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MRS. NANCY MCCLURE-HUGGAN.

THE STORY OF NANCY McCLURE.

CAPTIVITY AMONG THE SIOUX.

I was born at Mendota, then called St. Peters, in 1836. My father was Lieut. James McClure, an officer in the regular army stationed at Fort Snelling for several years. He was a native of Pennsylvania and graduated from the West Point Military academy in 1833, and was sent to Fort Snelling to join his regiment soon after. In the fall of 1837 he was ordered to Florida, and died at Fort Brooke, near Tampa Bay, in the month of April following, at the early age of twenty-six. Of course I cannot remember him, but from what my mother and others have told me, I feel very proud that I had such a father. He was a brave, gallant and noble man, and had he lived he probably would have made a good record, and my life would have been far different from what it has been. He married my mother at Fort Snelling, and she always cherished his memory. Not long ago some letters of his were found among the papers of Gen. Sibley at St. Paul, and they show that he loved dearly my mother and me, his only child. I know very little of my relatives on my father's side. It is only lately, through the help of Gov. Marshall and another gentleman in St. Paul, that I have been able to hear directly from any of them, though I have tried for many years often and over again; but I am now in communication with them, and it gives me much happiness.

On my mother's side I know my family history pretty well. My great-great-grandfather was named Ta-te-mannee, or the Walking Wind. He was one of the principal chiefs of the great Sioux or Dakota Indian nation of Minnesota. My great-

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W. R. M.

Mrs. McClure-Haggan's father was Lieut. James McClure, of the United States army. She was born in Mendota in 1836. Her mother was daughter of a Dakota chief. Her father died in Florida in 1838. His letters (among Gen. Sibley's papers in possession of the Historical society) show great affection and solicitude for his daughter, for whose care and education he provided.

W. R. M.

grandfather's name was Ma-ga-iyah-he, or the Alighting Goose. He was a sub-chief and a noted man. Of him Neill's History of Minnesota (page 903), giving an account of happenings at Fort Snelling in 1828, says:

"One day this month (February) an old Sioux named Ma-ga-iyah-he visited the fort and produced a Spanish commission, dated A. D. 1781, and signed by Col. Francisco Cruzat, military governor of Louisiana, the valley of the Minnesota at that time having been a portion of the Spanish domain, subsequently ceded to France."

I think it probable this commission had been given to my great-great-grandfather, the Walking Wind, and that he journeyed away down to St. Louis to receive it from his Spanish "Father." I do not, of course, know the circumstances, but would like to. The Indians greatly prize papers of this kind, and take good care of them, sometimes preserving them for many years. I have in my possession a paper given the Walking Wind in 1806, by Gov. William Clark, Indian commissioner. I am now trying to find the Spanish commission, and think I have discovered a trace of it. I know that some of my Indian relatives have some old papers, and I hope it is among them. But when I was a little girl my mother told me that once on a time, fifty years ago, some of my great-grandfather's brothers were drowned in a flood on the Missouri river. They were encamped on the river bottom, and during the night the water suddenly rose and swept them and nearly all the village away. It may be that they had this paper, and that it was lost with them.

The name of my mother's father was Manza-ku-te-manee, or the Walking Shooting Iron—or gun. Another Indian of the same name, though commonly called Paul, was known to many of the old settlers and noted for his many services to the whites. My grandfather died when mother was about six years old, and she was raised by my grandmother. My mother's name was Winona, and my Indian name is also Winona, which, among the Sioux, means the first-born female child, and is as common a name among the Indians as Mary is among the white people. She was born at Redwood Falls. When she was young she was a very pretty woman, and very nice always. Before she met my father she was courted by

two respectable mixed-blood gentlemen, Joseph Montreille and Antoine Renville, and Mr. Montreille wanted very badly to marry her; but the young white officer, my father, won her heart. Two years after my father's death, though, she married Antoine Renville, and removed to Big Stone lake. His father, Joseph Renville, was a very prominent trader in early days. There were three children by her second marriage—Sophia, now living at the Sisseton agency, South Dakota; Isaac, now a Presbyterian minister at that agency, and William, now dead. My stepfather, Mr. Renville, always treated me very kindly, and I have nothing but respect for his memory. My dear mother died at Lac qui Parle in 1850, after a long illness. I was with her and cared for her a long time, and her death nearly broke my heart. My stepfather died a true Christian death in 1884.

Until I was about two years old I lived with my mother at Mendota, where I was born. Then my grandmother took me to live with her at Traverse des Sioux, and cared for me two years. Then, as mother was married again, and wished it so much, I went to live with her and my stepfather at Lac qui Parle, and my home was with them for ten years, or until my mother's death.

