



Thomas Montgomery and family papers.

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

Some Reminiscences of my Childhood Days
among the Indians in Minnesota 1856-1862

Written for my children. Pasadena, Calif. January 1930

Sarah Ann Furnell Montgomery

- - - - -

In 1851, when Minnesota was little more than a wilderness, there occurred an event of great historic interest. On July 23rd of that year, at the largest trading post on the frontier located at Traverse des Sioux on the Minnesota River, 75 miles from St. Paul, 30,000,000 acres, the most extensive and richest tract of land ever purchased from uncivilized red men, was ceded to the United States by the Dakota and Sioux Indians. For it, they received \$16,000,000, to be paid in annuities.

The scene was one of the most picturesque that ever took place in the far Northwest. The treaty was signed on a huge granite rock, around which were grouped 35 commissioners and traders, as well as blanket-clad chieftains from the different Indian tribes. Encamped around them were 7500 Indians who had gathered to help negotiate the sale of their lands.

It was nearly a month, however, before the actual negotiations that preceded the signing of the document were finally settled. For a time it seemed that the Chiefs who represented their tribesmen would refuse to accept the terms offered. Little Crow, Good Thunder and many other Chiefs were

2

not satisfied. Said Walking Thunder: "Our Great Father gives us little beef and little corn; the red man is always hungry; the white man is fat. The Great Spirit gives them more food. We want more thunder and less lightning; the wings of the Thunder-bird must be broken." And to carry out their threat an image of a thunder-bird, made of bark, was placed on the top of a huge pole erected in the center of a circle. A thousand Indians sang and danced around it, thus, to their notion, breaking the wings of the thunder-bird.

The Indians had no confidence in the white man nor in his promises, and not until the box containing the first payment of \$75,000 in gold was brought and laid upon the granite boulder did they consent to sign the document that deeded away their heritage. Guns, knives, mirrors and all kinds of fancy colored beads were also brought and laid around the stone, all of which helped to win them over, and after further parleys and arguments the great treaty was signed by Good Man, Rattling Moccasin, Handsome Man, Young Sleepy Eye and Face in the Middle.

As a means of defense against any trouble that might arise with these red men who now were to be neighbors of the white settlers, Fort Ridgely was built, not many miles from the trading post at Traverse des Sioux. A little farther on,

2

3

the lower and upper agencies were established, with agents to distribute supplies and annuities to those who now were the wards of the Government. Soon missionaries came and established schools, translating the Dakota language into English. I have in my possession one of these original dictionaries.

Among the first missionaries were Samuel and Gideon Pond who were followed by Doctors Riggs and Williamson and the latter's sister, "Aunt Jane", whom I knew. She also taught in the Indian schools.

Doctor Asa Daniels and his brother, Doctor J. W. Daniels, served as physicians at the Agencies. Later on, Doctor Asa Daniels was our family physician for many years.

It was only five years after the famous treaty was signed at Traverse des Sioux that my father, Edmund Purnell, heeding the command of Horace Greeley, "Go West, Young Man", decided to leave Wisconsin and cast his lot among the pioneers of Minnesota. Our pretty home in Portage, Wisconsin was sold, farewells said to many dear friends and relatives, and in August 1856 my father and mother, brother Charles, aged six, and I started on our new adventure. A heavy wagon and two strong horses were procured to carry our household goods and supplies, as well as to provide transportation for ourselves.

The first day out was a trying and hard one, for

3

4

the roads were not much better than trails and in many places very treacherous, and Father and the driver were compelled to walk, holding heavy poles against the wagon to prevent it from going over the steep embankments. Brother and I often walked also, so that we might pick the huckleberries that grew by the roadside. What a joy it was when we reached the little tavern in the woods at eventide where we rested for the night.

After days of weary traveling we reached LaCrosse, Wisconsin. Here our goods were unloaded and placed on a Mississippi river steamer, and before nightfall we ourselves were aboard the "War Eagle", bound for St. Paul, Minnesota. After spending a day there - it was then only a small town - we left by stage coach for Mankato, Minnesota. While waiting for our goods to arrive, we lived at the Mankato House, not a very commodious hotel but the only one of its kind in the small village of a few hundred people. Here, and also at South Bend three miles up the Minnesota River, my father opened hardware stores and decided to make our home at the latter place which then was at the head of navigation for large boats in the spring time.

