliged to secrete herself in a cellar, and being afraid her little child would cry, she gave it the last pin she had to play with. This kept the child quiet until the Indians, who were right above her, left. Had they found out that she was in the cellar, we can imagine what cruelty, and perhaps death, awaited her. She tore strips of cloth off from her broadcloth skirt, which was an old one, to tie one of her children on her back, carrying the other in her arms. When she became too exhausted to carry both, she put one down, went on a short distance, and then went after her other child. In this way she finally succeeded in getting to the Fort. When the officers saw her coming one of them carried her a blanket, we are told, that she might appear more comfortably clothed. Her husband was more than overjoyed to see his dear companion and darling children once more, and spake to others of her prudence and untiring energy in a way that showed he felt she deserved much praise, especially from him.

Mrs. White told us they had been in Minnesota only about six months when she was taken captive with her daughter Julia, and a little girl of about ten summers, and an infant she carried in her arms. Mrs. White always maintained a cheerful, quiet spirit, at least to observers; said she thought it the best way. The first time we met her she could scarcely refrain from weeping; but soon assumed a cheerful look. Many other captives we became partially acquainted with, but not knowing much of their sufferings we leave them for the present at least. One day Paul was in our tent, and hearing a white woman talking in another tent; told Mr. R. he had better invite her to call in, as it might be a pleasure for his wife to talk with her. We were always glad to see any of the captives. When she came in she threw her arms about our neck and wept bitterly. She was about twenty years of age. Though we never saw a murder committed, yet they were brought before us so vividly by the captives it seemed as if we were living in the scenes. Mrs. Adams, on the morning she was taken, had just returned with her husband and little one to their home, having been absent some time on account of the Indian raid. Thinking it safe for them to remain at their house long enough to do some washing and pack up some clothing, they did so, not waiting for the clothes to dry. They started for Hutchinson, and had got within a few miles of the place, when some Indians, three, I believe, in number, ran after them. Having an ox team, they took to their feet. Mr. Adams took the baby in his arms and ran for life. His wife seeing that the Indians were gaining on him called to him to put the child down. He ran to where there were some more white men, but could not return in time to save his wife and child.

Mrs. Adams took up her child and hid while the Indians were pur-

suing her husband, but they soon found her, and caught hold of the child's feet and dashed it to the ground. They then shot him through the body. Mrs. Adams said she believed the child was dead before it reached the ground, for they jerked it so she thought the breath left its body, but was not sorry they shot it for then she knew positively it was dead. She said a little way from her they shot a mother, leaving her helpless infant alive by her side in the road. The Indians seemed in a great hurry, and did not stop to plunder or burn any of the buildings. We learned afterwards that Mr. Adams found his child's body and buried it. Mrs. A. said she knew her husband would seek revenge on the Indians as long as his life was spared, and that she joined heartily with him. This is the feeling that pervades the minds of the majority of the people of Minnesota. We cannot blame them for feeling injured, for their homes have been made desolate. But the policy they wish to pursue will bring on them or their children a greater woe than has yet gone forth from the wilds of the border States. We would like to speak more at length on this subject, after we get through our journal.

Night after night Paul has held councils at our tent, devising plans and means to separate from the rebels. The fire is smothered in the ashes, and all talk in a whisper, keeping a guard outside. Paul's life is in jeopardy; the rebels say they will poison him if they do not kill him some other way. They are constantly threatening the half breed captives, and we are afraid they will put their threats into execution, for they made an attempt to kill one of them whom they had employed to carry letters to Gen. Sibley, mistrusting his loyalty to the rebels. The friends and relatives of the half-breeds keep a strong guard about the tents whenever the sky looks dark in regard to them. One day just at night Mr. R. came in, took his gun and said "make haste and get your dishes washed." "Why?" we asked. "Oh, nothing," he replied, "only they say that the half-breeds are going to be killed very soon now." We told him if that was the case we should not stop to wash the dishes. He continued, "it may be only a story. You may as well finish your work." No doubt they would have killed them long before this had they not feared a war among themselves. They have been around numbering all the captives.

