

THE LAKE SHETEK INDIAN MASSACRE IN 1862

WRITTEN BY:

MRS. JOHN EASTLICK

IN 1890.

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
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THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE WAR (INDIAN) 1862

A personal narrative of the OUTRAGES and HORRORS

By Mrs. L. (John) Eastlick, Minn.

PREFACE

In presenting this pamphlet to the public, I have given merely a plain, unvarnished statement of all the facts that came under my own observation, during the dreadful massacre of the settlers of Minnesota. Mine only was a single case among hundreds of similar instances. It is only from explicit and minute accounts from the pen of the sufferers themselves, that people living at this distance from the scene of those atrocities can arrive at any just and adequate conception of the fiendishness of the Indian character, or the extremities of pain, terror and distress endured by the victims. It can hardly be decided which were least unfortunate, those who met an immediate death at the hands of the savages, or the survivors who, after enduring tortures worse than death, from hunger, fear, fatigue and wounds, at last escaped barely with life.

Mrs. L. Eastlick.

NARRATIVE

I was born in the year 1833 in Broome County, N. Y. When I was about one year old, my father, Mr. Giles Day, moved from that State to Trumbull, Ohio. Here I remained with my parents until I reached the age of 15, when I went with my father's family to Seneca County, where I became acquainted with John Eastlick. In the year of 1850 we were married, and we remained there until 1854, when we removed to Indiana. My husband was a poor man, and seeing a little family growing up around him, he began to feel keenly the need of a home. Thinking he could obtain a homestead cheaper by going further west, we removed to Illinois in the spring of 1856. But it was entirely out of our power to purchase here, as the price of land was still higher than in the place where we had left. My husband now began to talk of going to Minnesota. In the year 1857 our wagon was loaded once more, and we emigrated to Minnesota, accompanied by one of our neighbors, named Thomas Ireland.

It was our intention to go to Bear Valley, but, on account of cold, wet weather setting in, we were obliged to stop in Olmstead Co. Here we stayed until 1861, when my husband thought he could better his condition by going to Murray Co.,-- a distance of 200 miles. I felt a little fear of going there, knowing that there were a good many Indians in that and adjoining counties; still, I was willing to accompany my husband wherever he thought he could best provide for his family. We started on our journey in the fall, taking nothing with us but our clothing, bedding, cattle, etc. Mr. Ireland again moved in company with us; his family consisted of his wife and four children. My husband chose to settle by a small lake called Lake Shetek, where we arrived on the 5th of November. We found that there was already a small settlement here; but, after our arrival there were only eleven settlers in all. The lake was only about five miles long, with a belt of timber running along the east side of it, where all the settlers had located themselves.

My husband chose a beautiful spot for our home, situated about midway between the two ends of the lake. In the spring of 1862 he built a house and put in crops, and we began to feel quite happy and content in our new home. I no longer felt any fear of the Indians. Quite a number had lived by the lake all winter and had been accustomed to come to our house almost every day. Whenever any of them came, they invariably asked for something to eat, which was never refused them. We never turned them away, as did many of our neighbors, and in return they appeared to be very friendly, and played with our children and taught them to speak the Indian language a little. In the early spring they left the lake and we saw no more of them for three months.

About the last of July Mr. Eastlick left home to work during harvest. He returned on the 17th of August, and said he had met sixteen Indians, naked and painted

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red, who seemed very friendly and talked some time with him. He seemed very much oppressed at heart after his return home, as if some secret anxiety weighed heavily on his mind. I have since thought that ~~some~~ he must have seen or heard something that convinced him that there was great danger ahead. I heard him say often to Mr. Rhodes, who came home with him, that it would be a good thing to build a fort. But when I asked him if there was any danger to be apprehended from the Indians, he answered evasively to relieve my anxieties though his own were so great, by saying that he thought there was no danger, but that it would do no harm to build a fort.

On the Monday following, I went to the lower end of the lake to carry some butter to Mrs. Everette, when, upon my return home I met six Indians with their squaws and teepees or lodges. One of the Indians was Pawn, with whom I was acquainted. I bowed without speaking as I passed him, but he wished me to stop, more to see the pony I was driving than myself. He came up, shook hands with me and said "ho, ho, ho," meaning "how do you do?" He talked with me for some time and said he was going to build his lodge at Wrights, and wait for some more Indians that were coming to go on a buffalo hunt in the course of a few days.

On the morning of August 20th, I arose and prepared breakfast as usual for my family, which consisted of my husband, myself, Mr. Rhodes, who boarded with us, and our five children. The children were all boys; the oldest was aged 11 years and the youngest was 15 months. My husband and Mr. Rhodes had just sat down to the breakfast table, when my oldest boy, Morton, came to the door saying, "Charley Hatch is coming as fast as he can run." Hatch was a young man, who lived with his brother-in-law, Mr. Everett, and I, thinking that perhaps that some one was sick or hurt, ran to the door. As soon as he came near enough to me, I saw that he was very pale and quite out of breath. "Charley, what is the matter?" said I. "It is so," said Charley. "They have already shot Vought." He then went on to relate all he knew about it; but, first let me relate how the Indians commenced their attack upon our settlement, as we afterwards found out the facts. They entered our neighborhood at the end of the lake, and began operations on the farm owned by Mr. Meyers. They tore down a fence and rode into his corn, breaking it down and destroying it. As Mrs. Meyers happened to be sick at the time, Mr. Meyers had risen quite early to wait upon her, when he discovered what the Indians were doing. He called to them and told them if they did not leave, he would whip them, and asked them if he had not always used them well. They owned that he had. He then told them that there was plenty of room for them outside the field. One Indian outside the fence shouted to the rest in his own tongue, that Meyers was a good man. He then rode away as fast as possible and all the rest followed.

Thence they went on to the house of Mr. Hurd, who, in company with Mr. Jones, had just started on a journey to the Missouri River, about the first of June, and, who never having been heard of afterwards, were supposed to have been murdered by the Indians. Mr. Hurd had left a German named Vought, to attend to things in his absence. When the Indians approached the house, Mrs. Hurd, who was out milking, hastened into the house. The Indians followed her into the house, and with pretended friendship, asked for some tobacco. Mr. Vought gave them some and they began to smoke, when Mrs. Hurd's babe began to cry. Mr. Vought took the child in his arms and walked out into the yard. Just as he was turning to go into the house, one of the Indians stepped to the door, raised his gun and deliberately shot him through the breast. They then began to plunder the house, telling Mrs. Hurd that if she made any noise, they would kill her too; but, if not, they would permit her to escape, and return to her mother. They broke open and destroyed trunks, chests, beds and all the other furniture of the house, scattering the contents upon the ground. After compelling her to see her house despoiled of all her household treasures, the savages sent her away, showing her what direction she must take, and threatening that if she tried to go to any of the neighbors, or make any outcry, to warn them, they would follow and murder her. She was obliged to leave by an unfrequented path, with two small children, the oldest three years old and the youngest was not a year. After leaving Mrs. Hurd, the Indians proceeded to Mr. Cook, who was at the house at the time, while his wife was in the corn field, keeping the birds away from the corn. The Indians divided their force, a part going to the house, the rest to the field. One coming up to Mrs. Cook, they asked to see her husband's gun, which she was using. She handed it over and they kept refusing to give it back, telling her that she might go to her mother, for they were going to kill all the white men in the country. Those that went to the house requested Mr. Cook to give them some water. As there was none in the house, he was obliged to take the pail and go to the spring, to supply their wants. But when about half way across the yard, one of the savages shot him in the back. Mrs. Cook stayed around the premises, concealed from the Indians, till they had plundered to their heart's content and taken departure; then, returning to the house and finding the corpse of her husband lying upon the ground, she determined not to leave, without first alarming the settlement. After going through brush and timber until her clothes were badly torn, and wading along the edge

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of the lake, until she was wet through, she reached the lower part of the settlement undiscovered by the Indians.

Having wandered somewhat from my own tale, and brought the story of their ravages up to the time when they appeared at our place, I will return to Charley Hatches' account. Charley had gone early in the morning to the head of the lake on an errand. He rode a horse as far as Mr. Cook's. Here he hitched his horse and proceeded on foot to Mrs. Hurd's, where he found the murdered body of Vought. He returned to Mr. Cook's where he had left the horse, but on coming in sight of the house, he saw several Indians around it, and heard the report of a gun. This so frightened the horse that it broke loose and ran away, while the Indians were trying to catch it, Charley got away unseen. He came down the lake and warned all the neighbors, when he came to our house he was nearly exhausted. He asked for a horse to ride to the lower end of the lake and warn the rest of the settlers. Mrs. Rhodes had two horses there and was willing that he should do so. Charles asked me for the bridle several times, but we were all so stricken with fear, that we stood like dumb persons. I began to realize the necessity of immediate and rapid flight.

I sprang into the house and got the bridle for him, urging him to hurry away with all speed. He started off, and bade us follow as fast as we could, to Mr. Smith's house. On this, my husband caught little Johnnie, our youngest, in his arms, took his two rifles, and started telling myself and children to hurry as fast as we could. I took some of my clothes, but my husband told me to leave them. I asked him if I could not get my shoes, but he said "no" we have not time; so, I started barefooted, to follow Mr. Eastlick. Rhodes called to me, and asked if I was not going to carry anything, so I went back, and he gave me some powder, lead and shot. I took it in the skirt of my dress, and started as fast as I could run; and that was but slowly, for my limbs seemed very heavy, and the pieces of lead kept falling to the ground every few rods. I felt so perfectly unnerved with fear that I gave up, and told John, my husband, that I could not go much farther. He urged me to keep on, and supported myself by holding to his coat. This I did not do, but told him if he would go more slowly, I would try to get to Mr. Smith's with him.

When we came in sight of the house, my strength began to return a little, but on coming up we saw no appearance of anything or any one being at home. My husband called "Smith" several times, receiving no answer, concluded that they had all gone on to Mr. Wright's. We hurried on and soon overtook them. When we came in sight of the house, we saw the same Indians that had camped there on Monday. They motioned us to ~~hurry~~ hurry along, pretending to be much frightened, and when we came near the house, a squaw met us, and asked what was the matter. I told her that some Indians had killed Vought, and we expected that they would kill us, upon which she pretended great sympathy for us and even pretended to weep. We entered the house and found Mrs. Wright very cool and collected. She encouraged us by telling us that the Indians that were there would fight for us. Soon all the neighbors that were nearest gathered in. Mr. Duly and Uncle Tom Ireland came without their families. Mr. Ireland was obliged to leave his wife and children behind, for the Indians had been shooting at him, but not at his family. When the Indians arrived at the road that lead to our house, and Mr. Duly's, they left off pursuing Mr. Ireland and went to our houses in search of more plunder.

Mr. Duly's wife was much exhausted from running, so he left her concealed with the children in the bushes. Old Pawn volunteered to go after them, so a party consisting of Mr. Duly, Old Pawn, Mr. Ireland, and some squaws set out to bring in the missing women and children. They soon met Mrs. Ireland and her children, and a little farther on found Mrs. Cook. They all came to Mrs. Wright's, where we were, when Mrs. Cook with tears in her eyes told us of the sad fate of her husband. My heart was touched with sympathy for my dear friend. I threw my arms about her neck and begged her not to weep, telling her that, perhaps ere night, I should be left a widow with five small children and that would be still worse, for she had no children. Mrs. Wright gave her some dry clothes, and she was made comfortable.