I had a pretty good start in the world for a poor little half-blood "chinha," if all the good intentions toward me had been carried out. By a treaty made with the Indians in 1837 the mixed-blood children were each to receive a considerable sum of money—\$500, I think. My money, with that of some other children, was put into the hands of a man named B. F. Baker,—the Indians called him "Blue Beard,"—a trader at Fort Snelling, to be held by him in trust for us. But in 1841 he went down the river and died at St. Louis, and that was the last of the money. I never got a cent of it. There is a record of all this matter, but there might as well not be. My father, when he was in Florida, wrote to Gen. Sibley, who was then at Mendota—but he was not a general then, only the head trader—and sent him money to provide for mother and me. Then, when I was about eight years old, Mr. Martin McLeod—I think all the old settlers of Minnesota know who he was—began to give me clothing, one or two suits every year, out of his store. He said my father had loaned him some money, and when he

was sent away, he (Mr. McLeod) could not pay him, and that my father told him to pay when he could, but to see that my mother and I were cared for, and if anything happened to my father the money was to be mine. I have forgotten the amount; I think it was \$700, and yet that seems too large a sum. I do not pretend to know how much I got of it. After I was married Mr. McLeod came to see me and gave me what he said was the last of it, I think it was \$15, but I am not certain. Of one thing I am certain—he gave me a good scolding for getting married.

When I was a very little girl, perhaps about eight years old, I was put to school. My mother was very anxious that I should be educated, and that I should become a good Christian. It was lucky that those noble men and women, the missionaries, had established schools among us at that early day, and were willing to make such sacrifices of their own comfort to instruct the Indians in the true way of life. I try to be grateful to those dear souls for what they did for me and others, and yet I feel that I can never be sufficiently so. The first school I attended was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Williamson's at Lac qui Parle. While here I was the only girl that boarded in the Doctor's household, and was treated as one of the family. Quite a number of the other Indian children attended the school during the day, but they went home to their parents at night. Some of them lived in lodges or "tepees." Dr. Williamson's sister taught us. I do not remember her full name; we always called her "Aunt Jane." They were most excellent people and true Christians. I attended this school for two years, when Dr. Williamson removed to another Indian village at Traverse des Sioux. Rev. Adams took Dr. Williamson's place as missionary at Lac qui Parle. When the Doctor and his family were about to leave Lac qui Parle they were very anxious to have me go with them, and I was just as anxious to go; but my mother was not willing I should leave her to go so far away. I stayed with them to the last minute, and when they were ready to start "Aunt Jane" said she would go part of the way home with me, for I had two miles to walk to my stepfather's house. She went about half the way, and then came the time for us to part. I was only a little girl, but I was in great distress and sorrow at losing my friend. She

took my hands in hers and talked to me a long time. Then we kneeled down and she prayed long and earnestly; then we parted, and I ran home crying, and was the most miserable girl in the world, and I never saw dear "Aunt Jane" any more.

While at Dr. Williamson's school I had my first "Indian scare." How well I remember it! It was some time in the summer. The Doctor had some pretty young calves in a little yard near the house. He had three or four young children at this time, and we used to water these calves and care for them in other ways, and each of us claimed one. One day we heard an Indian coming toward the house, singing in a wild sort of way, and when we looked out we saw that he was drunk. He came up, jumped into the yard where the calves were, sprang at them like a panther, and killed every one of the little innocent creatures with his cruel knife. We were all terrified at the sickening sight, and screamed at the top of our voices. My stepfather's house was not very far away, and I ran to it as fast as I could and told him. He came at once and stopped the wicked wretch from doing any further damage and drove him away. When the mother cows came home that evening and smelled the blood of their murdered offspring they filled the air with their wailings, and we children all had a good cry. I felt very wretched that night, but little did I think then that I was destined in after years to witness far more dreadful scenes.

After Dr. Williamson moved away I was sent to Jonas Pettijohn's school at Lac qui Parle. Here four of us mixed-blood girls boarded in the house. Rose Renville was one of them, and she was my roommate. The other two were named Caroline and Julia. I do not remember their family names; indeed I do not think they had any, except, perhaps, their Indian names. I attended this school for two years. Mrs. Riggs was our teacher. At these mission schools we girls were given religious instruction and taught reading, writing and something of the other lower branches, and to sew, knit, and, as we grew older, to spin, weave, cook and do all kinds of housework. We were taught first in Indian, then in English. I was not much of a little numskull, and I learned pretty fast and without much difficulty. My teachers were very kind to me—praised me and encouraged me, and I hope I did not give them very much trouble.

I remember another trouble we had while I was at Pettijohn's school. About this time the work of the missionaries among the Indians was beginning to show. A great many were joining the church and becoming good Christians. The Indians, who were still in heathenism—or belonged to the "medicine dance," as we called them—did not like this. One Sunday when we went to church, twenty or thirty "medicine" Indians, all armed, were at the building and calling out that they would take away the blankets from all who entered and destroy them. In those days every Indian who could get one wore a blanket. We girls had one apiece, and on Sundays, when we went to church, we took care to have a nice clean one to wrap our little brown forms in, and we were as proud of it as the grandest lady in the land can be to-day of her seal-skin. I can tell you, too, that it was not an easy matter for an Indian to get a blanket, either. A good one cost \$5, and that was a big sum then. But the threats of the "medicine men" did not stop the Christian Indians from entering the church. They very readily gave up their blankets and went in to worship God, and to pray to him that he would soften the hearts of their wicked brethren outside and make them his servants, too. After we all got in and the services began, the men outside began to shoot at the church bell as at a target. They shot it several times, and actually cracked it so that it would not ring. Rev. S. R. Riggs was the preacher that day, and he was so affected that he cried before us all.