Some of the wicked chiefs called on Paul and demanded of him if he was fully determined to join the white people when they came, trying to intimidate him, by saying that some of the lower chiefs had said *they* would, but had given it up. They alluded to Wabaxa and the others we have mentioned in other parts of our journal. Paul plainly told them he should ever befriend the whites. They called him a coward, saying, if you were a brave man you would help us destroy them all. Paul replied, I am not brave to commit such horri-

ble deeds as you have,—but I am brave to do right, and if I lose my life I wish my relatives to live with the Missionaries. Paul had to have his son, a boy about fifteen, tied up to keep him from trying to kill Little Crow. He and some other boys did finally succeed in destroying the most of his property while Crow was away.

Our readers may think it strange that Paul should tie up his son, but prudence demanded it; for had the boy succeeded he would have endangered the lives of all the friendly Indians.

CAMP HOPE, Sept. 22, 1862.

GEN. SIBLEY:

Hon. Sir—The Lower Bands are holding a council this forenoon, and are desirous to have us join them; but knowing them to be false-hearted we prefer holding our own councils and sending our own letters. We have more captives with us now than the rebels, for they keep coming to us for protection, and we are in danger of having a battle in consequence. We have been betrayed about the white flag; have one ready, but our enemies say if we raise it they will hoist one too, and as soon as your troops arrive they will fire into them, making you believe we are all your enemies, and so get us killed in that way. You cannot realize the bitter hatred they manifest towards us for trying to aid the poor captives and not joining in the massacre. We are going to move our camp to-day out on the broad prairie, as you requested in your letter to Wabaxa. Sir, we are exceedingly anxious for the arrival of your troops. We still put our trust in Him who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.

Yours, respectfully,

PAUL.

CHAPTER XII.

CAMP LOOKOUT, Sept. 22, 1862.

We are now on the lookout for Gen. Sibley, having heard the joyful news that he has started from Fort Ridgley. The rebels keep a constant watch of the troops. Some of them have reported around camp that Gen. Sibley is marching forward with a small army, composed chiefly of old men and little boys, and say they are anxious for him to come on; that it will be fine play; and they can get a plenty of powder and shot, besides a quantity of flour. The more truthful state that there must be over a regiment. The rebels are preparing

to meet Gen. Sibley. As we cannot hasten the General's march by being idle, we will make an attempt to tell what has been going on among the friendly bands.

You recollect Paul was going to move on to the prairie. Deputies were appointed to confer with the different bands in order to determine the place to encamp. It soon became apparent that the bands stood in fear of each other. The Yellow Medicine people said if we joined with the lower bands we should excite Little Crow to a battle before the white troops arrived. In this dilemma the Hazlewood Republic, with whom we were, went a short distance from the lower bands that had declared themselves friendly. After a long consultation, the others joined Wa-ke-an-no-pa, or Two Thunder, a civilized Indian who acted an honest and wise part, we believe, during the massacre, his very countenance showing his innocence. He is an influential man, and with Paul, Muzo-mo-my, Akepa, and others, took an active part in trying to make peace and to restore to their homes those captives that had not been bereft of friends and homes, and the others to the white people to be provided for. Before night the friendly Indians all united and all parties, (captive women not excepted,) went to digging entrenchments, or rather sinking pits inside of their tents, to defend themselves from the rebels in case of an attack, expecting one hourly.

CAMP LOOKOUT, Sept. 23, 1862.

GEN. SIBLEY:

Dear Sir—We, the undersigned, Paul, Akepa, Muzo-mo-my, and the three chiefs, are driven by the rebels to either go down with them to the battle to-day, or engage them in one here. We think it the safest for the captives and our own families to go. The rebels say we must take the front of the battle; that we have not borne any burdens of the war, but they will drive us to it. We hope to get one side, so as to join you or raise the flag of truce. If not able to do this we hope to return to our families and rescue them. We have tried every possible way of giving you correct information in regard to the war.

Joseph Campbell has a letter from us and one from Standing Buffalo, who says he will persuade, if possible, his people and all the Northern Indians, to meet you in peace, and destroy the wicked ones that have caused all this great sorrow upon our land. We don't want to fight, and shall fire into the air, if we can stand the bullets; but if they come too thick and fast we are afraid some of our men will take good aim.

