

With Manuscript, "Reminiscences of the Sioux Massacre in 1862,"
acknowledged Sept. 16, 1907.

E. W. Earle, M. D.
55 Monroe Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

Sept. 11th 1907
Secy Minn. Historical Society

Dear Sir
According to the promise made at the time
of my call at the rooms of the Society last July,
I herewith send you my "Story"

It is part of a biographical letter, written several years ago
at the request of one son, and without any idea that it would
ever fall under the notice of anyone not of my immediate
family. On my return, I sent a request to have this part typewritten,
not recalling the fact that it had been written as a letter
to my sons and that in some instances the form of expression
used was not the best for a quasi public statement. However
I send it as it is. The facts stated are what you desire and
not form of statement.

Permit me here to express my deep regret that the beautiful
monument to the battle of Birch Cooley should perpetuate
an historical inaccuracy, in the statement that the forces
there engaged were under the command of Capt. Grant.
The expedition left Ft. Ridgely under the command of
Maj. Brown and continued under his command throughout
the battle and he should have whatever of credit or honor
that belongs to him on that account.

1778
While at Morton, I had the privilege of a cursory review
of the History of Minn. (I wish I had it) and particularly
of Capt. Grant's report of that expedition and I must say
his claim to the command is not his only inaccurate statement.

His account of the capture of the wounded Swedish women
is highly fanciful. The capture occurred exactly as
herein related and without any disposition whatever
of his company, which came in column formation.

to where we awaited them.
 I do not accuse Capt. Grant of any willful misstatement
 On the contrary I presume that to the rapid succession
 of interesting events together with the responsibility of the
 Command of a Company of Soldiers, are due the lapse of
 memory and inaccuracy of statement.

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 instead of E. W. Earle

I regret that any statement in this narrative should have
 the flavor of boasting yet those statements are true and
 and the story would be incomplete without them

Yours very Respectfully
 E. W. Earle (Wd)

REMINISCENCES OF THE SIOUX MASSACRE IN 1862.

by

Dr. E. W. EARLE, 55 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

At the outbreak, of the Sioux Indians in Minnesota in 1862, the
 settlement on the Beaver Creek, Renville County, besides my father's
 family, consisted, so far as I know, of Mr. Wichman and family; Mr.
 Schmidt and family; Mr. Henderson, wife and two little girls about one
 and three years old; David Carrothers, wife and three children, the youngest
 a baby; James Carrothers and wife and two children; David Hunter; and a
 young man named John Doyle. I presume that was his name, though being
 Irish, he pronounced it Dial. Farther down the creek were other settlers,
 but I did not become acquainted with them.

The Beaver Creek, like all other water courses in Minnesota, runs
 in a valley much lower than the prairie land, the bottoms and sides of
 the bluffs being quite thickly timbered. The course is about north and
 south and the creek empties into the Minnesota river about two miles from
 our location.

About three miles east from Beaver Creek is the Birch Coolie Creek
 and still farther east, about eighteen miles distant, was Fort Ridgley.
 West of Beaver Creek about two and one-half ~~or~~ three miles is another
 creek, emptying into the Minnesota river, on which was a settlement of
 Swedes. The Redwood Agency was distant about six miles and was in plain
 view from our house. At the agency were stores, blacksmith shop, saw
 mill, and so forth. The government maintained a physician who treated the
 Indians and furnished medicines to them without cost, a head farmer to
 teach them how to run a farm, a sawyer, school teachers and so forth,
 with whom I became acquainted later. The missionary, a Mr. Williamson,
 whose father had also spent a life time as missionary among the Indians,
 was born and reared there and lived near the agency.

Of course the greatest need after reaching the settlement, was a
 house, and father lost no time in procuring lumber at the agency in
 exchange for a cow. The lumber was Cottonwood and green, but it answered
 the need as frame and covering boards. As soon as it was enclosed, even
 before it was shingled, we moved into the new house which consisted of
 two rooms, one down stairs and one upstairs.

We "broke" several acres of ground and planted it to corn, not

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

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expecting any crop except stalks which would serve as foder for cattle during the winter. Father also went to St. Peters, sixty miles, and purchased a mowing machine with which I began haying. The country has numerous swales or low wet places, some of them having water three or four feet deep in the center. The ordinary prairie grass was not tall enough for hay, but around the borders of the swales where the ground was damp the grass grew to a good height, and farther in, the swale was covered with cat-tail and other flag higher than a man's head. It was in the grass about these swales that I began the work of making hay for winter and must have secured thirty or forty tons before being obliged to abandon it.

The cattle and sheep ran at large during the day but were driven home and kept in yards enclosed by rail fence at night. The horses were always turned loose when not at work and they with others belonging to the other settlers formed a herd of about twenty which always ran free day and night unless at work.

On Sundays there was generally, or, at least, frequently, preaching by the missionary, Mr. Williamson, the church being Mr. Henderson's front yard. The pulpit was wholly imaginary, and for pews we used chairs, boxes blocks of wood, or, when all else failed, the ground. The music was congregational. Father was a powerful bass singer and played the soprano on the violin. Mr. Williamson also sang and if I remember rightly, Mrs. Henderson had a sweet soprano voice. While the singing was not the best it certainly was not the worst I ever heard.

The six working days of the week were all busy ones for us and evening generally found us tired. Still we three older boys with our violins and sometimes Julia to play an accompaniment on the melodeon would furnish what, for those times, was pretty good music. Not one of us deserved to be called a violinist, but we certainly were fiddlers and in this capacity we spent nearly every evening until bed time.

The sight of Indians was no more uncommon than that of whites for they visited us every day in pairs and groups, and the prairie was dotted here and there with parties hunting a bulbous root which they called "teepson" and used for food. It was called wild turnip by the whites. The plant was but a few inches high and had but one slender, straight root which extended into the ground three or four inches, where the bulb was formed and below this was the tap root and perhaps other smaller roots. The bulb was from one to two and one-half or three inches long and the largest were perhaps one and one-half inches in diameter. It was

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enclosed in a rind much like that of the turnip which, when peeled off, left the bulb white and firm with no particular flavor, if I remember rightly. If left to dry, in a few days the pulp became almost as hard as bone. I have dug and eaten many of these bulbs fresh and raw, and always imagined that they would be quite agreeable if ground up and used to thicken a soup or stew.

The Indians dug them by means of sapling two and one-half or three inches in diameter and four or five feet long. This was sharpened at one end, the sharpening being all done on one side, giving the stick a sled runner shape. To use it the Indian would strike the sharpened end into the ground two or three inches from the plant, withdrawing and striking again in the same place, until with two or three strokes the point of the stick was forced under the bulb, when, by pressing the top end of the stick down, the bulb was brought to the surface.

The annual annuities were due in June, but owing to the difficulty in procuring gold or silver they had not yet been paid, and the Indians were all collected at the agency awaiting the day of payment. They were not well supplied with provisions, so were obliged to hunt such small game and birds as the country afforded, dig teepson, fish, and when able, to buy beef cattle from the settlers, leaving their guns in pawn as security. So our visitors were numerous. As I had quite a fancy to be able to talk their language I improved every opportunity for learning it. Many of them seemed to understand my desire and were willing to help me, so that in the few weeks we were there I acquired the language sufficiently well to be able to understand them when they talked to me and to make myself understood, but when they talked to each other it was mostly "Greek" to me.

Father sold two head of cattle to them. For the first one he received two double barreled shot guns as security, and for the second the gun of the head chief, Little Crow. This sale was made on Friday August 15, only three days before the outbreak. Little Crow with quite a party of Indians and accompanied by Mr. Robertson, a 1/8 breed, as interpreter, came and selected the steer, agreed to the price asked, and offered two guns belonging to his Indians as security. But father demanded Little Crow's own gun, a double barreled shot gun with a yellow stock. I heard afterwards that the original stock had been

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broken and this one was the work of an Indian who had painted it a bright yellow. It was a splendid gun and was reluctantly left as a pawn, and not until father had written out and signed an agreement for its return on receiving the stated sum of money.

Little Crow was the leading or head chief of the Sioux. He was tall, spare, with a nose like a hawk's bill, and sharp piercing black eyes. He was by no means good looking. He was known as the orator of the Sioux and had unbounded influence over the Indians who always appeared very deferential to him. Little Crow's wrists were both very much deformed, having been broken, one, it was stated, in a fight with his brother, the other in a fight with Chippewa Indians. Having been badly treated, they were very crooked. It was this fact that enabled a hunter afterward to identify his body.

There was an old Indian who seemed particularly good natured who visited us often, and with less than the usual reserve in his manner. Consequently we had a particular liking for him. He was called old Beaver Creek. I never heard what his real name was.

So the few weeks of our stay passed rapidly and pleasantly away. No disturbing incident occurred except the severe sickness of Mrs. Henderson, which must have begun about August 1. Father had quite a knowledge of medicines and had taken along a good supply of medicine for family use, not expecting to be called on to treat any others. But as there was no physician within a good many miles, except the government physician, Dr. Humphrey, at the agency, Mr. Henderson asked father to treat his wife which father consented to do, but the case rapidly became dangerous so father requested that Dr. Humphrey be called in consultation. This was done and he came. By appointment he was to visit her again on Monday, August 18. The day came, but physician did not see his patient. It was the last day on earth for them both.

Sunday evening, August 17, we boys played unusually late in the evening and our music seemed better than ever. Just before retiring Radnor stepped to the door for a moment and, after listening, said, "how plainly we hear the Indian drums". Chalon and I went to the door and distinctly heard them. This was something unusual, yet it did not disturb us. And so we went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning, Monday, the 18th., father rose very early and went on the roof to finish shingling. On going out, he noticed three

** See note A*

Indians in a fence corner of the cow yard. This was very strange, yet it excited no fear. When called to breakfast, father came down from the roof and, out of curiosity, went to the Indians and asked them why they were there. They told him something about Chippewa Indians, but he learned but little from them, so came in and we sat down to breakfast. While we were eating one of the Indians, a magnificent specimen over six feet tall, came in dressed in a breech cloth and covered with war paint. He asked father for our two rifles, which of course, ~~was~~ refused. They hung by straps to the joists overhead and a bed stood directly below them. The Indian seemed determined to have them and stepped on the bed as though he were going to reach the rifles. At that father rose and said "no" with a decided shake of his head and a look in his eyes which convinced the Indian that father meant all that he said. The Indian turned about and left the house, apparently much excited and angry.

After breakfast we noticed several Indians trying to catch the herd of horses, but they, being afraid of the Indians, wouldn't be caught. Father went to the three Indians and asked why the other Indians were trying to catch our horses. They replied that some Chippewa Indians had killed some Sioux the night before and they wanted the horses to pursue them. Then father told the boys to go and find our horses and bring them home. Accordingly Chalon and Radnor went east thinking to find them on the prairie where they usually were, while I went down the creek.

At Hunter's I found that the Indians had driven the horses into a corner formed by a yard fence and a field fence. The Indians had formed a line across the opening and by gradually closing in hoped to capture the horses. I saw at once that our horses were not in the herd so I was somewhat disinterested, but concluded to watch the proceeding. As the Indians closed in the horses became frightened, and finally one bolder than the rest made a dash and went through the line, followed by all the others. The Indians immediately went after them and soon had them back in the same corner, using the same tactics with the same result. Again they brought them in. This time they asked me to catch the horses for them. I said they were not mine and I couldn't catch them. They then asked me to get in the line with them and help catch them. At first I refused, but thinking that if I were in the line the horses would be apt to break towards me, I changed my mind and took my place

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about the middle of the line. As I expected, when the horses turned they made directly for me, while I, shouting and wildly pawing the air, pretended to do all I could to stop them, but was really very careful not to do so. I had done this twice, and while watching the Indians out on the prairie after the herd, congratulated myself on the success of my scheme, believing that I would be able to continue it and so entirely prevent the Indians from catching the horses.

While thus watching the chase, an old squaw came near and passed behind me but did not appear to see me, but she said in a low voice "puckashee tehan" (go away, or go far off). I turned to look at her but she was watching the Indians so I said nothing, thinking she had discovered my trick and wished to get me away before the horses could be brought back. However, I resolved to stay and did, with the same result. I was again watching the pursuit when the same big Indian who had entered our house and asked for the rifles, stepped up and put his left arm about my neck and hugged me hard, saying that he would like to scalp me and guessed he would before night. At the same time he struck me over the head with his lariat. This treatment was entirely unexpected and resented, for as his left arm was around my neck his ribs on that side were fully exposed and I gave him so strong a punch with my right fist that he emitted a very large grunt and immediately let go and walked off.

I had caught a glimpse of old Beaver Creek who was the only one that I knew. I thought that surely he would explain the strange doings but he refused to say a word to me. When I approached him he hastily turned away and seemed greatly excited. Still my suspicions were not aroused for I thought all these strange acts were because of the Chipewa raid. I did not dream of any danger to the whites.

Believing that my little scheme had been discovered and that I would not be allowed to practice it any further, and knowing that our horses were not in the drove, I made up my mind to go home. So I started on a lope, which was my usual gait when alone. Instead of taking the road which was on the prairie, I went a little farther and entered the bushes which was the beginning of the timber of the bluffs. The bushes were not thick and I could run through them as easily as in the road. Why I went into the bushes I really do not know for I was not in the least frightened or excited. I had heard nothing alarming and

the little episode with the Indian was trivial. I simply obeyed a sudden impulse. Probably it was very fortunate that I did for afterwards I remembered hearing several times the hiss and swish that would be caused by an arrow cutting the leaves.

I was home in a few minutes. Chalon and Radnor had returned with our horses which were then secured about the house. I told father what was going on down at Hunter's and said the Indians seemed determined to have the horses. He said they wouldn't get his without a fight, so I proposed that we take them to the agency and put them in charge of the agent. He considered a moment and then said that we might take them out on the ^{prairie} ~~or~~ airie where we could keep them away from the Indians. We had seven horses and colts and if one or two were mounted the others would follow, so Chalon and I were to take them out.

Chalon had something to do that delayed him a few minutes, but as soon as I had mounted one of them I started eastward on the ^{open} prairie. Within a few minutes I saw a man in his shirt sleeves running towards our settlement from the ~~direction~~ ^{of} the agency. I rode ^{up} and found him greatly excited saying that the Indians were killing all the whites at the agency and that we must get away right off. It was our neighbor Mr. Wichman. He continued towards his house while I turned and putting my horse to a run, started for home. I have never ^{learned what became} ~~of Mr. Wichman and his family~~. In a few moments I met Chalon mounted on a fleet little mare. I briefly told him what I had heard as he rode along with me. As soon as he comprehended the situation he gave the word to his little mare who seemed fairly to fly as she bore him home and past the house without stopping. On down to the Creek he went giving the alarm to Dave Carrothers and telling ^{them} ~~him~~ to go to our house, then to James Carrothers with the same word. Hunter was not at home so he went no farther. James Carrothers and Mr. White had a few days before been selected as delegates to a political convention which met, I think, at Owatonna. Consequently both were absent. Some one carried the word to Mr. White's people and father went to Henderson's. Soon all were collected at our house. The seats were removed from the spring wagon and two feather beds placed in the bottom on which Mrs. Henderson was laid and her two little girls with her. The horses were hitched to one lumber wagon and two yoke of oxen attached to the other. Into these two wagons the women and children climbed and made themselves as comfortable as possible.

* See note P

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While these preparations were being made, I was busy loading the guns. The whole stock of arms consisted in two rifles and three double barreled shot guns which father held in pawn for cattle sold to the Indians. Of course, they were all muzzle loaders. I have often wondered what would have been the outcome if we had had Winchester's. One rifle carried about sixty to the pound, but the other was very small bore carrying 120 to the pound. Both of these I loaded carefully and, because of the small bore of one, I put in two bullets. Next I loaded Little Crow's gun and one of the others, but for the third I had no shot so put in a few small stones. Our shot and bullets were all gone and only one flask of powder partly filled remained. This shows how utterly defenseless we were.

All being ready to start, (we intended going to Fort Ridgely, 18 miles distant) Dave Carrothers took the larger rifle, father took the small bore, (loaded with two bullets), Chalon took Little Crow's gun, I took another, and Radnor took the one loaded with small stones. We started due east in the direction of Fort Ridgely.

At the time of starting our party consisted of 27 persons, men, women children, and two babes in arms, as follows: Father and mother and six children; Mr. Henderson and wife and two children; Mrs. White and four children; Dave Carrothers, wife and three children; Mrs. James Carrothers and two children; Jehial Wedge; and John Doyle.

Within five minutes from starting we noticed 16 Indians who suddenly rose to view about 80 rods south east from us, and coming in a direction to cross our ^{road} ~~road~~ a little ahead of us. At the same time I looked back and saw the three Indians who had been about our house, fall in behind us. Very quickly the Indians had formed a line across our ^{road} ~~road~~ and gradually drawn in until we were entirely surrounded. When the leader made a sign for us to stop we did so. Mr. Henderson, who understood their language better than the rest of us, went forward to talk with the chief. We saw by signs and gestures that he was holding a very earnest council with them which occupied about ten minutes. When he returned to us, the Indians maintained their circle around us though hardly any were visible as they had concealed themselves in various ways. On his return Mr. Henderson told us that the Indians had at first told him that they intended to kill all of us, but that after talking they

offered to let us pass if we would give up all our teams and guns. Mr. Henderson told them that we would not give up our guns under any circumstances and to this firm decision is due the fact that any of us escaped for with us totally disarmed they would have slain all without any danger to themselves. Mr. Henderson also demanded to keep the colts and spring wagon in which his wife was lying, and they also consented to this. It seemed that this was the best we could do for we had only five guns against their 19 guns and three of ours loaded with shot and stones while theirs were all loaded with balls. And more than ^{all} ~~all~~ we had no ammunition to reload our guns. What better could we do? And besides Mr. Henderson said that they had agreed to furnish us an escort to the Fort so that no other Indians should molest us. So the terms were accepted and Mr. Henderson gave the signal whereupon the Indians came to claim their property. The women and children descended from the wagons which, with the teams, we turned over to the Indians who immediately detached them and then demanded the colts. Mr. Henderson protested and reminded them of the agreement. But they only said he could have a yoke of oxen. He tried to show them that he could not use the oxen because the iron neck yoke was bolted to the end of the buggy pole so that the pole could not enter the yoke ring. This made no difference. They said they intended to have the colts any way, so we proceeded to unhitch the colts and give them up.