The men had by this time prepared the house as well as possible for defending ourselves against our pursuers, by opening crevices in numerous places, to be used as loop holes for the rifles. They gave us weapons such as axes, hatchets,

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butcher knives, etc., and sent us all up stairs, where we had a good lookout from the windows. The men told the Indians, who still stayed near us, that they could take their stand in the stable, not liking to trust them in the house. They said that they would fight. They said they would fight for the white people, but they had no ammunition, two guns and ammunition was furnished them.

I told my husband that I had no confidence in them. He then asked an Indian, who could talk a little English, if he would fight for the Whites. He replied that he didn't know. Our enemies now made their appearance. We could see them around the house of Mr. Smith, shaking some white clothes, and making a great noise. Now and then an Indian would mount his pony and ride out into the field, fire his gun, and then turn and ride back as fast as he could. They performed in this manner for a long time, occasionally shooting an ox or a cow, running loose in the field. The Indians who were with us said that if we would all fire our guns, it would frighten them away. Accordingly they all went out, Mrs. Wright with the rest. Her husband being gone at the time, down below Mankato. She had slung the shot pouch over her shoulder and loaded her gun. They all ~~fired~~ together, but the Indians, who reserved their fire until all the rest had fired. I went to my husband and begged of him not to discharge his gun until the Indians had fired. I think that they reserved their charges to shoot the white men when their weapons were all empty, but were too cowardly to do it when the time came to act. These volleys of musketry did not seem to alarm the savage troop in the least. "Old Pawn" then said that he would go and meet them, and see how many there were, and what they wanted. But before he had gone far, several Indians came toward him as fast as they could ride. They stopped and talked with him for some time. He finally came running back and reported that there were 200 hostile Indians coming, and if we would go peacefully away, they would not harm us; but, if not, they would burn down the house over our heads. Upon this the men held a short council; the majority decided that it was best to leave the house. So we all started across the prairie, except Charley Hatch and Mr. Rhodes. These latter were sent on horses to the house of Mr. Everett, a distance of half a mile, to get a wagon to carry the women and children, and some flour and quilts, for we all expected to sleep on the prairies that night. The men overtook us going the distance of half a mile, and the women and children all got into the wagon, except Mrs. Wright, myself and my two oldest boys, Morton and Frank. In all there were 34 of us, including men, women and children. We traveled over a mile in this manner, when the appalling cry was raised that the Indians were upon our track. The Indians, who had pretended to be friendly at the house, had deserted us and joined their demoniac fellow savages in their quest of blood and plunder. All was terror among us; our merciless foes were in sight, riding at their utmost speed and would soon be upon us. All now got into the wagon that could. Mrs. Smith held the reins, while I, sitting on the fore end of the wagon box, lashed the horses with all my strength, but with such a load, the brutes could not get along faster than a walk. The Indians were fast gaining upon us and the men, thinking that it was only the horses that they wanted, bade us to leave the wagon. We accordingly all jumped out and ran along as fast as we could, while the men fell in behind to give the women and children what protection they could. Some one asked if they should shoot at the Indians or not; my husband declared that he would shoot the first one that touched the horses. When within almost gun shot they spread themselves out in a long line, and approached, yelling and whooping like demons. They fired upon us, but the first round did not touch us. They had now come up to our team; one of them sprang from his pony, caught the horses by the bit, and turned them around. Four of our men fired upon them and the one that held the horses fell dead.

After the first fire from the savages, two of our men ran away from the rest, keeping the road for some distance. They were called to come back and one of them turned around as if he were coming back. But there were two or three Indians pursuing them and close on their track, so he went on some distance, then turned and fired upon his pursuers. One Indian snapped three caps at him, and then turned and rode back. The two men made their escape without a scratch. One went to Dutch Charley's and warned his family. The other went to Walnut Grove and warned two young men there. They all made good their escape.

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When the first Indian was shot, Mr. Duly turned to the women and children and bade us go to a slough, not far off, which was the only place that presented itself for concealing ourselves, and that was but poor. One large ball entered my heel, which caused me much pain. Mrs. Ireland's youngest child was shot through the leg; Emma Duly through the arm, and Willie Duly in the shoulder. We soon reached the slough and concealed ourselves as best we could by laying down in the tall grass. This, however, only hid us from the sight, but not from the shot and balls. For two hours or more we were exposed to the random shots of our merciless foes. My husband tried several times to shoot the savages, but his gun missed fire, and he was obliged to work a long time before it would go off. Meanwhile, to me every minute seemed an hour, for I thought John could do good service with his gun, for he was a good marksman and had a good rifle. Several times our comrades called upon him to shoot, saying "There is an Indian." "Why don't you shoot, for my gun will not reach him." The Indians only showed themselves one or two at a time. They would sulk behind the hills, crawl up to the top, rise up and fire at us, and drop out of sight instantly; thus proving themselves to be great cowards. The odds were fearfully against us; 200 Indians against six white men. We felt that we were but weakly protected, and we could expect no mercy from our merciless enemies. All we knew was that death or captivity was before us and I had no idea that any of our company would escape them. The balls fell around us like hail. I lay in the grass with my little ones gathered around me, as it was very hot and sultry. I tried to move a little distance from them, but could not get a foot away from them, for they would follow me. They seemed to think if they kept close to mother, they would be safe. I could now hear groans about me in the grass, in various directions, and Mrs. Everett told me she was shot in the neck; and in a few minutes more I was shot by a ball in the side. I told my husband that I was shot. "Are you much hurt, he asked?" "I think I shall die," I answered; "but do not come here, for you can do me no good; stay there for you can do more good with your rifle." I knew he could not come without being discovered by the Indians. Another ball soon struck me on the head, lodging between the skull and the scalp, where it still remains. I could tell if a ball struck anyone by the sound. My husband said that he thought he would move a little, as the Indians had discovered his hiding place. He moved, reloading his gun, and was watching for a chance to shoot, when I heard a ball strike some one. Fearing that he was the one, I called to him saying to him, "John, are you hurt?" He did not answer. I called again, but there was no reply, save that I heard him groan twice, very faintly. Then I knew that he was hurt, and I thought that I must go to him, but Mrs. Cook begged me not to go. I told her that he was badly hurt and that I must go to him. "Do not, for God's sake," said Mrs. Cook. "Stay with the children. If you stir from that spot, they will be all killed. Your husband is dead already, and you cannot possibly do him any good; so stay with your children, I beg of you." I took her advice and stayed with them, for they were all I had left in the world now, and I feared it could not be long before we all would sleep in death.

The whites now made but little resistance, for the men were all wounded, and one of them killed. Three of the Indians now came from their skulking places and began calling upon the women to come out. Mr. Everette answered them as he lay wounded in the grass. One of these Indians was Pawn, who had professed to be our friend in the morning, but now proved to be a bitter foe. Pawn knew the voice of Everette and calling him by the name, commanded him to come out of the slough. Mr. Everette told him he was wounded and could not walk, and asked Pawn to come to him. Pawn replied, "you lie, you can walk well enough, if you want to." Two of the Indians then fired into the grass in the direction which they heard his voice, and a bullet struck Mr. Everette near the elbow, shattering the bone badly. He then told his wife to tell Pawn that he was killed; she boldly rose upright, in sight of the savages, and in the most melting and pious tones, told them that her husband was dead and that they had killed him. Pawn assured her they would not hurt the rest of them; but that they must come out, for he wanted her and Mrs. Wright for his squaws. Mr. Everette, thinking that perhaps they could obtain safety by obedience, until they made their escape, told her perhaps the best thing she could do was to go. She then called out and asked me to go with her. I told her I could not go but a very little with them, and asked Mrs. Wright to go with her, knowing she could speak Indian. She agreed to go and confer with the Indians.

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While Pawn was talking with Mrs. Everette, Mr. Duly said he would shoot him, but Mrs. Smith and myself begged him not to shoot him, for well we knew that if he did, the balls would shower around us again with renewed fury. "It is too good a chance to throw away," he said. "The Indians will kill us all sooner or later and I'm bound to make one less of them while I have a chance. The women then all begged him not to shoot, and I urged that as a reason that he might escape and let the world know what had been our fate. Upon this he desisted from his purpose. After the savages had shot Mr. Everette, as I have just related, Uncle Tommy Ireland rose up out of the grass and pleaded with them to save the women and children. Two of the Indians who were only two or three rods from him, drew up their guns and fired at him with murderous aim. He fell to the ground with a groan, shouting in anguish, "Oh God, I'm killed." He had received seven buckshot, two of which passed through his left lung, one through his left arm and the rest lodged in various parts of his body.

When Mrs. Everette and Mrs. Wright came back from their interview with Pawn, they reported that they had said they would ~~not~~ spare the women and children. We, therefore, thought since we were in their power so completely, we had better go to them at once. When we all got out of the grass, I found that there were not so many killed, as I at first had thought, although many of us were wounded. The rest of us went to the place where the three Indians were waiting for us, for they dared not go into the slough after us, but I could not go without first seeing my husband. I went to him and found him fallen over his side, probably having died without a struggle. One hand was lying on his face, and the other still grasped his trusty rifle. His hat was on his head, and his dog lay by his side, watching over his lifeless remains. I could see no blood about him. I knelt down beside him and there in the tall grass, alone with the dead, but surrounded by cruel enemies seeking my life, and dead and dying friends, I took my last farewell of poor John, expecting soon to follow him. I took his cold hand in mine, for the last time, on him who had been my companion for 12 years, and had now laid down his life, in trying to protect his wife and little ones. I did not shed a tear that I was aware of, when I parted from him thus.

I now found that I was quite lame, and could scarcely walk. Morton carried little Johnny in his arms, and Frank and Giles, two of my other boys, assisted me to walk, letting me rest my weight partly upon them by placing both hands on their little shoulders. As I came out of the slough, I saw Uncle Tommy lying not far from me. He was still alive, but the blood and froth was oozing out of the hole made thru his lungs. I did not think he would survive another hour. His wife was bending over him, receiving his last words. He bade her and the little ones a last adieu, thinking his end was nigh.

The Indians had sent Mrs. Wright to gather up the guns. As she came back, she passed close to him, upon which he begged her to shoot him and put an end to his torment. She told him she would be glad to help him, if it were possible, but she could not kill a friend, even to relieve his suffering. We came out to where the Indians were and found that three more had joined them, making six in all. The prisoners now seated themselves on the ground and we found out how many were wounded, while in the slough. The men were all wounded, but kept concealed in the slough. Mrs. Smith was shot through the hip and could scarcely stir. Mrs. Everette was wounded in the neck and her clothes on one side were wet with blood, but her wound had nearly ceased bleeding, and did not pain her much. Mrs. Ireland's youngest child had been shot through the bowels, and must have been suffering greatly, for her face had turned spotted, and the froth was running from the mouth. I do not think she could have lived long.

The sky now became overcast with heavy clouds, and a furious rain storm accompanied with thunder and lightening was coming on. Soon the rain descended in torrents. The Indians now hurried and caught their ponies and made all preparations for starting away. We expected to be all taken along with them as prisoners, but we were disappointed; for, as it afterwards proved, some were taken, while others were put to death, or left in a dying condition. Those of us who afterwards escaped were for a long time in such a plight that it seemed death was inevitable. One Indian started taking Mrs. Cook as his prisoner; another took one of Mr. Ireland's daughters, while a third started off leading by the hand Mrs. Duly and myself, neither of whom made any resistance. I stopped, however, and looked around to see if any of my children were

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coming and to tell them to follow me. Little Freddy, one of my boys aged five, arose out of the grass at my call and started to come. Then for the first time I noticed a hideous old squaw, who had just joined the Indians. She ran after him and fell him to the ground, and with a blow upon the head with something she carried in her hand. Weak, wounded and tightly held by my captor, as I was, I could only stand and look on at the scene which followed, while such anguish raked my soul as, I pray God, you will never feel. The old hag beat him for some minutes upon the back part of the head, till I thought she had killed him. She stepped back a few paces and started after me, but, oh, what a piteous sight for a mother to behold. The blood was streaming from his nose, mouth and ears. The old squaw, not yet satisfied, again knocked him down and pounded him some more; then took him by the clothes, raised him as high as she could and, with all her force, dashed him upon the ground. She then took a knife and stabbed him several times. I could not stop or return, for my captor was by this time dragging me away, but my head was turned around, and my eyes riveted upon the murder of my defenseless little ones. I heard someone call out, "Mother." I looked and there stood little Frank, my oldest child, on his knees, with hands raised toward heaven calling, "Mother" while the blood was streaming from his mouth. He had been shot in the mouth, knocking out four of his teeth; once through the thigh and once through the bowels. What could I do? Nother, but gaze in silent horror upon the children, while they were being murdered by savages. I was well aware that any interference of mine, even were I capable of making it, would only occasion greater cruelty.

