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11-5-7

Picked Men Struck Blow.

The snow was from eight to twelve inches deep and the bleak and desolate prairies were continually swept by blinding blizzards. Making their way over the frozen ground in forced marches, half frozen and blinded by the pitiless storm, the little band reached Pembina on Nov. 13, 1863. It was not until the middle of December, in 1863, that a little detachment of picked men started out to effect the capture of the murderous Indians. Two of those who were in that little company were present at the reunion today: Hugh E. Craig, president of the battalion, and James W. Hankinson, of Minneapolis, the veteran detective. The start was made at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The story of the early morning attack on the Indian camp, the shooting and confusion in the darkness, the stampede of the Indians and the capture of Little Six and Medicine Bottle is one of the most stirring in the annals of Indian fighting. Little Six and Medicine Bottle were brought under heavy guard to Fort Snelling, and in October, 1865, were executed in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. Soon afterward the commander at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, sent word that he had been notified by the remainder of the renegade Indians that they were willing to surrender.

John McKenzie, who lived for many years in and near Hutchinson, was one of the party which took the two chiefs. He is a brother of Wm. McKenzie of this place and now lives at Tulsa, Indian Territory. He used to travel through the country lecturing on phrenology and giving magic lantern shows.

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE


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

0427

*7 Service Company (with poultry)  
+ Service Company (with poultry)  
+ Service Company (with poultry)  
+ Service Company (with poultry)  
+ Service Company (with poultry)*

# Tulsa Experimental

## POULTRY STATION



PROF. J. H. MACKENZIE, Proprietor.

Postoffice Box 894.      ::      Tulsa, Ind. Ter


PLANT ON MAIN STREET: AT NORTH END OF STREET.



*7 Sealed by Binding (8 with fully  
+ done no binding until the 5th  
+ done 18th century years with  
Lower Rice*

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

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

0 4 2 9



He makes the Rhode Island Reds his specialty, because they are healthy and hardy, and layers of large, brownish or pink tinted eggs.

The young chicks are as hardy as cockle burrs, and just as certain to grow unless the rats are allowed to take them before they are large enough to defend themselves.

On the farm no stock will yield the income on the money invested as a pure bred Rhode Island hen. In size they rival the Plymouth Rock, and the Wyandott, and as egg producers you can put them up against the Leghorn family. They are good foragers, and on the city lot they bear confinement well, and are contented and happy and in the show room they beat them all. Their beautiful red color attracts the attention of the true fancier.

#### ANTHROPOLOGY AND TEMPERAMENTS.

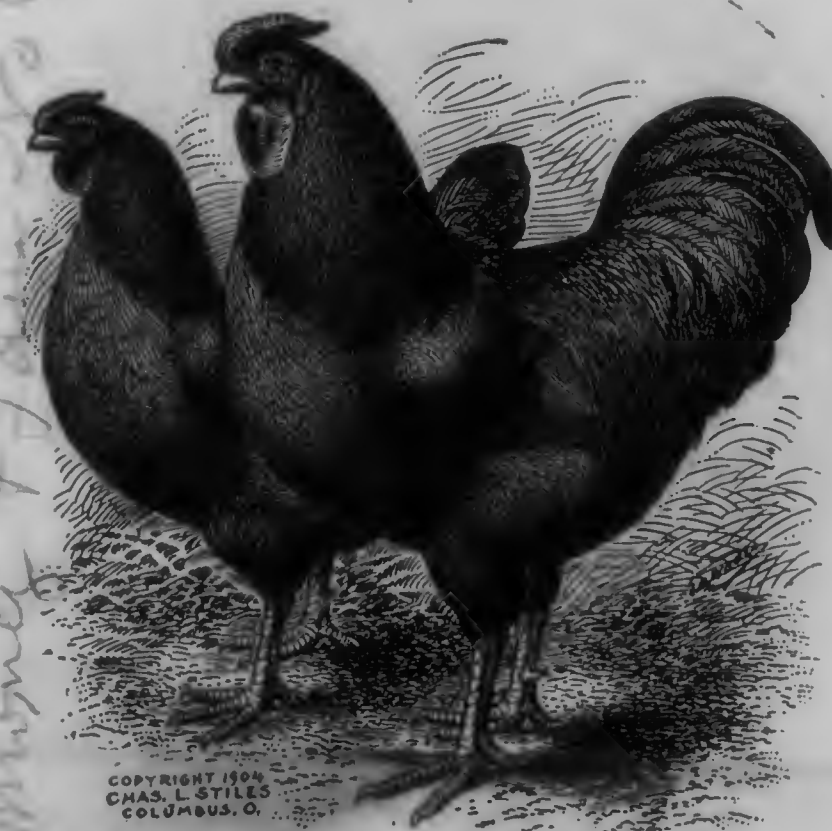
In the year 1873, Mr. Mackenzie graduated from the Phrenological School of Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y., and therefore he is perfectly familiar with the laws governing the temperaments. This knowledge he puts into practice in the breeding of all his stock from the horse and cow down to the chicken. Follow this rule and it will improve the organic quality of everything that has life from the Anglo Saxon race down through the entire animal kingdom until we reach the Moneron, the very lowest form of animal life.

Read Darwin's work on Evolution and then do some thinking.

His Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds are better in organic quality than the original stock purchased 8 years ago, and it is his purpose to continue to improve them as long as he lives.

#### PRICES OF EGGS AND STOCK.

Eggs in the spring at \$1.00 per setting of 15 eggs, but after June 1st will give 20 eggs for \$1.00. Keeps a fine lot of cocks and cockrels at \$1.00 to \$5.00, according to score points. Hens \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.