In the mean time the women and children had started on and had gained quite a distance on the way. After giving up the colts, Dave Carrothers went to get a yoke of oxen which stood 8 or 10 ^{rods} ~~feet~~ away. As he went he broke down a weed and on reaching them he swung the weed over their heads in place of a whip and started towards us with the oxen. Just then an Indian stepped out, placed an arrow to his bow and raised it threateningly at Carrothers, who saw the threat, left the oxen and came back to us. The Indians were standing about intermingled with us, their guns ready and both barrels at full cock. One unfortunate move on the part of any one of us would have resulted in the instant death of all. Why they did not kill us then and there, I cannot understand. Certain it is that our preservation was something more than good luck. It was a providence.

A hasty consultation and we decided to draw the buggy by hand. So two took hold of the ends of the neck yoke; Mr. Henderson took one

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whippletree; I took the opposite one; while father and Dave Carrothers pushed behind.

We relied on the promises of the Indians so traveled rather ~~le~~ - surely. But I could not keep both eyes in front. To tell the truth I did not trust them as Mr. Henderson did and I noticed soon that the Indians began to gather in our rear. One after another joined until they were all together and following us at about twenty rods distance. I told Mr. Henderson that I didn't like the looks of things, but he said it was all right and according to agreement. My reply was that we could get along without a guard if only they would keep away.

We had just reached the foot of a little descent and the Indians were at the top of it, when they fired the first shot, a single one which passed over our heads and landed a short distance ahead. Dave Carrothers, much excited, dodged and shouted "look out". No one else uttered a sound, but hurried on. Of course we soon found that we could never take that buggy out of reach of the Indians and that to attempt to do it meant death. We could not possibly do Mrs. Henderson any good either by remaining, for we could not defend her, nor by trying to take her along, which was impossible. And hard as it was we were obliged to abandon her and her two little girls, one and three or perhaps two and four years old. Mr. Henderson said that he could not leave his wife and for this we all honored him. Wedge said that Mrs. Henderson had nursed him in his sickness and he would not leave her. By this time the Indians were firing quite rapidly and every instant some one had a narrow escape. So we left them, uncertain as to their fate, hoping yet fearful.

It seemed that as soon as we left the buggy the Indians ceased firing upon it and one after another all but two or three passed it and came on after us. We began to hope they might be spared, but directly we saw firing from the rear of the buggy, and very shortly I saw Mr. Henderson emerge from the middle of the line of Indians ~~for~~ (for they had formed a line with extremes about 10 or 12 rods apart) and run rapidly toward us. We slackened our pace and waited for him.

Every one of the sixteen Indians discharged both barrels of his gun at Mr. Henderson, and I do not doubt that ^{some} ~~many~~ reloaded and fired

again. How a man could come almost unhurt through such a storm of bullets is very strange. He was not entirely unhurt. They had shot the hat off his head and his shirt was riddled on both sides of his body. The fore finger of the right hand was shot off at the first joint and the second finger had a slit from the middle joint to the end.

He said that Wedge was dead and that he thought his wife and children had also been killed but he was not certain. He afterwards told me his story in detail. It seems that nearly all of the Indians passed the wagon without giving them any attention, but the last two, who were at a short distance behind, fired upon them. He shouted at them but Mrs. Henderson told him to take off a pillow case and hold it up as a flag of truce. This he did but they fired again and shot off the finger that held it. Then they stopped and made a sign which he and Wedge understood to take hold of the buggy and take it back. So each one took an end of the neck yoke and started to turn when the Indians fired again and Wedge fell. He then ran back to the wagon, but as the Indians continued to fire he suddenly resolved to leave his wife and try to save himself. So he started to come to us.

We were fleeing from the Indians yet we were not going as fast as we might and we maintained a show of defense although not a gun had been discharged on our side. We had no ammunition to spare and really our guns were only useful as they kept the Indians at a little distance. For knowing probably that at least three of our guns only carried shot, while theirs carried ounce bullets, they kept beyond the range of our guns, while keeping us still within the range of theirs.

Of course the pressure from the Indians compelled us to catch up with the women and children, though we delayed it as long as possible. When we finally overtook them I found Mrs. Dave Carrothers nearly giving out as she had to carry her baby, so I took the baby which greatly relieved her and she was able to keep up with the rest. I think we must have continued in this way for about a mile farther when Mrs. White, who was a very fleshy woman and was carrying a baby, stopped and said that she could go no farther. So we passed on and left her standing there. We watched as we fled to see what her treatment would be, and were much surprised to see an Indian go up to her and shake hands and

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motion to her to go back. Seeing that she wasn't hurt, she called out to the rest and waved a white handkerchief.

It then seemed that it was the intention of the Indians to capture the women and children, and as it was utterly impossible for them to escape by fleeing and as we could not defend them, they deemed it best to stop, which they did. So I gave the baby to its mother and kept on.

Dave Carrother's oldest child was a boy about five years old. As he saw his father running on ahead, he ran after him as fast as his legs could carry him, calling to his father to wait. But his father did not wait for some time, but finally stopped and turned the little fellow around and told him to go back to his mother, while he himself resumed his flight. The boy remained where he was, crying, until the Indians came up. Finding him alone they killed him.

The average distance which the Indians kept from us was about 15 ^{or} rods, possibly 20 rods, and as they were expert marksmen it is remarkable that any escaped. That they did is due to ^{two} reasons. First, their guns were poorly loaded as the bullets were simply dropped in without any patch. Second, we kept our eyes to the rear and jumped to one side or fell as we saw a gun discharged at us. This may seem like fiction to claim that we dodged their bullets, but it is nevertheless true, and more than ^{one} owed his life that day to his agility.

We were stretched out in a sort of a line at a distance of several feet apart, and being separated could judge quite accurately whether an Indian were aiming at one's self or not. At one time Chalon and I were quite close to each other, Eugene White was a few rods ahead, and the ground was rising. As we were watching we saw an Indian level his gun at one of us but being so close together we could not tell which one, so at the ^{flash} ~~flash~~ we both fell. It proved that it was intended for Chalon, and only that he dodged, it would have hit him about between the shoulders. Missing him it went on and struck Eugene White on the inside of the right knee. He fell, but immediately rose to a sitting position and grasped his knee with his hands. I ran up and asked him if he was hit and he replied that his leg was broken, but he immediately jumped up and ran on with a bad limp. Soon I noticed that he turned to the left and ran a little to one side and lay down behind a bunch of tall grass or weeds, perhaps thinking that it concealed him,

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but more likely he realized that he could go no farther. By this time the firing had become quite rapid and there was little chance for one to help another, and so Eugene was left behind. Very quickly I saw an Indian run to a short distance from where he lay and fire both barrels of his gun at him. Of course I knew what ^{had} happened.

The Indians were now crowding us hard, and we were somewhat weary. One Indian had tried two or three times to get around our right flank so as to get an enfilading fire on our line, but each time we had spoiled his game by running ahead. At last father said that if he tried it again he would shoot him. Sure enough he did try it again and father stepped on top of a little mound, took deliberate aim, and fired. The Indian dropped and I saw no more of him. I could not tell whether he was killed or not, but certainly I do know that from that time two Indians gave their whole attention to shooting at father. Of course father's only defense was gone for he had no ammunition to reload the gun. And so his only recourse was in dodging and they kept him constantly on the jump, yet he was not hit. But now he did a very foolish thing. He threw away his gun! Before this they did not know that he could not reload his gun, so out of respect for it, they kept a good distance. But now that he had thrown it away they had nothing to fear, so they closed in on him. Seeing them closing in on him, he called ^{ing} to the boys to stop and help him. But we had become a good deal scattered and Radnor was the only one near enough to help and he, brave boy, stopped to face two of them. Father said that as he ran up ^{to Radnor} he told him to shoot and then turn and run, but for some reason Radnor threw himself on the ground to wait until they should come within range of his gun. The Indians who had hitherto come along together, now separated and, making a detour to the right and left, came up on each side and yet Radnor remained until thinking them near enough he raised and fired at one of them, and at the same time they both fired at him. There could be but one result. The brave boy of fifteen had faced two warriors; had given his life to save his father's and had succeeded for the diversion which he created permitted father to get away. Here ^{was} ~~is~~ an example of heroism and devotion that is worthy of becoming historical.

As I have already said, we became more and more scattered ~~after~~

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after the capture of the women and I had begun to cogitate as to some means of escape besides running for I felt satisfied that that means would not avail.

The country there is what is called rolling prairie and between the ridges or swells of land are lower places or swales containing more or less water in which grass and flags grow to the height of several feet. As I ran along one of these ridges I noticed that not an Indian's eye was upon me. They were either loading their guns or happened to be looking in another direction. Seizing the opportunity of the moment, I threw myself on the ground and rapidly rolled down the ridge on the opposite side from the Indians until I had descended far enough so that I could be out of sight in a stooping position. Then I rose and rapidly ~~ran a few rods into the swale and then turned and~~ ran back near but not in my first trail, till near the shorter grass when I led my return trail into my first trail. I then turned and ran back into the swale following exactly in my first trail till I reached the point where I turned. From there I continued into the swale but carefully separated the grass and flags and raised them behind me so as to make as little trail as possible. When I had gone six or eight rods in this way I lay down and waited to see what would happen.

I heard very little firing after I went into the swale yet for safety I remained there for at least two hours when I cautiously raised up and becoming satisfied that there were no Indians about I left the swale and considered what I should do.

To go back home was out of the question and to try to find the others was useless for I did not know what had become of them. So I determined to try to reach the fort which was probably 15 or 16 miles distant. There was a well beaten road which led directly to the fort known as the Abercrombie road, but I thought it would be unsafe to follow that road as the Indians would be sure to follow it if they chanced to be passing through the country. So I made up my mind to keep along parallel to it and perhaps a half mile away. As I could not see the road I was obliged to travel by the sun. This I did until sundown and then I took the north star as my guide. I had resolved to keep as much as possible in the lower ground and crossed the higher ground only when absolutely necessary, thinking it the safer course.

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Just about sunset I looked across the prairie from behind a ridge and perhaps a mile or two miles away I saw a person who appeared to be a white man in his shirt sleeves and I made up my mind to try to overtake him. Still I might have been mistaken so I had to be cautious. So it grew dark and I did not find him. I afterwards learned that it must have been Mr. Henderson and when I asked him why he was so careless in going on high ground he said that he kept on high ^{ground} ~~ground~~ as much as possible so as to see if any Indians came near him. I have always thought my plan the safer one.

About midnight the sky became cloudy so that I could no longer see the north star, and realizing how easily I could lose my way on that boundless prairie, I made up my mind to stop until morning. So after considerable search I found a swale with tall grass and weeds and without water. There I carefully doubled and covered my trail as I had done in the day and after cutting a bundle of grass I lay down and covered myself up as well as I could with the grass. I was tired and quickly fell asleep. But I suddenly awoke with a start. I did not know what had caused it but I listened and soon I heard the note of a night hawk. It seemed only a short distance off and quickly I heard another night hawk in the opposite direction. In two or three minutes I heard a noise like three taps on a powder horn with a knife and quickly it was answered by the same signal. I instantly recognized the state of affairs. There were at least two Indians who had discovered my trail into the swale and had evidently been deceived by my return trail and were circling about trying to find it again. They used several different signals such as the bark of a coyote and others, and appeared to be drawing the circle smaller until they came so close that I feared that the next time around they would discover my hiding place. I distinctly heard the Indian in the tall grass as he passed and waiting until I thought it safe, I carefully made my way out until I had crossed his trail, when I drew my knife and lay down on my face prepared to spring if discovered. My gun was useless for when I lay down in the day time I was in water at least a foot deep and I had carelessly allowed my gun to get wet. My thought was that if I was likely to be discovered I might possibly be able to spring on the Indian and knife him before he could defend himself and thus I would get his gun.

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Fortunately they did not discover me and I was able to get a little more sleep.

I am satisfied that my changing positions was very indiscreet and dangerous and I wonder that I was not found, for in crawling as I did I must have made a very broad trail not only by crushing the grass and reeds down but also by ^{shaking} ~~shaking~~ off the dew.

I supposed at the time that these Indians had followed me from the start, but in talking with father afterwards, I learned that he tried for a long time to get to Fort Ridgely but each attempt was frustrated and he finally turned north. It may be that we were near each other for a time and the Indians who discovered my trail were the ones who were pursuing him.

Early in the morning I started again keeping due eastward. I had had nothing to eat for twenty four hours, and my vigorous appetite called for food. Yet no feeling of weakness or faintness bothered me. I was as lithe and active as if I had slept in the finest bed and had eaten a fine breakfast. The only trouble I had was that the grass had cut my pants till my knees were naked and bleeding. Some times when the coarse grass would rake across my sore legs I would have to wince but there was no remedy for it.

I looked for teepson but did not find any. Perhaps that was because it grew on the higher and dryer ground which I avoided as much as possible.

I had not seen the Abercrombie road since the day before so I determined to turn south in order to discover where it was and to learn whether I had wandered out of my way. I had traveled perhaps two or three miles when I saw at a distance a man on horseback going west at a ^{hope} ~~hope~~. At that distance I could not make out whether the man was a white man or an Indian. So I stopped for a while until he was out of sight when seeing no other I made up my mind to find the pony's track which might help me to decide whether the rider was white or red. If I found that the pony was bare foot I would know it to be Indian, but if shod it would probably be white though possibly red.

Carefully I made my way until I came to the Abercrombie road and saw the horses track and found that it was shod. But where could the

rider be going? I thought he must be running into extreme danger and that probably he had not yet heard of the outbreak. At any rate I could not help him so I turned east and resolved to follow the road even at quite a risk for my legs were very sore.

I soon came to quite a high ridge that ran squarely across the road. What was my astonishment when I had ascended far enough to look over it to see at some distance three covered wagons like emigrant wagons. I had been rather careless on ascending the ridge but instantly on discovering the wagons threw myself down behind the ridge and stopped to consider. What were these wagons? I concluded that they were emigrant wagons which had been captured by the Indians who were now taking them to the agency, and that the mounted man I had seen was an Indian riding a captured horse. What should I do? was a question to be decided at once, whether to run for it or to take refuge again in a swale which lay near the foot of the hill. But I determined to take another look before deciding on what to do. So I carefully raised up until I could look over the ridge when I saw one of the pleasantest sights of my life, a body of troops. I could see their uniforms and the glistening of their guns and bayonets in the sunshine.

I did not remain behind the ridge long. I forgot all about my sore legs, stiff knees and all that, as I went quickly forward to meet them. I soon found it was about fifty soldiers under the command of Lieut. Sheehan who were on their way to Fort Ridgley which was then about 10 miles to the west of us. So I had wandered so far to the north that I had passed the fort without seeing it and had met this relief 10 miles east of it. It was some troops who had been for some time at Yellow Medicine but had been ordered back to Fort Ripley. They had stopped at Fort Ridgley on Saturday ~~on Saturday~~ night and resumed their march on Sunday morning, marched all day Sunday, and camped and again resumed the march Monday morning, the day of the outbreak. Just as they were preparing to go into camp Monday night they were overtaken by a mounted messenger from Fort Ridgley with orders to return. So after cooking and eating their supper they started on the return. They had marched all night and until 10 o'clock Wednesday when I met them. Lieut. Sheehan questioned me with regard to the trouble but I knew nothing except what I had seen myself so he soon told me to stop for the commissary wagon

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and get something to eat. I did not wait to hear this order repeated. In a minute I was in the wagon asking for food. The driver told me there was nothing but raw pork. I thought this very strange but did not wait to discuss the question. I found the pork barrel and went into the brine up to my elbow and fished out a chunk of pork from which I cut off a few slices with my knife. I think I never ate a more delicious morsel. Hunger was an ample sauce. I also enjoyed the ride. It seemed such a luxury to ride instead of drawing my sore legs through coarse grass with edges like saw teeth.

Fort Ridgely stands upon quite a prominent bluff or promontory formed by the Minnesota river on the south and a creek which enters it at an acute angle on the north and east. The bluffs are quite high and they and the bottom lands are quite thickly timbered.

The road to the east and the one which the returning troops would follow went through this creek and the Indians who knew that they were returning had formed an ambuscade in the woods. But the officer at the fort had sent a messenger by a detour to notify Lieut. Sheehan of the ambuscade. It was this messenger that I had seen after he had notified the Lieutenant and was on his way back to the fort.

When we had reached within a mile or so of the creek, Lieut. Sheehan came back to the wagon in which I was riding and asked me if I could drive a four mule team. I told him that I had never done so, but that I believed I could. So he took the soldiers who was driving the rear team and sent him into the ranks and told me to mount the mule. There were three teams and wagons and I thought the team I had would follow the one in front and so would need little or no driving.

Lieut. Sheehan went to his chest and took out a broad red scarf such as the officer of the day wears, and put it on, thus making himself very conspicuous. It was certainly a brave thing to do under the circumstances, but of very ^{indifferent} ~~feeling one~~. No experienced Indian fighter of today would think of doing such a thing.

The march was resumed, but before reaching the woods Lieut. Sheehan, ^{with his men} made a wide detour to the right where the bluffs were lower and the woods less thick. There he crossed the creek, but left the wagons with the three teamsters to go through the ambuscade. I thought at the

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time that this movement smacked of cowardice and that the Lieutenant ^{desired} ~~desired~~ mostly to get his own skin safely into the fort. But the Lieut. did the very best thing that he could, not only for himself and the soldiers but for us as well. If he had undertaken to go through where we went not one would have escaped. What saved us? It was a couple of howitzers which had been run out onto the bluff and loaded with shell and the Indians knew that at the first shot the shells would drop among them and they were mortally afraid of them. They called them rotten balls because they flew in pieces.