The only available house we could find to shelter us was one under construction, without doors or windows, the openings for which, Mother covered by hanging up blankets and other bedding. The bats and squirrels were very

4

5

numerous and in spite of the hangings found an entrance.

We remained in this house until late in the Fall when a log house, then being built, was finished, truly a primitive abode. There was no plaster on the walls, except a crude mortar made of mud that was placed in the chinks between the logs to help keep out the cold winter wind; a hole in the floor covered by a trap door served as a cellar, in which we tried to keep our potatoes from freezing. There was but one room, the end of which was curtained off for a sleeping room. One large cook stove furnished heat for the entire house. Sometimes, however, it was not very warm, for much of the wood used for fuel was so green that it had to be dried in the oven before it would produce any heat when burned in the stove. But in spite of the crudities of our unusual new home my brother and I were full of joy and thrilled by the newness of the wild frontier life.

While father's store was under construction, he spent much of his time at home, reading and acting as teacher to his children. Winter was truly with us, and Oh, so cold! But we were happy and contented, looking to the future for better things.

The Indians were frequent callers, coming in to get warm or to ask for something to eat. One day, without any warn-

5

6

ing, six fierce looking Indian bucks walked in. It was nearing the holiday season and brother and I were seated at the table picking over raisins for Mother to use in making her Christmas plum pudding. One of the Indians, who seemed to be the leader, walked to the table, raised the corner of his blanket and scraped all of our raisins into it. He then proceeded to divide them with the others and after they had eaten them, they began to look for more. Opening a cupboard they began to remove other supplies. Mother now realized that she must show her authority; so by loud words and gestures she made them understand that they could have nothing more. They then returned the things to the shelves and walked out. We were very glad to have them go for never before had so many come in when we were alone. We were not deprived, however, of our Christmas pudding, for many more raisins were in storage as were all kinds of provisions in abundance, - sugar and flour by the barrel. The most important of all was the home-made yeast cakes that our friends had made and dried for us to take to our new home, for without them we should have had no bread.

The tallow candles were another important factor of those primitive days, for without them we should have had no light at night. It was great fun hanging the strings in the ten and twelve tin molds, then filling them with the hot melting beef suet.

It was not long after the holidays that the door again opened and twelve Sioux Indians filed in, one after the other. This time Father was at home or we should have been alarmed, as Mother was ill and confined to her bed. Father, pointing to where she lay, said "Squaw sick - Squaw sick". At hearing this they muttered something which we could not understand, opened the door and all departed.

Early in the Spring, Father left for the East to purchase goods with which to open his store then nearing completion. In the spring, during the high water, all merchandise was brought by boat up the Minnesota River. It was such fun to see the big steamers come in to the bank and throw a heavy rope ashore to be fastened to a tree or rock that might be near; then to see the darkies unload the cargo and take on cordwood (no coal in those days) for the return trip.

Father had not been long away when reports began to come that the Indians were on the warpath and that at Spirit Lake many of the white settlers had been murdered. The few who lived in our village packed what belongings their wagons would hold and left to seek a place of safety. Having no means of transportation with which to get away we were obliged to remain in our home. Each day Mother anxiously waited for some news concerning the outbreak. We were entirely cut off from the out-

side world. The bridge across the Blue Earth River which was overflowing its banks had been washed away, so that we could not even get to Mankato, three miles away. One day a friend living there succeeded in crossing the river in a row boat, bringing the news that at least for a time the danger was past. This calmed our fears, until one day, a little later, we saw coming over the high banks of snow that still were in evidence everywhere, a lone Indian making rapid strides on his snow shoes toward our house. We instantly locked the door, drew the curtains down close over the windows and remained speechless and motionless, expecting every moment to see our house in flames. Suddenly there came the report of a shot fired from a gun. It seemed to us that we could feel the bullet strike the house. We were stricken with terror; not a sound of any kind followed. We waited and waited. All was as still as night, time seemed like ages, no one daring to speak or move until Mother summoned up enough courage to lift the window-curtain a little and cautiously look out. There was no Indian in sight. After a further wait she opened the door and stepped out. There was no one to be seen, near or far, but in the end of a projecting log near the roof of the house she found an eagle's feather. It was about 12 inches long, gaily painted and trimmed with strips of buckskin. Its meaning was always a mystery to us until recently

9

(January 1930) in reading "Early Candle Light", a Minnesota historical novel by Mrs. Lovelace, I learned that the giving of an eagle's feather among the Indians was a symbol of peace.

