

ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS.

Narrative of the Captivity and Rescue of Mrs. Sophia Josephine Huggins.

CHAPTER I.

The nineteenth day of August, 1862, dawned on me full of hope and happiness. It was the 24th anniversary of my birth. But before its close it proved to be the saddest day of my life. News of the war which broke out at the Lower Agency on the 18th did not reach Lac-qui-parle until the next day. Then it came with fearful suddenness and fearful reality.

On the afternoon of that day, three men from Red Iron's village came in, each carrying a gun. They were quite friendly and talkative, seeming very much interested in the sewing machine Julia was using, and asked a great many questions about it. About four o'clock Amos came home from the field. Then the men went out; and soon after, we heard the report of two guns. The Indians rushed in, looking so wild and frightened, that my first thought was that the Chippewas were upon them. They said to us, "Go out, go out; you shall live—but go out. Take nothing with you." When I went out, the oxen my husband had been driving, were standing at the side of the house, and near them, was Julia, on her knees, bending over his motionless body. She looked up and said: "Oh, Josephine, Josephine!" Oh, what an ocean of grief swept over me then, for I saw that he was dead! A ball had entered his back, and, passing through his body, had killed him instantly.

We were driven away, Julia and I. We ran over to De Cota's. Julia went first, carrying Letta. I staid behind until I saw they were really going to shoot me. Then, after hastily spreading a lounge cover that I had been sewing on, and had carried out with me, over the lifeless form of my dear one, I fled with Charlie in my arms. When I reached De Cota's, he and his wife were starting back with Julia. I wanted to go with them, but they thought it would not be safe. I knew Julia would see that everything which was possible to do should be done: so I yielded to their judgment.

Mr. De Cota came home shortly. I asked him if he could not take us to the Yellow Medicine. He said that we would be killed on the road. I then suggested that he take us across the river, and go across the country to the white settlements. He answered that perhaps he would start to the Red River the next day.

When Julia returned, she told me that Walking Spirit and others had buried Amos. The old chief was full of sorrow, and said that if he had been there, they should have killed him before they could have killed Mr. Huggins.

Our house was full of plunderers. Indians, from the Lac-qui-parle villages, were there, as well as the murderers. Julia went in, and was able to get a few things, which afterwards proved valuable to me. It was thought we would be safer at Walking Spirit's than at De Cota's; so we went over in the evening. Mrs. De Cota intended to go with us, but her husband prevented it, probably thinking he should not be safe if she left him. She sent her brother, Blue Lightning, with us. He did not offer to carry either of the children.

We had not gone far before Ke-yook-kam-pe came up to us, and taking Charlie out of my arms, carried him until we reached the village. As we passed through it, a great many women came out to shake hands with me. Some of them laid their hands on their mouths and groaned. The men paid no attention to me. When we reached the chief's house he received us kindly, shaking hands with me, and with the children. His wife hurried to spread a buffalo robe at the farther end of the room for us to sit on. All the time that I was with Walking Spirit my seat was, whether in a tent or in a house, at the end farthest from the door—the most honorable place. We slept on the robe, but were furnished with pillows by the chief's wife, one of which I recognized as having been mine. She gave me several other articles which had been mine.

There was a great deal of noise in the village during the night, loud talking, singing and yelling, but the children slept soundly, not realizing what had befallen them, nor the dangers before them. Men went and came through the whole night long to talk to the chief.

The next morning we had beef for breakfast, which had been killed at our house the evening before. They gave me, as they always did, bountifully of the best they had.

In the afternoon, Mr. John Longee invited us over to his house across the river, thinking we would be safer there than in the Indian village. Walking Spirit told us to do as we thought best, and we finally concluded to go. One woman packed Letta all the way; another packed Charlie as far as Lame-Bear's village. As we passed through it I saw a great deal of fresh beef hanging up to dry. My husband's writing-desk was there; also many of our chairs. I saw Indian children dressed in my children's clothes. I could hardly bear these reminders of the home which had been so cruelly torn from me. I did not, however, see any Indians that I knew, except "Old Fuss." He shook hands with me, and made a speech, of which I understood nothing but Amos' name.

We staid at Longee's until Friday, and had a quiet, lonely time. We saw no Indians while there, except the woman who packed Letta over. She staid with us all the time. Julia and I were in constant alarm. Longee and a Frenchman always slept with their guns beside them, in readiness for use, or staid outside, watching. Thursday, Mr. Longee went over

to the village, and brought back dreadful accounts of the war below. It was reported that the missionaries and the whites at both Agencies were killed. Oh! what a day that was—full of grief, anxiety and suspense. Julia had saved two pocket Bibles from the hands of the plunderers. One of them was my husband's. How precious it was to me! Precious for the sake of him who had once pondered its sacred pages, as well as for the blessed teachings, and glorious promises it contained.

In the evening Julia's brother came up from below, dressed like an Indian. He said he had come for her, and that if she put on the Indian dress, and staid with him, she would be safe, but that it would not be prudent for me to accompany them. Mr. De Cota was there, and invited me to live in his family. It was decided that I should do so.

A white man, who had escaped from Big Stone Lake, came that night. Mr. Longee gave him a pair of moccasins and some food. Every one advised the Frenchman to go with him, but he refused to do so. After a few weeks he went with Mr. Longee to Red River.

Friday morning Julia left me. She had been my comforter, my adviser, my help in all my troubles. Now I was left alone. I realized more than ever my need of strength and fortitude, and prayed that I might be prepared for whatever I might pass through.