Mr. Riggs suffered many other insults from those Indians. He lived in the next house to Mr. Pettijohn's, only a few steps away. One day in winter he was hauling wood with an ox team, and some Indians came and shot the oxen while they were hitched to the load. I think this was all the team Mr. Riggs had at the time. The Indians acted very badly, and I thought they would kill the people next, but after they had cut up the meat so that they could carry it they took it and went away. It was in the winter, as I have said, and meat was scarce and could not well be had without going out on the plains where the buffalo were, and it was easier to kill the missionary's oxen than to do that.

When I left Mr. Pettijohn's school I went home to take care of my mother, who was sick. As she was confined to her bed so long, I did not get to return to school for some time. Her

death was a great blow to me, for we were much attached to each other, and now I was left alone in the world, an orphan girl of fourteen, with no one to care for me but my Indian relatives, and though they were kind enough, I did not wish to live with them. How much I longed to be with some of my father's people then, I cannot tell you. I was always more white than Indian in my tastes and sympathies, though I never had cause to blush for my Indian blood on account of the character of my family. My mother knew my disposition and hopes and ambitions, and, on her death bed, she told me to either stay with my grandmother, who had raised her, or go to Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the missionaries, and not to stay with the Indians. During mother's illness Rev. Adams and his good wife, the missionaries at Lac qui Parle, came often to see her, and were most kind to her. When she died the body was dressed and prepared for burial by Mrs. Riggs, my former teacher, who was the wife of Rev. S. R. Riggs. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were here in 1891, and I had a good long talk with them over the old times. They live in St. Paul now.

So, after mother's death, I went to Mr. Hopkins and was taken into his school at Traverse des Sioux. I attended his school for about six months. His wife was my teacher. While here my intimate schoolmates were Victoria Auge and her sister, Julia La Framboise, three mixed-blood girls, and Martha Riggs, a daughter of Rev. S. R. Riggs, the missionary. I learned very fast at this school, for I was now almost a woman. I was large for my age and strong and active. I could do all kinds of housework, and was a pretty good seamstress. My home was with my Indian grandmother, and I was the maid of all work. I was often flattered, and I am afraid I became a little vain. I know that I used to try to dress myself well and to appear well. I was fond of reading, and read what I could, but reading matter was scarce. One thing we had in plenty that I liked—flowers. The prairies were full of them, and I delighted to gather them.

In the summer of 1851 a great event happened at the Traverse des Sioux. This was the celebrated treaty between the government and the Indians, when the Sioux sold all their land in Minnesota to the whites. It was a grand affair. All the bands of Indians were there in great numbers. The commissioners came up, and with them a number of other white

men, traders, attorneys, speculators, soldiers, etc. They had great times, to be sure, and I have always wondered how so much champagne got so far out on the frontier! Gov. Ramsey was there, the governor of the new territory, a handsome man with a kindly face; he was a commissioner. Mr. Luke Lea, a one-legged man, was another commissioner. Another man with the commissioners was Mr. Hugh Tyler. He was a young man, very smart, with attractive manners, and a fine talker; he was there as an attorney for the traders, who were to get something by the treaty on old debts that the Indians owed them. Mr. Tyler came often to my grandmother's "tepee" to see me, and when he left he gave me a little Bible with his name in it.

Gov. Ramsey, too, came two or three times to see me. I remember well that he came once with Mr. Luke Lea. My grandmother and I had two tents, or "tepees." One we used to cook and eat in, and the other was what might be called our parlor. The Governor and Mr. Lea came into the parlor tent, and, after a few minutes, they said: "Well, you are very nicely fixed here, but we don't see anything to eat." Then I laughed, because I saw that they thought we had but one tent and did not know of our kitchen; but I said nothing, though it was true that we did not have a very great supply. When they left, Gov. Ramsey told me to send my grandmother over to headquarters and he would give her some provisions. So she went over, and they gave her more good things than she could carry. I suppose that was what might be called an Indian trick played off on Gov. Ramsey.

Soon after this I was married. I was only about sixteen, and too young to marry, but nothing would do my lover but I must marry him, and I suppose many another woman, from her own experience, knows how it was. My husband was David Faribault, a son of John Baptiste Faribault, one of the first Frenchmen in Minnesota. He was a mixed-blood, a tall, fine looking man, and had a good reputation. He was a trader and very well-to-do for those days. I went to Gen. Sibley for advice on this subject, for we all looked up to him in those days and thought whatever he said was right. He advised me to marry Mr. Faribault, said he was a good man, a fine money-maker and would always treat me well. So at last I consented and the wedding day was set.