IF YOU WANT GENUINE WINTER LAYERS BUY A \$2.00 COCK, AND HE WILL IMPROVE YOUR ENTIRE FLOCK.

If you want to purchase chickens of any other breed, he can save you money. He purchases Pigeons, Belgian Hares, and pet stock of any kind that you want. Deals in Chicken Fountains, Alfalfa Meal, and pure Linseed Meal, and all poultry supplies. Roup and Cholera medicine for chickens and hogs. Call for what you want and if he has not got it on hand he can order it for you.

Mr. Mackenzie experiments with different breeds of chickens for the sole purpose of ascertaining the breed that produces the most eggs in the course of a year, and also how to get the most eggs in cold weather, when eggs bring a good price on the market.

Office 618, Boston Avenue, in Cherokee Addition to Tulsa, Ind. Ter.

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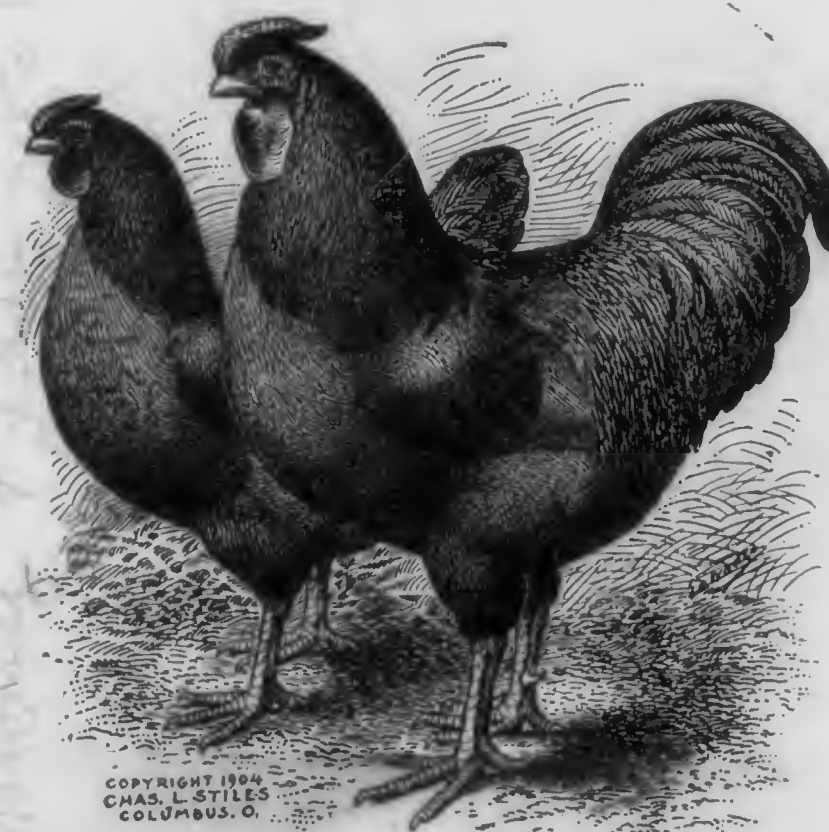
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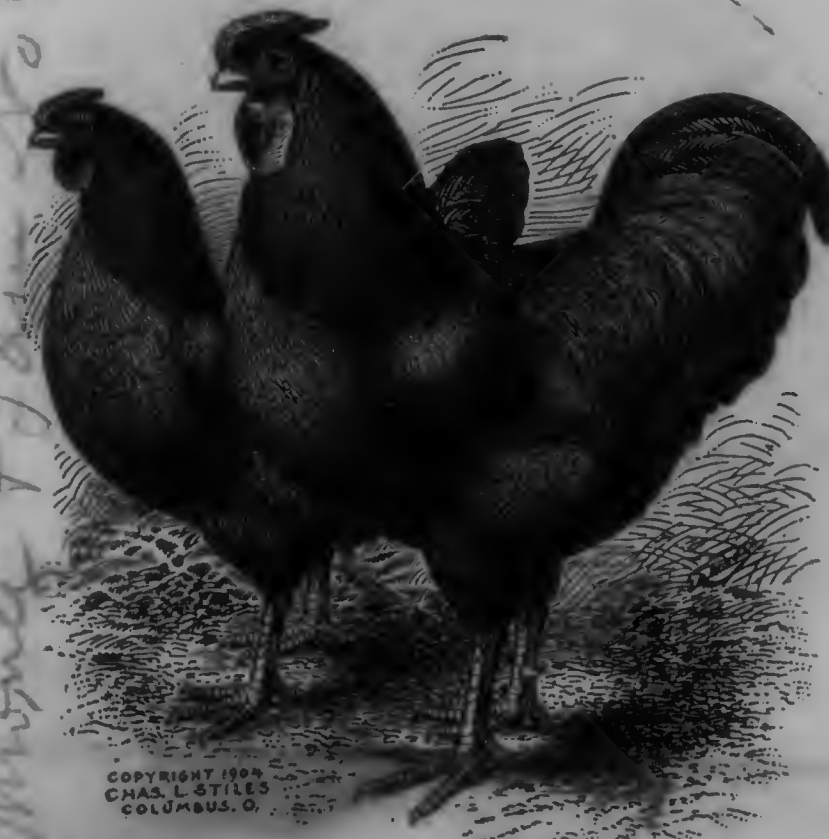
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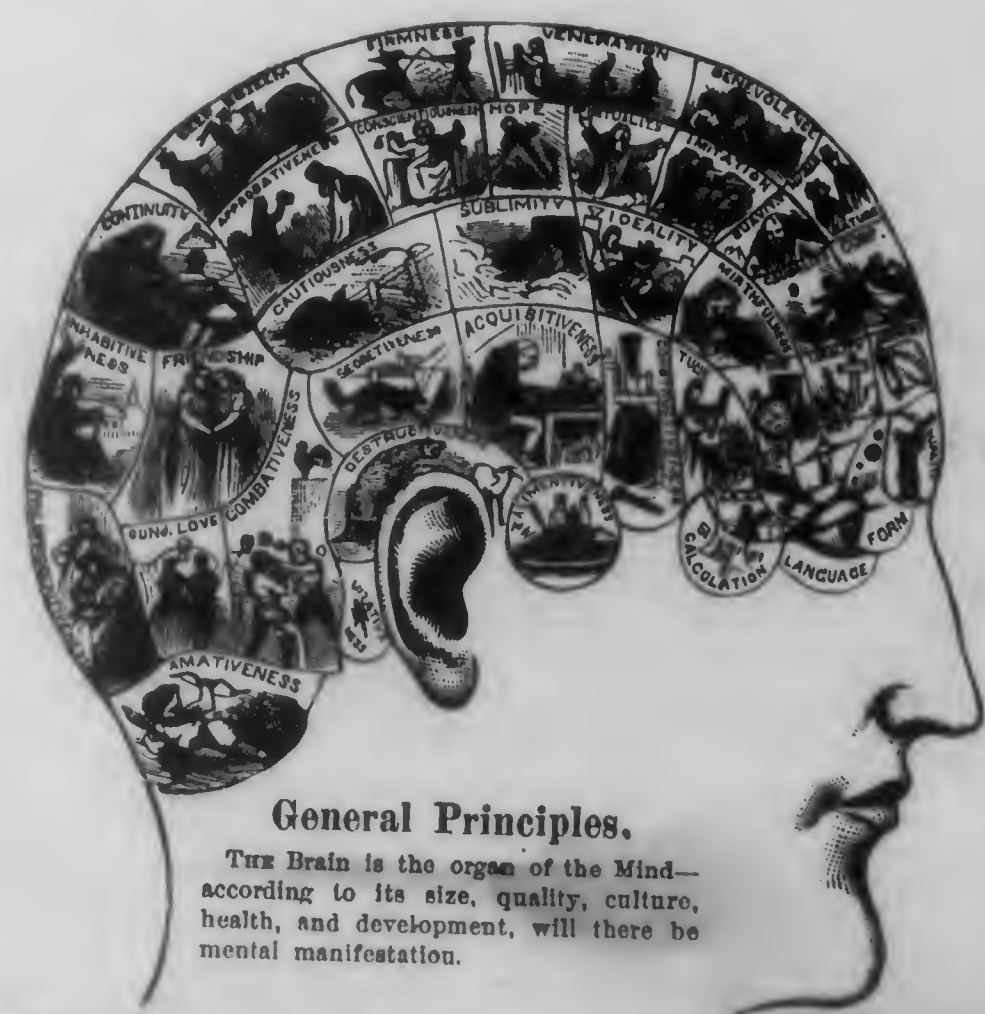
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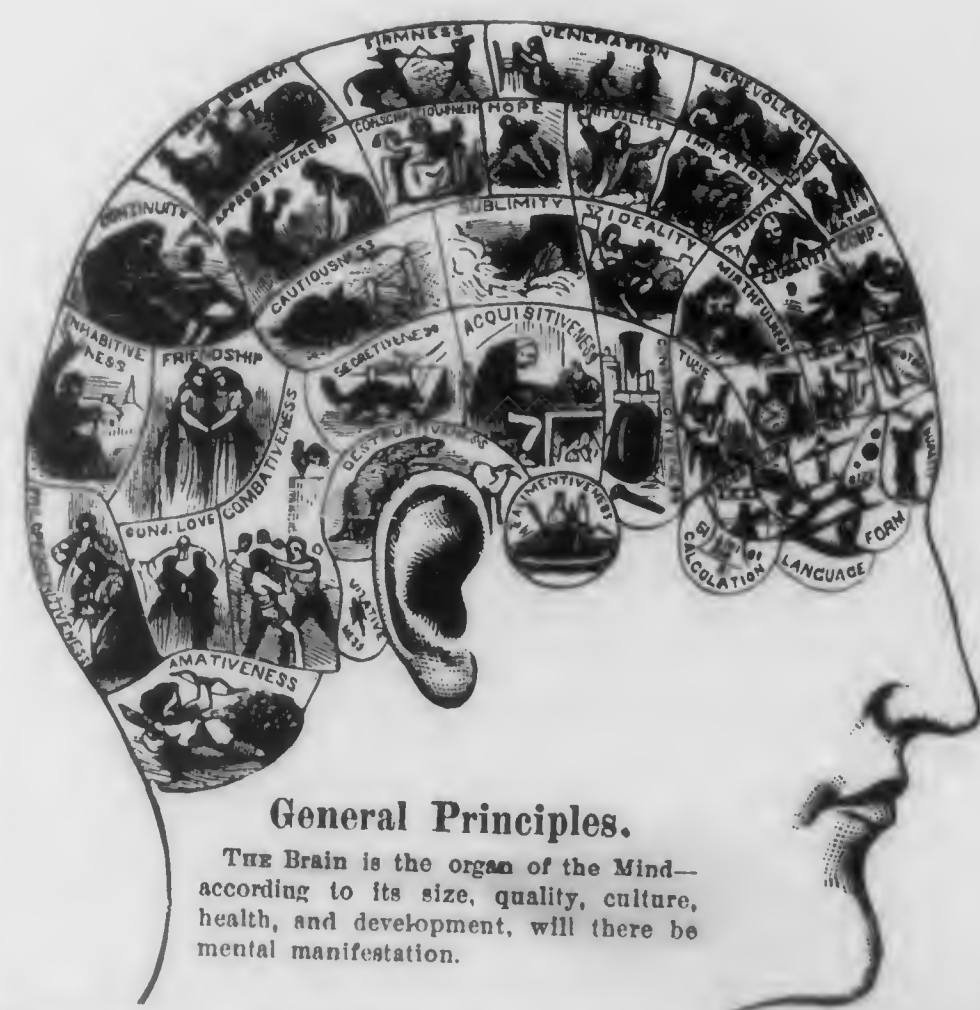




**PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, EDUCATION AND THE  
 MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.**

Prof. J. H. Mackenzie, who graduated in 1873 from the  
 Fowler & Wells Phrenological Institute, 389 Broadway N. Y.,  
 will measure your brain and give you the size of each organ,  
 together with your organic quality, and tell you in what  
 calling or class of work you would be the most successful,  
 according to your own organization.

Mothers bring your little ones and get a true delineation  
 of their capacity according to the size, shape, and organic  
 quality of their brain. You should educate and prepare  
 them for the line of duty best suited to their capacity. Most  
 people pass through life without finding out what they were  
 created for. His charges are: examination without a chart  
 50 cents; with chart \$2.00.



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0 4 3 4

Butler St. Aug 16/06  
Mrs. Wm. H. Galwell  
Dear Sir I do  
Most Deeply Regret  
That I Have Not got  
Money Enough to  
Pay the way to & from  
& while at the mound  
I would like to have  
taken hold of the  
Hand of Some Old  
Veterans of the Civil  
War, Brave Boys  
with whom I cannot  
hope to meet again.  
May God Bless Every  
Boy that helped to defend  
the Union, & May God  
Save Every Boy who helped  
to Rescue our Noble  
Pioneer Women & Children  
from the Savage Sioux  
Indian. H. H. Mendenhall



P.S. I wanted to go to Cuba [2]  
to Help Rescue the Cuban  
women & Children from  
the Spanish Prisons & from  
starvation. But the  
Recruiting Officers reject-  
ed me on account of my  
age. This seemed to me  
rather humiliating. But  
if ever Spain or any other  
Nation makes an Attack  
on our Country, my  
Prayer is that our Government  
will not consider me  
too old to take my  
Place among the Scouts  
with Fraternal &  
eternal Love. I remain  
an American Citizen  
by Adoption  
John H Mackenzie  
of Tulsa I Ok.

P.S. I inclose  
16 pages of my  
Scout Life, will write  
more soon.

P.S. I do wish that [3]  
you could see  
Vae van volkenburg  
1st Duty Sergeant of  
Company B of Hatch  
Battalion. He helped  
to untie Little Six &  
General Medison Battle  
from the Sledge after  
I dove inside of  
Stockade at Pembina.  
The Lieut lives in  
West Minneapolis. Not far  
from Lake Harriette  
If you phone to  
W. P. Shattuck or to his  
wife I think that they  
could locate him. & he  
is Truthfull, & can give  
you some pointers for  
a Truthfull History  
of Minnesota & the  
 Sioux Indian Masacre  
He helped Guard the  
Indians for a year before  
they were Executed.  
P H M K

Minnesota God Bless Dear old  
 Polizards & all. [43]  
 Ok! That I Only Had Money Enough  
 To Pay My Expenses (+ I use neither  
 Tobacco nor Whisky) I would come to  
 spend another Summer with Old friends  
 among the Lakes where I have spent the  
 interesting & exciting part of my life  
 & when I die Oh! that I could be Buried  
 in Hutchinson Cemetery, Along Side of  
 Robert Bruce Little Woman (my 1st wife  
 who there Rests in Peace) Side by Side we were  
 the Hardships of Frontier Life but we were  
 young & dared to face the music where ever  
 Duty Said Go. John H. Mackenzie

618 Boston Ave N  
 in the Cherokee Addition  
 To Tulsa T. 8/8/60  
 (Just Admitted into  
 the union) as Oklahoma  
 In Answer to your  
 Request. I will write  
 you a Brief Note  
 Giving you Some  
 pointers in my  
 History Please arrange  
 them correctly I  
 don't want to write  
 about myself & you  
 can do that  
 I was Born in Canada  
 Apr 31 June 12  
 Came to Illinois & Saw  
 Chicago in 1841 when  
 there were only three  
 Streets in Chicago that  
 had Stores on them  
 Water Street, Lake St  
 & Randolph Street.  
 Each about a mile long

ENCLOSURE



I Landed in the  
 Territory of Minnesota  
 July 1st A.D. 1850 &  
 Celebrated the 4<sup>th</sup> in  
 St Paul. Among Indians  
 Half Breeds, Traders &  
 Missionaries.  
 I Obtained License, &  
 Began As a Trader  
 among the Sioux  
 Indians. I Had try ups  
 & downs Among the Indi-  
 ans until the Civil  
 war Broke Out.  
 I First came into  
 Hutchinson June 9<sup>th</sup>  
 A.D. 1857 & the following  
 winter, Gave Brother Harri-  
 & Gave Gaudin Solomon  
 Pendergast (son of Socke)  
 & My Family all lived  
 in the Uncle Hook House  
 in the N.E. corner of  
 Hutchinson (Altho the  
 last October Hutchinsons  
 Paper did not credit me  
 with ever having lived in  
 Hutchinson.  
 Please correct.