Signs of Spring now began to be apparent. A three-story hotel was soon under construction; the first school-house was erected, built of logs with only one room, a door in the end, and a small window on each side; long boards placed against the walls were used for seats; planks in front of us served as desks. Our teacher was a jolly good Scotchman who during the noon hour, after we had eaten our lunch, taught us how to dance and play games.

Mail began to come regularly once a week. Horace Greeley's "New York Weekly Tribune" gave us the news of the world. The covered wagon with its pen of chickens fastened on the back and the cow tied on the side, was frequently seen on the streets. Stores and offices were built and soon occupied. Men of all professions came in. Two young men from Buffalo arrived and built some modern cottages, one of which Father purchased for our home. Daniel Buck, a young attorney just out of college, came and opened the first law office and in later years became one of the Justices of the Minnesota Supreme Court.

The Summer passed quickly; the lovely autumn days were with us; wild grapes and plums everywhere in great abundance;

9

the forests were filled with butternut and walnut trees. Brother and I were never happier than when roaming through the woods, picking the wild fruits and gathering the nuts. A portable saw-mill stood on the banks of the Minnesota river below our house and was a place of much interest and amusement to us.

One afternoon in the late Summer, several hundred redskins with their squaws and papooses came into our midst. They were returning from their annual visit to the Winnebagoes during the green corn season. After their tents were pitched they entertained us with their "Scalp", "Green Corn" and other dances, for which we paid them in groceries and trinkets. Before break of day they were on their way to the Agencies. They were the first Siouxs that we had seen since the lone Indian came in the early Spring.

The hotel was completed and opened with a grand ball, the first social function to be given in this frontier village. You can imagine my delight at being allowed to attend with my parents. The ladies! How lovely they looked in their beautiful silk gowns, (low neck and Sleeveless) long kid gloves and white slippers. And the banquet! It was wonderful! A new school house was built, this time of lumber, and with it came a fine teacher who served as a physician as well as teacher,- a Doctor Thomas.

But the future that looked so bright to us now began to be dimmed by war clouds that hovered over our fair land. The news came that Fort Sumpter had been fired on and the Civil War between the North and the South was upon us. The call for volunteers came and most of our able-bodied men responded to the call and marched away to the Southland.

At this time we had no fear of the Indians. The Winnebagoes were our neighbors living on their reservations seven miles distant. Three of them came one day looking for a lost dog. They could speak a few words of English and made us understand what they were after. The day before a stray dog had come to us, half-starved as all the Indian dogs were. We fed him and soon he was contented and happy in his new home. But at the sight of the Indians he disappeared. They left and returned the next day still to find no dog. This time they had with them a rope and with a few words and gestures made us understand what it was intended for. The third day they came again, to find their dog awaiting them. In appreciation for what we had done for them they brought us a six-quart milk can, filled with maple sugar which during the spring time they made in great quantities. While the sap was being boiled down it was their custom to cook their game and meat in it; so, of course, it was spoiled for us.

12

During the Summer, we saw nothing of them at our home, but met them often in our rambles through the woods when they seemed less friendly.

The Summer passed quickly and the beautiful autumn days were again with us bringing a rich harvest. One day, Brother and I were on a thickly wooded island in the Blue Earth River, picking grapes for Mother to use in the making of wine. Luxuriant clusters of the purple fruit hung from the branches above our heads, and while filling our baskets strange sounds came whispering through the trees. We at once went to the edge of the woods to see whence the sounds had come, and there on the cliff fifty feet or more above us sat a row of Indians with their feet dangling over the steep embankment. Upon seeing us they sent their dogs down after us and then they themselves proceeded to follow. We hurriedly picked up our baskets, crossed the river (not very deep) and ran for the nearest farm house several miles distant. The dogs were close upon us and the Indians not far behind, but in their path was a grove of plum trees laden with ripe fruit, the sight of which was so tempting to them that they tarried there instead of pursuing the chase. We too had seen the tempting grove and early the next morning accompanied this time by our Father we returned to gather some of the plums, but not one was left on the trees; instead, the ground was covered with seeds, the remains of their greedy feast. This was the nearest I ever came to being captured by Indians.

