The Indians' REVENGE

Yours truly

Alexander T. Bergholz

THE INDIANS' REVENGE;

OR,

DAYS OF HORROR.

SOME APPALLING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE SIOUX.

BY REV. ALEXANDER BERGHOLD.

MORN came. Among those sleepless multitudes
Madness and fear and plague and famine still
Heaped corpse on corpse, as in autumnal woods
The frosts of many a wind with dead leaves fill
Earth's cold and sullen brooks. In silence, still
The pale survivors stood. Ere noon, the fear
Of hell became a panic, which did kill
Like hunger or disease, with whispers drear,
As "Hush! hark! Come they yet? God, God! thine hour is near!"

The Revolt of Islam—SHELLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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PREFACE.

"INDIAN Horrors," "Indian Massacres," "Indian Cruelties"—these are among the titles of the sensational works written for the sole purpose of catching the eye of the public, and of filling the empty pockets of their authors. These lurid descriptions are new means to obtain that end without containing anything worth reading. The author of this work, however, specifies time, places, persons, and all the circumstances in connection with the awful deeds described therein. They are facts, not fancy. Historical facts are ample enough without drawing upon the imagination in describing the awful bloodshed and terrible catastrophes here recorded. The reader can easily see that the contents of a work like this can not be fiction. The result of long and arduous labors are hereby presented to the public for the better understanding and a more intelligent solution of the very important problem: "The Indians of our time; what they really are, what they have done and are even now doing." This

is an addition to the history of American civilization.

New Ulm is situated in Brown County, on the right shore of the Minnesota River, and is named after an important city and an old fort standing on the shore of the Danube in Wurtemberg. With the exception of about sixteen families of other nationalities, the inhabitants of New Ulm are Germans, and number over four thousand. The town-site will accommodate comfortably not less than 100,000 inhabitants; but, for its situation, rising as it does, terrace after terrace, from the bank of the river to the oak-crowned hills at the back, it is a beautiful spot. It can boast of a finer and more picturesque location than that of thousands of other villages and towns. Nearly all the working classes have cosy homes, surrounded by neat gardens. Built of stone and brick are substantial stores and costly dwellings, all which bespeak the prosperity of this little German burg. Two monuments adorn the city—that of Herman the Cherusci, and the Indian monument commemorating the siege of New Ulm in 1862.

Ulm is a conbination of the initials of the old Roman legend, "Ultra limites militares," which, translated, reads "beyond the military lines," as

the Romans usually called the territory adjoining their possessions in distant countries.

A false statement in reference to a supposed outrage committed by some infidels at New Ulm is hereby corrected. Reports have been published and speeches have been made that a crucifix was publicly burned by the "infidels" of that city. After a full investigation by the author of this work, nothing could be found to corroborate this base calumny. All that can be said with regard to this matter is, briefly, that after the siege of New Ulm, a half-burnt crucifix was found on the prairie in the vicinity of the Evangelical church. The crucifix was undoubtedly purloined from one of the numerous Catholic houses and was lost or thrown away in the prairie. Other reports to the contrary are untrue, and may be set down as a vile slander.

ALEXANDER BERGHOLD.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Easter Monday, 1891.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—The Chicago Land Company: its Statutes.—A Ball.—An unscrupulous Agent.—Michigan.—Iowa.—Two Prospectors sent to Minnesota.—The first Immigrants.—St. Paul.—Fort Snelling.—Henderson.—Le Sueur.—Travers des Sioux.—An Expedition on foot.—La Fromboise.—Looking for the Promised Land.—Forward.—A deserted Indian Village.—Found the Place.

THE Winona and St. Peter R. R. was opened for public traffic and the event was duly celebrated by the people of New Ulm on the 22d day of February, 1872. What does a town without a railroad amount to now-a-days? So thought the citizens of New Ulm. And, indeed, as soon as this genuine German village was connected by rail with some of the largest cities of the United States a wonderful activity manifested itself on all sides. A happy change had suddenly burst upon the town, and the sanguine hopes of the people of seeing their village developed into a city seemed justified. The number of residences in many of our Western cities is to-day greater than the number of its inhabitants of a decade ago. And why should not New Ulm have a great future?

It is true no one can ascertain with any degree

of certainty to what extent New Ulm may justly carry its hopes in regard to growth, commerce and industry. Nor is that in any way the object of this work; its sole aim is to serve as a memorial of the trials and sufferings of the first settlers in Minnesota.

The establishment of this colony, and its progress thus far, embracing a period of only a few years, contain, nevertheless, many things of great interest for all future time. It is the object of the writer to briefly record in these pages the result of his laborious research.

The history of the city from its foundation up to August, 1862, is partly taken from the columns of the "New Ulm Pioneer" and partly from the testimony of eye-witnesses, among whom the Messrs. Ludwig Meyer, Athanasius Henle and Joseph Dambach are especially entitled to the sincere gratitude of the author for their kind services.

Chicago is the birth-place of New Ulm. Common laborers were attending a night school in that city for the purpose of learning the English language. After school they began to discuss what they called "social emancipation." They desired to form an association, the object of which was to obtain for themselves civil independence. This was in the year 1853. Professional men soon joined them. There was talk of social equality and the right to enter claims upon land, and, filled with enthusiasm for their cause, they resolved to carry out

their plan. They dreaded nothing so much as the danger of falling into the hands of speculators. Hence all speculation within their own ranks was prohibited. They considered labor and not money as the principal means for obtaining their end. If this affair is undertaken and carried on with energy and honesty, said they, it cannot but prove a success. The value of land will be greatly increased by cultivation, and its products will make us wealthy, and wealth will enable us to establish social institutions for the benefit of the community.

In the month of November, 1853, an article appeared in the columns of the "Illinois Staats-Zeitung" of Chicago, detailing the idea of forming a German Land Company. Laboring men were especially invited to attend a meeting to be held at the residence of Albert Blatz. About fifty were present at that meeting.

After the officers and an agent had been duly elected, the following resolution was adopted:

"The object of the German Land Company is to procure a home for every German laborer, popish priests and lawyers excepted, in some healthy and productive district, located on some navigable river." *

The Land Company proposed to purchase a suitable tract of land at a low figure and establish a colony. A proper site for a town where the soil

* "New Ulm Pioneer," March 11, 1859.

was especially adapted to horticulture was to be chosen.

The agent who had been commissioned to make inquiries and report soon declared that he knew of a suitable tract of land, but that he would not name the locality until the Company would declare its readiness to purchase the same and locate thereon. The reason for this was, that he feared a third party might purchase said tract for speculative purposes. Upon his motion it was resolved that each member should contribute 10 cents each month for defraying expenses. The members declared their readiness to pay more, but in vain. It was soon learned, however, that the contribution was too small. Nothing could be done, in spite of the fact that the number of members had within three months increased to about 300. In order to create a fund at once a ball was held in North Market Hall. Members not wishing to take part in the ball were obliged to pay one dollar each, and although only 40 members were present the affair was so well patronized that the net proceeds, bar included, after deducting $30 for hall rent and $40 for music, amounted to $300.

In March, 1854, a second call for taking part in the proceedings was issued, and it was announced at the same time that whoever wanted to become a member had to do so within a certain time, or at once deposit from three to five dollars and enter a week later. The number of members was thereby increased to nearly 800.

Spring was nigh, and navigation would soon open. The agent entered into a contract with the captain of a vessel to carry 26 passengers, for which he would pay him $60. Immediate possession was to be taken of the tract of land to which the agent would lead them. Twenty persons were to remain as the beginning of a permanent settlement; the others were to make a full investigation and report to the society upon their return. The 4th day of April was decided on for their departure. A general assembly took place the Sunday previous to that date. The agent was requested to tell them where the land was located, but be refused to comply with this request unless each member would pay him ten cents as a compensation for his journey. The meeting would not agree to this, but declared their willingness to compensate him from funds belonging to their treasury. The agent not accepting this offer, and refusing to give any explanation in regard to the location of the land in question, the meeting adjourned.

The next morning, however, the captain of the vessel was interviewed. His answers were not to the point, but after much coaxing declared that he had agreed to carry those people to the northern part of Michigan. For obvious reasons the twenty would-be settlers refused to go there, and the journey was not undertaken.

The society held another meeting during the week following, declared their want of confidence

in the agent and finally deposed him. At the same time they decided to send a committee into Iowa to look for a suitable location. These gentlemen soon returned and reported to their constituents that they had found all the desirable tracts of land in that State already occupied.

The society felt disappointed and discouraged after these unsuccessful attempts, but the plan was not given up. Four weeks later a committee of two were sent to Minnesota, and upon their return reported that they had found a suitable place. After the return of these two prospectors, Messrs. Weiss and Kiessling, from the land of hopes with their glad tidings, great excitement was caused by a speech in which the speaker dwelt with great warmth upon the danger of losing that beautiful place on account of delay in securing it.

But when it came to the point of emigrating to distant Minnesota, many lost all courage, and among these were such as had been boldest in speech. Others tried to make fun of the whole affair. A few earnest and resolute men, however, prepared at once to leave Chicago and to take possession of that place and establish homes for themselves. Among these first immigrants were M. Wall, — Walser, the two brothers Henle, Dambach, the two brothers Haeberle, Ludwig Meyer, W. Winkelmann, Palmer, Kleinknecht, the two brothers Mack, L. Hermann and wife, Kraemer, Schwarz, Weiss, Elise Finke, afterwards

married to A. Henle, Julius with wife and child, Thiele, Boeringen, Wiedemann, Massapust, Zettel with wife and child, J. Brandt, Koch and Drexler. Of the thirteen first named all still reside at New Ulm, except one of the brothers Mack and one of the brothers Haeberle. The latter was murdered by the Indians in 1862.

The six last named were also killed by the Indians; some of them, like Zettel, with their families. J. Brandt, the redskins' first victim, was shot in 1857; the others fell during the great massacre of 1862, of which a detailed account will be given presently. L. Hermann and Kramer now live in St. Paul. Julius, Boeringen and Wiedemann are dead. The whereabouts of Schwarz, the surveyor, and Weiss could not be ascertained.

From Chicago they went to Galena, 15 miles by rail, thence by steamer to St. Paul. The distance from Chicago to their future home was about 600 miles. Athanasius Henle, Massapust and Walser had set out on their journey sooner than their companions, and when they reached Stillwater, a famous lumbering town beautifully located on the St. Croix River and adjoining Wisconsin, they were sorely tempted to remain there.

At St. Paul the little company, except A. Henle, Walser and Haeberle, went aboard the "Jeanette Roberts" and sailed to Fort Snelling, six miles above St. Paul, thence up the Minnesota River towards their destination. The three gentlemen named above preferred to go by team, the distance

from St. Paul being only 70 miles. The party tarried a while at Shakopee, and, when they left, a stranger's valise went with them. It had accidentally been placed in their wagon, and the sheriff captured the erring valise five miles from Shakopee. At Henderson the party put up for the night at Hoescher's boarding-house, intending to go to Le Sueur the following day, a distance of only four miles. Le Sueur contained at the time only three or four houses, but they were very anxious to reach that place and feast their eyes upon the beauty of their new home. The site chosen for the new town was only a few miles opposite Le Sueur on the left bank of the Minnesota River. Between Henderson and Le Sueur they were met by some three or four hundred Indians in war costume and savage appearance. It is needless to say that our immigrants were ill at ease, seeing the Sioux for the first time. But their fears were soon allayed. Somehow their wagon was upset, and the Indians rendering them assistance in the emergency was a sign they meant no harm. The others arrived safe at Le Sueur by steamer, and from there they went together to the new town-site which had been laid out at Chicago, and each one's lot or lots determined by chance.

Three miles from Le Sueur, on the left bank of the Minnesota River, on a plateau rising steeply from the edge of the water, they found the chosen town-site. But no one was pleased with the location. It is true, the place was mostly covered

with trees; there was an extensive forest at hand stretching for many miles towards the north and the west, a beautiful meadow at the foot of a hill through which a canal could be dug, all of which had been discussed during the journey. Still the site was rejected.

It was a warm day in September. Exertion and excitement had created a burning thirst. The town-site did not offer one single drop of water. The well-matured plans for a canal, a harbor, zig-zag streets, etc., were abandoned, and, bidding the place a lingering farewell, they returned to Le Sueur, where they determined to visit Travers des Sioux, an important trading post some fourteen miles from Le Sueur. It is worthy of remark that, in spite of their disappointment concerning the town-site, no discouragement or mutiny could be noticed.

At Travers they met a man who had a great deal to say concerning an excellent town-site. The following day eleven of the party started out to see the place. It was about eight miles from Travers. They found an extensive slough, covered with tall grass. No one was in favor of the place except the man who did the talking, and who spoke of leading the waters of Swan Lake into the Minnesota River and of building factories along that canal.

Seven of the party returned to Travers. The remaining four, A. Henle, Ludwig Meyer, Fr. Massapust and Alois Palmer, wanted to prospect

the district west of Swan Lake which appeared extremely inviting from a distance, and, at all hazards, find a place which would correspond to the description given in the statutes of the Land Company, that the town-site should be covered with timber and located on the bank of a river, and also answer the wishes of the members of the society.

After having spent a chilly night amid the prairie grass, and altogether unprepared for a further expedition, they wandered along the shores of the lake in a westerly direction, making their way through the tall and heavy grass with the greatest difficulty. Hunger and fatigue came upon them, when, fortunately, they found a trail on which a company of soldiers were just then marching toward the newly-erected Fort Ridgely. A German soldier sympathized with his starving countrymen, who understood but very little English, and gave them a piece of bacon and a large potato. Soon after this frugal repast Alois Palmer drank of the water of a small creek, and, to the sincere regret of his companions, was taken sick with the fever. But this did not prevent him from continuing his journey. At dusk they directed their steps toward a shanty, but found it vacant. It belonged to a half-breed who had deserted the hut and gone to the Sioux agency on business.

They went farther and soon heard the voices of children and the barking of dogs. Going in the

direction whence these cheerful sounds came they found another shanty. A new settler, an American gentleman, had just moved in, and could neither give them anything to eat nor offer them shelter for the night. The good man, however, directed them to an Indian trail which would lead them to a Frenchman's place where they could obtain the necessary accommodations. They were now about 34 miles from Travers, and from 6 to 8 miles from the place to which they had just been directed to go. They reached there at about midnight. The owner was a Frenchman, La Fromboise,* who was married to a squaw and traded with the Indians. He had a hired man who was a German, and this secured for them a friendly reception. They strengthened the inner man with the flesh of muskrats and coffee, and sought a night's repose in the company of some fifty Indians. It goes without saying that, unaccustomed as they were to such company, they felt somewhat uneasy.

The next morning they paid the friendly landlord a visit, and learned from him that he was a Canadian, had lived there trading with the Indians for 19 years, and had been married for the third time to a squaw. His place was four miles distant from Fort Ridgely, and twelve miles northwest of the place where New Ulm was destined to be built. The Minnesota River, up to La Fromboise's

* The "New Ulm Pioneer" has it La Trombocie.

place, comes from a northwesterly point, takes a more easterly direction at New Ulm and follows this course for about twenty miles to Maukato, at which point it turns northward towards Travers.

This man, whose name is interwoven with the early history of Minnesota, was very kind and was perfectly delighted when he heard that some Germans intended to establish a colony in his neighborhood. He immediately offered drinks, lighted a long Indian pipe from which they smoked by turns, and declared himself very willing and anxious to show them the most suitable location that could be found in that country. Filled with joy at the thought of having in his old age white men as neighbors, he led the prospectors to the door and pointed out the place. They promised to commend him to the special friendship of the settlers, whereupon his son carried them across the river in a canoe.

They marched in a southeasterly direction, as they were told to do, traversed a beautiful forest clad with heavy wild vines laden with ripe grapes, found pure springs of fresh water, crossed creeks, and at times wandered about over the prairies, thus spending the day. Toward evening they struck an Indian trail and followed it, hoping to find some abode where they might pass the night. Night came and darkness covered the earth, but the coveted place was not found. Nothing remained for them but to prepare for the night as well as circumstances would permit. After par-

taking of some Indian bread and water they lay down to sleep. The dense forest offered them some protection, but towards morning the atmosphere became so decidedly cold that they were compelled to rise and hurry towards a lime-kiln from which Fort Ridgely drew its supply of lime, and in the neighborhood of which they would find their land of promise. Completely worn out, their limbs stiffened from the cold and their feet wounded and sore, they trudged along.

Finally they met a half-breed who informed them that the coveted place was yet ten miles off. They had missed the right direction and were on the point of giving way to discouragement when one of them filled his mouth with tobacco, assuring himself and his companions of its capacity of imparting fresh courage, and pointing to his long feet said: "Forward!"

After another tedious march they stood on the banks of the Cottonwood, a river tributary to the Minnesota and called Waraju by the Indians. The place for which they were looking was near that river, they had been told. There they found two deserted Indian huts, made of long poles about two inches in diameter, set up in the form of a circle, and covered with bark. Tired and hungry they stretched their aching limbs upon hard beds made of bark, and, envying those whom they had left behind at Travers for their supper and bed, they fell asleep, very little dreaming that

they had actually crossed the future town-site only about a mile from the wretched quarters.

When they awoke the next morning the sun stood high in the heavens, and to their great surprise they found themselves in the heart of an Indian village, but the Indians were all absent. They also noticed a number of corpses hoisted upon eight-foot poles, one mode of burial with some tribes of Indians.

Bleaching bones and grinning skulls were not a very pleasant sight to behold. It was indeed a ghastly spectacle; but the natural beauty of the place where the Cottonwood empties into the Minnesota worked like magic upon their tired brains and weary hearts. They began to moralize upon their fate, imagining that they had at last found the right place. Presently they noticed the lime-kiln on the other side of the river. A Winnebago Indian* who chanced to pass there on horseback offered to carry them on his horse, one by one, across the Cottonwood. They accepted his offer and paid him twenty-five cents. In hopes of finding something to eat they hurried toward the lime-kiln. Nor were they disappointed. Not only ducks, but also muskrats gave up their lives for the cause. The country in the neighborhood of the Cottonwood and Minnesota Rivers possessed, indeed, all the advantages for the desired town-site.

The "New Ulm Pioneer" has it Canadian-Frenchman.

CHAPTER II.

New Ulm.—Cottonwood River.—Productive Soil.—The Four Pathfinders Return.—New Arrivals.—Fresh Courage.—An American Founder of Cities.—The New Home.—Beginning for Winter Quarters.—The First Log House.—Scarcity of Provisions.—A Noble Frenchman.—Hospitality of the Indians.—A Supply House.—Smuggling to Fort Ridgely.—Indians.—A Lawsuit about Land.—La Fromboise helps.—Small-pox among the Indians.—A Deserted Corpse.—Trade.—The Log House destroyed by Fire.—Cold and Hunger.—An Infant Baptism.—Plan of the City.—Quarrels and Disagreements.—Two Townsites.—A Surveyor.—A New Organization.—Fight with the Indians.—First Owners of Homes.—New Ulm.

THE right bank of the Cottonwood was thickly covered with heavy timber, and was well adapted for mills and factories.* Beginning from its entrance into the Minnesota, an immense forest stretches along its right bank. There is an abundance of lime-stone near the kiln, and on the left bank of the Minnesota is an extensive quarry of

* Only an inexperienced eye will regard the deep Cottonwood with its pretty swift current adapted for factories. Whoever can see that river in the Spring of the year, rising sometimes 15 feet above the water mark, and sending its mighty waters over the low lands, will easily understand that the building of factories would be subject to enormous expense. There are points further up the river favorable for such enterprises. The water is clear and fresh, and contains an abundance of fine fish.

red stone from which that place derives its name. Scarcely three miles to the north was the forest in which they were wandering about the previous day, and which stretches many a day's journey along the Minnesota. Bordering on these forests, nowhere very wide, are those immense prairies which compare favorably with the best lands in the United States, as far as fertility and natural beauty is concerned. One can easily see why, under such circumstances, they so gladly went back, a distance of about thirty miles. Palmer, completely worn out, suggested a night's rest. Henle answered: "I have long legs; follow me who will."

At midnight they reached Travers. Most of their companions whom they had left there had not yet gone to bed. "Have you found a place?" they asked. The prospectors answered: "We have found a very fine place; the houses are ready for you to move in, and the graveyard is also near at hand." They had reference to the Indian village, and although the answer sounded somewhat strange, there was complete satisfaction depicted upon their countenances. Next day they all decided to depart for that place. The excitement caused by the return of these four pathfinders was so great that they were roused from their slumbers early in the morning in order to give a detailed account of their expedition. Their number had considerably increased through new arrivals from Chicago.

It was on the 8th day of October. After they had attentively listened to an account which proved satisfactory to all present, they took their breakfast and prepared for a move toward the lime-kiln. Courage and alacrity animated the whole company, and only a few of them felt sufficiently fatigued at times to accept a short ride on the wagon. It was thought that they had sufficient provisions for the time being.

It may not be out of place to note here that the company, now numbering 30 men, was principally made up of immigrants from Europe who, on account of the prevalence of cholera in Chicago, desired to go West, and were neither acquainted with the hardships of frontier life in general nor with the rigors of a Minnesota climate.

The first day brought them to the home of an American gentleman, who had laid out a city of his own, and who tried hard to persuade them to remain there. Some of them were almost inclined to accept the invitation of the "founder of a city," but most of them were opposed to it, and the next morning they went farther toward the West.

They had seen some very fine fruit at that place, raised on the spot, as they were told, and they resolved to try fruit-raising on still better soil. Of that city nothing is known. After having crossed the Minnesota they soon reached the hospitable owner of the lime-kiln. Of course they could not all find shelter under his little roof, and most of them decided on going to the Indian village in

which the four hungry prospectors had lodged, unconscious of their whereabouts, like Odysseus of old.

The first thing they did next morning was to look for the place of which they had heard so much, and which the prospectors had crossed in the dark. Standing near the Cottonwood they were waiting for the sun to rise. And as the sun's rays began to brighten and enlarge the horizon, innumerable objects rose before their wondering gaze. The red rock of the Red Stone on the left bank of the Minnesota, was a most interesting sight to behold. Their surroundings made so favorable an impression upon them that they felt completely at home. There was universal satisfaction. The place chosen for a town-site, bounded by the Minnesota and Cottonwood rivers, and beautifully located, was not sufficiently covered with timber to answer the requirements of the statutes. When Massapust called the attention of his companions to this fact, Henle answered that city folks ought to buy wood from the farmers. Although not perfectly agreed as yet on the new town-site, they became alarmed when they saw several wagons moving at a distance. They were covered with canvas, and, no doubt, belonged to immigrants. A report had been circulated that Canadians as well as a St. Louis company had actually contemplated the building of a town on that beautiful spot. For that reason they immediately went to work setting up high poles and covering them with

bundles of grass to indicate that the place was occupied. When the wagons approached they found that they belonged to Government surveyors.

The first thing to be done now was to prepare for winter quarters. It was growing colder day by day. They could not remain on the open prairie, nor could they expect to find accommodations at the Indian village. An Indian had already informed them that it were better for them to move away from there. Remembering now that the district where the prospectors had found hospitable quarters with the trader, La Fromboise, was thickly covered with timber and shrubbery, and that he had promised the settlers protection and counsel; and considering, furthermore, that it would be well for them to be within the reach of the Fort in case of need, they resolved to spend the winter in the neighborhood of La Fromboise and Fort Ridgely. They broke up again, and crossing the future town-site, they went up the bank of the Minnesota. Four miles from La Fromboise's place they found an Indian village. The Indians having gone to the Fort for their pay, they took possession of the huts until they could finish a little log cabin. Thus far they were safe; but soon the scarcity of provisions became apparent. The two barrels of flour and the few potatoes purchased from a half-breed, and which lasted only about two weeks, were soon

consumed. They had good appetites, which were strengthened by the eating of wild grapes, of which there were an abundance in the forest. Many, too, had left Chicago, where cholera prevailed, partly infected by the disease; and their systems, strengthened and purified by exercise, fresh air and a healthy climate, they were almost wild with hunger.

The dangers of the situation were not understood at the beginning of winter. The nearest places from which they might expect assistance in case of extreme need were Fort Ridgely, ten miles above, and Travers des Sioux, 35 miles below their present abode. They had only one wagon and four oxen, two of which soon died, and the remaining two were so poor that they could not move the empty wagon. They had very little hay. The noble La Fromboise rendered them all the assistance possible. And so, in spite of their $20 gold coins, they had to suffer severe hunger. The brothers Mack, therefore, undertook a trip to Fort Ridgely to purchase some provisions. They missed the road, and, instead of reaching the point where they would cross the river in a canoe, they arrived at night at an Indian camp to which blazing fires beckoned them. They received a hearty welcome, and were hospitably served with game. Next morning they were directed to the right road, and they reached the place in safety.

Being obliged to remain a little too long at Fort Ridgely, they were compelled to pass the next

night in the open air, and they lodged under a tree. Next day they reached home safe. In the meantime two new-comers had arrrived at the cabin, who brought a good appetite but very few eatables. Joseph Dambach* decided to procure a good quantity of provisions, and for that purpose undertook a trip to St. Paul, a distance of 130 miles. They were all in good spirits, especially when they learned that the Indians would not return during that winter, and that they were free to occupy their comfortable palaces of bark without paying a high rent. They visited Fort Ridgely regularly in search of provisions. But as they could obtain such things as that only by irregular methods, they would often run a regular race to secure the heads of hogs and cattle and other refuse. Sometimes two or three would start out in the dead of night to outdo others who also intended to go. Happy was he who could offer a few drinks of whisky, by which he could obtain more from the soldiers than by offering money. These bargains were strictly prohibited by the commander, especially when there was a question about whisky, and they were compelled to resort to all manner of intrigues in order to obtain something in the line of eatables. A saw-mill connected with Fort Ridgely was a veritable place of refuge; here the hungry settler and the thirsty soldier exchanged the necessaries of life to their mutual satisfaction.

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* Joseph Dambach died in the beginning of 1891.

They were somewhat disappointed when they saw the Indians return singly and in bands. The first troop was accompanied by a savage music-band and a chief. When these Indians, who were of the Sioux, noticed that the whites had taken possession of their reservation, they became greatly incensed. The chief appeared in the log cabin, took the oldest of the intruders (Ludwig Meyer) by the hand and demanded an account for his actions. Among other things he showed him several holes that had been cut into some of their huts, and gave him to understand that those tepees were ruined. Some of the Indians spoke of "nippo" which means killing, unless they departed ("pokatshi.")

It was evident that much talk was out of place. Here was an international difficulty, and it could but be settled in a manner which is customary among the merchants on the oasis of Sahara. For example, at the great market-place of Timbuctoo, the chief, by means of signs, said: "You have trespassed upon our rights secured to us by writing. The law forbids you to live here. This land down to the Cottonwood, down into that prairie, down there and up that way belongs to us. I will report you to the chief at Fort Ridgely." Dropping the hand with which he had pointed out the limits of his reserve, the son of the forest proudly withdrew.

The difficulty was not settled at Fort Ridgely, but was referred to the Governor at St. Paul, who

decided that if the settlers were not located on government land they should move; but if such were the case the Sioux should retire to their reservation. The Sioux owned a tract of land, beginning about nine miles from the present city of New Ulm and extending 10 miles on each side of the Minnesota up to Big Stone Lake.

The settlers felt that they were in an awkward position. The Governor's decision was to be enforced by a people who naturally loved to remain undisturbed in the possession of their lands, and who knew how their forefathers, once the proud possessors of vast tracts, were driven from them. No wonder the settlers looked for assistance in case of need. They had reason to fear the destruction of their winter quarters; yea, even their lives were endangered. They now recollected the promises of the noble La Fromboise who, as a much respected trader and related to the Sioux by marriage, might exert a powerful influence upon the Indians. They were not disappointed. Through his influence the Indians at once broke up, and some of them settled down in the neighborhood of Fromboise; the others went some distance up the river.

The difficulty having been thus settled, winter came, and with it a terrible scourge for the Indians. Small-pox broke out among them. This so terrified the Sioux that they left the place altogether. Probably they left because they learned that the place which they then occupied

was not on their reservation. The tepees of the neighboring village had been deprived of their coverings, consisting of the hides of buffaloes and of bark. One corpse had been left behind. The Sioux show great respect for their dead; and the fact of having deserted this corpse was looked upon by the settlers as a superstitious practice in honor of the "great spirit." Neither did the Sioux afterwards claim the body nor bury it. But when the wolves came near devouring it, the settlers buried it.

What strange feelings overcame us on beholding these once noble Indian tribes who, centuries ago, so hospitably received and entertained our forefathers, now roaming about like beggars in their own inheritance, and dying inch by inch amid the ruins of their former greatness! What feelings, when we beheld the irresistible white race fall upon these children of nature with fire and sword! Is it civilization that is brought to them? Small-pox, debauchery and whisky are the gifts, if not powder and lead.

During the winter, which was very mild, Indians used to come to their former village to do some trading with the settlers. They always met with a friendly reception. The articles which they were wont to offer in exchange for provisions, such as mocassins, bracelets, rings, etc., were not accepted by the settlers, but they gave them whatever eatables they could spare. Thus they came and went on in a friendly footing. Many a Sioux

who was the recipient of favors at the hands of the settlers at that time returned the same during the fatal month of August, 1862, with his deadly tomahawk and bullet.

In order not to let time pass idly by they selected, early in the winter, a place for a sawmill to be run by water power. It was immediately cleared of timber and shrubbery, and logs were cut. The snow grew deeper and deeper. They had plenty of fuel to run their three stoves, and were tolerably well supplied with provisions. They began to feel comfortable. Then came the 15th of February, a terribly cold day, which caused them to build a larger fire than usual, and one of the stove-pipes set fire to the roof, which was made of straw and was just then free of snow. The fire was not discovered until the whole cabin was enveloped in flames, and the burning cinders fell upon the floor beside a bed on which one of the party was lying sick. The cabin and with it many of the necessaries of life was burned, but no one was injured.

After the fire the settlers were compelled to enter the miserable Indian tepees a second time, and they felt it the more keenly on account of the severe cold weather and the want of clothing and provisions. Fathers of families who were at this time compelled from sheer necessity to go to Fort Ridgely were often obliged to return with empty hands, because the supply at that place was fast failing. La Fromboise had given them some straw

with which they covered one of the huts, and put a stove in it. But this was poor protection against the cutting northwest wind. Buffalo robes were the only means for making it at all bearable. Their victuals would freeze upon their plates while eating. It could not be otherwise. Exposed to the pitiless northwest wind sweeping furiously over these vast prairies in the depth of winter is a serious affair, especially when clothing is insufficient and the dwellings poor. Nevertheless, all of them withstood these terrible hardships, and rejoiced at the coming of spring. Only one young man fell a victim to his own daring exploits. Some of them, among whom were the two Henles and Zettel, cut the lumber for the building of their houses with their own hands.

In this account of the joys and sorrows of immigrants from Chicago in their attempt to found a city in the primeval forest, on the virgin soil of Minnesota, the reader will find the A. B. C. of an accurate account of the winter's life of many a settler under similar circumstances. Let it be remarked here that, according to the testimony of Athanasius Henle, he performed the first ministerial function in the new settlements, although he never pretended to be either priest or preacher. La Fromboise, upon learning that Henle was a Catholic, asked him to baptize his child, something that he could not do himself, because he remembered only a portion of the formula. He knew

of the Father and the Son, but he had forgotten the Holy Ghost.