The wedding came off at the time of the treaty, and it was quite an occasion. There was a great crowd present, Indians and whites. I wore a pretty white bridal dress, white slippers and all the rest of the toilet, and I had taken pains to look so as to please my husband, and all those grand gentlemen crowded about me and made so many pretty speeches and paid me so many nice compliments that they quite turned my young and foolish head. Gov. Ramsey, Gen. Sibley, Mr. Lea, Mr. Tyler and all the rest were there, and some army officers, too, and so were the head chiefs and principal men of the great Sioux nation, and the affair even got into the papers. There was a wedding dinner, too, and somebody furnished wines and champagne for it, and I was toasted and drunk to, over and over again. I could do nothing in return for these compliments but bow my thanks, for I was a stout Presbyterian then and a teetotaler, and I would not take even the smallest sip of the lightest wine on any account.

About a month after my marriage a man came out from the East searching for me. He told me he had been sent by my father's people to take me back to them. I was much distressed. But I was a wife now, and my duty was with my husband, and I could not go. The man seemed disappointed when he found I was married, and would not talk to me or give me any information. I do not know who he was, but I heard that he died on his way back to Pennsylvania, or wherever he came from.

Two years after I was married I went down to St. Louis with my husband. He was going down to purchase a stock of goods and some horses. We went to St. Paul, and there took a steamboat, which was owned and commanded by Louis Robert. Mrs. Robert went with us, and we had such a delightful time throughout the trip. I saw so many things I had long wanted to see, the great city—though it really wasn't very great then—and the thousand other sights. On the boat, both going down and coming back, were a great many fine ladies and gentlemen, and they were all very kind to me. Indeed, the young Indian wife (I was only eighteen then) had far more attention than she deserved. In one thing I was disappointed. I had hoped that among so many people I would find someone that knew my father, but I did not. Mrs. Robert was my guide and kept me from becoming embarrassed, and I enjoyed myself

so much. She and her husband have been dead some years, but I think all the people in St. Paul must know who they were, for they lived there so long, and there is a street in St. Paul named for Capt. Robert.

Some time after my marriage my husband and I removed to Shakopee, where my husband continued in trade with the Indians for, I think, two years. He trusted the Indians to a large amount and they never paid him. Then we moved to Le Sueur and lived one year; then to Faribault, where we lived four years, and then to Redwood agency, where we were living at the time of the great Indian outbreak of August, 1862. Then it was that sad and hard times fell upon us and nearly crushed us.

At the time of the outbreak we were living two miles from the Redwood agency, on the road to Fort Ridgely. We had a log house, but it was large and roomy and very well furnished. When we first came my husband intended engaging in farming and stock raising, but he soon got back to his former business, trading with the Indians, and when they rose against the whites he had trusted them for very nearly everything he had, for they were very hard up, and the other stores would not trust them for anything. Besides the goods he sold them on credit, he let them have fourteen head of cattle for food. The winter and spring before had been very enjoyable to me. There were a good many settlers in the country, some few French families among them, and the most of them were young married people of pleasant dispositions. We used frequently to meet at one another's houses in social gatherings, dancing parties and the like, and the time passed very pleasantly. I was twenty-five years of age then, had but one child and could go about when I wanted to, and I went frequently to these gatherings and came to know a good many people. Then came the summer, and the Indians came down to the agency to receive their annual payments under the treaty of 1851; but the paymaster with the money was delayed on the road until the time for the payment had passed. He was at Fort Ridgely with the money, all in gold, when the Indians rose. There were mutterings of trouble for some time, but at last it seemed the danger had passed away.

On the very morning of the outbreak my husband and I heard shooting in the direction of the agency, but supposed

that the Indians were out shooting wild pigeons. As the shooting increased I went to the door once or twice and looked toward the agency, for there was something unusual about it. My husband was out attending to the milking. All at once a Frenchman named Martelle came galloping down the road from the agency, and, seeing me in the door, he called out: "Oh, Mrs. Faribault, the Indians are killing all the white people at the agency! Run away, run away quick!" He did not stop or slacken his speed, but waved his hand and called out as he passed. There was blood on his shirt, and I presume he was wounded.

My husband and I were not prepared for trouble of this kind. Our best horses and wagons were not at home. We had two horses in the stable and harness for them, but no wagon. My husband told me to get my saddle ready and we would go away on horseback, both of us being good riders. We were getting ready to do this when we saw a wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen and loaded with people, coming down the road at a good trot. My husband said we would wait and see what these people would say. When they came up to us we saw there were five or six men, three or four women and some children, and they were all in great fright. They asked us to put our horses to their wagon—as they could travel faster than oxen—and to get in with them. This we agreed to do, and soon had the change made. When they were harnessing the horses I ran to the house to try to secure some articles of value, for as yet we had taken nothing but what we had on our backs, and I had many things I did not want to lose. Woman-like, I tried first to save my jewelry, which I kept in a strong drawer. This drawer was swelled and I could not open it, and I was running for an ax to burst it, when my husband said, "Let it go—they are ready to start." So I took my dear little daughter, who was eight years old and my only child, and we started for the wagon. Just as I was about to get in—everybody else was in—I looked up the road toward the agency and saw the Indians coming. I was afraid they would overtake the wagon; so I declined to get in, and my husband got out with me, and we took our child and ran for the woods, while the wagon started off, the men lashing the horses every jump.

