

To those among us who resided in this State or participated in the stirring events of 1862, sketches of any part of the Indian out-break or connected with its suppression possess a fascinating but sad interest. And to such as have become citizens since the days which terrified the 180,000 people then within our borders, a review of some of these occurrences will be worthy of attention. To the latter the affair seemed trifling for their eyes were fixed with intense interest upon the war of the rebellion. With its magnitude before them they had few thoughts to bestow upon a massacre which may be designated as one of the greatest and most barbarous ever experienced although it has never been given anything more than mere mention by the historians of our country. I therefore attempt to tell you something of the Sibley expedition across the plains of Dakota in 1863 as observed by one who made the trip upon foot, & fully realized ^{how} difficult it is for a line officer to see much that would give life to the recital and how great the opportunity for error and mistake, thus provoking a tempest of criticism and contradiction. ~~Should such be the re-~~

Believe me, I am

DEFECTIVE PAGE

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

0 2 0 6

of the claim association was actually and unconditionally drowned by a committee from that illustrious body or just ducked a few times in the Mississippi river.

It may be well to briefly consider the situation of affairs and the causes which led to the expedition before we detail its travels.

In August 1862 this State had a long line of frontier, reaching, we may say, from about Martin County on the South, northerly through Brown, McLeod, Meeker, Western Stearns and Todd to the Chippewa Reservation which included ^athat vast territory now generally described as that part of our State lying above the line traversed by the N P R R. Upon this reservation were congregated the different bands of Chippewas Indians, old time enemies of the Sioux but frequently, and just at this particular period, upon friendly terms. Their Agency (headquarters) was near Ft Ripley upon the Mississippi which was garrisoned by one or two companies of volunteers. Their head chief was Hole-in-the-day, noted as impetuous and cunning, his eye constantly fixed upon the main-chance - (for himself)

The Winnebagoes, at peace with both Chippewas and Sioux, were located upon a small reservation a few miles south of Mankato, while the Sioux, the most numerous and warlike of the three nations, occupied a reservation along and south of the Minnesota River ten miles in width commencing just above New Ulm and extending to Lake Traverse, about 150 miles. And this was further subdivided into the Upper and Lower Reservations.

Little Crow was recognized by the whites as the ablest and most dangerous man upon the Reservation but just now he was looked upon with suspicion by many of the Indians, some of whom were

jealous of his ability and spared no opportunity to render him less popular with his people.

The summer of 1862 called out nearly all the able bodied men of the State, enlistments were made in every hamlet and upon the reservations recruiting officers picked up many men ^{in which the} ~~with~~ Indian blood ^{predominated} ~~in their veins~~. To Little Crow, nettled by the evidence of growing opposition among his braves and aroused by his loss of authority in their ~~own~~ councils, the opportunity seemed not far distant when he could defy the authorities and by skilful intrigue and manipulation regain his position in his nation. He certainly did not anticipate ^{destructive and} ~~the distinctive or~~ bloody scenes which came ^{so} ~~too~~ soon but hoped and planned for a lawlessness and hostility which would advance him as well as benefit his followers.

At the councils inflammatory speeches were made in which opposition to the authorities was urged and the fact that many ~~able bodied~~ men had gone from the State made prominent.

^{Perhaps} ~~Actual~~ violence had not ^{actually} been agreed upon but upon August 17th a party of six Indians who belonged upon the lower reservation shot down five whites, at Acton, in Meeker County. It is said that these Indians were not under the influence of whiskey nor had there been any quarrelling. It seems to have been a deliberate murder and although Acton is fifty miles from the Indian agency upon the reservation (near where Redwood Falls now is) the murderers were there soon after daylight next morning and engaged, with others, in an attack upon the whites, who, in various capacities, had made a home among them. A few friendly and educated ~~men~~ ^{Indians} assisted some of the whites to escape but men women and children were tortured and butchered in every manner possible. For weeks our frontier was the scene of the most fearful atrocities.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

4
ies and at last 700 of our peaceful people were killed by these cruel foes. Young women and children were taken prisoners, and but one white man, Geo H Spencer now residing at Minneapolis who after being badly wounded was sought out and protected by his intimate friend, Chaska, a full blooded indian.

Time will not permit me to dwell upon the details of this horrible massacre. The citizens fled in haste from their farms and the smaller villages to such places as St Cloud and Mankato where fortifications were hastily erected and armed men placed upon constant duty. The enemy besieged and nearly captured New Ulm and Fort Ridgely on the Minnesota and Ft Abercrombie on the Red River while small war parties attacked Hutchinson, Forest City and other points along the line. The volunteers, about four regiments, who had so recently enlisted were pushed to the front under the direction of our distinguished companion Gov Ramsay, but under the command of another companion, whom we delight to honor, ~~Colonel~~ then General, then Colonel Sibley.

Most of the troops gathered at Ft Ridgely and of these a detachment ^{of 150} sent out to ^{with the lower Agency} bury the dead were on the morning of the 2d of September surrounded while in camp at Birch Coulee, about 15 miles from the Fort, by a much larger force of the enemy who kept up a constant fire for 31 hours, when they were driven off by reinforcements from the Fort, 23 of our men were killed and 45 severely wounded. But one of the 80 horses escaped alive and he was crippled. On the 18th of September General Sibley, with about 1500 men, fought the indians under the leadership of Little Crow at Wood Lake. The latter was badly defeated and withdrew to ^{his} camp about 25 miles distant, across the river from the now flourishing town of Montivideo. Punished and disheartened a large number of the hostiles negotiated for peace and on the

4
26th the troops quietly and without opposition surrounded the camp which we named "Release" in which there were about 2500 indians, who held and who then surrendered to us their prisoners about 150 young white women and children and some 250 of mixed blood. The white women had been subjected to lust and outrage all during their weeks of captivity, but the mixed bloods escaped these indignities through the determination of their relatives among the indians.
Geo Spencer before mentioned was here found a prisoner. The male indians were tried by a commission and of the large number found guilty of participation in the outbreak, 38

DEFECTIVE PAGE

5
hanged at Mankato December 20th 1862 by the military forces.
In the tragedies of 1862 a few Winnebagoes headed by a chief
named Little Priest, participated while the Chippewas may be
said to have followed an example at-
tempted elsewhere of aimed neutrality. They gave us a great deal
of uneasiness until the ^{warrior (Mollie)} ~~business~~ of Hole in the day was appeas-
ed and his friendship purchased.

After his defeat at Wood Lake, Little Crow with about 500
~~Warrior~~ fled westerly to Devils Lake, Dakota where they spent
the winter. ^{A demonstration} ~~An expedition~~ against him and his people having been
determined upon its command was given to Gen Sibley. My Regiment,
the 7th Minnesota, had been quartered at Mankato performing
guard duty over the Indian prisoners and gladly welcomed the
orders which indicated ~~active~~ active service, for any orders
which would take us out of the wearisome routine at a post where
our time was about equally divided between our ^{bugles} ~~salute~~ and the
buck room of the settlers store. To be sure it meant to the married
officers - nearly all of whom had domiciled their families in
the neat little city - separation from wife and ~~little~~ children,
to the unmarried a little heart-ache, perhaps - easily relieved
however at the sight of a pretty face in the next town.

About June first, a delightful morning, my regiment marched
out of Mankato encouraged by the cheers and bearing the good-will
of its citizens, the band playing, as is usual on such occasions,
"The girls I left behind me" Some of the men in a condition indic-
ating that they had been toying with the cup which inebriates,
others painfully sober, while ^{the} girls referred to waived their
handkerchiefs, shed a few tears and went home to be courted,
many of them married to the soldier boys who took possession of
our most comfortable quarters. After a few days march up the

6
Minnesota we reached our rendezvous, named Camp Pope, near the
~~mouth~~ ^{North} of the Redwood River - perhaps one mile from the Falls. In
a short time the 6th, Col. Crooks, 9 companies of the 7th,
Lt. Col. ~~Marshall~~, 9 companies of the 10th Infantry, Col
Baker; 9 companies of the 1st Mounted Rangers, Col Mc Phail; ~~two~~
^{companies "A" and "H" the first} ~~Company~~ of the 9th ~~Regt~~ ^{Regt} ~~Chase~~, a sturdy set of men enlisted from
the pineries and now to be our pioneer corps; and the 3rd Minn
Battery, Capt Jones, were in camp. These troops with about fifty
scouts, (whites, Indians and mixed bloods,) composed the expedition
all being under command of General Sibley. For the next two
weeks preparations were rapidly made and the bright ~~day~~ ^{sun} spring
weather, with the daily drills and duties not too arduous, made
our camp life extremely pleasant. The Government had furnished
our Q. M. with several hundred mules, nearly all young and un-
broken and had sent along quite a large number of colored team-
sters to manage them. A part of the morning was usually spent
in watching the teamsters harness up and attach the unbroken an-
imals to their wagons, while the balance of the day, no matter
where or what the duty - in keeping out of the way of the nume-
ous run-a-ways that would come flying across the prairie, the
little mules terrorized, the colored drivers hanging to the saddles
if they could, while thundering in the rear was the ponderous
government wagon, always right side up and never broken. Such dig-
nified occasions as dress parade were no exception to the rule
that confusion and dire disaster awaited all who failed to
promptly move out of the way when the driver lost control of his
mules..

Just before noon on June 16th the troops led by that old and
capable guide Pierre Balthazar ^{Camp} marched out from Pope pitching

DEFECTIVE PAGE

tents at Camp Crooks, ten miles distant, at 3 P.M.

On the 17th we passed the scene of the defeat of Little Crow (Wood Lake) the Fall before and, of course, fought the battle over again for the edification of those who were not present. We felt quite like veterans and didn't care who knew it.