In the meantime, the Indians had killed several women and children, but I did not notice it at the time. I could not take my attention from my own children to observe what befell the rest. The Indian now let me go and went on without me. I fastened my eyes upon the pleading face of the little sufferers, but dared not take one step toward them, while we were surrounded by our foes.

Old Pawn now came along with Mrs. Wright and her children. He brought a horse that belonged to Charley Hatch, and ordered her to put her children upon it, which she did. He then gave her the halter strap and then sent her along, telling me to go along with her. I looked around, as I started and saw Mrs. Everette running for the slough, where her husband lay wounded and an Indian in pursuit of her and just in the act of catching her, when some one else shot her through the back. I saw Willie Duly fall, shot through, a few yards in front of his mother. Upon this, she turned around and begged old Pawn to spare her other children. One was a girl two years old, whom she carried in her arms; another, a boy, was hanging to the skirts of her dress. I cannot forget her pale, pleading face. Pawn told her, as usual, that he would not kill them. I asked him what he intended to do to me, and if he meant to kill me. He replied in the negative; then stopped, leaned on his gun and told me to hurry on.

I had now got some distance from the spot where I left my children and did not know whether all the men were murdered or not. I could now walk without difficulty, for fear had driven away all pain. Part of the prisoners were now gone out of sight, and Mrs. Duly and Mrs. Wright were fast leaving me. I limped along at a rapid pace, but, looking back I saw old Pawn standing there, where I had left him, loading his gun, and I instantly feared, that in spite of all his protestations, he was going to shoot me. I had a small slough to cross and when about half way through it, someone, probably Pawn, shot me again, making four bullets which I had received in all. The ball struck me in the small of the back, entering at the left side of the spine and coming out at the right side, just above the hip, also passing through my right arm between my elbow and wrist. I fell to the ground upon my face and lay there for some minutes, wondering if my back were broken, and if the Indians would ride over me, as I had fallen in the trail. It was about a rod from where I drawled and lay down again upon my face. In a few minutes more I heard the step of an Indian and held my breath, thinking he would pass me, supposing me dead.

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But I was sadly mistaken. He came close beside me, stood a moment watching me, then commenced beating me on the head with the butt of a rifle. He struck me a good many times, so hard that my head bounded up from the sod, at every stroke and then gave me several blows across the right shoulder. I did not lose all presence of mind, although the blows fell heavy and fast. I endeavored, with all might, to hold my breath, in order that he might think I was dead, but it was impossible. I was so nearly smothered with my face beaten into the grass, that I caught my breath several times. He probably supposed me to be dying and threw down his gun. I thought he was preparing to scalp me, expecting every moment to feel his hands in my hair, and the keen edge of the scalping knife, cutting around my head, but for once I was happily disappointed, for he went away, thinking, no doubt, that I was dead. And, in fact, I was so near to every feeling but fear, that I believe he could have taken my scalp without my moving a muscle. I lay here for some two or three hours, not daring to move. While I was lying here, I heard Morton calling me and now knew that he still lived and wondered how he had escaped the redskins, but supposed that he had concealed himself in the grass. I dared not answer for fear he would come to me, be discovered by the Indians and be killed. The rain had continued falling all this time; my clothes were wet through, and I was cold and chilly. About 4 P.M., on trying to get up, I found that I was very weak and that it took a great deal of effort to raise myself to a sitting posture.

As I had been lying, my hand was under my forehead. I found that the blood had run down from my head and coagulated among my fingers. Hence, I knew that my head had bled quite freely or the rain would have washed it away. Upon this I tried to find how much my head had been injured by the blows. I was insensible to pain in that quarter, but by turning my head back and forth, I could plainly hear the bones grate together. I thought my skull must be broken and this afterwards proved to be true. My hair was very thick and long, measuring about three feet, and this, I think, saved my life by breaking the force of the blows. Here I sat, wet and cold, not even daring to move from the spot. I had heard the cry of a child that afternoon at intervals and thought it was my Johnny. I thought Morton must have taken him to the wounded men to stay with them. So I determined to try to go to them, thinking we could, perhaps, keep warm better, for the rain still fell very fast, and the night was setting in cold and stormy. I arose upon my feet and found that I could walk, but with great difficulty. I heard Willy Duly, whom I supposed dead long before this, cry out, "Mother", "Mother," but a few steps from me and then he called out "Mrs. Smith." Having to pass close by him as I left the slough, I stopped and thought that I would speak to him, but, upon reflection, knowing that I could not possibly help the poor boy, I passed by him without speaking. He never moved again from the spot where I last saw him; for, when the soldiers went to get the dead, they found him in the very same position, lying on his face at the edge of the slough. I was guided to the place where my children and neighbors were killed by the cry of a child, which I supposed was Johnny's voice, but upon reaching the spot where it lay, it proved to be Mrs. Everette's youngest child. Her oldest, Lily, agreed six was leaning over him to shield him from the storm. I called her by name. She knew my voice instantly and said "Mrs. Eastlick, the Indians haven't killed us yet?" "No, Lily," said I, but there are very few of us left." "Mrs. Eastlick" said she, "I wish you would take care of Charley." I told her it was impossible for my Johnny was somewhere upon the prairie, and I feared he would die unless I could find him, and keep him warm. She begged me to give her a drink of water, but it was out of my power to give her even that or to assist her in any way, and I told her so. She raised her eyes and with a sad, thoughtless, hopeless look asked the question, "Is there any water in heaven?" I replied, "When you get to heaven, you will never more suffer from thirst or pain." On hearing this, the poor little patient sufferer, only six years old, laid herself down again and seemed reconciled to her fate.

When in our great haste to escape into the slough that morning I had torn the binding of my skirt very badly and since that I had been obliged to hold it together with my hands. I now had a double task to perform with my left hand: first, to hold my skirt from dropping, not wishing to lose it, because it was all the clothes I had on, except a short, loose sack and a chemise; and, second, I was obliged to hold my right hand and arm with my left, for I could not let it hang by

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my side without great pain. Neither was there strength enough left in it to hold itself up. Therefore, I felt over the waist of Mrs. Smith's dress for some pins to fasten on my skirt with, but without success. I then moved to the body of Mrs. Ireland and found two pins which I used so that they were of invaluable service. I also discovered the youngest child of Mrs. Ireland lying upon the breast that had ever nourished it. I bent down my head and listened. The soft, slow breathing showed how sweetly she slept upon that cold, cold bosom. I left her, being unable to carry anything, and she being unable to walk. I looked around in the darkness and discovered another lifeless body, stretched upon the ground a few steps from ~~xxx~~ me.

My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, so that I could see indistinctly. I found that it was my poor, little boy, Giles, shot thru the breast by the Indians. He appeared to have died without a struggle. I seemed to see a smile wreath his cold lips and a dimple on his cheeks, and I fancied that the angel spirit was watching me as I bent over that little house of clay. I could not wish him back, for he had gone to the land where sorrow is unknown. I now left him, as I found him and proceeded to where my attention was attracted to heavy breathing of some one. I found that it was a child and stooping down, I examined it by feeling, as well as I could. Alas, to my unspeakable horror and grief, I found that it was my own little Freddy. What tongue could tell the anguish that I felt, to reflect upon the cruel treatment I had seen him receive, and that he had been left to suffer for hours. I thought, "Oh, that I had found him dead." He lay upon his face with his clothes torn off; he was quite warm and breathed very hard, with a dreadful rattling in his throat. I knew that he was then dying and that he could not live long. I wished to lay down and die by his side, but an after reflection seemed to say, "No, you must not do it; you still have something for which to live, for are not Morton and little Johnny somewhere upon the prairie, and, at this very moment hungry, wet, cold and in danger of wolves?" Knowing this, could I lie down in the rain and die, without at least trying with all my remaining strength to find them and give them what poor comfort I could? I accordingly left the little sufferer, praying that God would soon release him from pain.

I had gone but a short distance when I heard laborious breathing in the opposite direction, and I found that it proceeded from Mrs. Everett, who had been shot through the lungs. The noise that she made in breathing struck a complete horror over me. It was a rattling, gurgling sound that made my very flesh creep. I did not, dared not touch her. I was all at once overcome with such dread of terror; or something of the kind, that I dared not touch her. I called her by name several times, as I stood over her, but she did not answer. She was beyond speaking. I hurried along, for I could not bear to witness the suffering of ~~any~~ my friend and neighbor. I wandered around upon the prairie, calling "Morton" at intervals, but receiving no answer. Sometimes I fancied that I could hear John crying. I would then hurry in the direction that it seemed to come from, and call him again and again. Then I would seem to hear him another way and turn my course thither. Often when forced by fatigue, I would rest my weary frame on the wet ground.

(paragraph omitted about seeing mysterious light)

Morning dawn found me still wandering over the prairie, in search of my children, for I was still confident that they still lived, unless they had perished from hunger and cold. I looked around and strained my eyes in the hopes of seeing some known object by which to learn where I was; but no, I was lost upon the trackless prairie. My fear of savages was too great to allow me to travel by daylight, so I hid myself all day in a bunch of tall weeds. The rain continued to fall until about 9 A.M. when it ceased, and, soon after the sun cheered me with its warm rays. About ten o'clock I heard the report of guns and heard the cries of children again. This proved to me that I was not far from the place where my husband and children were murdered. I heard agonizing cries of children during most of the day. They cried constantly and sometimes would shriek and scream as if in great pain. This led me to the conviction that the fiends were torturing them.

I believed my own surviving boys to be among them, with poor Charles, and expected that they would at last be killed, when the Indians were tired with their hellish chorts; for, I believe it was rare sport to them to torture such little innocents. But about 4 o'clock I heard the report of 3 guns in succession and the wail of the infants instantly ceased. I cried, "What have I to live for now?" My husband and five darling children are all murdered; my home is plundered and desolate; and I, myself, left alone upon the prairies among enemies, with many a wound and scarcely able to walk. This

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is indeed a sad picture, but how true it is that while there is a spark of life there is hope in the heart. Poor human nature soon found for me another excuse for not dying and for trying to prolong my miserable existence. I wished to live to tell to some white persons, through them to the world, the story of my sad fate. I then began to look around to ascertain in which direction to go to reach the house of Dutch Charley, a German living 16 miles from Lake Shetek. I could just barely see in the horizon some timber, which I thought must be close to Buffalo Lake and on the road to Dutch Charley's, and I determined that as soon as it was dark, I would try to reach it. I had now passed two days without anything to eat or drink. I felt no hunger, but was just ready to perish with thirst, it seemed.