The rebels say they shall search our camp to see if every man has gone to the battle, and if any remains they will punish them. This

threat they have partially fulfilled, riding about camp, singing as usual their frightful war songs. We trembled, for several remained. General, we wish you to inform us what to do at the earliest opportunity. Rest assured we are not your enemies. They have threatened the captives with instant death, but are going to see what a battle will result in.

Our last prayer is that you will be able to relieve the suffering captives from war, death, and horrible captivity among the rebels, and should we fall in battle, we wish to be numbered among your friends and commend our families to your kind sympathies.

Yours, respectfully,

PAUL, or MUZA-KA-TE-MA-NE,
AKEPA,
MUZO-MO-MY,

and the three Chiefs.

MR. AND MRS. RENVILLE:

My Dear Friends—I am glad to hear that you are all alive. I think God will preserve and deliver you. I have just seen the letters you and others have sent to Col. Sibley. We shall move up to your assistance very soon, to-morrow, I think. The fight yesterday was rather a serious one to the Dakotas. We have buried fifteen of them, and four of our soldiers. I wrote to you to send up by Simon, but he did not go. I have written twice to your friends in Illinois, telling them you were still alive.

May God still keep you all. I hope to see you soon and to rejoice with you in God's deliverance of you all.

Tell all who are in captivity that my prayers and efforts are still for them.

Yours truly,

S. R. RIGGS.

The day the men all went to the battle the Indian women and captives busied themselves making preparations for coming events; baking, cooking, and washing. It was Little Crow's intention to fall upon Gen. Sibley's camp during the night and butcher with their knives, and kill with the tomahawk, all they could; but so many objected to this, especially the friendly bands, that he was constrained to wait till morning. The battle commenced, we believe about ten o'clock, and lasted about an hour. The morning of the 24th, messengers arrived stating that the battle had commenced. The Indians began to chant their songs of praise, as is always customary at such times; calling the names of their brothers and husbands, saying the people took you with them, because you are brave men, to protect them and to be a shield to their faces. This is the substance of their

song. Another custom is for the braves or soldiers to make a sacrifice to their God.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAMP LOOKOUT, Sept. 25, 1862.

We alluded, in our last chapter, to some of the customs of the Indians before going to battle, and of sacrificing to their God. This consists sometimes of killing a puppy, and painting it either red or several bright colors, and presenting it as an offering to a large stone, which is decorated with paint, ribbons, and fine feathers, such as the softest down, colored red and scattered over the stone. To this god they pray and plead that he will accompany them in their battles, and help them to conquer. We were quite interested in a similar account, given by one of the friendly Indians, though not a Christian, who said he saw a brave fall in battle just after getting off from his horse to worship his god, while some of the Christian Indians went to and from Gen. Sibley's camp when the bullets were falling like hail, and not a hair of their head was hurt. This he considered a great miracle.

When the friendly Indians returned from the battle they were very happy; said they had shaken hands with their white friends, and had even seen Mr. Riggs. Towards night, on the day of the battle, the rebels were moving in every direction; women were weeping because their friends had fallen on the battle field. During the night the rebels nearly all fled. After the battle Little Crow delivered up all the white captives, (or pretended to, for he took some fifteen with him,) and gave Joseph Campbell a letter to Gen. Sibley, telling him to take down the captives and deliver the letter, and then afterwards sent a company of his soldiers to overtake them, and put Mr. C. and the captives to death. He was thwarted in his plan. The friendly bands held a council and concluded it was not safe to send the captives with so small an escort as they would be able to raise. Rusty, and some others went with Mr. Campbell, and by keeping a by-path reached the Fort in safety.

