

ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS.

Narrative of the Captivity and Rescue of Mrs. Sophia Josephine Huggins.

CHAPTER I.

The nineteenth day of August, 1862, dawned on me full of hope and happiness. It was the 24th anniversary of my birth. But before its close it proved to be the saddest day of my life. News of the war which broke out at the Lower Agency on the 18th did not reach Lac-qui-parle until the next day. Then it came with fearful suddenness and fearful reality.

On the afternoon of that day, three men from Red Iron's village came in, each carrying a gun. They were quite friendly and talkative, seeming very much interested in the sewing machine Julia was using, and asked a great many questions about it. About four o'clock Amos came home from the field. Then the men went out; and soon after, we heard the report of two guns. The Indians rushed in, looking so wild and frightened, that my first thought was that the Chippewas were upon them. They said to us, "Go out, go out; you shall live—but go out. Take nothing with you." When I went out, the oxen my husband had been driving, were standing at the side of the house, and near them, was Julia, on her knees, bending over his motionless body. She looked up and said: "Oh, Josephine, Josephine!" Oh, what an ocean of grief swept over me then, for I saw that he was dead! A ball had entered his back, and, passing through his body, had killed him instantly.

We were driven away, Julia and I. We ran over to De Cota's. Julia went first, carrying Letta. I staid behind until I saw they were really going to shoot me. Then, after hastily spreading a lounge cover that I had been sewing on, and had carried out with me, over the lifeless form of my dear one, I fled with Charlie in my arms. When I reached De Cota's, he and his wife were starting back with Julia. I wanted to go with them; but they thought it would not be safe. I knew Julia would see that everything which was possible to do should be done: so I yielded to their judgment.

Mr. De Cota came home shortly. I asked him if he could not take us to the Yellow Medicine. He said that we would be killed on the road. I then suggested that he take us across the river, and go across the country to the white settlements. He answered that perhaps he would start to the Red River the next day.

When Julia returned, she told me that Walking Spirit and others had buried Amos. The old chief was full of sorrow, and said that if he had been there, they should have killed him before they could have killed Mr. Huggins.

Our house was full of plunderers. Indians, from the Lac-qui-parle villages, were there, as well as the murderers. Julia went in, and was able to get a few things, which afterwards proved valuable to me.

It was thought we would be safer at Walking Spirit's than at De Cota's; so we went over in the evening. Mrs. De Cota intended to go with us, but her husband prevented it, probably thinking he should not be safe if she left him. She sent her brother, Blue Lightning, with us. He did not offer to carry either of the children.

We had not gone far before Ke-yook-kam-pe came up to us, and taking Charlie out of my arms, carried him until we reached the village. As we passed through it, a great many women came out to shake hands with me. Some of them laid their hands on their mouths and groaned. The men paid no attention to me. When we reached the chief's house he received us kindly, shaking hands with me, and with the children. His wife hurried to spread a buffalo robe at the farther end of the room for us to sit on. All the time that I was with Walking Spirit my seat was, whether in a tent or in a house, at the end farthest from the door—the most honorable place. We slept on the robe, but were furnished with pillows by the chief's wife, one of which I recognized as having been mine. She gave me several other articles which had been mine.

There was a great deal of noise in the village during the night, loud talking, singing and yelling, but the children slept soundly, not realizing what had befallen them, nor the dangers before them. Men went and came through the whole night long to talk to the chief.

The next morning we had beef for breakfast, which had been killed at our house the evening before. They gave me, as they always did, bountifully of the best they had.

In the afternoon, Mr. John Longee invited us over to his house across the river, thinking we would be safer there than in the Indian village. Walking Spirit told us to do as we thought best, and we finally concluded to go. One woman packed Letta all the way; another packed Charlie as far as Lane-Bear's village. As we passed through it I saw a great deal of fresh beef hanging up to dry. My husband's writing-desk was there; also many of our chairs. I saw Indian children dressed in my children's clothes. I could hardly bear these reminders of the home which had been so cruelly torn from me. I did not, however, see any Indians that I knew, except "Old Fuss." He shook hands with me, and made a speech, of which I understood nothing but Amos' name.