After Julia had gone, Mr. Longee and I started to Walking Spirit's village. We went on horse back, carrying the children. How I suffered with fear as we trotted along through the woods. It seemed as if every tree hid some skulking foe ready to spring out and murder us. When we reached Lame Bear's village, Longee thought it best not to go any further, as there were a good many men about, and we should be noticed on horse back. After finding an Indian woman to go with me, and pack Letta, he bade me good-bye. I carried Charlie in my arms, and as I had eaten nothing that day, I felt faint and sick. As we were passing through the village a woman called after me. I looked around, and then went on. She ran after me, and finally made me understand that she wished me to go to her house and eat. I told her as well as I could, that I was going to Walking Spirit's and would eat there. She seemed satisfied and went back. Presently another woman hailed me. When she came up she took Charlie and put him on her back, motioning to me that she would go with us. On our way we saw three or four men resting on the grass a little distance from the roadside. I felt afraid of them and hid as well as I could, behind the two women until we were fairly passed. When we came to the strip of woods that lies between the two villages, the women were afraid of something, I don't know what. They told me to go before, so I led the way trembling with fear. When I reached De Cota's, Mrs. De Cota, who was standing outside of the tent, motioned to me and told me to go to the chief's house. What did it mean? Did they not invite me here? Mr. De Cota was sitting near by, but as he did not look at me, I passed on without speaking. I felt so hurt—so much disappointed! What should I do if I received as cold a reception at Walking Spirit's? How thankful I was when I went in and met a kind welcome from the chief's wife. Here I found food and rest for myself and children. I was so tired, so sad, that I did not try to speak or ask for anything; but she seemed to understand how I felt, and kindly, even tenderly, supplied my wants.

Walking Spirit was not at home and did not come home until several days afterwards. When he came and saw me, his cheery "Ho-ho-ho," as he held out his hand to me, sounded very pleasantly. Then he talked to me very kindly, I know, though I could not understand much of what he said. I understood that he told me to stay there in his house, and that when he could he would take me to my friends below. My poor, weary, anxious heart felt comforted. This old man was my friend and protector. I could here find something like rest and security.

For the next six weeks, I found a home in Walking Spirit's family. True, I was a captive, in an enemy's country, longing for deliverance—subject to many inconveniences, many hardships—but the chief and his wife were kind to me, and made my troubles as light as possible. Here I learned patience. Here I gained strength and courage. My husband's Bible was my daily companion, and I felt that God, as a loving Father, was ever watching over me and my fatherless little ones.

CHAPTER II.

Walking Spirit's family consisted of himself and wife, and his wife's mother, and one son, Na-ho-ton-ma-ne, a boy fourteen or fifteen years old. These, with myself and children, made a family of seven. Besides, the chief had children and grandchildren in the village, who were in to see us so often as to form a part of the same family. We had also many other visitors. If they spoke to me at all, it was with kindness and respect. They frequently said, "The white woman feels sad; I want to shake hands with her."

I soon learned to adapt myself to the life and circumstances about me, and make one in the society in which I lived. I always tried to be cheerful and pleasant to others, and in so doing, found enjoyment and even happiness myself. I assisted the chief's wife in sewing, cooking, and bringing water from the brook. I was seldom asked to do anything, but did what I chose to do.

The chief and his wife never seemed displeased with me but once. Then I had gone over to Sacred Nest's, and had staid nearly all day. When I went back the chief said that I did not do right to go away and stay so long—that it was good for me to stay in his house. His wife remarked that the Sissetons would come down, and they might kill me if I did not stay there. After that I did not go to the neighbors' tepees unless I was sent for to eat, and then I did not stay long.

The children, who were not afraid of any one, were petted and caressed. Letta was taught to call the chief grandfather,

and his wife grandmother. The chief's son she called uncle.

One day, a few weeks after, I went there, the chief's wife's brother came in, bringing a Frenchman, who spoke some English, for interpreter, and asked me if I would not give him one of my children. He said he lived up north; that he had no children; and if I would give him one of mine he would keep it as his own child. I said that the man was really in earnest, and I answered very decidedly, "No; I cannot give either of them to any one." After waiting a few minutes, I said, "What is he going to do about it—what does he say?" The Frenchman replied, "He will not take them if you do not give them to him." The chief was in, and I thought perhaps this was his answer instead of the other man's.

They talked some time with the chief, but did not say anything more to me. Afterwards the old woman seemed displeased about it. She said, "I thought you would have given Letta to him, but you did not." She had often before asked me something about Letta, which I did not understand. I now know that she had wanted me to give her to her son. She never forgave this offense, but often reminded me of it. She had loved both the children very much before this, but now she treated them with great indifference, and sometimes was quite cross to them. I did not pay any attention to this, and so we had no quarrels. But I was very much afraid, my children would be stolen. I was afraid to leave them with the old women when I went for water, as I had often done before. I was afraid to see them packed around by the Indian women, as they often were. And, at night, I was afraid they would be taken from me while I slept.

Indian living did not agree with Charlie. It was not long before he became quite unwell, and he did not regain his health during our stay with the Indians. For many days together we had no bread. We lived mostly on corn and potatoes, of which which we had plenty. Sometimes we had beef and sometimes dog meat. Once in a while we had coffee and sugar. When our neighbors had something better than we had, they often sent some to me, or more frequently, sent for me to go and eat with them.

One night at bedtime, some one came for me to go out and eat. I was not hungry, but never refused to go when sent for. Walking Spirit was invited and went also. We had a good supper. There was a piece of nice carpet spread for me to sit on, and a white towel to put my plate on. I had one of my plates that I used to have to eat on, and one of my sauce plates to drink out of. We had potatoes, rice, dried apples and cold water for supper. The chief carried home the remains of his supper to his wife, but I always left what I and my children could not eat.

Sometimes when I thought of the dirty dishes my food was on, the dirty kettles it was cooked in, and the dirty hands that prepared it, my stomach rebelled. But I tried to keep away such troublesome thoughts, and make the best of what I had.