Mother continued to make her wines,- grape, currant, parsnip and elderberry, the latter the only kind that we children were allowed to drink and only during the Christmas holiday season. It was served hot, with narrow strips of toasted bread dipped in the hot wine. Callers were at all times served with wine and cake and during the holiday season with little individual mince pies. These were baked, then frozen and stored away until needed, when they were reheated and served hot with wine.

The settlers on the frontier were beginning to prosper. Sod houses were being replaced by comfortable homes built of lumber. The harvest was yielding rich returns. But the returns of another harvest were awaiting us.

On August 18, 1862, a messenger brought the startling news that the Sioux Indians were again on the warpath. It was Monday morning. Our school house stood near the road side. The children had assembled and were awaiting the ringing of the bell to call them in for study, when a courier rode furiously by, shouting, "the Indians are murdering the settlers on the frontier". The bell did not ring. We all hastened to a nearby store where the messenger had stopped to warn the people of their danger, and found that the news was more dreadful than we first had heard.

The Sioux, under their chieftain "Little Crow", had

14

demanded from the Agent at the trading-post their annuities which were then past due. These annuities had reached Fort Ridgeley and soon would have been at the Agency for distribution, but the delay enraged Little Crow and his followers and was the spark that roused them to frenzy. Upon the refusal of the Agent to yield to their demands they shot him, severing his head from his body, then removing the scalp to carry away as a victor's trophy. Other tribes joined them, and as these savages knew no law they all were soon on the warpath, murdering men, women and children and then burning their homes. The Government buildings, schoolhouses and the homes of the missionaries were all destroyed and everyone, except the few who fled to the woods and swamps, were murdered, in all nearly a thousand.

Most of the able-bodied men of South Bend had gone to fight the Union battles in the South. Those left, including my father, at once organized a company to go to the relief of New Ulm which had been attacked the night before. Before leaving, Father moved from our home the bedding etc to the second floor of his store where we were to remain until the exact condition of things was known. After a hard day's travel the company reached their destination that night. The Indians were still on the outskirts, firing into the town and burning everything within reach.

The women and children were huddled into basements to escape the flying bullets.

The first thing that met my father's gaze when he stepped into the building in which they were to be stationed, were nine men who had been found scalped and mutilated in the most horrible manner. In another room, lying side by side on the floor, were three beautiful little children who had been found hanging by their feet to trees. This was an appalling and gruesome sight for Father to behold and his first thought was of the dear ones at home and of the dangers to which they might be exposed. Accordingly it did not take him long to decide that his first duty was to return and do what he could to protect them. Others felt as he did and returned with him, risking their lives to do so, for the Indians were everywhere in ambush along the roadsides. But under cover of darkness they reached home safely.

The frontier was wild with terror. The settlers were pouring into the towns seeking a place of safety. There were two buildings of stone in our village which were both fortified and filled with refugees. The one I was in was used as a store below and a dwelling above. Around the building a stockade was made of farm wagons standing close together; on the outside of these a high wall of cordwood was erected; and on the inside the horses and oxen were corralled. Much of the time during the night the

horses kept up their neighing which added much to the weirdness of the scene. The men not on duty on the outside occupied the lower floor, while the upper floor was filled with women and children, the latter sleeping in a small room on the floor. But for the rest of us there was no sleep that night. As a means of defense we filled every available tub and vessel with water drawn from a nearby well and laboriously carried up an outside stairway. Fires were kept burning during the night to keep the water boiling and had the Indians attacked us, as they intended to do that night, they would have received from our windows showers of boiling water. Axes, Pitchforks and every iron tool available we also had ready to use.

On the outskirts of the village a picket-guard was placed, with instructions that if an Indian was seen or heard by any of the pickets, or if a shot was heard, every man should hasten to the spot whence the sound had come. At midnight the report of a shot fired from a gun was heard. Father being one of the pickets went to every man on the picket line, but not one of them had discharged his gun. The silence that followed was terrible, every sound exaggerated a hundred-fold. It was learned later that this shot was supposed to have been fired by a Winnebago Indian Chief as a signal to the Sioux whom they were waiting to join. Another attack on New Ulm had been planned.

for that night, and if they had succeeded in taking the town, there would have been nothing to prevent them from coming on through to South Bend and being joined there by the Winnebagoes, and carrying out their threat of again planting corn on their old camping ground at Traverse des Sioux.