With the approach of spring a great change came over the little company. They forgot all they had endured and went courageously to work. The first question was about the town-site. The plan for the city was made before they left Chicago. Some of the settlers had entered claims in the neighborhood of their winter quarters and were consequently in favor of retaining the place where they had spent the winter. The place was surveyed, and streets were cleared.

The opponents were divided among themselves. The new arrivals from Chicago were mostly dissatisfied with the site, which labored under many natural disadvantages. Others, among whom was Ludwig Meyer, treasurer of the society, were in favor of the site on the Cottonwood—a place the searching for and finding of which had cost them so much hardship the preceding fall. There was consequently much said on all sides without seriously disturbing the peace, because they were after all obliged to refer to a committee at Chicago.

It has already been said that they were informed that a colonization society from St. Louis had selected the surroundings of the lower Indian village for a town-site. They assured themselves of the truth of the matter by sending one of their number to investigate. He found the names of four of the members of that society carved into an

oak, and also the ruins of a shanty, which had been destroyed by fire, and which must have been built during the winter. He also understood that an Irishman had lived there during the winter to guard the place, and had probably been driven away by the Indians.

This gentleman was L. Meyer. He had always been in favor of that place, and, seeing that there was great danger of losing it, he drove stakes into the ground and put placards on them to the effect that this place had been taken possession of by a Chicago colonization society. This action, by which they had secured a second place until a decision would reach them from Chicago, created a bitter feeling among those who favored the upper site; so much so, that they threatened to deprive him and his sons of their claims.

In the meantime the American speculators learned that Germans were at work selecting the best places in Minnesota, especially in Brown county, for town-sites; that a number of them had founded two cities and entered claims, and that many more were coming, etc. This filled them with hatred and jealousy. Fortunately they did not know how ignorant the settlers were of both law and land, and how they were divided among themselves in regard to a town-site, expecting a decision from Chicago where nothing was known of either place. If some smart Yankee had understood the condition of affairs there can be but little doubt that he would have become the

possessor of the future town-site of New Ulm and the chief director of its destinies. At last a letter arrived from Chicago. They were told that a number of members and some officers of the society would arrive during the month of April.

On the 16th of May, 1855, the first members of the society arrived. A surveyor, Henry Bulk, accompanied them, who replaced the one who had begun to survey the upper place without regard to the Government survey, toward the end of the preceding year. That trickster had to be sent back to Chicago with his clothes-line and pocket compass at the expense of the society.

A new organization was formed. Kiessling was elected president, and Meierding secretary. The local office immediately reported in full to the general office at Chicago. According to directions from there, the surveyor and his associates began, to the great satisfaction of the majority, to survey the site so that the extreme southeast end of the town would face the Cottonwood, where the prospectors had lodged the two nights. With this they started in the neighborhood of the lower Indian village 18 miles from Fort Ridgely. They intended to utilize the swift current of the winding Cottonwood for mills or factories. They extended the survey for the town, however, over the slowly rising ridge between the Minnesota and the old survey. The center of the city, Center street, is 16½ miles southeast of Fort Ridgely. This ended the quarrel, and none of the contending parties

were, strictly speaking, in the right. The surroundings of the upper Indian village had been selected for gardening purposes, and the lots placed upon a high ridge. There was no timber on the town-site proper, but in the immediate vicinity; and it also appeared to them that they would have to remove timber, if such were there, before they could build a town.

Whilst surveying they came upon some Indian women who, when they learned what was being done, became enraged and struck the ground with their fists to indicate that that land belonged to them. The surveyors were not intimidated by this singular proceeding and they went on. At certain places they set up the customary flags. But when the bucks returned from the chase they began to throw down the flags, and by unmistakable signs gave the whites to understand that they were not at all pleased with the undertaking. But when the settlers rose to defend themselves the Indians fled. They followed them to the southern bluffs, where the Indians made a halt. As soon as the whites came within reach of their rifles, the bullets began to whiz about their heads, which caused them to turn back and continue their surveyings. There was no further disturbance of the peace. Only an ox was killed by the Indians and taken away, for which the Government paid the settlers.

These things being reported to Fort Ridgely, soldiers were sent to camp in the neighborhood,

and to protect the settlers. The result of the negotiations entered into by means of an interpreter were that the Indians had killed and taken the ox through hunger, and not through malice, and that they abandoned the place. This ended their occupation of that tract.

And thus the founding of New Ulm contains neither the fabulous sayings about the founding of Carthage, nor the prosaic history of the founding of Rome; but it is an earnest episode, worthy of being placed on record, and will be one of the most interesting pages in the history of the great State of Minnesota.

The place occupied at that time is the present city of New Ulm, the greater part of which was burnt to the ground by the Sioux in 1862; but it has risen again, Phoenix-like, from its ashes.

The greater portion of the city consists of additions to the primitive corporation, taken from private claims, which, according to law, did not exceed three hundred and twenty acres. The first houses were built in 1855 by Adam Behnke, A. Diderich, Ludwig Ensderle, Paul Hitz, L. Meyer, H. Meierding, C. Staus, etc.

The first settlers were mostly Swabians, and in remembrance of the old and venerable city of Ulm they named their town "New Ulm."

CHAPTER III.

The Cincinnati Society.—The Turner Colonization Society.—Conditions of Purchase.—Scarcity of Provisions.—Umbrella Roofs.—A Philosopher.—Prairie Fire.—High Prices.—Abundance.—First Hotel.—Cider.—First Brewery.—First Saw-mill.—An Unfortunate Occurrence.—First Flouring-mill.—No Credit.—Turner Hall and Turner Society.—Churches, Schools and Congregations.—Lodges and Societies.—Attractions.—Sour Wine.—All Germany Represented.—Final Success.

THE industrious Germans from Chicago, or rather those belonging to the Chicago society, did not enjoy the sole ownership of the new town for a single year. In the fall of 1855 the Turners of Cincinnati sent a committee of three, (William Pfaender, later on Treasurer of Minnesota, Seiger, and a mineralogist), in search of a proper place for a German colony. They reached the young city of New Ulm, and were so pleased with its excellent location that they concluded to enter into a conditional contract with the owners for a great portion of the town.

The Chicago settlers had almost exhausted their means, and, knowing that the favorable location of their town would be without benefit to them unless they would give others a chance to settle among them, the offer of the Cincinnati gentle-

men was readily accepted. The Chicago society, consisting of some two hundred members, sold their rights under the following conditions: Each member was to receive thirty-three dollars in cash, six building lots, to be determined by chance, and one of the surveyed four-acre tracts adjoining the city.

The settlers having already built a saw-mill, the others were also to erect a mill and warehouse. The offer was accepted, and during that same year most of the Cincinnati emigrants—their society had thirteen hundred members—arrived at their new home.

This new addition was of great benefit to the colony; but also of some disadvantage. There were immense tracts of uncultivated land round about the town from which no means of support for so many people could be derived. They consumed a large amount of provisions. It was with great difficulty that they could bring the most necessary things from St. Paul, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles over bad roads. The consequence of this was that provisions at New Ulm were sometimes extremely high. Many had neither money nor work and were now in great need. Corn-bread was the only means of support, and, having no lard, this was poorly baked.

It is related, as one of the humors of the time, that several men who were chopping wood three miles from town—near the present farm of Mr. Pfaender—suspended a bone over their tempo-

rary table, and brought their very dry corn-bread in contact with it in order to make it seem more palatable. These same men, however, grew corpulent and fat in later years. A man named Haeberle was obliged, after planting some potatoes, to dig them up again to use for food. Many of the pioneers had no accommodations whatever. The expenses of the journey and for necessary provisions had deprived them of what little money they had. Still they felt proud and happy to see the rays of the sun fall in through their windowless windows into their *own* rooms. Many a house had no roof, or only a part of one, and an umbrella at table or bed was at times considered a great blessing. Great privations, even of the absolute necessaries of life, were common. But, of course, these were not equally felt by all. Among the many new-comers were some singular characters who could always find means to help themselves. To this class belonged one Dr. Krause of Washington, who would never miss an occasion to carry his absurd views into practice. This learned reformer, who like Socrates, carried all his possessions with him (that is to say, if nothing adhered to him in going out) put up his abode about four miles from town. His lodgings, in the erection of which he carried out his peculiar views, consisted of a cave, which was divided, either for the sake of convenience or morality, into three compartments. His principle was "Contentment and adaptation." This he illus-

trated by his own life. For example: he planted potatoes upon a piece of wild prairie, trusting that they would adapt themselves to circumstances without further effort in cultivating them, and grow and bear a hundredfold. Of his harvest nothing is known. A thorough materialist he was also a friend of liberty in its wildest forms. Accordingly he did not keep a cow, but never was out of milk. Later on he was shot by the Indians.

Very few could accommodate themselves to circumstances like Dr. Krause; hence, they exerted themselves to keep body and soul together in an honorable manner. For necessaries of life they had to pay enormous prices. A barrel of flour was sold for twenty-two dollars. The first wheat was sown in the spring of 1856, but it was partly eaten by birds, and yielded poorly. They did not succeed in raising wheat till 1858. The first result of a serious attempt at wheat raising, six miles northwest of New Ulm, is worth noticing. Three farmers, Athanasius and Anton Henle and Benedict Drexler, had stacked their wheat at one place, it being more convenient and cheaper in thrashing it. It was in 1858, and they had an excellent crop. A prairie fire came and the hopes of the enterprising farmers were unmercifully swept away. On account of this fire, by which many others also lost their grain, prices went up again. Potatoes were then sold at three dollars a bushel, and a hen with five little chickens were sold for five dollars. Even a cat brought

five dollars. Mice were, however, so numerous that some enterprising individuals would loan their cats to others for a certain time, for which they charged two dollars. They made well by it. Instead of tobacco they smoked leaves and chewed roots.

During the first years money was not very plenty, nor was there ever a great scarcity; newcomers always brought more or less cash with them. This was, however, soon used up. There were daily expenses, but no regular sources of income. And so it came to pass that, although provisions were on hand, they could not be sold—there was no money to pay for them. Martin Leiminer of the Cottonwood settlement brought a large basket filled with eggs to New Ulm in order to exchange them for trifles needed at home, such as thread, buttons, etc. After having tried in vain to make the desired bargain, he commenced to paint H. Bajen's store with the eggs. A few hungry individuals came to the rescue and took all that was left in the basket from him. He was glad to have escaped the hands of the law for his singular mode of painting other people's stores.

For a long time there were few sources of enjoyment of any kind in the town of New Ulm. In the city itself Phillip Gross, now an alderman and proprietor of the Union House, built the first hotel in 1856. The old frame building was destroyed by fire July 4, 1875, and during the same year the new brick hotel was erected in its place.

Across the Minnesota, near the landing of the ferry, Mr. Pfaff erected a hotel which was the first, in reality, in the settlement. Beer and wine were scarce at that time. It is asserted that Mr. Gross took at one time six pounds of dried apples, some sour wine and a little sugar and made several barrels of excellent cider, which paid well.

The first brewery was built opposite New Ulm, across the river, in 1858, by Kocke, but it soon went down. Fritton's brewery was soon after erected within the city, and in 1860 August Schell added his; both are still doing business. During the time that beer was so scarce, Kahlfeld received two and one-half barrels from Milwaukee, but refused to sell any for fear of too great a rush upon him. Then came one of those fearful western cyclones accompanied by thunder and lightning, and the people were in mortal fear that the end of the world was near. In that case the beer would be lost, and so a band of carousers hurried to Kahlfeld's to drink his beer. With it went an enormous cheese, and they sang in honor of the host, who was a Russian: "Russia must still greater be."

Lautenschlager had just finished digging a cellar when it caved in, and four and one-half barrels of beer were buried in it. Four years afterwards they were dug out and consumed.

The first saw-mill was built twelve miles above New Ulm on the Indian reservation in 1854–1855, but it never worked well. The Chicago society

built another saw-mill at New Ulm in 1856. A company of seventeen owned the mill, of whom the following are known: Brust, Jacob, Rehfeld, Blatz, Beinhorn, Winkelmann, Fisherbauer, Klinkhammer, the two Huths, Bock, Meyer and Pfaff. Rehfeld and Beinhorn were the book-keepers. The machinery was purchased at St. Paul, and brought to New Ulm with twenty-five horses. Logs were brought in from all sides. Building lumber was sold at thirty-five dollars per thousand feet. The timber that grows there is of an inferior quality. The shareholders had not only no returns, but suffered loss. In the fall of 1857 the mill was destroyed by fire, which probably originated above the boiler. It was not insured. One Kaus had a claim of nine hundred dollars on it. The ruins were sold to Beinhorn and Rehfeld, who rebuilt it, every one giving them assistance. The mill was again set on fire by the Indians in 1862. It was rebuilt a third time, and after having been in the hands of Boesh, Pfenninger and Meyer, is now managed by Silverson, and is known as the "Eagle Mill." Henry Brandt erected a small grist-mill about six miles from New Ulm.

Corn-meal and coffee were the principal articles of food in those days.

Mr. Adam was very unfortunate in his attempt to erect a mill to be run by water power in the year 1855, one and a half miles from town. The Cottonwood, a tributary to the Minnesota, is quite deep and has a swift current. In the spring of

the year the water rises sometimes very high, so that the strongest dams cannot withstand the terrible pressure of the immense volume of water and the gigantic blocks of ice that are hurled against it. Adam had spent a whole year in building his dam, and had all the lumber for the building of a mill on the grounds. He knew nothing about the river, and his dam went with the first freshet. The brothers Henle had been his assistants. The two latter were shot by the Indians. In the spring of 1856 Adam brought the machinery from Wisconsin with five teams, bringing also some provisions and lime at the same time. Among the teamsters were Bernard and John Sturm, J. Gebhardt and Schaefer. They arrived safe on the other side of the Cottonwood. All the freight was safely transported across the river, except a barrel of whisky, which the teamsters had partially emptied before they got to the ferry. It was quite late in the day and J. Brust, one of the hands, suggested to leave the barrel till the next morning; but Adam replied that they wanted to have a good time that evening, and consequently were sorely in need of the barrel. The boat was again rowed across to get the whisky. Brust, Adam and Bauer, returning with the barrel, started to cross the river with this last article of their freight. The boat unfortunately capsized, and poor Adam was drowned. His wife and children witnessed the sad spectacle from the bank of the river. His body was found about half a mile below where the accident occurred. He

had nine hundred dollars in his pockets. At another time a man named Hartmann was also drowned in the same place. He was skating, broke through the ice, and floating down was crushed by the water-wheel.

The immigrants from Cincinnati, generally called the Cincinnati Company, built a saw-mill and a flouring-mill in 1857. Each share-holder was to pay in a certain amount; but since many on account of the scarcity of money could not keep their promises, a great deal of trouble arose, which led to serious disturbances. They had placed their affairs in the hands of Schell and Schultz. Later on the mill was rented to Gebser and Schwertfeger, but it was set on fire by the Indians in 1862. It was rebuilt by Belm, Fisher and Sherer, and again destroyed by fire in 1873. After that it was not rebuilt, Belm associating himself with another company who erected upon another site the present "New Ulm City Mills."

It has been said that very little wheat was raised at that time, the same yielding very poorly at first. The business of the two mills was consequently rather poor. Corn, rye and buckwheat were principally brought to the mills, and but very little wheat. The employés received only from three to six pounds of flour a week. The quantity of flour to be divided among them was at one time one hundred and twenty pounds, but there were sixty bags open to receive it. Things necessary for the running of the mills were difficult to

obtain. A. Schell, the present owner of a brewery, at that time the engineer at the mill, was at one time sent to a store to get some oil, but could not get any for the Cincinnati mill. The Chicago mill did not fare much better. It had also been changed into a flouring mill. Mr. Pfenninger once tried in vain to obtain some leather to repair a belt.

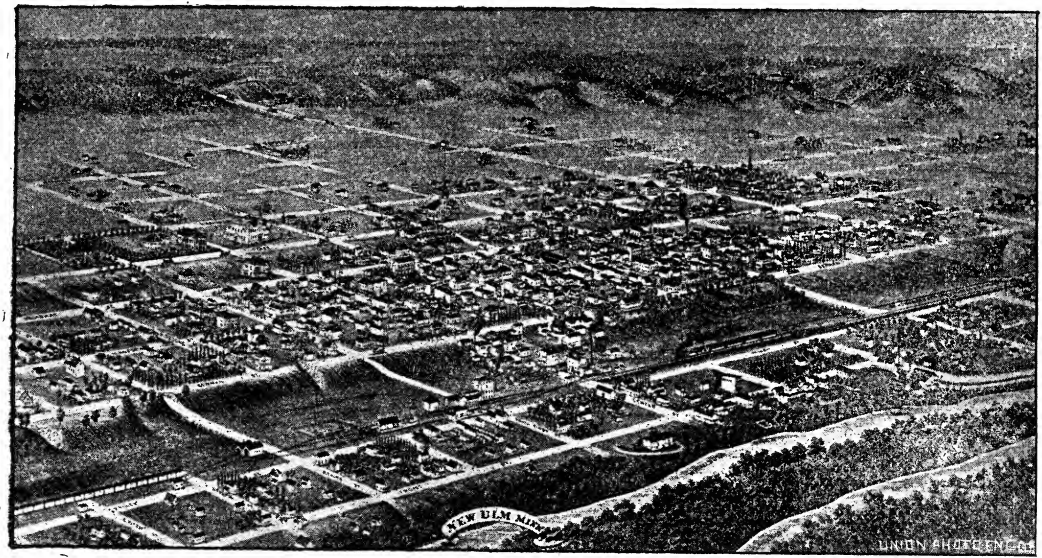
In the year 1858 the Turners began to erect their hall, which was also to serve the community as a place for entertainments and meetings. Everybody, without regard to religious affiliations, took part in this building. Shares were sold in order to obtain the necessary funds, and Sundays as well as week-days the work went on. But for a long time harmony did not reign supreme among the citizens. So-called church people were handled rather roughly. Many a zealous free-thinker exerted himself too much, and the leading newspaper, "New Ulm Pioneer," edited by Naegele and Gerstenhauer, had a great deal to say. Imbued with their socialistic views, they entertained the false idea that religious congregations in a free city were detrimental to the public welfare, and a prolific source of dissensions among the people. The columns of the "New Ulm Pioneer" of that time, setting forth the social and religious condition of affairs, contain many items of great interest to the historian. This misconception of the idea of freedom brought great discredit upon the city of New Ulm, especially among religious

people. The same feelings were entertained toward all who were not Germans, especially toward those whom they called "Americans." This was a great financial drawback to the town. Of course the Turners were made responsible for it all.

The "New Ulm Turner Society" was established at Seiter & Kocke's store, two miles northwest of New Ulm, on Kauss', now Pfaender's, farm. This store is, however, not to be compared to one on Lake street, Chicago, or on Broadway, New York. It was a simple log house, almost without a roof; and more than a dozen umbrellas were regularly made use of on a rainy day in order to protect the little stock of goods against the destructive element.

The Turners' first hall was set on fire by the Indians in 1862. The Government reimbursed the society, and they built a large hall of brick. The "New Ulm Land Company" was dissolved, and its assets handed over to the society, which enabled it to add a large wing to the hall in 1872. This wing is at present used for social gatherings and a saloon. The structure is now, with the exception of the new Catholic church, the largest in the city of New Ulm.

The first church established at New Ulm was the Methodist. Just prior to the Indian outbreak in 1862 the first two churches, belonging to the Methodists and Catholics, respectively, were built of wood. The Catholic church was not yet com-



THE CITY OF NEW ULM.

pleted when both of them were set on fire by the Indians. The members of the different churches had several years before that time tried to unite for the purpose of building a church for the use of all denominations. The material was already on hand when the undertaking was dropped. The Catholics and Lutherans have now fine churches of brick. All the denominations have built rectories and have their resident pastors. Catholics number 500 families, Lutherans 120, Methodists 25, and the Congregationalists 16. The Catholic congregation, organized by Rev. Alexander Berghold on the 10th day of January, 1869, have a splendid school house and an academy, which is successfully conducted by Sisters of Charity who were expelled from Germany under Bismarck. The Masons erected a Lodge in 1873, and in 1874 the Odd Fellows did the same. There is a Lodge of the United Order of Workmen with a large membership, and also a Lodge of the Sons of Herrmann, in this prosperous little city. The Lutherans have recently built a fine, large college in a beautifully situated plot outside of New Ulm, and a building for a Reformed Church is now in progress.

The St. Alexander's Hospital, founded by the author of this book in 1884, is now under the charge of experienced Sisters from Fort Wayne, Ill., who are untiring in their ministrations to the sick and poor of this locality. The building is a

fine one, and the grounds are ample, with a stream of pure spring water running through them all the year. The patients are well cared for, and the charges remarkable for their moderation.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties and privations with which the settlers had to contend during the first years, their number is continually on the increase, in town as well as in the country. Those among the German immigrants who, although in a strange land, desired to live like Germans in Germany, and speak their mother-tongue and preserve their old customs and habits, were especially attracted to this thoroughly German settlement, where they could feel at home. The beauties of that country, the fertility of the soil, the attraction of its prairies, its sparkling brooks, its charming lakes filled with fish and surrounded by all manner of trees and shrubbery, these were everywhere and eloquently set forth. Nor could they be easily exaggerated, for the grandeur and beauty of the country are all that is claimed for it.

Many a German has had cause for regret that circumstances prevented him from going to the Dorado of New Ulm, where the wild grapevines, a hundred feet in height, climb the primeval forest trees, and in the springtime fill the air with sweet fragrance; in the fall they offer refreshment to the weary traveler. While it is a melancholy fact that the beautiful red juice is unbearably sour, yet it is considered a fine drink among the farmers. Hard

times, caused by the panic of 1857, drove many out of the large cities who were anxious to procure a home of their own; and to such New Ulm and its surroundings were very inviting. They came, the German sons and daughters, from the shores of the North Sea to the Adriatic, from Lorraine to the Neva; from all the countries and provinces of Germany did they pour in. Emperors, kings and princes, with the heavily-burdened homes in the old country, had no such attractions to offer as the country around the Minnesota beyond the Mississippi. There is hardly a settlement of Germans to be found where the different dialects are so well represented as in New Ulm. No wonder, then, that German farmers were so numerous after a few years. The best places were always looked for, and many less inviting tracts of land were passed by, which fact accounts for the population being so scattered through the country. Another reason for this may be found in the search for rivers, lakes and forests. If one of these charming places could be found unoccupied, many would go several days' journey beyond New Ulm to get it. And thus did this country and its courageous and progressive inhabitants advance steadily and rapidly towards a great and prosperous future. The year 1862 gave great promise by its good crops to fill the struggling settlers with new courage and carry them safely through all their difficulties and trials. But alas! the hand that guides the destinies of men had

ordained otherwise. The courageous settlers were soon to pay for their homes, not by the sweat of their brow, but with their blood. Their houses were to be devoured by the flames, their crops were to be ruined by the hand of the destroyer; and, instead of the cheerful harvest-song, came the war-cry of fighting men, the heart-rending sound of the orphan's voice, and the doleful pleadings of the dying mother, because the red man was thirsting for revenge and blood and had come to get it.

CHAPTER IV.

The Indian Tribes.—Nadowessies or Dakotas.—Customs and Manners of the Indians.—Fishing and Hunting.—Indian Women.—Civilized Indians.—Arms and Means of Subsistence.—Diseases.—Religious Ideas.—Virtues and Vices of the Indians.—Polygamy.—Hospitality.—Artistic Taste.—Cruelty in War.—Endurance.

THE Indians who took part in the outbreak of 1862 belonged to the Sioux or Dakota tribe. It is the same tribe mentioned in Schiller's "Nadowessische Todtenklage," for Nadowessies and Dakota Indians are the same. They are divided into four great tribes: Medawakonton, Wahpekuta, Wahpeton and Sisseton, who occupy

a large territory west of the Mississippi; from the borders of Iowa along the Mississippi, up to the Minnesota, and stretching far into Dakota. They are, like most of the Indian tribes, of great bodily strength, a slim and pleasing stature, and remarkable for their shrewdness and deceit. Their features are rather long, and they have a dark but not repulsive complexion.

They are continually wandering about, and consequently use for means of subsistence whatever Nature offers them. Fishing and hunting are their principal sources of support. In the spring of the year they often make sugar and syrup from the juice of the maple, and during the summer they gather wild rice and berries. This work is done by the squaws. The Indian regards his wife as a slave, and he thinks it below his dignity to do hard work. When they travel, the women not only carry the papooses and baggage, but also lead the beasts of burden, which in the absence of a wagon or a sled, carry the tepee, etc., upon their backs. He often compels her, although weighed down under a heavy burden, to carry even his gun so that he can trot along with greater ease. When they find a place where fuel and water are convenient, or where hunting and fishing are good, the women will have to go to work and set up the tepee and bring in whatever is necessary, except the game, which he provides. A few so-called civilized Indians till the soil, but they seldom raise anything except corn and potatoes. These

dress like the whites, and they were formerly supplied by the Government with farming implements, horses, cattle, etc. They are very proud of the dress of the whites, which, in their case, often consists merely of a high hat and a shirt. They are generally despised, however, by the real Indians who treat every kind of head-dress with contempt except their own peculiar one, and whose only covering consists of a woolen blanket or a buffalo-robe; and they live in tents or tepees. These prefer to dress gayly, cover themselves with all manner of trumpery, and fold the skin of an animal around their body so as to look as much as possible like the animal itself. In summer they appear mostly in Adam's costume, with the addition of a gun and a pipe.

Their arms are bows and arrows, guns, knives, and a sort of hatchet called a tomahawk. Their necessaries of life are very few and simple. They never wash their meat, and seem to have a dislike for all water except fire-water (whisky). Still they admire a clean white shirt very much. A kettle, a few pots and the skins of animals compose all their furniture, and they eat their food, especially meat, half raw, and devour even the entrails raw. Their appetite is prodigious. Whenever they obtain anything palatable they eat and eat without regard to their real needs or the coming day. Hence it not unfrequently happens that they are compelled to fast for days at a time. They are not much troubled with any disease

except the small-pox, and their medicine-men have in vain tried by all manner of sorceries and strange exorcisms to banish that dreadful visitor. A cripple, lame or deaf and dumb, is seldom found. They love their ponies, and keep a large number, if at all possible. But during the winter they lose a good many, because in their improvidence they do not save any hay, and having no barns or shelter for them, the poor creatures perish from cold and starvation. They believe in a Great Spirit, Manitu, think a great deal of ceremonies over their dead, but hang them up on posts exposed to the sun until they are dried up. Their romantic life, their fidelity, their friendship and strength of character, which some writers tell us about, is very pleasant sentimental reading—that is all. The Indian is always serious, seldom laughs or jokes, and is an uncomfortable and mistrustful companion. He understands begging above all things. He never forgets an offence, but is very apt to forget acts of kindness, for which the year 1862 furnishes ample proof. With the Indians revenge is a virtue, and they practice polygamy. Their hospitality, however, is worthy of all praise. The stranger receives the best pelt for his bed, and the host keeps up a warm fire with his own hands if the pale-face happens to remain in his tent over night during winter.

If you never have had an opportunity to see an Indian, you may look at a gipsy; there is a great similarity between them. Many of them show real

artistic taste in the making of trinkets. They are skillful in the use of arms, keen in the chase and relentless in pursuing an enemy; they love noisy musical instruments and the dance after their own fashion. Their natural senses are sharp and more fully developed than those of the whites. They are cruel in war, and prefer deceit and strategem to an open battle. After a fight they scalp their dead enemies before they think of carrying off their booty; for they take great pride in possessing a large number of scalps, because they indicate the number of enemies they have slain. They ornament their heads with feathers, which they consider "wakan" (holy). They can endure more hardship than the whites, and are wonderful runners, many of them being able to overtake a swift horse. In hiding their feelings and in self-control they can do wonders. They suffer pain with stolid indifference, and their wounds heal quickly. To leave one of their dead in the hands of the enemy is looked upon as a foreboding evil and the greatest ignominy that could happen to them.

CHAPTER V.

Cause of the Outbreak.—Nativism.—Indians the real Natives.—Land Purchase from the Indians.—Present War in Dakota Territory.—Indian Treaties.—Treaty of Washington, 1837.—Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, 1851. —Treaty of 1858.—Indians cheated out of their Money. —Tag-ma-na and Mahpya Wicasta.—Indian Traders.— Alexander Ramsey and Hugh Tyler.—A Gigantic Swindle.—How the Indians are civilized.—Uncle Sam pays, and Deceivers take the Money.—A deceiving Delivery of Rations.—Cheating everywhere.—Houses built for the Indians, but they never occupy them.—An Indian Teacher.—Pious Missionaries.—Procurers and Half-breeds.

THE history of the Indians in general, from the days of Cortez to our own, is the story of a continual defeat of physical power battling against superior wisdom, and in which the shrewd whites mostly followed the principle of a cruel Brennus, that justice is at the point of the sword. It is evident that the red man is the original owner of America, and that he alone can be justly called American. How ridiculous is it, therefore, for those of the whites whose forefathers or parents immigrated to America some years ago to be so extremely proud of their nationality as Americans and look upon the new-comer with contempt!

How absurd is that spirit of nativism that would treat the immigrant as a stranger or foreigner and deprive him of his rights! Poor American Anglo-Saxon race! dost thou not remember that thy ancestors were intimately related to the forefathers of the "Dutchmen"? Thou hast not even a mother-tongue, if in thy pride as an American thou deniest thy English nationality. If thou wert a real American, thou wouldst speak the Indian and not the English language. Thou wouldst deny that thou art a Galilean; "but thy speech doth certainly betray thee." And, haply, what thou art in this country of thy adoption every immigrant can be made in a short time, if he declares his intention to become an American citizen. And the immigrant has, moreover, the pleasure of speaking his own mother-tongue.

"But," it is said, "the land belongs to the whites." Of course, it does; but it was mostly wrongfully seized. Although the different Indian tribes were frequently obliged to relinquish large tracts of land to the whites under treaties, this was a result of the white man's shrewdness. It was a battle between superior wisdom and natural simplicity. The Indians consented to a treaty, because they were obliged to, and the whites made use of the treaty to force from them new concessions. Yes, and if personal interests could be advanced thereby, they would not keep their promises at all. This was frequently the cause of

an outbreak, because the Indians had no other means of defending their rights.

In regard to the recent troubles in and around the Black Hills in Dakota, where the Indians had gone on the war-path and three Generals ordered out, a St. Louis paper says: "And as soon as these three powerful armies have completely surrounded the few hundred Sioux, every red man—women and children are not expressly included—is to be unmercifully cut down. Why have these 'rogues' rebelled against the gold-hunters who only tried to 'annex' a territory which had been granted to the Indians only by treaty?

"Meanwhile we beg to say, that, according to official dispatches, the fears entertained that the Sioux might attack Fort Lincoln is a mere canard. The United States are not attacked by the Indians, but the Indians are attacked by the United States army."

