

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
In Supreme Court—Seventh Judicial District. } ss.

At a General Term of the Supreme Court of  
the State of New York, held at the Court House in  
the City of Auburn, in the County of Cayuga, on  
the Ninth day of June  
one thousand eight hundred and Fifty Nine

PRESENT,

Hon Theron A Strong  
" E Darwin Smith  
" Thomas A Johnson

JUSTICES.

In the Matter of the Application of

John E. Robinson

FOR ADMISSION TO PRACTICE AS  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

The said John E. Robinson  
having filed with this Court due proof that he  
is a citizen of the United States, and is twenty  
one years of age, and a resident of this Judicial  
District, and having been Examined in open Court by the said Justices, at the present Term  
thereof, and found to be of good moral character, and to possess the necessary qualifications of  
Learning and Ability, as required by the Laws of this State:

It is Ordered, That the said John E. Robinson be and he is admitted to  
Practice as Attorney and Counsellor in all the Courts of this State.

I Certify that the preceding is a true copy of an Order entered in the minutes of said  
Court, kept by me as Clerk thereof.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name,  
and affixed the seal of said Court, this Ninth day  
of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight  
hundred and fifty nine and of the Independence of the  
United States the Eighth Year.

Benj. B. Snow Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
In Supreme Court—Seventh Judicial District. } ss.

At a General Term of the Supreme Court of  
the State of New York, held at the Court House in  
the City of Auburn, in the County of Cayuga, on  
the *Ninth* day of *June*  
one thousand eight hundred and *Fifty Nine*

PRESENT,

*Hon Theron R Strong*  
" *E Darwin Smith*  
" *Thomas A. Johnson*

JUSTICES.

In the Matter of the Application of

*John E. Robinson*

FOR ADMISSION TO PRACTICE AS  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

The said *John E. Robinson*  
having filed with this Court due proof that he  
is a citizen of the United States, and is twenty  
one years of age, and a resident of this Judicial  
District, and having been Examined in open Court by the said Justices, at the present Term  
thereof, and found to be of good moral character, and to possess the necessary qualifications of  
Learning and Ability, as required by the Laws of this State:

It is Ordered, That the said *John E. Robinson* be and he is admitted to  
Practice as Attorney and Counsellor in all the Courts of this State.

I Certify that the preceding is a true copy of an Order entered in the minutes of said  
Court, kept by me as Clerk thereof.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name,  
and affixed the seal of said Court, this *Ninth* day  
of *June* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight  
hundred and *fifty Nine* and of the Independence of the  
United States the *Eighty Third*

*Benj. B. Snow* Clerk.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

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

0 1 9 4



Fort Wadsworth, Oct. 11th, 1864

Dear Libbie:

As I never have given you much of a history of our march and hardships which I together with the others have endured the past summer, I will now sketch down some of the most important incidents. Our march was rather a pleasant one until after we got to Ft. Rice, which is situated on the Missouri River. We marched in getting there twenty-seven days, the distance not far from five hundred miles the way we marched. We had good water most of the time during that portion of our march. We arrived at Ft. Rice on the 9th day of July. That was as far as we expected to go when we left Minnesota but when we came to join General Sully on the Missouri, we found ourselves very much mistaken. We crossed the river on steamboats that had come up the river to bring supplies and lay in camp about a week. On the morning of the 18th we broke camp and took up a line of march we knew not whither, only that we were westward bound.

The first days march was through very picturesque country. The surface was not level but very abrupt and broken and at times it was with some difficulty that we could get through with the train. I found during the day some of the nicest specimens of petrified wood that I ever saw. I found on large stump as it appeared to be all petrified. We found a beautiful place to camp at night on a little stream of good water.