It was the general rule upon this trip to remain in camp over the Sabbath. Our first (June 31st) was at Camp Mc Phail four miles from Camp Release. The general course was along and towards the source of the Minnesota River. We crossed the line into Dakota June 34th but on the night of the 28th made a camp in Minnesota, not far from the present village of Browns Valley, between Bigstone Lake and Traverse. At this point a small force of our command under Lt Col Averill left for Abercrombie re-joining us with supplies at Camp ^{Hughes} ~~Hughes~~ upon the Cheyenne River, about 60 miles west from ^{and near the present village of Belton} ~~it~~ Abercrombie. With this force came Co "D" of the 7th armed with Colts repeating rifles purchased by the men, and for the first time the regiment was complete. At this Camp we celebrated July 4th and of the party with whom I spent the evening, thirteen in number, but three survive beside the writer. One sits before me, honored and respected by all; another is a staid and sober citizen of a neighboring town who will perhaps be loth to admit what my diary shows, that late in the night his song of the "three black crows" as attempted in an alleged serenade to a few friends in the 10th was brought to an untimely but very positive ending by the officer of the guard; while the third, poor devil, is an out-cast, separated from wife and children, generally pitied but sometimes despised by his old companions, upon whom he has so frequently imposed.

8
Keeping ~~quite~~ closely to the ~~line~~ course pursued by Nicollet
in his explorations in ~~1838~~ we marched north westerly from
Camp Hayes towards Devils Lake, over a prairie country seem-
ingly quite destitute of vegetation. Along the ²streams where we
crossed the Cheyenne and ~~the its tributaries~~ there ~~was a~~
skirting of ~~timber~~ trees but aside from ~~this~~ there was little
timber. On ~~the~~ 18th we made our camp in a beautiful section
of country upon a small lake now known as Addie and within a
mile of a larger body of water designated upon the map prepared
by Nicollet, as Lake Jessie. Fremont was with Nicollet in
1838 and as my diary reminded me, it was not known which of these
noted men gave the name, I wrote Gen.

known as Lake Addie. It was within one mile of a large lake known
~~as Addie, so named by Fremont in 1838. There was some question~~
~~about this, my diary records and to settle it I wrote Gen~~
Fremont now residing in California, stating to him that when we
camped there in 1863 some claimed it to have been christened by
him while others attributed its name to Nicollet. I copy his
answer in full. "Los Angeles Cal 9th Mch 1868.

82
Hon L. W. Collins. My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 28th of last
month reached me yesterday. I was with Mr Nicollet in the expedi-
tion to the North west in 1838 up to the British line. Except
some of the most considerable, which bore French and Indian names
the many lakes spotted over that region, were nameless. I gave
my wife's name to one of them and it was retained on the general
map of this expedition and it is doubtless that which you describe
I have no map at hand at this moment, but the lake is well up
towards the line. I thank you for your interest in this particular
lake and am glad to know that you are disposed to maintain the
true history of our old north west. Early work there has left to
me a deep interest in it.

Yours Truly,

John C. Fremont.

This beautiful sheet of water still bears the name given it
half a century since by the young and ambitious pathfinder in
honor of his noble wife.

9
It is about ten miles North west of Cooperstown, Griggs County,
about forty miles southerly from the south line of Devils Lake. To
be more exact in Sections 3 and 10 Township 147 of Range 90 West.
Here was established a convalescent camp for the benefit of all
men and animals unfit for rapid movements. Major Cook of the 10th
regiment with some 300 serviceable ~~men~~ ^{men} were left as a guard, while
the remainder moved south of west as speedily as possible. It
began to look like meeting the enemy, entrenchments were made each
night and the utmost care taken with our flankers by day and
pickets by night. The country became more barren and with great
difficulty forage was found for the horses and mules - men fre-
quently cut coarse grass, weeds and the so-called cats-tail for
their animals, water was in abundance, little ponds, but they were
alkaline; to the eye having the appearance of clean soap suds.
The earth was parched for want of rain and we often passed over
the beds of what in ordinary seasons were small ponds or impass-
able marshes. Habitually our command was in three columns, the
long ~~train~~ ^{when 300 men} containing supplies in the center, sometimes three
wagons abreast, the infantry upon either side, about forty rods
distant with the cavalry in front, rear and upon the flanks.
Reveille, just before the break of day, the cup of coffee and
bit of bacon or beef cooked by means of buffalo chips (which ~~were~~
~~in abundance~~ ^{abundant} about us, and were picked up by the men and strung upon
bayonet or ram-rod after the manner of stringing beads) The noon
hour usually found us at the end of our allotted score of miles
hungry and always thirsty. Respectable drinking water seemed to
have been forgotten in the make-up of Dakota, away from the few
streams which meander into the Red upon the East and the Missouri
upon the west of the section we ~~visited~~ ^{visited}. At camp ~~higher~~ ^{higher} one
evening we were visited by some 300 mounted men from a camp of

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Red River people near by, who had made their annual pilgrimage from Winnipeg hunting the now extinct buffalo. In the camp were women children, dogs and the unique Red River cart in abundance. The women were engaged in curing the best parts of the meat, in taking care of the ~~skins~~ ^{robes} and in making pemican out of such portions of the animals as the dogs had no use for. As the men, just at sunset, rode into our lines, ^{headed by their priest} gracefully guiding their compact little horses with the left hand, the right grasping the gun barrel, the butt of the piece resting upon the right foot as it lightly touched the saddle, their dark, but not unhandsome faces set off by the ~~by~~ bright colored head and neck wear, they presented a novel and very attractive appearance.

These people were upon friendly terms with our enemies and had, before coming, obtained permission from the Indians, to hunt in that region. ~~One of the men told me that the party would take back 300 robes as the result of six weeks work.~~

Early upon July 22nd our scouts brought in a captive, an Indian who had been watching our camp. All signs indicated the proximity of the foe and that they intended soon to meet us. Our men were enjoined to be vigilant, day and night, particularly at that hour - just before day break - which is supposed to have great attraction for the sanguinary savage. The small hunting parties of mounted men who had been out daily in search of buffalo and antelope were prohibited. Disobedience of this command caused the loss of an excellent officer in a manner soon to be detailed.

Soon after we began our march upon the 24th our scouts reported great numbers of mounted Indians in our front and upon the right flank while a huge camp was but a few miles distant. At about one o'clock we reached a small lake of brackish water, the ridges and hills of the ^{Boiteaus} being upon our right. The enemy

xxx

It may not be amiss to state that General Sibley did not recognize the authority of our enemies to grant permission to this large body of armed men. British subjects to ^{cross the} ~~come over~~ the line and ordered them to promptly return, which they did. I am not certain but have always suspected that there was a ^{smile of} grim satisfaction ^{looking beneath the humble moustache} in the General's mind when he gave this lesson in international law to the trespassers, for he had but a few days before received a flat refusal to his request made through the British minister at Washington, that should the Sioux retreat as he expected ^{unhappily} towards the British line - instead of towards the Missouri ^{he} might pursue them beyond the border ^{and finish them upon British soil}

DEFECTIVE PAGE

could be seen evidently ready for battle upon the ridges and in the rocky ravines. Big Mound, the highest of the small hills which seemed abundant east of us, was about one mile ~~wide~~ ^{parked} from our train as ^{upon the lake.} Details for entrenching were made and for the first time upon the expedition our men willingly used the spade. Our troops were soon disposed of around our ~~camp~~ ^{corral}, the cavalry upon the extreme right resting upon the lake, the 7th Iosh and 6th in that order upon the left, the entire line facing north, east and southerly. . It was extremely sultry and in the excitement we forgot that it was past noon and time for lunch. We prepared for a fight and believing that it meant retreat by the enemy and a hot tiresome chase for us, stripped for the double quick by reducing our clothing to the minimum, many of us without coat or vest. We overlooked the fact that the extreme heat of each Dakota day was followed by a chilling wind and a damp cold night. During these preparations some of our scouts had approached near enough the enemy to recognize old acquaintances among them and to engage in conversation in their native tongue. Dr Weiser, surgeon of the cavalry, knowing the language and undoubtedly feeling that a long and intimate association with the Sioux warranted his movement, rode into the group and was immediately shot in plain sight of many of the infantry, now in line of battle. Skirmishing between the scouts and Indians commenced at once while a battalion of cavalry supported by two companies of the 7th pushed forward and were soon under fire. A six pounder ^{Murphy} was advanced, Gen Sibley personally superintending its movements, and commenced shelling the Indians with good effect. A company of the 10thth Capt Edgerton supported the gun. The 6th Regiment advanced northeasterly having one company of the 7th upon its right, ^{giving} the balance of the 7th ~~went~~ forward upon the double quick

12 13
~~and~~ soon appeared upon the left of the battalion of cavalry before mentioned, as they skirmished through the small ravines and foothills.