One of the most important treaties was that of 1837, made at Washington between J. Poinsett and the chief of the Medawakonton tribe, whereby all lands east of the Mississippi, in as far as they were in the possession of the Indians, were ceded to the United States, in consideration of an annual payment in cash. By this treaty the whole of the State of Wisconsin and that part of Minnesota lying east of the Missisippi were opened to settlers, who soon came in large numbers. The territory west of the Mississippi, still in the hands of the different tribes of the Sioux, was so attractive

to the white settler that it was difficult to prevent him from taking possession of it, in spite of the treaties. Accordingly the Government purchased by the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, made July 23, 1851, between Lee and Ramsey, all lands in Iowa and Minnesota. The purchased territory contained over thirty million acres of mostly fertile land. This treaty, however, included only the lands belonging to the Wahpeton and Sisseton tribes; those belonging to the Medawakonton and Wahpekuta tribes were likewise purchased by the Government on the 5th of August of the same year. All four tribes belong to the Sioux or Dakota nation. Most of the lands in the present State of Minnesota were thereby opened to settlers. The Indians kept a Reservation. The Wahpetons and Sissetons received a tract on the upper Minnesota, beginning with the Hawk, north of the Minnesota and Yellow Medicine rivers, and south of the Minnesota up to Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse, in all about twenty miles wide by a hundred miles long. The Medawakontons and Wahpekutas received a strip of land on both banks of the Minnesota below the first Reservation, twenty miles wide and fifty miles long, coming within ten miles of New Ulm. These Reservations remained in the hands of the respective tribes. On account of the tract belonging to the latter tribes being located below that belonging to the former, it was generally called Lower Reservation and the other Upper Reservation. The Indians were also

known as the Upper Indians and the Lower Indians.

In 1858 the Government purchased that portion of the Reservation lying north of the Minnesota, so that the Indians retained only a strip of land ten miles wide and one hundred and fifty miles long. For the portion thus ceded, costing the Government about a cent an acre, two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars were to be paid annually to the chiefs of the Sissetons and Wahpetons, and also thirty thousand dollars for the education of these tribes. The Medawakontons and Wahpekutas were also to receive two hundred thousand dollars annually, payable to their chiefs, and thirty thousand dollars for their education, Government promising the Indians at the time to do all in its power for their education, elevation and civilization. The whole sum to be paid annually for fifty years was, therefore, about five hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars.

This honest debt, contracted by the Government, was, with the exception of an insignificant portion of it, never paid; and this was the principal cause of the dissatisfaction and revolt of the Indians. The Government did, indeed, pay the stipulated sum regularly, but the superintendents, agents, etc., to whom the money was entrusted for distribution and payment, managed to keep the greater portion of it for themselves.

The following extracts which, alas! contain neither slander nor exaggeration, nor misrepre-

sentation of real facts, will give the reader an idea of how the Indians were treated. The author of this work, if it were not for the sake of historical facts, would rather have many things unnoticed which were admitted only upon the unimpeachable testimony of those who were for years eye-witnesses of the treatment the Indians received at the hands of Government employés. Moreover, the official reports of investigations made, although very partial, contain enough to make every honest man blush.

A prominent officer, Major Kitzing Pritchette, being sent from Washington to investigate the numerous complaints of gigantic swindles raised by the Indians, in his official report says:

"The complaints which are made at all their meetings refer to the imperfect fulfillment or non-compliance with the conditions of the treaty."

Tag-ma-na, a chief of the assembled Indians, said in his presence:

"The Indians sold their land in Traverse des Sioux. I say what they tell us. For fifty years we were to receive fifty thousand dollars annually, and we were promised three hundred thousand dollars. We have seen nothing of it."

At the same meeting, Mahpya Wicasta (Man-of the-Cloud), the second chief of the assembled Indians, said:

"In the treaty of Traverse des Sioux we were to receive two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars as soon as we had entered upon the land

pointed out to us by the Government. Tell us what was done with it? Every pale-face knows that we are for the past five years on the territory named in the treaty, and as yet we have received none of the money."

A principal cause of these enormous swindles was the so-called traders, who were consequently also the cause of the dissatisfaction of the Indians. These traders are merchants licensed by the Government to sell goods to the Indians, or to trade with them. Since, as a rule, the Indians had no money to pay for the goods they bought, the trader would bring his bills to the paymaster at the time payment was to be made to the Indians, if such time ever came, and the Indians being neither able to read nor write, these bills were shamefully and unmercifully enlarged. The sums thus deducted from the amounts due the Indians was a transaction as cruel as it was unjust, but the poor red man was helpless. His complaint could be lodged only through an interpreter, who, although under oath, managed through the powerful influence of traders and other employés to conceal the truth as much as possible. Others, though commanding both languages, were not listened to by the agent. The Indians were often so much cheated that they had as little after a payment, which would amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars, as they had before.

Judge Young, sent from Washington to investigate the complaints against Alexander Ramsey, at

that time Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and later Governor of Minnesota, says in his report:

"Alexander Ramsey was principally accused of having, in spite of the protests of the Indians, in violation of the laws of the treaties, and in utter disregard of the solemn promises upon the part of the Government, paid the greater portion of the money to a man named Hugh Tyler for payment or distribution among the Indians or half-breeds. According to the treaties the money was to be paid to the chiefs."

And thus of the two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars which should have been paid to the Indians, according to Article IV of the treaty of Traverse des Sioux, Ramsey gave two hundred and fifty thousand to Hugh Tyler under the pretext that the money belonged to traders and half-breeds. Mr. Tyler also received seventy thousand of the one hundred and ten thousand dollars, which, according to the treaty of August 5th, 1851, should have been paid to the Medawakontons. Altogether, of the three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars belonging to the Indians, Tyler received three hundred and twenty thousand as a recompense for his labors in the Senate in behalf of the treaties, and also to reimburse him for his expenses in securing the consent of the chiefs. Such were his claims.

During the year 1857 a number of Indians were induced by a trader to sign a paper, the object of which, he said, was to cause a portion of the

money they owed the traders to be returned to them. But it was in reality a simple order in his favor, and the Indians were again cheated of twelve thousand dollars. Wherever there was stealing the Indians had to pay for it, the amount being simply deducted from money due them. Thus a trader received four thousand five hundred dollars for goods which he claimed had been stolen from him, and a man at Sioux City received five thousand dollars for horses, also claimed to have been stolen from his premises, although it was known that the Indian rarely steals anything except when in great need. When at peace with the whites they will carefully return to them anything they find. Such actions on the part of the whites had a natural tendency to fill the minds of the sons of the wilderness with loathing and antipathy towards civilization. To these were added the ignominious treatment to which they were subjected at the agencies, where an agent, traders, numerous employés and a warehouse are located. The Government had also promised the Indians to confer upon them the blessings of civilization, for which purpose there were at the agencies crowds of employés who were to teach them the principles of agriculture, mechanics, architecture, etc. The Government, as a rule, meant well with the Indians, and provided them with horses and cattle, farming implements, seed, etc., and sent teachers and missionaries among them to educate

them. * But the officers appointed by the Government to deal with the Indians managed to secure the benefits of the treaties for themselves. From the first to the last they were united for the one purpose of deceiving the Indians. How the Indians received their stipulated provisions, clothing, etc., may be illustrated by one example. It was in the year 1865. A large number of barrels of flour and meat were to be sent from Henderson, Sibley Co., Minn., to Fort Abercrombie. The contractors, in order to obtain the necessary conveyances at the lowest possible figure, deferred the delivery of these provisions so long that the whole train was snowed in over a hundred miles from the Fort. The barrels were simply put on the open prairie and the teamsters came back. When the poor, half-starved Sioux were informed of this some time after, they started out to get the provisions, but, instead of good flour they found bran and shorts, and flour made from spoiled wheat, which could not be used for bread; and yet the contractors received nearly fifteen dollars a barrel for the lot.

Those who are acquainted with the management of Indian affairs at this present time must acknowledge that there has been no change for the better. The same complaints and the same systematic swindles are the prolific cause of continual blood-

* The Indian Missions were in the hands of the Episcopalians.

shed, and probably will not cease till the last red man is dead.

The principal agent divides the money allotted to the Indians among sub-officers and traders, who, at the time of payment, receives enormous sums of money for pretended services rendered and goods sold to the Indians. Contractors, whose business it was to procure whatever was needed at the agency, such as provisions, horses and cattle, farming implements, etc., charged enormously for their services. The Indians were to be supplied with good horses and cattle, but they received the worst and the poorest, for which they had to pay five times the ordinary value. The Indians not knowing the real value of the article, were continually swindled. A valuable buffalo hide was often given for a pound of sugar. Many paid from three to five dollars for a drink of whisky. A certain quantity of fuel was to be delivered to them annually. This was, despite their protests, cut on their own land, and they were compelled to pay a high price for it. A large mill was built of funds belonging to the Indians, and still they had to pay a high price for whatever they obtained from there. Houses were erected for the Indians for the sole purpose of giving the contractors a chance; the Indians preferred to live in their tepees. Many of the Indians had fine houses of brick, but remained in their tepees. One very interesting feature was how they were taught the different arts and sciences. Some em-

ployés were continually building fences only to be used for fuel by the Indians. They would plow and sow at all seasons of the year simply to show the Indians how it was done. One Randall, employed as a teacher, used to drive his pupils away from school with a whip, but drew his salary amounting to several thousand dollars regularly. The pious missionaries * caused churches and fine residences for themselves to be built out of funds belonging to the Indians, and there they would reside in evangelical poverty with their wives and children, and with all their severity towards the Indians, would not even take notice of the fact that Indian girls and young women were subjected to a most shameful and disgraceful treatment at the hands of Government employés. There were even procurers among the Indians, who, in consideration of good pay and good treatment, did all in their power to assist the whites in morally ruining the Indians. The consequence of such debaucheries are, alas! weighed down with the curse of sin. The half-breeds generally practice the vices of both the white and the red man without possessing any of the virtues of either.

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* The so-called spiritual affairs were in the hands of missionaries of the Episcopal church who drew large salaries. Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs were the rectors of the mission. They must not have been very popular, since of the thirty-eight Indians condemned to death at Maukato, in 1862, thirty-six were received into the Catholic church.

CHAPTER VI.

Continuation of the Causes of the Outbreak.—A Pay-day.—The Sisseton Chief Mazasha.—Plan to Attack the Whites fails.—Chiefs Lean Bear and Inkpaduta.—Assassination of many Whites by the Indians.—Little Crow.—New Attempts to Civilize.—Poor Crops and Poverty of the Indians.—Civil War and the Indians.—New Disagreements.—Anxiety of the Indians about their Money.—Soldier's Lodge.—Signs of a Coming Revolt.—A Government Warehouse.—Keyville Rangers.—Two Germans killed.—Three Watchmen and one Prisoner.—Anxiety of the Settlers and false Reports.

SUCH was the compensation the Indians had received for their beautiful hunting grounds. And their treatment at the hands of the whites was at times that of a dog. Great was their joy when the "great" pay-day came. A few days previous they gathered at the agency. The promises of the agent to give them full pay increased their joy. As soon as the Indian money had arrived payments began to be made. A sufficient number of soldiers were called to keep order during the time. These were placed around the paymaster, and then the Indians, heads of families, were called to receive the money, twenty-five dollars per head. The agent held out the money and the Indian wanted to take it, but there stood the

traders and contractors with their sacks open, handing the agent their bills, about which the deceived Indian frequently knew nothing. The Indian could take his family and go. Another follows him who seldom fares better. If, however, one of them carries off some money, he will soon meet with gamblers and saloon keepers who are shrewd enough, despite severe laws, to catch the last penny from the unsophisticated red man. If he lodges complaint with the agent, he finds that the evil cannot be undone. The agent remembers also that many a gold coin has found its way into his own pocket on account of his services at the time of payment. But the Indian is shrewd and wise enough to understand these actions of the civilized man, and consequently cannot but hate and despise him and look upon him as a dangerous enemy.

Every one knew that the quantity of such combustible material was immense, and that a great conflagration was even at the doors. In the year 1852 the dissatisfaction among the Indians was already so great that serious danger was to be feared. The chief of the Sisseton, Mazasha (Red Iron), had, on account of his bad behavior, to be deprived of his dignity as chief by Ramsey, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. This took place at a meeting in December, 1852. Red Iron was the real type of an Indian chief, some six feet high, strongly built, a finely-shaped head, a prominent nose and piercing eyes. He was clad in the

costume of a Dakota chief; about forty years old, shrewd, proud and determined, and answered boldly and promptly the questions and objections raised by Ramsey. He had considerable talents as an orator. When Ramsey insisted upon getting his signature for the purpose of retaining a considerable sum of money from funds belonging to the Indians in order to pay some old debts due the traders, Red Iron, raising himself to his full height, pressing his hand firmly upon his scalping knive, with a firm and determined look at the agent, said:

"We want our pay, and we will sign no paper except a receipt for the money. The snow covers the ground, and we are still waiting for our money. We are very poor; you have plenty. Your fires burn well; your tents are well closed against the cold. We have nothing to eat. We wait a long time for our money. Many of our people are sick from hunger. We will have to die, because you do not pay us. We may die, and if so we will leave our bones unburied, so that our Great Father may see how his Dakota children died. We have sold our hunting grounds and no less the graves of our fathers. We also sold our own graves. We do not know where we shall bury our dead, and you will not pay the money for that land."

After this well-delivered speech the chief was taken prisoner. The air began to tremble before the hideous yells of the Dakota warriors, and

armed Indians hurried from all sides to a place upon which the bones of dead warriors were strewn about. Lean Bear, a favorite among the warriors of Red Iron's band, a determined and powerful Indian, dropped his blanket and grasped the scalping knife with his right hand and recounted all the great deeds of their imprisoned chief, whereupon they cried "Ho! ho!" After that he said to them:

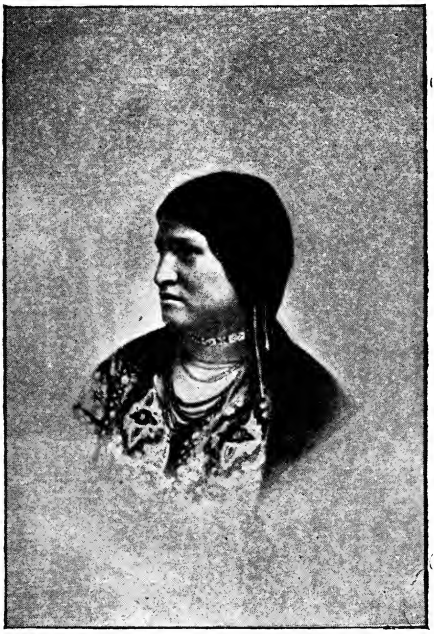
"Dakotas! the great men are among us; they hold Mazasha imprisoned like a wolf; they want to kill him because he prevents the white men to cheat us of our land and the money which the Great Father has sent us.

He was interrupted by a thundering "Ho! ho!" but continued:

"Dakotas! shall we starve in the snow like buffaloes? Shall we permit our blood to freeze like the waters of a brook, or shall we paint the snow with the blood of white warriors?"

"Ho! ho!" answered the savages, and the war-cry resounded in the whole assembly.

"Dakotas!" he continued, "the blood of your fathers cries to you from their graves; their spirits embrace us and make us strong. I am glad of it. Even this very night shall the blood of the pale-faces flow like water in a shower, and Mezasha shall fight with his people. Dakotas! as soon as the moon hides behind the hills prepare yourselves, and I will lead you against the long knives (bayonets and swords) of the white men who have



CAN-KU-WAS-TE-WIN (Good Road Woman).
A Sioux Beauty.

come to swindle us, to rob us of our land, and to imprison us, because we do not assist them to rob our wives and children. Dakotas! be without fear; we have more warriors than the whites. Be ready! When the moon sinks I will lead you to their tents."

A half-breed reported at the agency, and Lean Bear did not carry out his intention. Proof of imminent danger from the part of the irritated Indians was given in the year 1857. Inkpaduta (Scarlet-red Point), an independent and aggressive chief, was excluded from the annual payment because he had killed Jac-Sagi, the chief of the Wahpekutas, and several of his relatives. Many outlawed and irrepressible Indians gathered around him. Through robbing and stealing they became a terror to the frontier settlers, who took the rifles from the Indians and hid them in order to escape greater danger. The Indians, already irritated, found their rifles and came armed into the settlement of Spirit Lake, southwest of the Minnesota, and asked for something to eat, which they obtained. Soon after came Inkpaduta and his followers, twelve in number, with two boys and some women, who likewise demanded something to eat. When the settler answered that he had nothing more, Inkpaduta said to his oldest son that it was disgraceful to beg of these people for something to eat, which they ought to take and not wait until it was thrown to them as if they

were dogs, whereupon the chief's son immediately shot and killed the settler.

And not only the assassination of the whole family followed, but the Indians went from house to house in the entire settlement and killed all the settlers with the exception of four women, whom they abused most terribly. From there they went to Springfield, at the mouth of Shetek or Pelican Lake, where they remained for a few days and did some trading with one Wood and his brother. The two Woods informed the Indians that soldiers were after them, whereupon both were killed and their house burned to the ground. After having killed seventeen more in that neighborhood they were driven back by the settlers.

The entire number of the killed was forty-seven. Of the four captured women two (Stephens and Noble) were put to death, and two (Marble and Gardner) were set free by the Wahpeton Sioux. The three Indians who did this were rewarded with one thousand dollars each. With the aid of friendly Indians the soldiers pursued the outlaws, and Inkpaduta and eleven of his followers were killed. The others were followed up, and three were killed and one wounded, whereupon Little Crow, the leader of the friendly tribe, said that they had done enough to punish the Indians and to earn their reward. This same Little Crow became later on the principal leader of the outbreak.

C. W. Thompson and T. Galbraith were the

Indian agents all of the year 1861. During the month of June, the new agents and many new employés settled with their families on the Reservation, with the good intention of civilizing the Indians. They proceeded without prudence and knowledge of human nature. The system to be followed by the employés was to tame the savages by force. Many means employed to obtain this end, and which were considered reasonable, were so directly opposed to the views, customs and manners of the Indians, that they were seriously offended thereby. Conscious of physical power and shrewdness they committed the error of all tyrants who believe themselves secure when they can manage to keep the body in subjection without having gained the heart. These false notions bore evil fruit, especially under this new management. Then came the close of the year 1861, which was very unfavorable for the Indians. Crops were poor, especially among the upper Sioux. Bugs had completely destroyed the corn belonging to the Sissetons, and the grain belonging to the Wahpetons, Medawakontons and Wahpekutas was also partly ruined.

The poverty of the tribes was so great that by the middle of December, fifteen hundred of them had to be provided with provisions in order to save them from starvation. A fearful snow-storm came during the latter part of February, 1862, and this frustrated their hopes of soon being able to supply themselves with game. Under these

circumstances they anxiously waited for the pay-day of 1862. They knew all about the great Civil War which was then in progress, and this increased their fears that the Government might not be able to pay them. They also desired to see the North whipped, so that they might be enabled to *complete* the work. There are those who think that some who were in sympathy with the South did all they could to induce the Indians into mischief. Misled by unfavorable reports the Indians imagined that they had to fight only with old men, women and children, and that they had reason to fear that they never would receive any more money.

The different tribes went to the agency early to demand their pay. The agents told them they would receive their money, but did not know when, which caused great dissatisfaction among the Indians. In the course of time from five to six thousand were gathered there. All were full of fear and mistrust lest they might not receive their money. Their want was so great that many died of hunger, others lived on roots and raw corn. Reports were circulated by some of the whites that the Government was becoming weaker day by day, and messengers began to go from one tribe to another planning the possibility and success of a revolt. The older and more intelligent among them were opposed to it; but the hot-headed, and especially the younger warriors, formed themselves into a secret society called "Soldiers' Lodge."

This secret society, established early in July, had for its object to oppose the traders and to prevent them from getting their money, and in case of necessity to defend their rights by force. The chiefs, although informed of this organization, did not dare oppose it. They well understood the dangers connected with it, since these young warriors numbered from five thousand to six thousand; and the chiefs were even suspected of being in league with the officers of the Government for suppressing and swindling their people. The traders soon learned about the Soldiers' Lodge and its object, and when the Indians wanted to buy something from them on credit, they were told to go to the Soldiers' Lodge. The Indians, compelled to ask for credit on account of their extreme need, would answer the traders: "If we could, like our women, give ourselves up to you, we could get all the credit we ask for; but, since we are men, we cannot."

And thus did the bitterness increase during the year 1862. Those who were suspected of having informed the traders and others of the doings of the society were severely persecuted, and some of them killed. Their first act of violence was committed on the 4th of August, 1862. The time for payment was up in July. The want among the assembled tribes was alarmingly on the increase. Some of them had already devoured their ponies and dogs. Six children had died of starvation within three days. Agent Galbraith traveled from

one agency to another in order to pacify them; and sometimes distributed provisions, tobacco, powder and lead. But that was not sufficient to quiet the uneasiness caused by the delay of their pay. Early in the morning of the 4th of August, some 550 young warriors, mostly members of Soldiers' Lodge, forced an entrance into the warehouse, tore down the American flag and took over 150 sacks of flour before any resistance was offered, which could have been done, since there were one hundred well-armed soldiers with two heavy cannons near by. The soldiers entered the warehouse and took possession of it whilst the Indians stood around with loaded rifles. But when the agent promised to furnish them with pork, rice and flour the following day, they did not attempt any further disturbance.

The fact that not one of the warriors was punished for this serious breach of the peace made them bold and daring; and the more so when they saw the able men among the whites leave for the South at their country's call on the 13th, 14th and 15th of August. On the 18th of August, at 8 A. M., they left New Ulm under Lieutenant Culver and Sergeant McGrew, as "Keyville Rangers," and on the same day the Indians broke out.

The time was now at hand which was to give the two Germans who had been murdered some time before numerous companions. A man named Brand had been put to death on the banks of the Little Cottonwood, six miles south of New Ulm, in the

spring of 1857, and his body was found in the brush near some Indian tepees. John B. Schmitz wanted to settle on the Reservation ten miles west of New Ulm, but on the 27th of April, 1860, while digging a cellar, he was treacherously shot and killed.

The murderer, a Sioux, was imprisoned at New Ulm. During the trial in the court-room a heavy chain was attached to his feet, and he was well guarded. At a necessary call he desired to leave the room. Constable Charles Seeler obtained the assistance of his deputy, Dr. Blecken, a renowned physician who was at one time a Lutheran minister, but is now a preacher at a free church; he is also one of the founders of New Ulm. To guard against any possible accident, a third deputy was called into service. But man proposed, and, in this instance, the Indian disposed. So soon as he was in the open air he managed to shake off his fetters, and with the swiftness of a deer the stalwart form of the Indian disappeared from before their astonished gaze. The three officers of the law, on account of the sudden and unexpected disappearance of their prisoner, were so stunned that they did not as much as remember their revolvers, which were left untouched in their official pockets. It was just at dusk and the Indian did not return. The trial was over.

Such murders and the regular escape of the perpetrators might well cause fear and anxiety among the settlers. Some of the whites would

sometimes spread false rumors of atrocious crimes, considering it a huge joke. Thus, in the year 1861, a rumor was circulated that the Indians had gone on the war-path. Settlers fled, leaving everything behind. A company of soldiers hurried to the scene. But it turned out to be a hoax. The consequence of this was that the commander at Fort Snelling, in August, 1862, when most earnestly requested to send immediate assistance, delayed doing so under the impression that the reported Indian outbreak was likewise a hoax.

CHAPTER VII.

The Outbreak in August, 1862.—Mail-carrier Miles.—Paper Money instead of Gold Coin.—A Fraudulent Agent.—A Bill without the Interested Party.—The Trader Myrick.—Mak-pe-ya-we-tah.—Instigations among the Indians.—The Assassination of the families of Jones, Baker and Webster.—A Frightful Scene.—Indians prepare.—Indian Gathering on Rice Creek.—The Signal is given.—Drafting at New Ulm.—An Attack.—Five Dead and one Mutilated.

ABOUT the middle of August, mail-carrier Miles was met by the Indians some two miles south of the lower Agency and led out of his way across the prairie, because they were holding a secret meeting in a ravine on the bank of the

Wabash River, where he would have observed them. A few days previous to this Miles noticed some newly-cut signs on the trees, apparently of great importance. . About the same time friendly Indians warned the settlers of the approaching dangers, saying: "Pakat-shi" (go away) and "Nippo" (to kill). They also made signs with their hands which the whites did not want to understand or believe. A week or so before the outbreak, a number of gaudily-decorated Indians held in the town of New Ulm those wild dances, which are always forebodings of evil. Their tomahawks and scalping-knives were sharpened. The causes of this outbreak were evidently the neglect of a prompt fulfillment of duty on the part of the Government officials, the extreme need of the Indians and delay of their annual pay. They were to receive their money in gold coin. The Government sent the money promptly to St. Paul where it remained for a long time; but the officials in whose hands it had been placed exchanged it for paper money at a great premium, in opposition to the loud protests of the Government employés at the agencies. When they were at last compelled to send the money for distribution among the Indians they sent currency instead of coin, as was stipulated. The Indians not being accustomed to handle paper money, became greatly enraged, so that the agents finally concluded to exchange it for gold. This, of course, caused a great loss, the premium being then very high. But the agents

were little concerned about this, for they intended to make the Indians pay the discount. They soon found out, however, that they had been calculating without consulting the party most deeply interested in the transaction.

The anger of the Indians increased. They did not wait till the agent at St. Paul could make the necessary exchange, (which required considerable time,) but rose up everywhere, and gave free scope to their sorely pent-up feelings of revenge. A settlement as sudden as it was violent, not in gold but in blood, was to balance the unjust accounts which had hitherto been kept between a civilized and a savage people. Suddenly and violently did the sword of vengeance fall upon the heads of those who would not believe that such could happen, even in the face of fire and sword. A proud trader named Myrick was much hated among the Indians, and they appeared in front of his store and said: "You have told us you would not give us anything on credit, though we were compelled to eat hay and ordure, or starve, during the winter. Now, then, be careful not to take water or wood from our reservation."

Myrick answered: "All right; but if you are cold, and want to warm yourselves at my stove, I will put you out of my house."

They had told the same to other traders and had received about the same answer. This was just before the outbreak.

The more friendly chiefs were no longer able to

prevent the young warriors, especially the members of Soldiers' Lodge, from committing acts of violence. On the 17th of August, some twenty Indians went from the Lower Reservation to Forest City, on a deer hunt. The chief, Wah-pe-yah-we-tah, separated himself with four Indians from the others. They originally belonged to the Upper Reservation, but were connected with Shakopee's band and had a hard name. Some six miles from Acton, and thirty miles from the Agency, one of the Indians found a hen's nest, with eggs, in a field. He took one and advised others to take the rest. But one of the four said: "They are the eggs of a tame bird and they belong to a white man. You must not touch them."

"Nonsense!" said the other, "they are not worth anything. We are hungry and are justified in taking them."

"No," responded the latter, "they do not belong to us. It is wrong to take them; we will get into trouble with the paleface."

"Oh," said the former, "you are very virtuous! You Rice-Creek Indians talk much against the whites, but you dare not take a few miserable eggs. I am not afraid, you miserable fools!"

"You must not talk about the paleface," said the other, "because he is not present. Vilify me, for I am here and am not afraid of your violent talk."

"To the devil with you and your eggs!" was the

reply more vigorous than elegant; and down came the eggs.

"That is a very brave deed," said his companion, mockingly, "to destroy a few hen's eggs. You are a coward!"

The quarrel became more earnest and more bitter as they went on. All at once they spied a heifer, and the one who had broken the eggs cried out: "You say I am a coward. I am so courageous and fear the palefaces so little that I will kill one of their heifers. Look here!"

He leveled his rifle and shot the heifer.

"You call that bravery?" said the other. "I call it a cowardly act. You destroy eggs and kill an ox. You are a woman. I am a brave man and know what bravery is. I was in the war with the Chippeways and have taken scalps.*

And thus they quarreled for a while longer till it nearly came to a fight, when the others stepped in and said:

"Since we cannot agree, we will part and take different roads. You will find out whether we are cowardly or brave. We will kill a paleface." And they separated. Soon after that they heard shots, and believing that those who had separated from

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* The Chippeways live on White Earth Reservation, in the northern part of Minnesota. Being formerly the bitter enemies of the Sioux, they were greatly tempted to take part in the outbreak under their famous chief Pozo-ne-gi-shilk (Hole-in-the-Day). They were prevented from doing so through the influence of an old Catholic Indian Missionary, Father Pierz, whereby his own life was endangered.

them had killed some of the settlers, they thought they should do the same, so as not to appear to be cowards before the others. They, however, disagreed again. They passed a vacant house; but when they came to the next, the home of R. Jones, they went in. They soon began to quarrel with him about some eatables and a gun. Jones drove them away, and they entered another house which was the home of Howard Baker, Jones' son-in-law. There were two strangers with Baker, (Mr. Webster and his wife) who had just arrived from Wisconsin with the intention of locating in that neighborhood.

The Indians asked for water and tobacco, which were given them. They were very quiet until Jones and his wife, who came to pay their daughter and son-in-law a visit, arrived. The quarrel between Jones and one of the Indians was renewed. Mrs. Baker asked her mother if she had given the Indians any whisky, to which she replied: "No, we have no whisky for such black devils as these."

The Indians seemed to have understood this answer, judging from their sudden excitement. Mrs. Webster requested Mrs. Jones to drop the matter. The Indians, however, were now ready for their deadly work. Jones was trying to sell Baker's gun to one of the Indians. The latter asked Jones to shoot and try the gun, probably with the intention of leaving an empty gun in his hands. Jones was willing to comply with this

request, and remarked that he was not afraid to shoot with any of the cursed redskins. Webster did not want to do any shooting, although he had a gun. One of the Indians said that something was wrong with the hammer of his gun, and asked him to take his off and lend it to him. After the shooting was over the Indians reloaded their guns, but Jones and Baker neglected to reload theirs. Meanwhile one of the Indians had gone toward Forest City to find out whether there were any whites in the neighborhood. When he returned, the four Indians consulted together and acted as if they wanted to leave. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Baker stood on the door-steps. Suddenly the Indians turned around, and one of them leveled his gun at Mrs. Baker. Her husband noticing this, threw himself at once between his wife and the Indian and received the deadly bullet. At the same moment Jones, Webster and Mrs. Jones were shot. When Mrs. Baker, who held a child on her arm, saw her husband drop dead, she fainted and fell backwards into the cellar, the door of which was open, and thus escaped death herself. Jones' children were also in the house, but were not noticed.

The Indians then returned to Jones' house and killed and scalped a girl. Her brother, who was lying on a bed, saw it, but did not venture to stir. Mrs. Webster hid in a covered wagon and escaped. After the Indians had left Baker's house Mrs. Baker came out of the cellar, and, with the assist-

ance of Mrs. Webster, who also came out of the wagon, placed pillows under the heads of the wounded. The situation of these poor women was deplorable. Their fright and despair, their loneliness and uncertainty of what the next moment might have in store for them, were intensified by the groans of the dying men. Jones, a strong and heavily-built man, of extraordinary height, dark complexion, dark hair and beard, with a keen eye, was the very ideal of a cavalry officer. His strong constitution wrestled with death. In his agony he filled his mouth with dust, and, with his heels, dug deep holes in the ground, begging his wife to fly with her child. But she stayed with him till he died, and then fled into the woods.