We staid at Longee's until Friday, and had a quiet, lonely time. We saw no Indians while there, except the woman who packed Letta over. She staid with us all the time. Julia and I were in constant alarm. Longee and a Frenchman always slept with their guns beside them, in readiness for use, or staid outside, watching. Thursday, Mr. Longee went over

to the village, and brought back dreadful accounts of the war below. It was reported that the missionaries and the whites at both Agencies were killed. Oh! what a day that was—full of grief, anxiety and suspense. Julia had saved two pocket Bibles from the hands of the plunderers. One of them was my husband's. How precious it was to me! Precious for the sake of him who had once pondered its sacred pages, as well as for the blessed teachings, and glorious promises it contained.

In the evening Julia's brother came up from below, dressed like an Indian. He said he had come for her, and that if she put on the Indian dress, and staid with him, she would be safe, but that it would not be prudent for me to accompany them. Mr. De Cota was there, and invited me to live in his family. It was decided that I should do so.

A white man, who had escaped from Big Stone Lake, came that night. Mr. Longee gave him a pair of moccasins and some food. Every one advised the Frenchman to go with him, but he refused to do so. After a few weeks he went with Mr. Longee to Red River.

Friday morning Julia left me. She had been my comforter, my adviser, my help in all my troubles. Now I was left alone. I realized more than ever my need of strength and fortitude, and prayed that I might be prepared for whatever I might pass through.

After Julia had gone, Mr. Longee and I started to Walking Spirit's village. We went on horse back, carrying the children. How I suffered with fear as we trotted along through the woods. It seemed as if every tree hid some skulking foe ready to spring out and murder us. When we reached Lane-Bear's village, Longee thought it best not to go any further, as there were a good many men about, and we should be noticed on horse back. After finding an Indian woman to go with me, and pack Letta, he bade me good bye. I carried Charlie in my arms, and as I had eaten nothing that day, I felt faint and sick. As we were passing through the village a woman called after me. I looked around, and then went on. She ran after me, and finally made me understand that she wished me to go to her house and eat. I told her as well as I could, that I was going to Walking Spirit's, and would eat there. She seemed satisfied and went back. Presently another woman hailed me. When she came up she took Charlie and put him on her back, motioning to me that she would go with us. On our way we saw three or four men resting on the grass a little distance from the roadside. I felt afraid of them and hid as well as I could, behind the two women until we were fairly passed. When we came to the strip of woods that lies between the two villages, the women were afraid of something, I don't know what. They told me to go before, so I led the way trembling with fear. When I reached De Cota's, Mrs. De Cota, who was standing outside of the tent, motioned to me and told me to go to the chief's house. What did it mean? Did they not invite me here? Mr. De Cota was sitting near by, but as he did not look at me, I passed on without speaking. I felt so hurt—so much disappointed! What should I do if I received as cold a reception at Walking Spirit's? How thankful I was when I went in and met a kind welcome from the chief's wife. Here I found food and rest for myself and children. I was so tired, so sad, that I did not try to speak or ask for anything; but she seemed to understand how I felt, and kindly, even tenderly, supplied my wants.

Walking Spirit was not at home and did not come home until several days afterwards. When he came and saw me, his cheery "Ho-ho-ho," as he held out his hand to me, sounded very pleasantly. Then he talked to me very kindly. I know, though I could not understand much of what he said. I understood that he told me to stay there in his house, and that when he could he would take me to my friends below. My poor, weary, anxious heart felt comforted. This old man was my friend and protector. I could here find something like rest and security.

For the next six weeks, I found a home in Walking Spirit's family. True, I was a captive, in an enemy's country, longing for deliverance—subject to many inconveniences, many hardships—but the chief and his wife were kind to me, and made my troubles as light as possible. Here I learned patience. Here I gained strength and courage. My husband's Bible was my daily companion, and I felt that God, as a loving Father, was ever watching over me and my fatherless little ones.