The savages under the artillery fire gradually fell back south of our camp, where, it seems, their own camp had been located for some time; our cavalry and infantry pressed upon and engaged them driving them over the hills and ridges southerly at a rapidly increasing pace for perhaps three miles, until they began to concentrate, much demoralized, upon the edge of a broad plain stretching off to the south west for miles. There a spirited charge was attempted by two companies of cavalry but resisted by the rear guard of our foes in a most determined manner. Just now it commenced to rain while heavy thunder and sharp lightning added to the general disturbance. This lightning killed one member of the cavalry while the storm retarded the movements of all the troops now in the presence of the enemy and some three or four miles from our camp, already named

Sibley The delay gave the Indians an opportunity to re-organize and to put a mile or more between their fleeing column and the whites. As first at some point they piled up logs, hides, robes and dirt into something like breast works behind which they attempted to rally

DEFECTIVE PAGE

could be seen evidently ready for battle upon the ridges and in the rocky ravines. Big Mound, the highest of the small hills which seemed abundant east of us, was about one mile ~~wide~~ ^{parked} from our train as upon the lake. Details for entrenching were made and for the first time upon the expedition our men willingly used the spade. Our troops were soon disposed of around our ~~camp~~ ^{corral}, the cavalry upon the extreme right resting upon the lake, the 7th 10th and 6th in that order upon the left, the entire line facing north, east and southerly. . It was extremely sultry and in the excitement we forgot that it was past noon and time for lunch. We prepared for a fight and believing that it meant retreat by the enemy and a hot tiresome chase for us, stripped for the double quick by reducing our clothing to the minimum, many of us without coat or vest. We overlooked the fact that the extreme heat of each Dakota day was followed by a chilling wind and a damp cold night. During these preparations some of our scouts had approached near enough the enemy to recognize old acquaintances among them and to engage in conversation in their native tongue. Dr. Weiser, surgeon of the cavalry, knowing the language and undoubtedly feeling that a long and intimate association with the Sioux warranted his movement, rode into the group and was immediately shot in plain sight of many of the infantry, now in line of battle. Skirmishing between the scouts and Indians commenced at once while a battalion of cavalry supported by two companies of the 7th pushed forward and were soon under fire. A six pounder ^{was} ~~was~~ advanced, Gen Sibley personally superintending its movements, and commenced shelling the Indians with good effect. A company of the 10th Capt Edgerton supported the gun. The 6th Regiment advanced northeasterly having one company of the 7th upon its right, The balance of the 7th ^{going} ~~went~~ forward upon the double quick

12 B
~~and~~ soon appeared upon the left of the battalion of cavalry before mentioned, as they skirmished through the small ravines and foothills.

The savages under the artillery fire gradually fell back south of our camp, where, it seems, their own camp had been located for some time; our cavalry and infantry pressed upon and engaged them driving them over the hills and ridges southerly at a rapidly increasing pace for perhaps three miles, until they began to concentrate, much demoralized, upon the edge of a broad plain stretching off to the south west for miles. There a spirited charge was attempted by two companies of cavalry but resisted by the rear guard of our foes in a most determined manner. Just now it commenced to rain while heavy thunder and sharp lightning added to the general disturbance. This lightning killed one member of the cavalry while the storm retarded the movements of all the troops now in the presence of the enemy and some three or four miles from our camp, already named

Sibley The delay gave the Indians an opportunity to re-organize and to put a mile or more between their fleeing column and the whites. In fact, at one point they piled buffalo hides, robes and dirt into something like breast works behind which they attempted to rally.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

But the foe was in full retreat, they had hastily abandoned their camp and old and young, with their belongings were scattering upon the plain before us as our pursuing men came out of the ravines and over the hills to points from which they could gaze down upon the scene. The mounted warriors covered the rear, doggedly contending every inch of the ground for the benefit of the non-combatants. ~~The delay caused by the storm gave them an opportunity to re-organize and put a mile or so between the whites and their fleeing columns.~~

Our line was re-formed; our cavalry and the six pounder pushed forward so rapidly that the men upon foot began to drop out of sight of the friends and foes in the front. For several miles the chase was continued but as night settled down upon us we could hear the snickety and shells some distance in front as the cavalry and Capt Jones' gun still kept the warriors busy in protecting their wives and children. Upon all sides and for miles back the trail was marked with evidences of the complete victory and utter rout of the enemy who had abandoned furs, buffalo robes, ^{bag} ~~bag~~ cooking utensils, teepee coverings and poles - articles of much value to the Indian - in their haste to reach the Missouri River, estimated to be about sixty miles distant.

Soon after dusk a halt was called and a consultation held between Col Marshall and the commanding officers of the companies as to our ability to further pursue that night. Our men were exhausted from the long march without food or drink. Upon our right was a lake, upon ~~was~~ left an impassible march and these were sufficient for the protection of our flanks, while, better still, when last seen, the heels of the enemy were dancing westward, in the shadows of sundown. We knew that the wretches would

increase the distance between us before daylight and in their misery only cared to be left alone. It was determined that we should bivouac for the night and early in the morning resume the march. Little preparation was necessary. Our troops, the 7th infantry and Co B of the 10th lay down upon their arms in line of battle, upon low wet ground and composed themselves for a much needed rest but soon realized that we were upon the eve of a cold cheerless night, no food, no coffee, no covering, most of us in our shirt sleeves. A raw wind which came damp and disagreeable across the lake added to our discomfort and we hastily gathered up the furs and robes which had so recently been abandoned by the Indians. Those who were so lucky as to obtain those coveted articles were reminded by their lost fortunate comrades that everything about an Indian camp is quite alive with at least two kinds of vermin, either of which will make life a burden and now underclothing a necessity. To those covetous individuals we replied that vermin or no vermin the robes would be our refuge and protection until good old Sol with his bright morning rays should come to our relief. ■

Cold, hungry, thirsty and slightly profane we stretched ourselves upon the damp earth realizing that daybreak would find us stiff and sore from the long march of about forty miles and the uncomfortable night to follow.

Perhaps one hour of shivering had been endured when when the bugles and ~~communications~~ in front informed us that the cavalry and artillery had fallen back upon our lines. Calling Col Marshall to his side, Col Mc Phail, the ranking officer, stated his orders as received from the General through an aide and commanded a prompt return to the camp, well known to be at least fifteen miles

DEFECTIVE PAGE

away. These orders, which were, "to pursue the foe until night - fall and then return to camp" he said, left him no discretion. I need hardly say that the orders were promptly consigned to the unmentionable in every known language and several officers contended that if such were Gen Sibley's words they were used when he had no idea whatever that our pursuit of a few hours would be an ordinary days march, and under the circumstances, ought not to be regarded as peremptory. At last Col Marshall reluctantly yielded to the ~~almost~~ imperative command of his superior, Col Mc Phail, and ordered his men to face about. Many of the officers advised disobedience, ~~and~~ that we stay where we were, but Capt Jones of the battery (now deceased) an excellent officer, who had served in the ranks of the regular army, was perhaps the most outspoken in counselling that we remain. ~~The gun powder~~ ^{the powder} before mentioned had halted near us during the discussion over the unfortunate order and when the retreat had been decided I notified the men of my company - about 45 - to keep with it during the night. And they did reasonably well, all through the tedious hours which followed. Angry, insubordinate, with many halts we picked ^{in the darkness} our way over the hills and through the small ravines towards our camp - my squad reaching there a little after sunrise. For more than six hours we had followed the trail made in going out, stopping frequently that it might not be lost; we had been upon our feet almost without food and water more than 24 hours and had covered as near as could be estimated, in the day and night, 55 miles.

During the last few miles of the disheartening night march, our men scattered along without regard to company or regimental organization and a more ~~was~~ ^{more} and exhausted command could not well be found as they struggled into Camp Sibley and sank down for ^{a few hours sleep} ~~much needed rest~~. Thanks to the gun 23 men of my Company reached camp in a body.

We now learned of the sad misfortune which had befallen Lieut Freeman of the cavalry and the supposed death of his comrade Geo A Brackett, now one of the most prominent citizens of Minneapolis. These gentlemen upon the morning of the 24th contrary to orders, had gone some distance from our flanks in search of game. Each was well armed and mounted. About noon they joined a party of three or four scouts among them ^{the} an indian, Chaska, before-mentioned as having saved the life of his friend Geo H. Spencer. Soon after they were attacked by about fifteen hostiles one of whom killed Freeman with an arrow. He fell from his horse, spoke to Brackett who had dismounted beside him and expired. The latter seizing Freemans rifle, jumped upon his horse and was soon beside the scouts in a flight towards our line of march. The indians pursued and soon over-took the party near a small pond surrounded by tall weeds. Brackett and the scouts abandoned their horses which were seized by the indians and at Chaska's suggestion Brackett hid in the weeds where he sat for two hours with his gun cocked, momentarily expecting to be discovered by the enemy. It seems that the latter engaged in a quarrel over the captured horses until they ^{noticed} ~~discovered~~ the preparations for the attack upon the troops and then hastily re-joined the main body in our front. Meantime the scouts (indians) were permitted to make their escape upon foot and before night reported ^{to} ~~the~~ camp with the statement that both Freeman and Brackett were killed. Search was made for the bodies, only one being found, that of Lieut Freeman. This was brought into camp and on the morning of the 25th buried in a rough box between the blanketed bodies of two of our men, killed near Big Mound.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

17
His only son, Daniel H. Freeman, a resident of St Cloud and a member of the Legislative Session of 1887, made several attempts to find the grave after the N P RR was built. Finally in 1880 he located Camp Sibley and without much difficulty the place of ^{box} burial. The ~~box~~ was in a fair state of preservation. The bones of Lt Freeman were removed and 17 years after the brief funeral services upon the Dakota Prairie, all that had not crumbled to dust was carefully laid away in the cemetery at St Cloud.

I regret that time will not permit full details of the wanderings and experiences of Mr Brackett before he reached our camp at Jessie. Without food, hiding in the tall grass by day, he travelled for three nights, with ~~nothing~~ but the stars as a guide before he found the trail our troops had made. Here, about the old camp, he picked up bits of hard bread sufficient to keep him alive until three days later, ^{when} about 9 o'clock at night he crawled ~~bone-headed~~, barefooted and without a coat up to a camp fire around which sat several of his old Minneapolis neighbors - members of Capt Chase's Company of the 9th - which remained at Camp ^{his} Atchison. He was but just alive and for weeks bore the marks of ^{his} thrilling adventure.

