



DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0270

Charles Schupel
Coats
Kansas

Charles B. Schupel
Coats
Kansas

1

FILE

Charles Schupel
1901
Spring

Coats
Kansas

DEFECTIVE PAGE



The handsome Bachelor!

I am a handsome Bachelor,
My age is forty seven;
And if I had a little wife,
I'd think I was in heaven.

I'd have a gentle blue-eyed girl,
With loving heart and true,
But if I can not find her,
A black-eyed one will do.

And I will tell you ladies,
As truly as I can,
That if I am not very rich,
I am a handsome man.

DEFECTIVE PAGE



The handsome Bachelor.

I am a handsome Bachelor,
My age is forty seven;
And if I had a little wife,
I'd think I was in heaven.

I'd have a gentle blue eyed girl,
With loving heart and true,
But if I can not find her,
A black eyed one will do.

For I will tell you ladies,
As truly as I can,
That if I am not very well,
I am a Bachelor.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0 2 7 3

I have a neat and Cabin,
 With a shingled roof and floor;
 With a shingled roof and floor;
 And a neatly painted door.

In my back yard is a pig pen,
 Off which is growing fat;
 Besides I own a big black dog
 And an old gray Thomas Cat.

Besides I own a pair of mules,
 And a road cart painted brown,
 In which my little wife could
 Ride with me to town.

Now ladies don't all speak at once
 For that would cause confusion.
 But I will I am a handsome man
 And I will be a discussion.

My height is 7 foot four,
 My weight one hundred & four;
 My eyes are called a butter-milk light,
 My forehead runs back to the crown.

My mustache is called a blossom
 So very fine indeed
 It is just the color of the bloom
 On the dandelion weed.

I am called a strawberry blossom
 For the color of my hair
 It is slightly red but what there is
 I know it is very fair.

Now ladies please take heed
 Some pity show me now
 And while you smile and read
 I make to you my bow.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Down a neat sod Cabin,
 With shingled roof and floor;
 Two full sized windows in the front
 And a neatly painted door.

In my back yard is a pig pen,
 Of porkers growing fat;
 Besides I own a big black dog
 And an old gray Thomas Cat.

Besides I own a pair of mules
 And a road cart painted brown;
 In which my little wife could
 Ride with me to town.

Now ladies don't all speak at once
 For that would cause confusion
 But that I am a handsome man
 Is no question.

My height is 7 feet 4 inches
 My weight one hundred pounds
 My eyes are called a butli-mull
 My forehead runs back to the crown.

My mustache is called a blossom
 So very fine indeed
 'Tis just the color of the bloom
 On the dandelion weed.

I am called a strawberry blossom
 For the color of my hair
 'Tis slightly red but what there is
 I know it is very fair.

Now ladies please take heed
 Some pity show me now
 And while you smile and read
 I make to you my bow.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
 DEFECTIVE PAGE

6

The Railroad Crossing.

I can't tell much about the thing,
It was done so powerful quick;
But 'pears to me that I got
A most outlandish heary lick:
It broke my leg, and tore my skulph;
And jerked my arm most out.
But take a seat: I'll try and tell
Just how it came about.

You see, I'd started down town,
With that 'ere team of mine,
A haulin' down a load of corn
To Ebenezer Cline,
And drivin' slow; for, just about
A day or two before,
The off-hoss run a splinter in his foot
And made it awful sore.

You know the rail road cuts across
the road at Martins hole:
Well, then I seed a great big sign,
raised high upon a pole;
I thought I'd stop and read the thing,
and find out what it said;
And so I stopped the hosses on
the railroad track, and read.

I aint no scholar, recollect,
and so I had to spell;
I started kind cautious like,
with R-A-I and L.
That spelt "rail", as clear as mud;
Road O-A-L was road,
I lumped 'em "rail road" was the word,
and that ere muck I knowed.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

6

The Railroad Crossing.

I can't tell much about the thing,
It was done so powerful quick;
But 'pears to me that I got
A most outlandish heary lick:
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp,
And jerked my arm most out.
But take a seat: I'll try and tell
Just how it came about.

You see, I'd started down town,
With that 'ere team of mine,
A haulin' down a load of corn
To Ebenezer Cline,
And drivin' slow; for, just about
A day or two before,
The off-hoss run a splinter in his foot
And made it awful sore.

You know the rail road cuts across
The road at Martins hole:

Well, thar I seed a great big sign,
Raised high upon a pole;
I thought I'd stop and read the thing,
and find out what it said;
And so I stopped the hosses on
the railroad track, and read.

I aint no scholar, recollect,
and so I had to spell;
I started kinder cautious like,
with R-A-I and L.
That spelt "rail", as clear as mud;
Road O-A-D, was road,
I lumped 'em "rail road" was the word,
and that 'ere muck I knowed.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

"Cro" and Double S. with I-N-G. to look.
Made "crossing" just as plain as

Noah Webster dared to d & k.