CHAPTER II.

Walking Spirit's family consisted of himself and wife, and his wife's mother, and one son, Na-ho-ton-ma-ne, a boy fourteen or fifteen years old. These, with myself and children, made a family of seven. Besides, the chief had children and grandchildren in the village, who were in to see us so often as to form a part of the same family. We had also many other visitors. If they spoke to me at all, it was with kindness and respect. They frequently said, "The white woman feels sad; I want to shake hands with her."

I soon learned to adapt myself to the life and circumstances about me, and make one in the society in which I lived. I always tried to be cheerful and pleasant to others, and in so doing, found enjoyment and even happiness myself. I assisted the chief's wife in sewing, cooking, and bringing water from the brook. I was seldom asked to do anything, but did what I chose to do.

The chief and his wife never seemed displeased with me but once. Then I had gone over to Sacred Nest's, and had staid nearly all day. When I went back the chief said that I did not do right to go away and stay so long—that it was good for me to stay in his house. His wife remarked that the Sissetons would come down, and they might kill me if I did not stay there. After that I did not go to the neighbors' tepees unless I was sent for to eat, and then I did not stay long.

The children, who were not afraid of any one, were petted and caressed. Letta was taught to call the chief grandfather,

and his wife grandmother. The chief's son she called uncle.

One day, a few weeks after, I went there, the chief's wife's brother came in, bringing a Frenchman, who spoke some English, for interpreter, and asked me if I would not give him one of my children. He said he lived up north; that he had no children; and if I would give him one of mine he would keep it as his own child. I saw that the man was really in earnest, and I answered very decidedly, "No; I cannot give either of them to any one." After waiting a few minutes, I said, "What is he going to do about it—what does he say?" The Frenchman replied, "He will not take them if you do not give them to him." The chief was in, and I thought perhaps this was his answer instead of the other man's.

They talked some time with the chief, but did not say anything more to me. Afterwards the old woman seemed displeased about it. She said, "I thought you would have given Letta to him, but you did not." She had often before asked me something about Letta, which I did not understand. I now know that she had wanted me to give her to her son. She never forgave this offense, but often reminded me of it. She had loved both the children very much before this, but now she treated them with great indifference, and sometimes was quite cross to them. I did not pay any attention to this, and so we had no quarrels. But I was very much afraid my children would be stolen. I was afraid to leave them with the old women when I went for water, as I had often done before. I was afraid to see them packed around by the Indian women, as they often were. And, at night, I was afraid they would be taken from me while I slept.

Indian living did not agree with Charlie. It was not long before he became quite unwell, and he did not regain his health during our stay with the Indians. For many days together we had no bread. We lived mostly on corn and potatoes, of which which we had plenty. Sometimes we had beef and sometimes dog meat. Once in a while we had coffee and sugar. When our neighbors had something better than we had, they often sent some to me, or more frequently, sent for me to go and eat with them.

One night at bedtime, some one came for me to go out and eat. I was not hungry, but never refused to go when sent for. Walking Spirit was invited and went also. We had a good supper. There was a piece of nice carpet spread for me to sit on, and a white towel to put my plate on. I had one of my plates that I used to have to eat on, and one of my sauce plates to drink out of. We had potatoes, rice, dried apples and cold water for supper. The chief carried home the remains of his supper to his wife, but I always left what I and my children could not eat.

Sometimes when I thought of the dirty dishes my food was on, the dirty kettles it was cooked in, and the dirty hands that prepared it, my stomach rebelled. But I tried to keep away such troublesome thoughts, and make the best of what I had.

When I first went to Walking Spirit's, I was perplexed to know what to wash in. They had neither wash basin nor tub. Seeing my difficulty, the chief's wife went to one of the neighbors and brought home the half of a powder keg, which she gave me. This I found a great convenience as long as I staid there. When I wanted to wash my children's clothes, I cleaned out and used an old iron heater that was used as a dog's dish. Sometimes I had soap and sometimes I had none. Once or twice the chief's wife borrowed a tub and washboard for me, from the Frenchman's wife, that lived in the village. The washboard was one that had been mine. I was thankful to get clean clothes for myself and children, though they were unironed.