When I first went to Walking Spirit's, I was perplexed to know what to wash in. They had neither wash-basin nor tub. Seeing my difficulty, the chief's wife went to one of the neighbors and brought home the half of a powder keg, which she gave me. This I found a great convenience as long as I staid there. When I wanted to wash my children's clothes, I cleaned out and used an old iron heater that was used as a dog's dish. Sometimes I had soap and sometimes I had none. Once or twice the chief's wife borrowed a tub and washboard for me, from the Frenchman's wife, that lived in the village. The washboard was one that had been mine. I was thankful to get clean clothes for myself and children, though they were unironed.

The Indian dress that De Cota had promised me I never got. I wore my own clothes all the time. There were a good many articles of clothing given to me while I was in the village, most of these things that had been plundered from our house. I never asked for anything, though I frequently saw some of my things that I and my children really needed worn by the Indian women and their children. Sometimes I saw Indian men wearing articles of clothing that had belonged to Mr. Huggins.

Sacred Nest and wife were out on a buffalo hunt when I went to the village, and did not come home for a week or two afterwards. When they came to see me I felt that I had met with loving, sympathizing friends. They sat down and wept with me. Letta was overjoyed at seeing again her Indian mother, as she called Sacred Nest's wife. She took her in her arms, and stroked her and said, "Poor thing—poor thing!" Sacred Nest said to me, "It is hard, very hard." And then he said, "God is good, though all men are bad. With him it is light, though all was dark here." The same day they sent for us to eat with them. When we came away they gave Letta as much buffalo meat as she could carry home.

Sabbath days in our village were very much like other days. I tried to keep the time and remember the Sabbath, but I found afterwards, that I had got one day behind the time. I do not know how many Mondays I kept for Sunday.

One day the chief's wife called me out to see something. On the road, coming down from the north, was a great company of Indians. The women of the village gathered around me and told me I must stay in the house very closely while they were going past—that I must not let them see me. I went into the house, but presently the chief's wife came and hurried me into the tent that stood by, and told me to be very quiet—that I must not let the children cry or even talk aloud. The northerners were coming right to the village. I could see a great many warriors on horseback, a great many carts, and a great many people on foot. It looked to me like a very great multitude. I almost smothered the children trying to keep them quiet, for they would talk and cry to go out. At last I frightened them into something like quietude, by telling them that there were wicked men out there, who would hurt them.

On, on, came the host, right past where we were, and then stopped a little distance off. The children were frightened into silence by the noise they made. I could look out of a hole in the tent and see almost as well as if I had been on the outside. There were very few women among them—I think not more than one woman to six men. There was great excitement in the village; men, women and children were running about as if they did not know what to do. Many of them were preparing and carrying food to our formidable visitors. I think the Indians were frightened as well as myself. The warriors galloped about as if to show themselves, frequently firing off guns. Then I heard our chief's voice sounding loud above all others. I could see him. He was holding his head high, walking slowly back and forth, making a speech. I wondered what he was talking about, but I understood nothing. Before noon they were gone, and our village was again quiet.

A day or two after the northerners had gone down, all the men in the village went away—Walking Spirit on his old horse, Na-ho-ton-ma-ne on his colt, and Mrs. Walking Spirit on foot, packing food, followed the rest. For three days and two nights the old woman and I were left alone. This was before I had offended her, and she was very kind to me and my children. I suffered terribly from fear—from morning till night and from night till morning I was afraid—but nothing came to disturb us.

Between one and two weeks after the northerners went down, some of them passed back up north, and stopped at our village. I was not taken to the tent this time. Walking Spirit told me they were coming to his house to eat after a while, but that I need not be afraid, he would not let any one hurt me. An hour or two afterwards he came in and said "They are coming now—they will sit here, and here, and here—they will fill up the house—you must come and sit here behind me." His place was near the door, on the right-hand side. He kept two guns by him, and I saw several times that I need not be afraid—if any one tried to harm me, he would shoot him.

So the children and I got in behind him, and awaited the coming of the guests. It was as the chief said it would be, the men filled the house, some of them were Walking Spirit's soldiers, the rest were northerners. The women carried food to the door, but did not come in. The dinner consisted of fried bread and coffee. Walking Spirit, and several others that sat near, gave the children bread and let them drink out of their cups of coffee. There were several speeches made, but I did not understand what they talked about. The northerners went away first. After they were gone, the chief turned to me and said, "These are all my soldiers." Perhaps he intended to let me know that the danger was past. After talking a little while, the men all left, and and things went on as usual.

One day when we were all out braiding corn, some one brought a letter to the chief; as he could not read it himself, he handed it to me to look at. It was a nice looking letter, written in Dakota, directed to Walking Spirit. When I told him I could not read it, he said he would take it to Sacred Nest, he would read it to him. I waited anxiously to hear the news from this letter, hoping that it might bring some word to me from friends below.

When the chief came back, he said that Good Day, a man who lived at the Yellow Medicine, had written the letter. Then he said to me, "That letter made me very angry. He wants you to go and live with him." Presently he said, "Do you want to go?" I said I did not know, and asked him if Good Day was a good man. He said, "No, he is a bad man." Seeing that I still thought about it, and did not understand all he said, he went and brought the Frenchman to tell me in English. He said, "Good Day wanted to buy me for a wife, that he already had a wife, and the chief was very angry at Good Day because he had thought of such a thing." Then the old chief showed me how he had thrown the letter in the fire, because he was so very angry.

One day when the old woman and I were alone in the house, she started out, saying that she would soon be back, that I must stay in the house, for there was a bad man in the village who would kill me. This is what I understood her to say, but I did not understand her fully. Very soon afterwards, the blanket door of the house was thrown up, and there came in a young man with a drawn sword in his hand. He looked very fierce, and his face was painted most frightfully. One of the neighbor's children followed him in, and looked at him and then at me with a look of terror; then he ran out.