My Son Frank B.  
 Hutchinson was Born  
 February 12 - 1857  
 while I lived in Hutchinson  
 & he should have the  
 credit of being the 1<sup>st</sup>  
 Born white child in  
 Hutchinson (Altho he  
 was Born when we were  
 making a visit down into  
 the Big Woods.) at  
 Gaudin's place.  
 I Brought him & his mother  
 home as soon as circumstances  
 would permit. I Had Trade  
 with the Sioux Indians  
 Studied their Language,  
 Manners, & Customs.  
 & I Thoroughly understood  
 them. & during the un-Civil  
 war, when the Sioux declared  
 war on the Whites. They  
 Attacked our white Settlements  
 all along the western frontier  
 from Iowa to British  
 Possessions. D.L. Kingsley  
 helped our side. He had & he  
 Related many a warlike  
 sight, such as finding Sioux  
 children hanging across

ENCLOSURE



the Bruce (one on either  
side, & not yet dead),  
but too far gone to be  
rescued, men with their  
head cut off, pregnant  
woman, cut open, & her  
un-born infant torn out  
& layed at her breast,  
& many other horrors,  
All this coming to  
my knowledge do you  
wonder at the part that  
I took, & that too without  
any assurance of reward.  
I fought for our noble  
frontier women & children  
& altho' it has been 40 years  
ago, because that I did not  
place all the honor onto the  
officers under which I  
operated "Major Hatch  
denied that I was regular-  
ly enlisted" & because of  
Becknickle Point, I was  
deprived of even an  
honorable discharge, &  
I never drew one cent pay  
No Pension for 40 years

During the fall of 1862  
I was Scout & Guide  
& now I will relate to you  
what I consider to be the  
most daring feat of my  
life. My family was  
in Georgetown, during  
the time that Ft. & also  
Ft. Abbiecrombie were  
besieged by the Sioux Ind.  
The town ran out of  
provisions, only about  
36 or 40 men all old,  
poorly armed & short of  
ammunition. Our officers  
sent two messengers out to  
go up the Red River 55 miles  
to Abbiecrombie for aid.  
They were both killed when  
within 3/4 of mile of the Ft.  
while they were trying to cross  
the Red River, & then in  
4 days from that time, we  
sent out other two messen-  
& they never returned,  
starvation stared us in  
the face.

ENCLOSURE



It was now that my  
Scotch Blood Aroused  
& when no one dared to  
volunteer to go as a 3d  
messenger. I stepped out  
held up my hand & said  
I will go for one. & as no  
one seconded me, I mounted  
my own heroic little Stead.  
The Goat that I brought  
from Weymouth for \$20.00  
I found I had no gun  
no revolver. No arms of defense  
of any kind. But all these  
discouragements. Only  
made me the more  
determined. Frank Kent  
accompanied me as far  
as Bannings Point five  
miles up the Red River. He  
was armed with a Barrow  
gun & revolver. (He had  
borrowed it from a  
"Potatoe-Lord") & agreed  
to not let it go out of his  
own possession & to return  
it that day.

Here I bade Frank  
Kent adieu. He returned  
to George town, after promis-  
ing to defend my family  
in case that I never  
returned. & I galloped  
off for Ft. Abbie Creek  
alone, & unarmed 50  
miles. I met a white Gourd  
living on that valley.  
When I had Road 25  
miles I came to Louises  
Station. I approached  
the premises with caution.  
Not a living soul  
to be seen. The table  
was set just as the  
family had left it  
when they had fled  
a week ago.  
I found plenty of oats to  
feed my horse, but no  
victuals for me. I built  
fire in the cook stove.  
Cooked about a dozen Eggs

ENCLOSURE



7 I made Tea. No  
Bread, But Enough  
Eggs, & Tea to Appease  
The Wrath of a Hungry  
Scout. I waited Here  
untill Sun Set. Because  
I wanted to Attempt to  
Cross The Treacherous  
Clay bottomed, Red River  
& Enter Ft Abbiecrombie after  
Mid Night. The very  
Hours that Sioux Indian  
Are most Likely to be  
Asleep. I Had never  
been to Ft Abbiecrombie  
in My Life. I knew only  
By Description, where it  
was Located. Besides  
I could Hear The Cannon  
Roar, I dare not Halt  
My Scotch Blood Said  
Advance Carefully, but  
Don't Turn back, Many a  
better Man Than You

Has Given His Life  
in Defence of His  
Country. Besides your  
own Family must Have  
Relief as Soon Starve.  
When I Road Across  
Whisky Creek on a Log  
Bridge. This was the  
Land Mark for Me to  
Leave the Stage Road, &  
Go west Through timber  
about One Mile to The  
Red River. Oh! but it  
was Fearfull Dark,  
I could not See My Horse  
& While Passing Carefu-  
lly Through this Dark  
Forest, My Stead  
uttered a very Strange  
Whistle! (or Short.) & I  
Road into a Tree Top,  
Which I afterwards  
Learned, Had been Shot  
off by Cannon, not

ENCLOSURE



P 10

An Hour before,  
 Old Friend Lloyd  
 This is perhaps the most  
 trying Position that I  
 was ever in during the  
 Civil war, dark as a  
dungeon, on which side  
 to expect the Enemy I  
 knew not, Not even a  
 Good Revolver, with which  
 to defend myself, but  
 Thank God I did not  
turn back. I felt that  
 if my Fate was Hell—  
 I must face the Music.  
 A few Rods farther  
 & I came in sight of  
 Fort Abie Crombie.  
 all light up, joyous sight,  
 but the treacherous River  
 was between me & the Fort.  
 I called, "Herrymen  
 Come over I am a messen-  
 -ger from George Town,"