By reason of the fatigue of the men and horses engaged in the wearisome night march after the engagement at Big Mound, we were compelled to remain in Camp Sibley until eleven o'clock and then moved ~~but~~ four miles to Camp Whitney upon the hills. Here we buried Dr Wessor and others in a common grave. Next morning, Sunday, we marched early and at twelve reached the place of bivouac on the night of the 24th. Indians were seen hovering about our front upon which had been placed a battalion of cavalry, the 6th infantry with one company of the 7th. Pushing on perhaps

18
one mile, our camp was established, the wagon train packed and our animals, carefully guarded, turned out to graze. Upon them the enemy made a dash in the afternoon but were skillfully repulsed by the cavalry. The skirmish was known as that of Dead Buffalo Lake.

At this point in my narrative it may be well to refer to an unfortunate misunderstanding leading to results much regretted by the commanding officer as well as by the Lieutenant ^{who} committed the error and who lost his life a few days later upon the banks of the Missouri. Upon Gen Sibley's staff, serving as a volunteer aid, was an Englishman by the name of Beaver. He was capable, ^{highly educated} courageous and a thorough gentleman. On the afternoon of the 24th, Gen Sibley entrusted to him a verbal message for Col Mc Phail, then pursuing the enemy with the infantry and cavalry before mentioned. Gen Sibley's order was that the pursuit should be vigorously maintained until night-fall but no longer, that the troops should then be bivouaced upon the prairie unless there was danger of a night attack. If such danger existed, the command should fall back upon Camp Sibley. The General knew that at sunset the hostiles were fleeing for their lives many miles distant and at once ordered a train of wagons loaded with provisions for the relief of those in pursuit, ^{revels snatched at half past 2 and} ~~having no idea of our return~~ ^{the immediate return of the entire army.} Before dawn ^{large} ~~little before daylight~~ ^{arrived and he learned to his} ~~astonishment~~ ^{astonishment} that we were making our way to the main command.

Upon inquiry of his aid Gen Sibley found that he had misapprehended the order and peremptorily commanded Mc Phail to return. To the latter no discretion was given and an order obeyed which retarded us at least two days, thus permitting the enemy to escape across the Missouri. Later with our experience we should not have regarded the message as mandatory.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

but should have considered that the order was not given with reference to the ~~fact~~ fact that our foes had been driven a good days march in the few short hours, that instead of halting at night within a few miles we were at least fifteen miles away from our train and that a return meant hours of delay just at the critical and important moment.. There are many to whom this statement of the ~~surroundings~~ facts surrounding the order upon which Col Mc Phail acted, will be a surprise, for at the time the blame was placed elsewhere and with much feeling. No effort has ever been made to rightly locate it, so far as I know. Poor ^{Lieut. Beaver} ~~Manix~~ Briefer frequently alluded to his great mistake during the few days left for him upon earth and expressed ^{deep} ~~his great~~ mortification at forgetting the terms of so important a communication.

The afternoon skirmish proved quite disastrous to the enemy and we were not molested that night or the next day as we made our twenty miles continually passing the evidences of hasty flight. On the morning of the 28th, as our columns were clearing camp at Stony Lake, a sudden and vicious attack was made upon all sides by large numbers of well mounted Indians. Their effort was a determined and more daring one than we had before experienced but the 10th in front, the 6th upon the right, cavalry upon the left, while the 7th faced about, ~~in vain~~ resisted their attempt to reach our train ^{from the rear}. This little episode detained us some two hours but after eighteen miles marching we camped upon a beautiful stream of clear, pure water, known as Apple Creek. This was the first running water encountered after we left the streams which tend towards Hudsons Bay..

We were now near the Missouri and next morning about 10 reached the bluff over-looking the bottom lands covered with rank

grass, while beyond, skirting the stream, was a heavy forest with dense underbrush. Down the bluff and through the trees could be seen the ^{River Falls} ~~road~~ over which our foes had fled but they had ~~but~~ they had placed the river between us. The 6th ^{Regt} ~~and~~ skirmished through the woods while the balance of us endured the fearful heat and frightful mosquitoes in the grass between the bluffs ^{and} ~~the river~~. No water could be had and we envied those who were so fortunate as to be ordered to the river bank. We afterwards learned that the thirsty soul who crept down to the waters edge and attempted to fill his canteen became a target for the scores of Indians lying in the bushes upon the ~~the~~ west bank.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

20 1/2

While the 6th. Regiment was making its way to the river, Gen. Sibley, wishing to communicate with Col. Crooks and realizing that ^{small} several parties of the enemy might be concealed in the thickets, directed one of the scouts to take the message. Lt. Beaver, overhearing the order, solicited the task of going to the ^{front} point, and was particularly cautioned of the danger apprehended. He delivered the communication and was given one in return by the Colonel. At night his absence was noted and rockets sent up to guide him to camp; but he came not. Next morning, his body was found in the woods pierced ^{by} with arrows, while near him lay his horse riddled with bullets. Both had been killed within 300 yards of the troops as they halted near the timber.

Beaver in returning to the General, had taken one of the innumerable trails that led off from the main one and fallen into the ambush. Private Miller of the 6th. made the same mistake in returning and his remains were found by the same troops, who then proceeded to the river where they ~~found~~ ^{found} and burned a large number of wagons, which had there been abandoned by the Indians. At dark we settled down upon the little creek again, a few miles below our camp ground of the night previous. You can fancy the disappointment of the hundreds of suffering men, who, upon rushing down its banks, discovered that its waters were at that point intensely alkaline, wholly unfit for use.

Two days were spent at Camp Slaughter, so named after a Captain of the 6th., preparing for a homeward march. Both nights the enemy fired upon our pickets, causing us to fall into line for a short time. We then buried Lt. Beaver and the soldier of the 6th., the former with masonic honors, four of the eight pall bearers now being members of this commandery. The following year his body was brought to St. Paul, and now lies in Oakland Cemetery.

21

Sully

We had somewhat expected to communicate with Gen. Sibley at this point but could not locate him. He had that same season led 3,000 ~~mounted men~~ ^{mounted men} a similar expedition up the south bank of the Missouri, and was then, as we afterwards learned, about 100 miles south of us.

In pursuing the Indians our course was nearly west and not far from the line now traversed by the N P R R. Big Horn, near which Lieut Freeman was buried, is about ten miles north of Crystal Springs, a small station on the railroad east of Steele. The iron horse now rushes along in sight of the ground we skirmished over and crosses Apple Creek within a half a mile of where we first pitched tents upon it. A great thoroughfare to the Pacific coast leaves the bluff at the point where we ~~trudged down~~ ^{trudged down} the bottom land that sultry morning while the Burnt Boat Island of those historic days nearly opposite our camp, at the mouth of the creek, appropriately and most honorably re-christened, is the Sibley island of the present time. Bismarck the thriving Capital of Dakota upon the East bank, Ft Abraham Lincoln nearly opposite on the west, look calmly down upon old Camp Slaughter with its earth works and rifle pits, upon the lonely grave of the unfortunate ^{Soldier} ~~Beaver~~ and upon the place where on the 1st day of August we, for the first time, willingly turned our backs upon the Sioux nation and bade them God-speed - so long as they kept upon the west bank of the Missouri River.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

*to be returned
to W.R. Marshall
by 10/24/1862*

In all Indian wars, whites have indulged in scalping
and more perhaps, "as evidence of good faith" as the news-
papers are prone to say. This for any other purpose. No ex-
ception to the rule. In our country, in fact, it
was generally reported that the colonial commanding the naval-
ty told his men that he had a good deal rather see the scalps
than to hear them talk--and probably lie--about the same
enough dead men. He also, it is said, told the men
in the same connection that the scalp should be large enough
to prevent all suspicion that the head of one good Indian
had been called upon to perform double duty. But no matter
just how the colonial was fit to put his views, scalps were
on exhibition for several days after the skirmish.
The same to the Indians was understood. It was
substantially the track made by the pursued and the pur-
suer when struggling for the river, taking more time in as-
cending camped grounds.
On the 5th of August the scout Ousaka died in great
pain, after a brief illness. Many rumors were floating
about the camp as to the cause of his death, but it was gen-
erally believed by those who knew best, that he was poisoned
by a soldier connected with the medical department, with
whom he had had some difficulty. This rumor was also
widely revived when the suspected man became involved in an
important criminal case in the city of Saint Paul.
On the 5th, at a camp named in honor of our commander
Chief Justice Gilliam, scouts from Arapahoe brought word

DEFECTIVE PAGE

22

In all Indian wars, whites have indulged in scalp taking, more perhaps, "as evidence of good faith" as the newspapers are prone to say, than for any other purpose. No exception to ~~this custom~~ ^{barbarous practice} was made in our command, in fact, it was currently reported that the colonel commanding the Cavalry told his men that he had a good deal rather see the scalps than to hear them talk--and probably lie--about the sure enough dead ^{after the fight} ~~after~~ ^{He also, it is said, told the men} in the same connection that the scalp should be large enough to prevent all suspicion that the head of one good Indian had been called upon to perform double duty. But no matter just how the colonel saw fit to put his views, scalps were on exhibition for several days after the skirmishes.

Our return to Camp Atchinson was uneventful; we followed substantially the track made by the pursued and the pursuers when struggling for the river, taking more time in selecting camping grounds.

On the 3rd of August the scout Chaska died in great agony, after a brief illness. Many rumors were floating about the camp as to the cause of his death, but it was generally believed by those who knew best, that he was poisoned by a soldier connected with the medical department, with whom he had had some difficulty. This ugly rumor was afterwards revived when the suspected man became involved in an important criminal case in the City of Saint Paul.