We left Ft. Rice on Tuesday and marched six days in succession, after the first days march the surface of the country was more level and a fine country it was too. We arrived on Sunday night and went into camp on the bank of Hart River. We marched all day Sunday, and a dreadful warm day it was too, the mercury rising to one hundred and ten degrees. We had a number of such days this summer. We marched during that six days about one hundred and twelve miles. The next day after arriving we were informed that there was an Indian Camp somewhere not one hundred miles from there of some eighteen hundred lodges and that we were to go in pursuit of them, we were to leave behind the Idaho train, a train of about one hundred and twenty wagons and a larger number of men together with some women and children. They were to be left behind and nearly all of our supply train. We were to take seven days rations, two days rations the men had to take in their haversacks. We were ordered to leave all of our clothing except what we were to take and what we wore, and were to take no tents with us. You see we were all prepared for a forced march and we made one. We left Hart River on the 21st of July at 1 PM, and marched nineteen miles without any water just sundown we came to a little ravine where there was a little water and I got a part of a drink. We marched until after dark and went into camp without water, and it was so dark that we could find none. I unsaddled my horse and picketed him, that is tied him by a rope about twenty feet long with a little iron pin on one end which we drive in the ground to hold them. I picketed my horse as I said near the wagon, and sat down to eat my supper which consisted of hardtack, perhaps you would like to know what ~~hard~~ hardtack is, I presume you never saw any, I will explain. It is flour wet up with water and made into cakes four or five inches square then dried perfectly dry, then baked so that they are perfectly hard. I have seen some of them so hard that it was almost impossible to break them without a hammer and they are only about a half inch thick, so you may judge what kind of eating they make, nothing but flour and water in the first place. As I said, I sat down to eat my supper. I ate about one-half of a hardtack and it was so dry that I could eat no more, not having any water, I of course had to quit eating so I found a stick of wood for a pillow, and lay myself down to rest without any blanket or tent we none of us had tents not even the officers. In a few minutes a Captain on General Sully's Staff came around and told us that the horses must all be saddled at twelve and we must be ready to march at two, no fires to be build, so we had no coffee in the morning. We marched according to orders at two. About sundown

4425 2 Feb 37 F. E. Mearns



sunrise the train halted at a little brook to water the mules, so I sat down and took from my haversack, some more hardtack and a little bacon and ate my breakfast. We marched that day about thirty-five miles and went into camp about 3 o'clock P. M. We got a cup of coffee that afternoon and a little something, we had to saddle again at 12 mid-night, and march at two. This was the third day out from Hart River, and we all began to be discouraged, we did not believe there were any Indians anywhere in that section of country. I was riding along with the train where I rode all Summer and about noon I happened to be near the rear of the train and all at once I noticed the drivers whipping up their mules and inquiring the cause, I was told that there was a large camp of Indians just ahead consisting of eighteen hundred lodges with several thousand warriors. That began to create a little excitement, and broke the dull monotony in which we had been marching. The train halted, the troops got themselves into proper shape, prepared themselves with plenty of ammunition, and moved slowly on. I must confess that for a few moments after the word came that these were Indians, I was a little excited. The Quarter Master, Surgeon and some others took a drink of whiskey, the Quarter Master asked me to take a drink, I told him no, that I would trust to my native courage, if I had any but if I had none I would keep out of the way. We kept on marching for about five miles keeping a sharp outlook for our redfaced enemy, the farther we went the more anxious I got. I soon found that if I stayed with the train, I was going to have no fighting to do so I got permission of the Quarter Master to go to my company which I found happened that day to be rear guard. After marching about five miles, we heard a gun fire in the front that told us that the fight had commenced. The Indian mode of warfare is so different from any other and new to you as it was to me until that day (which was the 28th of July) that it might not be uninteresting for me to dwell a little on it. As soon as the firing commenced we could see the red skins popping up their heads above the hills and ridges all around, and we had nothing to do but guard the rear of the train. We took our position on a little rise of ground and observed the movements of things all around. The mode of their fighting was so very different from what I expected that I was very much disappointed, they would ride up at full speed pretty near to our troops, fire a volley and run back, we kept following them up fighting them all of the time they scattered all around and we could soon see them all around us in every direction, but they kept at so great a distance the most of them that it was impossible for our troops to reach them with our guns except with shell from our cannon. They came pretty near us once or twice but not near enough for to scare us much or to fight much either, half of our company was sent out to chase a party of them but they kept out of the way. We kept fighting and marching until night, perhaps we marched while fighting six or eight miles, about sundown we came to where their camp was but all these lodges had disappeared, but I should judge from the appearance that there must have been at least eighteen hundred lodges.