The Indian dress that De Cota had promised me I never got. I wore my own clothes all the time. There were a good many articles of clothing given to me while I was in the village, most of these things that had been plundered from our house. I never asked for anything, though I frequently saw some of my things that I and my children really needed worn by the Indian women and their children. Sometimes I saw Indian men wearing articles of clothing that had belonged to Mr. Huggins.

Sacred Nest and wife were out on a buffalo hunt when I went to the village, and did not come home for a week or two afterwards. When they came to see me I felt that I had met with loving, sympathizing friends. They sat down and wept with me. Letta was overjoyed, as she called Sacred Nest's wife, She took her in her arms, and stroked her and said, "Poor thing—poor thing!" Sacred Nest said to me, "It is hard, very hard." And then he said, "God is good, though all men are bad. With him it is light, though all are dark here." The same day they sent for us to eat with them. When we came away they gave Letta as much buffalo meat as she could carry home.

Sabbath days in our village were very much like other days. I tried to keep the time and remember the Sabbath, but I found afterwards, that I had got one day behind the time. I do not know how many Mondays I kept for Sunday.

One day the chief's wife called me out to see something. On the road, coming down from the north, was a great company of Indians. The women of the village gathered around me and told me I must stay in the house very closely while they were going past—that I must not let them see me. I went into the house, but presently the chief's wife came and hurried me into the tent that stood by, and told me to be very quiet—that I must not let the children cry or even talk aloud. The northerners were coming right to the village. I could see a great many warriors on horseback, a great many carts, and a great many people on foot. It looked to me like a very great multitude. I almost smothered the children trying to keep them quiet, for they would talk and cry to go out. At last I frightened them into something like quietude, by telling them that there were wicked men out there, who would hurt them.

On, on, came the host, right past where we were, and then stopped a little distance off. The children were frightened into silence by the noise they made. I could look out of a hole in the tent and see almost as well as if I had been on the outside. There were very few women among them—I think not more than one woman to six men. There was great excitement in the village; men, women and children were running about as if they did not know what to do. Many of them were preparing and carrying food to our formidable visitors. I think the Indians were frightened as well as myself. The warriors galloped about as if to show themselves, frequently firing off guns. Then I heard our chief's voice sounding loud above all others. I could see him. He was holding his head high, walking slowly back and forth, making a speech. I wondered what he was talking about, but understood nothing. Before noon they were gone, and our village was again quiet.

A day or two after the northerners had gone down, all the men in the village went away—Walking Spirit on his old horse, Na-ho-ton-ma-ne on his colt, and Mrs. Walking Spirit on foot, packing food, followed the rest. For three days and two nights the old woman and I were left alone. This was before I had offended her, and she was very kind to me and my children. I suffered terribly from fear—from morning till night and from night till morning I was afraid—but nothing came to disturb us.

Between one and two weeks after the northerners went down, some of them passed back up north, and stopped at our village. I was not taken to the tent this time. Walking Spirit told me they were coming to his house to eat after a while, but that I need not be afraid, he would not let any one hurt me. An hour or two afterwards he came in and said "They are coming now—they will sit here, and here, and here—they will fill up the house—you must come and sit here behind me." His place was near the door, on the right-hand side. He kept two guns by him, and I saw several times that I need not be afraid—if any one tried to harm me, he would shoot him.

So the children and I got in behind him, and awaited the coming of the guests. It was as the chief said it would be, the men filled the house, some of them were Walking Spirit's soldiers, the rest were northerners. The women carried food to the door, but did not come in. The dinner consisted of fried bread and coffee. Walking Spirit, and several others that sat near, gave the children bread and let them drink out of their cups of coffee. There were several speeches made, but I did not understand what they talked about. The northerners went away first. After they were gone, the chief turned to me and said, "These are all my soldiers." Perhaps he intended to let me know that the danger was past. After talking a little while, the men all left, and all things went on as usual.