Walking Spirit was in another part of the village, and the little boy ran as fast as he could, and told him that there was an angry man in his house going to kill the white woman. I supposed this to be the man the old woman had told me of, and that he had come on purpose to kill me. I wonder now at the presence of mind I felt then. I made a great effort to show no fear, no surprise. I looked up at him once, and then bent my face again over my sewing, though I trembled so violently that it was with difficulty I held my needle.

After looking at me a moment without speaking, he went away. I drew a long breath then, and thought, "He is gone, and I and my children are saved alive." A moment after and the chief came running. He sprang in at the door, puffing and panting, with his hair blown all over his face. I looked up and smiled, saying, "You frighten me, coming in such a hurry." "You frighten me," he replied, as he sat down to rest. "I was afraid you would be killed before I got here."

The women came in presently and told us all about the angry man. He did not want to kill me but his wife, who had run away from him. He had come into the chief's house in search of her. He found her soon afterwards, but did not kill her; he only cut up her park with his sword. I met with several such frights as this, but always passed through unharmed. When there were strangers about I was frequently hid in the tent that stood by the house. I never tried to hide unless I

was told to do so, and then I remained in my hiding place until they told me the danger was past.

Several days before we started north, they told me that the Indians were all going north—that Julia and her brothers and the white prisoners below were all going. They told me of a great many white soldiers that were down below somewhere. They said that Mr. Riggs and Dr. Williamson were among them. I did not understand the half of what they told me. I could only conjecture and wish and wonder. Walking Spirit told me several times, that if Mr. Riggs and Dr. Williamson sent for him, he would take me and the children in a wagon and go. I thought I could not do better than to wait patiently until the time of my deliverance came.

CHAPTER III.

The whole village was now preparing for their journey, gathering and burying corn and potatoes, pounding corn off the cob, to take with them, and bundling up their goods. Some kept their wagons partly loaded all the time. Every one was in a hurry, and I helped all I could. The chief's wife and I, with some assistance from her mother and the chief himself, pounded corn until we had filled five sacks, for our provisions, by the way. We had as many sacks of potatoes, but no meat or flour.

The women seemed to regret very much leaving home, and said they were going to a bad country, where they would have no wood, and very little to eat. At last, word came that the white prisoners were all killed, and that the Indians who did not flee north, would be killed in consequence. A great many Indians were on the road that day, and most of our village went. The chief was almost the last to go.

That was a very sad day to me. I was perplexed and distressed. What should I do? Could I contrive any way to go to the soldiers below? I shuddered to think of my danger should I try to go unprotected. Ought I to make an effort to get some one to go with me? I believed Walking Spirit would have taken me down if he had dared. He knew better than I did, what the dangers were, and I was afraid to leave him. So, when he told me that he was going north, and that I could go or stay, as I liked best, I answered "I will go." He said they would take care of me—that I should not walk, but ride. His wife said, "Yes, you and the children shall ride." So I and my children were mounted on the top of the load, at the back end of the wagon. Mrs. Walking Spirit asked me to lead the cow, which reasonable request I very cheerfully complied with. She led the old horse, which dragged a load on poles. Her mother had a pack. The chief drove the oxen, and Na-ho-to-ma-ne rode a colt. All, excepting him, walked most of the time. I frequently walked up the hills, or when the road was bad, waded through mud holes. We traveled alone that afternoon, but just in sight of the caravan. At night we camped in a valley, pitched our tent, staked out the animals, and ate a supper of skunk and potatoes. Oh how lonely and quiet it was that night. I enjoyed the solitude, and peaceful trust filled my heart. I loved to think of God's beautiful works all around and above us, and of his protecting, loving care, guarding and guiding us.

Early the next morning a man rode up to the tent, and called out something that made the family all start to their feet. They pulled down the tent, hurried things into the wagon, and started as quickly as possible. We soon joined a company of Indians, and traveled until afternoon without stopping. I had a little parched corn for the children, but they, as well as myself, were tired and hungry. Charlie was sick, and fretful.

We traveled on for four days, over beautiful prairies, and in sight of beautiful lakes. Some times I felt cheerful, and sometimes very sad and desponding. Charlie was growing weaker every day. I feared he could not endure Indian life much longer, and I saw no prospect of rescue. How hard it was to think that my darling might die. Then, too, came the fear that we might all starve during the coming winter. Another fear was that Little Crow's people, or some of the northerners, would overpower Walking Spirit, and take me. How I suffered when I thought of these things. But, generally, I felt hopeful that some way would be provided, and we be restored to our friends, who, I knew, were earnestly praying for our release.

Sometimes, as we were traveling, my Indian friends would see what they supposed might be enemies, and they would bid me lie down and cover up. I always hid when they told me to, without waiting to see what or where the danger was.

One day our company had stopped for dinner, and some other Indians came into camp. Among them were Sacred Nest and his wife. Letta ran to meet them, reaching out her arms, and screaming, "My Indian mother, my Indian mother." Mrs. Sacred Nest took her up, and kissed her most affectionately, and gave her a piece of bread wrapped in white cotton. She had brought it from home on purpose for Letta.

The last night before we started back, we camped in company with a great number of Indians. They had a great many wagons, horses and cattle. I counted about eighty yoke of oxen. Mrs. Walking Spirit said there were a great many bad Indians there.

Early the next morning, a man came to us with some news. The chief's wife told me something about white soldiers, and something about my going, and then asked me if I was glad—if I wanted to go. I felt bewildered. I did not know what to think. Hardly knowing what I said, I answered, "I don't know." She laughed heartily, and said, "I guess she don't want to go." They did not tell me anything more then.