"Railroad Crossing" - good enough!

I double d & k, "Look!"

I look.

And I was lookin' all the time and Spellin like a

But "spelt" out just right and then it was "look out";

It's kinder curious; like, to know

to know just what 'twas all about;

FO-R and THE; 'twas then "look out for the";

And then next word then, it commenced with ENG

I'd got that far, when suddenly there came
an awful whack;

A thousand puny thunder bolts just
scooped ^{me} off the track.

The horses went to tang'ee. The wagon
went to smash and I was hoisted
twenty yards above the tall stack.

I didn't come to life again for about a
day or two; But, though I'm crippled
up a heap, I sort of struggled the night;
I aint the pain, nor 'taint the loss of

that I've learn'd of mine.

But strange how I'd like to know the rest
of that line sign.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

'Cro' and Double S. with I-N-G- to look.
Made "Crossing" just as plain as

Noah Webster dared to do it.

"Railroad Crossing" - good enough!

I double O-K, "Look!"

Took.

And I was lookin' all the time and spellin' like a

Dict' spellt "out" just right and then it was "look out";

It's kinder curious, like, to know

to know just what 'twas all about;

FO R and THE; 'twas then "look out for the";

At the next word then, it commenced with ENG

I'd got that far, when suddenly there came
an awful whack;

A thousand fiery thunder bolts just
steepled ^{me} off the track.

The horses went to tang' once the wagon
went to smash and I was hoisted
several yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life again for about a
day or two; But, though I'm crippled
up a heap, I sort of struggled through;
I ain't the pain, nor 'taint the loss of

that 'ere tears of mine

But stranger how I'd like to know the rest
of that 'ere sign.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0279

I was nothing to follow through the dark forest but a crooked compass, or fortunately a winding little road led the way to one's neighbor. These were very sparse in that new country. To make it still more dangerous the Indians would occasionally break out and massacre every body that they could until they would be quieted by the state militia. Every body was obliged to be very cautious because there

were also many wild beasts prowling around one's small house and striking terror upon the hearts of its inmates by its hideous howling. Often when the chance afforded would break some fond mother's heart by stealing her dear little innocent babe from its cradle and leaving drops of blood as a token to follow on. It was very seldom that they would capture humanimal and less seldom the child. The people of this neighbourhood had a fearful but little fear the devastation of war or in shadowy manner but it was not long on.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Am Indian Narrative

...a body of Indians were
...the people
...fear that did not
...of the country...
...they had to leave.

I was nothing
to follow through the dark forest but a crooked cow
path, or fortunately a winding little road led the
way to one's neighbor. These were very sparse in
that new country. To make it still more danger-
ous the Indians would occasionally break out
and massacre every body that they could until
they would be quieted by the state militia. Every
body was obliged to be very cautious because there

were also many wild beasts prowling around
one's small house and striking terror upon the
hearts of its inmates by its hideous howling.
Often when the chance afforded would break
some fond mother's heart by stealing her dear,
little, innocent babe from its cradle and leaving
drops of blood as a token to follow on. It
was very seldom that they would capture the ani-
mal and less seldom the child. The people of
this neighborhood had suffered but little from the
devastation of war or in Indian warfare but
it was not long so.

Several months before this incident
happened that I will narrate, the Chippewas
and a part of the Sioux Indians were
angered because the government gave them
money instead of land. They considered it
money worthless and of course thought that they
were cheated out of their land and goods. They
began to kill and cover the land

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

And Indian Men

was a time when the great body of Indian men
remained in the little settlements. In the peaceful
house, of which there were but very few that did not
suffer from the effects of war, if there were not a sense
of the family missing it was some other great loss of
which they had to learn.

There was nothing
to follow through the dark forest but a crooked and
path, or fortunately a winding little road led the
way to one's neighbor. These were very sparse in
last new country. To make it still more danger-
ous the Indians would occasionally break out
and massacre every body that they could catch.
they would be quieted by the state militia. Every
body was obliged to be very cautious because there

were also many wild beasts prowling around
one's small house and striking terror upon the
hearts of its inmates by its hideous growling.
Often when the chance afforded would break
some fond mother's heart by stealing her dear
little, innocent babe from its cradle and leaving
drops of blood as a token to follow on. It
was very seldom that they would capture the in-
fant and less seldom the child. The people of
this neighborhood had suffered but little from the
devastation of war or an Indian massacre but
it was not long so.

Several months before this incident
happened that I will narrate, the Chippewas
and a part of the Sioux Indians were
engaged because the government gave them
money instead of what they considered a proper
wage for their services and of course thought that they
were treated out of their fair and game. I say
treated out of their fair and game. I say
treated out of their fair and game. I say

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

ones for a long time, until I saw that
 they were not to be blamed at all.