As to the number of Indians there, I rely entirely on what was told me. I saw only a few for of course they were as well concealed as possible. Why did they not shell the Indians out of there before Sheehan's troops came? That would seem the proper thing to do, but from what I afterward learned I think the officer in command of the fort hesitated to begin hostilities, for up to that time there had been no attack on the fort which was filled with refugees and contained only 50 soldiers. This place did not deserve the name of fort, for there were only two bullet proof buildings in it, and consisted simply of a few buildings built around an open square with open spaces between them. Not one of the buildings was loopholed. In short, the post was only intended as barracks. It was never intended to resist an attack.

We had reached the fort safely, but what was the condition of things inside?

Quite early on Monday Capt. Marsh in command of the fort had heard of the outbreak and at once started with about 50 men for the lower agency where he was ambuscaded and 23 were left dead for us to bury two weeks afterward, while he was drowned in trying to swim the river. This left the fort in command of his first Lieutenant who I judge would rather eat pie than fight, with only fifty soldiers to defend this indefensible place, filled as it was with frightened men, women, and children.

Perhaps it was best that he did not commence hostilities. Lieut. Sheehan ranked the lieutenant and therefore took command.

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As soon as I reached the fort, I applied to Lieut. Gere for a gun, but he said that the extra guns were all distributed among the citizens. But after a while I found a sergeant who was on detail and had no use for his gun so loaned it to me with belt and cartridge box and I then joined a company of citizens that had been formed for the defense of the fort and had chosen Mr. DeCamp as captain. I was assigned to duty at one of the windows of the soldiers quarters, a stone building which occupied the north side of the parade. The women and children were in the second story. The men had been armed as well as possible with guns but when these were all distributed they were given axes, crowbars and the like and stationed at the doors and windows of the stone building to guard them in case of assault. Outside of this stone building was a row of small log houses that had been built for the families of the noncommissioned officers and troops were placed in and behind them for their defense. Other buildings were defended by placing men in them but there was no sign of a breast work about the fort, while on the north, east and south sides, it was within easy gunshot of ravines and bluffs where Indians could lie in safety while attacking it.

About noon of August 20th. a force of Indians returning from the attack on New Ulm, were going towards the agency on the opposite side of the river, and the commander dropped a few shells among them. About two o'clock the music began and it seemed for a while as though pandemonium itself had broken loose, for the Indians numbered 400 or 500 and they fired rapidly and each time they fired they uttered the war whoop. The noise from the shooting with the crashing of bullets through doors and windows was bad enough but the war whoop was worse yet, for it was simply blood curdling and I really think that I dodged oftener for the war whoops than for the bullets. For a moment it seemed that my hair stood on end and I was a bit rattled but by an effort I regained control of myself and afterwards was not badly excited.

I could not do much in the way of shooting for the soldiers in the log huts soon had quite a cloud of smoke about them which obscured my sight and made it dangerous to them for me to shoot. So I simply remained on guard at the window. The fighting continued till long after dark when the Indians withdrew. No one in the room where I was stationed was wounded but the surgeon brought in others who had been wounded

outside and the sight of these poor fellows taxed my nerves severely.

After the fighting ceased everything became quiet and a part of us slept while others kept watch. The next morning the citizens company was ordered to assemble and we were arranged in single rank across the parade. I happened to stand fourth from the front of the company. As soon as Capt. DeCamp had the company in line he reported the fact to Lieut. Sheehan who proceeded to make us a speech in which he called us all the mean names such as cowards and sneaks etc. that he could think of. I was surprised for I was not aware of sneaking, but I afterward learned that many of them had deserted their posts and gone upstairs with the women and children. Lieut. Sheehan ended his harangue by telling Capt. DeCamp to pick out 10 of his men, if he had so many in his company of scrubs, and detail them to go on picket duty to relieve his men.

Capt. DeCamp began at the right of the company and asked if the man could go on picket duty for about two hours. The man said no and gave some flimsy excuse. He then asked the second and got a still poorer excuse. I think his excuse was that he had no cartridge box but had to carry his cartridges in his pocket. He asked the third man and got another flimsy excuse. I confess by that time I was ashamed of the company I was in and I did not blame Lieut. Sheehan for the language he had used. I think I would have volunteered to go if I had known I would get hurt. So when Capt. DeCamp asked me I answered promptly and loudly, "Yes Sir". No doubt my answer came more from shame and bravado than from bravery, but it seemed to have a magical effect on Lieut. Sheehan for he said, "Thank God for one man. Take a pace to the front." Soon the other nine were found and we were taken out and stretched in a picket line about the fort. My post was on a knoll about 80 rods from the fort and on the Abercrombie road. Other pickets were about 20 rods distant on either side.

Nothing of interest occurred during the two hours I was on that post except that one of the soldiers who had been with Capt. Marsh returned and was received at my post. While detaining him until the corporal of the guard could come and admit him he told me of the fight between Capt. Marsh's men and the Indians. It was a sad tale of ambush. The soldiers were on the opposite side of the river from the agency and

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the ferry boat was on the other side. While Capt. Marsh was considering what to do, an Indian dressed in citizens clothes appeared on the other side and told the Captain that there were no Indians there. The river at that point ran close to the foot of the bluff which was thickly covered with trees and bushes. The captain believed the Indian so had a man swim across and bring back the boat. The soldiers were put aboard the boat and it was started across. When it had reached the middle of the river the Indians began the attack from the bluff and also from the rear for there was a large force concealed in the grass just a little distance from where Capt. Marsh reached the river. Immediately they pulled back to the shore and left the boat, such as were not killed, and found some defense in the trees and bushes of the bank. For a time they replied to the Indian attack but their members were melting away. I do not know whether Capt. Marsh ordered a dispersing or retreat or what, but this man made up his mind to hide himself. A little to one side he saw an old brush heap and, raising one side of the heap, crawled under it and let the heap drop back on him. It happened that he was effectually concealed and after remaining there for some time until half of the soldiers were killed and the rest dispersed, he crawled out and made his way to the fort.

Having been relieved from picket, I received my breakfast which was the first meal I had eaten since that meal of raw pork, and I put in a good supply for I did not know when I would get any more. I had made up my mind not to remain in that citizens company any longer so after breakfast I went to a sergeant of Lieut. Sheehan's company and asked him to take me into his squad, but he said he could not do it without orders and could not draw rations for me. I thought I had failed, but one of the men who stood near said "take him in sergeant if you can for he is the only citizen I have seen that is worth a d-n" and another said, "we'll divide rations with him" and so I was sort of adopted by that squad of seven or eight men. But I did not remain with them long.

The next day there were signs of trouble and Lieut. Sheehan perfected his scheme of defense, one item of which was to divide the line of defense into squad limits and place a sergeant in command of a certain limit. Thus he could call for a report from any part of the

line at any time. On this day (Friday) the squad I belonged to was placed behind the log huts, and Capt. DeCamp had command of that line. Pretty soon the firing began briskly. The Indians could come up the ravine through which the road ran and in this way come within eight or ten rods of us still protected by the banks of the ravine. So we had to look sharp. We had become a good deal interested when Capt. DeCamp marched slowly along behind the line apparently giving no heed to the bullets. When he had reached about the middle of the line he stopped and said in a voice loud enough to be heard all along the line "Boys, I am ordered to shoot the first man who leaves his post without orders, and I'll do it by G-d". He carried a Sharps rifle and I think every one believed that he meant what he said. There were a few citizens in the squad and he probably remembered how they had acted before. Soon Lieut. Sheehan came running to Capt. DeCamp and said he wanted four men to go to the other side of the parade. There were four of us near together and DeCamp designated us to go with Sheehan. So bringing our guns to "right shoulder shift" Sheehan gave the order to double quick and led the way across the parade which was being raked through every opening between the buildings. We had reached the middle and the bullets were coming thick enough to satisfy even Lieut. Sheehan. He turned around and said to us "G-d d-n it. can't you run faster than that" Now as a sprinter I was not ready to acknowledge any superior so I let out and before he knew it I was way ahead but he called "Hold on. Hold on." so I slacked up and let him catch up with me. At the south side he left me in the opening between the Headquarters and the corner building without even a spear of grass to hide behind. I could simply hug the ground and trust luck. But they did not leave me there long before Sergt. Blackmer called to me to come into his squad which was outside of all the buildings on the east side of the fort. Here I found myself with four soldiers and though separated from my friends I was content. Here again there was nothing to shelter the men. Our only protection was in shooting so well that the Indians would not dare expose themselves long enough to take good aim. Our greatest danger was in the fact that the ground in our front was quite rolling, that is, numerous little

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hillocks with ravines growing tall grass between, and behind these hillocks or now here, now there, in the tall grass between, an Indian would suddenly raise, take a quick aim and fire. One was particularly persistent and seemed to have a particular desire to pink me. He had made some close shots, so that I became rather anxious to get him. In my eagerness I forgot due caution and rose on my knees when another Indian let fly at me. The bullet hit the third finger of my right hand and glanced to the stock of my gun which it damaged considerably. I did not know that I had been hit but found myself standing upright and a soldier tugging at my clothes to pull me down. I lay down at once and resumed the watch for my Indian. Pretty soon the soldier said that one of us must be hit for there was blood on the ground. *del* I told him that it was he and showed him some holes in his coat sleeve. But he said no that it was I and pointed to a little hole just in the center of my shirt front, but then I remembered that that hole was burned one evening while fishing with a jack and just then the soldier noticed the wound of my finger. I was bleeding considerably and the bone was broken yet it hadn't begun to pain me. Sergt. Blackmer sent me to the surgeon to have it dressed and I returned to the squad, but soon the feeling returned and the pain was terrific. My hand jerked so that I could not hold the gun still long enough to shoot. So as I was disabled, Sergt. Blackmer told me to go behind a door made of inch pine boards which was leaning against the side of a building and keep watch in a certain direction which did not seem to be under observation, and the Indians might charge on that side. I got up and ran over and sat down behind the door and at once I was taken with an unbearable pain in my hand and arm. I simply could not endure it and had just come out from behind the door when the Indians fired a volley at it. The door looked like the top of a pepper box. If I had been behind it I must have been hit by at least a dozen balls. I returned to Sergt. Blackmer who ordered me again to the surgeon. The surgeon dressed it again and put on a white powder, probably *del* morphine, which for a time relieved the pain, but I was entirely unable to use a gun, so Sergt. Blackmer told me to keep a look out in different directions. Soon afterwards Sergt. Blackmer was wounded in the jaw, the bullet passing through from side to side. The poor

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fellow must have suffered terribly.

For several hours, lasting until quite late in the night, they kept up the attack. There were a good many of our men hurt and I think we must have done them some injury for just before their attack ceased we could hear an Indian down in the timber calling the rest away. A half breed who was in the fort said that the Indian said, "Come away or they'll kill us all." The firing ceased at once and from that time there was no further attack worthy of note. They kept up a state of siege so that it was dangerous for one to expose himself, but aside from occasional shots there was no firing. This state of siege lasted about ten days when, to our delight, one day a company of mounted men rode into the fort. The Indians made but slight effort to keep them out and immediately departed well knowing, no doubt, that from that time there would be no use in trying to capture it. We heard no more of them.

del As soon as I could I went to the camp of the ^{Cavalry} ~~Cavalry~~ and found it composed largely of refugees under the command of Capt. Joseph Anderson who was an old Mexican War soldier. It had been organized for the express purpose of relieving New Ulm and Fort Ridgely. Much to my surprise I found Chalon who brought me news of the safety of father, Herman and Millard White.

It seems strange to me now that I never asked father for a detailed statement of his experiences after we separated. Neither did he ever ask me any questions as to my escape, and when mother returned I never sought a history of her adventures. All that I know concerning any of them was what I heard them tell to others.

It seems that after father's rescue by Radnor, for it was no less, he ran across Hermon, and then Chalon and Millard White. They tried until late in the night to make their way to Fort Ridgely but they seemed to be prevented by some Indians. Finally despairing of reaching there, they struck out to the north and at last reached Glencoe after a couple of days. Hermon became so exhausted that father had to carry him on his back many weary hours before they reached the settlement.

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On the way they fell in with two Indians who evidently had been hunting and had not heard of the outbreak. They offered no indignities except to compel Chalon to trade guns with one of them and so Chalon lost Little Crow's gun.

Father's legs were so badly torn by the grass that gangrene *f del* at one time threatened.

After the mounted men reached the fort there was a reorganization of the company and as they expected to go on whenever there should be a move to rescue the women and children who were prisoners, I made up my mind to enlist in the company, which I did. A new roll was made and I think Chalon's name appears as third and mine as fourth on it. We elected officers, choosing as Captain, Joseph Anderson, Brown 1st. Lieut., and Marshall 2nd. Lieut. (I am not positive as to the name of the second lieutenant, but think I am right.) I remember two other aspirants for the office of Captain. One was said to be an old hunter and Indian fighter. The other was a young Irishman whose claim to the office was based on the alleged fact that he was in the battle of Pittsburgh Landing and so had had experience. However, Anderson was elected by a large vote.

The next few days were spent in scouting, foraging, and drilling. Nothing exciting occurred, unless it be a little incident by which I gained the Indian blanket which has now been nearly worn out. I was scouting one day, when I saw a white object lying on the ground and riding toward it I saw that it was a blanket, but there was an Indian there too. An argument followed which resulted in my taking the blanket which I needed and which the Indian did not need any longer.

As I revert to those times it stirs my pulses a little, but such things as this just related were then considered of little moment. I have wondered a thousand times that I did not get my foolish head knocked off, but aside from the wound in my hand I never received a scratch.

Chalon was worse than a daredevil. Wherever was the trail of an Indian there would he go seemingly without thought of the possible consequences. Yet he was never hurt though he was many times in tight places. It may have been our good lick that got us out of bad scrapes.

Sunday morning, August 31st., we were ordered to mount, and then in addition to our heavy muskets and bayonets we were given heavy cavalry sabres, the most useless thing to us that we could have. But we had to take them anyway. As I sat there in the saddle weighted down with musket, bayonet, sabre, cartridge and cap box, besides blanket and haversack, I felt that it would be impossible to get out of the saddle without first unloading.

By this time quite a large force of infantry had reached the fort and were camped on the prairie west of it. Col. Sibley was in command. He had been chosen for the command and given the rank of Brigadier General because of his previous experience with and knowledge of the Indians.

We learned about noon of August 31st. that an expedition made up of Anderson's cavalry and Capt. Grant's Company of infantry had been ordered to proceed to the lower agency and settlements near for the purpose of burying the dead and of learning something about the prisoners. The command of the expedition was given to a Maj. Brown. We took along seven or eight wagons with rations, forage etc.

Sunday night we camped in the river bottom not far from the ferry. It was my luck to be on guard that night and though we were undisturbed, there were plenty of signal fires indicating that Indians were about. The next morning Maj. Brown ordered Capt. Anderson to cross the river to the agency and learn what he could there, if anything, then to proceed up the river a few miles and cross back and meet the infantry in camp on the Birch Coolie. Grant's infantry after burying the soldiers who had been killed at the ferry were to proceed up the river to the mouth of Beaver Creek, to ascend that to our home and then cross over to Birch Coolie for camp. Birch Coolie is the name of a creek about three miles east of the Beaver Creek. Chalon and I were detailed as guides and to scout for the infantry.

For some reason now forgotten, I was not ready to start with the infantry and they had been gone quite a while when I started after them and met a squad of soldiers under a half breed sergeant on their *del* way back to the fort. Why they had been sent along or why now returning I do not know. This sergeant had tried to get me to enlist in his

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company and I think I had nearly promised to do so, but when Chalon arrived at the fort I changed my mind and told the sergeant so. He seemed quite disappointed and inclined to be mad. When I met the sergeant and his squad, he stopped me and asked me again to enlist in his company but I refused and started on when he called out, "You'll never see the fort again". Whether he thought to frighten me, or thought I would while scouting run into a bad place, or whether he did not realize the danger the expedition would be in, I do not ~~del~~ know nor did I then stop to think.

I was soon in advance of the infantry, looking out for possible ambush. Before noon Chalon and I found a half crazed Swedish woman who tried to elude us and we had to run her down. When we had captured her, we learned that all her family had been killed, she herself had been wounded by 14 buckshot in her back and in this condition had remained so near the Indians, supporting herself on the food found in the deserted houses. We halted and waited until the infantry came up, then we turned her over to Capt. Grant and we resumed our scouting.

We reached our house sometime after noon and it was a sad looking wreck. We did not care to remain there long and as our camp for the night was to be nearly in the direction of our flight just two weeks before, we made up our minds to follow that course.

We soon came to the place where we had left the buggy with Mrs. Henderson and there we found her body with a broken jug at her head, the bodies of her two little girls and a few feet away the body of Mr. Wedge.

Mr. Henderson had accompanied the expedition and was there to see the remains of his wife and children. He was nearly heart broken but I think he did not utter a word.

These hurried, we followed on and found the body of Dave Carrothers little boy but did not succeed in finding the body of Eugene White. Chalon soon ^{after} called and said that he had found Eugene, but when I reached him I at once recognized the body as Radnor's from the clothing. The body was so decomposed as to be unrecognizable. It was now getting late so we hurried him in a shallow grave and turned toward the camp feeling that we had lost the best boy that ever lived.

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We found the camp formed about 20 rods from the timbered banks of the Birch Coolie and surrounded by knolls and ravines. In fact, ~~del~~ as I remember it now, it could not have been placed better - for the Indians. The wagons had been drawn up in a circle about five or six rods in diameter and the horses were tied to a rope stretched across the circle and fastened to the wagons. The tents, known as the Sibley tent, were pitched inside the circle and would accommodate about 20 men each. The tent which I slept in that night faced the east and I happened to lie just at the side of the entrance. Chalon was a wagon guard and slept under the wagon. The Swedish woman we had captured had been put into a covered wagon and a buffalo robe was given her for covering.