You can imagine with what joy we hailed the dawn of the morning. Prayers of thankfulness from every heart went up to our Heavenly Father that morning.

Later on in the morning, we found that Father's store had been broken into during the night and many things taken, among them a lot of bullets that I had moulded to be used if needed.

The next day we began to make preparations for moving to a place of greater safety. It was Father's wish that we go to our relatives in Wisconsin, but Mother would not consent to going so far away from him. So found a temporary room in Mankato, while he and a few others remained behind to protect their property as best they could, sleeping on the ground at night under cover of thick tall bushes that grew near by.

New Ulm was now being evacuated; a cavalcade of over 150 wagons filled with refugees came into Mankato at one time. Every available building that could be procured was used as a hospital for the wounded who daily were being brought in for treatment. Many were pierced in their backs by poisoned arrows,

shot while trying to make their escape; others were horribly mutilated. Mother wore the hospital badge and served as a nurse during our six weeks' stay in Mankato.

Provisions began to be very scarce and famine threatened the town until supplies from the East were sent in. One day a girl friend and I mustered up enough courage to walk to our homes three miles distant, to see, if by chance, everything had not been taken away. I found nothing, - even our hive of bees had been demolished and all the honey taken away. I was much disappointed in not finding some, for we had no butter and honey would have taken its place for our bread. My friend, however, fared a little better. She found a lone chicken which she killed, - a thing that she had never done before.

The Indians were still on the warpath. A family had been found murdered only six miles from our home. The garrison at Fort Ridgeley had again been attacked and was expecting a third attack. A military expedition was now organized and ordered to pursue the hostile Sioux and either kill or capture the murderers. General Henry H. Sibley was placed in command. Being an old Indian trader and familiar with the Indian mode of warfare he was well fitted for the position given him. Several Minnesota regiments which were at Fort Snelling awaiting orders to join the Union forces in the South were made a part of the expedition which was

19

soon in pursuit of the bloody savages. It was not long before they were overtaken and through the strategy of General Sibley were surrounded and taken prisoners, without the loss of a single man of his command. Nearly a thousand Indians with their squaws and papooses were captured.

The Indians had as their prisoners a large number of white women and children. Here again General Sibley showed tact and skill in securing their release without any harm being done them. It was feared that if word had reached their captors that the troops were in pursuit, all would be found murdered.

It was late in October before General Sibley was ready for his homeward march. In September we moved back to South Bend and secured rooms in the hotel which had been vacated at the time of the outbreak in August. Feeling a little nervous, as the Indians were still roving around, we thought it best to make this our winter home.

It was a beautiful Indian summer afternoon, a few weeks later, that General Sibley, now called the "Baron of the Border", and his staff, all in full uniform and mounted, headed the procession that passed through our village and by Father's store. They were followed by a regiment of infantry. Then came 40 wagons drawn by horses, containing 400 of the murderers, ten in each wagon, seated on the floor, five on each side facing each

19

other and chained together. Many wore bright shawls which they had taken from the homes of the murdered settlers. Nearly all covered their heads. They were well guarded, another regiment of infantry following. Then in ambulances came the settlers who had been found wounded and some nearly dead from hunger and exhaustion, - their loved ones murdered and their homes destroyed. A large number of the squaws with their papooses were sent over another route to Fort Snelling. Those retained to cook and care for the prisoners were carried in army wagons drawn by mules. The camp equipment and supplies were followed by the artillery which comprised the rear guard.

It was a strange procession, unlike any ever witnessed before by anyone. They passed on and came to a halt on the Blue Earth River, midway between South Bend and Mankato. Here a stockade had been built which was later covered with a roof, in which they were to be confined. A large military camp was established and several regiments retained to guard them.

So bitter was the feeling against them that several attempts were made by mobs coming from near by towns to storm the camp and kill the murderers. To prevent this, a detachment of cavalry was ordered to guard the roads leading to the camp. The infantry also were ordered to be ready with loaded guns. The memories of the horrible atrocities that they had so recently

witnessed were still fresh in the minds of these soldiers; so instead of leaden bullets, they had resolved to use paper wads in case duty compelled them to fire on the mobs.