I know in the latter part of the
 war, when the soldiers were in the
 field, they were not to be blamed at all.

The soldiers were not to be blamed at all.
 They were not to be blamed at all.
 They were not to be blamed at all.

Mr. Taylor, with his wife and children,
 were not to be blamed at all.
 They were not to be blamed at all.
 They were not to be blamed at all.

the time of the war, when the soldiers
 were not to be blamed at all.
 They were not to be blamed at all.
 They were not to be blamed at all.

"Where good John be?" Mrs. Keitman
 said "gone fishing." Poor old Pawtucket shook his head
 in sorrow. He asked again "come home soon"? The
 women shook their heads. "Come home when
 sun there?" he asked as he pointed to the sky
 in the west representing about 4 o'clock. The ladies
 again shook heads in the negative. Pawtucket asked
 "come when clear down"? as he motioned again.
 The women shook their heads yes. Poor Pawtucket

DEFECTIVE PAGE

once for a long time, until a mass of
 the soldiers were not to be blamed at all.

It was in the latter part of the
 winter when the forest was very
 thickly covered by these heavy snows
 that the soldiers were ordered to

The last day of the winter
 found the soldiers in a very
 bad mood. They were all
 sick and tired, and the
 weather was very bad.

The soldiers were all
 sick and tired, and the
 weather was very bad. They
 were all sick and tired, and
 the weather was very bad.

The last day of the winter
 found the soldiers in a very
 bad mood. They were all
 sick and tired, and the
 weather was very bad.

"Where good John be?" Mrs. Kiteman
 said "gone fishing." Poor old Pawtucket shook his head
 in sorrow. He asked again "come home soon?" The
 women shook their heads. "Come home when
 you see there?" he asked as he pointed to the sky
 on the west representing about 4 o'clock. The ladies
 again shook heads in the negative. Pawtucket asked
 "come when clear down?" as he motioned again.
 The women shook their heads. "Poor old Pawtucket"

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
 DEFECTIVE PAGE

would have told them some good news had they been able to talk better, but he was afraid lest they should misunderstand him and probably give him away. This would mean death for him. He went home looking very sad and thoughtful.

The day passed merrily by and evening approached soon. The women not expecting the men till very late, began the milking very early, just as Mrs. Kreigher had gotten a large pail of milk, so thought she saw her husband coming in the distance. She watched the team till it was near enough that she saw it was some one driving his team of oxen with a pitch fork. It was hardly to her when he exclaimed "All home a fork?" she answered equally as quickly "There gone fishing." "O Good Good home," he said then he ran on a way of the way and telling of why they can find. I imagine yourself in that poor woman's place, the men several miles away

fishing, ignorant of the coming on slaughter. The
women's only means of defence was the dog for
the man had gone as quickly as he came, to care
for his own wife and children. -

DEFECTIVE PAGE

would have told them some good news had they been able to talk better, but he was afraid lest they should misunderstand him and probably give him away. This would mean death for him. He went home looking very sad and thoughtful.

The day passed miserably by and evening approached soon. The women not expecting the men till very late, began the milking very early, just as Mrs. Kreigher had gotten a large pail of milk, she thought she saw the boat coming in the distance. She watched the boat till it was near enough that she saw it was not one driving the teams of men with a pitch fork. He was hardly to her when he exclaimed "Where is John?" she answered equally anxiously "Gone fishing." "Oh Good God, where?" he asked. "The men are coming from the beyond hill and wherever they can find." I imagine, however, that from a woman's place, the men several miles away,

fishing, ignorant of the coming on slaughter. The women's only means of defence was the dog for the man had gone, as quickly as he came, to care for his own wife and children.

Mrs. Kreigher went to the house and found the men with the boat and having picked up a few clothes. Then the women all went out to see it. The boat was in the bay and they saw it with the men and the boat. They thought that the boat should not be there. The men were in the boat and the women were in the house. The men were in the boat and the women were in the house. The men were in the boat and the women were in the house.

This house was situated out from the shore a good distance at the foot of a

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

hill which rose slowly west, forming the horizon. Around the house on all sides was the thick coarse wild grass, it wasn't over three feet tall yet except where the old grass was not standing which was in a few places. Looking to the north they saw a great black cloud over the horizon slowly coming. They were very much alarmed.