The ferry-Boat. Soon &  
 came to my Assistance  
 accompanied by a file  
 of Soldiers. My Horse  
 was very Excited, He  
 leaped onto the boat  
 before it touched shore  
 when a Soldier had grasp  
 my Horse by his Bridle  
 He at once Calmed,  
 down, about two hours  
 later the Sioux Indians  
 attacked the Ft. from  
 two points at the same  
 time. One Detachment  
 from the River side, & the  
 other came in from the  
 (west) or from the Plains  
 the River side was Defen-  
 ded by Brave Frontiers  
 men, & their families, the  
 only Bullwark was their  
 wagons, which was arranged  
 in a line & the men lay  
 looking through, under  
 their wagons. They slept  
 with their fingers on the trick-  
ers of their guns

ENCLOSURE

P 12  
When the Indians  
Put their heads up over  
the River bank they  
Recd a ~~Hot~~ Salute from  
Pioneers who were not  
asleep. At the same  
time, General Medison  
-battle who was in command  
Attempted to Effect an  
Entrance from the Plains  
Capt van de Hawk, (a  
Green Horn) with only  
about 125 Raw Recruits  
Defended the Fort. The  
Indians were finally  
Repulsed After that they  
Had Burned Our Stables  
& Captured About 14  
Mules & Horses.

About One O'clock  
P.M. Capt van de Hock  
Dispatched Two Soldiers  
To Hz Snelling for  
Assistance. He Sent  
a Detachment of Soldiers  
across the River & through

18  
Within about a mile  
onto the Big Plains  
& Turned the two  
messengers loose, they  
galloped away to the  
Eastward towards the  
Leaf Mountains. I Moun-  
-ted my horse & left the  
Fort about 15 minutes  
after the soldiers did.  
When I Reached the Prairie  
I found the Soldiers Stand-  
-ing Looking Anxiously  
at the departing messengers  
who were flying across the  
Plains. Like wild deer,  
Presently they made a sud-  
-den turn to the North &  
delayed the while. In about  
3 minutes I saw the two  
messengers turn & make  
a dexterous dash towards  
the S.E. as if they were  
going to fall into the 1st  
Detachment of Indians,  
warriors who were in hot  
pursuit.

ENCLOSURE



I Reasoned That the  
Sioux warriors, were  
so intent on catching  
those two Scouts, that  
Now was my Opportunity  
& I dashed off in an  
East-wards direction.  
Towards the other two  
Scouts until I struck  
the Stage Road from  
Bank Rapids to George  
Town. Here I suddenly  
dashed Northward  
towards George Town.  
I had Road about Half a  
Mile from the U.S. Soldier  
when I crossed Whiskey  
Creek on the Old Log Bridge  
down into Lower Plains  
Here I found myself  
surrounded by  
Sioux Cavalry, who  
immediately turned  
their Attention to me  
They were up the Creek  
from me, but close to

I dashed North  
down the Stage Road  
only 50 Miles to George  
Town. This Race was  
Exciting, & I was anxious  
to win the Race. Wild  
yells from the Savages  
only made me the  
more Careful not to  
Ground my Waymouth  
Colt Beyond his Capacity  
One Squad of Cavalry  
was struggling to reach  
a certain Point of View  
a Bend in the Red River.  
Could they reach it  
before I did, & they  
would have me Corralled.  
It was about Three  
Miles distant, & when  
they lost all hope of  
winning the Race they  
rained Bullets upon  
me which lifted the  
dust on every side  
knocked a Gift of  
Hairs from my Horse's Body

ENCLOSURE



Split his main  
but did me no harm  
When I saw that I  
had distanced them  
I lifted my old hat,  
I swung it vigorously.  
This had the effect  
to discourage them.  
They halted, & of course  
I was glad to give my  
horse a chance to draw  
a refreshing breath.  
Not a gun nor even a  
revolver. What wouldn't  
I have given for a  
1st class Repeater-Rifle.  
I rode into George Town  
just as the boys were  
changing guard for  
the night.  
John & Mackenzie  
Scout for  
Hatch Battalion

ENCLOSURE

LETTER FROM JOHN H. MACKENZIE.

to

WILLIAM W. FOLWELL OF MINNEAPOLIS. MINN.

WRITTEN FROM TULSA I.T. AUGUST 28-1906.

(notes for chapter on sioux war in  
history of Minnesota )

*Duplicate copy*

*no importance*

*McK. probably intended further letters*

*F*

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

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

0 4 4 7



618 Boston Avenue North in  
the Cherokee Addition to Tulsa .  
Indian Territory.

8/8/06. (just admitted into  
the Union as Oklahoma) Box 894.

In answer to request, I will write you a brief note giving you  
some pointers in my history, please arrange them correctly. I don't  
want to write about myself :: you can do that.

I was born in Canada A.D. 1831 June 12. Came to Illinois and saw  
Chicago in 1841 when there were only three streets in Chicago that  
had stores on them: Water street, Lake street and Randolph street.  
Each about a mile long . I landed in the Territory of Minnesota  
July 1st A.D. 1850 and celebrated the 4th in St Paul. Among Indians  
and half-bloods, traders and missionaries. I had only ups and  
downs until the Civil War broke out. I first came into Hutchinson  
June 9th A.D. 1857 and the following winter your brother Harri  
and your cousin Solomon Pendergast (now of Sock.C ) and my  
family all lived in the "uncle Hook House " in the N.E. corner of  
Hutchinson. (Altho the last October Hutchinson papers did not credit  
-it me with ever having lived in Hutchinson :: please correct.)  
My son Frank B. Mackenzie was born February 1st -1857 while I lived  
in Hutchinson and he should have the credit of being the first  
born white child in Hutchinson (altho he was born when we were  
making a visit down in the "Big Woods " ) at Lorenzo Coleman's :::  
Brought him and his mother home as soon as circumstances would  
permit. I had tried with the Sioux Indians , studied their langu-  
age, manners and customs, and I thoroughly understand them, and