Just as we started for the woods, Louis Brisbois and his wife and two children, mixed-blood people, came up and went with us. We all hid in the wood. In a few minutes the Indians came up, and somehow they knew we were hidden, and they called out very loudly: "Oh, Faribault, if you are here, come out; we won't hurt you." My husband was armed and had determined to sell his life for all it would bring, and I had encouraged him; but now it seemed best that we should come out and surrender, and so we did. The Indians at once disarmed my husband. They seemed a little surprised to see the Brisbois family, and declared they would kill them, as they had not agreed to spare their lives. Poor Mrs. Brisbois ran to me and asked me to save her, and she and her husband got behind me, and I began to beg the Indians not to kill them. My husband asked the Indians what all this meant—what they were doing anyhow. They replied, "We have killed all the white people at the agency; all the Indians are on the war-path; we are going to kill all the white people in Minnesota; we are not going to hurt you, for you have trusted us with goods, but we are going to kill these Brisbois." And then one ran up and struck over my shoulder and hit Mrs. Brisbois a cruel blow in the face, saying she had treated them badly at one time. Then I asked them to wait until I got away, as I did not want to see them killed. This stopped them for half a minute, when one said: "Come to the house." So we started for the house, and just then two more wagons drawn by oxen and loaded with white people came along the road. All the Indians left us and ran yelling and whooping to kill them.

We went into the house. At the back part of the house was a window, and a little beyond was a corn field. I opened the window and put the Brisbois family out of it, and they ran into the corn field and escaped. They are living somewhere in Minnesota to-day. The white people were nearly all murdered. I could not bear to see the sickening sight, and so did not look out, but while the bloody work was being done an Irish woman named Hayden came running up to the house crying out for me to save her. I saw that she was being chased by a young Indian that had once worked for us, and I called to him to spare her, and he let her go. I heard that she escaped all

right. Now, all this took place in less time than one can write about it.

When the killing was over the Indians came to the house and ordered us to get into one of the wagons and go with them back to the agency. This we did, my husband driving the team. The Indians drove the other team. Soon after we started an Indian gave me a colt to lead behind the wagon. About half way to the agency we saw the dead body of a man lying near the road. Just before we reached the ferry over the Minnesota river we saw a boy on the prairie to the right. There were but three Indians with us now. One of them ran to kill the boy. At this moment a German rode up to us. I have forgotten his name, but the Indians called him "Big Nose." I think he is living at Sleepy Eye, Minn., now. One of the Indians said to the other Indian, "Shoot him and take his horse." The other said, "Wait till my son comes back and then we will kill him." (His son was the one that had gone to kill the boy.) All this time I was begging them not to kill the man. I asked my husband to plead with them, but he seemed to be unable to speak a word. At last I told the German to give them his horse and run into the brush. This he did and escaped.

When we got to the ferry the boat was in the middle of the stream, and standing upon it was a young white girl of about sixteen or seventeen years of age. The Indians called to her to bring the boat ashore, but she did not obey them. They were about to shoot her, when my husband told her they would kill her if she did not do as they ordered, and she brought the boat ashore. When it touched the bank a young Indian made this girl get on a horse behind him and he rode away with her, and I never heard what became of the poor creature. When I saw her being taken away I felt as badly as if she was being murdered before my eyes, for I imagined she would suffer a most horrible fate.

When we reached the agency there was a dreadful scene. Everything was in ruins, and dead bodies lay all about. The first body we saw was that of one of La Bathe's clerks. It lay by the road some distance from the buildings. The rest were nearer the buildings, Mr. Myrick's among them. We did not stay long here, but pushed on to Little Crow's camp. We

stayed that night with the Indians that brought us. Soon other prisoners, many of them half-bloods like ourselves, were brought in.

While we were in this camp we saw Capt. Marsh and his men coming from Fort Ridgely along the road towards the ferry. They could not see us, but we saw them, though at some distance. You know they were going to the agency, having heard that the Indians were rising. They stopped at our house and seemed to be getting water from the well. Poor fellows! Little did some of them think they were taking their last drink. They went on, and soon came to the ferry and fell into that bloody ambush where Capt. Marsh, Mr. Quinn and so many others were killed.