When we started that morning, we did not go on with the rest of the company, but turned back, not on the same road we had gone, but a good way to the right. I now suppose this was to avoid meeting other Indians, but I did not know then. Where were we going? I was afraid to hope good for myself, lest I should be disappointed. Still I did hope, and was

in a feverish state of anxiety and suspense. About noon we camped. A little while after, our folks began to bustle about making room in the tent, and placing down robes for visitors. They said some one was coming, but I did not understand who it was. I thought they must be distinguished persons to call for such preparations. The old chief, in his hurry, could not find his pipe, and sent to a neighbor's to borrow one. The family were all seated to their liking before the visitors entered. Oh, how my heart did bound with surprise and delight, when I saw Enos Good-Hail and Lazarus Rusty, and in a moment, Robert Hopkins and Daniel Renville. They were looking so pleased and happy, I felt sure they had good news for me.

After they had shaken hands with us all, and had seated themselves, Enos drew two letters from his pocket; one for me, and one for Walking Spirit. Mine was from Mr. Riggs. The chief's was from Col. Sibley, written first in English, and then translated into Dakota by Mr. Riggs. He immediately sent for Sacred Nest to come and read his letter to him. The borrowed pipe had arrived by this time, and while the letter was being read, the pipe was passed around the circle, each one smoking in his turn. After Walking Spirit had heard his letter read over twice—once by Sacred Nest, and once by Enos, he handed it to me, saying that I could read the English of it. He said moreover, that they had sent for him, and that he was going; and then he inquired who had written my letter, and what it contained.

Col. Sibley was then camped with his soldiers, near Lac-qui-parle, and had sent for me by these friendly Indians. Here then was deliverance. I could not sleep that night; my thoughts were so busy. Next morning, while the chief's wife prepared breakfast, I mended the chief's clothes, so that he might appear as respectably as possible. I finished and gave her the thread and scissors. She handed the scissors back, telling me to keep them. They shall always be a remembrance of her.

Then I bade my friends good-bye, and went with the men who had been sent for me. Sacred Nest generously gave his wagon for our use. Enos Good Hail brought two German girls, and a half-breed boy to go with us. The boy cried as if his heart would break to leave the woman who had taken care of him. In a short time I succeeded in comforting him. The girls talked German almost continually.

The first night we camped near where the old trading posts at Big Stone Lake had been. Lame Bear and some of his people were camped there. We were very hospitably entertained by them. Some one lent us a tent. Enos Good Hail made a bed for me and my children, and assisted us in every way possible. I was very tired and almost sick.

The day before we reached Camp Release, we passed twelve men seated on the ground smoking. They were fine looking fellows, painted most savagely. They looked like warriors and murderers. I was sure Good Hail was afraid of them, though he stopped to talk and smoke with them. When he went on, he drove very fast, frequently looking back, as if he feared pursuit. That night we camped in sight of Lac qui parle. We left the wagon, and camped some distance from the road, at the foot of a hill. (This was Dakota precaution against enemies.) The children and I had all the bedding there was, but the night was cold and we had no tent, so that we suffered somewhat. I lay awake nearly all night in great fear of the men we saw the day before.

When we passed the place the next day which I once called home, Enos and Walking Spirit went with me to the grave of my husband. We drove in stakes to protect it as well as we could. Then I walked around the desolated place where our houses had been—went to the stream where Amos used to catch fish, and to every familiar spot. Much was unchanged, and yet how much was changed. How much was gone.

An hour's ride brought us to Camp Release. I was worn down, faint and sick, for the fatigue and excitement of the last three days had quite prostrated me. During the two weeks which we spent in the camp, Charlie and I gained in health and strength. Then we proceeded on our way to join our friends below.

SOPHIA JOSEPHINE HUGGINS.

NOTE.—In addition to the above facts, showing the kind treatment which Mrs. Huggins received during her captivity, she tells us how delicately her need of a shawl was supplied by an Indian woman, who came up behind her, and placed one on her shoulders. Another Dakota woman, Amanda, often sent milk to Letta and Charlie. She also went down to the Yellow Medicine, to get flour for the white woman who had sought their protection.

"We have a white woman with us," she said, "and we keep her very carefully,—we don't allow a young man to speak to her."

—The following is Gen. Schenck's order for the arrest of the publisher of the Philadelphia Journal:

HEADQUARTERS 8TH ARMY CORPS, BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 24. SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 24.

Brigadier-General Montgomery will immediately arrest and send under a sufficient guard to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Albert D. Boileau, the publisher and editor of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, for the publication of an editorial article under the title of "Davis' Message," in his paper of January 20, 1863, and for the publication of other articles of like dangerous character, tending to the support and encouragement of rebellion against the Government of the United States.

He will also take measures to suppress the publication of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, the paper in question, until further orders.

By command of

MAJ. GEN. SCHENCK. —The marriage contract of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra was signed at Copenhagen on the 13th

St. Paul Weekly Press.

SAINT PAUL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

MINNESOTA LEGISLATURE.

We learn that upon motion of Senator Smith, the memorial to the Legislature of Wisconsin for the cession of Douglas county to Minnesota, was referred to the Committee on State Affairs...

UNIVERSAL CONSCRIPTION.

The Senate has now before it, and with every probability of its becoming a law, one of the most important and rigorous measures submitted to Congress since the rebellion broke out.

THE FIRST REGIMENT.

Capt. Messick, of Company G, First Minnesota Regiment, was at the International yesterday, having received a brief leave of absence.

The First Minnesota Regiment, now at Falmouth, Va., has recently received two months pay.

It will be seen from the correspondence elsewhere printed, that when the 5th Regiment was paid off recently, the Paymaster did not, for some reason, reserve the sums allotted for the soldiers.

The story goes, that just before Mr. Thurlow Weed's abandonment of the Republican party, he received \$900,000 in gold coin from the United States Minister to Japan.

The New York Tribune states the case as follows: "Either this is a just war for the preservation of the National Union and the vindication of the Federal Government's rightful authority, or it is not."

Major General Pope was at Cincinnati on the 6th inst., on his way to Milwaukee, to which the headquarters of the Department of the Northwest is to be transferred.