As soon as it was dark, I started upon my weary way toward the timber. I walked some hours and then laid me down to rest on the damp ground. The dew on the grass was very heavy. I thought I would scoop up some of it with my hands and obtain relief, but it was in vain that I tried it. I then took the bottom of my skirt and sucked the moisture from it, until I had partially quenched my thirst. I thought it the sweetest water I ever drank. I now curled myself up on the ground for a nap, trying to get myself warm, by drawing the apron over my head and face and breathing upon my benumbed hands. I shook from head to foot. I was chilled through and my teeth chattered. I heard something approach me, which I supposed from the step was a wolf. I heard him snuffing around my ear for a while and then running away. I did not look up, for I felt not the least fear of anything but Indians. Soon sleep and weariness came over me and I slept for some time. When I awoke I felt quite refreshed and started once more upon my toilsome journey. But, by this time my feet were very sore; the flesh was worn almost to the bone on the top of the ~~the~~ toes by the coarse, prairie grass. Indeed it was quite a hardship for me to walk at all, but the sweet hope that I would soon reach Dutch Charley's buoyed up my ~~my~~ sinking spirit. If I could only reach that place, I would be well cared for, assisted to some friendly settlement, whence I could inform distant friends of my misfortune. I traveled on in the darkness, through sloughs and high grass, and soon found a slough that was filled with water. Here I satisfied my burning thirst, but it was very difficult getting through it. The grass was as tall as my shoulders and twisted and matted, so that I had to part it before me to get along. Most of the way the water was as much as two and one-half feet deep. I got so fatigued in wading this wide slough that I was almost obliged to sit down in it and rest myself. As soon as I got my foot on dry land again, I lay down and rested a long time before starting again.

It was nearly twilight now. I could see timber at short distance. I was so weak that I reeled badly as I walked, but the sight of the woods revived my strength somewhat, and I dragged myself along, thinking that about five of the sixteen miles to Dutch Charley's were accomplished, and vainly hoping that before night I might travel the remaining 11 miles.

As I neared the timber I heard the crowing of fowls in several directions. It was now broad day, and I discovered that this was not Buffalo Lake, but Lake Shetek. I cannot describe my grief and despair, at finding myself back there, after wandering two, long nights, with feet bleeding and torn by briars and rough weeds, and with nothing to eat for 3 nights and two days. My fear for Indians caused me to creep into the first bunch of weeds for shelter, and I covered my face and head with my apron to keep off the mosquitoes, which stung me beyond all endurance. I began to feel sick, and a weak faint feeling came over me at times, which I attributed to extreme hunger. I thought if I got away from the place, I must get something to eat, or die soon of weakness and starvation. There was a house not far off, which I know to have belonged to my old friend and neighbor, Thomas Ireland, and if I could get to it, I might, perhaps, find something eatable. After wavering for a long time in a state of uncertainty, between the fear of starvation by them, knowing that to remain without food longer was death; at about 10 o'clock I started for the house. I had to cross a small slough, on the opposite side of which was a high bank covered with thick brush. With great pain attending every step, I crossed the slough, gained the other side, and assayed to climb the bank. I parted the brush in order to get through in the least pos-

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sible pain, but the brush would get between my toes at every step, causing me to groan aloud. God only knows what I suffered. Entirely discouraged, I lay down in the brush to die. I reflected that all that had kept me alive hitherto was my great desire and determination to live; hence, that all I now needed to do was to lie down determined to die. Death would soon relieve my sufferings. But I was mistaken. I found that I could not die, unless it was God's will, and in his time. I lay there till noon and then started once more for the house. By pulling myself up by the bushes, I at last found myself within a short distance of a corn field, in such an exhausted state that I could scarcely walk. I dragged myself to the field, plucked the first ear that I could reach, after many efforts; pulled off the green husks. I ate two rows of the milky kernels of green corn, but they made me very sick at the stomach. After lying down for some time, I arose, feeling better, stronger and soon reached the house.

Here I found the head and bones of a young bullock the Indians had butchered, several dead pigs, old clothes, dishes, Indian blankets, etc., scattered over the ground. The ground was covered with feathers, which they had emptied from the beds. I entered the house and found in one corner a dead dog. I found a crock containing buttermilk, so sour and covered with mold that it was impossible to use it as food. I took a cup to the spring, drank some water and crawled into some plum bushes where I remained until night. When it got sufficiently dark, I went back to the house and with my teeth tore the flesh from the bones of the carcasses. This I rendered eatable by dipping it in some brine that was left in a pork barrel; wrapped it in a paper, and put it in a tin pail which I found. This was to be my provision for next day, for well I knew that I must have food of some kind, even if raw. I also pulled 3 ears of corn and deposited them with my meat. This little store I thought would keep up my strength until I could reach Dutch Charley's. This I imagined would be a haven of rest where kind hands would care for me. I put on an old ragged coat to keep me warm, bound up my raw, painful feet in old clothes and started anew on my journey.

I knew the direction to the road was due east of their place and this night I kept the right course by the North star, but did not travel far before I was obliged to lie down and rest. At day break I reached the road making the distance of two miles in the whole night. This I thought was slow traveling, but I was quite encouraged now that I had found the road and was sure of going right. I lay down and slept till after sunrise; after eating some green corn I started again.

Often fatigue forced me to sit down and rest and each time after resting I could scarcely put my foot to the ground. My heel, which had been shot through, was very sore and badly swelled. Discouraging as this was, I still pressed onward until I reached Buffalo Lake. Here I found that I must cross the outlet of the lake on a pole that some one had laid across long ago. But when I trusted my weight to it, in the middle of the stream it broke and I fell into the water. After repeated efforts I got out and passed on, but was obliged to stop and repair damages caused by the accident. I took off and wrung out some of my clothes, such as my skirt and the rags on my feet; then hung them in the sunshine to dry. I also laid the meat in the sun to dry, for it was so soft and slippery that I could not eat it. After this I lay down in the bushes that grew around the lake and slept for some time. I arose at length, dressed, sat on a log and ate some corn and forced down some meat. Just as I finished my lonely meal a flock of ducks flew off the lake and soon a crane followed them. This was proof that something had disturbed them, and fearing that Indians were close at hand, I hid behind a tree. Presently, the head of a horse was seen to rise over the hill near by. "Indians without a doubt" thought I, and shrank down behind the bushes to watch a dozen or so hated savages file along in front of me. But such a revulsion of feeling from fear to joy. It proved to be the mail carrier from Sioux Falls to New Ulm. I crept out of the bush and addressed him. He stopped his horse, and staring at me in the utmost astonishment, asked, in the Indian tongue, if I was a squaw. I answered him yes, not being able to understand him and told him that the Indians had killed all the white people at the lake. "Why?" said he, "You look too white to be a squaw." I replied, "I am Mrs. Eastlick. You have seen me several times at Mrs. Everett's house, but I am badly wounded." While talking with him the first tears which I had yet shed, since the beginning of our trouble, began to pour down my cheeks like rain. While I was alone, without an earthly friend to listen to my grief, I bore up stoically; but now the warmth of human sympathy un-

locked the frozen current of my tears, and I cried for joy, once more beholding the face of a white man. He then inquired about the extent of my wounds and asked to see them; so I turned up my sleeve and showed him my wounded arm, and the place where my head was broken. He then helped me up on his sulky and walked along, leading the horse. At about 4 o'clock we came in sight of Dutch Charley's when he drove the horse into a ravine, helped me to the ground, telling me to conceal myself in the grass, and he would go to the house and see if there had been any Indians about. He returned presently, saying that there had been none about, but that the family had deserted the premises, but that there was an old man there who came from Lake Shetek. As soon as I had got to the door the old man made his appearance at the door and it was poor Uncle Tommy Ireland. I hardly knew him, for he looked more like a corpse than a human being. His face was pale, his eyes deeply shrunk and his voice reduced to a whisper. I hurried to greet him, rejoiced to see him still living, my old friend and neighbor, who had witnessed the same heart rending sights as myself. He clasped his arms around me, kissed me several times and we both wept like children at the sight of each other. While the mail carrier cared for his horse, we entered the house and he told me that Morton had left the scene of the massacre on the same day, carrying little Johnny. He thought he had reached the house before Dutch Charley had left and so gone with them.

I was filled with hope and joy to know that perhaps two of my children were spared. He detailed to me how the rest of the men, who were lying there with him wounded, had made their escape from the slough about the middle of the afternoon of the same day, after the Indians had left. That Morton ~~then~~ then told him that he was going to leave then too. "Oh, me" said Uncle Tommy, "You will starve to death on the prairie; you had better lie down here with me and both die together, than to wander over the prairie and finally starve." "No," bravely replied Morton. "Mother told me to carry Johnny as long as I live and I'm going to do it." Uncle Tommy, then seeing the child's determination to go, told him that he would go with him as far as the road. Poor little Frank started to go with him, but was wounded so badly and so enfeebled by loss of blood that he soon fell upon his knees and besought his brother, Morton, to wait for him, saying that he was sick and could not keep up. Oh, how the poor boy must have felt to see his brother leave him alone in such agony. He had been shot through the thigh, through the abdomen and through the mouth. I afterwards learned that he remained two days upon the prairie, and then was found by a band of Indians, who carried him to Mrs. Smith's house. Here they remained and doctored him two days. There were worms in his wounds at the time; and finding that he could neither eat nor drink, but would probably die, they left him in this situation. But he lived and after staying there alone for 3 weeks and living on cheese, etc., he was taken prisoner by a halfbreed named Jos Leaboshie. God only knows what the poor child suffered, and what he still suffers, for if still living, he is yet a prisoner.

Uncle only went about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile with Morton; being very faint from the loss of blood, he lay down in the grass and was unable to turn himself over for 36 hours. Then finding himself able to walk, he arose and went as far as Dutch Charley's that day, at which place we found him on Saturday, the next day. He was unable to get himself a drink. He had suffered greatly, but the sight of the mail carrier and myself had raised his spirits to such an extent, that he thought he could travel a little. The mail carrier came in after feeding his horse, brought in some hay which he put in a corner and advised me to lay down upon it and rest. He found a cheese in the chamber, which he cut up and fed us upon. After resting some time, I went to the garden and pulled a few turnips; taking them and a part of the cheese for food, we started once more. At first Tommy could not walk very well, but, after going about 8 miles, we went about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the road to camp for the night; ate a part of our turnips and cheese and lay down on the ground to sleep. The mail carrier gave me a quilt which he had with him, and this I shared with Mr. Ireland, who had nothing but his shirt and pants. During the night a severe storm arose; it rained for some time. The kind mail carrier put his oilcloth blanket over us, reserving but a small portion for himself.

As soon as daylight on Sunday morning we started on again. I was very cold and I should have suffered much, if the mail carrier had not given me his blanket to ride in, which kept me very comfortable. At about 11:00 o'clock we spied some persons ahead of us, and the mail carrier, thinking they might be Indians, turned from

the road, following along a ravine for some distance till he thought he could come up with them. He then cautiously crept to the top of the hill, and looked over upon the road. But he could see nothing of them; they were out of sight. He returned and said he would go back to Sioux Falls, if I would. I told him if he thought it any safer to return, to do so by all means; but I would rather he would let me go on to New Ulm, which I supposed would be a place of safety. He said he would go there with me. I urged him not to run any risk for my sake, for we might all get killed, if we went on, but he would not leave me behind alone.