We popped through and went into camp about two miles beyond, some time after dark that night. I felt pretty much used up on account of our forced march, and little to eat, and the fact that I had had for a month a bad diarrhea. I felt so much worn out that I did not even think that there were Indians all around for after we got into camp I went over to our company for my supper and could get none. The Indians are fine horsemen, that is expert riders, when they saw that one of our men was going to fire at them they would drop upon the side of their horse in an instant when he was going at the top of his speed, they wore no clothing perfectly nude. The official report of the battle stated that there were three thousand Indians engaged and that we killed one hundred and fifty, how many we wounded it was impossible to tell for as soon as one of them was wounded others would throw him on a pony and go off with him. We lost during the fight four killed, and I don't know how many wounded but not a great many. The fight took place about twenty miles west from Ft. Berthold which is on the Missouri about one hundred and fifty miles below the mouth of the Yellow Stone.

We started early the next morning after the fight in pursuit of the enemy, marched perhaps eight miles when we came to a country so rough that we had to stop, a range of hills called the Teton Mountains, so we about faced without seeing any Indians and

and marched back to where the Indian Camp was and halted, we soon received orders from the General for four companies of the 2nd Corps to go and destroy whatever property they could find in the timber and bushes around as he had learned that there were large quantities of it so we waded in and went to tugging out of the woods, and burning what we could find, and we found a plenty of stuff. I think we burned as much as \$2,000 worth of Buffalo Robes after a great many of the men had taken one, two, or three apiece just as many as they thought they could carry. We destroyed large quantities of other skins together, their cooking utensils, such as brass kettles, tin pans, and other things that they had got together, we found dried buffalo meat, dried berries etc. There were about five hundred men worked three or four hours very busy then they did not destroy it all. The fact that we had surprised them and they just threw their stuff into the bushes and traveled.

After we got through with our work, we took a cup of coffee, then took up our line of march for Hart River where we had left the most of our train. We marched that afternoon about fifteen miles and went into camp in time to get some supper. There was a little excitement in camp while we were eating supper, word came in that the Indians were coming and going to make an attack on our camp, they did not do it but one of the pickets came in from out post and reported that the Indians had made an attack on them and killed two of the men that were on the post with him which proved to be true. They belonged to Co. D. of our reg. which were all that were killed of our reg. during the whole fight. The General sent out a company the next morning to look for them and they found the poor fellows, one of them had fourteen arrows sticking into him, it seemed hard for them to be thus murdered while they were standing guard over the rest of us. We started early the next morning having to saddle our horses at mid-night, then we had to keep them close by us for fear the Indians might make a sudden attack and get up a stampede among our horses and we lose them, so I laid myself down taking my horse by the halter, and went to sleep, my horse would give a jerk and wake me up. At 2 A. M. We were ready to march, nothing happened of importance that day only we were all of us most dreadful for want of sleep and something to eat. The next day we got back to Hart River marching that day forty miles and I tell you we were glad enough to get back for we were completely exhausted having in five days and a half marched one hundred and seventy miles fought a battle and destroyed a large amount of Indian property. We then thought perhaps we would come right along back, but alas we were disappointed for the second after we got back, our Col. received an order from the General complimenting us very highly for what we had done during the last few days, winding up by saying that we would take up the line of our march the next morning for the Yellow Stone. We did not like that very much but it makes no difference what a soldier likes or dislikes in the army. We left the Hart River the 2nd time the 3rd day of August, and marched a little northwest for a four days over rather rough country. The night of the fourth day we went into camp on a rise of ground with a deep gorge on our right I should think three hundred feet deep which looked fearful. I have not said much about the water, a thing which was of great importance to us, we had most of the time very poor water, a great deal of alkali water, something I suppose you never saw and tasted, and I hope you may be never obliged to drink it to any extent. The night I spoke of our camping on a rise of ground all the water we had was about a mile and a half from camp. We found a mud hole where when it had rained a few days before the water had settled and there were about three thousand men besides all of our horses, and mules, which would number as many more to drink of it. Every bit of water we got that night was surface water and that thick with mud.