On the 6th, at a camp named in honor of our ~~companion~~ ^{companion} Chief Justice Gilfillan, scouts from Atchinson brought mail

[This manuscript lacks the three last pages (20-22) as printed by Judge Collins in 1895.]

DEFECTIVE PAGE

P. 5. (written)
First dist. by W. C. Miller
to St. Paul, Minn. 1895
It was published by J. W. Miller
at St. Paul, Minn. 1895

Sketch Sibley's Expedition 1862

1895 P. 5

Received by mail from

To those among us who resided in this State or participated in the stirring events of 1862, sketches of any part of the Indian out-break or connected with its suppression possess a fascinating but sad interest. And to such as have become citizens since the days which terrified the 180,000 people then within our borders, a review of some of these occurrences will be worthy of attention. To the latter the affair seemed trifling for their eyes were fixed with intense interest upon the war of the rebellion. With its magnitude before them they had few thoughts to bestow upon a massacre which may be designated as one of the greatest and most barbarous ever experienced although it has never been given anything more than mere mention by the historians of our country. I therefore attempt to tell you something of the Sibley expedition across the plains of Dakota in 1862 as observed by one who made the trip upon foot, & fully realize how difficult it is for a line officer to see much that would give life to the recital and how great the opportunity for error and mistake, thus provoking a tempest of criticism and contradiction. Should such be the re-

DEFECTIVE PAGE

P. 5. Written
First Lieut. L. W. Collins
to St. Louis, Mo.
It was published by Andrew Collins
at St. Louis, Mo. in 1895.

Sketch
Sibley's Expedition 1862

1895 P. 5

Received by mail from

To those among us who resided in this State or participated in the stirring events of 1862, sketches of any part of the Indian out-break or connected with its suppression possess a fascinating but sad interest. And to such as have become citizens since the days which terrified the 180,000 people then within our borders, a review of some of these occurrences will be worthy of attention. To the latter the affair seemed trifling for their eyes were fixed with intense interest upon the war of the rebellion. With its magnitude before them they had few thoughts to bestow upon a massacre which may be designated as one of the greatest and most barbarous ever experienced although it has never been given anything more than mere mention by the historians of our country. I therefore attempt to tell you something of the Sibley expedition across the plains of Dakota in 1862 as observed by one who made the trip upon foot, & fully realize how difficult it is for a line officer to see much that would give life to the recital and how great the opportunity for error and mistake, thus provoking a tempest of criticism and contradiction. Should such be the re-

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

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

0 2 2 3

of the claim association was actually and unconditionally approved by a committee from that illustrious body or just ducked a few times in the Mississippi river.

It may be well to briefly consider the situation of affairs and the causes which led to the expedition before we detail its travels.

In August 1862 this State had a long line of frontier, reaching, we may say, from about Martin County on the South, northerly through Brown, McLeod, Meeker, Western Stearns and Todd to the Chippewa Reservation which included ^uthat vast territory now generally described as that part of our State lying above the line traversed by the N P R R. Upon this reservation were congregated the different bands of Chippewas Indians, old time enemies of the Sioux but frequently, and just at this particular period, upon friendly terms. Their Agency (headquarters) was near Ft Ripley upon the Mississippi which was garrisoned by one or two companies of volunteers. Their head chief was Hole-in-the-day, noted as impetuous and cunning, his eye constantly fixed upon the main-chance - (for himself)

The Winnebagoes, at peace with both Chippewas and Sioux, were located upon a small reservation a few miles south of Mankato, while the Sioux, the most numerous and warlike of the three nations, occupied a reservation along and south of the Minnesota River ten miles in width commencing just above New Ulm and extending to Lake Traverse, about 150 miles. And this was further subdivided into the Upper and Lower Reservations.

Little Crow was recognized by the whites as the ablest and most dangerous man upon the Reservation but just now he was looked upon with suspicion by many of the Indians, some of whom were

jealous of his ability and spared no opportunity to render him less popular with his people.

The summer of 1862 called out nearly all the able bodied men of the State, enlistments were made in every hamlet and upon the reservations recruiting officers picked up many men ^{in which the} ~~predominant~~ blood in their veins. To Little Crow, nettled by the evidence of growing opposition among his braves and aroused by his loss of authority in their ~~sake~~ councils, the opportunity seemed not far distant when he could defy the authorities and by skilful intrigue and manipulation regain his position in his nation. He certainly did not anticipate ^{destructive and} ~~the distinctive~~ bloody scenes which came ^{so} soon but hoped and planned for a lawlessness and hostility which would advance him as well as benefit his followers

At the councils inflammatory speeches were made in which opposition to the authorities was urged and the fact that many able bodied men had gone from the State made prominent.

^{perhaps} Actual violence had ^{actually} not been agreed upon but upon August 17th a party of six Indians who belonged upon the lower reservation shot down five whites, at Aston, in Meeker County. It is said that these Indians were not under the influence of whiskey nor had there been any quarrelling. It seems to have been a deliberate murder and although Aston is fifty miles from the Indian agency upon the reservation (near where Redwood Falls now is) the murderers were there soon after daylight next morning and engaged, with others, in an attack upon the whites, who, in various capacities, had made a home among them. A few friendly and educated ^{Indians} ~~men~~ assisted some of the whites to escape but men women and children were tortured and butchered in every manner possible. For weeks our frontier was the scene of the most fearful atrocities.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

ies and at last 700 of our peaceful people were killed by these cruel foes. Young women and children were taken prisoners, and but one white man, Geo H Spencer now residing at Minneapolis who after being badly wounded was sought out and protected by his intimate friend, Chaska, a full blooded Indian.

Time will not permit me to dwell upon the details of this horrible massacre. The citizens fled in haste from their farms and the smaller villages to such places as St Cloud and Mankato where fortifications were hastily erected and armed men placed upon constant duty. The enemy besieged and nearly captured New Ulm and Fort Ridgley on the Minnesota and Ft Abercrombie on the Red River while small war parties attacked Hutchinson, Forest City and other points along the line. The volunteers, about four regiments, who had so recently enlisted were pushed to the front under the direction of our distinguished companion Gov Ramsay, but under the command of another companion, whom we delight to honor, ~~C. Jones~~ then General, then Colonel, Sibley.

Most of the troops gathered at Ft Ridgley and of these a detachment ^{of 150} sent out to ^{at the lower Agency} bury the dead were on the morning of the 2d of September surrounded while in camp at Birch Coolie, about 15 miles from the Fort, by a much larger force of the enemy who kept up a constant fire for 31 hours, when they were driven off by reinforcements from the Fort. 23 of our men were killed and 45 severely wounded. But one of the 80 horses escaped alive and he was crippled. On the 18th of September General Sibley, with about 1500 men, fought the Indians under the leadership of Little Crow at Wood Lake. The latter were badly defeated and withdrew to their camp about 25 miles distant, across the river from the now flourishing town of Montivideo. Punished and disheartened a large number of the hostiles negotiated for peace and on the

26th the troops quietly and without opposition surrounded the camp which we named "Release" in which there were about 2500 Indians, who held and who then surrendered to us their prisoners about 150 young white women and children and some 250 of mixed blood. The white women had been subjected to lust and outrage all during their weeks of captivity, but the mixed bloods escaped these indignities through the determination of their relatives among the Indians.

Geo Spencer before mentioned was here found a prisoner. The male Indians were tried by a commission and of the large number found guilty of participation in the outbreak, 33

DEFECTIVE PAGE

hanged at Mankato December 30th 1869 by the military forces.

In the tragedies of 1862 a few Winnebagoes headed by a chief named Little Priest, participated while the Chippewas may be said to have followed.

tempted elsewhere of aimed neutrality. They gave us a great deal of uneasiness until the ^{war in (Molice)} ~~unbusiness~~ of Hole in the day was appeased and his friendship purchased.

After his defeat at Wood Lake, Little Crow with about 3000
fled westerly to Devils Lake, Dakota where they spent
the winter. An ~~expedition~~ ^{Reconnaissance} against him and his people having been
determined upon its command was given to Gen Sibley. My Regiment,
the 7th Minnesota, had been quartered at Mankato performing
guard duty over the indian prisoners and gladly welcomed the
orders which indicated ~~active~~ active service, for any orders
which would take us out of the wearisome routine at a post where
our time was about equally divided between our ^{baracks} ~~quarters~~ and the
buck room of the settlers store. To be sure it meant to the married
officers - nearly all of whom had domiciled their families in
the neat little city - separation from wife and little children,
to the unmarried a little heart-ache, perhaps - easily relieved
however at the sight of a pretty face in the next town.

About June first, a delightful morning, my regiment marched out of Mankato encouraged by the cheers and bearing the good-will of its citizens, the band playing, as is usual on such occasions, "The girls I left behind me" Some of the men in a condition indicating that they had been toying with the cup which inebriates, others painfully sober, while ^{the} girls referred to waived their handkerchiefs, shed a few tears and went home to be courted, many of them married to the soldier boys who took possession of our most comfortable quarters. After a few days march up the

Minnesota we reached our rendezvous, named Camp Pope, near the mouth of the Redwood River - perhaps one mile from the Falls. In a short time the 6th, Col. Brooks, 9 companies of the 7th, Lt. Col. Marshall, 9 companies of the 10th Infantry, Col Baker, 9 companies of the 1st Mounted Rangers, Col Mc Phail; ~~Two~~ ^{one} "A unit" ^{the first} company of the 9th ~~Bapt~~ ^{Inf} ~~Chase~~, a sturdy set of men enlisted from the pinerios and now to be our pioneer corps; and the 3rd Minn Battery, Capt Jones, were in camp. These troops with about fifty scouts, (whites, indians and mixed bloods,) composed the expedition all being under command of General Sibley. For the next two weeks preparations were rapidly made and the bright ^{bulmy} spring weather, with the daily drills and duties not too arduous, made our camp life extremely pleasant. The Government had furnished our Q. M. with several hundred mules, nearly all young and unbroken and had sent along quite a large number of colored teamsters to manage them. A part of the morning was usually spent in watching the teamsters harness up and attach the unbroken animals to their wagons, while the balance of the day, no matter where or what the duty - in keeping out of the way of the numerous run-a-ways that would come flying across the prairie, the little mules terrorized, the colored drivers hanging to the saddle if they could, while thundering in the rear was the ponderous government wagon, always right side up and never broken. Such dignified occasions as dress parade were no exception to the rule that confusion and dire disaster awaited all who failed to promptly move out of the way when the driver lost control of his mules..