One day when we were all out braiding corn, some one brought a letter to the chief; as he could not read it himself, he handed it to me to look at. It was a nice looking letter, written in Dakota, directed to Walking Spirit. When I told him I could not read it, he said he would take it to Sacred Nest, he would read it to him. I waited anxiously to hear the news from this letter, hoping that it might bring some word to me from friends below.

When the chief came back, he said that Good Day, a man who lived at the Yellow Medicine, had written the letter. Then he said to me, "That letter made me very angry. He wants you to go and live with him." Presently he said, "Do you want to go?" I said I did not know, and asked him if Good Day was a good man. He said, "No, he is a bad man." Seeing that I still thought about it, and did not understand all he said, he went and brought the Frenchman to tell me in English. He said, "Good Day wanted to buy me for a wife, that he already had a wife, and the chief was very angry at Good Day because he had thought of such a thing." Then the old chief showed me how he had thrown the letter in the fire, because he was so very angry.

One day when the old woman and I were alone in the house, she started out, saying that she would soon be back, that I must stay in the house, for there was a bad man in the village who would kill me. This is what I understood her to say, but I did not understand her fully. Very soon afterwards, the blanket door of the house was thrown up, and there came in a young man with a drawn sword in his hand. He looked very fierce, and his face was painted most frightfully. One of the neighbor's children followed him in, and looked at him and then at me with a look of terror; then he ran out.

Walking Spirit was in another part of the village, and the little boy ran as fast as he could, and told him that there was an angry man in his house going to kill the white woman. I supposed this to be the man the old woman had told me of, and that he had come on purpose to kill me. I wonder now at the presence of mind I felt then. I made a great effort to show no fear, no surprise. I looked up at him once, and then bent my face again over my sewing, though I trembled so violently that it was with difficulty I held my needle.

After looking at me a moment without speaking, he went away. I drew a long breath then, and thought, "He is gone, and I and my children are saved alive." A moment after and the chief came running. He sprang in at the door, puffing and panting, with his hair blown all over his face. I looked up and smiled, saying, "You frighten me, coming in such a hurry." "You frighten me," he replied, as he sat down to rest. "I was afraid you would be killed before I got here."

The women came in presently and told us all about the angry man. He did not want to kill me but his wife, who had run away from him. He had come into the chief's house in search of her. He found her soon afterwards, but did not kill her; he only cut up her back with his sword. I met with several such frights as this, but always passed through unharmed. When there were strangers about I was frequently hid in the tent that stood by the house. I never tried to hide unless I

was told to do so, and then I remained in my hiding place until they told me the danger was past.

Several days before we started north, they told me that the Indians were all going north—that Julia and her brothers and the white prisoners below were all going. They told me of a great many white soldiers that were down below somewhere. They said that Mr. Riggs and Dr. Williamson were among them. I did not understand the half of what they told me. I could only conjecture and wish and wonder. Walking Spirit told me several times, that if Mr. Riggs and Dr. Williamson sent for him, he would take me and the children in a wagon and go. I thought I could not do better than to wait patiently until the time of my deliverance came.

CHAPTER III.

The whole village was now preparing for their journey, gathering and burying corn and potatoes, pounding corn off the cob, to take with them, and bundling up their goods. Some kept their wagons partly loaded all the time. Every one was in a hurry, and I helped all I could. The chief's wife and I, with some assistance from her mother and the chief himself, pounded corn until we had filled five sacks, for our provisions, by the way. We had as many sacks of potatoes, but no meat or flour.

The women seemed to regret very much leaving home, and said they were going to a bad country, where they would have no wood, and very little to eat. At last, word came that the white prisoners were all killed, and that the Indians who did not flee north, would be killed in consequence. A great many Indians were on the road that day, and most of our village went. The chief was almost the last to go.