We marched early the next morning, and as we marched along on the high table land on which we had camped the scene that met our view beggars all description. It is utterly impossible for pen to describe or brush to paint anything that would carry any idea of the reality. It is only such a scene as can be realized in some wild distorted nightmare, dream, pinnacles, turrets, pyramids, and mounds of every possible shape, size, and color or description from grey to bright red and from five to five hundred feet high, piled in inconceivable confusion by nature in one of her wildest freaks. We



commenced going down, down, down, into a deep gorge and we marched for three days with these mounds and hills all around us, one thing that seemed curious was that the top of the highest of them was no higher than the surrounding country it seemed as though they were hills in a valley. It seemed as though no sane man would attempt a passage through them but by winding around in almost every direction, we succeeded in gaining a passage through them. Judging from appearance and close observation, I came to the conclusion that at some day very far back in the past the whole thing had been one great conflagration accompanied I should think by earthquakes. I could find large chunks of stuff which appeared like and was melted stone and looking a great deal like the clinkers that appear in a coal stove. In the bottom of these deep gorges, we could find as it were whole trees that had fallen over and petrified. We went down into these hills on Saturday the 6th of August, we did not march far that day about twelve miles.

The next day which was Sunday, we lay in camp until about noon our boys while out grazing their horses found large bits of isenglass pure and perfect and clear. We marched that day on Sunday about three miles and camped at night on the little Missouri about dark just as we were pitching our tents three or four Indians rode up on a high bluff but a few rods from us, we fired on them a few shots but with no effect for they wheeled and ran. That was enough to give us warning that there were Indians in the neighborhood, so we kept a sharp lookout for them that night. On the 8th we crossed the river and our road for several miles was the dry bed of a stream so narrow that only one wagon could pass at a time and the sides in places many hundred feet high. Dismounted men were employed along the heights and to take possession of all commanding points. Here the Indians appeared in great numbers but only to find themselves baffled and driven back like a swarm of mosquitoes and all the points from which they calculated to fire upon the train in our possession. The fight lasted all day, we kept marching as we drove them back and through nearly as rough a country as we had marched the two previous days, we camped at night at a little pond or mudhole there was just water enough for us for we used it all up clean or dirty rather before we marched the next morning. The fight commenced rather brisk in the morning, but lasted only a few hours when the Indians retired appearing to be thoroughly disheartened, they went the were the same ones that fought the first time having been reinforced by quite a large number. It is thought there were as large a body of Indian warriors has ever been assembled on this continent. How many we killed it is impossible to tell, we lost none killed but several wounded, as we continued our march the country became more level until we again came out on to the level prairie. Nothing of any importance happened from there to the Yellow Stone, excepting long marches and plenty of poor water which liked to have killed us. One thing however I saw which was a curiosity to me and would have been to you, and that was an Indian burial. As we were passing near by where a child had been buried, I rode up to see it. The manner of their burial is this, they take five or six sticks and place one end of each on the ground in a circle around and fasten the other ends together about eight feet from the ground, they suspend a sort of abasket underneath in which they place the corpse after having wrapped it in numerous blankets and buffalo robes. This child had wrapped up with it all its playthings such as it had played with and such as I suppose they thought it would want on its arrival at the "Happy Hunting Ground". The child I should judge to be five or six years old and to all appearances it was one that we had killed in our first fight as there was a wound in its temple looking like a bullet wound. I could not help meditating upon the unhappy condition of the race and their superstitious ideas of religion. I could but ~~not~~ feel sorry for and pity them, to think that they could not have been civilized and enlightened and taught the true religion of Christ, that they might not have committed such heathenish and unheard of crimes as they did in the outbreak of 1862. None but the most heathen and savage minds could have thought up such heart rending and soul sickening crimes as they perpetrated upon poor defenseless females. When I would get to thinking of

these things my blood would boil and I would almost ache to send a bullet

through their hearts. We arrived at the Yellow Stone river about forty miles above its mouth on the 12th day of August where we found a couple of boats which had come up the river with provisions for us and we were heartily glad to see them for we had been on short rations for a number of days. We lay in camp one day and about mid-night we were roused by the bugle and ordered to cross the river. The boats took our stuff across and the

safely across, but there were two of the Idaho men <sup>downed</sup> ~~downed~~ in trying to get across the current was very swift and it carried them down stream. One thing I came near forgetting and that was the game on the Yellowstone. There had been a few buffalo killed by the Scouts but I had not been near enough to one to tell how it looked. There was a belt of timber along the river and it was literally alive with Elks. We had plenty of fresh wild meat, Elk, Deer, and Antelope, the latter is the best eating of any meat I think I ever tasted, it resembles veal but is rather finer and sweeter. Elk is good enough for anybody, a day or two before we reached the Yellowstone, I saw a Porcupine or Hedgehog which one of the boys had killed. Their shape is round and flatish from eight inches to a ~~foot~~ foot across the back and from four to six inches through covered with sharp quills from three to five inches long, sticking straight out.