During this fearful scene a white man passed by who, being requested by the women to help them, laughed and said: "They have only the nose-bleed. The Indians will soon come and finish them." The two women, on going toward the woods, entered the house of a Norwegian. They found only a boy at home, and they sent him at once with the terrible news to Fort Ridgely, twelve miles away. But the officers had such little faith in the boy's story that they waited a considerable time before sending a messenger to Forest City, where Capt. Whitcomb had his recruits. Twelve mounted men were immediately despatched to Acton, which they reached about dusk. Having placed a wagon-box over Jones' body, to conceal

it from the danger of mutilation, they did not disturb the others till the next morning.

The report of the terrible tragedy soon spread abroad and a large crowd gathered at the place to view the remains. Meanwhile, the Indians who had separated themselves from their criminal companions and were as yet ignorant of the crime, came within sight of the place. When they saw what had happened there they fled with great speed across the swamp. The whites did not dare to follow them; but one bold man from Forest City pursued them and sent his bullets after them. One of the Indians jumped from his pony and shot back, but soon joined his companions again.

These murders and the circumstances connected with them began to open the eyes of the whites as to their dangerous surroundings. Many of the Indians were now bolder and more defiant than ever. Fourteen of them had on the Sunday previous sharpened their knives and cleaned their rifles at a place five miles from Acton. It was therefore deemed absolutely necessary to send a messenger to the Governor of the State, who soon reached St. Paul; but his story was not believed. The four Indians who had committed the crime at Acton went to Eckland's farm, near Elizabeth Lake, and stole two horses, and with these drove as speedily as possible to the camp of Chief Shakopee, which they reached before dawn of the 18th of August. Sunday, August 17th,

was, therefore, the day which marked the beginning of those awful deeds of blood through which Minnesota was suddenly made so sadly famous.

There are those who think that, when the four criminals related to their friends and relatives what they had done at Acton, the majority were of the opinion that the opportune time for a general butchery among the palefaces had come; and in case this was not done they would have to bear the consequences of the crime already committed. But the fact that during the afternoon of this memorable Sunday a great council was held on Rice Creek, to which Indians had come a distance of forty miles, is sufficient evidence that this theory is false. The tragedy and this council took place about the same time, and the Indians who gathered there had no knowledge of the crime. It is also evident that this meeting had something to do with the outbreak; for at dusk—that is, soon after the meeting—the Indians appeared in war costume, their bodies painted and decorated with feathers, and half naked, mounted on their ponies, were galloping across the prairies from tribe to tribe to give the signal which was to be so fearful in its results for the poor settlers who had ventured to establish a home near the hunting grounds of the revengeful redskins.

The outbreak was well planned throughout. The savages had become so bold about that time that the officers and soldiers who went from New Ulm to Fort Ridgely on the 17th of August

remarked that something must be going on, and that it would be well to get ready for them.

A "draft" was about this time being ordered all over the United States to replace the soldiers who had died on Southern battle-fields. The young settlement at New Ulm and vicinity sent her best men for the maintenance of the Union, never suspecting that a cruel and more formidable enemy than the rebel of the South was at her very doors. On Monday, August 18th, 1862, a number of citizens of New Ulm went toward the lower Agency to a Hall, about six miles from New Ulm, to be drafted.

The place belonged to A. Henle. They were accompanied by a band of music. Henle's place is located south of the Minnesota on the edge of the prairie and hard by the road which runs along the edge of the forest. When the company from New Ulm had nearly reached Henle's house the joyful strains of music were suddenly changed into profound sorrow and wailing. A few hundred steps from the place is a ravine which carries the waters of the prairie through the forest to the Minnesota River. The entrance to the ravine is thickly covered with timber close up to the bridge which spans it. When the teams approached the bridge several shots were fired from the ravine. Indians had been lying in wait for them. Three of the company fell dead—John Schneider, Julius Fenske and A. Diederich. A man named Haupt lost one of his eyes, and another named Steinle

was mortally wounded and died near Belle Plain on his way to St. Paul. The first two teams were captured by the Indians. Those who could, fled across the prairie. The others were quickly turned and driven in all haste back to New Ulm. This took place between 11 and 12 A. M. It was impossible for them to offer resistance, not one of them being armed. While the shooting was going on, those in the rear of the train were in the act of picking up Joseph Messner, who but a few minutes before had been wounded by the Indians and had not been noticed by the others at the time. Besides other fatal wounds inflicted on him, they had cut off one of his arms and one of his ears. He was brought back to town, but he died after suffering great agony for twenty-four hours.

Just then three well-armed men arrived from Garden City. They had heard rumors there about a massacre, but they believed them to have been originated by a few drunken men. When they were shown the mutilated body of Joseph Messner they began to think differently.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Lower Agency.—Preparations for War Noticed.—Wagner and Lamb Killed.—Attack on Myrick's Store.—Imposing Ruins.—Pierced by Arrows.—Trader Killed.—Crossing the River the only Safety.—Fenske's Wonderful Escape.—Anton Manderfeld's Adventure in Big Stone Lake.—A Half-breed.—Po-kat-shi.—Flight.—Nephew's Death.—Escape to Fort Ridgely.—News of the Outbreak at the Fort.—Captain John S. Marsh.—Attack at the Ferry.—Captain Marsh's Sad End.—"Little Priest."—News to the Savages of the Upper Agency.—Chief "Other Day."—Saving of Sixty Whites.

ON the same day (Monday, August 18th), between 6 and 7 A. M., the whites on the lower Agency could see that the Indians had something in view. During the previous day they had been carrying on their dances amidst extraordinary excitement and a terrible uproar. The road leading to the agency was that morning crowded with Indians decked out for war. The majority were painted in gaudy colors—many of them quite naked—and they carried, besides ammunition, the never-to-be-forgotten medicine bottle. All were well armed. After the workmen who were employed at the agency had taken their breakfast at the restaurant one of them remarked: "Boys, there is something up with the Indians. Things are not as they ought to be." His companion

answered: "Bosh! what do you imagine? They will probably hold one of their sham battles."

But most of these understood the state of affairs, and the foreman gave orders at once to have the sheep and cattle brought in without delay.

During that time the Indians were quietly trying to get the Government horses at the agency into their hands. John Lamb had some fine animals under his care. He ran into the barn just as the Indians were leading them out as unconcernedly as if they were their own. At the same time many of the whites came towards the barn for the purpose of getting the horses for their own flight, as there could no longer exist any doubts as to the hostile intentions of the Indians. Lamb was decidedly opposed to the Indians taking his horses, and in his excitement hastily grasped a pitchfork and thrust it into the body of the one who was taking the animals. Firing commenced at once, and A. H. Wagner, who was wounded, ran a short distance from the barn and fell dead. Lamb and another man were killed on the spot.

The attack at the lower Agency, twenty-eight miles northwest of New Ulm, in Redwood County, took place at the same time. The first shot was fired near Myrick's store at his clerk, James Lynde. When the Indians came and saw him standing at the door, one of them cried out: "Now I will kill the dog that did not want to sell me anything on credit," and the shot was fired. Lynde was a well-educated man and a member of the Legisla-

ture. Two more of Myrick's employés, Divall and Fritz, were killled. Myrick's son ran up-stairs and hid among large boxes where the Indians were afraid to go. When he understood from their talk that they intended to set fire to the building, he forced his way through the roof and, descending to the ground by means of the lightning rod, escaped. Myrick saved his life in the same way.

That Agency was situated on the high and romantic south bank of the Minnesota. The great stone warehouse, and the imposing ruins of the large Episcopal church which had been erected from funds belonging to the Indians, leave a melancholy impression upon the passer-by. Both were built of heavy stone. North of the Agency there is a steep incline down to the river bottom. The incline is traversed by ravines and covered with trees and shrubbery. On the south end of this the houses of the Agency were built; and such as had a chance to escape found refuge in this shrubbery from which they could enter the forest, and, in twenty minutes, reach the river where there was a large ferry-boat. Some Winnebago Indians sent their arrows after the flying Myrick without effect. But just as he reached the woods he was shot by a Sioux. Myrick was found dead at that place, his body pierced with many arrows and a scythe. Many of the whites fell at the first attack, because not one of the forty or fifty men at the Agency was prepared to offer any resistance. The traders, who had a great deal to do with the out-

break, and who were objects of most intense hatred, were the first victims. Joseph Belland and A. Young were killed near Forbes' place of business; Brusson was killed in Roberts' store, and La Vatte, a trader, and his clerk were killed in his own store. George Spencer escaped death through the intercession of a friendly Indian who commanded his would-be assassins to depart. Bourat, a clerk in Forbes' store, ran up-stairs; but when he heard the Indians say that they wanted to go up and kill him, he ran down with incredible speed and escaped. After running about a hundred yards he received the contents of a shot-gun in one of his feet. The Indians ran up to him and tore every vestige of clothing from his body. Being in a hurry, they rolled a heavy log upon him, saying that they would soon return and cut him to pieces. He, however, managed to get out from under the log and escaped. Many saved their lives by a timely and lucky flight to the Minnesota. But as soon as the ferry-boat reached the opposite bank once it did not return, and many of those who had made their escape thus far were shot down like wild beasts by the relentless Sioux, who traversed the woods in all directions. Some even escaped on the ropes of the ferry. Among these was Joseph Schneider, a brother of John Schneider who was shot near Henle's place.

A remarkable but difficult and painful escape was that of John Fenske. At the moment when Wagner and Lamb fell dead near the barn, an

arrow pierced Fenske's back. Unable to run far he hid in a hay-loft. He extracted the arrow himself, but the point which was about three inches long remained in the wound, causing fearful pain. When he noticed from his hiding-place that no white man was alive on the Agency and that the devouring flames were approaching nearer and nearer to him, he came down from the loft, and, wrapping himself in a blanket, crept away. It was about 4 P. M. The Indians were too busy with plundering to notice him. Covered with the blanket, and the way in which he was compelled to walk on account of his excessive pain, gave him the appearance of a squaw. A burning house between him and the plundering Indians was another circumstance in his favor. But he was obliged to fly towards the prairie where he met some Indians driving cattle, and they requested him to help them. These took him for a squaw. He reached the Big Wabasha River, a gathering place for the Indians. Following the bank of that river he expected to cross the Minnesota below the Agency and escaped to Fort Ridgely, to which place all the fugitives directed their steps. Fenske was, however, held up by an Indian on horseback who shot at him three times but without effect. The superstitious Indian believed him to be a magician, and, stricken with fear, he hurried away as fast as his pony could carry him. Fenske reached Fort Ridgely only on the fourth day on account of his excessive pain, and the point of the

arrow was removed. He recovered and was afterwards City Marshal of New Ulm. On his way to the Fort he entered a house, hoping to find some white people and get some nourishment; but all had fled, leaving a kettle with meat on the hearth. When he left that place again he looked around in hopes of seeing some one, and he noticed several Indians busily engaged in plundering a house near by. He also noticed that Indians had killed a heifer close to where he stood. It did not take him long to decide upon going further.

Anton Manderfeld, born in the village of Manderfeld, near Cologne, on the Rhine, came with his numerous relatives to New Ulm during the fifties. * There are at present a great many members of the Manderfeld family engaged in agriculture throughout the Cottonwood settlement, some four miles southwest of New Ulm.

In the beginning of July, 1862, Anton Manderfeld, accompanied by his brother Henry, his nephew Hillias and George Loth, went with two ox-teams and a large amount of provisions from New Ulm to Big Stone Lake. At Beaver Falls, some forty miles from New Ulm, they took John Schmerch, sixteen years old, along as cook. They

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*The author is much indebted to Mr. Manderfeld for a great deal of valuable information. Having for many years resided at the agencies he was intimately acquainted with the successes and reverses of the Indians, and also with the actions of the agents and their employés.

intended to work for the Indians at Big Stone Lake under agent Galbraith.

Manderfeld had a fair command of the Indian language, and, after his arrival at Big Stone Lake, was almost daily visited by a half-breed named Hypolite Campbell. About two weeks before the outbreak, Campbell arrived at the tent with the information that the Cut-heads, a cross-breed between the Yanktons and Sissetons, (everywhere known and feared as dangerous characters), had entered and robbed the warehouse at Yellow Medicine, and had expressed their intention of murdering all the whites. When Manderfeld and his friends became alarmed and wanted to leave the place, Campbell said he would quiet the Indians and avert all danger from them. The next morning the Indians came towards their camp. Campbell went to meet them and gave them a sack of flour, fifty pounds of pork and ten pounds of sugar, although the little company were themselves sorely in need of the provisions.

Early in the morning of the 21st of August, an Indian awoke Manderfeld and his companions, and in great excitement said: "Pokatshi (go away), the Indians will kill you. From Big Stone Lake to New Ulm no paleface shall be spared." His tent was located in the woods near the lake shore. Manderfeld jumped up, and, looking out of his tent, noticed in the distance the Indians coming at great speed. Hardly had he informed his friends when the Indians stood before the tent.

Near by was a little pond. He ran a few steps from the tent. The Indians had already surrounded it, keeping their guns covered with blankets because it had been raining during the night. He stood still for a moment listening with great fear for his friends. Then one of the Indians uncovered his gun and fired at him; but he had presence of mind enough to jump into the pond, and thus escaped. The Indian missed him but hit the tree near which he was standing. Since no one followed him he was curious enough to turn back, and, creeping up a steep incline, looked towards the tent. He saw his brother run away from it and drop dead. He then heard a second and a third shot and a piercing cry, probably from the dying cook. He now fled in great haste into the forest, but soon found himself on the prairie again, the woods being only half a mile wide. He stood still for a moment, not knowing what to do. He knew the country and could see no way of safety, there being Indian tepees everywhere. But he ran along the lake shore for about half a mile and there met his nephew who had made his escape. They hurriedly planned their flight. Manderfeld was in favor of hiding in the tall grass on the shore, and told his nephew that they had no other way of escape. Hardly had he said this when they noticed a canoe coming towards them. Manderfeld begged his nephew to lie down in the grass and hide himself, but he was so frightened that he did not

know what he was doing and began to run away. Ten minutes passed, and Manderfeld, who was lying concealed in the grass, heard a few fearful yells and three shots in succession. At that moment the nephew was probably breathing his last.

Manderfeld got safely away from the Indians, who were looking for him in the grass and at times came very close to him. He fled that night and reached the Minnesota River, north of Big Stone Lake, next morning at the break of day. From there he had to go at least sixty or seventy miles to the nearest settlement. Hungry, half naked, and with bleeding feet he reached the house of a half-breed named Launche, near Lac qui Parle, with whom he was well acquainted. There he learned from La Fromboise, another half breed, that the Indians were killing all the settlers below the River and that New Ulm was probably taken. He had something to eat and begged for protection; but the half-breeds told him he had to leave, for if the Indians found a white man with them they would all have to die. They gave him a pair of moccasins to make it possible for him to walk, and he left the place immediately.

Having a strange country to traverse, and trying to avoid meeting with Indians, he often had to walk for hours and then find himself at the same place from which he started. Ten days after he left the half-breeds he found General Sibley near Fort Ridgely, and was safe. But he was not the

same man he had been ten days before. Nakedness, hunger, thirst, cold, fear and sleepless nights worked terrible changes upon him. Most of this trip was made at night for fear of being detected by the Indians during the daytime. Mr. Manderfeld now lives with his family near New Ulm.

The report of the outbreak on the 18th of August had reached Fort Ridgely at 9 P. M. of the same day. Captain John S. Marsh immediately dispatched a courier after a company of soldiers who had left the Fort early in the morning under Lieutenant Shehan to go to Fort Ripley on the Upper Mississippi. Another detachment of about fifty who were on their way to Fort Snelling were hurriedly called back, there being left in the Fort only one company of about eighty men. This was Company B, of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers.

Expecting that both detachments could be overtaken in time, and intending to frighten the Indians on the scene of their first cruelties, Captain Marsh left the Fort with forty-six men, accompanied by interpreter Quinn, and hurried towards the Agency a distance of about twelve miles. Not far from the Agency they had to march up the Minnesota on the north side to reach the ferry belonging to one Martell, on which they expected to cross the river. Martell met the detachment below the ferry and told them the best thing they could do would be to return to the Fort as quick as possible, because the Indians were roaming about in large numbers, killing and burning everything in their

way. The heroic Captain Marsh would not listen to any such advice, because he thought it was his duty to protect the helpless settlers, which he was well able to do.

Being near the scene of so much bloodshed, many of the soldiers were now struck with a strange and sudden fear. And this fear was still more increased on going up towards the ferry and finding corpses there frightfully mutilated. On reaching the house of Martell the soldiers were placed in two lines. Some of them were ordered to go down to the river and see whether the ferry was in order. A favorable report having being brought back, the soldiers refreshed themselves by drinking of the water that was brought to them from the river. Poor men! This was to be their last refreshment, and their presentiment was soon to be realized.

By this time an Indian was seen on the other bank of the river, who said there was no danger, and they could come over. Probably the Indians judged from the actions of the soldiers that they were undecided what to do and might not cross the river, whilst they were lying concealed in the grass, only wishing and waiting for them to board the ferry all together. Interpreter Quinn was leaning against Martell's house. Captain Marsh, who was riding a mule and was only a few steps away from Quinn, suspecting something, commanded the soldiers not to leave the place until he could ascertain whether there were any Indians

hiding themselves near by. No doubt, this command was understood by some of the Indians, especially by Chief Little Crow, who was quite near, and he at once gave a sign to open fire on the soldiers. In a short but terrible moment one-half of the soldiers fell to the ground dead or wounded. Captain Marsh lost his mule, but Quinn was pierced by about twenty bullets and an arrow. The remaining soldiers fired at the Indians, but they managed to hide so well that only one was killed and five were wounded. The Captain fled with only nine men about two miles down the Minnesota, where he noticed that the Indians were trying to cut them off from the Fort. He could not see any other way of escape than the other side of the river, and with his few men tried to ford it, defending himself as best he could with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. Coming to where the river was deep he began to sink. When his faithful men came to assist him they noticed that he was shot, and the brave captain disappeared under the waters. The nine soldiers reached the Fort safe. Twenty-four of their companions were lying dead on the field; the deadly bullet and the fearful tomahawk and scalping-knife had done their terrible work. Only a few of them hid in the grass till they could get a chance to escape.

The worst fate was that of the wounded who fell into the hands of the savages, and who were made

to suffer all manner of cruelties and tortures until death released them.

Nine of the Winnebago Indians took part in this outbreak; and "Little Priest" himself, one of the most prominent chiefs, shot at the soldiers. The most horrible cruelties of that day may be ascribed to the so-called civilized or Christian Indians, because they wanted thereby to remove from themselves every suspicion that they were in any way in sympathy with the palefaces.

On the same day the Indians sent messengers to the tribes of the Upper Agency, who at first did not want to believe the report. But when other messengers arrived and confirmed the statement, they immediately held a council meeting. It was agreed that it was well to fight the palefaces, but they did not all thirst alike after the blood of the whites. Some of them were in favor of extermination. Chief Other Day, a civilized Indian, opposed this. "It is true," he said, "you can easily put to death a few defenceless whites—perhaps five, ten, or even a hundred. But what if your whole country be filled with soldiers, and no hope left to you but an uncertain flight? Some of you think you have horses; but what will become of those who have no horses?"

Meanwhile another messenger arrived with the news of the attack at the ferry. The council broke up immediately, and the Yanktons, Sissetons and some Wahpetons hurried to the homes of the set-

tlers to attack them. Other Day, one of the noblest of the chiefs, led his wife by the hand, and, with his gun on his shoulder, went quickly to the settlers to give them timely warning. He succeeded in bringing some sixty persons into the warehouse, and he and four of his relatives stood guard before it during all the night. Next morning, when the Indians were in the act of attacking and plundering Garvi's store, the daring chief managed to bring his protegés, twenty men and forty-two women and children, across the river without being noticed by the warriors. They were now out of immediate danger, and they fled into the neighboring settlements. Other Day became thereafter an object of intense hatred to his own people, and his life was in danger on account of his friendship for the settlers. He was married to a white woman.

CHAPTER IX.

Massacre continued.—Theresa Henle's Account.—Death of Benedict Drexler.—Mrs. Henle saved.—Twenty-one of one Family Massacred.—Massapust's Tragic End.—A Sick Woman shot in Bed.—Blood-thirstiness of the Indians.—Panic among the Settlers.—A Number of Fugitives.—Means of Defending New Ulm.—Commander Jacob Nix.—Sheriff Charles Roos.—Living and Dead brought to Town.—Arms.—A Scythe and Pitchfork Company.—New Ulm Barricaded.—More Fugitives brought in.

FROM the Agency the bloody demon sent the Indians all around into the homes of the whites, carrying with them terror and death. The settlers living far apart and having no knowledge of the approaching danger were killed without even a witness to report their sad end. Only a few managed to escape, and from some hiding-place witnessed the assassination of their friends and relatives. Mrs. Theresa Henle, wife of Anton Henle, into whose house the citizens of New Ulm intended to go when they were attacked on their way, tells the following story:

"My husband, Anton, went to New Ulm on the 18th of August, intending to return soon to haul in some wheat, because it was a very fine day. Besides running a farm we kept a sort of stopping-place for travelers. A Frenchman who had

remained over night left our house at 9 o'clock, intending to go to the Lower Agency, a distance of about twenty miles. Several men who were hauling freight for him to that place had left our house earlier. Nothing extraordinary happened except that at about 10 o'clock, the Frenchman returned and drove towards New Ulm as fast as he could. It was very strange to see him thus pass our place without even a single look towards it, since he was never known to pass without calling in. Towards noon I went to my mother, who lived near us, to get some lettuce. On returning home I noticed three naked Indians, and went back to warn my mother. I found her in the garden. As soon as I approached her she was shot, and, falling down, she cried aloud: 'O Theresa!' Seized with terror I ran towards my house, fearing for my children. I found three Indians in the house. One of them jumped at me, but I ran down the incline into the woods which was only a little way off. There I stood for a while not knowing what to do. I understood now why the Frenchman had returned in such haste. Filled with a desire to save at least my baby, I went back towards the house, but noticed too many Indians around to be able to do anything. I then went to a neighbor's, Benedict Drexler, whose house was about thirty rods from ours. I went in through the window, and found no one at home. Later on, Drexler was found beheaded in the field. His wife and children were in the corn-field. The Indians shot

at her but she fled. When I heard the shooting I ran into the woods in order to get back to mother, but saw a large number of Indians who were putting up a red and white flag. I turned back again into the woods and remained in the dry bed of a creek, from which place I could hear the rattling of the wagons coming from New Ulm, and also the shots that were fired at them by the Indians, because I was hardly five hundred steps from the place where the Indians were lying in ambush. I remained there, tortured with the most terrible thoughts about my husband and children, which troubled me more than my own misery. Whilst sitting there, neglected and forlorn, my two dogs came up to me trembling. Towards evening I heard the voice of my husband in the direction of the house calling me, and I came forth from my hiding-place."

Anton Henle also wanted to get to his place with the recruiting party, but he had to return to New Ulm, as has been related. When, towards evening, a volunteer company which had been organized in a hurry at New Ulm went out to protect and assist the settlers, Henle was among them. He did not expect to find a member of his family alive. In his house there reigned the silence of death, and nothing but destruction was visible. What joy must have filled his heart when he heard the voice of his wife in response to his pitiful cries! One of his children, a girl of four, they found dead, and a servant-girl of eighteen,

beheaded. A child, eight years old, who had been with its grandmother, was found dead without any wound; the child probably died from fright. One of his boys, Martin, a lad of twelve, was found by Conrad Zeller. He had seventeen wounds upon his body but was still alive. He died two weeks later.

The boy related that when he was running away a mounted Indian kept galloping at his side, striking him with a tomahawk, until at last, being completely exhausted by pain and loss of blood, he fell to the ground; and the Indian, believing him to be dead, rode away.

The number of Henle's relatives killed on that day amounted to twenty-one. Among them were: Martin Fink and his wife Monica; Max Fink and his nephew, and Martin Merkle (Max Fink was Athanasius Henle's father-in-law); Max Zeller and his wife Lucretia, daughter of Martin Fink, and their four children; John and Barbara Zettel and their four children, (Barbara Zettel was a sister of Lucretia Zeller); Anton and Mary Anne Messmer; Anton Henle's children, Martin, Anton and Mary. Finally, Florian Hartman, brother-in-law of the Henle's. Hartman came from Voralberg, Zettel from Mittel-Biberach, and all the others from Erbach in Wurtemberg. Hardly have there ever been so many members of one family so cruelly massacred on one and the same day, and their names deserve to be handed down in the history of New Ulm.

The German family of Massapust, immigrants from Bohemia, met with a sad death on the same day. Father, mother and two daughters were massacred in a most cruel manner, the two latter having suffered the most horrible and shameful outrages at the hands of the Indian warriors. Only one boy eight years old fled and was saved. According to report, he was murdered by the Sioux several years afterwards, having killed a number of Indians, which he had vowed to do as an act of revenge for the death of his family. Massapust's house was located near Henle's place, eight miles from New Ulm.

Caroline, wife of Joseph Stocker, *née* Zicher, likewise from Erbach, Wurtemberg, was lying sick when the Indians reached her house. She had always been kind to them, and properly thought that they might spare her. But, no; she was unmercifully shot in her bed, and her body burnt with the house. Her husband fled with the ten-year-old Caecilia Ochs into the cellar. The Indians fastened the door and set the house on fire. In their despair the two prisoners opened with a shingle a place under the sill of the burning building and escaped into the woods without being noticed by the savages.

Florian Hartman and one Rohner, a Swiss, who was working for him, were shot in the field on the same day. The mother of Carl Pelzl, the parents of Louis Thilling and one Haag, were also killed in the same neighborhood. Pelzl's father was

seriously wounded and died later. All these families lived in the same district, six to eight miles northwest of New Ulm. Only a few from that settlement made their escape. Among these were Athanasius Henle, who had received timely warning and fled with his wife and children on horseback through the woods and across the Minnesota river. The families of Casimir and Ochs, and Conrad Zeller, also escaped.

The beginning of the massacre was made at Massapust's, their house being located on the road between New Ulm and the Lower Agency, and was first reached by the Indians who came from there. Like blood-thirsty tigers they soon covered the whole settlement, so that the attack upon the different families happened almost at the same time, and one neighbor could not warn the other. Many of them had so little fear of an outbreak that they hesitated to believe the report even when it was confirmed by the smoke of burning buildings. The settlements not touching this road were more fortunate. Such was the so-called Luxemburg settlement, some four miles south of Henle's place, and the Cottonwood settlement south of New Ulm, to whom fugitives brought timely warning.

The panic among the settlers, their helplessness, fright and despair cannot be described. The prairie was covered with men on horseback, carrying the terrible news from house to house, and cries of fear and woe were rending the air. The

most necessary articles of furniture that could be easily carried were picked up, and the dear home was deserted, and everybody hurried to the town of New Ulm, their eyes continually wandering over the prairies in quest of the dreadful enemy. Some did not even take time to get their teams or anything else in order. Others, intent only upon saving their lives, fled as soon as they heard the rifle shots and saw columns of fire.

Towards the evening of August 18th, a perfect stream of fugitives began to pour into New Ulm. The excitement was greatly increased at the sight of the mutilated bodies that were brought into town from Milford (Henle's settlement). There could be no longer any doubt about the approaching danger. The cry: "Fly, for the Indians have gone on the war-path!" now had a terrible meaning to the minds of the settlers. New Ulm, Fort Ridgely, and, further down, Mankato and St. Peter were the desired places of refuge for the settlers. Since Fort Ridgely was soon surrounded by the Indians, and Mankato and St. Peter were too distant (these places lie from twenty-eight to thirty miles east), New Ulm had to shelter most of the fugitives.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of August 18th, Jacob Nix reached Pfaender's place on the road from Fort Ridgely to New Ulm, where he notified the wife and children of the outbreak. Pfaender was at that time amid the scenes of war in the South. They would not believe the report until

Nix began to put the children and some bedding into his wagon, assuring the poor woman that the Indians might be upon them at any moment. Having a good team of horses he soon reached town with his charge. Approaching New Ulm, where the outbreak had been reported a few hours previous, he mistook one of the out-lying pickets for an Indian, and in his excitement was about to open fire on him when he discovered that it was a friend of his named Rudolph.

When he arrived in town he found the citizens organizing a volunteer company, for which purpose one Ezeigowitz, formerly an Austrian soldier, placed fifty men in line in front of the Dakota House. As soon as Nix* made his appearance he was unanimously elected commander of the company. He was known as an old soldier who had been through a war in Algiers, and had at one time been captain of a company during a revolution. Sheriff Roos administered the formal oath. A few days later, however, Ch. E. Flandreau took command. But Sheriff Roos believed the murders to have been committed by a few drunken Indians; and consequently it would be his duty as Sheriff to imprison the offenders. Accompanied by twenty-five men he immediately started out towards the scene of the massacre, six miles from town. When they saw the dead

*Jacob Nix is from the village of Bingen-on-the-Rhine. He was later a captain uuder Sully in one of the Indian wars in the west. He still resides in New Ulm.

bodies covered with blood and terribly mutilated, and being themselves attacked by some of the Indians from a distance, they changed their minds and believed it to be a real outbreak. Then they began to look for and gather the dead and wounded, and carried them to New Ulm. So far, the Sheriff's erroneous idea about the matter served a good purpose. When the wagons carrying the wounded and the dead reached New Ulm, the excitement among the people also reached its climax. Considering the state of affairs as they then stood, it could easily be seen that the worst was yet to come. Many wanted to leave town immediately, others thought differently. These did not want to give up their homes so easily, and it was to be expected that many more people from the country would seek refuge in town. Their means for defending the town against an attack were, however, very poor. Still they could more easily defend themselves behind barricades in town than on the open prairie; and if they would try to go St. Peter or Mankato, a distance of about thirty miles, they would most likely be attacked by the Indians on the way.

It was now Monday evening, and strict orders were given to provide all possible means of defense. Fugitives were captured and brought back. They began to throw up a breast-work, and sent Henry Bohnke and Schwerdtfeger as couriers to St. Peter and Mankato, asking for immediate assistance. These preparations infused

courage and hope into the fearfully-excited minds of the people, although they did not have more than fifty guns for defense. Many of these were old, rusty and useless concerns, such as peaceful settlers keep at their homes more for ornament than for use. There were only twelve rifles, and the fate of two thousand persons was depending upon them. In their extreme need they looked for other means of defense. Anything that might serve to frighten the enemy was considered good for the purpose. Here could be seen (what one would look for in vain among a regular militia), several companies armed with axes, scythes and pitchforks.

On account of the residences in New Ulm being far apart, except those on Minnesota street, which was then the main street of the city, they had to limit their fortifications to about four blocks. There were only three brick houses in New Ulm at the time. They belonged to Forster, Flick and Erd, respectively, and were chosen as places of refuge for the women and children, and included in the fortified section of the town. Wettendorf also had a brick house; but it was too far out to serve any good purpose. The work of building fortifications went on during the whole night, from the 18th to the 19th of August. Old wagons, barrels, logs, fuel, etc., were used in building a barricade. Women and children were engaged in casting bullets. The anxious labors of the citizens of New Ulm during those eventful hours, the

necessary fires that were kept up, the numerous pickets that had been sent out, the coming in of fugitives, all telling different but equally sad stories, must have made a weird impression upon those peaceful settlers who were far from being accustomed to such scenes as these.