Quickly Mr. Keigher stopped the running horses and assisted the woman to his former seat, he bade Keitsman to go on and catching on behind the wagon followed on the run. They soon caught a train of wagons that were also trying to escape. All the horses were fast giving out so they decided to hide in a lot of large swamp grass. They were obliged to go slow for the grass was tangled so badly. Just as the last wagon was pulling in over the hill came the Indians. The white men numbered about 15 in all but they were not all armed. One came the Indians while the men prepared for a deadly conflict. When the Indians came nearer they were unarmed except their scalp knives.

day

As quickly as possible Mr. Keigher stopped the running horses and assisted the woman to his former seat, he bade Keitsman to go on and catching on behind the wagon followed on the run. They soon caught a train of wagons that were also trying to escape. All the horses were fast giving out so they decided to hide in a lot of large swamp grass. They were obliged to go slow for the grass was tangled so badly. Just as the last wagon was pulling in over the hill came the Indians. The white men numbered about 15 in all but they were not all armed. One came the Indians while the men prepared for a deadly conflict. When the Indians came nearer they were unarmed except their scalp knives.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

hill which rose slowly west, forming the horizon. Around the house on all sides was the thick coarse wild grass, it wasn't over three feet tall yet except where the old grass was yet standing which was now six feet tall. Looking to the north they saw a great black cloud hanging over the country. They left the house.

Suddenly the men stopped and looked at the house. The house was on fire. The men ran to the house and saw the fire. They ran to the house and saw the fire. They ran to the house and saw the fire.

They ran to the house and saw the fire. They ran to the house and saw the fire. They ran to the house and saw the fire. They ran to the house and saw the fire. They ran to the house and saw the fire.

day

As quickly as possible Mr. Hughes stopped the running horses and assisted the woman to his former seat. He told Keitsman to go on and catching on behind the wagon followed on the run. They soon caught a train of wagons that were also trying to escape. All the horses were fast going out so they decided to hide in a lot of large swamp grass. They were obliged to go slow for the grass was tangled so badly. Just as the last wagon was pulling in over the hill came the Indians. The white men numbered about 15 in all but they were not all armed. One came the Indians while the men were preparing for a deadly conflict. When the Indians came near they were unarmed except their scalp knives.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0288

knives and tomahawks which were in their girdles. As the Indians approached the leader waved a white cloth, a signal of peace. The men fearing treachery kept themselves as well prepared as possible. The leader approached the men and using his best English said "What job are you for? we no hurt you, we your best friend, The Chippewas they kill every place, Come go back we much hungry" The men after a considerable amount of talking, arguing, and pleading returned. Some of the men wanted to kill the Indians and approach them in a war, but they were stopped. That they were friendly friends they decided to come all the way back to the Chippewas house for a peace. The men at the Chippewas house the still on the entrance the Indians went up a little way down the path and asked up the hill and started on again after the song was. There were only some of the Chippewas for we had a detachment of the band. The Indians said about the

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0 2 8 9

18

19

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0 2 9 1

DEFECTIVE PAGE

...the ... of ...
... quickly ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

The Indians ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

The ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0293

...the
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0294

Soon all the men and several women who tried to fight were murdered. The Indians took all that was of any good to them and left. Several of them staid though to serve as guards keeping all the women and children from escaping, while the squaws who had arrived by this time, comforted the most of the ladies. Women would be forced to watch the torture of the little ones and then were killed themselves. The scene later of a many forced way. One day a little girl was found lying on the ground, dead. She was found by one of the Indians who had been left to guard the women. She was found lying on the ground, dead. She was found by one of the Indians who had been left to guard the women. She was found lying on the ground, dead. She was found by one of the Indians who had been left to guard the women.

when he shot her in the shoulder. She fell senseless to ground, The Indian thinking her dead left her to join the others who are now leaving for rain is beginning to fall heavily from the heavy black clouds that have risen from the north.

Contrast the happy home of the morning with the scenes of strife, woe and misery now, the house with doors and windows barred wrapped in flames. But we can not hear the feeble cry of the little ones on the inside who will soon be no more. However there was one little girl that escaped being found she had crawled among some rubbish in one of the wagons. The rain is falling in torrents.-----:-----
 -----Morning has dawned. A rare morning a clear sun, cold biting cool wind from the north. Water every where. Henrietta is awakened by the croaking of frogs, singing of birds. She crawled out of the wagon more dead than alive. Strange to say she cried but very little on seeing the dead

DEFECTIVE PAGE

bodies of her friends. Hungry, wet, and brokenhearted she walked down to the foot of the hill where she sat down on the beautiful green grass, in the warm sunshine.

She saw coming on the opposite side of the pond an Indian riding slowly, when he stopped raised his gun and fired after gazing intently toward that spot he started on again. Most Probable another life had ended. As providence provided he came right by Henrietta whether he was attracted by the glittering of her black eyes her black hair and winsome face or bright yellow dress she had on is hard to tell any way he got off picked her up and carried her to his camp. Henrietta anxious for help from somebody immediately put full confidence in the old chief.

He evidently intended to make a pet of her, for he said "What little white face name?" and she almost at the same

The earth can boast no purer tie,
No brighter richer gem,
No jewel of a lovelier die,
Than friendships diadem.

Voyage upon life's sea,
To your self be true;
And wherever your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Galter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

bodies of her friends. Hungry, wet, and brokenhearted she walked down to the foot of the hill where she sat down on the beautiful green grass, in the warm sunshine.