When we had crossed the river, we were in Idaho, the gold regions still we did not get quite far enough to find any gold. The day after we crossed in the night we laid over Monday the 15th, we marched down the river on Wednesday, the 15th we reached the Missouri at Ft. Union, a little above the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Here we again swam our horses crossing our stuff in a boat. Ft. Union is an old trading post it was built about thirty years ago, and inhabited by Indian halfbreeds and French traders. There was when we were there, a company of Soldiers of the 30th Wis. Reg. We remained in camp there three days. On Sunday the 20th of August, we turned our faces toward the rising sun and started on our long journey toward the civilized country. We started with light hearts for we had got tired of traveling westward. We marched down the river one hundred and seventy five miles to Ft. Berthold, another trading post. There were also three tribes of Indians friendly ones, the Rees, Mandans, <sup>and Grosves</sup> and Grosves were the names of three tribes. ~~The~~ We camped within four miles of the Fort, as we lay there I went up to the Ft., as I was anxious to see how the Indians lived in these wilds and uncultivated state. Still, they did not live as wild as some tribes do for they remained in one place and had some land they cultivated while the tribe that we fought were a roving tribe, that only stopped a short time in each place. These Indians at Ft. Berthold, had from two to three thousand acres of corn that they had cultivated this summer, they were harvesting it when we were there although it was in August. Their corn was small they thought, that is some French and Half-breeds that were there said that they thought they would have about fourteen thousand bushels. The squaws do all the work, breaking the ears of corn off the stalks in the field placing it in baskets and bags and then either putting it on their ponies or drawing it up with their dogs. They would take two sticks eight or ten feet long, spread them five or six feet apart at one end and let them come together at the other, placing the end that is together on the dogs back, fixing a sort of harness around his breast and in that way they would carry considerable of a load by placing the load on the sticks back of the dog and letting him drag it. When they get their corn in to their camp it is carefully braided up and hung up on high frames, built on purpose for drying their corn. Their houses were very comfortable. They were round, and I should think from twenty or thirty feet in diameter and perhaps ten feet high in the center all covered with dirt excepting a hole in the top and center, inside their bunks were built and the outside with a hole in the center where they built their fire so that the smoke would go out through the hole in the top. Then a little to one side on the door that is inside, they kept their ponies. I was in perhaps a dozen of them and they did not look and they did not look and smell much as though I would like to live in them, the ~~houses~~ of the Indians were not very extensive. They had nothing on excepting a breech cloth unless perhaps they might some of them have a blanket or robe thrown around them. The squaws were better dressed that is there was more of it. I should judge by the looks of their dress, it was made by taking a long piece of cloth and cutting a hole in the middle of it and putting their head through the hole with a belt around their waist, the edges of the cloth being sewed together from their waist down. The above, I think is a correct description of the ladies dress. The women are not as good looking nor as fair as the men, being about as much difference as there is between farmers and their wives, only "visa versa". The reason being the squaws have to do all the drudgery while the Indians do nothing but hunt, and live around. They are, take them together, a miserable race of beings.