We all started on again, with the mail carrier some distance in advance. As we neared the place where we had seen the supposed Indians, he took a circuitous route, telling me to wait till he could go to the top of the hill and look out for them. After looking in every direction, he motioned for me to go on, and soon rejoined me. But when we had traveled about a mile farther, on ascending an eminence, I saw at a distance the objects that had alarmed us, which appeared to be a woman and two children. When we arrived near to them, the woman appeared to me like Mrs. Duly. I beckoned for her to stop, and on coming up, it proved to be Mrs. Hurd with her two children. She was unable to speak for some time, but shook hands all around and finally told me that my Morton was a short distance ahead, just out of sight and carrying Johnny. I could stay to hear no more and urging the horse along, soon came up with them. Morton stopped, gazed up at me, but said not a word. The mail carrier took Johnny, who was sleeping in his arms, and gave him to me. Oh, how fervently, for sparing my children, I thanked God. How I longed to press to my bosom my poor Morton, but could not, for I could not get out of the sulky. All I could do was to press his wasted hand and call him my dear, brave boy. He, though only 11 years old, had carried the child, who was 15 months old, nearly 50 miles. But now he could hardly stand alone, for he felt no fear now, and had nothing to excite or keep up his strength. He was the poorest person I ever saw able to stand alone. Two weeks of hard sickness could not have altered his looks more. And little Johnny, too, was sadly changed. His face was entirely covered with a scab, where the mosquitoes had bitten him and he had scratched off the skin. He lay stupid and seemed not to notice anything, and he had pulled the hair all out of the back of his head. They had both been 2 days without food. After Morton left Mr. Ireland exhausted upon the prairie, he soon found the road to Dutch Charley's and reached Buffalo Lake before dark, on the day of the massacre and stopped there for the night. He laid his little brother on the ground and bent over him to protect him from the rain. The wolves came around in the night and he was obliged to hallo at them with all the power of his voice to scare them away. Think of it, mothers, and fancy your own children sleeping thus.

Thus he spent the long, cold, weary night and at daylight started on his way. All day long he carried little Johnny, resting at intervals until about 5 P.M., he overtook Mrs. Hurd, near the house of the German. Together they proceeded to the house, where they found and ate some cheese full of skippers, which was the first nourishment they had tasted for two days. The people of the house had left, taking with them all their provisions that were fit to eat. At about dark they went and concealed themselves in the cornfield for the night.

Mrs. Hurd also had a very hard time since the beginning of her troubles. After the Indians had driven her from her home, she wandered on until she became bewildered and lost her way, while the rain poured in torrents. At night she laid her children on the ground, tried to shield them from the storm with her body, and spent the night in watching over them. Next day, after wandering around for a long time, and crossing numerous sloughs, she found the road, but her eldest child was very sick and vomited often. Soon she became unable to walk, and then she was obliged to carry him. Having two to carry and quite weak, she was under the necessity of carrying one of them a quarter or half a mile, laying him down and returning for the other one, so that, for every mile that her children got along, she was obliged to walk 3 miles. Her oldest child cried bitterly for bread, but she cheered him by promising that he should have some when they reached Dutch Charley's. She traveled thus till she reached the house, when she was almost discouraged by finding them all gone. Her boy reminded her of her promise, but she could find no bread for him. Next morning, after returning from the cornfield, they resumed their search for food, and at last found in an old building some spoiled ham which she fed to the little ones.

Morton pulled some carrots in the garden and, after making their breakfast of carrots, ham and cheese, they started again, taking their provision they had left. Thus they traveled with but little to eat and nearly destitute of clothing and sleeping on the ground at night. Johnny's sole clothing was a dress with very low neck. Morton had at first a shirt, pants and hat, but the hat was shot to pieces in the slough, and he had torn his pants nearly off in walking, so that he replaced them with an old pair which he picked up at the German's.

At about noon we reached Brown's place, which was about 2 miles from where I caught up with the children, but found the house deserted and the family gone. From the appearance of things, they were judged to have left the house of their own accord and had taken most of their goods with them. The mail carrier, being unable to open the door, which was fastened, climbed in at the window, which had been broken in, and found some bread upon the table, which he distributed among us, reserving but a small piece for himself. After feeding his horse, he started along for New Ulm, leaving us around the house and promising to send some one after us. He said that about seven miles from here lived a man that owned a pair of horses and he would send him after us. After he had gone, being afraid to stay around the house, we went about 80 rods from the house, into the brush that ~~grew~~ grew along the Cottonwood River. Here we stayed until near sunset, when we returned to the house, crawled in through the broken window, and examined the premises. The house looked as though it had just been left. It was quite clean, and everything was placed in good order. There were one feather bed and three straw beds in the house, some forty pounds of pork and a crock of lard in the cellar. In short, we found enough to make us comfortable, and, though there was nothing that would make bread, we were still thankful.

In the garden Mrs. Hurd and Morton dug some potatoes and found plenty of such vegetables as onions, turnips, cabbage, beets, tomatoes and melons. Mrs. Hurd then cooked some potatoes, fried some pork and onions and we all made a hearty meal, which was the first I had had since Tuesday night. As soon as dark came we all went gladly to bed and found some clothes to keep us quite comfortable. I slept but little, however, for I felt not so safe here as on the prairie, and fear of the redskins kept sleep from my eyes. We remained at Mr. Brown's house from Sunday night till Wednesday night, when the mail carrier returned. He reported that all the settlers along the Cottonwood had been driven away by the Indians or killed; that he had gone within sight of New Ulm on foot, leaving his horse some miles behind; that he could see the ruins of a great many burnt houses there, and people of some kind walking about the streets, but could not determine if they were Indians or whites; that, as he was traveling along on foot he suddenly came upon 6 Indians, two of them shot at him and pursued him; that he ran and concealed himself in a slough till his pursuers grew weary of hunting him and gave up the search. He came back and reached Brown's on Tuesday night, but, on listening for us, heard nothing, so he concluded that we were either killed by the Indians, or had gone away, and, perhaps, the house contained Indians, so he went to the cornfield and stayed there for the rest of the night, and part of the next day, till he ventured to come to the house. After hearing his tale, we all knew that we were not safe a moment in the house. But now I was no longer able to walk. My wounded foot had become much inflamed and swollen. So our kind protector put me on his horse and took Johnny and myself into the thicket, about a fourth of a mile from the house. He also brought the feather bed and placed me upon it among some wild plum bushes. Having done all he could to render us comfortable, he shook hands and bid us farewell, saying that he never expected to see us again.

He started to return to Sioux Falls to send some soldiers to rescue us, and if he had good luck in getting through, he thought the soldiers would reach us one week from that day. When he left I wept like a child, for he had been so very kind to me. He seemed like a brother, and now that he was gone, I felt that the last of my hopes was gone with him. I knew that I could not get away without help, and I feared lest the Indians would find us. If they did, our lives would not be worth a farthing. After cooking a pail of potatoes, some meat and parched corn, Mrs. Hurd came to me. Uncle Tommy and Morton also came, bringing some bed clothes to cover us with. But the night proved so sultry, that we could not bear to cover our faces, and the mosquitoes seemed to draw the last drop of blood from our veins. I slept but very little, during this long and tedious night. The prospect was dis-

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couraging beyond measure, and I feared the mail carrier would never reach his destination. But I afterwards learned that when he reached Sioux Falls, the settlers had all been murdered by the savages, as also all of the soldiers but two who escaped. Finally, however, he reached Fort Clark in safety.

Next morning we arose and made our breakfast of cold potatoes, and meat. We dared not speak aloud for fear that Indians might be near. It was some trouble to keep the little ones quiet sometimes, but usually they were still. Johnny now got so that he could walk a little again, but when I first overtook him, he was unable to stand alone. About 10 o'clock Mr. Ireland said that he could not stand it any longer, and would go to the house. He was much better now than he had been before. But one night while he was staying at the house, Mrs. Hurd and I thought he was dying from the wound through the lungs. He set out for the house, had gone but a little way when we heard the barking of dogs. This seemed to us proof that Indians, with their dogs were upon us, and we expected to hear the report of the first gun to be fired at poor Uncle Tommy. No one can imagine what we then suffered with fear. Presently, the dogs came crackling through the bushes, and stopped, when in sight of us, but they did not bark. They turned back and were gone some time. Next time they came close to us, lay down about a rod from us and finally went away again. They were large, coal black dogs and did not look cross, but quite the reverse. I told Mrs. Hurd that if they came to us again, I would try to make friends with them, and, perhaps, they would not betray us. Sometime after noon, they came the third time. The largest one came close to me, and looked very wistful. Not daring to speak, I merely snapped my fingers at him, on which he came up, showing all kinds of joy, licking my face and hands. Glad to see a friendly disposition shown us by even a dog, I caressed him and gave him some meat. Presently the crackling of the brush was again heard. Looking up in dismay, we caught sight of an object that looked like an Indian, a blanket over his head. A terrible fright seized us all. My heart beat so loud that I thought we must hear it, but he soon appeared from behind some bushes and proved to be no one but Mr. Ireland. His coming cheered us all just as much as it had frightened us before. He said the dogs had probably belonged to Mr. Brown, for they seemed at home at the house. He tried his best to persuade us to go there, but we refused. He had eaten some of the potatoes, corn, etc. and brought us some parched corn. He soon returned to the house to stay alone.

I spent the night like the preceeding one, without sleep; and Mrs. Hurd also spent a miserable night, for she was sick, and vomiting a great many times. In the morning she was much better.

Uncle Tommy came out early from the house and begged us again to go there with him. I had almost concluded to go and run the risk of being killed by the Indians, for if we stayed there, we would of a certainty be tortured by the mosquitoes and perhaps die after all. Mrs. Hurd also concluded to accompany him. I managed to get out of the brush alone, but could go no farther without help. The others all having a load to carry, left me behind on the ground. Morton came back, after he had brought Johnny to the house, and helped me a little. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and using him thus as a staff, I got on a short distance, but was at last obliged to get down on my hands and knees and thus crawled to the house, where I at once threw myself upon a bed. After resting a while, I thought, perhaps, I might be able to sit up, to dress my wounded foot, but I was too faint and weak to succeed, until afternoon when I dressed my wounds. My arm was healing first, but my heel was badly swollen, and in a bad condition. I did not walk again for several weeks. During the rest of the time that we stayed here, the days wore slowly away. We remained in silence most of the time and even the little ones were seldom allowed to laugh or play. I began to think that I should never live to get away. The others were now able to walk some miles.

Mrs. Hurd was very anxious to start for New Ulm, and thought every day my foot was well enough to start, but each successive morning brought the same disappointment. Finally, I advised Mrs. Hurd and Mr. Ireland to go and wait no longer for me; that if they remained, we might all be murdered, and if they left, it might be the means of saving their own lives at least. They refused to leave me helpless, which was very generous of them. Still, I thought it not right to risk their lives, for the sake of keeping me company. So Mr. Ireland finally proposed that if we would

all stay at the house, he would go to New Ulm, and if he could find men enough there, he would have them come after us. We promised him to stay at the house, and await the coming of help, if he felt able to walk to New Ulm. "Then" he exclaimed, "I will go and have you all rescued, or die in the attempt." He began at once to prepare for the journey.

On Monday morning of the ninth day that we had stayed at Mr. Brown's, very early Mrs. Hurd cooked two, young chickens, and Uncle Tommy, taking them as provisions, started for New Ulm, telling us to be of good cheer, for if he had no bad luck, he would reach the town sometime that night. By Tuesday night, we might look for some one after us. I could not keep from shedding tears, as he left us, for now I seemed more lonely than ever, and I hardly dared to hope that he would succeed in bringing us succor. I still thought that it would be my lot to be murdered by the savages and my constant prayer was, that God would give me strength to die like a Christian. I determined that if they came and murdered me, they would not have their ears delighted by a single groan or cry. Having found some newspapers in an old trunk, I tried to read, thinking that it would relieve the tedious hours, and divert my sad heart. But the first story I found was something horrible about the Indians. I threw the paper from me, for my mind was already filled with such dreadful scenes, as none of the writers of fiction have described. All the long afternoon of Tuesday we looked long and eagerly for some one to come to our relief, until after dark, when I retired and slept for some hours. At about midnight, we were awakened by the barking of dogs and I asked Mrs. Hurd what they could be barking at. "It may be the cattle" she replied, "but they act as if afraid of something." She arose and went to the window, but could not see anything. The dogs now barked more savagely than ever, running out a short distance and then back against the door.