On the night of the 25th, some messengers were sent to see if they could hear anything from Gen. Sibley. They found he had encamped at Red Iron Village, some five miles below. Oh, how every heart bounded at the glad news, and then came the anxiety till morning to see their friends. But little sleeping was done that night, and as soon

as the morning dawned all were on the move, exchanging smiles and kind words. The morning was a beautiful one, long to be remembered on account of its associations; and though we had been too feeble to walk about for several days, we could not be kept from using all the strength we had to call on the captives. It seemed as if heart beat against heart; and the air vibrated with the emotions of the camp. A change had been wrought in the appearance of all. The Indians that used to dress in the white man's costume donned it with pride, and divided their spoils with the women and children, trying to make them look as happy as possible. White flags were flying in every direction; the largest and most conspicuous was raised by Paul. Little children were running to and fro with their miniature flags; captive women and children were seated in wagons anxiously waiting the arrival of their long absent friends, who were equally as anxious to meet their dear companions and friends in exile. At last the troops came in sight. Deputies were sent out to meet them. When they came near some of the soldiers left their ranks to come to our camp, so eager were they to see if their friends were still alive. They forgot for the moment all discipline and were soon reminded by their officers ordering them back to wait until a proper time.

At two o'clock P. M., Gen. Sibley, accompanied by his staff, came to our camp. Paul and some others made brief speeches, and the captives were formerly delivered up by those who had taken them, and by others who had protected them.

Let me say in conclusion that the friendly Indians, and especially the Christians manifested much happiness that the time had come to deliver the captives and themselves from the cruel war waged by Satan's emissaries, who are, or at least the most wicked ones, fleeing from the pursuit of justice, while those who delivered themselves up as prisoners of war, the most of whom are not as guilty in crime, are condemned. The friends even that protected the suffering ones, are doomed to an exile almost as cruel as that which the captives suffered, for they had long had the opportunity of hearing the gospel before they were taken captives; and if they were christians the rebels could only destroy the body but could not harm the soul. But these poor Indians, who have but just learned of Christ, have but little light, and are surrounded by dense darkness, besides the evils that have been thrown about them by white people who have been among them transacting business for Government, or enriching themselves in trade. Some of our most flagrant vices were never known among the Indians till they became acquainted with the white people. In their own language they have no word they can use in profaning their Maker. The first English many of them can speak, is oaths which they have learned from men employed by Government to teach them

to work. For instance, if driving oxen, they use the oaths, supposing the oxen wont go unless they do; at the same time, they do not understand the meaning of the words they use, and ardent spirits it is known they cannot manufacture.

May God guide the people of Minnesota, who have suffered deeply, to act wisely in the present instance, and not drive even the friendly Indians to homeless desperation by driving or sending them among the warlike tribes, to dwell upon their wrongs and talk over the injuries inflicted upon them by those they supposed their friends, until the warriors will not heed the counsel of the older ones, and rise in one mass, with all the tribes, and commence a war more terrible than has yet been recorded in history, and thus give the advantage to our Southern rebels, by a two-fold war. And may those who go among the Indians, either for the purpose of trade, or to transact Government business, learn wisdom from the past and lay broad the platform of Justice, Morality and Truth.

J. B. AND M. A. RENVILLE.

ADDENDA.

Having received from some of our friends an account of their escape, after leaving Friendly Camp, we have concluded to append that, and also the articles we have written since our journal was concluded:

Ta-pa-ta-tan-ka, or Great Fire, one of the Indians who was condemned and is now in prison at Davenport, Iowa, stated to some of his acquaintances that he went with the war party in order to aid the white people, who might be making their escape from the Indian raid. We are unable to judge whether this was his first intentions or not, any farther than his previous character in the community and orderly conduct in the church, would affirm. But of one thing we are confident: he would not have related his adventures with the party so fully in regard to saving Dr. Williamson, with his wife and sister, had it not been true. As we love to notice the dealings of Providence in sparing the lives of the Missionaries, we will narrate Great Fire's story. The party saw the track of the Dr.'s cart on the grass, where it had apparently turned off on to the prairie. Among the party was a young Indian, after Little Crow's own heart, who tried every persuasion to get the entire company to follow after the Dr., and murder them all. Great fire told him they were all old people, and had no property of any value with them, and asked him what he wished to kill such good persons for, who had always treated the Indians well and never deceived them. The rascal came near turning upon Great Fire in his fury. At first the rest of the party were inclined to pursue the Missionaries, but Great Fire's upright and manly interference prevailed, and thus was spared these three worthy Missionaries; and can a single Christian fail to see God's hand in all this? The Rev. Dr. has, during the last winter, labored faithfully in the prison at Mankato, going through storms that even convinced the idolatrous Indians that there must be a reality in the white man's religion, or such an aged man would not sacrifice the comforts of home to spend and be spent in teaching them to read and write, and talking to them about Jesus. It may be well to say a word to those who have not learned to read in early years; that it is possible for them to learn at any age, if they bend their minds and will to do it;