She saw coming on the opposite side of the pond an Indian riding slowly, when he stopped raised his gun and fired after gazing intently toward that spot he started on again. Most Probable another life had ended. As providence provided he came right by Henrietta whether he was attracted by the glittering of her black eyes her black hair and winsome face or bright yellow dress she had on is hard to tell any way he got off picked her up and carried her to his camp. Henrietta anxious for help from somebody immediately put full confidence in the old chief.

He evidently intended to make a pet of her, for he said "What little white face name?" and she almost at the same

The earth can boast no purer tie,
No brighter richer gem,
No jewel of a lovelier die,
Than friendships diadem.

Voyage upon life's sea,
To your self be true;
And wherever your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0299

instant said in her merry tone "Henrietta Krueger" her lovely appearance led him to dismount and take her up in his arms. Then chatting to her all the way he took her home to his camp. He had probably been trying to tell her of the good time she would have and how well she would be cared for. But God alone knows what trials and torment that poor small girl endured.

It did not last just a day but for about thirteen weeks she was obliged to live on baked potatoes and corn bread for that about all she could possibly eat of what they gave her.

The old indian would bring a melon for her once in a while when he came home which was very seldom. But there were a few other captives in the camp, among them was two of her cousins one several years older ^{than her}, he was obliged to drive oxen and do such other work as the indians saw fit for him to do. One day the little fellow tried to go with his older brother, and when the squaw refused to let him go he began to cry. This angered one of them so that she seized the little fellow and raising a tomahawk struck him to the ground and then chopped him into pieces.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

instant said in her merry tone "Henrietta Krigher" her lovely appearance led him to dismount and take her up in his arms. Then chatting to her all the way he took her home to his camp. he had probably been trying to tell her of the good time she would have and how well she would be cared for. But God alone knows what trials and torment that poor small girl endured.

It did not last just a day but for about thirteen weeks she was obliged to live on baked potatoes and corn bread for that about all she could possibly eat of what they gave her.

The old indian would bring a melon for her once in a while when he came home which was very seldom. But there were a few other captives in the camp, among them was two of her cousins one several years older ^{than her}, he was obliged to drive oxen and do such other work as the indians saw fit for him to do. One day the little fellow tried to go with his older brother, and when the squaw refused to let him go he began to cry this angered one of them so that she seized the little fellow and raising a tomahawk struck him to the ground and then chopped him into pieces.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

instant said in her merry tone "Henrietta Krigher" her lovely appearance led him to dismount and take her up in his arms. Then chatting to her all the way he took her home to his camp. he had probably been trying to tell her of the good time she would have and how well she would be cared for. But God alone knows what trials and torment that poor small girl endured.

It did not last just a day but for about thirteen weeks she was obliged to live on baked potatoes and corn bread for that about all she could possibly eat of what they gave her.

The old indian would bring a melon for her once in a while when he came home which was very seldom. But there were a few other captives in the camp, among them was two of her cousins one several years older ^{than her}, he was obliged to drive oxen and do such other work as the indians saw fit for him to do. One day the little fellow tried to go with his older brother, and when the squaw refused to let him go he began to cry this angered one of them so that she seized the little fellow and raising a tomahawk struck him to the ground and then chopped him into pieces.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

Day after day dragged slowly by each being more miserable than the one before for Henrietta, her neat little dress soon became very dirty by the filth that exists in one of those camps.

When the old Indian that brought her there was at home Henrietta sought refuge by his side but during his absence she was obliged to hide about the camp to avoid being found and abused by the Indian boys and girls. Thus she spent the greater portion of her time.

Her cousin escaped a few weeks after his brother's death and after some good hard trials and much hunger arrived at the fort he did very much to capture that one camp.

Well drop this part of the story and go to Mrs. Freighter as stated before her baby had been killed and she was shot in the shoulder which made her senseless. However she came to her senses about nine o'clock the next day. When her shoulder pained her but her first thought was of her husband and children. She found her beloved husband dead and had just noticed her dear little babe when she heard footsteps she immediately hid in the grass.

A large Indian came up and viewing the situation gave a grunt of satisfaction and soon left.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Day after day dragged slowly by each being more miserable than the one before for Henrietta, her neat little dress soon became very dirty by the filth that exists in one of those camps.

When the old Indian that brought her there was at home Henrietta sought refuge by his side, but during his absence she was obliged to hide about the camp to avoid being found and abused by the Indian boys and girls. Thus she spent the greater portion of her time.

Her cousin escaped a few weeks after his brother's death and after some good hard trials and much hunger arrived at the fort he did very much to the capture that one camp.

Will drop this part of the story and go to Mrs. Krueger as stated before her baby had been killed and she was shot in the shoulder which made her senseless. However she came to her senses about nine o'clock the next day. How her shoulder pained her but her first thought was of her husband and children. She found her beloved husband dead and had just noticed her dear little babe when she heard footsteps she immediately hid in the grass.