Out of curiosity we as well as others, visited the prison. We found the prisoners seated on the ground in groups, with their blankets wrapped closely around them, smoking their pipes and conversing with one another, oblivious of everything around them. The days were getting colder and with only canvas tents to protect them, the soldiers began to suffer. So early in December the camp and prisoners were moved into Mankato where a prison built of logs between two stone buildings was awaiting them. They were closely guarded, the military being housed in buildings close around them.

A military trial had been held and nearly 400 were found guilty and sentenced to be executed. The extreme penalty aroused the people of the East, who appealed to President Lincoln for clemency. In due time he issued an order commuting the sentence of all but 38. These were all convicted by the evidence of one man, a half-breed, who himself had killed many of the white settlers. The convicted Indians were separated from their fellow prisoners and placed in a part of the prison by themselves. The death warrant was read to them through an interpreter, by Dr. Riggs, one of the missionaries who visited them daily through

their confinement, making many converts to Christianity. Each one was designated by name and received his sentence without a murmur, calmly smoking his pipe and when empty refilling it.

A few days before the execution they were allowed to see their friends and bid them a final farwell, leaving with them their possessions, -pipes, trinkets, etc. On the morning of the hanging, December 26, 1862, when the missionaries visited them for the last time, the condemned men broke out singing their death song, a weird chant in which they all joined, keeping time by rattling the chains on their arms. Finally they drew their blankets more closely around them, a prayer was said by the missionaries, and then the murderers, without any emotion said, "we are ready". Again chanting their death song, they marched out of their prision, crossed the street and awaited the signal from the officer in charge to mount the steps leading up to the scaffold. At the sound of taps on the drum they ran up and formed in line around the platform. Some drew the black caps more closely over their faces. I saw one readjust the rope around his neck. Blindfolded, each man held his neighbor's hand, chanting the tribal death dirge until the rope was cut.

The gallows was built in the form of a hollow square and the platform on which they stood was suspended by a single rope or cable attached to the top of a center pole, so arranged

that by cutting the rope at its base the platform dropped and the 38 guilty savages all at one time were launched into eternity. One big stalwart buck broke his rope and fell to the ground. However, he was soon strung up to join his fellow murderers in the Indian happy hunting-ground.

John Duly, whose three beautiful children had been murdered and his wife and three other little ones had been taken prisoners by the hostile Sioux, asked permission to cut the rope, and with one blow of his axe satisfied his thirst for vengeance.

After a stated time they were examined by physicians and pronounced dead.

It was an awful spectacle to look upon. Thirty-eight beings, - I cannot call them human, for they were not, - each dangling by a single rope from a heavy wooden beam above his head. The feeling was so intense against them that the military authorities openly expressed the wish that they might be permitted to end the lives of all the other convicted murderers. Army wagons drawn by mules stood by, waiting to convey them to their burial place on the bank of the Minnesota River, only a short distance from where they were executed. They were all buried in one long trench without any burial service. The next morning many of them were found standing against the trees frozen stiff. The soldiers had disinterred them during the night. Their bodies were shipped to medical

schools all over the country for dissection purposes, and it was said that a number of them were sent to Europe. However, in a very short time not one body was left in the trench.

How well I remember that clear, cold December day. We started early on our three-mile walk to Mankato, Father, Mother and myself, to witness the execution at 10 A.M. - a scene as vividly in my mind as when I saw it 68 years ago. In Mankato there stands today a bronze tablet that marks the spot where the greatest execution in the annals of our nation took place.

In the Spring, after a winter of close confinement, the remainder of the captives were taken by boat to Missouri and placed on a reservation as wards of the Government.

There was a hard campaign to come. Many of the Sioux and Dakotas were still on the frontier and as hostile as ever. After a winter's rest, General Sibley and his command were again in pursuit of the Sioux Indians. They followed them across the plains to the Missouri River which they crossed before the troops reached them. Further pursuit was abandoned. After a long and wearisome march General Sibley and his command returned to Fort Snelling late in the fall of 1863.

As a result of the Indian uprising and massacre, business of all kinds was at a standstill in Minnesota. Having the education of his children in mind, Father set about to dis-

pose of his store and other properties and when this was accomplished we moved back to Wisconsin. There I finished my education and lived until I was married in 1867, when I returned to make my home again in Minnesota, - but a Minnesota free of the hardships and cares of my early childhood days.