during the un-civil war, when the Sioux declared war on the whites,  
they attacked our white settlements all along the western frontier  
from Iowa to British possessions . D.L.Kingsbury helped bury the  
dead and he related many a horrible sight. Such as finding infant  
children hanging across the fence (one on either side and not yet  
dead ) but too far gone to be rescued. Men with their heads cut ~~off~~  
off. Pregnant woman, cut open, and her un-born infant torn out and  
laid at her breast. And many other horrors. :: All this coming  
to my knowledge, do you wonder at the part I took, and that too  
without any assurance of reward. I fought for our noble frontier  
women and children, and altho, it has been 40 years ago, because that  
I did not pile all the honors onto the officers under which I  
operated, Major Hatch denied that I was regularly enlisted. And  
because of technical points, I was deprived of even an honorable  
discharge, and I never drew one cent of pay; no pension for 40 years  
During the fall of 1862 I was scout and guide and now I will re-  
late to you what I consider to be the most daring feat of my life.  
My family was "in Georgetown", during the time that it and also  
Fort Abercrombie were besieged by the Sioux Indians. The town ran  
out of provisions. Only about 36 or 40 men all told. Poorly armed  
and short of ammunition. Our officers sent two messengers out to  
~~man~~ go up the Red River 55 miles to Abbercrombie for aid. They  
were both killed when within 3/4 of a mile of the Fort, while they  
were trying to cross the Red River, and then in 4 days from that  
time, we sent other two messengers and they never returned, Starva-  
vation stared us in the face.



It was now that my Scotch blood aroused and when no one dared to volunteer to go as a 3rd messenger I stepped out, held up my hand and said I will go for one, and as no one seconded me, I mounted my own ~~horse~~ heroic little steed, the colt that I brought from Waymouth for \$ 200. ::::Lloyd. I had no gun, no revolver, no arms of defence of any kind. But all those discouragements only made me the more determined. Frank Kent accompanied me as far as Banning's Point five miles up the Red River, he was armed with a <sup>ed</sup> Borrow gun and revolver. He had borrowed it from a "Potato Lord", and agreed to not let it go out of his own possession and to ~~return~~ return it that day. Here I bade Frank Kent adieu. He promised to defend my family in case that I never returned, and I galloped off Fort Abercrombie alone, and unarmed 50 miles, and not a white soul living on that valley. When I had rode 25 miles I came to Louisville Station. I approached the premises with caution: Not a living soul to be seen. The table was set just just as the family had left it when they had fled, weeks ago. I found plenty of oats to feed my horse, but no victuals for me. I built fire in the cook stove, cooked about a dozen eggs and I made tea, no bread, but enough eggs and tea to appease the wrath of a hungry scout. I waited here until the sun set. Because I wanted to attempt to cross the treacherous Clay bottomed, Red River and enter Fort Abercrombie after midnight. The very hour that Sioux Indians are most likely to be asleep. I had never been to Fort Abercrombie in my life. I knew only by discription, where it was located, besides I could hear the cannon roar. I dare not falter, my Scotch blood said advance carefully, but Don't turn back, many a better man than you has given his life in defence of his country. Besides your own

family must have relief or soon starve. When I rode across "Whiskey Creek"; on a Log Bridge. This was the land mark for me to leave the stage road and go west through timber, about one mile to the Red River. Oh : but it was fearful dark. I could not see my horse and while passing carefully through this dark forest, my steed uttered a very strange whistle or snort and I rode into a tree top which I afterwards learned had been shot off by cannon, ~~not~~ not an hour before. Old friend <sup>d</sup> (the horse) <sup>Lloyd</sup>, this is the most trying-~~posi~~ position that I was ever in during the Civil War, Dark as a dungeon, on which side to expect the enemy I knew not. Not even a good revolver, with which to defend myself, but thank God I did not turn back. I felt that if my fate was Hell--I must face the music.:: A few rods farther ~~on~~ and I came in sight of Fort Abbercrombie all lighted up, joyous sight, but the treacherous river was between me and the Fort. I called "Ferryman, come over, I am a messenger from George Town." The ferry-boat soon came to my assistance accompanied by a file of soldiers. My horse was very excited he leaped into the boat before it touched shore, when a soldier grabbed my horse by the bridle he at once calmed down. About two hours later the Sioux Indians attacked the Fort, from two points at the same time. One detachment from the river side, and the others came in from the (west) ot from the Plains. The river side was defended by brave frontiersmen, and their families, the only bulwarks was their wagons, which was arranged in line and the men lay looking through, under their wagons. They slept with their fingers on the trigger of their guns., and when the Indians put their heads up over the river bank they received a hot salute from pioneers who were not asleep. At the same time, General Medicine Bottle who was in command attempted to effect an entrance



from the plains. Captain Van de Hawk (Van derHorcyk Ed.) a Green Horn, with only about 125 raw recruits defended the Fort. The Indians were ~~finally repulsed~~ finally repulsed after that they had burned our stables and captured about 14 mules and horses. About one o'clock P.M. Captain Van de Hock dispatched two soldiers<sup>s</sup> to Fort Snelling for assistance. He sent a detachment of soldiers across the river and through timber about a mile onto the Big Plains and turned the two messengers loose. They galloped away towards the leaf mountains. I mounted my horse and left the Fort. About 15 minutes after the soldiers standing looking anxiously at the departing messenger<sup>s</sup>, who were flying across the plains. Like wild deer. Presently they made a sudden turn to the North and palyed the whip. In about 3 minutes I saw the two messengers turn and make a dexterous dash towards the S.E. as if they were going ~~huffahh~~ to fall in to the first detachment of Indians, warriors who were in hot pursuit. I reasoned that the Sioux warriors were so intent on catching those two scouts, that now was ~~the time~~ my opportunity and I dashed off in an eastwards direction towards the other two scouts untill I struck the stage road from Saul Rapids to George Town. Here I suddenly dashed Northward towards George town. I had rode about half a mile from the U.S. soldiers when I crossed "2hiskey Creek " on the old log bridge down into Lower Plains. Here I found myself surrounded by Sioux cavalry, who immediately truned their attention to me. They were up the creek from me, ~~but close to~~ but close to. I dashed down the stage road, only 50 miles to George town. This race was exciting, I was anxious to win the race. Wild yells from the savages only made me the more careful not to crowd my Waymouth colt beyond his capacity.