CHAPTER X.

August 19th.—Indians Besiege the Town.—To the Barricades!—Reinforcements.—Rain at the Right Time.—Daring Americans: Many lose their Lives.—Sad Hearts in Town.—New Reinforcements at Midnight.—Captain Flandreau.—The Morning after a Restless Night.

ON Tuesday morning, August 19th, the people began to breathe easier. A night of anxiety and care, during which they expected a cruel and unmerciful enemy to fall upon them at any moment, had now passed away. At the break of day H. Brockman, a surveyor, placed himself on the flat roof of Erd's residence, and by means of a telescope examined the country around New Ulm. About 11 o'clock families arriving from the Cottonwood settlement reported that the Indians were beginning to cut the fugitives off from New Ulm. In order to assist these, one Spencer was sent out with twelve men armed with rifles; and fourteen

others were sent out under one Prunk, armed with double-barrelled shotguns. The latter returned with a large number of fugitives from the Cottonwood settlement. The first party that went out did not return; they had gone on too far. Their absence caused great uneasiness, because they had taken with them the only good arms that New Ulm had.

Meanwhile Mr. Swift, since then Governor of Minnesota, came to town from St. Paul, with five others, on business. According to the custom of those days they were well armed and provided with excellent rifles. No sooner had they learned the state of affairs than they wanted to turn back; but they were finally persuaded by Captain Nix to remain.

About 3 P. M. Brockman gave information that in the direction of the Agency, near Hoffman's farm, Indians could be seen riding out on the open prairie. Excitement and terrible fear now reigned supreme once more. The Indians came from a northwesterly direction towards New Ulm, from the side where the cemeteries are now located. They kept close together as they came on their ponies; but when within a short distance from town they separated, and in a few moments the place was surrounded. This scene was well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the people. The Indians were almost naked, covered only with their hideous war-paint. Every movement indicated their savage thirst for blood.

They filled the air with barbarous yells, and boldly challenged the white man, the representative of culture and civilization, to a fight. What a sight for a poor, helpless people to behold! Woe to the white man who fell into the hands of so terrible a foe!

Captain Nix immediately ordered his men to the barricades. At first he could gather only twenty men, and but six of these had the courage to fall into line. The Indians had approached, and, throwing themselves upon the ground, commenced firing, which made sad havoc among the defenders. Against their magnificent rifles the arms of the settlers were a mere nothing. Captain Nix received a bullet in the right hand which shattered one of his fingers. The fourteen-year-old daughter of one Pauly, who, out of curiosity, had left Erd's residence to see the beginning of the fight, was hit by this same bullet, which entered her forehead and killed her instantly.

Spencer's detachment very fortunately returned at the beginning of the fight. They brought with them many fugitives, and, united together, they forced their way into town. The fight lasted about two hours. The Indians numbered several hundred. But these seemed to have been only the advance guard of the army, who boldly attempted to take and plunder the town before the others could arrive. Three houses were set on fire during the attack, of which Bellin's residence was the first. A heavy rain was pouring down, and

this had a great deal to do with the saving of the town. Frederic Penser received a wound on his neck from the effects of which he was a constant sufferer up to the time of his death, in May, 1876. He left a large family.

As soon as the fight was over and the Indians had retreated, the first reinforcements arrived from St. Peter, consisting of twenty-five horsemen under the command of Boardman. The proposal of Captain Nix that these twenty-five men should pursue the Indians was not accepted.

The same day several citizens met with a very sad death. Under various pretexts they left New Ulm in the morning. Over a dozen armed men, among whom were Carroll, Tuttle, Thomas, Loomis Bros., Ives, Kirby, Coon, Lemon, Lamb and Hinton, left New Ulm. Neither the advice of their friends nor the fact that the defense of the town was thereby considerably weakened could prevent them from leaving. Moreover, they believed they were well able to defend themselves against a considerable number of Indians. Their homes were west of New Ulm, near Iberia, on the Cottonwood, and they wanted to go there to save their friends and the families they had left behind. Some of them had come to New Ulm on business, not being aware of the outbreak. Partly out of curiosity, and partly with the intention of warning the settlers, they entered several houses on their way. Everywhere they went they found the bodies of the dead. Here and there they dis-

covered children, many of whom were wounded; and these they took with them. When they reached their homes they found neither Indians nor whites. On their way back to New Ulm they separated, some going south and others north of the Cottonwood, towards town, in order to discover and save some of the settlers who were said to have been dispersed over the prairie by the Indians. They had agreed to unite again at Tuttle's place and return to town together. When the first party, who had been searching on the north side of the Cottonwood, reached Tuttle's place, they found that the other party had already left for town. A man coming from New Ulm told them that he had met the others on the way.

When the second party, among whom were Carroll, Loomis, Lamb, Ryan, (who had in the meantime joined them), Hinton and a Norwegian, noticed a fire in the neighborhood of New Ulm, they became suspicious and looked for the Indians. As soon as they reached the plateau west of New Ulm, stretching for about a mile from north to south, Hinton rode far enough in advance of the others to see the town from a hill. Returning to his companions he said that the town had just been attacked by the Indians, and proposed to take another road and fly to Mankato. This advice was rejected by the majority who reproached him for cowardice. They took a good view of the town and its surroundings, and could see only a few Indians. From there a good road leads to

New Ulm; first across a swamp, then over a piece of slowly-rising prairie, on the east side of which it leads directly into town. They could have reached there in five minutes if the road had been clear. Carroll proposed that they force their way, and Hinton took the lead. When they came to the foot of the hill, near the swamp, they noticed two Indians who had been hiding behind a big rock leveling their rifles at the first horseman. Hinton drew his revolver and drove them back. But when they reached the other side of the swamp, those Indians who were hiding in the grass opened fire on them. Carroll, Almond, Loomis, Lamb, Ryan and the Norwegian fell dead at the first volley; the other two escaped into town. The second half of the expedition came about half an hour later and approached the place where so many of their companions had just lost their lives. Not seeing Indians anywhere, they had no idea that at the end of the swamp they would run into a terrible trap. But no sooner had they left the east end of the swamp and were within a short distance of town than suddenly more than a hundred blood-thirsty savages rose up from the tall grass and poured into them a shower of bullets. Six men and five horses fell dead. Thomas escaped. His horse was shot under him, but throwing away his gun he ran and reached town safely. An Indian sent two shots after him, but the bullets only struck the ground and covered him with dust. He was the

only one of the second portion of that expedition who brought the news of the terrible fate of his companions to New Ulm. Two of the first party escaped by jumping on the front part of a wagon. The horses had become frightened and ran furiously towards town. Near the present site of the Lutheran church one of the men was shot and fell from the wagon, where he lay all night. He was mortally wounded and died the next morning; the other clung to the pole and reached town unharmed.

The place near the swamp gave evidence of the fight. Pieces of broken rifles were lying around on the trampled ground, and everywhere were traces of the fearful struggles of the dying men. A large stone marks the place to this day. On the body of one of them, who was not discovered till a few weeks later, a pocket-book with $800 was found. He had probably been seriously wounded, and, creeping away into a thicket to conceal himself, he died there. Thus was the fool-hardiness of these men, who were so eager to show their courage, terribly punished.

The loss of so many strong and courageous citizens and the gain for the Indians of so many rifles were not calculated to ease the minds of the terrified people. The heavy rain storm that came towards evening was a great blessing, for the Indians were thereby prevented from keeping up the siege and the danger of fire was lessened. The great uneasiness which overcame all when night approached was succeeded by much joy, for

about midnight the watchmen announced the arrival of a large troop of horsemen. At first some were afraid they might be reinforcements for the hostiles. But the joyful tidings were soon announced that they were the men who, under command of the noble Chas. E. Flandreau, had come from St. Peter and Le Sueur to risk their lives in the defense of their neighbors. Their arrival brought joy to every heart. The town now had 150 able defenders, well armed. This was about midnight of Tuesday and Wednesday. There were now some 1500 persons in the fortified quarters of the town. Every available place was occupied. Flandreau was chosen commander-in-chief. He brought with him four physicians, Drs. Ayer and Mayo from Le Sueur, and Drs. McMahon and Daniels from St. Peter. These relieved the overburdened Dr. Weshke, who had been up to that time the only physician in New Ulm.

On Wednesday steps were taken to provide the necessary supplies. The barricades were improved and everything was done to be able to successfully resist the attack which was momentarily expected. During the day fifty volunteers arrived from Mankato under Captain Bierbauer, and an equal number from Le Sueur. Nothing more could be seen of the Indians in the vicinity of New Ulm during those painful hours. Those who had been killed near town the day previous were picked up and buried and the wounded brought in and nursed.

CHAPTER XI.

Siege of Fort Ridgely.—Little Crow.—Christian Indians Equally Cruel.—Little Crow's Plan.—Confusion at the Fort.—Shehan and Jones.—Serious Defense.—Fear of the Besieged.—Scarcity of Water.—Rain at the Proper Moment.—Help Arrives.—The Indians Raise the Siege. —Dr. Alfred Mueller and his Devoted Wife.

ON that day, Wednesday, August 20th, Chief Little Crow made an attack upon Fort Ridgely, situated about eighteen miles northwest of New Ulm. The assault was made between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just as soon as the Indians who had attacked New Ulm had returned and joined him.

Little Crow, the leader in the outbreak, belonged to the civilized Indians. As such he had been at Washington several times in connection with Indian affairs. He was shrewd, calculating and talented; but his ambition knew no bounds. Though civilized, and like many others acting the part of a civilized man while concealing his real nature, he was so intimately acquainted with Indian affairs, and understood so well the numerous and notorious wrongs which they had suffered at the hands of white men, that he hated them with a most bitter hatred.

LITTLE CROW, (TA-O-AH-TA-DOO-TA.)

Christianity (as it was officially presented to them by the Protestant ministers, Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs) had very little or no influence with him or any of the other so-called Christian Indians. Even the two missionaries who had for many years preached the gospel to the Indians at the expense of the Government had to fly with the others as soon as they had gone on the war-path. Little Crow numbered among his many mental traits the talent of dissimulation. He was suspected nevertheless by his own race, on account of his many and constant dealings with the representatives of the Government, to have been bribed by them. He managed to clear himself of this accusation in a satisfactory manner. He was the owner of a fine red brick residence, built at the expense of the Government, and lived in it. It still stands between the lower Sioux Agency and Redwood Falls.

It is said that early in the morning of the 18th of August, messengers came to him with the news of the murders near Acton, and expressed the opinion that the time for action had arrived for him, and he would be obliged to stand by them in bearing the consequences of the crime. Little Crow became thereupon greatly excited. He perfectly understood the importance of the outbreak and its consequences, since he had occasion enough in his travels to ascertain the power of the whites. He hesitated only for a moment, then jumping from his bed he said: "All right! I am with you."

Soon after—even that same morning—the air was filled with the smoke of burning buildings around the Agency, mingled with the shrieks of the dying and the wounded victims of his treachery. From that time up to his death Little Crow never wore the garb of the paleface, of which he had once been so proud.

After the failure of the first attack upon New Ulm his plan was to provide a large number of rifles and ammunition, and, above all, a few field-pieces. All these could be obtained by capturing Fort Ridgely. The time chosen for that work was very favorable. In the morning of August 18th, fifty men were ordered to leave, under a lieutenant, and go to Fort Ripley, in Northern Minnesota. The Indians around the Fort were probably aware of this. On the 20th of August, at 3 o'clock in the morning, fire was opened without warning on the outlying pickets. The Indians, numbering several hundred warriors, could come to within a hundred and fifty yards of the Fort without being noticed. An excellent protection for them were the barns, built some distance from the Fort, from which they could do some deadly work. The suddenness of the attack caused great consternation at the Fort, since no one had any idea that the Indians would venture to assault them in their stronghold. Two men (Greer and Gooda) fell dead at the first volley. Robert Baker, who had just escaped from the other scene of blood, stood at the window and was shot through the head.

The first impulse after every surprise is to seek protection against an assaulting foe. Lieutenant Shehan at once summoned the soldiers to the defense. There were in the whole Fort only 130 men. No one had as yet replaced Captain Marsh who fell two days before at the Ferry surprise. The six heavy pieces of artillery were placed under the immediate command of John Jones; but, for the want of an experienced artillerist, only two of them were used. The situation on the whole was very unfavorable for the defense of Fort Ridgely. Wooden buildings and haystacks obstructed their view, and the storehouse was within reach of the hostile rifles, so that the necessary provisions could only be brought to the Fort under the greatest difficulties. The place is now deserted and shows signs of decay. Some of the buildings still bear the marks made by the bullets of the besiegers. The danger was further increased by the numerous objects to be protected. There were the officers' quarters, the warehouses, a number of log houses belonging to the Fort, and other property, for the protection of which the number of soldiers was too small. If the Indians had succeeded in taking even a few of the buildings the Fort would undoubtedly have been lost. They could have taken it at the first assault if they had possessed the necessary courage. They succeeded indeed in setting fire to a few of the smaller out-houses, but the fires were successfully kept from the main buildings. Most of these

were of wood, and the dry shingles easily ignited. A large barn was occupied by the Indians, and from that the besieged suffered the most. Jones succeeded in shelling the barn and setting it on fire.

The anxiety of the besieged, (especially of the many women and children who had sought refuge there), was pitiable in the extreme. They were closed in on all sides; and during the whole of the night, from the 20th to the 21st of August, they expected the enemy to break in upon them at any moment. Their supply of water began to give out and they could not obtain any within the Fort. Their only supply came from a spring near by. But when despair had almost overcome them, Heaven had mercy, and rain came down in torrents. Little Crow seemed then to realize that the decisive moment had arrived, and, amid peals of thunder, the booming of cannon and the unearthly yells of his warriors, his voice could be heard encouraging them to take the place by storm. But it was in vain. The besiegers were afraid above all things of the artillery, by means of which their hiding-places had been destroyed in detail.

During the night a brave Canadian half-breed named Frazier succeeded in breaking through the lines and hurried away towards St. Peter, a distance of forty-six miles. He met General Sibley coming from Fort Snelling, and having reported the matters to him he immediately ordered a company of cavalry to the assistance of the be-

sieged. Next morning the Indians retired, and after two days of intense anxiety the joyful news came from one of the guards that horsemen could be seen on the road from St. Peter. From that moment they felt safe. At first their fears were only increased, because many believed them to have been Indians; but as they approached nearer all doubts and fears were removed. They were three volunteer companies under command of Samuel McPhail, who also brought the good news that General Sibley was on his way to the Fort.

The brave defenders who lost their lives in the siege were buried near the Fort. A monument now marks the place, and tells the story of their valor to future generations. Dr. Alfred Mueller was the only physician at the Fort. He was untiring in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and his wife, too, like an angel of mercy, stood day and night aiding him at the bedside of the wounded and the dying.

CHAPTER XII.

Second Siege of New Ulm.—Lieutenant Huey's Flight.—United with Captain Cox's Troops.—Houses set on Fire.—Incendiary Mania in Town.—The Pole, Michelowski.—Wettendorf's Residence.—A Barrel of Powder.—A Night of Terror.—A Leonidas Troop.—Misunderstandings.—A Stovepipe for a Cannon.—Salvation.—Departure from New Ulm.—Property Lost.—To Mankato and St. Peter.—Back Home.—Remnants of the Outbreak.—Grasshoppers.—New Ulm Rebuilt.—A German City.—Nothing to fear from the Indians.

DURING those days, which proved to be a real blessing for New Ulm, the booming of cannons could be heard from Fort Ridgely, and this encouraged the citizens to increase and strengthen the fortifications. Even women and children gave a helping hand, for they were engaged in preparing bandages and casting bullets. They served a good purpose. On the morning of August the 23d, smoke-clouds were seen rising everywhere. The surrounding farm-houses had been set on fire by the Indians. The redskins came flocking towards town on all sides. Among them was a very conspicuous chief riding a white pony. It was probably Little Crow himself. The first advance of the half naked and gaudily-painted savages who, amidst a howling more like that of demons than of human beings, came storming on,

and drove the pickets in from the too widely extended fortifications. Unfortunately, seventy-five men had just been sent across the Minnesota into the Lafayette settlement in Nicolet County, a few miles from New Ulm, because, early in the morning, columns of smoke had been seen rising there. Lieutenant W. Huey tried in vain to get back to New Ulm. A number of Indians cut off his retreat. On his return, or rather on his flight, he met Captain St. Julien Cox, on his way from St. Peter to New Ulm. But the Indians were strong enough to prevent both companies from entering New Ulm, and so they united on the open prairie for their common defense. Seventeen of them, however, forced their way through the hostile ranks, and, taking possession of a windmill, fought till towards evening against a band of Indians who had taken possession of a hall near by. After nightfall they set the windmill on fire and entered the barricades near the Dakota House.

Several other buildings, among them two mills, which were of little use to the Indians during the siege, were burned by them. Commander Flandreau desired to save what could be saved. Captain Nix had advised the destruction of several residences outside the fortified quarters, but Flandreau would not consent to it. The Indians then made use of these residences with great advantage to themselves, keeping up a destructive fire on Minnesota street. Flandreau then resolved that they had to be taken if New Ulm

was to be saved. Captain Nix, with fifty men, mostly farmers, vigorously supported him, and received a bullet in the same arm from which he had lost a finger a few days before. After a stubborn resistance the Indians were driven out at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the buildings, to save further danger, set on fire.*

The besieged now began to burn down all the buildings outside the line which seemed to be in their way. A mania for burning houses had taken so a firm hold, that, even inside the fortified quarters, Anton Zecher's residence was destroyed. Michelowski, a Pole, was so possessed by the fire-fiend that he had to be imprisoned, and Flandreau issued a proclamation to the effect that any one caught in the act of setting fire to buildings would be shot. The Turner Hall and the unfinished Catholic church, both main strongholds for the Indians, were fired.

There was now only one building standing outside the town, except the four blocks enclosed by the barricades. It was Wettendorf's residence, and was situated about 1000 yards north of the city limits. In it were stationed Zicher, Haeberle, the two Held brothers, Theobald, Hartwick, Bobletter (father of a subsequent postmaster), Kahlfeld, Hamner and nine others, in order to defend the town from that side. On account of inadequate

* These houses stood on the present site of the beautiful business place of Kiessling & Keller.

means they did not succeed well. It being a newly-built brick house, the Indians wisely kept at a distance, and only a few were killed. The great number of warriors and their vigorous actions compelled these men to leave the place, and under cover of night cross the Minnesota and get into Nicolet County. Running towards Swan Lake they entered a swamp where they had to remain all night. J. Hartwick alone remained in the house. Anxiety and fear had so worked upon his mind that he became unsconcious of danger. Towards morning he ran into town, receiving five shots, none of which proved fatal. Three years ago Hartwick was injured by a mowing machine, from the effects of which he died. Such is fate!

The besieged at New Ulm defended themselves like the valiant Greeks at the Pass of Thermopylae. They had the courage of lions, and met with better success than their Spartan prototypes. They were constantly prepared for any emergency. Most of the women and children were in the cellars under brick houses, and these were so filled that there was hardly any standing room left. With heroic courage and self-denial, they remained in their chosen prisons, always ready for the worst. The most dreadful suspense these women suffered was the fear of the victorious war-cry of the red demons, which was worse than death to them.

In Erd's cellar, in which the greater number of women and children were huddled together, there was a barrel of powder in charge of the widow of the late John Schmitz. It was held in readiness to blow up the building as soon as the Indians entered victorious. This fact was a menace to the whole town. Some cowardly wretches, it is said, had entered the cellar several times crying out that the town was taken. But womanly prudence and a mistrust, which would have been wrong at any other time, prevented a terrible catastrophe. Many may consider the intention which prompted these preparations not justified, and altogether wrong. But when the terrible fate which awaited the women and children (of which some instances will be given presently), is taken into consideration, it is not fair to condemn their action. The poet Körner has honored and immortalized a similar action in his "Count Zrini, or the Capture of Szygeth," where his wife and daughter had chosen a similar fate rather than fall into the hands of the Moslems.

During the whole night from Saturday to Sunday the fight was going on. It was truly a night of terror, because the citizens had to fight against an enemy who knew not mercy for either women or children, and who, thirsting for blood, was dreadfully in earnest to avenge his wrongs upon the innocent as well as the guilty. The crack of rifles, the whizzing of bullets, the wild yells of the Indians, the moans of the wounded and dying, the

cries of frightened children, the surrounding darkness—these things were not calculated to fill the minds of the people with courage and hope. They rather filled the minds of the most courageous with fear. And then came the thought that the Indians might have taken Fort Ridgely, and, in possession of its instruments of death, nothing would be left of New Ulm. But the men stood firmly at the barricades. They were all heroes, and, valiantly exposing their breasts to the deadly bullets of the enemy, they quietly sent, like angels of death, their own dreadful summons to their terrible foe. There was, however, no lack of misunderstandings. Captain Todd and others lost their lives in a very careless manner by making a sortie from the barricades in order to drive the Indians back. They were, of course, unmercifully butchered only a few steps from the barricades. The Indians made the fortunate mistake of too heavily charging their rifles, and, on this account, often shot above the mark.

A baker named Castor wanted to carry bread to some hungry customers, and, being obliged to expose himself to the fire of the hostiles, put on a buffalo robe so as to appear like an Indian. A white man took him for one of them and of course shot him.

An old man named Rupke was crazed by fear and left the fortifications, and his body was afterwards found frightfully mutilated.

What a relief it must have been to those brave people when, at the break of day, the Indians began to disperse! The Lord's Day—it was Sunday, August 24th—brought salvation and safety. How many of the Indians were killed cannot be estimated, since they took with them when at all possible the dead and wounded. But the quantity of blood discovered around the city gave evidence of a terrible loss to them.

New Ulm had only eight dead and sixty wounded. Many of the latter died on account of its being impossible to give them the necessary care. One hundred and forty-nine residences were destroyed. Between nine and ten o'clock, Capt. Cox managed to get into town with seventy-five men. Soon after that all the Indians retreated and held a council, whereupon they left altogether. Their main camping ground was in the neighborhood of the present Catholic cemetery. It is said that their sudden retreat was partly caused by a piece of strategy. It is well known that nothing can terrify the Indians so much as artillery. An inventive genius placed a stovepipe upon a cart, and two anvils were used for making the necessary noise. The Indians were thereby made to believe that a cannon had arrived during the night. This reminds us of the fatal horse of Troy. It was there that strategy conquered the old city, and here the young city was saved by the same means.

Captain Cox had been charged by the Governor to command the people to leave the town as soon

as possible. Some refused to leave, especially Captain Nix. They were of the opinion that, after they were now somewhat secure and had gone through so much, they ought not so easily give up their homes to the enemy. Their victories thus far made them proud and courageous, and they did not think it necessary to fly from even so formidable an enemy. The majority, however, were in favor of leaving the city, and the minority willingly gave in, in consideration of the many women and children and wounded men. Moreover, it was almost impossible for the two thousand five hundred persons to find accommodations in the forty-nine houses that had remained intact. Provisions were also wanting. The numerous dead animals that were lying in and around town exposed to a hot summer sun soon would have filled the air with a stench that would have made a stay impossible. Sunday afternoon, preparations were made for removing to Mankato, twenty-eight miles from New Ulm. Monday morning, August 25th, a long caravan—some in wagons, others on horses, and others on foot—moved towards Mankato. There were in the line one hundred and fifty wagons, of which fifty-six were carrying the sick and the wounded. The deserted city presented a very melancholy aspect. On account of the scarcity of teams many articles of furniture which had been so anxiously protected by their owners had to be left behind. All manner of things were lying about in the deserted houses

and in the streets. Of the hundreds of articles only the more important and valuable had been removed. Some tried to carry household utensils on their shoulders, but, finding it inconvenient if not impossible, dropped them. The road between New Ulm and Mankato was therefore covered with miscellaneous household furniture. Nearly everything to which they had become devotedly attached had to be left behind in order to save their lives. The extent of the loss and the seriousness of the situation increased their sorrow more and more; and many a scalding tear was shed as the stricken people looked back upon their lost treasures. But the saddest of all were those who numbered their kindred among the dead, and who were obliged to leave them unburied on hostile ground. These things were more painful and oppressive than wounds. There were lonesome hearts in that sad procession, anxious to know what had become of father or mother, husband or wife, sister or brother or child.

When they reached Mankato orders were received to bring the sick and the wounded as well as the women and children to St. Peter, twelve miles farther. The able-bodied men were retained to assist in defending the town, since the Winnebago Indians were reported to have gone on the war-path. This separation of families was a new source of anxiety and sorrow. On reaching St. Peter the wounded and the helpless received all

possible care and attention at the hands of its noble-hearted citizens. A few days before many of the fugitives who had arrived there from West Newton could get nothing to eat, because the people of St. Peter did not believe the report of an outbreak. There were so many sick and wounded that the private residences could not accommodate them all; the Catholic church was therefore turned into a temporary hospital. Later on, many of the wounded and sick, and also the women and children, were removed down the Minnesota River, to other towns—Le Seuer, Henderson, Belle Plaine, Shakopee, and even to St. Paul.

After a few days, many of the citizens of New Ulm returned, for they had learned that a regular militia regiment and a number of well-armed volunteers had gone out in pursuit of the Indians. The defense of the town had no regular militia, but was made up in a hurry of all kinds of people, including farmers, mechanics and laborers.

The sufferings which they had endured, the almost irreparable loss of property and the dread of a repetition of these same trials were the causes why a number of the people of New Ulm and its vicinity did not return to their homes. St. Paul, Cincinnati and Chicago now contain many of the fugitives of that time. Many sold their property for a mere trifle, if they could only secure a little cash. Others more courageous took this occasion to settle in that country and made fortunes. Many thus obtained fine farms for a few hundred dollars

which were even then worth more than as many thousands.

It took quite a while, however, before immigration to New Ulm and its surroundings made any real progress, because the Indians continued for a long time after the outbreak to harass the settlers. It was hardly a year after that when Athanasius Henle was shot at by the Indians, on his way to town, in broad daylight. He escaped without injury. Not far from there a man named Bosche was shot dead the same day while working on what is now Pfaender's farm, just as his three sons were bringing him his dinner. But when, a few years later, the United States Government indemnified the people for their losses as far as money could do it, a golden era opened for New Ulm and vicinity. Immigrants continued to come, and they brought with them wealth and prosperity. The grasshopper plague from 1873 to 1876 interfered somewhat with its progress for the time being. But in spite of the calamities through which this settlement had passed, having had more to endure than any other settlement in the United States, the New Ulm of to-day, on account of its substantial prosperity in both public and private buildings, makes as favorable a showing for its size as any other town in the Union. German perseverance, industry and manners have established beyond the Mississippi a cradle of culture; and its steady and rapid progress is due to the untiring hands of Germania's sons.

New Ulm is an almost exclusively German town. Only about half a dozen of its property-holders are not Germans. In its vicinity there is hardly a settler to be found who was not born and raised in some part of Germany. Every German province from the shores of the North Sea to the southern borders of Austria, and from the banks of the Moselle to the Neva, has sent her representatives; and still there is room for many thousands more. There is no longer any danger from the Indians, even though the new-comer should go hundreds of miles beyond New Ulm. Only a small tribe of the Sioux live in Dakota, near Big Stone Lake, and all these are on friendly terms with the whites. From Minnesota the implacable Sioux is removed forever.

CHAPTER XIII.

Punishment of Criminals.—The Greatest Evil-doers go Free.—A Difficult Campaign.—Many Indians Captured.—Three Hundred and Three Condemned to Death.—Citizens of New Ulm and the Captives.—They were to be Massacred.—Thirty-nine Executed, the others Pardoned by President Lincoln.—Names of the Condemned.—An Amputated Nose.—Rev. Riggs reads the Sentence of Death to the Condemned.—Their Religious Professions.—Martial Law in Mankato.—Last Farewell from Friends and Relatives.—Ta-ti-mi-na.—Ta-zoo and Red Iron.—Death-wailing of the Condemned.—The Gallows.—The Indians Decorate Themselves for Death.—End of the Condemned.—Final Scene.

THE agents who so shamefully defrauded the Indians ought to have been punished as severely as the Indians themselves; but they, the originators of the whole trouble, could not be reached by the laws of the land. It was only those who were reached by the cruel hands of the irritated Indians that suffered for those men's misdeeds. Many of them are enjoying life in mansions erected by the money that they stole from the poor Indians, and the cement of those buildings is the innocent blood of hundreds of

the unfortunate settlers. Do they ever give a thought that a higher tribunal awaits them?*

After a long and difficult campaign, General Sibley had succeeded in capturing a large number of the Indians who had taken part in this massacre. Three hundred and three of them were condemned to death. The idea of executing so many men, several of whom were fathers of families, roused the sympathy of a large number of influential citizens of the United States, and the leading papers throughout the land espoused the cause of the condemned. It was urged that the mischief which had been done could not in any way be lessened by the wholesale destruction of so many lives. Probably, the conviction was gaining ground in many minds that the revolt of the Indians was not altogether without cause. Again, they had already suffered severely for their outbreak by privations and the loss of many lives. Those three hundred and three Indians were in strict confinement in a camp between Mankato and South Bend on the banks of the Minnesota. When they were led as captives through New Ulm on the 7th of November, 1862, a new massacre

* Captain Thompson, at the time a banker at St. Paul, who handled a good deal of the Indians' money before the outbreak, was so poor at La Crosse, Wis., before he became Superintendent of Indian affairs for Minnesota and Iowa, that he was on the point of losing his ferry-boat—so heavily was it laden with debts. Soon after he had become Superintendent, he had money enough to invest a million dollars in Southern Minnesota R. R. Bonds.

had almost taken place. The remembrance of their awful deeds was still fresh in the minds of the people, and nothing but the extraordinary vigilance and prudence of the officers in charge prevented another terrible catastrophe. The female portion of the community proved to be the most dangerous, for they attacked the destroyers of their families and their homes with a shower of stones. Many of the Indians were seriously wounded, and the commanding officer, Colonel Marshall, found it necessary to keep them out of town and lead them by another road to Mankato. But this was not the first time the Indians were in danger of being massacred. The anger of the whites was so great that an attack upon them, to their certain destruction, was planned on all sides. At New Ulm orders had been given to follow the prisoners, attack them at night in the woods between New Ulm and Mankato, and put them all to death. Similar threats were made at Mankato, and during the night of the 4th of December a detachment of cavalry and infantry were sent to the camp to prevent a possible attack. On the 6th of December, Governor Ramsey issued a proclamation earnestly warning the people against such action. During the time the Indians were kept in confinement near Mankato many conferences were held to determine how many and which of them should be put to death. These conferences lasted more than a month. Stephen Miller then proclaimed the order of President Lincoln, that of

the Sioux, half-breeds as well as Indians, thirty-nine should suffer the penalty of death. This order was dated December 7, 1862. The execution should take place on Friday, December 26, 1862. On Monday, December 2d, the thirty-nine condemned were separated from the others. The reader may find an interest in the names of some of the condemned. Among them were, Wahe-hua (Unknown); Wahpa-doo-ta (Red Foliage); Ma-za-bom-doo (Iron Blower); Sna-ma-ne (Ringing Footman); Hin-han-schoon-ko-ag-ma-ke (A Footman with an Owl's Tail); The-he-hito-ne-sha (Forbidding His House); Rha-in-yan-ka-ne (Rattling Runner); Ta-zoo (Red Otter); Wy-a-tah-ta-wa (His People).