The next day the Indians under Little Crow went to attack Fort Ridgely. When they came back they reported that there were many half-breeds in the fort that fought against them, and shouted to them: "We will fix you, you devils; you will eat your children before winter." This made them very bitter against us, for they said we were worse than the whites, and that they were going to kill all of us. Most of them had whisky, and it was a dreadful time. Towards evening a heavy storm came up, and a thunderbolt struck and killed an Indian. Some one raised a cry, "They are killing the half-breeds now!" I caught up my child and ran. I saw my husband, with Alex Graham, running into Little Crow's corn field, and I saw him no more that night. An Indian woman went with me, and we did not stop until we got to Shakopee's camp, seven miles away. It was Indians, any way, the best I could do, and I had some distant relatives in that camp, and I would rather trust myself there than with Little Crow's drunken and infuriated warriors. My friends treated me very kindly—gave me a dry blanket and some dry clothes for my little girl, who was quite sick by this time. It was an awful night. Towards midnight the Indians brought in a lot of captive white women and children, who cried and prayed the rest of the night. How I felt for them, but of course I could not help them.

The next morning I left my child with my Indian friends and I and the woman who had come with me went back to Little Crow's camp to see what had become of my husband and how things were. No one had been killed except the Indian who was struck by lightning. To our surprise we found my hus-

band in the camp, and my companion's husband sitting over him very drunk, and with a butcher knife in his hand! The woman took the knife from her husband, and all was quiet for a time. My husband said he came back soon after we left, and that the Indian had been following him and threatening to kill him all night.

The team of horses we let the white people have at our house took them safely to Fort Ridgely. Just outside the fort one of the horses dropped dead. The other was left on the prairie, and the Indians that attacked the fort caught it. I think it was the fourth day of the outbreak that I was strolling through Little Crow's camp, when I saw my horse "Jerry." I untied him and was leading him away when an Indian ran up and said: "Here, I captured that horse at the fort, and he is mine." I told him I did not care how he got him; he was mine, and I was going to take him. At last he allowed me to have him. I had that horse at Camp Release, and took him with me to Faribault, Minn. The funny part of this story is that this same Indian is living here, near Flandrau, now. About two years ago he wanted to borrow some money from one of the banks here and wanted me to go with him and recommend him to the bank. He said he thought I ought to go, as he let me take that horse!

Another day the cry was raised that the half-breeds were all to be killed. Little Crow held a council and would allow no Indians to attend it that had half-breed relatives. We thought this looked bad for us, and there were all sorts of alarming reports. Three young Indians came and sat by our camp and talked, and were heard to say that when the half-blood men were killed one of them should have me for his wife; I presume they meant the one that should murder my husband. A few minutes afterward my uncle, with three of his cousins, rode into the camp. My uncle's name was Rday-a-mannee (the Rattling Walker). He was a very brave, good man, and had taken no part in the outbreak. To my great joy, he said he had come to take us away. When Little Crow heard this he came out and told my uncle that he would not allow any one to take away half-bloods from the camp, and if any one tried to he would order his warriors to kill him. How proud I was of my brave uncle when he made this reply: "Little Crow, I only

want the people who belong to me, and I will take them. You think you are brave because you have killed so many white people. You have surprised them; they were not prepared for you, and you know it. When we used to fight the Chippewas you were all women; you would not fight. If I leave these people here you will worry them to death. Now, I am going to take my people, and I would like to see the man that will try to stop me!" With this we started, and some of the Indians raised the war-whoop. But we kept on, my uncle and his cousins riding in the rear, their guns in their hands, and Little Crow and his warriors looking sullenly but silently at us.

The first day out we got as far as Yellow Medicine. From here we went to the mouth of the Chippewa river, where my uncle lived. Here I found my old grandmother, too, for she was the mother of Rday-a-mannee, and he and my own mother were full brother and sister. I now felt much better, and my appetite came back. Since the outbreak I had scarcely eaten anything. Grandmother died only a few years ago in Manitoba; she was very old. My uncle is still living in Manitoba. He was accused of taking part in the outbreak, I suppose, and that is why he left the United States. But I know he was innocent; if I knew he was not, I would be very sorry, but I would say so. Some of the Indians have been accused of taking part in that dreadful thing who are innocent; but a great many more are said to be innocent who are really guilty.

Some days after we got to the mouth of the Chippewa, Little Crow's and Shakopee's bands and all the other Indians came up. We all stayed here until Gen. Sibley and his troops came into the country, and then the Indians went out to meet them. In a few days we heard the booming of the cannon in the battle of Wood lake. Commonly the roar of cannon is a dreadful sound in the ears of women, but to us captives in the Indian camp the sound of Gen. Sibley's guns was as sweet as the chimes of wedding bells to the bride. Very soon stragglers came in bearing wounded, singing the death song and telling the tale of defeat. They were cursing the half-breeds, saying that Gen. Sibley had numbers of them with him in the battle, and that every shot that one of them fired had hit an Indian. It did me real good to learn that so many of my race had stood loyal and true and had done such good service. You know

that only a very few half-breeds took part in the outbreak. The Indians have always bitterly hated the half-breeds for their conduct in favor of the whites in that and other wars, and they hate them still. It seems they can forgive everybody but us.