About four o'clock the next morning, just as the grey of approaching dawn began to appear, one of my company who had been one of Walker's Filibusters, saw some objects running about the prairie near the camp which he thought must be hogs. Thinking it would be a great joke on the inexperienced men to give an alarm, he fired on one of the supposed hogs, when to his surprise his shot was followed immediately by a terrific warwhoop and volley.

What he took for hogs were Indians sneaking up with bows and arrows in order to kill the sentinels without giving an alarm, and expecting then to charge a sleeping camp. But the joke was unfortunate for them for the camp was alarmed. The Indians immediately directed their fire at about breast high of the tents, calculating that the soldiers would spring up at the first alarm and many would be hit before getting out of the tents. They were ~~del~~ right. Very few of the men of either company had ever been under fire before and they immediately sprang up. Many were killed and wounded in the tents.

With the first war whoop I was wide awake and at once rolled on my face in order to get up. Immediately the commotion began. Sergt. Baxter, a big, noble fellow, sprang up and said, "Come on boys, don't be afraid", and started for the tent door. Just then he clasped his ~~del~~ hands to his chest and cried, "My God boys I'm shot in the breast" and he fell across my legs. He was so heavy that it took quite a few ~~del~~ seconds to get out from under him, and when I reached the line the

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firing was heavy. Chalon was in his element. He stood at the end of a wagon and fired as rapidly as possible. His conduct pleased Capt. Anderson and every time he fired the Captain praised him thinking probably that "the boys" courage would soon play out. But when he saw that he held his position he finally ordered him to lie down, saying that he could not afford to lose such a brave fellow. I lay along side of the Captain and I soon found that he was as cool and unconcerned as an iceberg. That helped me and others to keep cool.

Thinking that when the Indians should find out that they could not take the camp by surprise they would leave, we gave our sole attention to the fight. But as it continued hour after hour without any let up and our losses were severe, we began to dig each for himself. My utensils for digging were my bayonet and my hands, still I soon had a little ditch with a slight bank in front which afforded a good protection. The others of our company provided for themselves in the same way. Capt. Grant had a few shovels in his wagons and with these the men soon dug a trench deep enough and long enough to give protection to the whole company. As the Indians persisted in the attack, and we were completely surrounded, no one could get out to go to the fort for help. So our officers began to caution the men not to waste ammunition as no one could tell how long we might have to stay there, and judging by the firing it would be madness to attempt to cut our way through to the fort, which was sixteen miles away. No one dared to hope that the firing would be heard so far, so the prospects for relief were very poor.

There was not a bucket of water in the camp and we soon began to suffer intensely from thirst, especially as we had to bite the cartridges, thus getting powder in our mouths. I got some relief by chewing a bullet which started the saliva and moistened my mouth.

Food was as scarce nearly as water. All I had to eat during the battle was a small piece of raw cabbage leaf, but that was very delicious.

As evening came the Indians left a part of their number to keep up the fight but the larger number withdrew into the woods of the bottom lands where they were perfectly safe, and slaughtered and roasted

beef for their suppers which they evidently enjoyed more than we did.

The firing continued all night which was as light almost as day. We were allowed no rest. We dared not sleep, even a portion of a time for it had been noted that when we slackened fire too much they became much bolder, and as we had lost a good many our fire was necessarily much lighter than at first. At one time Capt. Grant's men slackened their fire so much that we on the other side of the circle were badly exposed to the Indian fire and most of our casualties were from that side. So Capt. Anderson determined to send word to Capt. Grant to that effect. He asked me to go. As I was simply to go there and back, I left my gun and made a bold dash for it, thinking I would get across before the Indians would see me. But they were alert and instantly the bullets came thick. There had been a scow picked up somewhere and brought along on one of the wagons and on camping had been thrown upon the ground. This lay convenient for me and I threw myself behind it. The firing quickly ceased and after a few minutes I went on to Capt. Grant and delivered my message. When I sprang up to return it seemed as though they were all watching for me, for I never heard bullets whistle so thickly. Again I dropped behind the boat and from there across was a little more discreet.

Morning came. Noon came and went with no promise of relief. But about two o'clock in the afternoon we noticed a stir among the Indians, a slackening of their fire, and we soon were aware that most of them had left us to meet a force coming to our relief. A regiment under Gen. Sibley were coming and, scarcely halting, they formed a line of battle and scattered the redskins from in front of them. The Indians did not make much of an effort for they were outnumbered and there was no show for them. Of our force of 140 men more than half were killed or wounded. We buried 13 there. Among them was poor Henderson. I did not see ^{him} after the fight began. We found him between our lines and the Indians. He had probably started to run at the beginning of the fight and was caught between the lines, and whether killed by soldiers or Indians, no one knows.

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Our relief was fortunate. Soon after the fight began, a picket at the fort reported firing towards the west. Gen. Sibley immediately dispatched an officer and several companies of troops to our relief, but after coming about three miles the officer went back and said he could not hear any firing. Meantime it had been plainly heard at the fort, so Gen. Sibley peremptorily ordered him to come to our relief and to continue until he found us. The officer then started again and came within three miles and camped notwithstanding that the fight was still going on. Neither did he make any proper effort in the morning, for before he got started Gen. Sibley had taken another force and come to seek us, and had found the officer just ready to break camp.

A good hearty meal and we were loaded into wagons for our return to the fort. Every one of our horses had been killed.

Father had meantime reached the fort and learned where the "Earle boys" were. You may imagine his feelings as he stood on the knoll by the picket post and heard the firing hour after hour, knowing that his two boys were there. We were in a wagon near the end of the train and as we neared the fort there was father asking constantly, "Do you know anything of the Earle boys?" I heard him while he was still quite a distance off, and some of the answers. Some said both killed, some one killed and so on. As the last wagon drew near and he had not yet found either nor got a satisfactory answer to his questions, he began to be discouraged and his voice trembled. By the time our wagon reached him he had ceased to ask for the Earle boys, but asked for the Cullen Guard, the name of our company. I rose up and said yes there ^{was} two he would be glad to see.

Birch Coolie is reckoned among the most severe battles of the frontier, indeed I think there were very few others where the percentage of loss was greater. The battle lasted without a moments cessation from about 4 o'clock on ~~Monday~~ ^{Tuesday} morning until 2 o'clock ~~Tuesday~~ ^{Wednesday} afternoon, a period of 34 hours. The most of the time I was near Capt. Anderson who was wounded six times, but fortunately none were very severe. Capt. DeCamp was killed and buried there. The wounded were loaded as best they could be into the wagons which the relief party brought, but ^{space} the jolting was severe and brought many a groan from the poor fellows. Our return was necessarily slow.

The woman who had lain in the wagon throughout the fight was not in the least injured, although the box looked like a sieve and I was told that the buffalo which covered her was cut into strings.

The next morning after my return I was sick and very feverish. My hand which was far from being healed was enormously swollen and discolored. I reported it to Lieut. Brown, as Capt. Anderson was in the hospital, and he took me to the surgeon who had first dressed it. He remembered me and gave me the dickens for neglecting it. I had lost the dressing at Birch Coolie and he said I had taken cold in it and talked discouragingly about saving it. However, he dressed it, and I reported every day until he finally said that I must lose the hand. I told father what he said, and he at once objected and said that he believed that the hand could be saved if I was where I could have proper treatment and diet. So the surgeon said that I could have my choice between an operation and a discharge. I chose the latter. When the discharge came it was in the form of a furlough for the remainder of my term of enlistment, as Gen. Sibley was not authorized to grant a discharge.

In a few days a train of wagons left Fort Ridgely for St. Peters and father and I went there. My clothing consisted of a linen coat, a cotton shirt, and a pair of brown denim pants, a pair of shoes and an old hat. I had not drawn any uniform, so had on the same clothes which I had worn from home except the pants and shoes, which a soldier had given me. I had washed the shirt several times but always in the creek so it was not the whitest one in the country. At St. Peters a relief society had been formed to assist the refugees and there my clothing outfit was somewhat improved.

Father secured passage on a small river steamer, the Ariel, for St. Paul. While waiting for the boat to finish loading I wandered through the streets of the town and chanced to meet Mr. Enoch Blaisdell whom the old friends of father and Mr. White had despatched to find them and take to them a purse of nearly \$ 200.00 to be divided between them as they should decide. Of course this was a big streak of fortune for neither of them or at least father, had a cent. You remember that Mr. White was away from ^{home} at the time of the outbreak. We met him at St. Peters. He and father divided the money and we started

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for our old home in Wisconsin where father proposed to leave me during my recovery, for even now my hand showed signs of improvement.

The boat soon started. As we could not get meals on board, father decided to try to get something to eat at the first landing which was ^{Henderson} ~~Mankato~~. Father asked the captain if there would be time to go to the hotel and get breakfast and was told that there would be plenty of time. While we were eating the bell rang and the boat left. The river ~~is~~ very crooked so there were two chances to cut across country and intercept it. To one place it was three miles and to the other, Belleplain, eleven miles. It happened that there were two teams there, one going to each place, but neither could carry us all. I have forgotten to say that father had previously left Hermon at St. Peters and he was now with us. So it was arranged that father and ^{Hermon} Hermon went with the team to the three mile place, and I went to Belleplain. The village is more than a mile from the landing and on inquiry I learned that the boat would not be down for several hours. So I remained at the village. They soon learned that I was a refugee and seemed to be much interested in my story. But though noon came and went no one seemed enough interested in me to ask me to dinner and I was not yet ready to beg.

About one o'clock I thought I would start for the landing, and had not gone far when I met a man who told me that the boat had already passed. I began to inquire for another chance to intercept it and learned that Shakopee, 18 miles distant, was the only place. As I was getting this information a stage drove up to the hotel and the man said that that was my chance, for the stage route was to Shakopee. But I did not have a cent and I would not beg a ride. So at about two o'clock I pulled off my shoes and, carrying them in my hand, my other hand and my stomach empty, I started for Shakopee. It was after dark when I reached there but was cheered to learn that the Ariel had not yet passed. It was getting quite chilly for it was late in September. So I went into a little store to get warm. I had not been there long when the storekeeper asked me if I was a refugee. I told him I was. He asked me if I had had any supper to which I, of course,

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answered no at which he handed me twenty-five cents and told me to go to the hotel and get something to eat. I never acted more willingly in my life and was soon very well supplied in that respect. To my surprise as I entered the hotel I encountered Dave Carrothers.

I remained in the hotel and stores until they closed for the night, when I, of course, found myself in the street. I wandered about for a while always within easy reach of the landing until about eleven o'clock when I went to the landing and curled myself up on a box and went to sleep.

About two o'clock a boat came down and landed and I found father on board. He was surprised to see me there, but still acted as though he expected that I would get on some way. He told me that the Ariel had grounded in the rapids, that this boat had taken off the passengers. Father had in some way forgotten my blanket and a little other truck and left them on the Ariel. So he gave me a ticket on that boat and told me to wait and ~~go~~ to St. Paul on it.

About daylight the Ariel came but did not land although I repeatedly hailed her. Now I thought I was in a boat, for without a cent how could I get passage on any other boat. But I resolved to try.

My clothes, on waking up, were as wet from the heavy dew as though I had been in the river and I was quite chilly. Still I had slept soundly. To warm myself and dry my clothes I began running up and down the street and was soon comfortable in that respect. About nine o'clock a steamer came down the river and landed. I went on board and at the office asked the clerk if he would take me to St. Paul on the Ariel ticket, but I met with a positive refusal. I was just turning away when a stranger spoke to the clerk and asked him to take me for said he, "He's one of the refugees and he's all right".

^{Spain} Who the man was I do not know, but he seemed to know me, and his request was effectual for the clerk at once consented to take me. As this included meals and lodging, I was for the time provided for.

We reached St. Paul the next morning. After landing I walked along until I found the Ariel. I went on board and got our truck and then went up into the town. I had no idea as to where father would be, but fortunately soon found him.

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In a day or so more we were back in Pardeeville, whence we ~~had~~ had started on our fateful journey a little more than four months before. Hermon and I were provided for and father returned to Minnesota to see what could be done for mother, Julia and Ella.

Here my story properly ends but I must tell you something of mother's experience.

It would seem that it was arranged that only women and children would be taken prisoners during the first half day of the outbreak. After that all settlers were indiscriminately killed. The object in taking any prisoners was afterward developed. The Indians held them as hostages to prevent the advance of troops against them. As soon as Gen. Sibley started he received a notice that if he advanced any farther they would kill all prisoners. However, Gen. Sibley paid no attention to the threat.

The outbreak was undoubtedly instigated by emissaries from the south who told the Indians that all the white men had gone to the war in the south and only old men and boys remained and so it would be easy for them to regain all their old territory. But the Indians had met a sturdy resistance every where and now they saw a strong force ready to advance against them. They realized that their cause was hopeless. Realizing the uselessness of trying to oppose the army, some of the Indians were in favor of surrendering the prisoners and themselves and securing the best terms possible. This party was led by Taope, Little Crow's chief soldier and known as a dead shot. But Little Crow remained hostile, anxious to kill the prisoners and then flee to Canada. Taope's party grew stronger every day until he one day put his gun under his blanket and went to Little Crow's tent and demanded the surrender of all the prisoners. Little Crow well knew that to refuse meant instant death, so he consented and the prisoners were delivered up and conducted to Taope's camp which was a little apart from the camp of the hostiles. Taope expected to be attacked, so in the middle of every tent a hole was dug in the ground large enough and deep enough for all in the tent to lie safely sheltered from bullets.

The next day the hostiles came back to Wood Lake to fight the soldiers. Before leaving camp they sent word to Taope that they

were going back to whip the soldiers and when they returned they would kill the friendly Indians and prisoners and then go to Canada. I have no doubt that Gen. Sibley was acquainted with the state of affairs at the Indian camp for when he met and had thoroughly walloped the Indians at Wood Lake and had them on the run, he ordered the cavalry to pursue them closely and allow them no chance to attack Taope. So when the Indians reached the camp they were more interested in getting towards Canada than in fighting Taope.

Taope and his party surrendered themselves and the prisoners, about seven or eight hundred, to Gen. Sibley.

FINIS.

Note A In July 1907 at Morton Renville Co. I saw an Indian by the name of Les Crooks who told me the story of the injury to Little Crow, as follows. Little Crow and his brother attended the wedding of his (Crooks) father. Little Crow's brother became intoxicated and attacked Little Crow with a gun. As he raised the gun to shoot, Little Crow ^{placed} his forearms together vertically before his face as a shield and received the discharge in them which broke them both. Crooks stated that he received this statement from his father who witnessed the event.

Note B In July 1907 I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. J. W. Wickham of Morton who told me of the fortunate escape of his father's family together with a few others who had hastily gathered at his house. They drove away unmolested, taking their stock along with them, and rest till some distance east of Ft. Ridgely. Probably they escaped while the Indians were at Hunter's trying to capture the horses. This Mr. J. W. Wickham was at the time but three years old. He has been for 10 years in succession Sheriff of Renville Co. and was a member of ^{House of Representatives} during the sessions of 1903 and 1905.

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INDIAN UPRISING OF '62

Thrilling Story of Dr. E. V. Earle of
Rochester, N. Y., a Beaver Falls
Boy in 1862.

At the outbreak of the Sioux Indians in Minnesota in 1862, the settlement on the Beaver creek, Renville county, besides my father's family, consisted, so far as I know, of Mr. Wichman and family; Mr. Schmidt and family; Mr. Henderson, wife and two little girls about one and three years old; David Carrothers, wife and three children, the youngest a baby; James Carrothers and wife and two children; David Hunter; and a young man named John Doyle. I presume that was his name, though being Irish, he pronounced it Dial. Farther down the creek were other settlers, but I did not become acquainted with them.

The Beaver creek, like all other water courses in Minnesota, runs in a valley much lower than the prairie land, the bottoms and sides of the bluffs being quite thickly timbered. The course is about north and south and the creek empties into the Minnesota river about two miles from our location.

About three miles east from Beaver creek is the Birch Coolie creek and still farther east, about eighteen miles distant, was Fort Ridgely. West of Beaver creek about two and one-half or three miles is another creek, emptying into the Minnesota river, on which was a settlement of Swedes. The Redwood Agency was distant about six miles and was in plain view from our house. At the agency were stores, blacksmith shop, saw mill, and so forth. The government maintained a physician who treated the Indians and furnished medicines to them without cost.

head farmer to teach them how to run a farm, a sawyer, school teachers and so forth, with whom I became acquainted later. The missionary, a Mr. Williamson, whose father had also spent a life time as missionary among the Indians, was born and reared near the agency.

Of course the greatest need after reaching the settlement was a house, and father lost no time in procuring lumber at the agency in exchange for a cow. The lumber was cottonwood and green, but it answered the need as frame and covering boards. As soon as it was enclosed, even before it was shingled, we moved into the new house which consisted of two rooms, one down stairs and one upstairs.

We "broke" several acres of ground and planted it to corn, not expecting any crop except stalks which would serve as fodder for cattle during the winter. Father also went to St. Peter, sixty miles, and purchased a mowing machine with which I began haying. The country has numerous swales or low wet places, some of them having water three or four feet deep in the center. The ordinary prairie grass was not tall enough for hay, but around the borders of the swales where the ground was damp the grass grew to a good height, and farther in, the swale was covered with cat-tail and other flags higher than a man's head. It was in the grass about these swales that I began the work of making hay for winter and must have secured or forty tons before I began to abandon it.

The cattle and sheep were during the day but kept in yards and fenced at night. They always turned loose work and then withing to the other side.

This story was written October 26, 1907

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This story was written Oct. 6, 1907

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

3 5 8

2 herd of about twenty which always ran free day and night unless at work.