That was a very sad day to me. I was perplexed and distressed. What should I do? Could I contrive any way to go to the soldiers below? I shuddered to think of my danger should I try to go unprotected. Ought I to make an effort to get some one to go with me? I believed Walking Spirit would have taken me down if he had dared. He knew better than I did, what the dangers were, and I was afraid to leave him. So, when he told me that he was going north, and that I could go or stay, as I liked best, I answered "I will go." He said they would take care of me—that I should not walk, but ride. His wife said, "Yes, you and the children shall ride." So I and my children were mounted on the top of the load, at the back end of the wagon. Mrs. Walking Spirit asked me to lead the cow, which reasonably request I very cheerfully complied with. She led the old horse, which dragged a load on poles. Her mother had a pack. The chief drove the oxen, and Na-ho-ton-ma-ne rode a colt. All, excepting him, walked most of the time. I frequently walked up the hills, or when the road was bad, waded through mud holes. We traveled alone that afternoon, but just in sight of the caravan. At night we camped in a valley, pitched our tent, staked out the animals, and ate a supper of skunk and potatoes. Oh how lonely and quiet it was that night. I enjoyed the solitude, and peaceful trust filled my heart. I loved to think of God's beautiful works all around and above us, and of his protecting, loving care, guarding and guiding us.

Early the next morning a man rode up to the tent, and called out something that made the family all start to their feet. They pulled down the tent, hurried things into the wagon, and started as quickly as possible. We soon joined a company of Indians, and traveled until afternoon without stopping. I had a little parched corn for the children, but they, as well as myself, were tired and hungry. Charlie was sick, and fretful.

We traveled on for four days, over beautiful prairies, and in sight of beautiful lakes. Some times I felt cheerful, and sometimes very sad and desponding. Charlie was growing weaker every day. I feared he could not endure Indian life much longer, and I saw no prospect of rescue. How hard it was to think that my darling might die. Then, too, came the fear that we might all starve during the coming winter. Another fear was that Little Crow's people, or some of the northerners, would overpower Walking Spirit, and take me. How I suffered when I thought of these things. But, generally, I felt hopeful that some way would be provided, and we be restored to our friends, who, I knew, were earnestly praying for our release.

Sometimes, as we were traveling, my Indian friends would see what they supposed might be enemies, and they would bid me lie down and cover up. I always hid when they told me to, without waiting to see what or where the danger was.

One day our company had stopped for dinner, and some other Indians came in to camp. Among them were Sacred Nest and his wife. Letta ran to meet them, reaching out her arms, and screaming, "My Indian mother, my Indian mother." Mrs. Sacred Nest took her up, and kissed her most affectionately, and gave her a piece of bread wrapped in white cotton. She had brought it from home on purpose for Letta.

The last night before we started back, we camped in company with a great number of Indians. They had a great many wagons, horses and cattle. I counted about eighty yoke of oxen. Mrs. Walking Spirit said there were a great many bad Indians there.

Early the next morning, a man came to us with some news. The chief's wife told me something about white soldiers, and something about my going, and then asked me if I was glad—if I wanted to go. I felt bewildered. I did not know what to think. Hardly knowing what I said, I answered, "I don't know." She laughed heartily, and said, "I guess she don't want to go." They did not tell me anything more then.

When we started that morning, we did not go on with the rest of the company, but turned back, not on the same road we had gone, but a good way to the right. I now suppose this was to avoid meeting other Indians, but I did not know then. Where were we going? I was afraid to hope for myself, lest I should be disappointed. Still I did hope, and was

in a feverish state of anxiety and suspense. About noon we camped. A little while after, our folks began to bustle about making room in the tent, and placing down robes for visitors. They said some one was coming, but I did not understand who it was. I thought they must be distinguished persons to call forth such preparations. The old chief, in his hurry, could not find his pipe, and sent to a neighbor's to borrow one. The family were all seated to their liking before the visitors entered. Oh, how my heart did bound with surprise and delight, when I saw Enos Good-Hail and Lazarus Rusty, and in a moment, Robert Hopkins and Daniel Renville. They were looking so pleased and happy, I felt sure they had good news for me.