But then came the word that the defeated Indians would take vengeance on the half-breed captives and the whites, too, as soon as they got back. It was another exciting time. Some of us dug holes in the ground and hid ourselves. I dug a hole large enough to hide myself and child in a few minutes, and I had only a little fire shovel to dig with, but I made the dirt fly. When the excitement was over—for the alarm was false—I tried again to dig with that same shovel, and somehow it wouldn't dig a little bit! I kept that shovel for years, but finally lost it.

When the warriors came back they had numbers of wounded, and the death song was going all night. I began to be very brave. The soldiers were near, the half-bloods were in the saddle and I felt that I would soon be safe. An Indian woman near me began abusing us. She said: "When we talk of killing these half-breeds they drop their heads and sneak around like a bird-dog." Her taunting speech stung me to the heart, and I flew at that woman and routed her so completely that she bore the marks for some time, and I am sure she remembered the lesson a great deal longer! Perhaps it was not a very ladylike thing to do, but I was dreadfully provoked. Most of my companions were greatly pleased, and the Indians did not offer to interfere.

I heard the Indians plan their part of the battle of Wood lake. About twenty of the chiefs and head warriors sat down near our tent one evening and talked it all over in my hearing. I do not now remember who all of them were. Little Crow was there, and with him were Pa-ji-ro-ta (Gray Grass), Hu-sap-sa-pa (Black Leg) and his brother, Ta-taka-wa-nagi (Buffalo Ghost), Shakopee (Six) and others. I did not understand the plan very well, but it was agreed that Gen. Sibley's forces were to be cut into two or three parts by the Indian movements. A strong party was to go into a large ravine. Another party was to show itself at another point and attract the attention of the soldiers; then the ravine party was to come up and cut the white forces in two, and so on. When I heard

all this it did not alarm me the least bit. I knew that Gen. Sibley and Col. Marshall and Col. McPhail and the other officers would have something to say and do about that fight. But the Indians were confident, and, as they were leaving the camp, many of them said: "We will have plenty of pork and hard-tack to-night!"

At last Gen. Sibley came and surrounded our camp. A great many officers came with him, and I remember that Col. Marshall was one of them. They came into the camp and took away the white captives first. Gen. Sibley knew me, and told me to take my child and go with them. I asked him if all the half-bloods were going and he said they were not. I did not understand it all then, and I said I would stay awhile. Maj. Fowler, who was married to my husband's sister, then came and told me I had better go, as the soldiers were greatly enraged at some of the half-bloods, and their officers were afraid they could not "hold them." I told him I had a half-brother and a half-sister there, and I would stay to protect them. So I stayed that night there, and went over into Camp Release in the morning. I was a witness before the military commission that tried the Indians, and called several times, but I could not recognize any of the prisoners as those I saw taking part in the murders of the whites. I was sorry that the guilty wretches I had seen were not brought up. I think I was at Camp Release about two weeks.

I cannot tell all of the scenes I saw while I was a captive. Some were very painful. I knew a great many of the white prisoners I was with, but now I only remember the names of Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. White and her daughter and Miss Williams. Some of the women came to me at times and asked me to let them stay with me. It was hard to refuse them, but I thought it best. I saw many women, some of them French women, that I had met the winter before at the country dances and other parties I have spoken of. I saw George H. Spencer quite often; he was still suffering from his wounds.

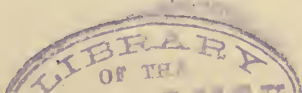
The night before the troops came to Camp Release, twenty or thirty Indians came in with a young white girl of sixteen or seventeen. She was nearly heartbroken, and quite in

despair. When the half-breed men saw her they determined to rescue her, and we women encouraged them. Joe Laframboise and nine other mixed bloods went boldly up and took the girl from her brutal captors. The Indians threatened to shoot her if she was taken from them; but Joe was very brave, and said: "We are going to have her if we have to fight for her; and if you harm her it will be the worse for you. Remember, we are not your prisoners any more." So they took her, and she was rescued at Camp Release. Two other half-breed boys acted very bravely on this occasion—the Robertson boys; each was named Thomas, but they were not related. One of them is living at Sisseton; the other died five years ago, but his family lives near Flandrau.

One day Shakopee came to our camp and talked with me. He said he would not have taken part in the outbreak but for the fact that his son had gone off hunting and the whites had killed him. "And now," said he, "my arm is lame from killing white people." A few days afterward his son returned all safe. The only time I spoke to Little Crow was the day my uncle came for us. He ordered my husband to hitch up a team for him that he had taken. The horses were not well broken and were quite wild, and he could not hitch them up himself.