The Illinois and New York and Erie ship canals came up on Tuesday last. Contrary to previous intention it was opened to debate, in which Voorhies and others led off with the discussion of the interests of the Northwest in the Union.

We learn by mail, and hasten to lay the astonishing fact before our readers, that rumors of foreign intervention were current in Washington last week.

GOVERNOR MORGAN.

The New York World and Journal of Commerce pretend to rejoice over the election of Gov. Morgan to the United States Senate as a "defeat of the radicals."

This somewhat hasty conclusion is drawn from the intimacy of Gov. Morgan with Mr. Thurlow Weed, who has lately announced his withdrawal from the Republican party, and from the preference expressed by many Republicans for some such War Democrat as Daniel S. Dickinson or Lyman Tremain.

THE LOGIC OF OPPOSITION TO THE GOVERNMENT.

The Pioneer treats us with the following Copperhead view of the political formula of the supporters of the Administration: "There is a rebellion; the government has a policy to crush it; this policy is unalterable; the success of this policy requires the unity of the people."

From the article whence this specimen of dialectics is taken, we gather that the "formula" of the opponents of the administration is as follows: "There is a rebellion. We don't like the means adopted by the Government for crushing it. Therefore we won't aid them in crushing it."

In that conclusion let these patrician malignants read the sentence which history will pass upon them, amid the universal execrations of all the generations of the free to come.

Whatever others may think or say, for one, believing, as we do, of the cause of the nation to be a righteous one, and the rebellion utterly infamous and wicked in every root and fibre of its monstrous being, we hold that no man is a true friend of his country who is not ready to yield up everything—party, power, wealth, life itself, if necessary, in its defence; that indifference is disloyalty, and that any opposition, whether concealed under Constitutional forms or not, tending and intended to embarrass or weaken a Government fighting for its existence in what is necessary to make the fight effective, is treason; and if the law can't reach it, and public opinion won't, be assured that history—that grim Rhadamanthus, from whose bar there is no appeal—will reach it with a brand that will make your infamy, O' Copperheads, immortal as that of Judas.

An unconditional support of the flag, that is our "formula of loyalty;" and no man deserves the name of American citizen who has any other, or can entertain any other, without loathing for the baseness that gives it utterance.

The New York Tribune states the case as follows: "Either this is a just war for the preservation of the National Union and the vindication of the Federal Government's rightful authority, or it is not."

Have the Democrats done so hitherto? Have they not, on the contrary, generally repudiated the war as an affair of the Republicans, and plumed themselves on their peculiar patriotism whenever they condescended to take a hand in it?

—The Illinois and New York and Erie ship canals came up on Tuesday last. Contrary to previous intention it was opened to debate, in which Voorhies and others led off with the discussion of the interests of the Northwest in the Union.

—Bills are now in preparation, both in the House and Senate military committees, for providing for such a re-organization of the medical department of the army as shall give medical directors of the army corps the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and medical directors of armies the rank of Colonel of cavalry, and increase hospital funds by adding fifty per cent. to present commutation for hospital rations.

A SHARP COTTON OPERATION.

A correspondent of the La Crosse Republican, writing from Helena, Arkansas—Gorman's headquarters—is quite severe on Brick Pomeroy, of the La Crosse Democrat, by whom Gorman's army was recently reinforced.

On the return of Gen. Gorman to Carendon, Brick lost no time in paying his respects, and seemed quite jubilant over the result of the interview. Adjutant Scott's mustang was brought into requisition by the notorious editor.

According to arrangement, the owner of the cotton appeared at the appointed time, but was unable to find Brick. The Butternut, determined not to be swindled out of his cotton, concealed himself on board of the steamer Skow, where he had his mooring and start on route for Helena, when he bodily came from his hiding place and engaged for Brick, clamoring loudly for his pay.

Now it is well known to every officer and soldier in this army, that no soldier can come within our lines except as a prisoner.

NAPOLEON SHOWING HIS HAND.

The secret of the attempted conquest of Mexico by Napoleon is at last revealed. The following is an extract from a letter written by the Emperor to General Forey, commanding the French forces in Mexico:

In the present state of the civilization of the world, the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who our manufactures and lives owe to our commerce. We have an interest in this—that the republic of the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have no interest in the fact that she should possess all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the new world.

This, says the Albany Journal, is frank and to the point. We are told in so many words that the original alleged object of the expedition against Mexico was a blind and a falsehood. It was not to vindicate French rights; it was not to collect French debts; it was not to chastise Castilian insolence; it was not to amend the wrongs of the house of Jerker!

It is true the "Latin Race" has not asked his assistance. It is true, on the contrary, that it regards his efforts in its behalf an impertinence and an insult. It is true that it is united in regarding him as a tyrant and an invader, and that it is exerting itself to the utmost to expel him from a soil he profanes as a "public enemy."

NEW YORK SENATOR.

The following was the second and final ballot, in the New York Republican Legislative caucus, for a candidate for United States Senator:

- E. A. D. Morgan.....51
Daniel S. Dickinson.....13
Preston King.....13
Henry J. Raymond.....9
David D. Field.....2
Sedgwick.....1

THE RAILROAD.

The St. Anthony, St. Cloud and Anoka papers are having a pretty little squabble for the terminus of that imaginary line known in poetry as the Superior Railroad, and all the little towns along the craggy borders of that inland sea are quarreling for the other end of it.

THE CHARLESTON DISASTER.

Special dispatches received at Washington, from Com. Dupont, regarding the recent naval engagement near Charleston, rob it of the magnificent proportions it received from the rebel telegrams sent to the N. Y. Herald.

The officers and crew of the Mercidita were paroled, but nothing was said about that vessels which, together with the Keystone, are repairing at Port Royal.