On Sundays there was generally, or, at least, frequently, preaching by the missionary, Mr. Williamson, the church being Mr. Henderson's front yard. The pulpit was wholly imaginary, and for pews used chairs, boxes, blocks of wood, or, when all else failed, the ground. The music

was congregational. Father was a powerful bass singer and played the soprano on the violin. Mr. Williamson also sang and if I remember rightly, Mrs. Henderson had a sweet soprano voice. While the singing was not the best it certainly was not the worst I ever heard.

The six working days of the week were all busy ones for us and evening generally found us tired. Still we three older boys with our violins and sometimes Julia to play an accompaniment on the melodeon would furnish what, for those times, was pretty good music. Not one of us deserved to be called a violinist, but we certainly were fiddlers and in this capacity we spent nearly every evening until bed time.

The sight of Indians was no more uncommon than that of whites for they visited us every day in pairs and groups, and the prairie was dotted here and there with parties hunting a bulbous root which they called "teepson" and used for food. It was called wild turnip by the whites. The plant was but a few inches high and had but one slender, straight root which extended into the ground three or four inches, where the bulb was formed and below this was the tap root and perhaps other smaller roots. The bulb was from one to two and one-half or three inches long and the largest were perhaps one and one-

half inches in diameter. It was enclosed in a rind much like that of the turnip which, when peeled off, left the bulb white and firm with no particular flavor, if I remember rightly. If left to dry, in a few days the pulp became almost as hard as bone. I have dug and eaten many of these bulbs fresh and raw, and always imagined that they would be quite agreeable if ground up and used to thicken a soup or stew.

The Indians dug them by means of sapling two and one-half or three inches in diameter and four or five feet long. This was sharpened at one end, the sharpening being all done on one side, giving the stick a sled runner shape. To use it the Indian would strike the sharpened end into the ground two or three inches from the plant, withdrawing and striking in the same place, until with two or three strokes the point of the stick was forced under the bulb, when, by pressing the top end of the stick down, the bulb was brought to the surface.

The annual annuities were due in June, but owing to the difficulty in procuring gold or silver they had not yet been paid, and the Indians were all collected at the agency awaiting the day of payment. They were not well supplied with provisions, so were obliged to hunt such small game and birds as the country afforded, dig teepson, fish, and when able to buy beef cattle from the settlers, leaving their guns in pawn as security. So our visitors were numerous. As I had quite a fancy to be able to talk their language I improved every opportunity for learning it. Many of them seemed to understand my desire and were willing to help me, so that in the few weeks we were there I acquired the language sufficiently well to be able to understand them

when they talked to me and to make myself understood, but when they talked to each other it was mostly "Greek" to me.

Father sold two head of cattle to them. For the first one he received two double-barreled shot guns as security, and for the second the gun of the head chief, Little Crow. This sale was made on Friday, August 15th, only three days before the outbreak. Little Crow with quite a party of Indians and accompanied by Mr. Robertson, a one-eighth breed, as interpreter, came and selected the steer, agreed to the price asked, and offered two guns belonging to his Indians as security. But father demanded Little Crow's own gun, a double-barreled shot gun with a yellow stock. I heard afterwards that the original stock had been broken and this one was the work of an Indian who had painted it a bright yellow. It was a splendid gun and was reluctantly left as a pawn, and not until father had written out and signed an agreement for its return on receiving the stated sum of money.

Little Crow was the leading or head chief of the Sioux. He was tall, spare, with a nose like a hawk's bill, and sharp piercing black eyes. He was by no means good looking. He was known as the orator of the Sioux and had unbounded influence over the Indians who always appeared very deferential to him. Little Crow's wrists were both very

much deformed, having been broken, one, it was stated, in a fight with his brother, the other in a fight with Chippewa Indians. Having been badly treated, they were very crooked. It was this fact that enabled a hunter afterward to identify his body.*

3 There was an old Indian who seemed particularly good natured who visited us often, and with less than the usual reserve in his manner. Consequently we had a particular liking for him. He was called old Beaver Creek. I never heard what his real name was.

So the few weeks of our stay passed rapidly and pleasantly away. No disturbing incident occurred except the severe sickness of Mrs. Henderson, which must have begun about August 1st. Father had quite a knowledge of medicine and had taken along a good supply of medicine for family use, not expecting to be called on to treat any others. But as there no physician was within a good many miles, except the government physician, Dr. Humphrey, at the agency, Mr. Henderson asked father to treat his wife which father consented to do, but the case rapidly became dangerous so father requested that Dr. Humphrey be called in consultation. This was done and he came. By appointment he was to visit her again on Monday, August 18th. The day came, but the physician did not see his patient. It was the last day on earth for them both.

Sunday evening, August 17th, we boys played unusually late in the evening and our music seemed better than ever. Just before retiring Radnor stepped to the door for a moment and, after listening, said, "how plainly we hear the Indian drums." Chalon and I went to the door and distinctly heard them. This was something unusual, yet it did not disturb us. And so we went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning, Monday the 18th, father rose very early and went on the roof to finish shingling. On going out, he noticed three Indians in a fence corner of the cow

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yard. This was very strange, yet it excited no fear. When called to breakfast, father came down from the roof and, out of curiosity, went to the Indians and asked them why they were there. They told him something about Chippewa Indians, a magnificent specimen over six feet tall, came in dressed in a breech cloth and covered with war paint. He asked father for our two rifles, which, of course were refused. They hung by straps to the joists overhead and a bed stood directly below them. The Indian seemed determined to have them and stepped on to the bed as though he were going to reach the rifles. At that father rose and said "no" with a decided shake of his head and a look in his eyes which convinced the Indian that father meant all that he said. The Indian turned about and left the house, apparently much excited and angry.

After breakfast we noticed several Indians trying to catch the herd of horses, but they, being afraid of the Indians, wouldn't be caught. Father went to the three Indians and asked why the other Indians were trying to catch our horses. They replied that some Chippewa Indians had killed some Sioux the night before and they wanted the horses to pursue them. Then father told the boys to go and find our horses and bring them home. Accordingly Chalon and Radnor went east thinking to find them on the prairie where they usually were, while I went down the creek.

At Hunter's I found that the Indians had driven the horses into a corner formed by a yard fence and a field fence. The Indians had formed a line across the opening and by gradually closing in hoped to capture the horses. I saw at once

that our horses were not in the herd so I was somewhat disinterested, but concluded to watch the proceedings. As the Indians closed in the horses became frightened, and finally one bolder than the rest made a dash and went through the line, followed by all the others. The Indians immediately went after them and soon had them back in the same corner, using the same tactics with the same result. Again they brought them in. This time they asked me to catch the horses for them. I said they were not mine and I couldn't catch them. They then asked me to get in the line with them and help catch them. At first I refused, but thinking that if I were in the line the horses would be apt to break towards me, I changed my mind and took my place about the middle of the line. As I expected, when the horses turned they made directly for me, while I, shouting and wildly pawing the air, pretended to do all I could to stop them, but was really very careful not to do so. I had done this twice, and while watching the Indians out on the prairie after the herd, congratulated myself on the success of my scheme, believing that I would be able to continue it and so entirely prevent the Indians from catching the horses.

While thus watching the chase, an old squaw came near and passed behind me but did not appear to see me, but she said in a low voice "puckachee tehan" (go away, or go far off). I turned to look at her but she was watching the Indians so I said nothing, thinking she had discovered my trick and wished to get me away before the horses could be brought back. However, I resolved to stay and did, with the same result. I was again watching the pur-

suit when the same big Indian who had entered our house and asked for the rifles, stepped up and put his left arm about my neck and hugged me hard, saying that he would like to scalp me and guessed he would before night. At the same time he struck me over the head with his lariat. This treatment was entirely expected and resented, for as his left arm was around my neck his ribs on that side were fully exposed and I gave him so strong a punch with my right fist that he emitted a very large grunt and immediately let go and walked off.

I had caught a glimpse of old Beaver Creek who was the only one that I knew. I thought that surely he would explain the strange doings but he refused to say a word to me. When I approached him he hastily turned away and seemed greatly excited. Still my suspicions were not aroused for I thought all these strange acts were because of the Chippewa raid. I did not dream of any danger to the whites.

Believing that my little scheme had been discovered and that I would not be allowed to practice it any further, and knowing that our horses were not in the drove, I made up my mind to go home. So I started on a lope, which was my usual gait when alone. Instead of taking the road which was on the prairie, I went a little farther and entered the bushes which was the beginning of the timber of the bluffs. The bushes were not thick and I could run through them as easily as in the road. Why I went into the bushes I really do not know for I was not in the least frightened or excited. I had heard nothing alarming and the little episode with the Indian was trivial. I simply obeyed a sudden impulse. Probably it was very

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fortunate that I did for afterwards I remembered hearing several times the hiss and swish that would be caused by an arrow cutting the leaves.

I was home in a few minutes. Chalon and Radnor had returned with our horses which were then secured about the house. I told father what was going on down at Hunter's and said the Indians seemed determined to have the horses. He said they wouldn't get his without a fight, so I proposed that we take them to the agency and put them in charge of the agent. He considered a moment and then said that we might take them out on the prairie where we could keep them away from the Indians. We had seven horses and colts and if one or two were mounted the others would follow, so Chalon and I were to take them out.

Chalon had something to do that delayed him a few minutes, but as soon as I had mounted I started eastward on the open prairie. Within a few minutes I saw a man in his shirt sleeves running towards our settlement from the direction of the agency. I rode up and found him greatly excited saying that the Indians were killing all the whites at the agency and that we must get away right off. It was our neighbor, Mr. Wichman. He continued towards his house while I turned and putting my horse to a run, started for home. I have never learned what became of Mr. Wichman and his family.*

In a few moments I met Chalon mounted on a fleet little mare. I briefly told him what I had heard as he rode along with me. As soon as he comprehended the situation he gave the word to his little mare who seemed fairly to fly as she bore him

6 home and past the house without stopping. On down to the creek he went giving the alarm to David Carrothers and telling them to go to our house, then to James Carrothers with the same word. Hunter was not at home so he went no farther. James Carrothers and Mr. White had a few days before been selected as delegates to a political convention which met, I think, at Owatonna. Consequently both were absent. Some one carried the word to Mr. White's people and father went to Henderson's. Soon all were collected at our house. The seats were removed from the spring wagon and two feather beds placed in the bottom on which Mrs. Henderson was laid and her two little girls with her. The horses were hitched to one lumber wagon and two yoke of oxen attached to the other. Into these two wagons the women and children climbed and made themselves as comfortable as possible.

While these preparations were being made I was busy loading the guns. The whole stock of arms consisted of two rifles and three double-barreled shot guns which father held in pawn for cattle sold to the Indians. Of course, they were all muzzle loaders. I have often wondered what would have been the outcome if we had had Winchesters. One rifle carried about sixty to the pound, but the other was very small bore carrying 120 to the pound. Both of these I loaded carefully and, because of the small bore of one, I put in two bullets. Next I loaded Little Crow's gun and one of the others, but for the third I had no shot so put in a few small stones. Our shot and bullets were all gone and only one flask of powder partly filled remained. This shows how utterly defenseless we were.

All being ready to start, (we intended going to Fort Ridgely, 18 miles distant) Dave Carrothers took the larger rifle, father took the small bore, (loaded with two bullets), Chalon took Little Crow's gun, I took another, and Radnor took the one loaded with small stones. We started due east in the direction of Fort Ridgely.

At the time of starting our party consisted of 27 persons, men, women, children, and two babes in arms, as follows: Father and mother and six children; Mr. Henderson and wife and two children, Mrs. White and four children; Dave Carrothers, wife and three children; Mrs. James Carrothers and two children, Jehial Wedge and John Doyle.

Within five minutes from starting we noticed 16 Indians who suddenly rose to view about 80 rods southeast from us, and coming in a direction to cross our road a little ahead of us. At the same time I looked back and saw the three Indians who had been about our house, fall in behind us. Very quickly the Indians had formed a line across our road and gradually drawn in until we were entirely surrounded. When the leader made a sign for us to stop we did so. Mr. Henderson, who understood their language better than the rest of us, went forward to talk with the chief. We saw by signs and gestures that he was holding a very earnest council with them which occupied about ten minutes. When he returned to us, the Indians maintained their circle around us though hardly any were visible as they had concealed themselves in various ways. On his return Mr. Henderson told us that the Indians had at first told him that they intended to kill all of us, but that after talking

they offered to let us pass if we would give up all our teams and guns. Mr. Henderson told them that we would not give up our guns under any circumstances and to this firm decision is due the fact that any of us escaped for with us totally disarmed they would have slain all without any danger to themselves. Mr. Henderson also demanded to keep the colts and spring wagon in which his wife was lying, and they also consented to this. It seemed that this was the best we could do for we had only five guns against their nineteen and three of ours loaded with shot and stones while theirs were all loaded with balls. And more than all we had no ammunition to re-load our guns. What better could we do? And besides Mr. Henderson said that they had agreed to furnish us an escort to the Fort so that no other Indians should molest us. So the terms were accepted and Mr. Henderson gave the signal whereupon the Indians came to claim their property. The women and children descended from the wagons which, with the teams, we turned over to the Indians who immediately detached them and then demanded the colts. Mr. Henderson protested and reminded them of the agreement. But they only said he could have a yoke of oxen. He tried to show them that he could not use the oxen because the iron neck yoke was bolted to the end of the buggy pole so that the pole could not enter the yoke ring. This made no difference. They said they intended to have the colts anyway, so we proceeded to unhitch the colts and give them up. In the meantime the women and children had started on and had gained quite a distance on the way. After giving up the colts, Dave Carrothers went to get a yoke of oxen which stood eight or ten rods

7 away. As he went he broke down a weed and on reaching them he swung the weed over their heads in place of a whip and started towards us with the oxen. Just then an Indian stepped out, placed an arrow to his bow and raised it threateningly at Carrothers, who saw the threat, left the oxen and came back to us. The Indians were standing about intermingled with us, their guns ready and both barrels at full cock. One unfortunate move on the part of any one of us would have resulted in the instant death of all. Why they did not kill us then and there, I cannot understand. Certain it is that our preservation was something more than good luck. It was a providence.

A hasty consultation and we decided to draw the buggy by hand. So two took hold of the ends of the neck yoke; Mr. Henderson took one whiffletree, I took the opposite one, while father and Dave Carrothers pushed behind.

(To be continued)

INDIAN UPRISING OF '62

Thrilling Story of Dr. E. V. Earle of
Rochester, N. Y., a Beaver Falls
Boy in 1862.

(Continued from Last Week)

We relied on the promises of the Indians, so travelled rather leisurely. But I could not keep both eyes in front. To tell the truth I did not trust them as Mr. Henderson did and I noticed soon that the Indians began to gather in our rear. One after another joined until they were all together and following us at about twenty rods distance. I told Mr. Henderson that I didn't like the looks of things, but he said it was all right and according to agree-

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ment. My reply was that we could get along without a guard if only they would keep away.

We had just reached the foot of a little descent and the Indians were at the top of it, when they fired the first shot, a single one which passed over our heads and landed a short distance ahead. Dave Carrothers, much excited, dodged and shouted "look out." No one else uttered a sound, but hurried on. Of course we soon found that we could never take that buggy out of reach of the Indians and that to attempt to do it meant death. We could not possibly do Mrs. Henderson any good either by remaining, for we could not defend her, nor by trying to take her along, which was impossible. And hard as it was we were obliged to abandon her and her two little girls, one and three or perhaps two or four years old. Mr. Henderson said that he could not leave his wife and for this we all honored him. Wedge said that Mrs. Henderson had nursed him in his sickness and he would not leave her. By this time the Indians were firing quite rapidly and every instant some one had a narrow escape. So we left them, uncertain as to their fate, hoping yet fearful.

It seemed that as soon as we left the buggy the Indians ceased firing upon it and one after another all but two or three passed it and came on after us. We began to hope they might be spared, but directly we saw firing from the rear of the buggy, and very shortly I saw Mr. Henderson emerge from the middle of the line of Indians (for they had formed a line with extremes about 10 or 12 rods apart) and run rapidly toward us. We slackened our pace and waited for him.

Every one of the sixteen Indians discharged both barrels of his gun

at Mr. Henderson, and I do not doubt that some reloaded and fired again. How a man could come almost unhurt through such a storm of bullets is very strange. He was not entirely unhurt. They had shot the hat off his head and his shirt was riddled on both sides of his body. The fore finger of the right hand was shot off at the first joint and the second finger had a slit from the middle joint to the end.

He said that Wedge was dead and that he thought his wife and children had also been killed but he was not certain. He afterwards told me his story in detail. It seems that nearly all of the Indians passed the wagon without giving them any attention, but the last two, who were at a short distance behind, fired upon them. He shouted at them but Mrs. Henderson told him to take off a pillow case and hold it up as a flag of truce. This he did but they fired again and shot off the finger that held it. Then they stopped and made a sign which he and Wedge understood to take hold of the buggy and take it back. So each one took an end of the neck yoke and started to turn when the Indians fired again and Wedge fell. He then ran back to the wagon, but as the Indians continued to fire he suddenly resolved to leave his wife and try to save himself. So he started to come to us.

We were fleeing from the Indians yet we were not going as fast as we might and we maintained a show of defense although not a gun had been

discharged on our side. We had no ammunition to spare and really our guns were only useful as they kept the Indians at a little distance. For knowing probably that at least three of our guns only carried shot, while theirs carried ounce bullets, they

kept beyond the range of our guns, while keeping us still within the range of theirs.

Of course the pressure from the Indians compelled us to catch up with the women and children, though we delayed it as long as possible. When we finally overtook them I found Mrs. Dave Carrothers nearly giving out, as she had to carry her baby, so I took the baby which greatly relieved her and she was able to keep up with the rest. I think we must have continued in this way for about a mile farther when Mrs. White, who was a very fleshy woman and was carrying a baby, stopped and said that she could go no farther. So we passed on and left her standing there. We watched as we fled to see what her treatment would be, and were much surprised to see an Indian go up to her and shake hands and motion to her to go back. Seeing that she wasn't hurt, she called out to the rest and waved a white handkerchief.