One squad of cavalry was struggling to reach a certain point of timber a bend in the Red River could they roach it before I did, and they would have me corraled. It was about three miles distant and when they lost all hope of winning the race they rained bullets upon me which lifted the dust on every side, knocked a tuft of hair from my horse's belly and split his mane, but did me no harm. When I saw that I had distanced them I lifted my olf hat and swung it vigorously. This had the effect to discontinue them, and they halted, and of course I was glad to ~~give my horse~~ give my horse a chance to draw a refreshing breath. Not a gun nor even a revolver. What wouldn't I have given for even a first class repeating rifle. I rode in to George Town just as the boys were changing guard for the night.

(signed)

John H. Mackenzie

Scout for Hatch Battallion.

P.S. I wanted to go to Cuba to help rescue the Cuban women and children from the Spanish prisoners and from starvation. But the recruiting officers rejected me on account of my age. This seemed to me humiliating, but if ever Spain or any other nation makes an attack on our country, my prayer is that our government will not consider me too old to take a place among the scouts.

With fraternal and eternal love I remain an American citizen by adoption.

John H. Mackenzie

Tulsa . I.T.

P.S. I enclose 16 pages of my Scout Life, will write more soon.

PS

P.S.

7

I do wish that you could see Noe van Valkenberg 1st duty sergeant of company "B" of Hatch Battalion. He helped to untie Little Six and General Medicine Bottle from the sledge after I drove inside of stockade at Pembina. The lieutenant lives in West Minneapolis, not far from Lake Harriet. If you phone to W.P. Shattuck or his wife I think that they could locate him and he is truthful and can give you some pointers for a truthful history of Minnesota, and the Sioux Indian Massacre. He helped guard the Indians before they were executed.

J.H. McK.

W.P. Shattuck's residence is 2125 Girard Avenue South.

dear  
God bless ~~there~~ old Minnesota, blizzards and all: Oh, that I only had money enough to pay my expenses (and I use neither tobacco nor whiskey) I would love to spend another summer with old friend<sup>s</sup> among her lakes where I have spent the interesting and exciting part of my life. And when I die oh, that I could be buried in Hutchinson cemetery, along side of that brave little woman (my first wife who rests there in peace) side by side we met the hardships of frontier life, but we were young and dared to face the music wherever duty said go.

John, H. Mackenzie.



E. SOUTHWORTH  
LAWYER  
SHAKOPEE, - MINN.

August 5th. 1912.

Mr. Warren Upham,  
St. Paul, Minn.

My dear Mr. Upham:-

Our post-master received a letter of which I enclose a copy and showed it to me and I asked permission of him to send a copy to you and to Mr. Hazzard.

A brief mention of the special act of Mr. McKenzie in assisting in ~~the~~ the capture of "Little Six" and "Medicine Bottle" will be found on pages 599 and 600 of "Minnesota in Civil and Indian Wars"

I do not know of the special re-union meeting referred to in his letter of of any such meeting other than our annual one at the State Fair grounds and our annual one on May 11th. but I think we would all be glad to meet Mr. McKenzie and I am willing to join with others in helping him to come and meet us.

If the relics he refers to can be duly authenticated they ought to be deposited in our historical society with a brief description.

What do you think of this?

I noticed in the book referred to Little Six is stated to have boasted of killing fifty whites but Mr. Mc Kenzie mentions only thirteen ~~men~~ women and children that were stated to have been killed with the knife he claims to have in his possession,

Yours very truly,

*E. Southworth*

(Copy of letter)

Tulsa, Oklahoma,

August 3rd. 1912.

Many people have written of the Home Gathering of the Old Settlers of Minnesota and more particularly of the Minnesota River valley.

Settlers engaged in the terrible Sioux Indian massacre of 1862. I was in it. My self and family were taken prisoners at the Grand Forks of the Red River of the North. Buried one of my children on the banks of the Pembina river, she having died in our wagon when retreating from Grand Forks to Fort Gary in British Columbia.

I was afterwards engaged by Major Hatch as Scout and Guide to the U.S. Army and sent among the Sioux Indians who had taken refuge in British Territory. I found the Little Six and other bands camped on the Assiniboine river as what was then known as Lanes Trading Post.

Twenty five were here at Lanes Post about twenty two miles up the Assiniboine river (and not at Ft. Gary) ~~xxxxxxx~~ and George Guters took

Little Six, the Sioux chief and eleven prisoners I took his knife from him and have got it yet in my book case. He boasted having killed thirteen white women and children with this knife.

I have also got the pipe of peace that Shakopee's old father smoked ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ with the English at the close of the war of 1812, the same pipe of peace smoked by the Sioux at all of treaties of peace.

General Slocum's bottle, called by some "Grey Iron" was too brave and noble to claim to have killed white women and children, but admitted that he did kill our noble old christian missionary Prescott, for which he was afterward hanged- and when those old frontier days come back to me I really desire to meet with the rest of the early settlers and their offspring, but I am over 81 years old and can not face the world as I could and was called upon to do so, during the Sioux war of 1862 and on to the close.

ENCLOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

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