for these poor degraded Indians have surprised many an educated and intelligent man, by their application and final success in learning to read and write intelligibly—some even at advanced ages. Here Great Fire and Chas-ca-da, or Robert Hopkins, have been used as instruments of great good—if we admit that the Indians have souls—by their faithfulness in teaching their fellow prisoners. We may as well declare that the Anglo-Saxon race have no souls; for, trace this nation back a few centuries, and you find them just emerging from barbarism; and still farther back and not a glimmer of civilization existed. We might come down to our own times and look at the poorer class among Southern rebeldom, or the recent barbarous acts of some in our own State. We have reference to the practice of digging up the graves of helpless infants and aged Indians, and scattering their bones to the wind. We are glad for the credit of the State that the proper authorities interfered and stopped such barbarous deeds. Hunt the Indians who are now and have troubled the frontier; shoot them if necessary; condemn them to the prison or the gallows, if justice demands it, but let the graves of the long-since dead lie in peace until God himself shall bring them to judgment.

How true it is that God's ways are not our ways, and His thoughts our thoughts. His ways of disseminating the Gospel are often not visible to mortals till long after. It is a fact well known in many places, though not in all, that New Ulm suffered deeply from the terrible massacre, and as we have before mentioned, may it not have been a visitation of Divine wrath, for burning the image of the Incarnate Son just the Sabbath before? The army stationed at New Ulm has been the means of the Gospel being preached to them. We have not heard of a house being dedicated to God since the massacre, but have reasons, from good authorities, that none existed in the place before.

It is acknowledged that the truths of the Gospel are effectual in civilized communities, but hardly admitted that the same great Agent is carrying forward the work among the heathen. Missionaries have no time to be idle. Those who had always turned a deaf ear to them before, are now anxious to lisp the name of Jesus. Books are needed to instruct them in the first elements of truth. Laborers are called to go, like the Apostles, and carry the Gospel to every creature. And for the encouragement of those who aid in sustaining the mission cause, we will say, those you have sent into Minnesota are not idle; they are each and all engaged in some good work; not as formerly, in their commodious homes or churches, instructing in one form or other, from daylight till sunset, the benighted people around them; and do any say their labors have all been in vain? Let them spend six long weeks in captivity, and if they can, as many captives did, and

by the aid of the friendly bands, get to the mission Indians, they will find a great difference between a civilized and Christian Indian, and one that merely adopts the white man's costume and firmly adheres to his own idolatrous religion.

The labors of the Missionaries are truly arduous. One of them is still laboring in prison for the salvation of its inmates with untiring zeal. We have had occasions often to refer to his abundant labors during a life of thirty years among the Dakotas. His years will soon be numbered, and he ready to receive honors greater than mere mortals are capable of bestowing.

Another takes fast hold on justice, determined not to let her go; whether it is for the afflicted and torn and bleeding hearts of the bereaved Minnesotians, or pursuing the wild demons of Satan's empire through the dry and thirsty land, or for the wronged Indians, for such they are, gaining much popularity by some, stripes from others, (if not of many cords, of many words.)

May the Author of all good use him as an instrument in bringing about the right state of mind among the intelligent classes of our much beloved country.

The youngest though not the least zealous for the advancement of his Master's kingdom, has bid farewell to the parental home and Christian society of civilized life to endure privations incident to the removal of the different tribes on our borders; and like the ancient Law-Giver, is striving to lead the people in that straight and narrow path that leads to the heavenly Canaan, and not much unlike the Ancient One are his trials; and how many Aarons are there staying up his hands by fervant faithful prayer for the salvation of the heathen.

Since the above was sent to press, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, who have labored so faithfully for years past in the boarding school at Hazlewood, have called to bid us farewell, and are now in company with the Mr. Pond on their way to the Sioux Agency, in Missouri, to aid Rev. Mr. Williamson in his arduous duties as a Missionary in that field. May God protect them all, and should there ever be another outbreak, make a way for their escape, as He did in an almost miraculous manner but one short year ago.