A large Indian came up and viewing the situation gave a grunt of satisfaction and soon left.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

She could see no signs of life about the place anywhere so decided to try to escape! She raised to a stooping posture and walked thus way to the timber.

As one may learn, Minnesota is subjected to short changes in the weather. It will be very hot in the daytime and then cold to freezing at night.

It was Mrs. Krighers intention to reach the fort if possible. But to say the least of her condition she would not be able to walk very far. She had went a good ways and came near a deserted house being very hungry she decided to try to find something to eat.

Luckily she found crusts of bread that were left by the Indians. she took it and left immediately fearing she might be discovered by some Indian who might pass that way. She had looked in vain for something to wrap her shoulder with, which was hurting very much. It was steadily growing cooler and darker as she merged into the dark timber, she walked for a while but soon became so weak she was obliged to lie down and rest. Being so very tired she fell fast asleep. She was awake in the morning by the neigh of a horse near by.

During the night she had

DEFECTIVE PAGE

She could see no signs of life about the place anywhere so decided to try to escape. She raised to a stooping posture and walked this way to the timber.

As one may learn, Minnesota is subjected to short changes in the weather. It will be very hot in the daytime and then cold to freezing at night.

It was Mrs. Kreighers intentions to reach the fort if possible. But to say the least of her condition she would not be able to walk very far. She had went a good ways and came near a deserted house being very hungry she decided to try to find something to eat.

Luckily she found crusts of bread that were left by the Indians. she took it and left immediately fearing she might be discovered by some Indian who might pass that way. She had looked in vain for something to wrap her shoulder with, which was hurting very much. It was steadily growing cooler and darker as she merged into the dark timber, she walked for a while but soon became so weak she was obliged to lie down and rest being so very tired she fell fast asleep. She was awake in the morning by the neigh of a horse near by.

During the night she had

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

had a wonderful dream. She dreamed she was before the gates of heaven she could hear the melodious music within her heart fairly leaped for joy, presently the gatekeeper appeared and told her she could not enter yet, that she had a mission on earth to perform. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable. She was turning away very sad and sorrowful when she heard the horse neigh. She raised to a sitting posture, It had sprinkled during the night and her dress was wet. she ate the rest of the bread and wrung the water from her skirts and drank what she could, for she had such a fever and was so thirsty.

With great exertion she finally managed to get on her feet and walk a few rods, then after resting a while she would walk a little farther. How really miserable she felt as she thought of her dear ones all gone. She almost hoped she might die her self, but still remembering the dream she began to wonder if some of them wasn't really alive and safe some where. In this state of mind she traveled as far as she could that day and at night took refuge in a swamp like place. She tried her very best to stay awake for the Indians were riding in all directions. She could hear them

DEFECTIVE PAGE

had a wonderful dream. She dreamed she was before the gates of heaven she could hear the melodious music within her heart fairly leaped for joy, presently the gatekeeper appeared and told her she could not enter yet, that she had a mission on earth to perform. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable. She was turning away very sad and sorrowful when she heard the horse neigh. She raised to a sitting posture, It had sprinkled during the night and her dress was wet. She ate the rest of the bread and wrung the water from her skirts and drank what she could, for she had such a fever and was so thirsty.

With great exertion she finally managed to get on her feet and walk a few rods, then after resting a while she would walk a little farther. How really miserable she felt as she thought of her dear ones all gone. She almost hoped she might die her self, but still remembering the dream she began to wonder if some of them wasn't really alive and safe some where. In this state of mind she traveled as far as she could that day and at night took refuge in a swamp like place. She tried her very best to stay awake for the Indians were riding in all directions. She could hear them

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0308

making a sort of a blating noise, y-a-y-yay-yay- all night long. Several times they came very close to her. Thus she spent the night never once thinking of the danger of wild animals, but continually praying to God for help and strength. She finally fell asleep in spite of her self and was awakened the next morning by a honny smelling of her face. The sun was shining very beautiful and birds were singing on every hand. The gayety of all the surroundings seemed to rather inspire Mrs. Kreigher as she roused herself and with no small pain in her shoulder and her exceeding weakness

she finally gained her feet and tried to walk a little, presently she came upon a clear little brook, here she rested and drank to satisfy her burning thirst.

She rested here in the warm sunshine drinking now and then till she had gained sufficient strength to enable her to try to walk again. She had gone but a little way when she found an ear of corn! how really thankful she was she ate all of it she could and then took the rest with her eating of it as she went along.