After they had shaken hands with us all, and had seated themselves, Enos drew two letters from his pocket; one for me, and one for Walking Spirit. Mine was from Mr. Riggs. The chief's was from Col. Sibley, written first in English, and then translated into Dakota by Mr. Riggs. He immediately sent for Sacred Nest to come and read his letter to him. The borrowed pipe had arrived by this time, and while the letter was being read, the pipe was passed around the circle, each one smoking in his turn. After Walking Spirit had heard his letter read over twice—once by Sacred Nest, and once by Enos, he handed it to me, saying that I could read the English of it. He said moreover, that they had sent for him, and that he was going; and then he inquired who had written my letter, and what it contained.

Col. Sibley was then camped with his soldiers, near Lac-qui-parle, and had sent for me by these friendly Indians. Here then was deliverance. I could not sleep that night; my thoughts were so busy. Next morning, while the chief's wife prepared breakfast, I mended the chief's clothes, so that he might appear as respectably as possible. I finished and gave her the thread and scissors. She handed the scissors back, telling me to keep them. They shall always be a remembrance of her.

Then I bade my friends good-bye, and went with the men who had been sent for me. Sacred Nest generously gave his wagon for our use. Enos Good Hail brought two German girls, and a half-breed boy to go with us. The boy cried as if his heart would break to leave the woman who had taken care of him. In a short time I succeeded in comforting him. The girls talked German almost continually.

The first night we camped near where the old trading posts at Big Stone Lake had been. Lane-Bear and some of his people were camped there. We were very hospitably entertained by them. Some one lent us a ten. Enos Good Hail made a bed for me and my children, and assisted us in every way possible. I was very tired and almost sick.

The day before we reached Camp Release, we passed twelve men seated on the ground smoking. They were fine looking fellows, painted most savagely. They looked like warriors and murderers. I was sure Good Hail was afraid of them, though he stopped to talk and smoke with them. When he went on, he drove very fast, frequently looking back, as if he feared pursuit. That night we camped in sight of Lac qui parle. We left the wagon, and camped some distance from the road, at the foot of a hill. (This was Dakota precaution against enemies.) The children and I had all the bedding there was, but the night was cold and we had no tent, so that we suffered somewhat. I lay awake nearly all night in great fear of the men we saw the day before.

When we passed the place the next day which I once called home, Enos and Walking Spirit went with me to the grave of my husband. We drove in stales to protect it as well as we could. Then I walked around the desolated place where our houses had been—went to the stream where Amos used to catch fish, and to every familiar spot. Much was unchanged, and yet how much was changed. How much was gone.

An hour's ride brought us to Camp Release. I was worn down, faint and sick, for the fatigue and excitement of the last three days had quite prostrated me. During the two weeks which we spent in the camp, Charlie and I gained in health and strength. Then we proceeded on our way to join our friends below.

SOPHIA JOSEPHINE HUGGINS.

NOTE.—In addition to the above facts, showing the kind treatment which Mrs. Huggins received during her captivity, she tells us how delicately her need of a shawl was supplied by an Indian woman, who came up behind her, and placed one on her shoulders. Another Dakota woman, Amanda, often sent milk to Letta and Charlie. She also went down to the Yellow Medicine, to get flour for the white woman who had sought their protection.

"We have a white woman with us," she said, "and we keep her very carefully,—we don't allow a young man to speak to her."

—The following is Gen. Schenck's order for the arrest of the publisher of the Philadelphia Journal:

HEADQUARTERS 8TH ARMY CORPS, BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 24. SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 24.

Brigadier-General Montgomery will immediately arrest and send under a sufficient guard to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Albert D. Boileau, the publisher and editor of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, for the publication of an editorial article under the title of "Davis' Message," in his paper of January 20, 1863, and for the publication of other articles of like dangerous character, tending to the support and encouragement of rebellion against the Government of the United States.

He will also take measures to suppress the publication of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, the paper in question, until further orders.

By command of

MAJ. GEN. SCHENCK.

—The marriage contract of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra was signed at Copenhagen on the 13th



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