It then seemed that it was the intention of the Indians to capture the women and children, and as it was utterly impossible for them to escape by fleeing and as we could not defend them, they deemed it best to stop which they did. So I gave the baby to its mother and kept on.

Dave Carrothers' oldest child was a boy about five years old. As he saw his father running on ahead, he ran after him as fast as his legs could carry him, calling to his father to wait. But his father did not wait for some time, but finally stopped and turned the little fellow around and told him to go back to his mother, while he himself resumed his flight. The boy remained

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where he was, crying, until the Indians came up. Finding him alone they killed him.

The average distance which the Indians kept from us was about 15 or, possibly 20 rods, and as they were expert marksmen it is remarkable that any escaped. That they did is due to two reasons. First, their guns were poorly loaded as the bullets were simply dropped in without any patch. Second, we kept our eyes to the rear and jumped to one side or fell as we saw a gun discharged at us. This may seem like fiction to claim that we dodged their bullets, but it is nevertheless true, and more than one owed his life that day to his agility.

We were stretched out in a sort of a line at a distance of several feet apart, and being separated could judge quite accurately whether an Indian were aiming at one's self or not. At one time Chalon and I were quite close to each other, Eugene White was a few rods ahead, and the ground was rising. As we were watching we saw an Indian level his gun at one of us but being so close together we could not tell which one, so at the flash we both fell. It proved that it was intended for Chalon, and only that he dodged it would have struck him between the shoulders. Missing him it went on and struck Eugene White on the inside of the right knee. He fell, but immediately rose to a sitting position and grasped his knee with his hands. I ran up and asked him if he was hit and he replied that his leg was broken, but he immediately jumped up and ran on with a bad limp. Soon I noticed that he turned to the left and ran a little to one side and lay down behind a bunch of tall grass or weeds, perhaps think-

10 ing that it concealed him, but more likely he realized that he could go no farther. By this time the firing had become quite rapid and there was little chance for one to help another, and so Eugene was left behind. Very quickly I saw an Indian run to a short distance from where he lay and fire both barrels of his gun at him. Of course I knew what had happened.

The Indians were now crowding us hard, and we were somewhat weary. One Indian had tried two or three times to get around our right flank so as to get an enfilading fire on our line, but each time we had spoiled his game by running ahead. At last father said that if he tried again he would shoot him. Sure enough he did try it again and father stepped on top of a little mound, took deliberate aim, and fired. The Indian dropped and we

saw no more of him. I could not tell whether he was killed or not, but certainly I do know that from that time two Indians gave their whole attention to shooting at father. Of course father's only defense was gone for he had no ammunition to reload the gun. And so his only resource was in dodging and they kept him constantly on the jump, yet he was not hit. But now he did a very foolish thing. He threw away his gun! Before this they did not know that he could not reload his gun, so out of respect for it, they kept a good distance. But now that he had thrown it away they had nothing to fear, so they closed in on him. Seeing them closing in on him, he called to the boys to stop and help him. But we had become a good deal scattered and Radnor was the only one near enough to help and he, brave boy, stopped to face two of them. Father said that

as he ran up to Radnor he told him to shoot and then turn and run, but for some reason Radnor threw himself on the ground to wait until they should come within range of his gun. The Indians who had hitherto come along together, now separated and, making a detour to the right and left, came up on each side and yet Radnor remained until thinking them near enough he raised and fired at one of them, and at the same time they both fired at him. There could be but one result. The brave boy of fifteen had faced two warriors; had given his life to save his father's and had succeeded for the diversion which he created permitted father to get away. Here was an example of heroism and devotion that is worthy of becoming historical.

As I have already said, we became more and more scattered after the capture of the women and I had begun to cogitate as to some means of escape besides running for I felt satisfied that that means would not avail.

The country there is what is called rolling prairie and between the ridges or swells of land are lower places or swales containing more or less water in which grass or flags grow to the height of several feet. As I ran along one of these ridges I noticed that not an Indian's eye was upon me. They were either loading their guns or happened to be looking in another direction. Seizing the opportunity of the moment, I threw myself on the ground and rapidly rolled down the ridge on the opposite side from the Indians until I had descended far enough so that I could be out of sight in a stooping position. Then I rose and rapidly ran out a few rods into the swale

and then turned and ran back near but not in my first trail. I then turned and ran back into the swale following exactly in my first trail till I reached the point where I turned. From there I continued into the swale but carefully separated the grass and flags and raised them behind so as to make as little trail as possible. When I had gone six or eight rods in this way I lay down and waited to see what would happen.

I heard very little firing after I went into the swale, yet for safety I remained there for at least two hours when I cautiously raised up and becoming satisfied that there were no Indians about I left the swale and considered what I should do.

To go back home was out of the question and to try to find the others was useless for I did not know what had become of them. So I determined to try to reach the fort which was probably 15 or 16 miles distant. There was a well beaten road which led directly to the fort, known as the Abercrombie road, but I thought it would be unsafe to follow it if they chanced to be passing through the country. So I made up my mind to keep along parallel to it and perhaps a half mile away. As I could not see the road I was obliged to travel by the sun. This I did until sundown and then I took the north star as my guide. I had resolved to keep as much as possible in the lower ground and crossed the higher ground only when absolutely necessary, thinking it the safer course. Just about sunset I looked across the prairie from behind a ridge and perhaps a mile or two miles away I saw a person who appeared to be a white man in shirt sleeves and I made up my mind

11 to try to overtake him. Still I might have been mistaken so I had to be cautious. So it grew dark and I did not find him. I afterwards learned that it must have been Mr. Hender-

son and when I asked him why he was careless in going on high ground he said that he kept on high ground as much as possible so as to see if any Indians came near him. I have always thought my plan the safer one.

About midnight the sky became cloudy so that I could no longer see the north star, and realizing how easily I could lose my way on that boundless prairie, I made up my mind to stop until morning. So after considerable search I found a swale with tall grass and weeds and without water. There I carefully doubled and covered my trail as I had done in the day and after cutting a bundle of grass I lay down and covered myself up as well as I could with the grass. I was tired and quickly fell asleep. But I suddenly awoke with a start. I did not know what had caused it but I listened and soon I heard the note of a night hawk. It seemed only a short distance off and quickly I heard another night hawk in the opposite direction. In two or three minutes I heard a noise like three taps on a powder horn with a knife and quickly it was answered by the same signal. I instantly reorganized the state of affairs. There were at least two Indians who had discovered my trail into the swale and had evidently been deceived by my return trail and were circling about trying to find it again. They used several different signals such as the bark of a coyote and others, and appeared to be drawing the circle smaller until they came so close that

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I feared that the next time around they would discover my hiding place. I distinctly heard the Indian in the tall grass as he passed and waiting until I thought it safe, I carefully made my way out until had crossed his trail, when I drew my knife and lay down on my face prepared to spring if discovered. My gun was useless for when I lay down in the day time I was in water at least a foot deep and I had carelessly allowed my gun to get wet. My thought was that if I was likely to be discovered I might possibly be able to spring on the Indian and knife him before he could defend himself and thus I would get his gun. Fortunately they did not discover me and I was able to get a little sleep.

I am satisfied that my changing positions was very indiscreet and dangerous and I wonder that I was not found, for in crawling as I did I must have made a very broad trail not only by crushing the grass and reeds down but also by shaking off the dew.

I supposed at the time that these Indians had followed me from the start, but in talking with father afterwards, I learned that he tried for a long time to get to Fort Ridgely but each attempt was frustrated and he finally turned north. It may be that we were near each other for a time and the Indians who discovered my trail were the ones who were pursuing him.

Early in the morning I started again keeping due eastward. I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and my vigorous appetite called for food. Yet no feeling of weakness or faintness bothered me. I was lithe and active as if I had slept in the finest bed and had eaten a fine breakfast. The only

trouble I had was that the grass had cut my pants till my knees were naked and bleeding. Some times when the coarse grass would rake across my sore legs I would have to wince but there was no remedy for it.

I looked for teepson but did not find any. Perhaps that was because it grew on the higher and dryer ground which I avoided as much as possible.

I had not seen the Abercrombie road since the day before so I determined to turn south in order to discover where it was and to learn whether I had wandered out of my way. I had traveled perhaps two or three miles when I saw at a distance a man on horseback going west at a lope. At that distance I could not make out whether the man was a white man or an Indian. So I stopped for a while until he was out of sight when seeing no other I made up my mind to find the pony's track which might help me to decide whether the rider was white or red. If I found that the pony was bare foot I would know it to be Indian, but if shod it would probably be white though possibly red.

Carefully I made my way until I came to the Abercrombie road and saw the horses track and found that it was shod. But where could the rider be going? I thought he must be running into extreme danger and that probably he had not yet heard of the outbreak. At any rate I could not help him so I turned east and resolved to follow the road even at quite a risk for my legs were very sore.

I soon came to quite a high ridge that ran squarely across the road. What was my astonishment when I had ascended far enough to look

over it to see at some distance three covered wagons like emigrant wagons. I had been rather careless on ascending the ridge but instantly on discovering the wagons threw myself down behind the ridge and stopped to consider. What were these wagons? I concluded that they were emigrant wagons which had been captured by the Indians who were now taking them to the agency, and that the mounted man I had seen was an Indian riding a captured horse. What should I do? was a question to be decided at once, whether to run for it or to take refuge again in a swale which lay near the foot of a hill. But I determined to take another look before deciding on what to do. So I carefully raised up until I could look over the ridge when I saw one of the pleasantest sights of my life, a body of troops. I could see their uniforms and the glistening of their guns and bayonets in the sunshine. I did not remain behind the ridge long. I forgot all about my sore legs, stiff knees and all that, as I went quickly forward to meet them. I soon found it was about fifty soldiers under the command of Lieut. Sheehan who were on their way to Fort Ridgely which was then about 10 miles to the west of us. So I had wandered so far to the north that I had passed the fort without seeing it and had met this relief 10 miles east of it. It was troops who had been for some time at Yellow Medicine but had been ordered back to Fort Ripley. They had stopped at Fort Ridgely on Saturday night and resumed their march on Sunday morning, marched all day Sunday, and camped and again resumed the march Monday morning, the day of the outbreak. Just as they were preparing to go

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into camp Monday night they were overtaken by a mounted messenger from Fort Ridgely with orders to return. So after cooking and eating their supper they started on the return. They had marched all night and until 10 o'clock Wednesday when I met them. Lieut. Sheehan questioned me with regard to the trouble but I knew nothing except what I had seen myself so he soon told me to stop for the commissary wagon and get something to eat. I did not wait to hear this order repeated. In a minute I was at the wagon asking for food. The driver told me there was nothing but raw pork. I thought this was very strange but did not wait to discuss the question. I found the pork barrel and went into the brine up to my elbow and fished out a chunk of pork from which I cut off a few slices with my knife. I think I never ate a more delicious morsel. Hunger was an ample sauce. I also enjoyed the ride. It seemed such a luxury to ride instead of drawing my sore legs through coarse grass with edges like saw teeth.

Fort Ridgely stands upon quite a prominent bluff or promontory formed by the Minnesota river on the south and a creek which enters it an accurate angle on the north and east. The bluffs are quite high and they and the bottom lands are quite thickly timbered.

The road to the east and the one which the returning troops would follow went through this creek and the Indians who knew that they were returning had formed an ambuscade in the woods. But the officer at the fort had sent a messenger by a detour to notify Lieut. Sheehan of the ambuscade. It was this messenger that I had seen after he had notified the Lieutenant and was on his way back to the fort.

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14 When we had reached within a mile or so of the creek, Lieut. Sheehan came back to the wagon in which I was riding and asked me if I could drive a four mule team. I told him that I had never done so, but that I believed I could. So he took the soldier who was driving the rear team and sent him into the ranks and told me to mount the mule. There were three teams and wagons and I thought the team I had would follow the one in front and so would need little or no driving.

Lieut. Sheehan went to his chest and took out a broad red scarf such as the officer of the day wears, and put it on, thus making himself very conspicuous. It was certainly a brave thing to do under the circumstances, but very indiscreet. No experienced Indian fighter of today would think of doing such a thing.

The march was resumed, but before reaching the woods Lieut. Sheehan with his men made a wide detour to where the bluffs were lower and the woods less thick. There he crossed the creek, but left the wagons with the three teams to go through the ambuscade. I thought at the time that this movement smacked of cowardice and that the lieutenant desired mostly to get his own skin safely into the fort. But the Lieut. did the very best thing that he could, not only for himself and the soldiers but for us as well. If he had undertaken to go through where we went not one would have escaped. What saved us? It was a couple of howitzers which had been run out onto the bluff and loaded with shell and the Indians knew that at the first shot the shells would drop among them and they were mortally afraid of them. They called them rotten balls because they flew in pieces.

As to the number of the Indians there, I rely entirely on what was told me. I saw only a few for of course they were as well concealed as possible. Why did they not shell the Indians out of there before Sheehan's troops came? That would seem the proper thing to do, but from what I afterward learned I think the officer in command of the fort hesitated to begin hostilities, for up to that time there had been no attack on the fort which was filled with refugees and contained only 50 soldiers. This place did not deserve the name of fort, for there were only two bullet proof buildings in it, and consisted simply of a few buildings built around an open square with open spaces between them. Not one of the buildings was loopholed. In short, the post was only intended as barracks. It was never intended to resist an attack.

We had reached the fort safely, but what was the condition of things inside?

Quite early on Monday Capt. Marsh, in command of the fort, had heard of the outbreak and at once started with about 50 men for the lower agency where he was ambuscaded and 23 were left dead for us to bury two weeks afterward, while he was drowned in trying to swim the river. This left the fort in command of his first lieutenant who I judge would rather eat pie than fight, with only fifty soldiers to defend the indefensible place, filled as it was with frightened men, women and children.

Perhaps it was best that he did not commence hostilities. Lieut. Sheehan ranked the lieutenant and therefore took command.

As soon as I reached the fort, I applied to Lieut. Gere for a gun, but he said that the extra guns were all distributed among the citizens. But after a while I found a sergeant

who was on detail and had no use for his gun so loaned it to me with belt and cartridge box and I then joined a company of citizens that had been formed for the defense of the fort and had chosen Mr. DeCamp as captain. I was assigned to duty at one of the windows of the soldiers quarters, a stone building which occupied the north side of the parade. The women and children were in the second story. The men had been armed as well as possible with guns but when these were all

distributed they were given axes, crowbars and the like and stationed at the doors and windows of the stone building to guard them in case of assault. Outside of this stone building was a row of small log houses that had been built for the families of the non-commissioned officers and troops were placed in and behind them for their defense. Other buildings were defended by placing men in them but there was no sign of a breast work about the fort, while on the north, east and south sides, it was within easy gun shot of ravines and bluffs where Indians could lie in safety while attacking it.

(To be continued)

INDIAN UPRISING OF '62

Thrilling Story of Dr. E. V. Earle of Rochester, N. Y., a Beaver Falls Boy in 1862.

(Continued from Last Week)

About noon of August 20th, a force of Indians returning from the attack on New Ulm, were going towards the agency on the opposite side of the river, and the commander dropped a few shells among them. About two o'clock the music began and it seemed for a while as though pandemonium itself had broken

15 loose, for the Indians numbered 400 or 500 and they fired rapidly and each time they fired they uttered the war whoop. The noise from the shouting with the crashing of bullets through doors and windows was bad enough but the war whoop was worse yet, for it was simply blood curdling and I think that I dodged oftener from the war whoops than from the bullets. For a moment it seemed that my hair stood on end and I was a bit rattled but by an effort I regained control of myself and was not afterwards badly excited.

I could not do much in the way of shooting for the soldiers in the log huts soon had quite a cloud of smoke about them which obscured my sight and made it dangerous to them for me to shoot. So I simply remained on guard at the window. The fighting continued till long after dark when the Indians withdrew. No one in the room where I was stationed was wounded but the surgeon brought in others who had been wounded outside and the sight of those poor fellows taxed my nerves severely.

After the fighting ceased everything became quiet and a part of us slept while others kept watch. The next morning the citizens company was ordered to assemble and we were arranged in single rank across the parade. I happened to stand forth from the right of the company. As soon as Capt. DeCamp had the company in line he reported the fact to Lieut. Sheehan who proceeded to make us a speech in which he called us all the mean names, such as cowards, sneaks, etc., that he could think of. I was surprised, for I was not aware of sneaking, but I afterward learned that many of them had deserted their posts and gone up stairs with the women and children. Lieut. Sheehan ended his harrangue

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by telling Capt. DeCamp to pick out ten of his men, if he had so many in his company of scrubs, and detail them to go on picket duty to relieve his men.

Capt. DeCamp began at the right of his company and asked if the man could go on picket duty for about two hours. The man said no, and gave some flimsy excuse. He then asked the second, and got a still poorer excuse. I think his excuse was that he had no cartridge box but had to carry his cartridges in his pocket. He asked the third man, and got another flimsy excuse. I confess that by that time I was ashamed of the company I was in, and did not blame Lieut. Sheehan for the language he had used. I think I would have volunteered to go if I had known I would get hurt. So when Capt. DeCamp asked me I answered promptly and loudly, "Yes, sir." No doubt my answer came more from shame and bravado than from bravery, but it seemed to have a magical effect on Lieut. Sheehan, for he said, "Thank God for one man. Take a pace to the front." Soon the other nine were found and we were taken out and stretched in a picket line about the fort. My post was on a knoll about 80 rods from the fort and on the Abercrombie road. Other pickets were about twenty rods distant, on either side.

Nothing of interest occurred during the two hours I was on that post except that one of the soldiers who had been with Capt. Marsh returned and was received at my post. While detaining him until the corporal of the guard could come and admit him he told of the fight between Capt. Marsh's men and the Indians. It was a sad tale of ambush. The soldiers were on the opposite side of the river from the agency and the ferry boat was on the agency side.