The day went swiftly by and night found her back at the little brook. She tried to get to the water and as she

DEFECTIVE PAGE

making a sort of a blating noise, y-a-y-yay-yay- all night long. Several times they came very close to her. Thus she spent the night never once thinking of the danger of wild animals, but continually praying to God for help and strength. She finally fell asleep in spite of her self and was awakened the next morning by a pony smelling of her face. The sun was shining very beautiful and birds were singing on every hand. The gayety of all the surroundings seemed to rather inspire Mrs. Kreigher as she roused herself and with no small pain in her shoulder and her exceeding weakness

she finally gained her feet and tried to walk a little, presently she came upon a clear little brook, here she rested and drank to satisfy her burning thirst.

She rested here in the warm sunshine drinking now and then till she had gained sufficient strength to enable her to try to walk again. She had gone but a little way when she found an ear of corn. O! how really thankful she was she ate all of it she could and then took the rest with her eating of it as she went along.

The day went swiftly by and night found her back at the little brook. She tried to get to the water and as she

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

leaned forward all seemed to grow dim, she fell back in a dead faint, she knew no more until morning, when she awoke she saw the tracks of cattle all about her part of her dress was in the water she drew it out and then dipping the water with her hand managed to get a few sips here she rested for a while, then with great exertion drew herself back into the grass where she would be better concealed. Here she prayed to God for strength and help as she never did before, till she fell ^{fast} asleep. ~~not to awake~~.

She was startled by the crack of a rifle, and upon listening could hear men talking.

She decided to use her utmost strength and rise and call for help. In her first effort she fell heavily hurting her shoulder severely. After a brief rest she tried again and with the aid of stick she managed to stand. her long black hair streaming down over her shoulders. A soldier saw her and raised his gun when she suddenly screamed "Don't shoot I'm a white person" and fell unconscious from the exertion.

The ambulance wagon was hurried to the spot and the senseless woman lifted to the top tier. When she came to her senses again, she

DEFECTIVE PAGE

leaned forward - all seemed to grow dim, she fell back in a dead faint, she knew no more until morning, when she awoke she saw the tracks of cattle all about her part of her dress was in the water she drew it out and then dipping the water with her hand managed to get a few sips here she rested for a while, then with great exertion drew herself back into to the grass where she would be better concealed. Here she prayed to God for strength and help as she never did before, till she fell ^{fast} asleep. ~~not to awake.~~

She was startled by the crack of a rifle, and upon listening could hear men talking.

She decided to use her utmost strength and rise and call for help. In her first effort she fell heavily hurting her shoulder severely. after a brief rest she tried again and with the aid of stick she managed to stand. her long black hair streaming down over her shoulders. A soldier saw her and raised his gun when she suddenly screamed "Don't shoot I'm a white person" and fell unconscious from the exertion.

The ambulance wagon was hurried to the spot and the senseless woman lifted to the top tier. When she came to her senses again, she

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

heard the ring of bullets and the cry and wailing of the dying on every hand. She could hear the Generals giving command and the awful yelling and whooping of their Indians. She noticed some water and crackers by the side of her pillow, she reached for the cup and was just about to sip when "Ting" came a bullet striking the cup and spilling the water on her.

Had it not been for the reinforcements that arrived just in time the whole company would have been killed. The Indians have retreated so the ambulance starts for the fort.

Here in the fort hospital she was nursed back to life and health. While she was here she was joined by Gottlieb and John her two oldest boys who she thought was dead.

(! how she wept for joy and thank the Divine Father for sparing the lives of her two sons.

Now lets see where poor little Henrietta is. Here she is hiding in an old pile of bushes from a ~~an~~ large indian boy whose mother is urging him on to pull the black hair and bite the bare arms of the poor little helpless creature.

This morning she is

DEFECTIVE PAGE

heard the ring of bullets and the crys and wailing of the dying on every hand. She could hear the Generals giving command and the awful yelling and whooping of the Indians. She noticed some water and crackers by the side of her pillow, she reached for the cup and was just about to sip when "Ting" came a bullet striking the cup and spilling the water on her.

Had it not been for the reinforcements that arrived just in time the whole company would have been killed. The Indians have retreated so the ambulance starts for the fort.

Here in the fort hospital she was nursed back to life and health. While she was here she was joined by Gottlieb and John her two oldest boys who she thought was dead.

(! how she wept for joy and thank the Divine Father for sparing the lives of her two sons.

Now lets see where poor little Henrietta is. Here she is hiding in an old pile of bushes from a ~~small~~ large indian boy whose mother is urging him on to pull the black hair and bite the bare arms of the poor little helpless creature.

This morning she

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

sitting on an old dirty blanket in front of one of the wigwam crying to herself in her misery.

In the distance she can see men on horse back, their bright bayonets pointed upward are glittering in the sun light, she sees a long line of them coming closer and closer. The squaws were very busy repacking all sort of old rubbish. The men are smoking and talking in a very grave manner.

Suddenly she noticed her old Chief pick her up take into the tent and kissing her put her between several old boxes. then they lifted another

up on top of those and it was all dark around her.