H. D. CUNNINGHAM'S STATEMENT.

On the afternoon and evening of the 18th of August, 1862, the community around the Mission stations, among the Dakota Indians, was thrown into an intense excitement by reports that the Indians on the lower reservation were murdering and driving off the whites at the Lower Agency, and of the settlements on the opposite side of the river, and that it was extending up the Minnesota River, as well as to all the adjoining settlements. Many of the Indians came and warned us to flee for our lives, and among others were those who had always been the most calm in times of excitement, and in whom we had the most confidence. The parents of the children of the boarding school soon relieved us of the responsibility of them, at the same time urging us to get to a place of safety. The first thing that convinced the more unbelieving ones of us of the reality of our danger, was the stealing of Mr. Rigg's horses and wagon from Mr. Petijohn, some two miles from our place, who was moving his family to Saint Peter. During the evening and fore part of the night the excitement seemed to increase. The Christian and Friendly Indians gathered about our houses and offered to protect us all they could, but said they were but a few when compared to the others. We felt as though we didn't like to expose them, to protect us when the odds seemed to be so much against us. They all gave one voice, and that was to get to a place of safety. We had, during the night, seen some of those who had come in, of the baser sort, trying to get the horses out of my stable, while they had taken several in the neighborhood. It was evident about midnight that the best thing we could do was to put ourselves under their care, follow their advice, and the sooner the better. About one o'clock A. M., we left our homes, never to return. When we started we had but one two-horse team and a single buggy to carry twenty-two persons, mostly women and children. Some of our company thought we had best not try to take my horses, as they would probably be taken from us. But we thought that we would only have to walk if they did, and we would start with them anyhow. Some of the Indians went with us as guides and guards. We followed them through the timber about three miles, to an Indian village, where we found some of our neighbors who had started before us. After a long council it was decided that we had better conceal ourselves on an island two miles from the village, and wait till the next night before we went any farther. This was not at all agreeable to our feelings, but we submitted. Two men went with and ferried us across to the island in a canoe that would only carry about two persons beside the one who paddled it, at a time. We were all over in safety about daylight. When we got to our place of concealment, we felt as though the flesh was weak indeed, and that it was necessary

to rest if we could, which was a very difficult matter among the swarms of mosquitoes that infested the place. After an hour spent in our vain endeavors to court sleep, we gave it up; we arose and read a portion of scripture and committed ourselves to the keeping of Him who alone could grant us deliverance in such a time of distress. After so doing we partook of some refreshments, which consisted of about three small crackers, as our desire for food seemed to have left the most of us. The supply for the whole party was about three or four quarts of said crackers; but the Lord who fed the five thousand with but little more bread than we had, could feed us also. Soon after we had thus refreshed ourselves, an Indian woman came with some forty or fifty pounds of provisions sister E—— had prepared, and we had forgotten to take with us in our haste to be gone.

Mr. Riggs and myself visited the village early in the morning where we learned that the work of destruction had commenced at the Agency, five miles from our homes, and that our houses had been rifled also. We soon returned our hiding place, where we spent the forenoon in great anxiety, drenched with the rain and tormented by the mosquitoes.

About one o'clock P. M., Mr. Riggs returned the second time from the village, with the painful news that the man he had left his horse with had refused to give him up, having heard that the owner had been killed, as he said, and he thought he had as much claim to him as any one else. We immediately began to prepare for our departure. While the rest of the company were moving from the island to the other side of the river, Mr. Pettijohn and myself made another visit to the village to get my horses, and secured one of them. There we found Mr. Orr, who had been wounded by the Indians some fifteen miles above. We started together. The other two soon joined the company, and seemed surprised that I was still behind, as I had a horse and they were on foot. I was detained by having to go some distance around to get across the river. The company, soon after they crossed the river from the island, joined a part of Dr. Williamson's family and son-in-law, and two other families who had been in the employ of the Department. About the time they were fairly under way they were overtaken by a violent rain storm. I did not come up with them till late in the evening. Owing to the rain and wind I was unable to follow their trail. The Indian who had the care of my team came with me some distance, as a guide. They had begun to fear for the worst long before I came up with them. We traveled till dark, and stopped for the night on the open prairie. After refreshing ourselves with a little food, and thanking our Heavenly Father for His protection thus far, and a continuance of it sought for the night, we retired and slept as best we could under the circumstances. Early in the morning we were on our way again. The day passed without anything of special interest until late in the afternoon, when three Germans joined us, who had left Other-day's party that morning. Just before night we crossed two Indian trails. About dark we camped again for the night. After partaking of the last bit of cooked food we had, and again committing ourselves to the keeping of Him who never sleeps, we retired for the night. Our company now numbers forty-two. The night passed slowly away to many of us. It rained during the whole night, and until ten o'clock A. M. We started again, after committing ourselves to the guidance of Him who alone could guide in the path of safety. Cold, wet and hungry, we traveled