On the 30th, we took up a line of march for Ft. Rice, marching

DEFECTIVE PAGE



from Ft. Berthold for Ft. Rice. I had a good chance to see how buffalo looks for we came in contact with herds of them almost every day. One night after we had gone into camp, the Major, Col., and a number of the others went out hunting them and ran a herd almost into our camp, and killed quite a number of them, so that we had all the buffalo meat we wanted to eat. It is tip top eating too, and buffalo has a very large head with the hair on its forehead that is between its eyes full a foot in length so that you can go close to them when they are headed toward you providing they do not smell you. They go by the sense of smell more than by sight. They have long shaggy hair back of their fore shoulders, back of that it is short through the summer but grows longer late in the fall. Consequently a Buffalo skin taken in the summer is good for nothing. Some days we would see thousands of them one day they came so thick and fast directly toward the train that the General had to detail a company of men to keep them away and head them in another direction for fear they would run into the train and do damage for when they get a little frightened and a herd of them gets to running, they stop for nothing. One calf did run into the train and got tangled up among the mules and some of the men caught it and brought it along with them. A few days before we arrived at Ft. Rice, we marched all day in a cold rain, I got chilled through and had to lie down at night in my wet clothes. I was taken sick, and was quite sick for about three weeks, although I did not get so I could not help myself and I must say that it is anything but pleasant for one to be sick on such a trip as that. We arrived at Ft. Rice on the 9th day of Sept., and remained there about a week. I was quite sick while we were there. I got so weak that it was almost impossible for me to stand alone. When we left there I had to get into an ambulance, a thing that I had so much dreaded on all the trip, we were ten days marching from Ft. Rice to Ft. Wadsworth where we are now stopping and where we expect to stop for the winter.

I recovered so that I rode my horse the last days march, although I was so weak that I could hardly balance on him. I did not do any duty for two or three weeks after I got in here. I weighed when I arrived here one hundred and thirty eight pounds. I have been detailed since I came here in the commissary department as issuing clerk. My business is very much like clerking in a grocery store, just work enough for exercise. I now weigh one hundred and forty eight and am gaining a pound a day right along.

I have given you a sort of history of our march, through the western country. It is imperfect, that is a great many things I have omitted but time and space would not permit me to go too much into detail.

I used to think, when a boy, that I would like to roam over the vast prairies of the west and see the wild animals and hear the wolves howl, but I believe I have had enough of it. Many a night the wolves would gather around our camp and set up such a howling that it was almost impossible to sleep. But after wondering around all summer, I am now enjoying myself as well as any one can away from his home and a family that he almost worships and friends that are very near and dear to him by the ties of nature. This letter was commenced the 11th, and finished the 24th, written a little at a time as I could find time to write.

Write often.

From your Affectionate husband,

J. E. Robinson

P.S. When you read this letter, let your folks and everyone else read it that want to for I have not time to write it over more than once.



To all whom it may Concern:



Know ye That John C. Robinson a  
Company (B) 1<sup>st</sup> Regiment of Minnesota Cavalry  
 VOLUNTEERS who was enrolled on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of September  
 one thousand eight hundred and Sixty three to serve Three years or  
 during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States,  
 this First day of December, 1865, at Fort Snelling  
Minnesota by reason of Discharge from War Dept. Oct 17 1865  
 (No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)

Said John C. Robinson was born in Monroe Co.  
 in the State of New York, is Twenty six years of age,  
Five feet Eight inches high, Light complexion, Grey eyes,  
Dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Farmer

Given at Fort Snelling this First day of  
December 1865.

\* This sentence will be erased should there be anything  
 in the conduct or physical constitution of the soldier  
 rendering him unfit for the Army.

[A. G. O. No. 99.]

H. S. Richards

Cap. 2<sup>nd</sup> Minn. Cav.

Commanding the Reg't.

A. C. M. Dist of Minn.

J. F. Rich

Capt. C. B. 2<sup>nd</sup> Minn. Cavalry

DEFECTIVE PAGE



To all whom it may Concern.



Know ye That John C. Robinson a  
 Captain Louis J. Patches  
 Company (K) 1<sup>st</sup> Regiment of Minnesota Cavalry  
 VOLUNTEERS who was enrolled on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of October  
 one thousand eight hundred and Eighty-three to serve Three years or  
 during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States,  
 this 21<sup>st</sup> day of December, 1865, at Fort Snelling  
Minnesota by reason of Telegraphic Order No. 17168  
 (No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)

Said John C. Robinson was born in Monroe Co.  
 in the State of Ill. Ind., is six years of age,  
Five feet Eight inches high, Light complexion, Grey eyes,  
Dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Farmer

Given at Fort Snelling Minn. this 21<sup>st</sup> day of  
December 1865.

\* This sentence will be erased should there be anything  
 in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier  
 rendering him unfit for the Army.

[A. G. O. No. 99.]

H. S. Richards  
 Capt. 5<sup>th</sup> Minn. Cav.  
 Commanding the Reg't.  
A. C. M. Dist of Minn.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

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

0200