The soldiers close around the camp they offer no resistance seeing they are outnumbered by far. The soldiers called for all the prisoners which the Indians very reluctantly give up. The wagons were just starting to leave when a lady who had been one of the prisoners called out. There is a little girl in there yet the wagons stopped and the captain called for the girl. The old Chief came in and got Henrietta then kissing her he took her out and gave her to them.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

sitting on an old dirty blanket in front of one of the wigwams crying to herself in her misery.

In the distance she can see men on horse back, their bright bayonets pointed upward are glittering in the sun light, she sees a long line of them coming closer and closer. The squaws were very busy repacking all sort of old rubbish. The men are smoking and talking in a very grave manner.

Suddenly she noticed her old Chief pick her up take into the tent and kissing her put her between several old boxes. then they lifted another

up on top of those and it was all dark around her.

The soldiers close around the camp they offer no resistance seeing they are outnumbered by far. The soldiers called for all the prisoners which the Indians very reluctantly give up. The wagons were just starting to leave when a lady who had been one of the prisoners called out. There is a little girl in there yet the wagons stopped and the captain called for the girl. The old Chief came in and got Henrietta then kissing her he took her out and gave her to them.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

Henrietta is taken to the
fort and then sent on to
Wisconsin where she joins
her mother and brothers
who were sent on before.

This is just a drop
in an Ocean compared to what
the Nation in General has
endured.

and chewing her cud
As I rubbed the ears of
That Jersey cow.

She stood at the bars,
As the sun went down,
Behind the hills,
On a summer day.
Her eyes were tender,
and big and brown.
Her breath as sweet,
as new mown hay
Far from the west
The faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling
Off her golden hair.
Those calm deep eyes
Were turned toward mine
And a look of contentment
rested there
I see her bathed in
the sunlight flood
I see her standing peacefully now
Peacefully standing

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Henrietta is taken to the
fort and then sent on to
Wisconsin where she joins
her mother and brothers
who were sent on before.

This is just a drop
in an Ocean compared to what
the Nation in General has
endured.

and chewing her cud
As I rubbed the ears of
That Jersey cow.

She stood at the bars,
As the sun went down,
Behind the hills,
On a summer day.
Her eyes were tender,
and big and brown.
Her breath as sweet,
as new mown hay
Far from the west
The faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling
Off her golden hair.
Those calm deep eyes
Were turned toward mine
And a look of contentment
rested there
I see her bathed in
the sunlight flood
I see her standing peacefully now
Peacefully standing

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

44
A boyhood favorite.

Hush! Gently tread, she is asleep.
Do you not see within that space
Her silent form. The eyes are closed;
Composed in rest the soft dark face.

I've known her from her youngest days
And longings oft come to me
To claim her for my very own.
But fruitless vain they seem to be.

Oftimes I've stroked that glossy hair
And looked with longing in those eyes.
If 'twere for her to say, she'd be mine
For the asking, I surmise.

But those who hold her in control
Refuse to give her up to me,
Although I've cared for her so long,
And tended her so constantly.

45

The winding meadow path so fair
Daily with her I stroll along,
When flowers are bathed in morning dew,
And all the world is filled with song.

And in the deepening eventides
Again the green sward knows our tread,
When life's great voice is growing hush,
Neath burnished skies of purple red.

Down to the silvery brooklets edge,
He always wanders, from the mirrored face
There she seems
most happy, from the mirrored face
Within the stream contentment beams.

Widely her beauty is renowned;
And she is praised by not a few
For gentleness: While all laud high
Her giving disposition too.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

44
A boyhood favorite.

Hush! Gently tread, she is asleep.
Do you not see within that space
Her silent form. The eyes are closed;
Composed in rest the soft dark face.

I've known her from her youngest days
And longings oft come to me
To claim her for my very own.
But fruitless vain they seem to be.

Oftimes I've stroked that glossy hair
And looked with longing in those eyes.
If 'twere for her to say, she'd be mine
For the asking, I surmise.

But those who hold her in control
Refuse to give her up to me,
Although I've cared for her so long,
And tended her so constantly.

45

The winding meadow path so fair
Daily with her I stroll along,
When flowers are bathed in morning dew,
And all the world is filled with song.

And in the deepening eventides
Again the green sward knows our tread,
When life's great voice is growing hushed,
Neath burnished skies of purple red.

Down to the silvery brooklets edge,
He always wanders; From the mirrored face
There she seems
most happy. From the mirrored face
Within the stream contentment beams.

Widely her beauty is renowned;
And she is praised by not a few
For gentleness. While all land high
Her giving disposition too?

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0320

But hark a voice is calling me.
I must awake the sleeper now.
"It's milking time son!" father says;
Come, stir yourself old bossy cow.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0 3 2 1

But hark a voice is calling me
I must awake the sleeper now.
"Its milking time son" father says,
Come, stir yourself old bossy cow.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0322