Just before noon on June 16th the troops led by that old and capable guide Pierre B~~ottin~~^{Camp} marched out from Pope pitching

DEFECTIVE PAGE

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

0 2 2 4

tents at Camp Crooks, ten miles distant, at 3 P.M.

On the 17th we passed the scene of the defeat of Little Crow (Wood Lake) the Fall before and, of course, fought the battle over again for the edification of those who were not present. We felt quite like veterans and didn't care who knew it.

It was the general rule upon this trip to remain in camp over the Sabbath. Our first (June 21st) was at Camp Mc Phail four miles from Camp Release. The general course was along and towards the source of the Minnesota River. We crossed the line into Dakota June 24th but on the night of the 28th made a camp in Minnesota, not far from the present village of Browns Valley, between Bigstone Lake and Traverse. At this point a small force of our command under Lt Col Averill left for Abercrombie re-joining us with supplies at Camp ^{Hayes} ~~Hayes~~ upon the Cheyenne River, about 60 miles west from ^{and near the present village of Indian 25.} Ft Abercrombie. With this force came Co "D" of the 7th armed with Colts repeating rifles purchased by the men, and for the first time the regiment was complete. At this Camp we celebrated July 4th and of the party with whom I spent the evening, thirteen in number, but three survive beside the writer. One sits before me, honored and respected by all; another is a staid and sober citizen of a neighboring town who will perhaps be loth to admit what my diary shows, that late in the night his song of the "three black crows" as attempted in an alleged serenade to a few friends in the 10th was brought to an untimely but very positive ending by the officer of the guard; while the third, ^{Capt. Small} poor devil, is an out-cast, separated from wife and children, generally pitied but sometimes despised by his old companions, upon whom he has so frequently imposed.

8

Keeping ~~quite~~ closely to the ~~line~~ course pursued by Nicollet in his explorations ~~in 1838~~ we marched north westerly from Camp Hayes towards Devils Lake, over a prairie country seemingly quite destitute of vegetation. Along the streams where we crossed the Cheyenne and ~~the its tributaries~~ there was ~~no~~ ^{no} skirting of ~~timber~~ trees but aside from this there was little timber. On the 18th we made our camp in a beautiful section of country upon a small lake now known as Addie and within a mile of a larger body of water designated upon the map prepared by Nicollet, as Lake Jessie. Fremont was with Nicollet in 1838 and as my diary reminded me, it was not known which of these noted men gave the name, I wrote Gen.

known as Lake Addie. It was within one mile of a larger lake known as Jessie, ~~as named by Fremont in 1838. There was some question about this, my diary reminds me, and to settle it I wrote Gen.~~ Fremont now residing in California, stating to him that when we camped there in 1863 some claimed it to have been christened by him, while others attributed its name to Nicollet. I copy his answer in full. "Los Angeles Cal 9th Mch 1868.

82
Hon L.W. Collins. My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 28th of last month reached me yesterday. I was with Mr Nicollet in the expedition to the North west in 1838 up to the British line. Except some of the most considerable, which bore French and Indian names the many lakes spotted over that region, were nameless. I gave my wife's name to one of them and it was retained on the general map of this expedition and it is doubtless that which you describe. I have no map at hand at this moment, but the lake is well up towards the line. I thank you for your interest in this particular lake and am glad to know that you are disposed to maintain the true history of our old north west. Early work there has left to me a deep interest in it.

Yours Truly,

John C. Fremont.

This beautiful sheet of water still bears the name given it half a century since by the young and ambitious pathfinder in ^{honour of his noble wife.}

DEFECTIVE PAGE

9
It is about ten miles North west of Cooperstown, Griggs County, about forty miles southerly from the south line of Devils Lake. To be more exact in Sections 3 and 10 Township 147 of Range 60 West.

Here was established a convalescent camp for the benefit of all men and animals unfit for rapid movements. Major Cook of the 10th regiment with some 300 serviceable men ^{were} left as a guard, while the remainder moved south of west as speedily as possible. It began to look like meeting the enemy, entrenchments were made each night and the utmost care taken with our flankers by day and pickets by night. The country became more barren and with great difficulty forage was found for the horses and mules - men frequently cut coarse grass, weeds and the so-called cats-tail for their animals, water was in abundance, little ponds, but they were alkaline; to the eye having the appearance of clean soap suds.

The earth was parched for want of rain and we often passed over the beds of what in ordinary seasons were small ponds or impassable marshes. Habitually our command was in three columns, the long train ^{of over 300 wagons} containing supplies in the center, sometimes three wagons abreast, the infantry upon either side, about forty rods distant with the cavalry in front, rear and upon the flanks.

Reveille, just before the break of day, the cup of coffee and bit of bacon or beef cooked by means of buffalo chips (which were ^{in abundance} abundant about us, and were picked up by the men and strung upon bayonet or ram-rod after the manner of stringing beads). The noon hour usually found us at the end of our allotted score of miles hungry and always thirsty. Respectable drinking water seemed to have been forgotten in the make-up of Dakota, away from the few streams which meander into the Red upon the East and the Missouri upon the west of the section we ^{visited} ^{visited}. At Camp ^{Forbes} ^{Richer} one evening we were visited by some 300 mounted men from a camp of

It may not be amiss to state that General Sibbey did not recognize the authority of our enemies to grant permission to this large body of armed men. British subjects to ^{cross the} ~~come over~~ the line and ordered them to promptly return, which they did.

I am not certain but have always suspected that there was a ^{grin} ~~grim~~ satisfaction ^{looking beneath the miserable multitude} in the General's mind when he gave this lesson in international law to the trespassers, for he had but a few days before received a flat refusal to his request made through the British minister at Washington, that should the Sioux retreat as he expected ^{with} ~~towards~~ the British line - instead of towards the Missouri ^{he} might pursue them beyond the border ^{and finish them upon British soil}.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

10
Red River people near by, who had made their annual pilgrimage from Winnipeg hunting the now extinct buffalo. In the camp were women children, dogs and the unique Red River cart in abundance.

The women were engaged in curing the best parts of the meat, in taking care of the ~~skins~~ ^{robes} and in making pemican out of such portions of the animals as the dogs had no use for. As the men, just at sunset, rode into our lines, ^{headed by their priest} gracefully guiding their compact little horses with the left hand, the right grasping the gun barrel, the butt of the piece resting upon the right foot as it lightly touched the saddle, their dark, but not unhandsome faces set off by the ~~by the~~ bright colored head and neck wear, they presented a novel and very attractive appearance.

These people were upon friendly terms with our enemies and had, before coming, obtained permission from the Indians, to hunt in that region. ~~One of the men told me that the party would take back 300 robes as the result of six weeks work.~~

Early upon July 22nd our scouts brought in a captive, an Indian who had been watching our camp. All signs indicated the proximity of the foe and that they intended soon to meet us. Our men were enjoined to be vigilant, day and night, particularly at that hour - just before day break - which is supposed to have great attraction for the sanguinary savage. The small hunting parties of mounted men who had been out daily in search of buffalo and antelope were prohibited. Disobedience of this command caused the loss of an excellent officer in a manner soon to be detailed.

Soon after we began our march upon the 24th our scouts reported great numbers of mounted Indians in our front and upon the right flank while a huge camp was but a few miles distant. At about one o'clock we reached a small lake of brackish water, the ridges and hills of the ^{boiteaux} being upon our right. The enemy

11
could be seen evidently ready for battle upon the ridges and in the rocky ravines. Big Mound, the highest of the small hills which seemed abundant east of us, was about one mile ~~kids~~ ^{parked} from our train as upon the lake. Details for entrenching were made and for the first time upon the expedition our men willingly used the spade. Our troops were soon disposed of around our ~~camp~~ ^{corral}, the cavalry upon the extreme right resting upon the lake, the 7th 10th and 6th in that order upon the left, the entire line facing north, east and southerly. . . It was extremely sultry and in the excitement we forgot that it was past noon and time for lunch. We prepared for a fight and believing that it meant retreat by the enemy and a hot tiresome chase for us, stripped for the double quick by reducing our clothing to the minimum, many of us without coat or vest. We overlooked the fact that the extreme heat of each Dakota day was followed by a chilling wind and a damp cold night. During these preparations some of our scouts had approached near enough the enemy to recognize old acquaintances among them and to engage in conversation in their native tongue. Dr. Weiser, surgeon of the cavalry, knowing the language and undoubtedly feeling that a long and intimate association with the Sioux warranted his movement, rode into the group and was immediately shot in plain sight of many of the infantry, now in line of battle. Skirmishing between the scouts and Indians commenced at once while a battalion of cavalry supported by two companies of the 7th pushed forward and were soon under fire. A six-pounder ^{Murphy} was advanced, Gen Sibley personally superintending its movements, and commenced shelling the Indians with good effect. A company of the 10th B Co Capt Edgerton supported the gun. The 6th Regiment advanced northeasterly having one company of the 7th upon its right. The balance of the 7th ^{came} ~~went~~ forward upon the double quick

DEFECTIVE PAGE

and soon appeared upon the left of the battalion of cavalry before mentioned, as they skirmished through the small ravines and foothills.