One of the ugliest in the lot was "Amputated Nose." This monster in human form had killed twenty-one men, women and children, mostly Germans. In Beaver Creek settlement the Indians captured a wagon-load of fugitives, and, whilst two of them held the horses, he jumped on the wagon and killed nine children with his tomahawk. He tore one of them from the arms of its mother, and, running a long iron rod through its body, fastened it to a fence. Having cut off the mother's hands and feet, the savages left her to die by the roadside.

Rev. Riggs, an Episcopal minister, and their own missionary, had to read to them the sentence of death in the Sioux language. This was a very impressive scene, but the Indians remained

unmoved. Only one half-breed named Milaud appears to have taken the matter seriously to heart. During the reading of the awful sentence many of them quietly continued smoking their pipes. One of them, as soon as he learned the day appointed for the carrying out of the sentence, emptied his pipe and at once filled it again with kinikinik (the red bark of a shrub) whilst another was in the act of preparing a handful of the same in order to sweeten the few remaining days of his earthly career.

According to the principles of our free institutions every one of the condemned was at liberty to choose the religion in which he wanted to die, and they were officially notified of the fact. The Government also offered to procure the spiritual advisers of their choice. Strange as it may appear, thirty-six out of the thirty-nine became Catholics, though they had always been under the spiritual guidance of Protestant ministers who, as has been said, were in the employ of the Government for years past at the different agencies. Their Catholic spiritual adviser was the Rev. Father Ravoux, who is at present attached to the Cathedral at St. Paul as Vicar-General of the diocese.* Martial law was proclaimed at Mankato by Stephen Miller on the 24th of December, and

* The different Indian tribes who, some years ago, held a great council with the representatives of the Government also wanted *only* Catholic priests, a fact which was reported in every paper throughout the country.

was to be in force within a radius of sixteen miles. On the same day the friends and relatives of the condemned were permitted to bid them a last farewell. There one could see that all men, of whatever color or nationality, have the same tender feelings for their own at the most critical moment in life. The rough-looking and apparently unfeeling redskins could only with the greatest difficulty refrain from weeping as they took leave of their friends, or as they were sending messages to their absent relatives. They were especially deeply moved and sad when they spoke of their women and children. Otherwise they seemed perfectly prepared to meet death. The expressions of their sentiments are very interesting.

Ta-te-mi-na, an old Indian, wanted his relatives to be told not to lament over his death. "I am old," said he, "and would not live long anyway. This execution cannot shorten my days much. I die innocent. My hands are not stained with the blood of the whites; and this gives me hope to be saved in the great beyond. I hope my friends will regard my death as a passage into a better world. I have every hope to enter directly into the home of the Great Spirit, where I will be happy for ever."

When Red Iron, chief of the Sissetons, who, together with chief A-ki-pa, had labored to prevent the Indians from going on the war-path, took leave of the condemned chief Ta-zoo, the latter said to them: "Friends, last summer you were

against us. You were constantly dreading an outbreak of those who were determined to destroy the whites. Yourselves and your relatives were exposed to many threats and insults; but you were firm in your friendship for the whites, and advised the Indians not to make war upon them. Your actions were condemned at the time, but now we recognize your wisdom. You were right when you said that the whites could not be annihilated, and it was madness to attempt it. You were then with your families, and your lives were in danger. * To-day you are here at liberty, giving us food and helping to watch us, and thirty-nine of us will have to die in two days, because we refused to listen to your advice and follow your example.

On Friday morning, when Father Ravoux encouraged the Indians to face death bravely, old Ta-zoo broke out into a sad lamentation, and all the others fell in. It was neither a voice of despair nor an expression of sorrow, but rather a paroxysm of savage passion, and made such an impression upon eye and ear that even those who did not understand the words could feel the meaning. Sometimes they would interrupt their wailing by a smoke, during which they sat motionless and in profound silence, which was

* Those chiefs, among whom were Red Horn, A-ki-pa, Other Day and Ta-tan-ka-nazin, were regarded as traitors by the Indians, and were constantly watched because they were friendly towards the whites.

interrupted only by an occasional murmur and the rattling of their chains. At times a laugh could be heard when their friends wished the one or the other a happy journey into the land of the Great Spirit. They gave their pipes and trinkets to their intimate friends. They took great pains in decorating themselves for the last moment, making use of little pocket mirrors and decking their hair with feathers and ribbons. They also painted their faces with great care. Most of them wore religious emblems: crosses, rosaries and medals. When they shook hands with their friends for the last time, they pointed toward heaven, saying: "We are going upward."

Their fetters were now removed and their arms pinioned. Soon after 9 o'clock Father Ravoux entered the prison. The guard withdrew, and they stood up in rows. After a short exhortation the good Father knelt down and prayed with them. They all prayed aloud. During these religious exercises they appeared to be men of a different race. Their voices were soft and mild, and every semblance of the Indian warrior was gone. The gallows on which the thirty-nine were to die together was a large square structure, erected on Front street in the town of Mankato, and on the east bank of the Minnesota. It was so arranged that the cutting of one rope would cause them all to swing in the air. As soon as the Sheriff opened the prison door to lead them out they followed cheerfully. It seemed as if the news of a pardon

could not have induced them to leave their prison more readily than this summons to death did. They ascended the scaffold in haste such as if they were afraid of being left behind. They were almost continually singing their melancholy songs, and only here and there a shrill yell was heard. As soon as the white caps were drawn over their faces there ensued a scene which is very hard to describe. All began to sing, and although there appeared many a dissonance, it was a singularly doleful harmony. The fatal trap-door was now about to be sprung. Their trembling forms were moving to and fro, and, although bound, they tried to take one another by the hand, which several succeeded in doing, since they stood so close together. Three or four would thus cling together, and their hands would go up and down with the rise and fall of their voices. An old man tried in vain to reach the hand of his companion in death, and this greatly roused the sympathy of the spectators. Every one called out his own name, and wanted to hear the name of his friend, which was as much as to say: "I am here."

Major Brown gave the signal that everything was ready. The beating of a drum, which could hardly be heard above the voices of the dying—and all was over! The rope which was fastened to the trap-door was cut by J. Duly of Lake Shetek. The Indians had killed three of his children and taken his wife and two other children captive. For half a minute the bodies hung there

motionless, only trembling a little. After a minute some drew up their feet once or twice and then moved no more. One of them was still breathing after ten minutes, and only after re-arranging the rope around his neck did he breathe his last. After the bodies had been examined by the physicians, a few mule teams were driven up and the bodies were conveyed to their common grave below the town.

A very large number of people and a great many soldiers witnessed the scene, the like of which will probably never again take place. The execution of thirty-nine at the same moment, and by one and the same instrument of death, stands a solitary fact in the history of our country.

CHAPTER XIV.

General Events.—Suabian Settlement.—A Church and its Shadow.—Vincent Bruner's Drive.—Fugitives from Lafayette.—Many Murders.—A Faithful Dog.—West Newton.—Maria Hartmann's Account.—Florian Hartmann's Death.—A Friend after Weeks of Solitude.—Strangling of the Faithful Dog.—Bread and Berries.—New Love for Life.—A Loaf of Bread between Four Dead Bodies.—A Walk among the Dead.—Safety.—Again among Men.

THIS ends the history of the outbreak, as far as New Ulm is concerned. The author, however, deems it of interest to the reader to add a few facts in connection with other places. This will also serve to give a better understanding of the massacre. This work cannot lay claim to a full account of the outbreak. There were thousands of persons connected with it, and the story of each would be an interesting recital. It is a pity that some able writer does not undertake the task of gathering all the interesting facts connected with the massacre, and in due form hand them down to posterity.

During the year 1855, a party of courageous emigrants from Suabia settled on the beautiful prairie on the north bank of the Minnesota, six miles northwest of New Ulm. A few Bavarians, and later on, some German Bohemians, joined

them. On the spot where the magnificent Catholic church now stands, there was at the time an old log cabin which they called a church. Beside the cabin was a saloon in which the Suabians were wont to seek consolation for their bodies, if the absence of the priest deprived them of food for the soul. The saloon belonged to Jacob Manerle, from Wurtemberg. One of his relatives, Vincent Bruner, had a farm two miles west of the church. On the 18th of August he was hauling wheat into his barn. At dinner-time an Indian named Dickinson came down from the Lower Agency. He came there by mistake, having taken the wrong road on his way to New Ulm, and asked Bruner for a team to go to New Ulm where he had pressing business to attend to. Bruner refused, but offered to go with him to a neighbor who had time to spare to bring him to town. Dickinson then told Bruner that he wanted to procure soldiers, for the Indians had gone on the war-path. Bruner then hitched up his team and went with him. Reaching the river bottom they commenced to talk with the neighbors, and while doing so, the report of fire-arms was heard. Bruner said he would have to turn back to warn his neighbors and protect his family. Dickinson then said he might go back if he wanted to, but he would keep the horse and wagon; if that was not satisfactory he would kill him. They now drove as fast as possible towards New Ulm, which was then only three miles distant. Dickinson had promised to

pay him well for this trouble, but he did not. Dickinson was afterwards killed.

Near New Ulm they met three Indians who laughed at them because they came in such haste. They found the people of New Ulm in a state of great excitement, for they were engaged in making preparations for defense against their enemy, the news of the murders near Henle's place having just reached them. A little later Zicher and Rupke arrived, announcing the death of their companions and asking for help. Upon Zicher's advice Bruner drove back across the lower ferry to West Newton, and taking the road that leads across the high lands, he hurried to his house. He gave the news to those who were working in the fields; but they did not believe him, and he was even laughed at. He therefore took his family and removed them to St. Peter. Messengers were now hurrying from house to house proclaiming the dreadful news and warning the settlers to leave.

At Lafayette, four miles from the church, forty-five teams and a large number of men, women and children gathered at the house of Anton Kaus. On account of scarcity of ammunition they left about midnight for St. Peter, a distance of three miles. Coming near the town many of them suddenly determined to go back to Swan Lake; and from there they could see great fires at New Ulm. Among these who remained behind (twenty-three families in all) were Epple, Matsh and Vet-

ter, with some settlers from Lafayette. These were anxious to observe things from their own homes, and for a while went back and forth, not knowing what to do. They could see Indians on all sides. Near Albrecht's place twelve of them met, and after a short consultation decided to go further west. They slept in hay-stacks that night and next morning returned to their homes. On their way they found many houses deserted and the doors locked. From the upper story of a house they could see Indians on their ponies about a mile and a half away. Four of the party having already left in the direction of the Indians, G. Katzenberger hurried after them and called them back, and they all hid in the woods a short distance from the house. The Indians came up very close to them. From their hiding-place they could even see them setting fire to several stacks of grain, barns, and the splendid structure called the Lafayette House, belonging to Anton Kaus. Katzenberger had a good dog with him, and for fear that he might bark and put the Indians on their track he hung him to a tree. Against the advice of his friends Manerle returned home, believing that the Indians, with whom he was well acquainted, would not molest him. His decapitated body was afterwards found near his house, but the head was not discovered. For ten days his faithful dog sat beside the body of his master. The Indians, however, discovered the party that were in hiding; and one of them came up close

and said: "Come along, boys!" They did not obey the summons, but fled towards New Ulm and crossed the Minnesota in an old and leaky canoe. This was on the 23d of August, and they had not been at New Ulm more than half an hour when the Indians surrounded the town.

Only fourteen houses were burned at West Newton; but the other places were completely destroyed by fire. The school-house and the Catholic church remained intact. Of the Germans who lived near New Ulm and were massacred in that county the author knew Christian Richter, Max Heck, Fr. Gottlieb, Gerbeth, John Schwarz, Anna Maria and Katharine Scharz.

Maria Hartmann, Henle's sister, now Mrs. J. Bobletter, whose husband, on the 18th of August, was killed on his farm near Henle's place, suffered greatly, but was fortunate under the circumstances. She tells her own story as follows:

"My husband, Florian Hartmann, was on the 18th day of August engaged with another man, John Rohner, in binding wheat near our house. When I had their dinner ready for them I heard some noise, and on looking out I could see houses on fire, and also thought I could see them at work trying to save the buildings. At the same moment I heard the cry "Nippo!" (kill) and the reports of several rifles. Thinking the Indians were killing some cattle, I ran out to see what was going on. An Indian came close up to the house, stared at me and then ran away. Full of fear I

hurried towards my husband who was about forty rods from the house, and on crossing the road I noticed a man lying on the ground and thought he was asleep. It was Hartmann's hired man, Rohner, and he was covered with blood. Looking for my husband I found him about thirty steps away from Rohner, lying on the ground. He motioned to me to keep quiet and to drag him into the corn-field, because he was shot. Stricken with fear, I was powerless to do it. I cast myself down beside my husband, and in my excessive grief knew not what to do. Soon after, two Indians came up to the dying Rohner and fired two more shots at him. My poor husband then begged me to hide in the corn-field, because I could not do him any good where I was. I ran and hid as he told me, digging a hole in the ground with my hands to creep in. I remained there till towards evening. Two Indians passed close by me, but did not notice me.

"About 8 o'clock I heard some one weeping bitterly, but did not dare to leave my place, thinking it might be an Indian. After a while I crept toward my husband, and found him cold and stiff in death. I took some hair from his head as a remembrance, and fled into the woods. Even the animals seemed to realize what was going on. Under a large oak in the vicinity of a spring I remained all that night, and toward 4 o'clock in the morning I hurried towards the Minnesota in order to escape across the ferry into Nicolet

County. But the boat was on the other side of the river. I tried in vain to get across on the rope, and so I had to hide all day in the woods, and suffered greatly from the mosquitoes. About 8 o'clock in the evening I went back to our house and passed five Indian tepees on my way.

"I went into the house to take some clothing, and in picking up some of the bedding that was lying on the floor I noticed a wounded Indian lying thereon, and immediately ran away. When I passed the barn in my flight an Indian fired at me, but missed me on account of the darkness of the night. During the whole of that night and the following day I remained in concealment. On the fourth day it rained heavily. I was very tired and completely worn out. Such sadness overcame me that I was almost sorry for not having found death at the hands of the Indians. The rain continued to the fifth day, and being completely drenched, I ventured back to the house; but on going in I found nearly everything gone. However, I felt happy to find some dry underclothing to put on. The hogs were in their pen and screamed for hunger. I had compassion on them and gave them some corn. I was lucky enough to find a loaf of bread, and with this I went back to my hiding place. But I was sorry to have betrayed my presence through my compassion for the hungry animals. On the sixth day I wanted to go to the house, but noticing some Indians near the place I hurried back. During this and the

next day I heard continual shooting. On the evening of the eighth day my dog came to me and was overjoyed to see me. I, too, rejoiced as if I had met with a friend in my terrible loneliness. I shared the remainder of my bread with him. He seemed to be very hungry. But at the same moment the thought struck me that he might betray my hiding-place, and in order to remove that danger I took my apron and strangled him with it. But he fought so fiercely, that it was only with the greatest exertions that I succeeded killing him.

"On the morning of the ninth day I heard a great noise which seemed to come nearer and nearer; but I soon felt relieved when I found it to be only a few hogs. I remained two more days in my concealment, and hardly dared to go a hundred steps farther. In my terrible condition, living on a little bread and wild berries, life seemed to have new charms. I enjoyed the singing of the birds, and thanked my Creator and prayed for the preservation of my life.

"A strange presentiment made me leave my hiding place on the twelfth day. I went to the homes of my brothers, and to that of Casimir, but found them all empty. A terrible sight presented itself to me in Zettel's house. There I found the bodies of the father and his four children, and between them a loaf of bread. I was very hungry and greatly desired to take the bread, but the odor of the corpses was so repulsive that

I could not eat it. In Pelzl's house I found the dead bodies of his father and of a woman. A short distance from the house I found the bodies of old Messmer and of a girl. In Anton Henle's house lay the body of one of his children. The air was everywhere filled with the stench of the corpses.

"I now determined to go to New Ulm, six miles distant. In the cemetery I noticed a white flag, which filled me with courage and hope. But when I came near town and noticed that many buildings had been burned down and the town was deserted, new fear and anxiety overcame me. I did not go farther, but returned immediately to my hiding-place because I was afraid I might meet Indians in town. At 7 o'clock in the evening I was again at my brother Anton's house, from which I could hear a great noise. I went in because I thought I would have to die anyway. The noise, however, was caused by all sorts of animals that had gathered in the house.

"From there I went to my own house, and to bed, and reproached myself for having gone away so far. On the following day I searched for some potatoes; but it was only with great difficulty, and after going to two other houses, that I could find a match. As soon as I had found some matches, I returned to my house, feeling rich and happy, and prepared a soup. I had two matches left, and for fear that I might lose them, I kept up a fire at a stump near by.

"On the fourteenth day I found some eggs and a sack of flour, but could not make use of the flour. After that I remained in-doors most of the time. An ox came up to the house with an ugly wound. I washed the wound and the animal got well. A calf had one of its eyes shot out and died. I then began to gather plums and nuts and dig potatoes, because I had lost all hopes of being rescued, and wanted to provide for the winter. I was under the impression that all the settlers had been put to death.

"On the seventeenth day I went to look for the body of my husband, and, on my way thither, I heard some shooting and the barking of dogs. I almost fainted on looking up and seeing eight men come towards me. One of them leveled his gun, and now I thought I would after all have to die. But the cry: 'O sister!' roused me again, and in a moment I was in the arms of my brother Athanasius, who had taken me for a squaw on account of the change my sufferings and anxieties had brought upon me. Fortunately I knew of an old wagon near by which had been left by the Indians. My brother had only a sled for his horse. The wagon was fixed up and we went to town with it, where I again enjoyed the society of human beings, of which I had been deprived for more than a fortnight."

CHAPTER XV.

Justina Krieger's Adventures.—The Families Buss and Rosbe Massacred.—A Crowd of Fugitives.—A Pregnant Woman Cut Open and the Child Nailed to a Tree.—A Three-year old Child sits beside the Dead Body of its Mother.—To Fort Ridgely.—A Judas Kiss.—Betraying Indians.—Money and Life.—A Wholesale Massacre.—The Women Requested to go with the Indians.—They are Shot.—Others Killed with Tomahawks and Rifle-stocks.—Mrs. Krieger Shot.—"Papa, don't sleep so long.—Deserted Children.—A Frightful Hospital.—Flight into the Woods.—The Dead Stripped by the Indians.—A House with seven sick Children Burned.—Flight to Fort Ridgely.—Terrible Sufferings of the Fugitives.—Safety after many long days.—Mrs. Krieger's Terrible Night.—Undressed with the Sword.—Fearful Butchery of Wilhelmina Kitzman.—Twelve Terrible Days.—Final Rescue.—In Fort Ridgely.

AMONG the adventures of those settlers who lived at a distance from New Ulm, the story of Justina Krieger is probably the most interesting. She came from Posen in Germany, where she was born on the 17th of July, 1835. Her first husband died in Germany, leaving her with four children, two boys and two girls. After coming to this country she married in Wisconsin one Frederick Krieger, and bore him three children. In the spring of 1862 they came to the Upper Minnesota River, forty-five miles from New Ulm,

and twenty-seven miles from Fort Ridgely. On the 18th of August, 1862, her husband being absent from home, two men came to her house and told her that they had found a woman and two children lying dead by the road-side. Articles of furniture were lying around, and there was every indication of their having been murdered. They had just come from the Lower Agency, and immediately went back to the scene of the murder in order to find out how it happened. Entering the house of a farmer named Buss, they found him and his wife and their three children dead. They also found the owner of the next house, Mannweiler, lying dead near his dwelling. He had been shot through the breast. At John Rosbe's place they found his body and that of his wife lying near a grindstone, where they had been murdered whilst sharpening a scythe. Two small children with their heads split open were lying near their dead mother. From there they could see many houses at a distance, and not noticing any signs of life anywhere, they concluded that this was the work of the Indians. They then returned to the house of Justina Krieger, whose husband was absent in company with his nephew on a fishing excursion. Justina took her children and hurried to the house of her brother, Paul Kitzmann. The two men ran through the woods to their families. Frederick Krieger and his nephew heard their calls, and soon returned to

their house where the woman had sought refuge with her children.

The older children were hurriedly sent to the neighbors with the terrible news, and inside of an hour thirteen families had gathered at Kitzmann's place. It was about 8 o'clock on Monday evening, August the 18th, and all determined to fly to Fort Ridgely. When they noticed that Schwandt, one of the neighbors, was missing, they sent messengers to him. As they approached the place they saw every indication that the house had been robbed. Schwandt's son-in-law was lying on the door steps with three bullets in his body. His wife (Schwandt's daughter), who had been with child, was found dead, her womb cut open and the unborn child nailed to a tree. Her brother, a thirteen-year-old lad, whom the Indians thought they had killed, saw how the child was taken alive from the womb of his sister, and nailed to the tree, where it lived for a little while. This terrible deed was done in the forenoon of August the 18th. The mother was found in the field, beheaded. Beside her lay the body of their hired man, Foss. Towards evening the boy regained a little strength and fled into the next settlement, a distance of three miles. He entered Bushe's house only to find some thirty corpses, and among them a three-year-old child, wounded, and sitting beside its dead mother. The boy took the child with him, carried it about four miles, and, being unable to take it farther, left it at a house,

promising to return the next morning. He did this in order to be able to save himself. He made good his escape to Fort Ridgely, traveling for four nights, and hiding during the day. The child was afterwards found in captivity among the Indians, and was brought to Fort Ridgely, where it died from the effects of its wounds and exposure.

The messengers returned from Schwandt's place with the blood-stained coat belonging to Fross, and all hurried as quickly as possible towards Fort Ridgely. In order to escape danger they did not take the straight road leading to the fort. They traveled all night, and about 8 o'clock next morning they found that they were only about fourteen miles from home. There were eleven men in the company, armed with common shotguns. The wagons were so arranged that they should offer the best possible protection as they moved along. They met eight Indians on horseback, some naked and some covered with blankets, but all well armed. The men were determined to open fire on them; but when they came to within a hundred steps they gave signs not to shoot, and made the men believe that they were friendly disposed.

One of the Indians, who was well acquainted with Paul Kitzmann, rode up and shook him by the hand, and, as a sign of the greatest friendship, he kissed him. Oh, what a Judas kiss! The Indian asked them in English where they wanted to go. After having received an answer, the

Indian said that the Chippewas of Northern Minnesota had gone on the war-path, and that they, the Sioux, were after them in order to punish them. They advised them not to go farther, but to return to their homes unless they wanted to be killed. At the same time he put his hand on Kitzmann's shoulder and said: "You are a good man. It would be a pity if you were to be killed." The thirteen families, however, insisted upon going to Fort Ridgely, until this Indian went around and took each one by the hand, telling them not to be afraid, and that they would protect them. Kitzmann had often been on a hunt with this Indian, and had great confidence in him. When he saw he had gained his point, he called the other Indians to shake hands with the people, and they all asked the mothers to quiet the children, who were greatly alarmed at seeing the savage-looking redskins drawing near.

The Indians appeared so very friendly that the settlers really believed all they said, and they laid their guns in the wagons. After partaking together of a meal consisting of bread and milk the whites gave the Indians some money, and they determined to turn back. After they had gone back together about six miles the Indians were asked whether they could not take a rest and let their teams eat something. The Indians very willingly agreed to that and asked for something to eat. They gave them bread, butter and watermelons and the Indians withdrew for about a

quarter of a mile and ate alone. After they had eaten they returned and wanted the whites to move. Paul Kitzmann was requested to tell them to go on and not to be afraid; that they (the Indians) would soon follow, and not leave them, but protect them until they had reached their homes again.

After a while the Indians rode up to them and at once surrounded the whole train. The poor people were terrified at this unexpected movement, and communicated to each other their fears. It was thought best by the majority to open fire on them. But they had laid down their guns, and not one of them dared to look for his for fear that such a move would incite the Indians to an immediate attack. Notwithstanding this difficulty they were all determined to open fire, except Kitzmann, who had a great deal of confidence in the promises of the savages. "Moreover," said he, "the Indians, who carry their rifles in their hands, would kill us all before we could get our guns out of our wagons."

When they reached the place where the first dead bodies had been found on Monday afternoon the Indians became greatly excited, and all, except one, placed themselves on a line behind the train, as if in readiness for an attack, and demanded their money. One of them went round and collected the money. Justina Krieger gave her husband five dollars and kept the remainder. Her husband told her he had to die now, and gave her

his pocket-knife as a remembrance. After the Indians had collected the money they rode away towards the settlement where the dead bodies lay.

The families went towards their homes, and about a mile and a half from Krieger's place they found the dead bodies of two men who had just been killed. No one knew them; but it was evident that they had been murdered by the Indians who accompanied them. They now understood that they all had to die. The men took their guns and desired to move to a place where they could best defend themselves. On coming within about a hundred yards of Krieger's place some thirteen or fourteen Indians suddenly came upon them from behind, surrounded the train and opened fire on them. All the men except three fell dead at the first volley. The three who remained alive were: Fross, Zobel and Krieger.

The Indians now declared that they would spare the women on condition that they would go with them, but that they would kill those who refused. Some consented and others refused. Justina Krieger declared that she would rather die with her husband and children than go with them. Her husband advised her to go, but she refused. One of the women who went with the Indians turned back and asked her to come along. But on walking back a few steps she was shot, together with six other women and two of the three men. Krieger was now the only man alive. The living

now stood by their wagons bewailing their dead, and their own misfortune not to be among them. The Indians came up and with their rifle-stocks brought them to the ground. Some of them would rise up, the blood streaming from their faces; but they were knocked down again until they were dead.

Justina Krieger stood in her wagon, constantly refusing to go with the Indians, although her husband, who knew that they would kill him, begged her to go. He noticed one of the Indians leveling his rifle at him, whilst another who stood close behind him did the same, and in an instant two bullets pierced his body, one of which passed through his wife's garments. He fell between his oxen and received two more shots. Justina Krieger was in the act of throwing herself over the body of her husband in order to die with him, when she fell backwards into her wagon. Seventeen buck-shot were imbedded in her body. She had eight children with her. The baby was covered with a blanket. The Indians took hold of her, pulled her out of the wagon and left her for dead. She did not regain consciousness until it was quite dark. One of her step-children, a girl of thirteen, found the baby some fifteen feet from the wagon, and she made good her escape with it. The Indians took two of the children with them. A four-year-old boy escaped, and, coming back, took his dead father by the hand and said pitifully:

"Papa, papa, don't sleep so long!" Two of the Indians rode up and took him away.

Two of their children ran into the woods. One was eight and the other seven years old. From the top of a tree the former told his little brother that their mother was also dead. He could see the Indians at their awful work. They both began to weep bitterly; but another boy, August Geist, begged them to be quiet, for if the Indians would hear them they would certainly be killed. These poor children remained in their concealment for three days, and could often see the Indians go up and down. After that they came forth from their hiding-place and went from house to house to set free all the stock that they found inclosed. On Wednesday morning, August 20th, they noticed Krieger's house on fire. After the third night they concluded to go to Fort Ridgely, which they reached after eight days, traveling during the night and hiding amid the tall grass during the day. One day they saw a wagon at a distance, and, believing the people to be white men, were on the point of running up to them when suddenly they noticed a large number of Indians emerging from the grass. The wagon now turned in another direction, and the shrill voice of a dying woman was distinctly heard.

They found many dead bodies on their way, and among them seven dead Indians laid in a row. Four of Mrs. Krieger's children, of whom the eldest carried the baby in her arms, met in the

woods. Two of them, who were thought to be dead, were left behind; but they soon recovered a little. The three older ones left the baby in charge of their six-year-old sister and returned to the scene of the murders, where they found seven children and one woman alive. These were: a son of Paul Kitzmann, two a half years old; two sons of August Harning, one three and the other one year old; a one-year-old son and a four-year-old daughter of John Grundmann; two sons of Thiele, one four years old and the other younger, and a thirteen-year-old son of Urban. These were all wounded and covered with blood. The tomahawk had done the inhuman work. A woman named Anna Zabel was also wounded. All these were removed by the three girls into Krieger's house. It was a sad hospital, and for the little ones (among them a baby), no nourishment could be found anywhere. The matron of this hospital was less than thirteen years old. The poor children wept bitterly for their mothers, some of whom were dead and the others in a captivity worse than death. The four-year-old daughter of Grundmann had lost one of her hands, and amid tears and sobs she would say: "Mamma always took such good care of me, and now that I have lost my hand, she does not want to come to me." Poor child! Your good mother was no more among the living. Early in the morning Mrs. Zabel told the children to go back into the woods, as it was not safe for them to remain at the house.

The eldest of the girls called her two step-sisters and the thirteen-year-old August Urban, and taking also the baby, they crossed the field of blood, and entered the woods once more.

Mrs. Krieger was still lying among the dead, at times partly conscious but unable to move. The children, on passing the place, noticed a man coming towards them on horseback. He was a half-breed named Frenier, but the children took him for an Indian and hid in the grass. When Frenier noticed the dead he appeared to be stricken with terror and hastily rode away. Meanwhile Mrs. Zabel had joined the young fugitives, and they were hiding amid the tall grass near a small creek. The Indians now drove up with a team of oxen which they had taken from the poor victims the day before. They began to strip the dead of their clothing and set fire to the house in which the seven wounded children had been left. The little company witnessed it all from their hiding-place.

After the Indians had left again, the poor children, driven to it by hunger, went into Thiele's house, where they were fortunate enough to find flour and butter, and they prepared a meal for themselves and the baby. For three days they roamed about in the woods. On the third day they saw some Indians plundering the house of August Fross. They had left the baby asleep in Thiele's house. Mrs. Zabel and the children now decided to go to Fort Ridgely, which place they

reached after eleven days. During that time they lived on corn and water which they carried with them in a kettle. When they came near the Fort they did not recognize the place and thought it was an Indian village.

During the last day the six-year-old daughter of Krieger was so completely exhausted that she could no longer stand up. Mrs. Zabel advised the other girls to leave her behind, but the children wept and lamented so bitterly that it could not be done. They brought the child to a creek, and on pouring water over her head she recovered a little. They remained there a while, and on finding a piece of water-melon which they gave her, she recovered sufficiently to continue the journey.

On a hill near the Fort they were arguing whether it was the Fort or an Indian village. The children judged correctly, but Mrs. Zabel was so overcome by fear that she looked for the worst. The children said that they could distinctly see soldiers. The soldiers had also noticed the little company, and they came out at once to get them. Mrs. Zabel, however, believed them to be Indians, and, summoning her remaining strength, ran across the prairie as fast as she could. The soldiers had to run after her and bring her back.

They were now safe. But what a spectacle to behold! Tomahawks, rifle-stocks and knives had covered them with bruises and wounds. They were almost naked and on the point of starvation.

These sad remnants of once happy families were now fed and cared for; and after days of fear and anxiety which it is not in the power of pen adequately to describe, they might now hope for a quiet sleep. Alas! their unfortunate parents, brothers and sisters were lying dead on the open prairie!