This frightened us very much, as we thought it must be Indians, or the dogs would not act so. But thought I, whether it is friends or enemies, I must arise and dress, if I have strength, though it may be the last time. So I began putting on my clothes, still asking Mrs. Hurd if she saw anything, when, just as I was about dressed, she exclaimed, "My God, Cook, is that you?" Then I knew that it was some one whom she knew. It proved to be a young man named Cook, who lived at Lake Shetek, and, some time before the outbreak, had gone to Crystal Lake to work in harvest, and my neighbor, Mr. Wright, who was also gone at the time. They came into the house, pressed our hands warmly, with tears running down their faces, while Mrs. Hurd and I wept aloud for joy. Immediately after them a number of soldiers entered, and when Mr. Wright took out some matches, and lit a lamp, the sight that met their eyes caused the eyes of all the brave boys to grow dim with tears. Some of them, tired and worn out, had lain down on the floor to rest, but the leader, Lieut. Roberts, told them that was no place to rest, but that they must get up and stand guard. They remained but a few minutes in the house, when he went out and stood guard with the rest of them.

We learned that Uncle Tommy succeeded in getting to New Ulm, about noon on Tuesday, and at once made known our condition to Capt. Dane. Thereupon the Captain ordered fourteen men under Lieut. Roberts, as commander, to prepare to start as soon as possible to our relief. It was almost sunset before they were ready to start, when, lo! Mr. Wright and Mr. Cook came into town, and, learning the facts, volunteered to attend them as guides. They reached our place at midnight, and, fearful that the sight of them would frighten us, the guides came on alone to rouse us. They had brought some crackers and tea for us. They went out and caught, killed and cooked some chickens for the soldiers, refusing all assistance from Mrs. Hurd, and, having prepared a good meal of chickens, potatoes and tea, a part of the soldiers came in and ate, while the rest stood guard. After the first half of the soldiers were fed, the other portion were also relieved and furnished a good, warm supper. I drank a cup of tea, but could eat scarcely any.

At length, morning began to dawn, and we were soon ready to start. They placed the feather bed in a light two-horse wagon, which they had brought, also some quilts and a buffalo robe. I was then helped in, with Mrs. Hurd and our children. The Lieutenant ordered the men to mount their horses, and eight to ride in advance of the wagon, while the rest were to act as rear guards. All being now ready, we started, and I gladly bid adieu to the lonely house in which I had suffered so much.

I saw one of the soldiers dismount, and go to the corn-crib, but thought no more of it. But after proceeding some three miles, a soldier rode ahead and told the Lieutenant there was a man left behind, upon which he ordered back three men to search for him. When about five miles from Mr. Brown's, Lieut. Roberts rode back to our wagon, and told the driver to turn out of the road, pointing a little distance ahead of us. Thinking it a bad place in the road, I looked in the direction he pointed, and beheld the body of an old, grey-haired man, lying in the road. I was forced to turn my eyes from the sickening spectacle. This was the body of Mr. Brown, whose family were all murdered here. We soon crossed a little run, where stood their wagon, the goods thrown out, books and clothing scattered on the ground, as, ~~and~~ also, were two feather beds, which the soldiers carried away with them. Near the wagon we found the body of Mrs. Brown. Her head was split open, and a few feet from her lay a tomahawk. In this place the soldiers found, in all, the bodies of four men and two women. We made all haste to pass by and leave this horrid scene of death, but its memory will never leave us. Soon after, the three soldiers overtook us, having seen nothing of their missing comrade. But it was thought that he had gone back upon the north side of the Cottonwood River; they had gone up the river by that route.

Thinking it safer to return by the south side, they had done so, but as this intention was not announced until after leaving Brown's, the man who was left, name Gilfillan, being entirely ignorant of the change of route, had started back by the same road he came. It was just growing light a little, in the east, when we started, and, it was too dark for him to see which way we returned. On the next day, a company of soldiers went out from New Ulm in search of him, as I afterward learned. They found him on the south side of the Cottonwood, six miles from town. He had been shot through the breast, and afterwards, his head severed from his body. The savages had beaten it to pieces until there was not a piece of skull left as a large as a man's hand. From the appearance of the grass, he had fought bravely for his life, for it was wallowed down for rods around; at least, so the soldiers reported. They buried him where they found him, and left the place with sad hearts.

When about ten miles on our way, we found two wagons standing in the road. The white covers were torn off, and dresses and other clothing hanging on the bows. Some of these the soldiers put into the wagon for our use. Not far from the wagons, in the grass, lay the body of a man with his scalp torn off. Every house that we passed showed unmistakable signs of having been plundered by the red-skins. As we passed one farm, about forty head of cattle, far off in the field, were attracted by the noise. They started for us, seeming to feel the need of a master, and ran at full speed, bellowing like mad, up to the fence. Then followed along in the field, until they came to a cross-fence, where they were obliged to halt. We reached New Ulm a little after noon, and drove to Capt. Dane's headquarters, which was a large hotel. The porch was filled with soldiers who came out to see us. A man named Robertson helped me out of the wagon, and asked me if I could walk, to which I replied, that, perhaps, I could, if he would give me some assistance. He then, seeing that it gave me great pain to touch my sore foot to the floor, took me up in his arms, carried me into the house and up two flights of stairs, to a room where he laid me upon a bed. Here I saw Uncle Tommy, who was delighted to see us. We were attended by a young man named Hillsgrove, and two ladies, who dressed our wounds, brought us wine to drink and took the best possible care of us. The ladies lived some thirty miles from that place, and soon left for their home. I learned that the Indians had attacked the place some three different times, had burned some fifteen or twenty houses, and killed quite a number of men, but that, after much hard fighting, the whites had succeeded in driving them away. The women and children had left the town. The soldiers here were very kind to us. Lieut. Roberts gave Mrs. Hurd and myself each a dollar. I was as proud of this as a little child, and wondered what I should purchase with it. I could think of a great many things that I needed, but could not decide what I needed most, so I put it away, feeling very grateful to the donor. Capt. Dane gave us some clothes that he found. Mr. Wright found a piece of calico, which he brought to us, and divided between Mrs. Hurd and myself, which was sufficient for a dress for each of us.

On a morning of the fifth of September, a party of us, consisting of Mrs. Hurd, and myself, with our children, Mr. Ireland and Mr. Wright, started to Mankato.

Capt. Dane kindly sent some fifteen or twenty of his soldiers as our escort part of the way. About sunset we reached South Bend, where we thought we had better stay over night, but, on stopping to see what accommodations could be obtained, we found the hotels crowded to overflowing, and there was no chance for us. But the wagon had hardly stopped, before it was surrounded by men asking questions as to who we were, etc. On learning my name, they exclaimed, "Is this the boy who traveled from Lake Shetek, carrying his little baby brother?" "We had heard about him, but supposed they had starved to death." They became quite excited about him and crowded each other to get a sight of him.

We drove on a short distance to a grocery, where the men of our party refreshed themselves with a glass of beer, when a man came running after us in great haste. On coming to our wagon he asked, "Is this the boy that ran away from the Indians, and carried his brother?" "Yes," said I. "Give me your hand, my brave little man," said he, shaking his hand warmly. "And is this the child he carried so far?" On being told it was, he took Johnny in his arms, and kissed him several times. After we had started on, he walked half a mile beside our wagon, talking to Mrs. Hurd and myself.

Late in the evening we reached Mankato. Here they took Mr. Ireland, Mrs. Hurd, myself, and our children, to the hospital, where supper was soon prepared for us. I was assisted to bed, and the surgeon came and dressed my wounds. We received excellent care and nursing. Dr. McManan was the head surgeon, and was very kind to us. Indeed, it would almost cure a sick person to see his good-natured face. In his absence, Dr. Wickersham attended the sick and wounded and he, too, treated us with kindness. On the next day, which was ~~Sat~~ Saturday, I was told that some of my old neighbors were at the hospital, namely, Mr. Everett and Charles Hatch. They had made their escape, and reached Mankato in very sad plight. Charley had by this time nearly been healed of his wounds, but it was very doubtful if Mr. Everett ever recovered. On the morning of this day, Mrs. Hurd left for St. Peter and LaCrosse. This was the last I saw of her. The ladies of Mankato showed their generosity while I stayed there, by giving me clothes for myself and children. I often overheard some one inquiring for the boy who carried his brother so far. Soldiers and officers came there in great numbers, thinking it quite a sight to see my Morton, and generally gave him or myself, small sums of money, from a dime to a dollar. When several companies of the 25th Wisconsin Regiment came to the town, on their way to the scene of the Indian war, they remained in town over night. Next morning, they came to the hospital to see me and my children. They crowded my room and the halls, till at last the surgeon, seeing there were a great many more coming than the house would hold, locked the door against them and refused to let them in. Not being able to see me, the soldiers clamored for a sight of Johnny. Dr. Wickersham took the child down among them, where he was caressed and passed from ~~hand~~ hand to hand, causing great amazement at the strength and endurance of the boy that had lugged him fifty miles without food. When they left town, they took Morton along with them some distance, and sent him back with a present of fifteen dollars, all in silver, which was a scarce commodity at that time, and is still more rare now. I shall never cease to remember, with gratitude the benevolent soldiers of the 25th Wisconsin. The money came very timely, for, until then, I had nothing with which to get clothing for Morton. I had remained at the hospital six or seven weeks, and he was very much in need of clothes, for the weather was now growing colder. I was now very tired of staying here, and determined to leave, whether they gave me a discharge or not. My foot had healed so I began to use it more, but was very lame. The rest of my wounds were all healed.

Three days before I left, the Government sent a new surgeon to take charge of the hospital, viz: Dr. Clark, of Mankato. He at once tried to send me into the kitchen to work, but I had no intention of paying my board by working in the kitchen, while he drew pay from the Government for keeping me, and so I did not agree to the proposal. Finding he could not drive me to work, he said that if I was going to leave at all, I could do so at once, which I afterwards ~~did~~ did.

On another occasion, a gentleman called and inquired for Dr. Clark. Mr. Ireland told him he was in Mr. Everett's room and volunteered to go call him, went to the door, finding it ajar, pushed it open just in time to see Dr. Clark in the act of tipping up a bottle of brandy to take a dram. Clark at once got in a passion, charged Uncle Tommy with hanging around watching him, and swearing he would not keep

a spy about him, and swearing he would not keep a spy around, discharged him on the spot.

But Mr. Ireland was unable to get a living, for his arm, that had been shot through, was of no use, so Dr. Wickersham, in the benevolence of his heart, took him to the hotel and paid his board for one week. At the end of this time, Mr. Ireland refused to stay longer, not thinking it right to take advantage of the Dr's kind offer. I was not in a condition to travel, for I had no bonnet nor shawl. But Mr. Daniel Tyner bought me a bonnet, shawl, a pair of shoes, stockings and gloves, as well as clothing for the children, and gave them all to me. When I asked him what they cost, so as to pay him, if I ever got able; he said that if that was my reason for asking, he would not tell me. I shall ever remember him and the ladies of Mankato, with gratitude.