When we were at Camp Release a Mrs. Huggins, who had been the wife of Amos Huggins, who had been killed, lived near us. He and I were children together at Lac qui Parle. One day her little girl, three years of age, a bright child, came to our tent when my husband and I were eating dinner, and we gave her a seat with us. The little thing said: "This is not like the dinner mamma made the day papa was killed. The Indians killed my papa on his very birthday. We were going to have a good dinner. Mamma made a cake and everything nice, and papa came home with a load of hay, and the Indians shot him. But my papa isn't dead for sure. He is in heaven with God. You know, Mrs. Faribault, God is everywhere." We could not eat another bite after that.

I think the only time I laughed while I was a captive was at an Irish woman, another captive. She was about forty-five years of age and not very shapely of form. Just before Camp



Release we made many moves of a mile or two. The Indians had taken her ox team, and had often let her ride on the marches; but on the last march they made her walk. She came to our camp and inquired of my husband for John Mooer. She had on squaw clothes, had a baby in her arms, her face was very dirty, her hair towzled, and she was sputtering away in her Irish brogue and was a comical sight. She knew my husband, and she said: "Mr. Faribault, where are we goin' anyways?" My husband said: "We are going to the whites pretty soon." Then she said: "Well, I wish they would do something; I am sick of this campin' and trampin' all the time. That's my team they have, and the blackguards do be makin' me walk, and, be gosh, I am goin' to see John Mooer about it," and off she went to find Mr. Mooer.

While the Indians were away fighting at Wood lake, I and others of the mixed-bloods could have gone away from the camp; but Little Crow said if any of us did so those who remained should be killed; and so I thought it better to stay. Some women went away all the same, and escaped, too—Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Prescott, with their children, and others. They seemed to know that Little Crow's threat was only a bluff, but he might have carried it out had he won that battle.

At last a lot of us released captives were started off for the settlements below. There were seven wagon loads of us in the party, whites and mixed-bloods, all women. At St. Peter's a store building was cleared out, cooking stoves put up, and bedding given us. An officer, whose name I am sorry I cannot remember, was in charge of us. Joe Coursalle, a noted half-blood scout, was with us. In the evening the German, whose life I saved the first day of the outbreak, came into the room. He was intoxicated, had a knife in his hand, and said he was looking for an Indian to kill. The officer had gone out, but Coursalle was in and said to the reckless fellow, pointing to me, "Here is the woman that saved your life." This seemed to quiet him, and he thanked me very kindly. Then the officer came in and said to him: "Get out, you rascal. If you want to kill an Indian so bad, go West, to the front. There are lots of them out there, and they want to fight," and he put him out.

I went to Faribault and stayed at the home of my brother-in-law, Maj. Fowler, for some time. My husband remained with the troops under Gen. Sibley. All we had left was my horse, "Jerry." Our property had all been taken or destroyed by the Indians, but our log house was not burned. Our loss, besides what the Indians owed my husband, was fully \$3,000. Our home was at Faribault for two years. We then moved back to Redwood, and then to Big Stone lake. Here, through Mr. L. Quinn, the scout, who has always been my staunch friend, my husband got employment as interpreter under Maj. Crossman, who, with a party of soldiers, was on the way to build Fort Ransom, 150 miles northwest of Big Stone lake. We reached the site of the new fort in June, 1867. My husband was placed in charge of the scouts at this fort.

In the fall of 1867 we went out about thirty miles from the fort on the Cheyenne river and kept a mail station, where the horses of the mail coaches were changed. We also kept a house of entertainment for travelers. While here we had much trouble from the Indians. We were beginning to "pick up" a little after losing everything in the outbreak of 1862, when another loss came. In June, 1868, my husband went to Winnipeg—or Fort Garry—to put our daughter in school. While he was away the scouts rode up one day and told me that a strong Indian war party was not far off, and that we had better run away. I and others connected with the station got ready at once. Our wagon was not at home, and my husband had the buggy. We put some things into two carts and hid some other goods and went as fast as we could to Fort Abercrombie, forty miles away. We stayed at Abercrombie two weeks, until my husband came; and when we went back home we found that everything had been taken by the Indians, even the things we had hidden in the woods. So we were empty-handed again. Twice, while we lived here, the Indians stole horses from us, and at other times they tried to, but our men drove them off. One time our men had a fight with them in the night. My present husband was with us then, and came near being killed. When we left Cheyenne we went to Sisseton agency, but only remained a few weeks. My life since then is hardly worth writing about.

My first husband died about eight years ago. Since then I have remarried to Mr. Charles Huggan. We live on a farm, near Flandrau. My only child, who was a captive with me, is the wife of Rev. John Eastman, a Presbyterian minister and a mixed-blood. They have six children, all bright, interesting and promising. When I was first married I was a Presbyterian, but Mr. Faribault and all his family were Catholics, and I became a Catholic, and am a member of that church still. I think Christian churches are like so many roads, all leading to the heavenly land. If we follow them carefully and walk uprightly in them, the All-Father will bring us to him at last.

NANCY HUGGAN.

Flandrau, S. D., May, 1894.



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