Justina Krieger, who had been seriously wounded and dragged from the wagon, regained consciousness during the night, and although extremely weak she attempted to get up. She then heard threatening words in Sioux and noticed some Indians near her, whereupon she fell back as if she were dead. Two Indians came up and began to rob the bodies of the slain. When they came to her one of them kicked her and the other felt her pulse, and even placed his hand over her heart. But she remained quiet and held her breath and closed her eyes. They were talking together in their own language and believed her to be dead. In an instant she felt a sharp knife at her throat with which the Indian cut open her clothing, moving the knife downwards over her breast, inflicting serious wounds and almost disembowelling her. When they had stripped her of her clothing they took her by the hair and dragged her away a few steps. Again she became unconscious. The next thing she noticed was the same horrible work of the two Indians, how they took a hold of her niece, Wilhelmina Kitzmann, who was still alive, and pulled her clothing over her head.

Then one of them held one of her limbs in his left hand, and with his knife in his right he began to separate the flesh from the bone. The unfortunate girl twisted her body into all conceivable shapes until the limb broke and was severed from the body. She only cried: "O God! O God!" Thus mutilated she was left for dead. Her two little sisters, who were crying most pitifully, were taken along by the Indians.

After a few hours Mrs. Krieger found that her left side was partly paralyzed. She tried to gather a few pieces of clothing from the dead but she did not succeed. As soon as she thought it safe she crept towards her own house, and found a few pieces of clothing near by. She did not venture to go in, but went farther on to a creek where she washed the blood from her wounds. She went on, and finally reached the next settlement, where she remained for three days. It was a distance of nine miles. Whenever she noticed Indians or heard any noise she would hide herself. And thus she plodded along, not knowing where she was going.

On Sunday evening she found several dead bodies and many articles of furniture. On the third day of her sufferings she came to a road, and following this for some distance found water. Excessive thirst had parched her lips and tongue. And thus did she wander about for twelve days, having at times only a few drops of dew to quench her thirst. On the thirteenth day she reached

Beaver Creek, everywhere stumbling over dead bodies of men, women and children. Again she went towards the woods where she sat down and fell asleep. Finally she reached the valley of the Minnesota River where she found a piece of a buffalo-robe that served her for a bed, and she took a little rest. A few wild plums were her only food. It then began to rain and continued so for a day and a night. She then wished the Indians might come and kill her. She was so weak that she could hardly rise to her feet. Two armed men were now approaching her. She could not see whether they were Indians or whites; but, nevertheless, felt happy to think that in either case her sufferings might end. When they came near her she saw that they were soldiers, and she beckoned them to come up to her. Her sufferings were now over. Dr. Daniels, who was one of the party, dressed her wounds, and nothing was left undone to comfort her. She was brought to Fort Ridgely, and, under the care of Dr. Muller and his estimable wife, she soon recovered. She rejoiced to find most of her children there. Of the baby left at Thiele's house nothing is known.

On the the 3d of November, 1862, she was married to John J. Meyer, whom she met at St. Paul, and who lost his whole family during those awful days.

TA-TANKA-NAZIN, (STANDING BUFFALO)
A hereditary Chief of the Sissetons, who remained loyal to the Government.

CHAPTER XVI.

Other Accounts.—Cruelty and Fierceness of the Savages.—An Example of Diabolical Atrocity.—Terrible Sufferings Endured.—Accounts of Physicians.—Justina Bolter's Wanderings.—Lavina Eastlick's Adventure.—Enormous Loss.—A Flourishing Settlement Ruined.—Official Reports of Deaths.—Seven Hundred Dead and Thirty Thousand Fugitives.—Estimate too Low.—Flight of the Guilty Sioux to Devil's Lake.—Ta-tan-ka-ma-zin.—John Other Day's Services.—Material Loss.—End of Chief Little Crow.—Expedition to Devil's Lake.—Little Crow's Bold Answer.—Sampson and His Son Chauncey Discover Little Crow and his Son near Hutchinson.—A Fight.—Little Crow Killed by Chauncey Sampson.—The Chief's Son Escapes.—Little Crow Scalped and Beheaded by the Soldiers.—Wa-wi-na-pa, Little Crow's Son.—His Account.—Little Crow's Wives and Children.—An Avenging Justice.

A FARMER with two of his sons was at work in a field. Twelve Indians came upon them and killed them without a moment's warning. From there they went into the farmer's house and killed two of his children, and then dragged their mother (who was sick of consumption) together with her daughter into their camp. They tore every vestige of clothing from the poor girl's body, and before the eyes of her mother, fiendishly abused her until death came to her relief. The fate of the captive women is beyond the power of

words to describe, nor would common decency permit as much as a partial unveiling of their horrible and revolting sufferings. Children were everywhere nailed to buildings or trees, and served as targets for throwing knives and tomahawks until life was extinct. A child was taken from the mother's womb and flung into her face. The Indians found another woman baking bread. They took her baby and cast it into the oven, and compelled the bewildered woman to roast it; and then took the roasted flesh and threw it in her face. They finally mutilated the poor woman in a most horrible manner. All the fiendish cruelties were heaped upon the dead. The soldiers found a great many of the dead bodies in a condition which can not be here described. It seems as if hell desired to exercise its torments on earth, in order to give man a vivid proof of its refinement of cruelties.

The sufferings and trials endured during this time were so numerous and great that it would seem incomprehensible to realize the length of human endurance, even under the tortures of the Indian savage. Indeed, the author would run the risk of being regarded as a writer of fiction, were it not for the unimpeachable testimony of physicians and thousands of other reliable eye-witnesses. Among these are Dr. Muller and Dr. Weshke of New Ulm, Dr. Daniels of St. Peter and Dr. McMahon of Mankato, who were constantly attending the sufferers.

Justina Boeltes, *née* Wendland, of Posen, Germany, came to this country in 1854. Her husband, John Boeltes, was killed on the 18th of August on the banks of the Upper Minnesota. During eight weeks she roamed through the woods with her four-year-old child. One of her children, aged six, died from the effects of hunger and exposure. Poorly clad and barefooted, with nothing except water-melons, fruit and raw potatoes as food, and water for drink; exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and without a fire to warm herself, she wandered about with her child. Destruction and death seemed to dog her every footstep. Always and everywhere she could see nothing but Indians robbing, murdering and plundering. Only on the 27th of October did the unfortunate woman find some soldiers belonging to General Sibley's expeditionary corps. She had been driven from her home on the 18th of August. Still herself and child recovered.

Maria Schwandt went through similar trials.

Lavina Eastlick, of Lake Shetek settlement, seventy miles west of New Ulm, and an equal distance from the Lower Agency, was almost the only person who escaped from the massacre of the 20th of August at that settlement. Her husband was among the dead. She was wounded in one of her feet, had several gunshot wounds on her head, and a bullet pierced her right hand and side above the hip. When she was crawling from the road an Indian struck her on the head with

his rifle and left her for dead. On the seventh day she was found near New Ulm, sixty miles from the place where she was wounded. Her son Merton, aged twelve, carried his fifteen-month's-old brother over fifty miles. For nearly a week they were thus exposed, poorly clad and having nothing to eat, except what could be procured in the woods.

The material losses which the settlers experienced were very great. A young and prosperous settlement was not only greatly weakened but almost destroyed. Thousands of immigrants who would have settled in the great Northwest were frightened away from this beautiful and fertile region. No one can exaggerate the extent of the drawback to the prosperity of the settlements by the loss of so many valuable lives. Official reports give the number of the dead a little above seven hundred. The reporter, Major Galbraith, making a premature return, did not include those who died from the effects of their wounds. He was himself under the impression that the number of the dead must be greater, since, according to the same official report, the number of fugitives was about thirty thousand; and of these one can easily see that at least one thousand may have been put to death. It is well known that in many of the settlements the majority were killed. Moreover, it was scarcely possible to obtain accurate returns. The settlements were very large; people were coming and going all the time, and

many of these were not even known by their nearest neighbors. The bodies of persons positively known to have been killed were not found among the dead. Many, therefore, must have been killed of whom nothing was ever known.

According to the report of General Sibley, four thousand Sioux, on being pursued by the military, fled to Devil's Lake, Dakota, a distance of five hundred miles, in the fall of 1862. Each one of those was more or less guilty of the wanton destruction of lives and property. It was almost impossible to capture them in that wild country. Had they been conscious of their innocence, they would not have exposed themselves to sufferings and privation such as a flight of this nature necessarily entailed upon them. They would have followed the example of Chief Ta-ta-ka-na-zin (Standing Buffalo), and given themselves up freely. Some of the Indians belonging to his tribe had, however, taken part in the massacre. This chief and several others, among whom was also Red Iron, suffered greatly at the hands of their people because they tried to prevent them from taking part in the massacre.

The same praise is due to another chief, John Other-Day, who was for a time in danger of death because he advised his tribe to keep aloof from the butcheries. He also saved the lives of over two hundred captives, whom the Sioux were determined to put to death, when they saw the soldiers following in hot pursuit.

With regard to the loss of property, Major Galbraith said, on the 13th of February, 1863, that two million dollars was not too high an estimate. Towards the end of 1862 two thousand nine hundred and forty claims for damages were made. The losses sustained by the Government were, of course, not included. Allowing only five hundred dollars to every claimant, it would bring the total to one million four hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

In spite of the utmost exertions of both officers and soldiers, they were not able to capture the chief leader in the massacre, Tah-o-ah-ta-doo-ta (His Scarlet-red People), commonly known as Little Crow.* When Generals Sibley and Sully marched to Devil's Lake (Miniwakan) with a large army in the Spring of 1863, where it would have been impossible for them to go during the winter, in order to capture the Indians, they were especially anxious to capture Chief Little Crow. They gained their main object, the capture of the Indians; but the chief had escaped. It is said that when General Sibley, in June, 1863, inquired after his whereabouts, the proud chief answered him thus: "If you wish to know where I am, I will say that you may soon meet me at Yellow

*He inherited his name "Little Crow" from his grandfather, who, superstitious as Indians generally are, always wore the skin of a crow over his breast to prevent the Evil Spirit from attacking him. The Chippewas, therefore, called him mockingly the "Chief of the Crows," and his little nephew "The Little Crow."

Medicine." This place was located between the two agencies, where the first butchery took place, about sixty miles above New Ulm.

This haughty reply was made on the 1st of June, 1863, at St. Joseph, near Devil's Lake. On the 3d of July, 1863, Little Crow was seen by Sampson and his son Chauncey near Hutchinson, forty-eight miles north of New Ulm and some five hundred miles from St. Joseph. It was towards the evening when they saw two Indians picking berries, but the Indians did not notice them. The place was covered with shrubbery and all sorts of vines. Sampson, who was hiding in the grass, crept slowly up to a small tree, leveled his rifle and fired. The bullet had taken effect and the Indian fell to the ground.

It is well to notice here that, after the outbreak, every Sioux, wherever and whenever he was found within a settlement, could be shot. This privilege was granted the settlers on account of the many murders that were committed by the Sioux even after the close of the last outbreak. Many an innocent Indian, no doubt, lost his life during that time. The settlers never left their homes without their rifles. The seal of the State seems, therefore, very appropriate. *

Sampson now tried to steal back somewhat, fearing there might be more Indians near by. On

* It represents a farmer at the rising or setting of the sun, having his rifle at his side, and a mounted Indian, clad in his war costume.

his retreat he crept over a little knoll, and in doing so exposed himself to the Indians. The wounded Indian hastily followed him, and when Sampson was on the knoll three shots were fired simultaneously by the two Indians and young Sampson. The wounded Indian was killed by Chauncey, whilst a bullet whizzed hard by his own head. Sampson was struck in the shoulder by a buckshot from the wounded Indian. The other Indian mounted his horse and galloped away.

Sampson, on being wounded, fell to the ground. His son believing him to be dead, and fearing the Indians, did not dare to go up to him, but ran towards Hutchinson, where he arrived at 10 o'clock, causing great excitement by his report. Several of the soldiers of Company E, who were camped there, immediately left with some citizens for the scene of the fight, and sent to Preston for a detachment of cavalry. Meanwhile, Sampson, wounded as he was, crept into the bush and prepared his rifle and revolver for a new attack. He took off his white shirt so as not to be noticed in the dark. But when he found that everything was quiet around him, he arose and started to Hutchinson, which place he reached at 2 o'clock the next morning.

The calvary sent out found the dead Indian, scalped him and severed the head from his body. The Indian was of medium height, between fifty and sixty years old and had gray hair. His front

LITTLE CROW'S SON, (Wo-wi-na-pe).
(One who comes in sight),
Taken prisoner by the Military Expedition under command of Brig. Gen. Sibley, 1863.

as well as his back teeth were double. His right arm had once been broken and had not been set right, and his left arm had withered. The body was brought to Hutchinson and thrown into a cess-pool into which all the refuse of the slaughter-houses was deposited. The head was lying on the prairie for several days until some one picked it up to prepare it for a show-case. According to the testimony of his son, who was captured near Devil's Lake about a month later, the corpse thus treated was that of the dreaded Little Crow himself.

Little Crow's son, Wa-wi-na-pa, was for a long time a captive at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul. He said his father told him at St. Joseph that he was too old to fight against the whites, that they should go down and steal some horses for the children and then he would leave them. He also explained how the second shot from the Sampsons killed his father. Little Crow then told his son that he was killed, asked for some water, which was given him, after which death speedily ensued. The youth then fled to Devil's Lake. Little Crow left a large family. He had six wives, of whom four were sisters. These Indians believe that when a wife has a certain number of children the husband must marry another. Little Crow had in all twenty-two children.

We have here evidences of a higher and supreme justice. Little Crow, through whose fault many a faithful father was assassinated, dies in the same

way at the side of his son. Death comes to him by the hand of a mere boy. How many an innocent child had on his account to roam about neglected and forlorn! Crow's son flees from his dead father, and, after much suffering and hardship on a flight of five hundred miles, he is pursued by his enemies, captured and led away. The dead bodies of the poor victims whom they sacrificed to the demon of revenge were lying about on the prairies for weeks before they could be buried. Here the body of the renowned chief finds not a grave, but is left to rot among the refuse. Who will not confess that there is an avenging justice above the justice of earth and of man? The punishment which the Government tried in vain to inflict upon the guilty chief was inflicted upon him by a stronger hand, thus to some extent paying the penalty for a long career of wickedness and crime.

CHAPTER XVII.

Conclusion.—Any Change for the Better in Dealing with the Indians.—Only a Pause.—Shameful Treatment of the Redskins.—Crackers and Strychnine.—The Pious E. P. Smith.—Three Hundred and Three Thousand Dollars of Indian Money.—Battle in Montana.—Indian Cruelties Continue.—Expeditions of Generals Terry and Custer.—General Crook's Defeat.—A Dark War Cavalcade.—Custer's March to Little Horn River.—The Last Signal.—Three Hundred Soldier's Killed.—Sitting Bull's Attack on Major Reno's Troops.—End of the Eastern Army.—Brave Soldiers know How to Die.

THE Indian outbreak of 1862 should have been the means of inducing the Indian departments to treat the redskins with more justice, but thus far there has been no change. So long as the principal officers and leaders are guided by the spirit of a narrow-minded and intolerant Puritanism, there is no hope for the Indians. As soon as the agencies are placed under military control, there may be a pause, but only a pause, in the work of defrauding and maltreating them.

"Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes."

When savages are provoked their acts of revenge are terrible; but the acts of injustice by which their patience is tried and exhausted must be still greater. Two years ago one of the commanding

officers, in his expedition against the Indians, caused several barrels of crackers to be mixed with strychnine for the Indians. The unsophisticated and starving redskins ate greedily, and hundreds of them died from the poison. Yet, this was done in the face of civilization and charity!

How the Indians at the Agencies, and especially the female portion, are treated by the agents, employés, and sometimes by the soldiers, official reports do not tell us. What is to be said if the most fanatically pious are the greatest rascals? There was the pious E. P. Smith, a Methodist minister, who used to say grace at the hotels for the benefit of the whole neighborhood. When he became Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington he removed the head clerk, Smooth, because, according to his books, Smith owed the Indians three hundred and three thousand dollars. Smith appointed a Miss Cook, a niece of his, to patch up the books. She was an expert, but did not ultimately succeed well. Mr. Smooth was reinstated after a while. The three hundred and three thousand dollars, however, had mysteriously disappeared. Brother Smith, after having appropriated the title to considerable tracts of land in a manner peculiar to himself, went to Africa as Superintendent of the Negro missions.

Meanwhile the Indians were not indifferent in contending fiercely for their rights.

Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux and Dakota Indians, on the 25th of June, 1876, at the mouth

of the Little Horn River in the Black Hills, completely demolished General Custer's army, consisting of five companies. Not one man escaped. General Custer himself and his two brothers were among the dead. And now a cry of revenge has gone forth and preparations are made for the destruction of the Sioux. But they have in reality only defended themselves against encroachments upon their own lands, which were in addition secured to them by treaty. Indeed, the history of the wrongs against the Indians has not yet been written. In reference to this sad disaster we give the following from the correspondent of a St. Louis paper:

"A terrible Indian battle took place in the Little Horn river valley on the 25th of June. To give our readers a fuller understanding of the affair we must go back a few months. Three separate detachments of troops were sent out in the Spring by President Grant into the vicinity of the Yellowstone in order, at least, to compel them to relinquish their claims to the Black Hills or destroy the Sioux nation altogether. Generals Terry and Custer left Fort Abraham Lincoln with one thousand men and went southwest. General Crook of Fort Laramie went northward over Fort Fetterman with an equal number of soldiers, and General Gibbon left Montana, going east with seven hundred men. All three generals were to meet near the Little Horn and Rosebud rivers. And it was expected that these armies would annihilate Sitting Bull and his three thousand warriors. But Sitting Bull did not wait until he was completely surrounded. He kept his whole army in

the center and attacked the hostile forces in detail as they approached. The first vigorous attack was made on the 17th of June upon General Crook and his army. He gained a complete victory and his loss was only eleven dead and twenty-eight wounded.

"While the defeated Government troops were attending to the wounded Sitting Bull was on his way northward. An eagle in its lofty flight might have detected the camp-fires of General Terry ninety miles from the Rosebud battlefield. And thither Sitting Bull hastened with his three thousand warriors, gathering up the warriors of allied tribes on their way. It was a march of six days and six nights. On the seventh day they reached the extensive village of the Dakotas, on the banks of the Little Horn. They were welcomed with a cry of unbounded joy.. News had reached them that at the mouth of the Little Horn a white General (Terry) had entered the Big Horn with a steamer, and that the great pale-face was leading thousands of horsemen with blue coats against their little huts.

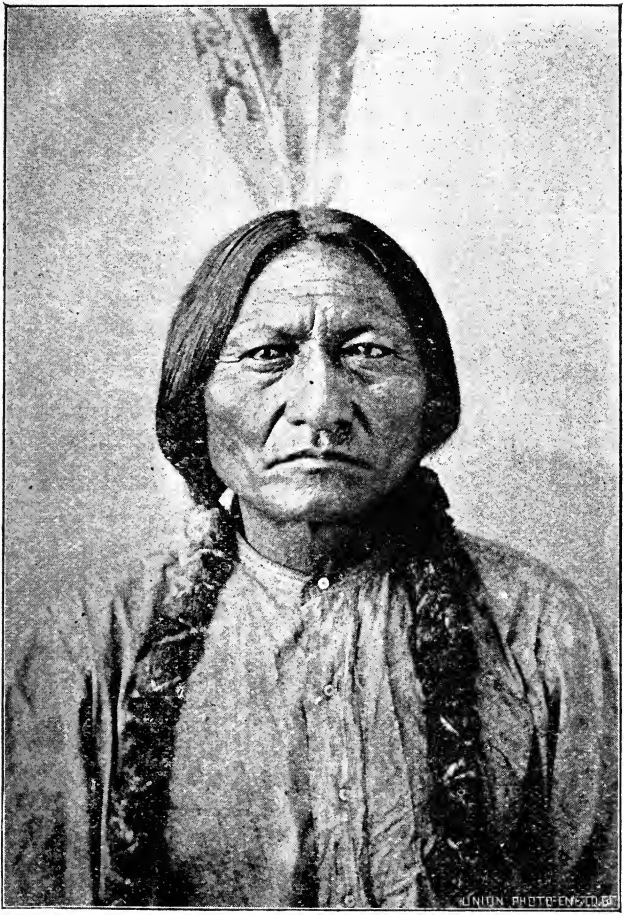
"The taking of an Indian village, the burning of their tepees and the killing of squaws and papooses was so great and glorious an undertaking that a first-class General had to be placed in charge of it. Phil. Sheridan, the conqueror of the Pigean Indians and of the bandits of New Orleans, was not there, and so the discoverer of the Black Hills and the great friend of the Northern Pacific, General Custer, was the next in order.

"During the last hours of the night from the 24th to the 25th of June, General Custer, with his two brothers, a nephew, a brother-in-law, thirteen officers and five companies of cavalry advanced slowly toward the Indian village. His way led

through a few ravines. They had now passed through two of these, and from a little hill they commanded a full view of the peaceful little village. There may have been about two thousand little huts there standing at a respectable distance from each other. Down this incline and through that pass yonder, and we are upon them! The great Indian killer waves his hand, the drum beats and the attack is made. It was General Custer's last signal and it was the last response his poor men ever made. Not one of them was able to put his flaming torch to a Dakota tepee. Sitting Bull's advance guard fell upon them in the pass, shot and stabbed them and dragged them from their horses until the last man's blood of the little army of three hundred and fifteen had saturated the earth.

"From a distant hill the reserve of three companies had a full view of the butchery of their companions. Since the landing of the Mayflower such a terrible thing had not taken place; five companies of United States soldiers yielding up their lives under the cruel knives and deadly bullets of two thousand Indians.

"In the meantime Sitting Bull, at the head of his main army, was facing Major Reno, who wanted to attack the village from the south side. Reno was at the head of seven companies, but displayed greater prudence than Custer. When the enemy came upon him they found him occupying a favorable position. Sitting Bull, therefore, thought it more advisable to surround them, and thus Reno and his five hundred men had to endure a siege which lasted twenty-four hours, during which they suffered the loss of many lives. General Gibbon arrived from Montana and rescued them."



SITTING BULL.

ADDENDA.

A Sequel to the War of 1876.—Sitting Bull Returns to the United States, and is given a Reservation.—A New War in 1890.—Discontented Indians get Crazy over a New Messiah.—The Ghost Dance.—Sitting Bull at the Bottom of the Trouble.—His Tragic Death.—The Battle of Wounded Knee.—Custer Revenged.—Immense Slaughter of the Indians.—Peace Restored.—But, if Government Agents are again Dishonest, the End is not yet.

THE savages were finally conquered by the strong arm of a regular and disciplined force. But Sitting Bull, Chief of the Sioux, could not be induced to enter upon any friendly relations with the palefaces, and, with a small number of followers, withdrew into British territory. In the year 1880, however, he returned to the United States at the request of the British Government, by which his presence was considered undesirable, and even dangerous, on account of the many Indian tribes whom he might induce to go on the war-path. He was promised an unconditional pardon for his past offences, and a reservation was set aside for him near Standing Rock Agency in Dakota. In 1888, the Government desired to transfer the Indians from there to another reservation. Sitting Bull was not inclined to obey, and he induced his tribe to resist the

demands of the Government. He was a true type of an independent, liberty-loving Indian, and was not entirely without education. He frequently enjoyed the company of white people, and had several audiences with the President at Washington. But the more he saw of our civilization and its progress, the more bitterly did he hate the white race. He wrote a good letter in the English language. Catholic missionaries exerted a strong influence upon him; but his bigamous practices prevented him from embracing Christianity. He was killed in the outbreak of 1890 and was fifty-three years old at the time of his death. How he met death, and what some prominent men have said about him, and the Indian problem in general, may well find a place here.

Toward the latter part of 1890 and the beginning of 1891, a great and singular excitement took place among the Indians. The Sioux, especially, had for a long time suffered much at the hands of the whites and from other causes. They were threatened with starvation, and Government aid seemed too far away to reach them. In their despair they turned to their medicine-men for relief, and seemed ready to avail themselves of anything that gave them hope. In the midst of all this a false prophet in the shape of a powerful medicine man arose among them, predicting the coming of a deliverer who would restore them to their former independence and happiness.

Time out of mind they have looked forward to this powerful Leader who was to be sent to them by the Great Spirit. He was to raise from the dead all the warriors of the past and lead them against the white race, who were to be entirely annihilated. The countless herds of buffalo that in times past roamed over the plains were to be restored to them, and the wild revelry of the old hunting days were to come back again. The prophet stated that all these things were to happen "when they were most afflicted and most oppressed." This was followed by the "Ghost Dances," which resulted in the wildest orgies, and drove many of the Indian tribes into absolute madness, on account of the violence of the excitement it created.

There was scarcely an Indian settlement from Alaska to Mexico that did not await with savage rites the promised coming of the Messiah.

Mrs. J. A. Finley, wife of the Postmaster and trader at Pine Ridge Agency, went out to see the dances after they had been in progress for some time, and thus describes them:

"Four hundred and eighty Indians were in one of their dances. In preparing, they cut the tallest tree they could find, and, having dragged it to a level piece of prairie, set it up in the ground. Under this tree four of the head men stood. Others formed a circle and began to go around and around the tree. The dance commenced on a

Friday afternoon and was kept up Saturday and Sunday, until sundown. During all this time they neither ate nor drank. They kept going about in one direction until they became so dizzy that they could scarcely stand; they then turned and went in the other direction and kept it up until they swooned from exhaustion. This, it seems, is what they desire; for while they are in that swoon they think they see and talk with the Messiah. When they recovered they told their experience to the four wise men under the tree. The poor creatures lose all senses in the dance. They think they are animals. When they cannot lose their senses from exhaustion, they butt their heads together and beat them on the ground, and do anything to become insensible so that they may be ushered into the presence of the Messiah. . . .

"At the end of the dance they had a grand feast, the revel lasting all Sunday night."

It seemed to them as if it were necessary to their existence to have these orgies. They had a strong effect on the minds of the Indians, and it was an easy matter to precipitate war. The Government issued orders strictly forbidding them to carry on those dances. But they went on nevertheless. It was supposed that Sitting Bull was one of the principal abettors. The false prophet was a relative of his, and while he pretended to discourage the craze among his people, he connived at it all.

Orders were given at Washington to have this troublesome chief arrested, and the Hon. William F. Cody, the celebrated Indian scout, well known as "Buffalo Bill," was detailed for that purpose. Cody was in Europe at the time, exhibiting his "Wild West Show," which was a combination of trained Indians, cowboys and others, illustrative of American frontier life. In obedience to the orders of the Government he left his business in the hands of an agent and came to the United States. No one was more fitted to perform that important and dangerous duty than Col. Cody, for he was perfectly familiar with the general traits and character of the Indian, and of the Sioux tribe in particular. The order, however, was considered untimely; it was revoked, and Cody returned to Europe without having performed any service for the Government. It is questionable if this was not a mistake. Cody's diplomacy might have prevented the loss of life which followed.

Subsequently, this policy was reconsidered, and it was agreed that if Sitting Bull were arrested the excitement would cease. A detachment of twenty Indian police, accompanied by two troops of the Eighth Cavalry under the command of Major McLaughlin and Captain Fetchet, and a company of infantry, was, accordingly, on Sunday morning, December 14th, 1890, sent to arrest him. This order was not inopportune, as has since then been proved, for many of the Indians had already left the reservation for the Bad Lands, a not distant

part of Central Dakota, comprising "one of the most extraordinary, fantastic, repelling and desolate regions in the world." They had already built fortifications there, and were preparing for a desperate conflict with the United States authorities. The order of arrest resulted in the death of Sitting Bull, a graphic sketch of which is subjoined from one of the news correspondents of the time. The cavalry kept within supporting distance, lest resistance should be made to the carrying out of the order. This is an Associated Press account of the tragedy:

"When the Indian police reached Sitting Bull's camp they found the Indians ready to march. Their ponies were painted and many of the savages had stripped for war. The police made a dash into the camp and seized Sitting Bull. They were on their way back to Standing Rock with their prisoner when a son of the famous chief urged his comrades to recapture the old man. The women and children were left in the bushes, and then, with yells, the hostiles charged on the police, firing as they came. A hand-to-hand struggle ensued, during which Sitting Bull, who was not shackled, gave his orders in a loud voice.

"For several minutes the firing was heavy and deadly. In a furious fusilade Sitting Bull fell from his saddle pierced by a bullet; but it is not known whether it was fired by the charging party or by one of the police. The son of Sitting Bull was slain almost at the first volley of the police.

The hostiles fired with deadly accuracy, and slowly drove the police from the field. If the cavalry had not come up at this time it is probable the force would have been annihilated. The soldiers were quick to enter into action. A skirmish line was thrown out, and then, kneeling and firing as they advanced, the troops, with machine guns playing over their heads, poured a withering fire into the savages. Sitting Bull's body, which had been abandoned by the police, was secured, as well as that of his son, and taken to Standing Rock. After the fight was over the followers of the dead chief struck out for the Bad Lands."

The Battle of Wounded Knee.

The death of Sitting Bull created intense excitement all through the Indian country. Instead of giving relief to the anxiety felt, it aroused the keenest apprehension. For it was feared that the followers of the dead chief would revenge his death by falling on all the settlers within reach, on their retreat to the Bad Lands. They were full of fight and vengeance. Consequently, refugees from all the surrounding settlements flocked into the neighboring towns of Bismarck and Mandau for safety. Gen. Miles, then in command,

made every preparation to forestall any catastrophe, and set about the movement of his troops to prevent any concentration of the Indians. So he directed the troops to destroy or capture all those who escaped, after the death of Sitting Bull. General Miles said that the order for this arrest was not given too soon, as he had reliable information that he was about leaving with one hundred fighting men. There were still, however, two hundred and fifty lodges, or over one thousand fighting Indians, in the Bad Lands.

From a very interesting work, entitled "Sitting Bull and the Indian War," recently written and compiled by W. Fletcher Johnson, we are pleased to make a few extracts on the subsequent events—the "Battle of Wounded Knee" in particular—which will complete this history of the Indian troubles up to the date of its publication:

"Sitting Bull was dead, and thus the first of two decisive measures was accomplished. Now came the second, the disarming of Big Foot's band. Although these Indians had surrendered in entire good faith, they were most suspicious and uneasy. The tragic fate of Sitting Bull had alarmed them, and they only half trusted their white captors. There were those among them who believed that they were all to be put to death, and when the surrender of their weapons was talked of, this belief was much intensified. They naturally supposed that their arms were to be

taken from them only to render them defenseless, and therefore easier victims. It was in this state of mind that they went into camp on the bank of Wounded Knee Creek, a place destined to become famous as the scene of one of the most bloody Indian battles of recent years.

"Col. Forsythe arrived at the camp on Wounded Knee Creek early on the morning of December 29th, with orders from Gen. Brooke to disarm Big Foot's band. Col. Forsythe assumed command of the regulars, with two battalions of 500 men, with Hotchkiss guns. It was feared that the Indians would offer resistance, and every precaution was taken to prevent an escape and to render the movement successful. Col. Forsythe threw his force around the Indian camp and mounted the Hotchkiss guns so as to command the camp, and at eight o'clock issued the order to disarm the redskins.

"The preparations were quickly made. The command was given to the Indians to come forward from their tents. This was done, the squaws and children remaining behind the tepees. The braves advanced a short distance from the camp to the place designated, and were placed in a half circle, the warriors squatting on the ground in front of the tent where Big Foot, their chief, lay sick with pneumonia. By twenties they were ordered to give up their arms. The first twenty went to their tents and came back with only two

guns. This irritated Major Whiteside, who was superintending this part of the work.