One day a gentleman came and asked me if I wished to leave and go to my friends. I replied that I did. After inquiring if I had the means to carry me to them, and finding I was nearly destitute, he offered to give me a pass. He left, and, shortly after, sent me a pass to Owatonna, a distance of fifty miles. But this was of no account, for I wanted a pass to go to Ohio. The next day I took a journey to St. Peter, to see the man who gave me the pass, and try to get one that would carry me farther; but, on arriving there, I found he had returned to St. Paul. I then returned to Mankato, and back to South Bend, to see Judge F. Landreau. He could only give me a pass to the State line. He finally gave me a pass to St. Paul and told me to go to Gen. Pope, who would, if possible, give me a pass to Ohio. I took a letter of introduction to Gen. Pope, and on Monday morning took the stage for Shakopee, thence went by boat to the city of St. Paul. After considerable search and inquiry, I found Gen. Pope's headquarters in a very large, brick building. Here I was directed up a flight of stairs, into a large hall, where sat a man by the door of the room. On making known my wants, I was told that I could not see the General, but if I had any business with him, I could sent it in by him. I told him I wished for a pass that would carry me to Ohio, and give him Judge Landreau's letter of introduction to carry in. He was gone but a few moments, when he returned saying, that Pope could not give me a pass, but would do what he could for me by way of subscription, and advised me to go to Gov. Ramsey. I turned away in great disappointment, but concluded to try once more, so I went to the Capitol, in search of the Governor. One gentleman, among the crowd who where there, offered me a chair, which I was very glad to accept, for, by this time, I was suffering very much from weariness and lameness. I stated that I wished to see the Governor, and learned that I would have to wait about an hour, so I sent Morton back to the boat, to have my baggage put on shore. At last, after long waiting, a man came and told me that I could then have an opportunity to see the Governor. On entering the room Mr. Ramsey spoke very kindly to me, and I seemed to know, by intuition and by the sight of his open countenance, that he would do all in his power to assist me. "What can I do for you, madam" he asked. I replied that I wished for a pass to leave the State. He then inquired my name, circumstances, and where I was from. So I related something of my story. Said he, "Are you the mother of the little boy who carried his brother such a distance?" He became much interested, found out all the circumstances, had an hour's conversation with me.

He said that he would give me the pass, which I wanted, and hoped Morton would return in time so that he could see the little hero that he had read so much about, but that he could spend no more time with me, for there were a number of men wishing to see him upon business. He said that no boats would leave until morning; then gave a gentleman directions to go with me to a photograph artist, and have pictures taken of myself and children, for he said he wanted them very much. We did as he requested, and sat for three different pictures. The artist made me a present of two dollars and requested me to leave my address, in order that he might afterwards send me one of the pictures when finished. I received the photograph, in due season. The next morning the same gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, came and paid my hotel bill, attended us on board the steamboat, Northern Belle, paid my fare as far as Winona, and gave me fifteen dollars, saying that Gov. Ramsey thought the money would be better for me than a pass, as I wanted to stop in several places, on my way; having done all he could to assist me, he returned to the Governor. Next morning we landed at Winona. As I was just going to step ashore, the lady

passengers gave me some money, for which I stopped to thank them, but there was not time, and I was hurried on shore. Hardly had I left the boat, when a hotel runner took us and our trunk to the Franklin House, where I left my children and started out to see if I could find a team going to St. Charles, hoping to get a ride that far on my way. I was directed to Mr. Bauder's Hotel, where the teamsters from that direction usually stayed. I went into the bar-room and made my inquiries of the landlord, who told me that the teams were all gone from that way, but more would arrive, that night. He asked if I lived at St. Charles. I told him I had lived ~~there~~ three miles South of that place, but that the autumn before I had moved to Lake Shetek. A gentleman, sitting there, having inquired and found out my name, said that he had been acquainted with my husband, but had heard that the settlers at Lake Shetek were all murdered. I told him some particulars about the massacre, in which he took deep interest. "Where are you stopping?" asked Mr. Bauder. "At the Franklin House," I replied. Said he, "You had better get your children, come here to put up, and go out on the stage tomorrow." Said I, "If I go with some teamster, it will cost me less than by stage, and I must economize in every possible way. Said the landlord, "You shall come here to stay and welcome; and if the stage agent won't give you a ticket on the stage, I'll pay your fare myself." This was too good an offer to be disregarded, so I returned to the Franklin House and offered to pay for my ride up from the river. The landlord asked if I had found a team. "You had better stay here," said he. "We are running opposition to Bauder, and will do as well by you as he will." I then got him to state the lowest terms on which he would help me, considering my poverty. As a special favor, he agreed to give us one day's board for a dollar. Said I, "I think I will go to Mr. Bauder's, as he will keep us free and pay my stage-fare to St. Charles. I went to Mr. Bauder's. In the evening, Mr. Bauder brought me twenty-five cents, which he said was sent me by a blacksmith, who also promised that when I came again to Winona, he would pay my fare. I do not know the man's name, but I know he has a kind heart.

Next morning Mr. Bauder handed me a small sum of money, which he said he and others had contributed, and the stage agent gave me a ticket to St. Charles, so I was soon on my way. On the stage was a man name John Stevens, an artist by profession. He had learned of my misfortune, and asked me a great many questions. He had a panorama of the war nearly completed, and offered, if I would stay with him until he had painted some additional scenes of the Indian massacres, to give me the benefit of the first exhibition at Winona. He thought it would pay me well for staying. It would be about four weeks before its completion. I concluded to stay among my old neighbors, who gave me a hearty welcome.

While stopping near St. Charles, I was delighted to receive a visit from one of my old neighbors from Lake Shetek, namely, Mrs. Cook, who, I heard had been taken prisoner by the Indians, and afterwards released, with a great many other women and children. I was so glad to see her alive once more that I threw my arms about her, and wept for joy. She related how she had escaped from her captors, and, though rather a long story, it may not be uninteresting here. She was taken, with the rest of the prisoners, to Mr. Ireland's house, where a great many Indians were encamped for the night. The Indian who claimed her told her to stay in the "Teepee" or the other Indians would kill her. They had a great dance that night, notwithstanding the storm. Some one of them would jump into the ring, declare that he had that day killed a paleface, and then proceeded to represent the manner in which his victim had died. He would jump as though struck by a bullet, stagger around till he fell, groan a few times, and lie as though dead, while the rest joined in a demoniac dance with yells, whoops, and songs, around him. Then ~~another~~ another would spring out and boast of his exploits, acting out the sufferings of the victims, and thus they spent the whole night, perfectly intoxicated over their banquet of blood. The chief had been killed that day, so this night they chose old "Pawm" chief. Next morning they brought Lily Everett into the camp, so chilled and wet that she could hardly speak. Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Duly took compassion on her; wrapped her in a shawl, set her close by the fire. But the savages, not liking to see any one showing mercy or pity to a child, instantly took aim at them and fired. One ball went through the skirt of Mrs. Duly's dress, and another pierced the shawl worn by Mrs. Cook, just below her shoulders, cutting a slit through the shawl,

about half a yard in length. Fortunately, neighter of them were hurt. The Indians stayed at the lake till Friday morning, when they decamped, taking away all the cattle, and several wagons loaded with plunder. They ~~was~~ compelled the women to drive the oxen that drew the wagons, and also the loose cattle, which spread out over the prairie in quite a grove. While on the way to the house of Mr. Ireland, Mrs. Cook was leading little Belle Duly, aged five years, when the same old squaw who had murdered my poor Freddy came along and snatched the child away and began to torture her. First she whipped her over the face, with a raw-hide. Then took her by one arm and one leg, and beat the ground with her, till the breath was nearly driven from her body; next, tied her to a bush, stepped back a few paces, and threw knives at her, sometimes hitting her in various parts of the body. In this brutal manner, she caused the poor thing's death, while the mother was forced to behold the sight. She then told me about a band of Indians who had found my boy, Frank. This was the first I had heard about him, and for a long time I thought, as she did, that he had died at the house where they left him. She was seven weeks with the Indians. The first half of the time she had plenty to eat, but was then sold to an old chap, who was very good to her sometimes, and at other times very cruel. One day he announced to her that he was going to another band of Indians, at some distance, and some of the squaws told her that where they were going, there was hardly anything to eat. Next morning he started off, compelling her to go with him. She made no resistance, but, after going some five miles, she offered to carry his gun for him. He gave it to her, probably thinking her a remarkably good squaw, and she soon, while walking behind him, took off the percussion cap, threw it away, and spit in the tube, to make sure that it would not go off. She then told him she should go no farther. He seized his gun and told her to go on, or he would shoot her and pointed the muzzle at her breast. She boldly told him to shoot her, for she was determined to go no further, and bared her breast before the muzzle, as if to receive her death-shot. But he did not do it. He dropped the butt of his musket on the ground and looked at her in amazement.

She was probably the bravest squaw he had ever seen. At last he agreed to go back with her. That night she intended to escape with a squaw, who had married a white man, and was also a prisoner. But their plan was defeated by the sickness of the squaw's child. The next morning, however, the child was better, and the Indians all went away, save the one who owned Mrs. Cook. This was a splendid opportunity. Mrs. Cook stole away to the river, unperceived. The squaw rode a pony the same way, pretending to be going to water him; but let him go, at the river, and ~~joined~~ joined Mrs. Cook. They traveled all day, crossing the Minnesota River ten times, in order to hide their trail. They walked, they thought, about thirty miles, when they came to "Red Iron's" band of Indians, who they joined. After being in their possession three days, with a great many other prisoners, they were all surrendered by "Red Iron" to Gen. Sibley.

Mrs. Cook urged me hard to go back to Mankato with her, for they had taken some three hundred and eight Indian prisoners, and, if I knew any of them, to appear as a witness against them. I told her that she could go on to Rochester, where she was to stop a few days, and I would join her there. I thought it advisable to return and see about the claim by the Government, for all my property which was taken from me by public enemies. I had made out a list of the items, and ~~was~~ employed a lawyer to prosecute my claim, not knowing what he intended to charge. So I concluded to return, and find how the matter stood. On the Saturday after Mrs. Cook left, I went to Rochester, where I stayed a week, with a German family named Kolb, and went to see my artist friend, Mr. Stevens. His panorama was not yet completed, and would not be, for three weeks. On my telling him I could not wait that long, he said he would exhibit what he then had of the panorama, for my benefit. Accordingly, he had an exhibition and donated to me the proceeds, twelve dollars, together with some more money which he had collected for me. He was a man of great generosity.

Then I returned to Mankato, and stayed at Mr. Thayer's, called to see Mr. Everett at the hospital. He was now gaining fast. I met Mr. Tyner, who invited me to his house to dinner, and insisted on my staying there. Next day he sent a man, with a carriage, to take me to see the prisoners. The prisoners were seemingly enjoying life much better than they deserved; sleeping, smoking, eating, and some playing cards. It made my blood boil to see them so merry, after their hellish deeds. I felt as if I could see them butchered one and all; and no one,

who has suffered what we settlers have, from their ferocity, can entertain any milder feelings toward them.

I returned to the house of a friend, named Wilcox. I also called on Mr. --- at his office, to ascertain what his charge was to be, for attending to my claim. His reply was, that he should demand twenty-five per cent. I mentioned the subject at the house of Mr. Wilcox, and was told that it was very little trouble to prosecute any of these claims; that the usual charge was ten percent, and that Mr. Wilcox, who was an attorney, would attend to it for that, or that I might give him what I chose. Next day I again called on Mr. ---, and got back the schedule of my property. He said he was glad I had taken it, for he could not afford to collect the claim for twenty-five per cent, as there would have to be an administrator appointed, and the expense would be heavy. I told him if he was satisfied, that I was much more so. I left the list with Mr. Wilcox, whom I felt I could trust, for he and his lady had proved themselves to be my friends in time of need. Thus far in prosecuting my claim, he had given me good satisfaction. While I had been gone from Mankato, a party of men had been up to Lake Shetek, to bury the dead. They found and brought back my husband's rifles. One was in good condition, the other much broken to pieces. The person who claimed them, gave them up, as soon as convinced that I owned them. The best one I lent to poor Uncle Tommy, but the broken one I took with me, for it was my husband's favorite weapon, and he loved it with feelings that every true hunter will appreciate.