until noon to get to a grove some ten miles from us, and then had to stop two miles from it. Dead Wood island is surrounded with a marsh and some lake. Six others and myself went forward, I leading the way through grass higher than our heads, and water to our knees a good portion of the way. By the time we returned, some of the others had butchered a calf, and many of the juveniles were soon roasting or warming meat on a stick and eating it. We passed the afternoon at this place, and started the next morning, somewhat refreshed. At noon we stopped at Birch Cooley, about five miles from the Lower Agency, where we were joined by Dr. Williamson, wife and sister. We then learned that we were in the midst of danger. When the first part of the Dr.'s family started, he was determined to stay and see it out. Said he was willing to die then if it was the Lord's will. Some time the next night he started, accompanied by several of the Indians who had stayed by him the whole time guarding him and his property as best they could. After a short rest and consultation, it was decided to reach Fort Ridgley that night, which was some fifteen miles distant—at that time surrounded by the hostile Indians. This was somewhat of an undertaking, with worn-out ox teams. Some distance above the Fort evidences of the work of destruction which had been done and was still going on, began to increase. About five miles above the Fort we passed the remains of a dead man.

When some distance from the Fort, Mr. Hunter went forward, and after crawling some distance on his hands and knees, got to see the commanding officer, who advised not to come into the Fort at all, but drive to Henderson that night if possible. He then returned to his buggy, where he had left his wife and children, hid in the grass, and soon met the rest of the party, about one mile and a half from the Fort. The hostile Indians were then camped not more than one mile from us, as we subsequently learned, who had just withdrawn from a most desperate attack on that place, and were expected to renew it as soon as it was light in the morning. We all felt very much disappointed, and were somewhat divided in what was the best course to pursue. Some said go to the Fort, and some were for leaving the road again. We had reason to fear the Indians were following us, as some had been seen not far from the Lower Agency. We felt that delay was dangerous. About ten o'clock we left the road, and started across the prairie, passing almost under the enemy's guns. On we went, guided by the stars, until two o'clock A. M. when we stopped to wait the morning light, in sight of burning buildings at the Fort. Some who were the most fatigued and the least afraid, slept. As soon as we could see we were on the move again. After we had gone about five miles, the three Germans and another man left us to go to New Ulm. They have not been heard of since. About nine in the morning we stopped for breakfast, and to rest our worn out teams. At one o'clock P. M. we stopped at the first house we came to, where we spent several hours refreshing ourselves. We traveled that night until eleven. As we had been during the day, we were still in sight of the burning buildings. The next morning being the Sabbath we were a little later starting than usual. We had now reached the settlements, but the settlers had all fled. We traveled that forenoon only about six miles, when we reached a place where there were a number of settlers collected to protect themselves. We stopped near them, having heard that reinforcements had past, on their way to Fort Ridgley.

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In the afternoon we had religious services, and O, what a precious season that was. We felt that we had been under the special care of Providence, that we had put our trust in Him, and had been so far delivered.

The next morning, after having spent a week together in the most trying circumstances, we separated, never to meet again in this world, some of us going to St. Peter, and others going to Henderson, St. Paul, and further on, we going with the former party. We reached our place of destination some time after dark, weary and worn, without anything of this world's goods but what we had worn away.

Then and not until then did we realize the danger to which we had been exposed, and what a signal deliverance the Lord had granted us while many others had met with a worse fate.

H. D. CUNNINGHAM.



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