The iron-clad Yankee steamer came up in fine style, squared herself or a light, and after dipping her colors thrice, opened upon the battery. She was very low in the water, and a little more than her turret could be seen.

Com. Ingraham who commanded the rebel fleet is the same naval officer who gained reputation by the Kozta affair in the bay of Smyrna.

The Philadelphia Editor's Apology.

Albert D. Boileau, editor of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, recently arrested by order of Major General Schenck, for the publication of disloyal articles in his paper, was released from Fort McHenry on Sunday, the 1st inst.

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, 5TH ARMY CORPS, BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 1, 1863.

I, Albert D. Boileau, citizen of Philadelphia, editor and publisher of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, now confined in Fort McHenry, for the publication of an editorial article, under the title of "David's Message," in the newspaper, Jan. 20, 1863, and for the publication of other articles of like dangerous character, tending to the support and encouragement of the rebellion against the Government of the United States, do hereby freely and voluntarily express my regret for the publication of that article, or of any other article of like tendency or character, and distinctly disavow such article or articles being published with my proper authority or knowledge, and declare that such publication has been made by other persons, agent or employees without my consent and without my knowledge.

Allotment of Co. E, Fifth Regiment.

CAMP JACKSON, TENN., Jan. 25, 1863. CHARLES SCHEFFER, Esq.: Dear Sir—Not knowing how it happens that the Allotment has not this time been deducted, we have therefore concluded to send you the money ourselves for the following persons; and we request you to have the money delivered to each of the families below named, whose address you have in your list of allotments.

- John C. Becht, (to his wife) \$100 00
Charles Koch, do 75 00
Henry Stasson, do 20 00
Jacob Rinos, do 20 00
Charles F. Sipke, do 25 00
Richard Schmalz, (to Charles Scheffer) 20 00
Henry Deis, do 10 00
Richard Gesert, (to his father) 40 00
John Pfeiffer, (to his wife) 20 00
Peter Wilhelm, do 20 00
Charles Schartz, (to his brother) 20 00
Nich Schoneborn, (to his wife) 25 00
John Brettnier, (to Mr. Hevies) 15 00
Henry Stasson, do 20 00
Francis Burkey, (to Charles Scheffer) 20 00
Charles & Wm. Schilling, (to their father) 30 00
John G. Pette, (to his wife) 25 00
Henry Stasson, do 20 00
Henry Stasson, do 20 00
Anton Klueffer, (to Charles Scheffer) 40 00

Total, \$ 72 00

On the certainty that you will comply with our request, we remain,

Yours respectfully, JOHN C. BECHT,

Capt. Co. E, 5th Reg. Minn. Vol., Army of the Mississippi.

Editors of the PRESS: The above letter, which explains itself, relative to the allotments of Company E, Fifth Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, has been received at this office. To parties residing in the country, the money will be forwarded by draft on New York.

CHARLES SCHEFFER, State Treasurer.

St. Paul, February 9th, 1863.

—We have it upon the authority of "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, that Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, has refused to sell cotton goods at any price, and that he has been engaged in buying up all the goods he could purchase; that empty stores have been taken, warehouses rented and filled to the rafters with goods; and this done, he closed sales, and waits for coming events.

The Expedition to the Ogeechee River --Attack on Fort McAllister.

A Port Royal letter of the 3d, says the Montank has been engaged several days in attacking a rebel battery on the Ogeechee river. The rebels have got much heavier guns than ever used before, and also use steel-pointed solid shot; but although the turret has been struck sixteen times, they have glanced off. Capt. Worden had nearly demolished most of the rebel parapets, and expects soon to capture the battery, behind which lies the steamer Nashville.

The New York Herald, of a late date, in referring to the attack on the rebel fort on the Ogeechee, gives the following particulars of the place attacked, and the objects sought to be accomplished:

The probable locality of the said defeat is on Little Ogeechee river, which runs into the Oribaw Sound near Raccoon Key, Georgia. It will be remembered that the Nashville—a vessel that has succeeded so far in running the blockade—several months ago ran up the Little Ogeechee river, where she anchored under the protection of several sand batteries. It was the intention of the officers of the Nashville to run the vessel to sea in a manner similar to that by which the Oreto escaped from Mobile. A Union expedition was therefore organized to prevent the carrying out of this plan, and on Saturday morning, January 24th, the Montank, commanded by the James Adger, left Hilton Head, in company with several gunboats, for that purpose.

The Savannah Republican says the bombardment of Fort McAllister by the Montank, commenced on the 27th ult., and lasted from 7 until 12 1/2 o'clock. We quote from the Republican:

The iron-clad Yankee steamer came up in fine style, squared herself or a light, and after dipping her colors thrice, opened upon the battery. She was very low in the water, and a little more than her turret could be seen.

The expedition to the Ogeechee is under the charge of Capt. John L. Worden, who also personally commands the iron-clad battery Montank. Capt. Worden commanded the Monitor during the fight in Hampton Roads with the Merrimack, and was then nearly blinded by powder. He has so far recovered from his injuries as to enable him again to take active service.

LATER.—By telegraph last night, we learn that the Montank had made but little progress in reducing the rebel fort, and would probably be withdrawn for more important service elsewhere, most likely at Charleston.

The Prices in Rebellion Contrasted with those Before the War.

In the Virginia Senate on the 30th of January, Mr. Anderson of Botetourt, made a speech to prevent extortion. As an illustration of what extortion had brought on the South, or rather what the rebel had, Mr. Anderson read a table contrasting the prices of May, 1861, just before the war—cut from the market report of one of the Richmond papers—with those of the present time. The following is the table:

Table with columns: BEFORE THE WAR, NOW, AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS. Items include Wheat, Flour, Corn, Hay, Hides, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Irish Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Apple Brandy, Wool.

OF MANUFACTURES.

Table with columns: BEFORE THE WAR, NOW. Items include Bar Iron, Nails, Leather, Cotton Goods, Woollen Goods, Miscellaneous.