I had now arranged my business satisfactorily, and, on Monday, I started once more for my friends. I reached Rochester very much fatigued. I went to the house of Mr. Stevenson, as soon as light, intending to proceed to St. Charles that day, but his kind-hearted wife urged me to stay and rest myself till next day. I gladly accepted the invitation. Mr. Stevens told me that if I would leave Morton with him, he would bring him to me at my sister's in Wisconsin. Accordingly, I left him and two months afterwards, he brought him to me in much better condition, having given him a suit of clothes. Morton had become much attached to his kind benefactor, and when Mr. Stephenson left him, he wept for nearly an hour. I left Rochester and stayed at St. Charles a few days. While here, I met with another of my Lake Shetek neighbors, Mr. Myers. From him I learned the manner in which himself and family had fled the country, which was, as follows: After the Indians had gone and left his place unharmed, in consequence of his being a "good man," and had gone about an hour, he sent his oldest son, ten years of age, to the house of Mr. Hurd, to get some bread for his sick and helpless wife. But the boy, finding the house ravaged, and the family gone, brought home only the story of what he had seen. Myers then, thinking that Vought must have provoked a quarrel with the Indians, went to Mr. Cook's to tell him what had taken place. On finding Cook shot and lying on the ground, ran home, and prepared for flight. He sent his boy to the inlet after the oxen, and, after a long hunt, they were found, and driven home. He took them over to Hurd's, yoked them to a wagon, and drove back, hearing the continual yell and report of guns that came to him from the lower end of the lake. After putting in the wagon some bedding and provisions, and placing on the bed his poor wife and the children, he started, and got away unnoticed by the Indians. But the dreadful news of the morning had thrown his wife into a dangerous fit. After traveling a great distance they reached Mankato, but, on the same night the poor woman died, leaving five children to mourn her loss.

It was now getting quite late and cold, and Winter was fast approaching. I was now anxious to be once more upon my way to my friends. The next Monday I started, bidding good-bye to my kind neighbors. I took the stage about a mile from St. Charles. When we came to the village, the stage agent, whose name, I think, was Hall, demanded my fare to Winona. I told him that a blacksmith at Winona had promised to pay my stage-fare when next I came there, and wished him to wait till I got there; if the blacksmith did not pay it, I would. I knew I had not money sufficient to carry me through, and hoped to economize it so as to have no trouble when I got among strangers. But it was of no use. I could not go unless I paid in advance, so I gave him the necessary amount.

We arrived at Winona about dark, finding the boat already gone. I told the driver to take me to the Bauder House. There I stayed all night, and learned that the next boat would leave in the morning for LaCrosse. Accordingly, next morning I was aroused in season, and Mr. Bauder told his son to take me to the boat in the carriage, but first to stop and meet him at a certain building. We drove off, and Mr. Bauder followed us, stopping at various places of business. After driving about for some time, he came and told me that the boat had gone; I would be obliged to stay till night. I was taken back to the hotel, wondering what the kind landlord meant by this course. It was soon explained.

He came in and said he had been around town to see how much the citizens could assist me and that he had succeeded in raising forty-one dollars. For this I was grateful. Indeed, I felt comparatively rich. I can never forget what the people of that place, and especially the active and benevolent Mr. Bauder, have done for us. He then went to the Bank and exchanged the money into national currency for me, went with me on board the boat, stated to the captain the circumstances of my case, whereupon he carried me free of expense. On arriving in La Crosse I journeyed on by railroad via Madison to Boscobel. I stayed over night at Boscobel; next day took the stage for Lancaster, but the stage agent refused payment for my ride. He left me at ~~the~~ an excellent hotel, the Mansion House, where I was treated with great kindness by all of Mrs. Hyde's family. I am grateful to all these kind people, who have given me their sympathy and assistance, and thus smoothed down the rough and thorny places in my walk of life. I have great cause to thank God, not only for sparing my life and my dear boys, but for raising friends wherever I have been to help me along.

In Lancaster, Mr. Cover, editor of "The Grant Herald" requested me to relate to him my story. The next day I reached my brother's house, where I was received with tears of joy.

I will not tell what I know of the surviving settlers of Lake Shetek, as far as possible: Mrs. Duly and Mrs. Wright are with their husband, having been ransomed, after four months' captivity. Mrs. Duly's youngest child was murdered while a prisoner, but two of her children are with her. Mrs. Cook is married and lives in Mankato. Uncle Tommy Ireland has recovered from his wounds. He still lives in Minnesota, and his daughters likewise. Mr. Duly joined the first Minnesota Mounted Rangers, afterwards became captain of the Scouts. He lives in Mankato. Mr. Everett recovered, and went East with his little "Lily" was ransomed from the Indians. Charles Hatch returned to his friends in Wisconsin. Mr. Myers still remains in some part of Minnesota. Mr. Smith joined the Mounted Rangers and served his time. Mr. Rhodes joined the same Company, but he was soon afterwards missing. It was supposed that he deserted. He was not heard from again. Mr. Bently enlisted to fight Indians. Mrs. Hurd is living in La Crosse.

Now, dear reader, since you have attended me till I finally reached my destination, I will bid you good-bye, hoping that if you are ever as unfortunate as I have been, God will give you as many kind friends as He has given me.

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APPENDIX.

After visiting relatives in Wisconsin I went to Ohio where my mother and father live. They received me and mine with joy and many tears. I remained the Summer of 1863. In the Fall I returned to Wisconsin and remained till the Summer of '64. During the winter I wrote the narrative of the horrors I witnessed.

The sale of my book enabled me to buy a team, and in the month of August I once more started for Minnesota. My youngest brother lived in Hennepin County at that time. I arrived at his home sometime in Sept. Selling books and visiting in Olmsted County required some time. My journey last long, but I was well paid for it by the warm reception. I made my home with brother until the

spring of 1865, when I came to Mankato. In 1866 I bought some land cheap with money received ~~the~~ from the United States. The neighbors helped me build a small, frame house, and the following summer Morton built an addition--kitchen, two bed rooms and buttry, thus making a comfortable home for myself and children. There I lived, Morton helping what he could, being naturally ingenious, he soon learned the carpenter's trade and earned money enough with what we raised on the farm to give us a comfortable living.

The year 1870 I had an offer of marriage, which I accepted, hoping to better my condition in life. My husband was very kind to me and my children. We were married but three months, when he left home, unbeknown to me, and went to his sister in Ohio, where he remained several days and then left, taking no clothing except what he wore. His friends nor myself have ever heard from him. Why he left or what was his fate I do not expect to ever know, unless it be in the next world. This was a great burden to bear. In August 1871, I became mother of a daughter. Morton was working at his trade, so Johnnie and myself were the ones to take care of baby. Johnnie was 10 years old, but quite small, so I left him to take care of baby, and do what he could in the house, while I worked out of doors, plowing, harrowing, marking and planting my ground, etc. Sometimes my neighbors helped harvest my wheat, husk my corn, and helped to get firewood until Johnny was strong enough to do it. In 1873 Morton was married. The next Spring he went to Rochester. In the winter I lost one of my horses. I was not able to buy another and I had more land cleared than one horse could plow. As I never give up in a good cause without a struggle, one thing I thought I might do. I owned a large cow and I thought perhaps she could make half of a team if she was broken in the harness. Johnnie and myself soon had her broken and done the plowing. An odd looking team it was, but did it matter so that I accomplished the desired end to support my family.

During the summer of 1875 Morton wrote to me telling me that he had taken a severe cold, had been left with a cough. What a terrible blow awaited me on the 5th of November. I received a telegram from Rochester to "Come quick" Morton is dying. I did not faint, but I thought I should die. It was such a shock. I could not speak for some minutes; but blessed tears came to my ~~face~~ relief. Then I seemed to realize the truth that Morton was dying. I thought perhaps I might get to Rochester in time to see him once more, if I made all possible haste. I went to Mankato that night; took the train the next morning for Rochester. How slow the train moved! It seemed as though I could go faster myself. In my imagination I could see another train that didn't lack for speed. Mr. Joseph Alexander met me at the station. I did not need to ask. I felt that Morton was gone. Mary, my daughter-in-law met me at the gate, threw her arms around me, kissed me and said, "Mother--" She could say no more. I could say nothing, neither could I shed a tear. They told me that he had begged them to do all they could to keep life in him "Till Mother came." He told his wife if he could see mother, he would be willing to die. He died trusting in Jesus. On Sunday I followed the remains to the grave, where kind hands buried the hero of Lake Shetek, my hero, the boy who carried his little brother so far and was the instrument in the hands of God in ~~my~~ saving his life.

No stone marked the spot where he was buried. If he had been a rich man's son, a monument, perhaps, would have been raised by the State to how future generations where the boy hero sleeps. God will not forget. When the last trumpet sounds, God will raise him from the dust and clothe him with immortality.

Monday I returned home. How I wished I could pray, but I could not. I thought I could not. Let me say, for the benefit of those who think they cannot pray, that praying is simply asking the Lord for what you want in the name of Jesus.

I soon realized that I must get to work, for Johnny and Laura were left to love and live for. To live meant work. My neighbors helped me gather my crop, and get firewood for the winter.

The year 1878 I was converted. It was not a sudden change. What I once loved, I now hated; and I love to talk about Jesus and read the Bible. In 1879 I was baptised by Elder Whitney, Baptist church, Mankato.

In 1883 my house burned. The neighbors helped build a shanty where I was glad to live, for ~~it~~ it was home. The house was insured for two hundred dollars. I thought I might build a house where the old one had been. Johnny had a chance to hire out by the month, so could not help much. It was necessary that he should earn what he could, but he hauled two loads of lumber. I hauled the balance. I hauled twelve loads of stone, all the lime and sand, done all the lathing; mixed mortar and plastered two bedrooms, laid the floor in the bedroom and buttry. "Where there is a will, there is a way." It has been the means of carrying me thru thus far. I am not a large, neither am I a very strong woman, but am determined to accomplish what I undertake. In 1885 Johnny was married. He now lives about one mile from my home; has two children. I forgot to state that Morton left one son, so I have three gransons.

From the time that Johnnie was married, Laura, my daughter, and I have lived alone. Some seasons Johnnie has worked a part of my land. Most of the time I have worked it myself, Laura doing the housework. Sometimes, I hire a boy for a few days or a girl for a week; now and then a day's work for some strong man. Thus I have ~~am~~ managed to live, have enough to eat and clothes enough to keep warm. My health has been good all these years, but my arm that was shot is nearly useless sometimes and again seems quite well. My right hip has troubled me from the time I was shot until the present time. It is nothing that has hindered me from work, but at times is quite painful. We have lived here alone for over four years, plowing, planting, gathering in crops, cutting and stacking hay and hauling it home in the winter, feeding and caring for the stock. Johnny gets my wood and helps about things that I cannot do.

Johnny and Maggie, his wife, are very willing to give me a home, but it is my choice to live and care for myself and daughter as long as I can. Johnny has a wife and two children to care for. Why should I become a burden?

I think the time is fast approaching when I cannot care for myself. I find I am not nearly so strong as usual. This battle for a living has been a long struggle, but thus far I am victorious.

THE END