While Capt. Marsh was considering what to do, an Indian dressed in citizens' clothes appeared on the other side and told the captain that there were no Indians there. The river at that point ran close to the foot of the bluff, which was thickly covered with trees and bushes. The captain believed the Indian, so had a man swim across and bring back the boat. The soldiers were put aboard the boat and it was started across. When it had reached the middle of the river, the Indians began the attack from the bluff and also from the rear, for there was a large force concealed in the grass, just a little distance from where Capt. Marsh reached the river. Immediately they pulled back to the shore and left the boat, such as were not killed, and found some defense in the trees and bushes on the bank. For a time they replied to the Indian attack, but their members were melting away. I do not know whether Capt. Marsh ordered a dispersing or retreat or what, but this man made up his mind to hide himself. A little to one side he saw an old brush heap and, raising one side of the heap, crawled under and let the heap drop back on him. It happened that he was effectually concealed and after remaining there for some time until half of the soldiers were killed and the rest dispersed, he crawled out and made his way to the fort.

Having been relieved from picket, I received my breakfast, which was the first meal I had eaten since that meal of raw pork, and I put in a good supply, for I did not know when I would get any more. I had made up my mind not to remain in that citizens' company any longer, so after breakfast I went to a sergeant of Lieut. Sheehan's company and asked him to take me into his squad, but he said he could not do it

without orders and could not draw rations for me. I thought I had failed, but one of the men who stood near said, "Take him in sergeant if you can for he is the only citizen I have seen that is worth a d--n." Another said, "We'll divide rations with him," and so I was sort of adopted by that squad of seven or eight men. But I did not remain with them long.

The next day there were signs of trouble and Lieut. Sheehan perfected his scheme of defense, one item of which was to divide the line of defense into squad limits and place a sergeant in command of a certain limit. Thus he could call for a report from any part of the line at any time. On this day (Friday) the squad that I belonged to was placed behind the log huts, and Capt. DeCamp had command of that line. Pretty soon the firing began briskly. The Indians could come up the ravine through which the road ran and in this way come within eight or ten rods of us, still protected by the banks of the ravine. So we had to look sharp. We had become a good deal interested when Capt. DeCamp marched slowly along behind the line apparently giving no heed to the bullets. When he reached about the middle of the line he stopped and said in a voice loud enough to be heard all along the line, "Boys, I am ordered to shoot the first man who leaves his post without orders, and I'll do it by ---." He carried a Sharps rifle and I believe that every one believed that he meant what he said. There were a few citizens in the squad and he probably remembered how they had acted before. Soon Lieut. Sheehan came running to Capt. DeCamp and said he wanted four men to go to the other side of the parade. There

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were four of us together and DeCamp designated us to go with Sheehan. So bringing our guns to "right shoulder shift," Sheehan gave the order to double quick and led the way across the parade which was being raked through every opening between the buildings. We had reached the middle and the bullets were coming thick enough even to suit Lieut. Sheehan. He turned around to us and said, "--- d--n it, can't you run faster than that?" Now as a sprinter, I was not ready to acknowledge any superior, so I let out and before he knew it I was way ahead, but he called, "Hold on, hold on," so I slacked up and let him catch up with me. At the south side he left me in the opening between the headquarters and the corner building, without even a spear of grass to hide behind. I could simply hug the ground and trust luck. But they didn't leave me there long before Sergt. Blackmer called to me to come into his squad which was outside of all the buildings on the east side of the fort. Here I found myself with four soldiers and though separated from my friends I was content. Here again there was nothing to shelter the men. Our only protection was in shooting so well that the Indians would not dare expose themselves long enough to take good aim. Our greatest danger was in the fact that the ground in our front was quite rolling, that is, numerous little hillocks with ravines growing tall grass between, and behind these hillocks, now here, now there, in the tall grass between; an Indian would suddenly rise, take a quick aim and fire. One was particularly persistent and seemed to have a particular desire to pick me. He had made some close shots, so I became particularly anxious to get him. In my eagerness I forgot due

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C. M. Casgrove,
Sec. of State Fair
Grandine,
Minn.

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caution and rose on my knees, when another Indian let fly at me. The bullet hit the third finger of my right hand and glanced to the stock of my gun which it damaged considerably. I did not know that I had been hit, but found myself standing upright and a soldier tugging at my clothes to pull me down. I lay down at once and resumed the watch for my Indian. Pretty soon the soldier said one of us was hit, for there was blood on the ground. I told him that it was he and showed him some holes in his coat sleeve. But he said no that it was I, and pointed to a hole just in the center of my shirt front, but I then remembered that that hole was burned one evening while fishing with a jack, and just then the soldier noticed the wound of my finger. I was bleeding considerably and the bone was broken, yet it hadn't begun to pain me. Sergt. Blackmer sent me to the surgeon to have it dressed and I returned to the squad, but soon the pain returned and was terrific. My hand jerked so that I could not hold the gun still long enough to shoot. So, as I was disabled, Sergt. Blackmer told me to go behind a door made of inch pine boards which was leaning against the side of a building and keep watch in a certain direction which did not seem to be under observation, and the Indians might charge on that side. I got up and ran over and sat down behind the door and at once I was taken with an unbearable pain in my hand and arm. I simply could not endure it and had just come out from behind the door when the Indians fired a volley at it. The door looked like the top of a pepper box. If I had been behind it I must have been hit by at least a dozen balls. I returned to Sergt. Blackmer who ordered me again to the surgeon. The surgeon dressed it again and put on a white

powder, probably morphine, which for a time relieved the pain, but I was entirely unable to use a gun, so Sergt. Blackmer told me to keep a look out in different directions. Soon afterwards Sergt. Blackmer was wounded in the jaw, the bullet passing through from side to side. The poor fellow must have suffered terribly.

For several hours, lasting until quite late in the night, they kept up the attack. There were a good many of our men hurt and I think we must have done them some injury for just before their attack ceased we could hear an Indian down in the timber calling the rest away. A half breed who was in the fort said that the Indian said, "Come away or they'll kill us all." The firing ceased at once and from that time there was no further attack worthy of note. They kept up a state of siege so that it was dangerous for one to expose himself, but aside from occasional shots there was no firing. This state of siege lasted about ten days when, to our delight, one day a company of mounted men rode into the fort. The Indians made but slight effort to keep them out and immediately departed, well knowing, no doubt, that from that time there would be no use in trying to capture it. We heard no more of them.

As soon as I could I went to the camp of the cavalry and found it composed largely of refugees under the command of Capt. Joseph Anderson, who was an old Mexican war soldier. It had been organized for the express purpose of relieving New Ulm and Fort Ridgley. Much to my surprise I found Chalon who brought me news of the safety of father, Herman and Millard White. It seems strange to me now that I

never asked father for a detailed statement of his experience after we separated. Neither did he ever ask me any questions as to my escape, and when mother returned I never sought a history of her adventures. All that I know concerning any of them was what I heard them tell to others.

It seems that after father's rescue by Radnor, for it was no other, he ran across Hermon, and then Chalon and Millard White. They tried until late in the night to make their way to Fort Ridgley but they seemed to be prevented by some Indians. Finally despairing of reaching there, they struck out to the north and at last reached Glencoe after a couple of days. Herman became so exhausted that father had to carry him on his back many weary hours before they reached the settlement.

On the way they fell in with two Indians who evidently had been hunting and had not heard of the outbreak. They offered no indignities except to compel Chalon to trade guns with one of them and so Chalon lost Little Crow's gun.

Father's legs were so badly torn by the grass that gangrene at one time threatened.

After the mounted men reached the fort there was a reorganization of the company and as they expected to go on whenever there should be a move to rescue the women and children who were prisoners, I made up my mind to enlist in the company which I did. A new roll was made and I think Chalon's name appears as third and mine as fourth on it. We elected officers, choosing as Captain, Joseph Anderson, Brown 1st Lieut., and Marshall 2nd Lieut. (I am not positive as to the name of the second lieutenant but think I am right.) I remember two other aspir-

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ants for the office of Captain. One was said to be an old hunter and Indian fighter. The other was a young Irishman whose claim to the office was based on the alleged fact that he was in the battle of Pittsburg Landing and so had had experience. However, Anderson was elected by a large vote.

The next few days were spent in scouting, foraging, and drilling. Nothing exciting occurred, unless it be a little incident by which I gained the Indian blanket which has now been nearly worn out. I was scouting one day, when I saw a white object lying on the ground and riding towards it I saw that it was a blanket, but there was an Indian there too. An argument followed which resulted in my taking the blanket which I needed and which the Indian did not need any longer.

As I revert to those times it stirs my pulses a little, but such things as this just related were then considered of little moment. I have wondered a thousand times that I did not get my foolish head knocked off, but aside from the wound in my hand I never received a scratch.

Chalon was worse than a daredevil. Wherever was the trail of an Indian there would he go seemingly without thought of the possible consequences. Yet he was never hurt though he was many times in tight places. It may have been our good luck that got us out of bad scrapes.

Sunday morning, August 31st, we were ordered to mount, and then in addition to our heavy muskets and bayonets we were given heavy cavalry sabres, the most useless thing to us that we could have. But we had to take them anyway. As I sat there in the saddle weighted down with musket, bayonet, sabre, cartridge and cap box, besides blanket

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and haversack, I felt that it would be impossible to get out of the saddle without first unloading.

By this time quite a large force of infantry had reached the fort and were camped on the prairie west of it. Col. Sibley was in command. He had been chosen for the command and given the rank of Brigadier General because of his previous experience with and knowledge of the Indians.

We learned about noon of August 31st that an expedition made up of Anderson's cavalry and Capt. Grant's Company of infantry had been ordered to proceed to the lower agency and settlements near for the purpose of burying the dead and of learning something about the prisoners. The command of the expedition was given to a Maj. Brown. We took along seven or eight wagons with rations, forage, etc.

Sunday night we camped in the river bottom nor far from the ferry. It was my luck to be on guard that night and though we were undisturbed, there were plenty of signal fires indicating that Indians were about. The next morning Maj. Brown ordered Capt. Anderson to cross the river to the agency and learn what he could there, if anything, then to proceed up the river a few miles and cross back and meet the infantry in camp on the Birch Coolie. Grant's infantry, after burying the soldiers who had been killed at the ferry, were to proceed up the river to the mouth of Beaver Creek, to ascend that to our home, and then cross over to Birch Coolie for camp. Birch Coolie is the name of a creek about three miles east of the Beaver Creek. Chalon and I were detailed as guides and to scout for the infantry.

For some reason now forgotten, I was not ready to start with the infantry and they had gone quite a while when I started after them and met a squad of soldiers under a half breed sergeant on their way back to the fort. Why they had been sent along or why now returning I do not know. This sergeant had tried to get me to enlist in his company and I think I had nearly promised to do so, but when Chalon arrived at the fort I changed my mind and told the sergeant so. He seemed quite disappointed and inclined to be mad. When I met the sergeant and his squad, he stopped me again and asked me to enlist in his company, but I refused and started on, when he called, "You'll never see the fort again." Whether he thought to frighten me, or thought I would while scouting run into a bad place, or whether he did not realize the danger the expedition would be in. I do not know nor did I then stop to think.

I was soon in advance of the infantry, looking out for possible ambush. Before noon Chalon and I found a half crazed Swedish woman who tried to elude us, and we had to run her down. When we had captured her, we learned that all her family had been killed, she herself had been wounded by 14 buckshot in her back, and in this condition had remained so near the Indians, supporting herself on the food found in the deserted houses. We halted and waited until the infantry came up, when we turned her over to Capt. Grant, and we resumed our scouting.

We reached our house sometime after noon and it was a sad looking wreck. We did not care to remain there long and as our camp for the night was to be nearly in the direc-

tion of our flight just two weeks before, we made up our minds to follow that course.

We soon came to the place where we had left the buggy with Mrs. Henderson and there we found her body with a broken jug at her head, the bodies of her two little girls, and a few feet away the body of Mr. Wedge.

Mr. Henderson had accompanied the expedition and was there to see the remains of his wife and children. He was nearly heart broken but I think he did not utter a word.

These buried, we followed on and found the body of Dave Carrothers' little boy, but did not succeed in finding the body of Eugene White. Chalon soon after called, saying he had found Eugene, but when I reached him I at once recognized the body as Radnor's from the clothing. The body was so decomposed as to be unrecognizable. It was now getting late so we buried him in a shallow grave and turned toward the camp feeling that we had lost the best boy that ever lived.

(To be continued)

INDIAN UPRISING OF '62

Thrilling Story of Dr. E. V. Earle of Rochester, N. Y., a Beaver Falls Boy in 1862.

(Continued from Last Week)

We found the camp formed about 20 rods from the timbered banks of the Birch Coolie and surrounded by knolls and ravines. In fact, as I remember it now, it could not have been placed better—for the Indians. The wagons had been drawn up in a circle about five or six rods in diameter and the horses were tied to a rope stretched across the circle and

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fastened to the wagons. The tents, known as the Sibley tent, were pitched inside the circle and would accommodate about 20 men each. The tent which I slept in that night faced the east and I happened to lie just at the side of the entrance. Chalon was a wagon guard and slept under the wagon. The Swedish woman we had captured had been put into a covered wagon and a buffalo robe was given her for covering.

At four o'clock the next morning, just as the gray of approaching dawn began to appear, one of my company who had been one of Walker's Filibusters, saw some objects running about the prairie near the camp which he thought must be hogs. Thinking it would be a great joke on the inexperienced men to give an alarm, he fired on one of the supposed hogs, when to his surprise his shot was followed immediately by a terrific warwhoop and volley.

What he took for hogs were Indians sneaking up with bows and arrows in order to kill the sentinels without giving an alarm, and expecting then to charge a sleeping camp. But the joke was unfortunate for them, for the camp was alarmed. The Indians immediately directed their fire at about breast high of the tents, calculating that the soldiers would spring up at the first alarm and many would be hit before getting out of the tents. They were right. Very few of the men of either company had ever been under fire before and they immediately sprang up. Many were killed and wounded in the tents.

With the first war whoop I was wide awake and at once rolled on my face in order to get up. Immediately the commotion began. Sergt. Baxter, a big, noble fellow, sprang up and said, "Come on boys, don't

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be afraid," and started for the tent door. Just then he clasped his hands to his chest and cried, "My God boys, I'm shot in the breast," and he fell across my legs. He was so heavy that it took quite a few seconds to get out from under him, and when I reached the line the firing was heavy. Chalon was in his element. He stood at the end of a wagon and fired as rapidly as possible. His conduct pleased Capt. Anderson and every time he fired the captain praised him, thinking probably that "the boys" courage would soon play out. But when he saw Chalon held his position, he finally ordered him to lie down, saying that he could not afford to lose such a brave fellow. I lay along side of the captain and I soon found that he was as cool and unconcerned as an iceberg. That helped me and others to keep cool.

Thinking that when the Indians should find out that they could not take the camp by surprise they would leave, we gave our sole attention to the fight. But as it was continued hour after hour without any let up and our losses were severe, we began to dig each for himself. My utensils for digging were my bayonet and my hands, still I soon had a little ditch with a slight bank in front which offered a good protection. The others of our company provided for themselves in the same way. Capt. Grant had a few shovels in his wagons and with these the men soon dug a trench long enough and deep enough to give protection to the whole company. As the Indians persisted in the attack, and we were completely surrounded, no one could get out to go to the fort for help. So our officers began to caution the men not to waste ammunition as no one could tell how long

we might have to stay there, and judging by the fire it would be madness to attempt to cut our way through to the fort, which was sixteen miles away. No one dared to hope that the firing would be heard so far, so prospects for relief were very poor.

There was not a bucket of water in the camp and we soon began to suffer intensely from thirst, especially as we had to bite the cartridges,

thus getting powder in our mouths. I got some relief by chewing a bullet which started the saliva and moistened my mouth.

Food was as scarce nearly as water. All I had to eat during the battle was a small piece of raw cabbage leaf, but that was very delicious.

As evening came the Indians left a part of their number to keep up the fight, but the larger part withdrew into the woods of the bottom lands where they were perfectly safe, and slaughtered and roasted beef for their suppers which they evidently enjoyed more than we did.

The firing continued all night, which was as light almost as day. We were allowed no rest. We dared not sleep, even a portion at a time, for it had been noted that when we slackened fire too much they became much bolder, and as we had lost a good many our fire was necessarily much lighter than at first. At one time Capt. Grant's men slackened their fire so much that we on the other side of the circle were badly exposed to the Indian fire and most of our casualties were from that side. So Capt. Anderson determined to send word to Capt. Grant to that effect. He asked me to go. As I was simply to go there and back, I left my gun and made a bold dash for it, thinking I would get across before the Indians would see me. But they

were alert and instantly the bullets came thick. There had been a scow picked up somewhere and brought along on one side of the wagons and on camping had been thrown upon the ground. This lay convenient for me and I threw myself behind it. The firing quickly ceased, and after a few minutes I went on to Capt. Grant and delivered my message. When I sprang up to return it seemed as though they were all watching for me, for I never heard bullets whistle so thickly. Again I dropped behind the boat, and from there across was a little more discreet.

Morning came. Noon came, and with no promise of relief. But about two o'clock in the afternoon we noticed a stir among the Indians, a slackening of their fire, and we were aware that most of them had left us to meet a force coming to our relief. A regiment under Gen. Sibley was coming, and, scarcely halting, they formed a line of battle and scattered the redskins from in front of them. The Indians did not make much of an effort, for they were outnumbered and there was no show for them. Of our force of 140 men, more than half were killed or wounded. We buried thirteen there. Among them was poor Henderson. I did not see him after the fight began. We found him between our lines and the Indians. He had probably started to run at the beginning of the fight and was caught between the lines, and whether killed by soldiers or Indians, no one knows.