STOCKS.

Dividends on stocks in cotton companies worth in May, 1861, \$25 to \$50 per share, now from \$12 to \$140. The agent of the woolen factory declines giving its dividends until he advises with counsel.

Religious Jubilee.

The year 1863 is to be celebrated as a year of jubilee in the German Reformed Church in this country, it being the three hundredth anniversary of the formation of the Heidelberg Catechism. The commemoration is to comprehend two principal features—one benevolent, and the other literary and theological. To carry out the first, every man, woman and child in the church is to make a free-will offering, during the year, to some benevolent institution of the church. To carry out the second object, a general convention of the pastors and lay delegates from every congregation is to be held in Philadelphia, beginning February 17, 1863, and continuing from eight to ten days.

—Horace Vernet, the great French painter, died at Paris on the 17th of January last.

The Negro Soldier Bill.

The debate in the House on the bill authorizing the President to receive and equip negro soldiers, closed on Monday the 2d. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, made the closing speech on the bill, answering with characteristic ability, the objections of the opponents of the measure.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, (Rep.) said the bill had been opposed for various reasons. The gentleman who had just taken his seat, (Mr. May, of Maryland,) could not vote for it because he was opposed to the war. He (Mr. Stevens) did not expect those holding such views to vote for it, because it was an efficient engine for carrying on the war. Soon the two years and nine months terms of the volunteers would expire, and this would take from the army 300,000. To supply their places with gallant soldiers in the present condition of the country, 50,000 white men could not be raised by voluntary enlistment, and to enforce conscription was out of the question. The Democratic leaders had been busy during the past year denouncing the conduct of the Administration, and sowing distrust. They said that this was an Abolition war, and hence we ought to lay down our arms and compromise. Why should not the black man be employed to save the white man? He had little respect for those who would save rebel property at the expense of the lives of white men. If negro soldiers should be employed, and the white soldiers should lay down their arms, as his colleague, (Mr. Wright,) said they would, in God's name let them go; they ought to be in the rebel army. His colleague should have reported the subordinate who told him this to the proper department, that they might be tried and inexorably shot. We were fighting for the life of the nation; and, if in the heat of the contest the chains of slavery were melted off, so much the better. He believed that the Democrats at the North were holding secret meetings under the league of Knights of the Golden Circle, with the view of seizing control of the Government and the person of the President. In this he did not believe they would succeed, if colored persons were employed as soldiers. Servile war would not result, because they would be under severe military discipline. But, even if servile war should result, it would be preferable to the war which the rebels were now cruelly and mercilessly waging against the country. He concluded by referring to documents showing good military results which may be expected from such auxiliaries.

The bill as it passed the House is as follows:

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

That the President be and he is hereby authorized to enroll, arm, equip and receive into the land and naval service of the United States, such a number of volunteers of African descent as he may deem equal to suppress the present rebellion, for such term of service as he may prescribe, not exceeding five years; the said volunteers to be organized according to the regulations of the branch of the service into which they may be enlisted, to receive the same rations, clothing and equipments as other volunteers, and the monthly pay not to exceed that of the volunteers; to be officered by white or black persons, appointed and commissioned by the President, and to be governed by the rules and articles of war, and such other rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the President: Provided, That nothing herein contained, or in the rules or articles of war, shall be so construed as to authorize or permit any officer of African descent to be appointed to rank, or exercise military or naval authority over white officers, soldiers or men, in the military or naval service of the United States; nor shall any greater pay than ten dollars per month, with their usual allotment of clothing and rations, be allowed or paid to privates or laborers of African descent, who are or may be in the military or naval service of the United States.

Provided further, That the slaves of loyal citizens, in the States exempt by the President's Proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, shall not be received into the armed service of the United States; nor shall there be recruiting offices opened in either of the States of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, or Missouri, without the consent of the Government of said States having been first obtained.

The vote on the bill was yeas 85, nays 55, as follows:

- YEAS—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Buxton, Beaman, Bingham, Blair of Pennsylvania, Blake, Browne of Virginia, Buford, Campbell, Casey, Chamberlain, Claiborne, Coffey, P. A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Conway, Cutler, Daves, Dunn, Edgerton, Edwards, Elliot, Ely, Fenton, S. C. Fessenden, T. A. D. Fessenden, Fisher, Frank, Good, Gurley, Harner, Hatchings, Julian, Kelly, Kellogg of Michigan, Lansing, Loomis, Lovell, J. Low, Melroe, McKim, McKim, McPherson, Marston, Mitchell, North of Vermont, Nixon, North, Phelps of California, Pike, Pomroy, Porter, Rice of Maine, Bidle, Rollins of New Hampshire, Sargent, Sedgwick, Sells, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Sherman, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Train, Trimble, Trowbridge, Van Horn, Walker, Wall, Wallace, Washburne, Wheeler, White of Indiana, Wilson, Windom, and Worcester.

—Rev. George Gillilan of Dundee, has been launching out, in his sermons, against "Ston-wall Jackson," in most truculent style. The Glasgow correspondent of the Montreal Herald, says that the preacher denounces the secession general as a "miserable caricature of Oliver Cromwell;" a man who wrote sentimental poetry, and preached sermons and made prayers before his soldiers on behalf of the most diabolic plant of hell that existed in this world. The sympathy felt for him by many in this country (he said) was disgraceful to it, and did not relieve the deep damnation of public reproach which his conduct so richly deserves.



From the collections of the Minnesota Historical Society: Alexander G. Huggins and Family Papers.

Copyright in this digital version belongs to the Minnesota Historical Society, and its content may not be copied without the copyright holder's express written permission. Users may print, download, link to, or email content, however, for individual use.

To request permission for commercial or educational use, please contact the Minnesota Historical Society.

[www.mnhs.org](http://www.mnhs.org)