"After a hasty consultation with Col. Forsythe he gave the order for the cavalrymen, who were all dismounted and formed in almost a square, about twenty-five paces back, to close in. They did so, and took a stand within twenty feet of the Indians. When this had been done a detachment of cavalry went through the tepees to search for arms. They found about fifty rifles. But, in the meantime, the Indian warriors, who were firmly and naturally convinced that they were about to be put to death, raised their plaintive death chant. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, they changed it to their war-song, and before the startled soldiers could realize what was happening, the Indians drew their rifles from beneath their blankets and opened fire. Those Indians who had no guns rushed on the soldiers with tomahawk in one hand and a scalping-knife in the other. The troops outnumbered the Indians, three or four to one, and the case from the first was hopeless. It was simply the last desperate death-struggle of brave men who believed they were all to be massacred, and who meant to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"The fight lasted for over an hour. During this time Captain Wallace and seven troopers were killed and fifteen wounded, including Lieut. Garlington, of Arctic fame. The slaughter among the savages was terrible, despite the fact that the

soldiers had to run them down in their ambuscades. When the fight had fully begun the troopers cheered one another with the cry "Remember Custer!" The regiment fought as only men with a revengeful grievance can fight. There was no disorder after the first shock of surprise had passed away. On foot, and mounted, the troopers deployed in all directions, driving the savages from cover and sending them in disorder to the more impregnable buttes to the north. Nearly one hundred Indians fell before the sheet of flame that swept from the batteries and guns of the United States troops. The manner in which Big Foot's band turned upon their captors, stood before the terribly-raking fire and shot down so many soldiers, rivals anything that has accompanied the Indian wars of America. Though encumbered with their squaws and papooses, they almost snatched victory from defeat, and displayed a degree of reckless daring and bravery that has rarely been equalled.

"The instant the attack began, the soldiers, maddened at the sight of their falling comrades, hardly awaited the command, and, in a moment, the whole camp was a sheet of fire, above which the smoke rolled, obscuring the central scene from view. Through this horrible curtain single Indians could be seen at times flying before the fire, but after the first discharge from the carbines of the troops there were few of them left. They fell on all sides like grain before the scythe.

"Indians and soldiers lay together, and, wounded, fought on the ground. Off toward the bluffs the few remaining warriors fled, turning occasionally to fire, but now evidently caring more for escape than battle. Only the wounded Indians seemed possessed of the courage of devils. From the ground where they had fallen they continued to fire until their ammunition was gone or until killed by the soldiers. Both sides forgot everything excepting the loading and discharging of guns.

"It was only in the early part of the affray that hand-to-hand fighting was seen. The carbines were clubbed, sabres gleamed and war-clubs circled in the air, coming down like thunderbolts. But this was only for a short time. The Indians could not stand that storm from the soldiers. It was only a stroke of life before death. The remnant fled and the battle became a hunt.

"It was now that the artillery was called into requisition. Before, the fighting was so close that the guns could not be trained without danger of death to the soldiers. Now, with the Indians flying where they might, it was easier to reach them. The Gatling and Hotchkiss guns were trained, and then began a heavy firing, which lasted half an hour, with frequent heavy volleys of musketry and cannon. It was a war of extermination now. It was difficult to restrain the troops. Tactics were almost abandoned. About the only tactics was to kill while it could be done, wherever an Indian

could be seen. Down into the creek and up over the bare hills they were followed by artillery and musketry fire, and the engagement went on until not a live Indian was in sight.

"More than ninety Indians were killed by the deadly fire from the Hotchkiss guns and the unerring aim of the soldiers. But when the smoke cleared away it was found that the firing of the redskins was only a degree less effective than that of the well-trained troopers. Twenty-five brave soldiers were scattered on the field and thirty-five others were suffering from serious wounds.

"Chief Big Foot was lying in his tepee, dying of pneumonia, when the battle began. He slowly drew himself up, but had hardly reached an erect position when at least twenty bullets struck him, and he pitched forward, never to rise again. His squaw rose to her feet with a Winchester in her hand, when a bullet struck her in the heart, and she sprang convulsively in the air, rolling down the hill like a ball.

"When the troopers got fairly at work they poured a deadly fire into the savages, who were hurrying with their guns to the crags and cliffs and buttes which surrounded the camp. Many of the hostiles leaped upon their ponies before the battle had fairly opened and fled toward the Bad Lands.

"The Indians formed no order of battle. Each man fought for himself, and the soldiers were at a disadvantage from the start. Captain Hayden

and his artillerymen worked desperately to get their guns to perform effective service; but they were so slow at their work that most of the casualties had occurred before the shells began to burst over the ambuscades of the hostiles. Captain Hayden had one Hotchkiss gun, which was used to some effect before the howitzers began to work. The Indians have an everlasting hatred for cannon and the men who work them; and it was noticeable that in this battle the heaviest fire from the enemy was directed toward the artillerymen, among whom there were several casualties.

Dr. Chas. A. Eastman of Boston, a full-blooded Sioux, who visited the battle-field after the conflict, wrote the following:

"On Thursday morning I visited the field of battle, where all those Indians were killed on the Wounded Knee, last Monday. I went there to get the wounded, some who were left out. The soldiers brought with them about twenty-five, and I found eleven who were still living. Among them were two babies, about three months old, and an old woman who is totally blind, and was left for dead. Four of them were found out in a field in the storm, which was very severe. They were half buried in the snow. It was a terrible and horrible sight to see women and children lying in groups, dead. I suppose they were of one family. Some of the young girls wrapped their heads with shawls and buried their faces in their hands. I

suppose they did that so that they would not see the soldiers come up to shoot them. At one place there were two little children, one about one year old, the other about three, lying on their faces, dead, and about thirty yards from them a woman lay on her face, dead. These were away from the camp about an eighth of a mile.

"In front of the tents, which were in a semi-circle, lay dead most of the men. This was right by one of the soldier's tents. Those who were still living told me that that was where the Indians were ordered to hold a council with the soldiers. The accounts of the battle by the Indians were simple, and confirmed one another, that the soldiers ordered them to go into camp, for they were moving them, and told them that they would give them provisions. Having done this they (the Indians) were asked to give up their arms, which was complied with by most of them, in fact all the old men; but many of the younger men did not comply, because they either had no arms, or concealed them in their blankets.

"Then an order was given to search their persons, and their tents as well; and when a search was made of a wretch of an Indian, who was known as "Good-for-Nothing," he fired the first shot and killed one of the soldiers. They fired upon the Indians instantaneously. Shells were thrown among the women and children, some of which mutilated them most horribly."

When General Brooke sent Father Jule, a missionary, to the camp of the hostiles, to learn

the cause of their grievances and what the impulses were that moved them to desperation. A council was held, and, after much deliberation, a petition drawn up, signed by Hollow Bear and fifty-two other representatives—men of the different Sioux families. It was as follows:

"To the President.—Great Father, this day we write you a letter with a good heart. When we gave up the Black Hills you told us in that treaty that a man would get three pounds of beef a day. The meaning was three pounds for one man. Besides, you said we could get food just like the soldiers. You did not give it to us at that rate. We are starving, and beg you to give it to us just so as you have promised. Thirty men of us get for eighteen days only one cow to eat. That is why we mention it; and if you do not understand it, send money, and Hollow Horn Bear and five men will come to you. Great Father, if you do not want to do so, then, please let us have a soldier for agent."

The war of 1890–91 was an example of the same kind of mismanagement by Government officers, and dishonesty, too, on the part of an agent. The Sioux were suffering great privation—many actually starving. Under the circumstances they became desperate and determined, since there was no help in man, to seek the "Messiah;" and, if they must die, to die fighting their pale-faced foes.

Mr. Donaldson, one of the Government census agents, has recently shown by actual record, that from July 4th, 1776, to June 30, 1886, the Indians had cost the Government $929,239,284.02. And it is safe to say that, since that computation, the expenses of the last few years will bring the amount up to one thousand millions of dollars—about one-third what the War of the Rebellion cost. The story of dealing with the Indians, and the story of their wars is one of "expense, barbarity and shame."

We judge the Indian with prejudice, and, consequently, with injustice. Not taking into account his savage nature and unfavorable surroundings, we expect of him all that can be of a civilized man. But without the positive influences of Christianity, a lasting conversion and thorough civilization is next to impossible. A mistake is made in trying to force upon this people one certain form of Christianity. At many of the Agencies they are *compelled* to accept the Christianity of a certain sect. Many are grievously offended at this. Such proceedings have always a bad effect. The Indians heartily despise the pious formalities and outward show of Puritanism which has been forced upon them. Their keen powers of observation soon gives them an insight into these hypocritical professions, and Christianity becomes to them an object of contempt, which they cast aside at the first opportunity. Every revolt and outbreak furnish proof of this. Those who had embraced Christianity always joined their Pagan

brethren whenever any deeds of violence were to be perpetrated against the whites. The Sioux have frequently and earnestly asked for Catholic missionaries, but their request was never noticed at Washington.

The large salaries that have been paid their "spiritual" agents (whose wives, daughters and cousins also drew large salaries as their assistants in some official capacity) was looked upon by them as systematic plunder. Cold and indifferent treatment at the hands of the Great Father at Washington, of which President Harrison, in dealing with the Sioux delegates, has recently given an example, is not calculated to make them love the white man and his religion.

Evil will always bring forth evil. Moreover, these aborigines cannot understand why their lands can be taken from them, tract after tract, by the palefaces, since they are the real and original owners—the only real Americans—who, together with their descendants, have the only rightful claim to that title. As far as this world is concerned it was to the old Indians a paradise. Their hunting grounds were boundless, their fisheries exhaustless, and their pastures almost without limit. Free from all restraints, the Son of the Wilderness could roam about in the most beautiful forests on the face of the earth, and eat and rest on the soft, fur-covered couch of his wigwam. He knew no care for the coming day.

But the palefaces have changed all this for him.

Pictures from the German Sioux Mission.

A correspondent of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, writing from St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, under date January 16, 1891, gives the following graphic account of affairs at the Mission at that date:

"I do not believe in a premeditated plan of Sitting Bull, or any other chief, to enter upon a general revolt. Those who knew Sitting Bull deny it. But, since he is dead, he cannot defend himself. If Col. Gallagher had remained the agent at Pine Ridge, and Mr. Wright had been at our reservation at the time, I believe no military interference would ever have been necessary, and we would have had no stampede and no bloodshed. The craze would have died out, as it had no other foundation than the story of the 'spirit' and the empty promises and threats of Short Bull and his associates. According to what many Indians tell me of the latter, he must have been a sort of sorcerer. Anyway, he knew how to keep their expectations alive from day to day. But this could not have lasted for any length of time. He had spoken of a fire which was to consume the earth, of a cyclone destroying everything, of a fearful hailstorm, and of a deluge. Nothing came to pass. His promises about his magical coats against which bullets could not prevail would soon have been

found to be equally vain, and the strongest faith in him would have been shaken, and the Indians would have loaded the deceiver with shame and disgrace. How firmly the Indians believed in Short Bull at the time, even to those who seemed otherwise reasonable, is evident from the fact that they wanted to take their children out of school for fear they might burn up with us, or be changed into dogs in the next world, because they had not taken part in the ghost dance. I told them that if everything else perishes, St. Francis Mission would survive, and they should leave their children where they would be well taken care of. The majority obeyed me. Only a few removed their children secretly. From our nearest camp, the 'owl-feather' village, only three went with them into the Bad Lands.

"The morning after the soldiers had arrived I held a council with them, where we solemnly smoked the pipe of peace. They requested to ask Col. Smith for a white flag. They remembered that in former times the soldiers, being under the influence of liquor, had killed the innocent together with the guilty. I told them they had nothing to fear at the Mission. Col. Smith did not think it advisable, either, to provide them with such a flag, because the rebels might get one like it, and thereby deceive the army. During the first days of suspense, therefore, the village was formed between the Mission and the two-mile distant camp. But when everything remained quiet they

soon returned to their log cabins to take care of their effects.

"Some persons had taken advantage of the absence of the fugitives (rebels) and their relatives, and sold their hay to the cavalry, tore down their cabins and cut up the logs for firewood.

"Our Indians did not have a hand in it. Some of them feared for our Mission, and at a council they freely offered their services to protect us and to help us in case of need. 'At your request we stayed at home. You have made our hearts strong. Now we are glad.' How often have I since then heard these and similar words!

"This reminds me of an anecdote which Gen. Brooke related to Father Craft and myself. When Father Jutz brought the Indians back to Pine Ridge agency, they had taken an old flour-sack with them from the Mission and tied it to a long pole, which served them as a flag of truce. Thus they went to meet the General. 'What does this mean?' said he. 'That we don't want any war,' they replied. 'Do we want war?' he answered. 'We have come as the friends of all good Indians and to secure their life and property against those who are inclined to rebel. Away with the flag!' By his quiet, patient and friendly dealings with them he gained their confidence, and would have brought about an amicable settlement if Sitting Bull's death and the bloody encounter between the soldiers and Big Foot's band had not come to

interfere. It is to be hoped that this will be brought to light in due time.

"The Indians are overgrown children, wards of the Government, and as such must be treated with patience and firmness. But children, it is said, are little men. These red children have a keen feeling for justice and brotherly love. They must feel that one means well with them, and they will be led. This is the middle of January, and they have not yet received their blankets and clothes, and they must freeze. Day before yesterday one of them said to me: 'The Great Father must be ashamed to hear how poor we are after receiving so many promises.' He told me how they received a number of cows once during Spotted Tail's time; but at that time they still lived in tents and had no barns for their cattle, and during the winter they either ran away or died. During the last few years they have become more inclined to work; but there are still a good many shiftless ones among them. Now would be the time to lend the willing ones a helping hand. The consequences of these late troubles will be felt for a long time. What has been frequently said prior to these late troubles is true. 'The best and cheapest thing for the Government to do would be to give them their rations promptly and to accustom them at the same time to farming and stock raising.' The question of water is an important one. For example: for miles around the Mission the soil is very good, but there are no streams and the Indians

are not able to dig wells. Why could not the boring of artesian wells be tried? These would greatly increase the value of the land and soon repay the outlay. If I had the means I would make a trial. Our present farmer is the best one we ever had. He follows the Indians and shows a real interest in their advancement. Harmony prevails at all times between the officials and the agents. Mr. Wright is, as far as I know, a Chicago boy, and his motto is: 'Be sure you are right, and go ahead.' Every one here is glad that he has been honorably reinstated in his office.

"If you ask me what my hopes are, I will say, that everything depends upon the means that are employed to overcome the mistrust and bitterness caused by these troubles. These troubles are a lesson to both the whites and the redskins. We must not judge the revolt of the Indians too harshly. Their mistrust was awakened and fed. If they can be convinced that the coming of troops was intended for their own welfare, they will soon forget what has happened. If a father shows himself kind after he has punished the child, the punishment will be soon forgotten; and it will even thank the father as soon as it can see that it was in the wrong. If the overflowing waters are now led into the right channel, and if by instruction in the true faith they are secured against following similar fanatical superstitions, then this may have been the last outbreak of the Sioux. Ploughs and schools will do all they can.

"In conclusion, I must relate a trick the Indian boys played on me. One day during last December they conducted a regular ghost dance. As soon as they saw me come around the corner they parted as suddenly as if a thunderbolt had dropped into their midst. We had strictly forbidden them that nonsense from the start. I feigned as if I had not noticed anything and went away. They soon gathered again and tried it once more. Then I could see a company of 'soldiers,' armed with sticks and commanded by a captain, coming down upon the dancers. When I went up to them they came and told me, very modestly: 'Father, we are only playing Short-Bull-Catch; we know he is a deceiver and do not believe him.'

"These will hardly ever fall away again.

"You ought to have read some of the letters written by some of our scholars to their parents or grandparents at Pine Ridge, and you would have said: *Vivant, crescant, floriant!*—that is, the schools, especially those on the reservation. They do much good. We have not seen the end yet, but according to the latest reports an amicable settlement is near at hand. May God help us to receive our confused flock in patience and love, and lead them upon the right path!

"P. F. D., S. J."

Other Pictures from the Same Source.

Through the kindness of a benevolent German gentleman from Chicago who is an active friend of the German Catholic Sioux Missions at the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations, we are enabled to give extracts from letters of an experienced Catholic missionary, who, in company with others, devotes himself, with a noble self-sacrifice, to the education of the Sioux children, and, if possible, to the civilizing of the adult Sioux. If the treatment of the Sioux were entirely placed in the hands of the "black-gowns" and the devoted Sisters of Charity, there would be no more Sioux wars. That the present troubles have not assumed greater proportions, may be safely attributed to the zeal of the good missionaries, and that many of the Sioux are now desirous of making peace.

These letters contain many interesting word-pictures of the life and doings at these Missions. The missionaries are not blind enthusiasts like the noble but very eccentric missionary, Rev. Fr. J. M. Craft, who can see only ill-treated angels in the Sioux. They do not overlook the short comings of these Indians:

"During this year (1890), we had about one hundred acres under cultivation. So much barley, oats and rye were raised that we were obliged to build a granary. Our garden is now well irrigated. If the Indians would only follow our example!

During the last four years, however, it is evident that this teaching is not in vain. Of course, many have, despite our admonitions, neglected to select a good farm and begin to cultivate it. Nevertheless, a goodly number of well-selected new farms have come to light on the prairie. And it is high time that the Indians begin to work for their support. Beef, of which they received until recently a sufficient quantity, will be scarcer—their rations having been cut down 30 per cent. The tribe in our neighborhood has lost nearly half of its meat rations. Until recently they had a goodly number of 'poor souls' on their lists, and they got rations for the dead as well as for the living. But since the new census they get rations only for the living—the dead are not counted in.

"We feel the loss here at the Mission. As soon as these Indians get hungry, they come to the Mission and beg for bread, meat, etc. When they came too thick and fast I made it a rule that they should first work a little for what they got. Many are glad to get something to eat in that way. Their rations ought not to have been cut down so much at once. They ought to have been told, during this year, that next year forty or fifty of them will have to content themselves with the amount now given to thirty, and that they should provide accordingly.

"They are not fools, but they are lazy. The progress at our schools proves that they are not fools. Our Indian agent was present at the

'commencement' and the distribution of prizes, and expressed his great surprise. He said that white children would not have succeeded any better, and probably not as well, during that time. This is true, considering the circumstances that they have to deal with foreign languages against which they have a natural dislike, that they live at the reservation near their homes and relatives, and that we cannot urge them on as they do the Government schools, etc.

"The farm conducted by our boys is a proof of their laziness. We had reserved a portion of our farm for them and divided it among them for cultivation. They began well and things looked neat. They planted cabbage, turnips, peas, potatoes, tomatoes, water-melons, etc., and all went well until vacation began, when they left the whole thing to the care of the Great Spirit and the black-gowns. Yet when they came to us with empty stomachs we gave them something to eat, but made them work for it. We told them that they could have all they could raise. If they can once see the fruits of their labor, they may begin to find pleasure in it.

"When the grippe prevailed last winter, and we could see by the papers that it had already reached Chicago, we began to pray. Necessity teaches one to pray, and prayer is no superstition. Mrs. Grippe would have been an unwelcome visitor to our boarding school. But she was not permitted to visit us, although she was through the

whole neighborhood. The physician at the Agency said he had visited fifty-two sick Indians during one week. We had not a single case.

"The Indians feared the disease. Death claimed many of them. A number of them called us to baptize them. They generally wait for baptism till the end is near. One Ptchincalan Nonpa (Two Calves) who was a frequent attendant at church, but who was not yet baptized, called one of us. Being asked what he wanted, he said: 'I will go and see my child in the home of the Great Spirit. Baptize me.' The priest instructed him and made him promise in case of recovery to renounce his superstitions, give up his 'soul-house' and go to church regularly. They repeated the Act of Contrition together several times. When the priest wanted to repeat it again he said: 'Inalini matinkte' (make haste, I am dying). And indeed he died soon after he was baptized.

"One of our school children, a fourteen-year-old girl, died of consumption last spring. She received the Blessed Sacrament repeatedly. Her favorite prayer during sickness was 'All for Jesus.' Shortly before her death she asked the Franciscan Sister who waited on her to repeat that prayer. The children who persevere are our hopes for the future.

"In regard to the 'soul-houses' (Wanagi-tipi) mentioned above, I wish to say this: If the member of a wealthy or respected family dies they

build a nice large tent for the spirit which they believe to remain for a while after death, and call it a 'soul-house.' Relatives and friends bring presents—blankets, moccasins, pipes, etc. Even horses are given to them; but these are killed.

"The Agent at Pine Ridge told me last year that an Indian had asked him to exchange the ox he got from the government for a pair of ponies. A few years ago this man had a number of ponies, but they had all gone to a Wanagi-tipi. The Agent has since put a stop to that nonsense at Pine Ridge. They rebelled at first, but the ghost lodges fell like the sun-dance. Our Agent did the same. He had no difficulties with our Indians. They had been prepared by instruction in religion, and many had promised to give it up. Others refused at first, but were obliged to give it up. The keeper of a Wanagi-tipi is considered a sacred person and must keep away from all that is evil. I was told that one could attack and beat him, and that he would not offer any resistance in order to avoid a quarrel or fight; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this."

Just Complaints of the Sioux.

It is conceded on all sides that the Sioux have been ill-treated by the Government of the United States. The facts which we are here relating rest upon the testimony of intelligent and reliable witnesses. It is easy to say that the Indian has land enough and can support himself by cultivating it. He is a born hunter and not a farmer. He must first learn to till the soil. Of course, we are told that there is a "teacher of agriculture" at the Agency to teach the Indians. But, as a rule, these teachers know as little about farming as the Indians themselves. They are not practical farmers, but clerks and such like, who enjoy their position, but hardly ever make an attempt to teach that of which they are themselves ignorant. But not only the promised instruction is wanting, but also the necessary farming implements, seed, etc.

Justice requires of us, however, to make mention of the Catholic Sioux Missions, about which we have lately made reports, and according to which the Sioux, in spite of all opportunities to learn something, remained a shiftless set. Those of the Sioux who, despite the above-mentioned drawbacks, carried on some farming in Dakota and Nebraska, had, like their white neighbors, a very poor crop last year.

When the different tribes of the Sioux made their submission during the seventies, the Govern-

ment solemnly promised to protect them against hunger and nakedness. But what has since been given them, such as meat, bacon, flour, salt, coffee, sugar, blankets, etc., has not been in proportion to their actual needs. Partly on account of the carelessness and indifference of Congress, and partly on account of corruption in high places, their rations had grown smaller and smaller, until the Indians were on the verge of starvation.

Every agreement that was signed in good faith by the Sioux seem to have been ruthlessly broken by the agents of the Government. It is a dreadful state of things when the Government's own reports confirm the stories of bad faith, privation and unjust dealing on the part of those wicked men, who, through contrivance or willful negligence, are allowed to rob the Indians.

Who can blame those men who have so often and so grievously been wronged, if they do not trust the Government any longer?

The great wrong committed against the Indians must not, however, be charged to the present administration only. Under the previous (Democratic) administration it was fully as bad. The great zeal with which a portion of the Democratic press utilizes the present troubles to advance party interests, and the many crocodile tears that it has shed over the wrongs that are committed against the Sioux, are simply ridiculous.

The mistakes in dealing with Indian affairs may be charged to the system; and Democrats and

Republicans are alike responsible for its results. There will be a change for the better only when the matter can be considered and dealt with independent of party interests. The Government has, time and again, broken its promises and disregarded its contracts. These things enraged several of the Sioux tribes. For example: even to this day they have not been indemnified for the large number of horses delivered to the Government during the Civil War.

These things have helped to dispose the Sioux for the reception of the Messiah craze, and induced many to prefer death upon the battle field to such a life. But, before death, they desired revenge—a cruel revenge.

That the Indians have rifles, ammunition, knives, etc., is also the fault of the different administrations. The Government and its agents did not try to prevent unscrupulous white traders who delivered these things to the Indians. And, just before this outbreak, the Sioux were very anxious to earn money so as to be able to provide themselves with the necessaries of war. It is also thought that they received assistance from other Indian nations, even from those in Indian Territory. The young and warlike Sioux compelled those who were in favor of peace to assist them; and this had almost caused a general Sioux war. The same feelings of dissatisfaction may be found among many other Indian tribes.

Remarks of Bishop Marty on Sitting Bull.

Right Rev. Martin Marty, Bishop of South Dakota, has a thorough knowledge of the Sioux. He was among them as a missionary for many years, learned their language, wrote a grammar and a dictionary, and thereby brought this difficult tongue within easy reach of other missionaries and the Sisters. He made the acquaintance of Sitting Bull before the latter returned to the States from Canada. At the request of the Government, Bishop Marty went to see Sitting Bull, in order to induce him to make his submission and return to the United States. Later on he had a great deal to do with him. And now he writes in regard to the great Sioux chief:

"Sitting Bull was a full-blooded Indian, a home-ruler, a friend of his people; and, consequently, an enemy of the whites. He was of the opinion that the Great Spirit had created the land on the other side of the Atlantic for the white man, and the land on this side for the red man, and he never could understand why God should permit the white man to take possession of it. He, therefore, willingly believed that the Son of God, whom the whites had crucified, would now return to remove the whites from the land of the Indians, and restore to them the peaceful possession of their hunting grounds. He had submitted to the Government of the whites only as far as he

was compelled, and always tried to remain as independent as it was possible under the circumstances.

"The principles of Christianity, placed before him by Father De Smet, and later on by myself, had found favor in his eyes, and the black-gown was, in his estimation, the only friend of the Indians. As late as last summer it was his intention to establish a settlement somewhere on the Reservation for himself and his faithful followers, and at our last interview he gave me a description of the place and requested me to build a church and a school there. It was his intention, I believe, to become a Christian himself. Such had also been the intention of Spotted Tail. An early death prevented both of them from carrying out their intentions. The career of both of these patriots was cut short by the hand of one of their own countrymen.* Both gloried in the fact that they had never taken a lead against the whites."

Thus writes Bishop Marty. The great chief of the Brules-Sioux, Spotted Tail, who was assassinated by a Sioux a few years ago, had reached the conclusion that the Indians could be saved only through civilizatiion. How well Bishop Marty understood Sitting Bull is evident from a speech delivered by that chief in the presence of the Indian Commissioners last year. This speech was translated into English and runs thus:

* The policeman who shot Sitting Bull was an Indian and an enemy of his.

"When did the red man ever break a contract with the whites, and when did the white man ever fulfill a contract made with the Indians? Never! When I was a boy the Sioux were the masters of the world. The sun rose and set in their country. They could send ten thousand horsemen into battle. Where are their warriors to-day? Who killed them? Where is our land, and who has it now? Where is the white man who can say that I ever stole a cent from him? And yet I am called a thief. What white woman, weak and unprotected though she might have been, was ever insulted by me? And yet they say that I am a bad Indian. What white man has ever seen me drunk? Who has ever come to me hungry and went away hungry?"

Mato-wan-a-ti-taka (the Prophet) was Sitting Bull's wife's sister's son, and the chief was stopping with him in October and November, 1890.

Eight hundred settlers in the Southwest have been murdered between the years 1862 and 1868.

Summing Up.

To make still stronger our assertion that bad faith, unjust dealing and privations were the sole and only cause of these Indian troubles, we give a letter that was addressd to the Secretary of the Interior by Mr. F. C. Armstrong, an Indian inspector. The letter is dated Pine Ridge, April 7th, 1890:

"In former years this agency was allowed 5,000,000 pounds of beef. .This year it has been reduced to 4,000,000 pounds. These Indians are not prepared for this change. No instructions had been given the agent that 1,000,000 pounds of beef would be cut off from the Indians this year. Consequently, issues were made from the beginning of the fiscal year—July 1st, 1889—until the date of the final delivery of beef, about October 15th, 1889, on the basis of 5,000,000 pounds for the year. This necessitated a large reduction in the beef issue afterward to catch up with the amount, and came just at the worst season of the year. The Indians were kept at the agency between three and four weeks in the farming season of 1889, when they should have been at home attending to their corn.

"Their enforced absence attending the Sioux Commission caused them to lose all they had planted by the stock breaking in on their farms and destroying everything they had. They have

been compelled to kill their private stock during the winter to keep from starving, and in some cases have been depredating upon the stock of white people living near the line of the reservation.

"A bad feeling is growing among the Indians out of this, and may lead to trouble between the settlers and the Indians. The killing of a hog made the Nez Perces war, with Indians far more advanced than these people. The full allowance of beef should be given them. They complain and with good grounds, that they were told by the Sioux Commission that their rations, etc., should not be reduced; that while this talk was going on the Department in Washington was fixing to cut off one-fifth of their meat supply, but did not let them know it, nor did the agent know it, until they had signed the Sioux Bill. They had a good start in cattle, but have had to kill over three times as many of their own cattle, old and young, as they did the year before; that they have been deceived in doing what they did by the Government, and that they don't get as much now as they did before.

"I think cutting off this 1,000,000 pounds of beef, and thereby forcing them to kill their own young cattle, has put them back two years or more in raising stock, and has created a feeling of distrust, which, unless something is done to repair it, will lead to trouble and bad conduct. They have now killed many of their own cattle and will next commence to kill range cattle. Already hides and

other evidences of this are being found on the reservation borders.

"Men will take desperate remedies sooner than suffer from hunger. Not much work can be expected with the present feeling. The Indians who advocated signing are now laughed at and blamed for being fooled. They don't get even their former rations, and ask where are all the promises that were made. The Government must keep faith as well as the Indians.

"The attention of the Department has frequently been called to the condition of the Cheyenne Indians at this agency, their dissatisfaction and determination to do nothing to better their condition. They now openly say they will leave there this spring, and therefore have no intention of putting in crops or doing any work.

"They may be held here by force, but it is questionable if it is good policy to keep them at Pine Ridge Agency any longer. The nine hundred Cheyennes at Tongue River, Montana, and these five hundred Cheyennes of the same band here, should be concentrated at one agency. The Sioux don't want them here, and they don't want to stay. They should not be kept as prisoners only. The Tongue River reservation is, I know, wanted by cattlemen. They should be a secondary consideration. These Indians should be concentrated there, and a reservation obtained for them from the Crows, and the Cheyennes should be moved to it. They will then be satisfied, settle

down, and go to work. No good can ever come to the Cheyennes if the course pursued toward them during the last six years is continued, and much bad may result.

"Why should Indians be forced to stay where they never located through choice? Put them where they want to live and can make a living, and let them stay there and do it. Without some prompt action regarding this beef matter, and also in the Cheyenne matter, on this reservation, the Department may, this summer or fall, expect trouble. I have thought this of sufficient importance to lay it before the Department, and to go in person to ask that some action be taken. I have seen this Cheyenne matter brewing for two years, and I see now the Sioux put back in the principal industry on which they have to depend. With prompt action in this matter and a proper arrangement of districts for the issuing of rations, a plan for which I will submit, these people will go ahead. If not, they will go backward, which to them is the easier road."

There can be no gainsaying the correctness and honesty of these assertions. Mr. Armstrong deserves honor for his sincerity. Let us, then, hope that the lessons taught by the past will enable us to avoid disastrous mistakes in the future.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF STANDING BUFFALO.

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