Our relief was fortunate. Soon after the fight began, a picket at the fort reported firing towards the west. Gen. Sibley immediately dispatched an officer and several companies of troops to our relief, but after coming about three miles, the officer went back and said he could not hear any firing. Meantime it

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had been plainly heard at the fort, so Gen. Sibley peremptorily commanded him to come to our relief, and to continue until he found us. The officer then started again, and came within three miles and camped, notwithstanding that the fight was still going on. Neither did he make any proper effort in the morning, for before he got started Gen. Sibley had taken another force and come to seek us, and had found the officer just ready to break camp.

A good hearty meal, and we were loaded into wagons for our return to the fort. Every one of our horses had been killed.

Father had meantime reached the fort and learned where the "Earle boys" were. You may imagine his feelings as he stood on the knoll by the picket post and heard the firing hour after hour, knowing that his two boys were there. We were in a wagon near the rear end of the train and as we neared the fort there was father asking constantly, "Do you know anything of the Earle boys?" I heard him while he was quite a distance off, and some of the answers. Some said both killed, some one killed, and so on. As the last wagon drew near and he had not yet found either nor got a satisfactory answer to his questions, he began to be discouraged and his voice trembled. By the time our wagon reached him he had ceased to ask for the Earle

boys, but asked for the Cullen guard, the name of our company. I rose up and said yes, there were two he would be glad to see.

Birch Coolie is reckoned among the most severe battles of the frontier. Indeed, I think there were few others where the percentage of loss was greater. The battle lasted without a moment's cessation from about 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning until 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon,

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Food was as scarce nearly as water. All I had to eat during the battle was a small piece of raw cabbage leaf, but that was very delicious.

As evening came the Indians left a part of their number to keep up the fight, but the larger part withdrew into the woods of the bottom lands where they were perfectly safe, and slaughtered and roasted beef for their suppers which they evidently enjoyed more than we did.

The firing continued all night, which was as light almost as day. We were allowed no rest. We dared not sleep, even a portion at a time, for it had been noted that when we slackened fire too much they became much bolder, and as we had lost a good many our fire was necessarily much lighter than at first. At one time Capt. Grant's men slackened their fire so much that we on the other side of the circle were badly exposed to the Indian fire and most of our casualties were from that side.

So Capt. Anderson determined to send word to Capt. Grant to that effect. He asked me to go. As I was simply to go there and back, I left my gun and made a bold dash for it, thinking I would get across before the Indians would see me. But they

were alert and instantly the bullets came thick. There had been a scow picked up somewhere and brought along on one side of the wagons and on camping had been thrown upon the ground. This lay convenient for me and I threw myself behind it. The firing quickly ceased, and after a few minutes I went on to Capt. Grant and delivered my message. When I sprang up to return it seemed as though they were all watching for me, for I never heard bullets whistle so thickly. Again I dropped behind the boat, and from there across was a little more discreet.

Morning came. Noon came, and with no promise of relief. But about two o'clock in the afternoon we noticed a stir among the Indians, a slackening of their fire, and we soon were aware that most of them had left us to meet a force coming to our relief. A regiment under Gen. Sibley was coming, and, scarcely halting, they formed a line of battle and scattered the redskins from in front of them. The Indians did not make much of an effort, for they were outnumbered and there was no show for them. Of our force of 140 men, more than half were killed or wounded. We buried thirteen there. Among them was poor Henderson. I did not see him after the fight began. We found him between our lines and the Indians. He had probably started to run at the beginning of the fight and was caught between the lines, and whether killed by soldiers or Indians, no one knows.

Our relief was fortunate. Soon after the fight began, a picket at the fort reported firing towards the west. Gen. Sibley immediately dispatched an officer and several companies of troops to our relief, but after coming about three miles, the officer went back and said he could not hear any firing. Meantime it

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had been plainly heard at the fort, so Gen. Sibley peremptorily commanded him to come to our relief, and to continue until he found us. The officer then started again, and came within three miles and camped, notwithstanding that the fight was still going on. Neither did he make any proper effort in the morning, for before he got started Gen. Sibley had taken another force and come to seek us, and had found the officer just ready to break camp.

A good hearty meal, and we were loaded into wagons for our return to the fort. Every one of our horses had been killed.

Father had meantime reached the fort and learned where the "Earle boys" were. You may imagine his feelings as he stood on the knoll by the picket post and heard the firing hour after hour, knowing that his two boys were there. We were in a wagon near the rear end of the train and as we neared the fort there was father asking constantly, "Do you know anything of the Earle boys?" I heard him while he was quite a distance off, and some of the answers. Some said both killed, some one killed, and so on. As the last wagon drew near and he had not yet found either nor got a satisfactory answer to his questions, he began to be discouraged and his voice trembled. By the time our wagon reached him he had ceased to ask for the Earle

boys, but asked for the Cullen guard, the name of our company. I rose up and said yes, there were two he would be glad to see.

Birch Coolie is reckoned among the most severe battles of the frontier. Indeed, I think there were few others where the percentage of loss was greater. The battle lasted without a moment's cessation from about 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning until 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

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period of 34 hours. The most of the time I was near Capt. Anderson, who was wounded six times, but fortunately no wounds were very severe. Capt. DeCamp was killed and buried there. The wounded were loaded as best they could be into wagons which the relief party brought, but the jolting was severe and brought many a groan from the poor fellows. Our return was necessarily slow.

The woman who had lain in the wagon throughout the fight was not in the least degree injured, although the box looked like a sieve and I was told that the buffalo which covered her was cut into strings.

The next morning after my return I was sick and very feverish. My hand, which was far from being healed, was enormously swollen and discolored. I reported it to Lieut. Brown, as Capt. Anderson was in the hospital, and he took me to the surgeon who had first dressed it. He remembered me and gave me the dickens for neglecting it. I had lost the dressing at Birch Coolie and he said I had taken cold in it and talked discouragingly about saving it. He dressed it, however, and I reported every day until he finally said that I must lose the hand. I told father what he said, and he at once objected and said that he thought that the hand could be saved if I was where I could have proper treatment and diet. So the surgeon said that I could have my choice between an operation and a discharge. I chose the latter. When the discharge came it was in the form of a furlough for the remainder of my term of enlistment, as Gen. Sibley was not authorized to grant a discharge.

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In a few days a train of wagons left for St. Peter and father and I went there. My clothing consisted of a linen coat, a cotton shirt and a pair of Brown denim pants, a pair of shoes, and an old hat. I had not drawn any uniform, so had on the same clothes which I had worn from home except the pants and shoes which a soldier had given me. I had washed the shirt several times but always in the creek so it was not the whitest one in the country. At St. Peter a relief society had been formed to assist the refugees and there my clothing outfit was somewhat improved.

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INDIAN UPRISING OF '62

Thrilling Story of Dr. E. V. Earle of
Rochester, N. Y., a Beaver Falls
Boy in 1862.

(Continued from Last Week)

Father secured passage on a small river steamer, the Ariel, for St. Paul. While waiting for the boat to finish loading I wandered in through the streets of the town and chanced to meet Mr. Enoch Blaisdell whom the old friends of father and Mr. White had dispatched to find them and to take them a purse of nearly \$200 to be divided between them as they should decide. Of course this was a big streak of fortune for neither of them, or at least father, had a cent. You remember that Mr. White was away from home at the time of the outbreak. We met him at St. Peter. He and father divided the money and we started for our old home in Wisconsin where father proposed to leave me during my recovery, for even now my hand showed signs of improvement.

The boat soon started. As we could not get meals on board, father decided to try to get something to eat at the first landing which was Henderson. Father asked the captain if there would be time to go to the hotel and get breakfast and was told that there would be plenty of time. While we were eating the bell rang and the boat left. The river is very crooked so there were two chances to cut across country and intercept it. To one place it was three miles and to the other, Belleplain, eleven miles. It happened that there were two teams there, one going to each place, but neither could carry us all. I have

forgotten to say that father had previously left Hermon at St. Peter and he was now with us. So it was arranged and father and Hermon went with the team to the three mile place, and I went to Belleplain. The village is more than a mile from the landing and on inquiry I learned that the boat would not be down for several hours. So I remained at the village. They soon learned that I was refugee and seemed to be much interested in my story. But though noon came and went no one seemed enough interested in me to ask me to dinner and I was not yet ready to beg.

About one o'clock I thought I would start for the landing, and had not gone far when I met a man who told me that the boat had already passed. I began to inquire for another chance to intercept it and learned that Shakopee, 18 miles distant, was the only place. As I was getting this information a stage drove up to the hotel and the man said that that was my chance, for the stage route was to Shakopee. But I did not have a cent and I would not beg a ride. So at about two o'clock I pulled off my shoes and, carrying them in my hand, my other hand and my stomach empty, I started for Shakopee. It was after dark when I reached there but was cheered to learn that the Ariel had not yet passed. It was getting quite chilly for it was late in September. So I went into a little store to get warm. I had not been there long when the storekeeper asked me if I was a refugee. I told him I was. He asked me if I had had any supper to which I, of course, answered no at which he handed me twenty-five cents and told me to go to the hotel and get something to eat. I never acted more willingly in my life and was soon very well

supplied in that respect. To my surprise at I entered the hotel I encountered Dave Carrothers.

I remained in the hotel and stores until they closed for the night, when I, of course, found myself in the street. I wandered about for awhile always within easy reach of the landing until about eleven o'clock when I went to the landing and curled myself up on a box and went to sleep.

About two o'clock a boat came down and landed and I found father on board. He was surprised to see me there, but still acted as though he expected that I would get on some way. He told me that the Ariel had grounded in the rapids, that this boat had taken off the passengers. Father had in some way forgotten my blanket and a little other truck and left them on the Ariel. So he gave me a ticket on that boat and told me to wait and go to St. Paul on it.

About daylight the Ariel came but did not land, although I repeatedly hailed her. Now I thought I was in a boat, for without a cent how could I get passage on any other boat. But I resolved to try.

My clothes, on waking up, were as wet from the heavy dew as though I had been in the river and I was quite chilly. Still I had slept soundly. To warm myself and dry my clothes I began running up and down the street and was soon comfortable in that respect. About nine o'clock a steamer came down the river and landed. I went on board and at the office asked the clerk if he would take me to St. Paul on the Ariel ticket, but I met with a positive refusal. I was just turning away when a stranger spoke to the clerk and asked him to take me,

"For," said he, "He's one of the refugees and he's all right." Who the man was I do not know, but he seemed to know me, and his request was effectual for the clerk at once consented to take me. As this included meals and lodging, I was for the time provided for.

We reached St. Paul the next morning. After landing I walked along until I found the Ariel. I went on board and got our truck and then went up into the town. I had no idea as to where father would be, but fortunately soon found him.

In a day or so more we were back in Pardeeville, whence we had started on our fateful journey a little more than four months before. Hermon and I were provided for and father returned to Minnesota to see what could be done for mother, Julia and Ella.

Here my story properly ends but I must tell you something of mother's experience.

It would seem that it was arranged that only women and children would be taken prisoners during the first half day of the outbreak. After that all settlers were indiscriminately killed. The object in taking any prisoners was afterward developed. The Indians held them as hostages to prevent the advance of troops against them. As soon as Gen. Sibley started he received a notice that if he advanced any farther they would kill all prisoners. However, Gen. Sibley paid no attention to the threat.

The outbreak was undoubtedly instigated by emissaries from the south who told the Indians that all the white men had gone to the war in the south and old men and boys remained and so it would be easy.

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For them to regain all their old territory. But the Indians had met a sturdy resistance everywhere and now they saw a strong force ready to advance against them. They realized that their cause was hopeless. Realizing the uselessness of trying to oppose the army, some of the Indians were in favor of surrendering the prisoners and themselves and securing the best terms possible. This party was led by Taope, Little Crow's chief soldier and known as a dead shot. But Little Crow remained hostile, anxious to kill the prisoners and then flee to Canada. Taope's party grew stronger every day until he one day put his gun under his blanket and went to Little Crow's tent and demanded the surrender of all the prisoners. Little Crow well knew that to refuse meant instant death, so he consented and the prisoners were delivered up and conducted to Taope's camp, which was a little apart from the camp of hostiles. Taope expected to be attacked, so in the middle of every tent a hole was dug in the ground large enough and deep enough for all in the tent to lie safely sheltered from bullets.

The next day the hostiles came back to Wood Lake to fight the soldiers. Before leaving camp they sent word to Taope that they were going back to whip soldiers and when they returned they would kill the friendly Indians and prisoners and then go to Canada. I have no doubt that Gen. Sibley was acquaint-

ed with the state of affairs at the Indian camp, for when he met and had thoroughly walloped the Indians at Wood Lake and had them on the run, he ordered the cavalry to pursue them closely and allow them no chance to attack Taope. So when the Indians reached the camp they were more interested in getting towards Canada than in fighting Taope.

Taope and his party surrendered themselves and the prisoners, about seven or eight hundred, to Gen. Sibley.

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Fort Ridgely being the main point of attack during the outbreak I shall give an account of same.

The first news of the massacre reached Fort Ridgely in the forenoon of Aug 18th. The garrison at once put under arms and messengers were sent after it. The messenger and his men who had left Fort Ridgely the previous day. Captain Marsh, then in command at the fort, with fifty men marched for the lower agency within thirty minutes after the first alarm. Leaving only thirty-one men under command of Lieut. Sereno

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guard the post.

On ^{the} Monday, Aug 18th after the departure of Captain Marsh refugees from the surrounding country flocked into Fort Ridgely in large numbers for protection. About noon C. G. Wyke and his party of four arrived at the fort with the long expected annuity, 71,000 in gold, which on account of its delay is said to be the main cause of the outbreak. This money lay in the fort during the entire battle but was unknown to the Indians. But as the day passed refugees continued to come until at nightfall more than

two hundred had arrived. After receiving the news of Captain Marsh's defeat, Lieut. Gere at once penned a dispatch to the commanding officer of Fort Snelling asking for immediate reinforcements.

Not knowing how soon the Indians would make an attack on the fort, Lieut. Gere ordered the removal of all the women and children who were scattered in the prison houses forming the back side of the fort, to the stone building, which stood on the north side of the square. But before this order could

he recruited one of the citizens on picket fired his gun and came running on crying "Indians" The alarm frightened the people so that they fled panic stricken to the stone building. But however the alarm proved false but good in effect ⁸⁰⁰ all but the fighting men were in the quarters. x

2nd p. Fort Ridgely stood upon a prominent bluff or promontory formed by the Minnesota River of the south and a creek which enters in an accurate angle on the north and east. The bluffs were quite high and the bottom lands surrounding them

were thickly timbered which was of great advantage to the Indians in making the attack.

Nothing was seen of the Indians until Tuesday morning about nine o'clock when Little Crow with his followers were seen gathering about two miles west of the fort. A council was ⁴⁰⁰ held and instead of attacking the fort as was intended they decided to proceed to New Ulm. Just at this time Lieut. Sheehan with fifty men arrived at the fort. Lieut. Sheehan was at once put in command. The total number

of resolute men now in
the fort was one hundred
eighty.

Repulsed in the at-
tack on New Ulm, Little
Crow returned to the fort
to carry out his origin-
al plan of capturing Fort
Ridgely. To divert atten-
tion from the real point
of attack Little Crow
at about one o'clock P.M.
took a position on a
knoll west of the fort
where he could be seen
by his attacking forces
in order to command
them. Although fired
upon he was not injur-
ed as he was out of
rifle range.

Just at this time a party
approaching from the
northeast was discovered
by the pickets on that side.
This was the beginning of
the awful struggle. Lieut. Shee-
nan ordered his troops to
form in line at once. ^{xx} By
this time the Indians, com-
ing up from the ravine
had reached the level ground.
Soon the pickets had been
driven in and the Indians
had secured possession
of some of the outbuildings.
Lieut. Gere was ordered
with a detachment of
soldiers to the point of
attack while Schipple
with his howitzer was
placed in the opening

between the bakery and
another building to the
south. Another detach-
ment moved on a run
around the north end
of the barracks to a row
of log buildings, while
McGrew wheeled his how-
itzer to the northwest
corner of the fort. These
forces were at once en-
gaged in a hard fight
at short range. The
deadly fire of these two
howitzers with their
murdering supports soon
drove the Indians back to
the line of the ravine.
Meanwhile ⁷⁰⁰ Little Crow
quickly closed in with
the balance of his force

with the heavy and building on fire when dislodged
the Indians who held to retreat & back to the line of the ravine

on the west and south
to divert the defense
from the main attack.
xx The soldiers and
citizens being armed
as well as possible
were posted in various
buildings and sheds or
wherever they could find
shelter from the deadly
volley that was poured
upon them. Those hav-
ing no guns were
given axes, crowbars
and the like and stat-
ioned at the doors and
windows of the stone
building to guard them
in case of assault. x
Little Crow's attack on the
northeast was as vig-

roughly repulsed that
the attacking force ⁷⁰⁰ was
distributed to all quarters
and the battle became gen-
eral. For four or five hours
the deadly fire was kept
up, on the fort but the
men in the garrison did
not waste a by ammuni-
tion and fired only when
sure the shots would be
effective. The firing con-
tinued until long after
dark when the Indians
withdrew to the Lower
Agency.

No further attack
was made upon the fort
until the following Friday
when the second and last
attack was made by Little

Crow and his savages
now numbering twelve-
thousand. At about one
o'clock P.M. the savages had
surrounded the ⁷⁰⁰ fort and at
once commenced a fur-
ious musketry fire but
were greeted with volleys
of lead bullets from the
garrison. Attempts were
made to fire the fort by
means of burning arrows,
but the roof being damp
from recent rains, the
attempt proved un suc-
cessful. The contest be-
came hot but the gar-
rison became desperate
and the few cannons with
the support of the muskets
soon repulsed the Indians.

who hastily withdrew.
Three white men were killed
and thirteen wounded
while the Indians lost about
one-hundred. 992.

much to the comfort of
the garrison.