The savages under the artillery fire gradually fell back south of our camp, where, it seems, their own camp had been located for some time; our cavalry and infantry pressed upon and engaged them driving them over the hills and ridges southerly at a rapidly increasing pace for perhaps three miles, until they began to concentrate, much demoralized, upon the edge of a broad plain stretching off to the south west for miles. There a spirited charge was attempted by two companies of cavalry but resisted by the rear guard of our foes in a most determined manner. Just now it commenced to rain while heavy thunder and sharp lightning added to the general disturbance. This lightning killed one member of the cavalry while the storm retarded the movements of all the troops now in the presence of the enemy and some three or four miles from our camp, already named

Sibley The delay gave the Indians an opportunity to re-organize and to put a mile or more between their fleeing column and the whites. ~~For first~~ ~~at this point they piled buffalo~~ ~~hides, robes and dirt into something~~ ~~like breast works behind which~~ ~~they attempted to rally~~

But the foe was in full retreat, they had hastily abandoned their camp and old and young, with their belongings were swarming upon the plain before us as our parting men came out of the ravines and over the hills to points from which they could gaze down upon the scene. The mounted warriors covered the rear, doggedly contending every inch of the ground for the benefit of the non-combatants. ~~The delay caused by the storm gave them an opportunity to re-organize and put a mile or more between the whites and their fleeing columns.~~

Our line was re-formed; our cavalry and the six pounder pushed forward so rapidly that the men upon foot began to drop out of sight of the friends and foes in the front. For several miles the chase was continued but as night settled down upon us we could hear the musketry and shells some distance in front as the cavalry and Capt Jones' gun still kept the warriors busy in protecting their wives and children. Upon all sides and for miles back the trail was marked with evidences of the complete victory and utter rout of the enemy who had abandoned furs, buffalo robes, ~~bag~~ ~~of~~ ~~fur~~ ~~hides~~ ~~clothing~~ ~~utensils~~, ~~teepee~~ ~~coverings~~ and poles - articles of much value to the Indian - in their haste to reach the Missouri River, estimated to be about sixty miles distant.

Soon after dusk a halt was called and a consultation held between Col Marshall and the commanding officers of the companies as to our ability to further pursue that night. Our men were exhausted from the long march without food or drink. Upon our right was a lake, upon our left and impassible marsh and these were sufficient for the protection of our flanks, while, better still, when last seen, the heels of the enemy were dancing westwardly in the shadows of sundown. We knew that the wretches would

DEFECTIVE PAGE

increase the distance between us before daylight and in their misery only cared to be left alone. It was determined that we should bivouac for the night and early in the morning resume the march. Little preparation was necessary. Our troops, the 7th infantry and Co B of the 10th lay down upon their arms in line of battle, upon low wet ground and composed themselves for a much needed rest but soon realized that we were upon the eve of a cold cheerless night, no food, no coffee, no covering, most of us in our shirt sleeves. A raw wind which came damp and disagreeable across the lake added to our discomfort and we hastily gathered up the furs and robes which had so recently been abandoned by the Indians. Those who were so lucky as to obtain those coveted articles were reminded by their less fortunate comrades that everything about an Indian camp is quite alive with at least two kinds of vermin, either of which will make life a burden and now underclothing a necessity. To these covetous individuals we replied that vermin or no vermin the robes would be our refuge and protection until good old Sol with his bright morning rays should come to our relief. E

Cold, hungry, thirsty and slightly profane we stretched ourselves upon the damp earth realizing that daybreak would find us stiff and sore from the long march of about forty miles and the uncomfortable night to follow.

Perhaps one hour of shivering had been endured when ~~when~~ ^{communication} the bugles and ^{in front} informed us that the cavalry and artillery had fallen back upon our lines. Calling Col Marshall to his side, Col Mc Phail, the ranking officer, stated his orders as received from the General through an aide and commanded a prompt return to the camp, well known to be at least fifteen miles

away. These orders, which were, "to pursue the foe until night - fall and then return to camp" he said, left him no discretion. I need hardly say that the orders were promptly consigned to the unmentionable in every known language and several officers contended that if such were Gen Sibley's words they were used when he had no idea whatever that our pursuit of a few hours would be an ordinary days march, and under the circumstances, ought not to be regarded as peremptory. At last Col Marshall reluctantly yielded to the ~~almost~~ imperative command of his superior, Col Mc Phail, and ordered his men to face about. Many of the officers advised disobedience, and that we stay where we were, but Capt Jones of the battery (now deceased) an excellent officer, who had served in the ranks of the regular army, was perhaps the most outspoken in counselling that we remain. The ^{hunter} ~~in the distance~~ before mentioned had halted near us during the discussion over the unfortunate order and when the retreat had been decided I notified the men of my company - about 45 - to keep with it during the night. And they did reasonably well, all through the tedious hours which followed. Angry, insubordinate, with many halts we picked our way ^{in the distance} over the hills and through the small ravines towards our camp - my squad reaching there a little after sunrise. For more than six hours we had followed the trail made in going out, stopping frequently that it might not be lost; we had been upon our feet almost without food and water more than 24 hours and had covered as near as could be estimated, in the day and night, 55 miles.

During the last few miles of the disheartening night march, our men scattered along without regard to company or regimental organization and a more ^{worn} ~~was~~ and exhausted command could not well be found as they straggled into Camp Sibley and sank down for ^{a few hours sleep} ~~much needed rest~~. Thanks to the gun 23 men of my Company reached camp in a body.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

We now learned of the sad misfortune which had befallen Lieut Freeman of the cavalry and the supposed death of his comrade Geo A Brackett, now one of the most prominent citizens of Minneapolis. These gentlemen upon the morning of the 24th contrary to orders, had gone some distance from our flanks in search of game. Each was well armed and mounted. About noon they joined a party of three or four scouts among them ^{the} an indian, Chaska, before-mentioned as having saved the life of his friend Geo H. Spencer. Soon after they were attacked by about fifteen hostiles one of whom killed Freeman with an arrow. He fell from his horse, spoke to Brackett who had dismounted beside him and expired. The latter seizing Freeman's rifle, jumped upon his horse and was soon beside the scouts in a flight towards our line of march. The indians pursued and soon over-took the party near a small pond surrounded by tall weeds. Brackett and the scouts abandoned their horses which were seized by the indians and at Chaska's suggestion Brackett hid in the weeds where he sat for two hours with his gun cocked, momentarily expecting to be discovered by the enemy. It seems that the latter engaged in a quarrel over the captured horses until they ^{noticed} discovered the preparations for the attack upon the troops and then hastily re-joined the main body in our front. Meantime the scouts (indians) were permitted to make their escape upon foot and before night reported ~~in camp with the statement~~ that both Freeman and Brackett were killed. Search was made for the bodies, only one being found, that of Lieut Freeman. This was brought into camp and on the morning of the 25th buried in a rough box between the blanket-covered bodies of two of our men, killed near Big Mound.

His only son, Daniel H. Freeman, a resident of St Cloud and a member of the Legislative Session of 1887, made several attempts to find the grave after the N P RR was built. Finally in 1880 he located Camp Sibley and without much difficulty the place of ^{box} burial. The ~~box~~ was in a fair state of preservation. The bones of Lt Freeman were removed and 17 years after the brief funeral services upon the Dakota Prairie, all that had not crumbled to dust was carefully laid away in the cemetery at St Cloud.

I regret that time will not permit full details of the wanderings and experiences of Mr Brackett before he reached our camp at Jessie. Without food, hiding in the tall grass by day, he travelled for three nights, without anything but the stars as a guide before he found the trail our troops had made. Here, about the old camp, he picked up bits of hard bread sufficient to keep him alive until three days later ^{when} about 9 o'clock at night he crawled bare-headed, barefooted and without a coat up to a camp fire around which sat several of his old Minneapolis neighbors - members of Capt Chase's Company of the 9th - which remained at Camp Atchison. He was but just alive and for weeks bore the marks of a thrilling adventure.

By reason of the fatigue of the men and horses engaged in the wearisome night march after the engagement at Big Mound, we were compelled to remain in Camp Sibley until eleven o'clock and then moved ~~but~~ four miles to Camp Whitney upon the hills. Here we buried Dr Wessner and others in a common grave. Next morning, Sunday, we marched early and at twelve reached the place of bivouac on the night of the 24th. Indians were seen hovering about our front upon which had been placed a battalion of cavalry, the 6th infantry with one company of the 7th. Pushing on perhaps

DEFECTIVE PAGE

one mile, our camp was established, the wagon train packed and our animals, carefully guarded, turned out to graze. Upon them the enemy made a dash in the afternoon but were skillfully repulsed by the cavalry. The skirmish was known as that of Dead Buffalo Lake.

At this point in my narrative it may be well to refer to an unfortunate misunderstanding leading to results much regretted by the commanding officer as well as by the Lieutenant ^{who} committed the error and who lost his life a few days later upon the banks of the Missouri. Upon Gen Sibley's staff, serving as a volunteer aid, was an Englishman by the name of Beaver. He was capable, ^{highly educated} courageous and a thorough gentleman. On the afternoon of the 24th, Gen Sibley entrusted to him a verbal message for Col Mc Phail, then pursuing the enemy with the infantry and cavalry before mentioned. Gen Sibley's order was that the pursuit should be vigorously maintained until night-fall but no longer, that the troops should then be bivouaced upon the prairie unless there was danger of a night attack. If such danger existed, the command should fall back upon Camp Sibley. The General knew that at sunset the hostiles were fleeing for their lives many miles distant and at once ordered a train of wagons loaded with provisions for the relief of those in pursuit, ~~having no idea of our return~~ ^{he did not think of our return} ~~the immediate return of the entire army~~ ^{Before dawn they} ~~little before daylight~~ ^{arrived and he learned to his} ~~astonishment that we were making our way to the main command.~~ ^{astonishment that we were making our way to the main command.}

Upon inquiry of his aid Gen Sibley found that he had misapprehended the order and peremptorily commanded Mc Phail to return. To the latter no discretion was given and an order obeyed which retarded us at least two days, thus permitting the enemy to escape across the Missouri. Later with our experience we should not have regarded the message as mandatory.

^{but} should have considered that the order was not given with reference to the ~~fact~~ ^{fact} that our foes had been driven a good days march in the few short hours, that instead of halting at night within a few miles we were at least fifteen miles away from our train and that a return meant hours of delay just at the critical and important moment.. There are many to whom this statement of the ~~surroundings~~ ^{facts} surrounding the order upon which Col Mc Phail acted, will be a surprise, for at the time the blame was placed elsewhere and with much feeling. No effort has ever been made to rightly locate it, so far as I know. Poor ^{Gen. Beaver} ~~Major Brierley~~ frequently alluded to his great mistake during the few days left for him upon earth and expressed ^{deep} ~~his great~~ mortification at forgetting the terms of so important a communication.

The afternoon skirmish proved quite disastrous to the enemy and we were not molested that night or the next day as we made our twenty miles continually passing the evidences of hasty flight. On the morning of the 28th, as our columns were clearing camp at Stony Lake, a sudden and vicious attack was made upon all sides by large numbers of well mounted Indians. Their effort was a determined and more daring one than we had before experienced but the 10th in front, the 8th upon the right, cavalry upon the left, while the 7th faced about, ~~in vain~~ ^{from the rear} resisted their attempt to reach our train. This little episode detained us some two hours but after eighteen miles marching we camped upon a beautiful stream of clear, pure water, known as Apple Creek. This was the first running water encountered after we left the streams which tend towards Hudsons Bay..

We were now near the Missouri and next morning about 10 reached the bluff over-looking the bottom lands covered with rank

DEFECTIVE PAGE

grass, while beyond, skirting the stream, was a heavy forest with dense underbrush. Down the bluff and through the trees could be seen the ^{hills (trails)} road over which our foes had fled but they had ~~but~~ they had placed the river between us. The 6th ~~Regiment~~ skirmished through the woods while the balance of us endured the fearful heat and frightful mosquitoes in the grass between the bluffs ~~and~~ ^{the timber}. No water could be had and we envied those who were so fortunate as to be ordered to the river bank. We afterwards learned that the thirsty soul who crept down to the waters edge and attempted to fill his canteen became a target for the scores of Indians lying in the bushes upon the ~~the~~ west bank.

20 1/2

While the 6th. Regiment was making its way to the river, Gen. Sibley, wishing to communicate with Col. Crooks and realizing that ^{small} several parties of the enemy might be concealed in the thickets, directed one of the scouts to take the message. It. Beaver, overhearing the order, solicited the task of going to the ^{front} point, and was particularly cautioned of the danger apprehended. He delivered the communication and was given one in return by the Colonel. At night his absence was noted and rockets sent up to guide him to camp; but he came not. Next morning, his body was found in the woods pierced ^{by} with arrows, while near him lay his horse riddled with bullets. Both had been killed within 300 yards of the troops as they halted near the timber. Beaver in returning to the General, had taken one of the innumerable trails that led off from the main one and fallen into the ambush. Private Miller of the 6th. made the same mistake in returning and his remains were found by the same troops who then proceeded to the river where they ~~found~~ ^{found} a large number of wagons, which had there been abandoned by the Indians. At dark we settled down upon the little creek again, a few miles below our camp ground of the night previous. You can fancy the disappointment of the hundreds of suffering men, who, upon rushing down its banks, discovered that its waters were at that point intensely alkaline, wholly unfit for use.

Two days were spent at Camp Slaughter, so named after a Captain of the 6th., preparing for a homeward march. Both nights the enemy fired upon our pickets, causing us to fall into line for a short time. We then buried It. Beaver and the soldier of the 6th., the former with masonic honors, four of the eight pall bearers now being members of this commandery. The following year his body was brought to St. Paul, and now lies in Oakland Cemetery.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

We had somewhat expected to communicate with Gen. ^{Sully} Sibley at this point but could not locate him. He had that same season led ^{3,000 mounted men} a similar expedition up the south bank of the Missouri, and was then, as we afterwards learned, about 100 miles south of us.

In pursuing the Indians our course was nearly west and not far from the line now traversed by the N P R R. Big Mound, near which Lieut Freeman was buried, is about ten miles north of Crystal Springs, a small station on the railroad east of Steele. The iron horse now rushes along in sight of the ground we skirmished over and crosses Apple Creek within a half a mile of where we first pitched tents upon it. A great thoroughfare to the Pacific coast leaves the bluff at the point where we ~~skinned~~ ^{skinned} tramped down ^{to} the bottom land that sultry morning while the Burnt Bent Island of those historic days nearly opposite our camp, at the mouth of the creek, appropriately and most honorably re-christened, is the Sibley island of the present time. Bismarck the thriving Capital of Dakota upon the East bank, Ft Abraham Lincoln nearly opposite on the west, look calmly down upon old Camp Slaughter with its earth works and rifle pits, upon the lonely grave of the unfortunate ^{Soldier} ~~man~~ and upon the place where on the 1st day of August we, for the first time, willingly turned our backs upon the Sioux nation and bade them God-speed - so long as they kept upon the west bank of the Missouri River.

In all Indian wars, whites have indulged in scalp taking, more perhaps, "as evidence of good faith" as the newspapers are prone to say, than for any other purpose. No exception to this ~~custom~~ ^{barbarous practice} was made in our command. In fact, it was currently reported that the colonel commanding the Cavalry told his men that he had a good deal rather see the scalps than to hear them talk--and probably lie--about the sure enough dead ^{after the fight} ~~after~~ men. He also, it is said, told the men in the same connection that the scalp should be large enough to prevent all suspicion that the head of one good Indian had been called upon to perform double duty. But no matter just how the colonel saw fit to put his views, scalps were on exhibition for several days after the skirmishes.

Our return to Camp Atchinson was uneventful. We followed substantially the track made by the pursued and the pursuers when struggling for the river, taking more time in selecting camping grounds.

On the 3rd of August the scout Chaska died in great agony, after a brief illness. Many rumors were floating about the camp as to the cause of his death, but it was generally believed by those who knew best, that he was poisoned by a soldier connected with the medical department, with whom he had had some difficulty. This ugly rumor was afterwards revived when the suspected man became involved in an important criminal case in the City of Saint Paul.

On the 6th, at a camp named in honor of our companion Chief Justice Gilfillan, scouts from Atchinson brought mail

[This manuscript backs the three last pages (20-22) as printed by Judge Collins in 1895.]

DEFECTIVE PAGE

We had somewhat expected to communicate with ^{Sully} Gen. Sibley at this point but could not locate him. He had that same season led 3,000 mounted men a similar expedition up the south bank of the Missouri, and was then, as we afterwards learned, about 100 miles south of us.

In pursuing the Indians our course was nearly west and not far from the line now traversed by the N P R R. Big Mound, near which Lieut Freeman was buried, is about ten miles north of Crystal Springs, a small station on the railroad east of Steele. The iron horse now rushes along in sight of the ground we skirmished over and crosses Apple Creek within a half a mile of where we first pitched tents upon it. A great thoroughfare to the Pacific coast leaves the bluff at the point where we ~~traveled~~ trudged down ^{to} the bottom land that sultry morning while the Burnt Bent Island of those historic days nearly opposite our camp, at the mouth of the creek, appropriately and most honorably re-christened, is the Sibley island of the present time. Bismarck the thriving Capital of Dakota upon the East bank, Ft Abraham Lincoln nearly opposite on the west, look calmly down upon old Camp Slaughter with its earth works and rifle pits, upon the lonely grave of the unfortunate ^{Soldier} ~~man~~ and upon the place where on the 1st day of August we, for the first time, willingly turned our backs upon the Sioux nation and bade them God-speed - so long as they kept upon the west bank of the Missouri River.

In all Indian wars, whites have indulged in scalp taking, more perhaps, "as evidence of good faith" as the newspapers are prone to say, than for any other purpose. No exception to this ~~custom~~ ^{barbarous practice} was made in our command, in fact, it was currently reported that the colonel commanding the Cavalry told his men that he had a good deal rather see the scalps than to hear them talk--and probably lie--about the sure enough ^{after the fight} ~~dead~~ ^{after the fight} ~~after the fight~~ He also, it is said, told the men in the same connection that the scalp should be large enough to prevent all suspicion that the head of one good Indian had been called upon to perform double duty. But no matter just how the colonel saw fit to put his views, scalps were on exhibition for several days after the skirmishes.

Our return to Camp Atchinson was uneventful: we followed substantially the track made by the pursued and the pursuers when struggling for the river, taking more time in selecting camping grounds.

On the 3rd of August the scout Chaska died in great agony, after a brief illness. Many rumors were floating about the camp as to the cause of his death, but it was generally believed by those who knew best, that he was poisoned by a soldier connected with the medical department, with whom he had had some difficulty. This ugly rumor was afterwards revived when the suspected man became involved in an important criminal case in the City of Saint Paul.

On the 6th, at a camp named in honor of our companion Chief Justice Gilfillan, scouts from Atchinson brought mail

[This manuscript lacks the three last pages (20-22) as printed by Judge Collins in 1895.]

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE