

HISTORY OF PLUM CREEK MASSACRE
&
CAPTIVITY OF MRS. THOMAS F. MORTON

*As copied by Cleon Skillman from an original manuscript written by Nancy Jane (Fletcher) Morton.

First trip to Denver.

Nancy Jane Fletcher, daughter of Samuel and Charlotte Fletcher was born Febr. 8, 1845 Clark Co. Indiana and there resided until four years of age, when my father with his family emigrated to Sidney Iowa where he made his future home.

Here I remained until I was 15 years of age, when I married Thomas F. Morton. We lived in Sidney for almost four months when we decided to go with an emigrant train across the plains to Denver City, Colorado. The 20th of April, 1860 was the time appointed to start.

We were accompanied by my brother Wm. Fletcher and several friends. It was for me a most delightful thought to travel and the country beyond all doubt was beautiful.

Long trains of emigrants westward bound extending along the great highway from the Missouri River to the rugged mountains of Montana & Colorado to the fertile valleys of the great basin of Utah. The rich lands of the Columbia and the grassy slopes of California.

These emigrant trains consisted of people who had come from various states, toiling onward with one aim, seeking new fields of labor and greater room for expansion. Pioneers of civilization, the founders of western empire. The hardy sons of toil whose footsteps drove from his abode the grizzley bear and limited the ranges of the buffalo, browng with vengeance of the savage and turning the dreary wilderness into a garden.

After several days journey we stopped to camp near Nebraska City. We were all quite fatigued, and indeed the pleasant rest of evening came greatly as the cool winds blew softly over the prairies or lofty hills. Joyful time we had as every day brought it's store of new scenes. As our cause led us through grassy meadows, beautiful streams, and through shady woodlands, As we journeyed along the country was really a scene of interest. But when we arrived at Salt Creek my husband was taken seriously ill, but with good care he soon recovered and we again persued our journey. The next week we overtook the rest of our train near Coal Creek. On the 9th of May we were assaulted by a violent storm which threatened every moment to annihilate the train. After the storm we were delayed here for several days on account of the heavy rainfall. When the weather cleared we again resumed our journey and in time arrived at Denver City.

We spent several days there and then decided to travel on westward. Denver was at this time in great excitement and a person not accustomed to western phenomenon cannot realize the confusion.

Travelling westward the country grew more beautiful. Twenty miles out we camped at Stone Sap (?) the day was bright and the water cold. All nature seemed pitiless in it's calm repose.

When suddenly the whole mountain seemed to echo from the roar of the mountain lions. Three of the savage beasts came in sight of our camp but fortunately they did not observe us but the peril I did endure is almost undescribable. We were oblidgeed to guard our camp all night for fear those savage beasts might rush in upon us which we knew would be death if we were not prepared for defense.

After such an experience home is the place to which the heart is apt to turn in adversity and memory see the latest days of life through which oceans should roll and mountains rise between.

The next morning we still continued our journey westward until we reached Jefferson Canyon which is to travellers as most impressing scene. We first came to a small cave which we climbed over and ascended a large rock which was so laden with moss rendered it almost impossible. From this rock we could see for miles and miles through the canyon which apppeared like the remains of ancient fortifications where rivers had rushed through in indescribable grandeur.

The next note of any importance was the ascending of Bradford hill and thence to the fort of Snowy Range. Here lay before us a beautiful park which was designated as south park. Two rivers ran through the park which were noted for their grandeur and beauty. During our stay here we devoted the greater part of our time to trout fishing which was indeed quite exhilarating. But the last days camp, an event occurred which was indeed quite horrifying, for several bands of Indians came down to the park to have a big battle. The Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Siouxs fought against the Utes but fortunately the Indians at that time were on good terms with the "White Man" and they did not molest us. After the battle the warriors soon departed taking with them their dead and wounded.

The following day we travelled up the snowy range for about 8 miles but the horses being so fatigued, we were obliged to camp for the night. The next morning we succeeded in reaching the summit of the range. Here the snow was very deep but it was a beautiful sight. With a telescope you could see the most beautiful flowers blooming only a short distance from the snow. The next day we advanced to Georgia Gulch, on the western side of the range. Here we remained for several months when I was taken seriously ill with mountain fever, and we were obliged to return to Delaware Flats.

My health gradually improving we decided to remain here for the rest of the summer.

Here my husband and brother received a position in the mines, but as misfortune seemed to call so often word was sent me one afternoon that they were caved in the mine. Knowing it was impossible for me to rescue them, and the agony they were probably enduring, deemed it impossible for me to suppress my emotions, but after several days of constant searching they were rescued and fortunately they were uninjured. But after such a perilous event, they decided not to mine any longer so we decided to return home.

The first of Nov. we arrived at Brecken Ridge Gulch and through French Gulch. Here we stopped to rest when our next journey led us thru Negro Gulch, and in a week we reached the Snowy Range, but the snow being so deep we were delayed for several days. The last evening we camped here we were almost paralyzed with fear, for about fifteen indians came into our camp and made a violent attempt to rob us. But they were soon (sad?) of such an undertaking for the men prepared for such an emergency, but we gave them provisions and requested them to leave which they obeyed without any more trouble.

The next day the weather being favorable we passed thru Terrible Gulch and soon reached Hamilton City, our next objective point was Denver City which we succeeded in reaching without any misfortune. Here we stopped for several days, our next days journey did really seem more interesting for the beautiful landscape before us would be truly benificent to any ardent lover of nature. When we arrived at Cottonwood Springs there was a small settlement of some magnitude and a military post. There all the wagons that belonged to emigrants were searched by officers and soldiers detailed for that purpose in order to recover any government arms that might be clandestinely carried away. Our next days course took us to rock Bluff, which amid small encircling hills we could view the landscape about us which was dotted by numerous bushes, that were covered by green foliage which presented the whole landscape with majestic beauty. I was greatly impressed with the surrounding country. Such a grand feat of nature which was of wondrous beauty.

Here we camped until the rest was thoroughly restored. Then in less than a week we knew we could reach the river if all was favorable. At last our hopes were not in vain and we reached the Old Missouri River which we were to cross before reaching home. When we were near the center of the river the wind arose and blew a perfect gale, which drifted the boat downstream for several miles, which delayed us for some time. But finally we succeeded in reaching other shore and the last day of Nov. we arrived at father's in Sidney, Iowa.

There is obviously some of the text missing and then it starts somewhere during the second trip to Denver. It is as follows:

.....from the river and the game he was able to shoot upon the hills. It is said his early life had been darkened by misfortune when he left his home in the east and sought solace in isolation. He was a kind honorable old man when increasing travel on the road to the mountains and pacific enabled him to dispose of his supply of game and furs. He dealt honorably with emigrants winning their confidence and esteem and finally held a position of trust with the overland stage company. The dreadful mode of his death being the consequence of his refusing to link himself with crime and cruelty renders it proper that his fate be held in remembrance by posterity.

A desperado named Slade who afterwards distinguished himself as a bandit in the Rocky mtns. and was executed by a vigilante committee in Virginia City, Montana in 1863 made a haunt for crime in the vicinity of Jules home.

His house soon became a scene of robbery and theft and against such outrages Juel protested refusing to become a party of accomplice to it. For this courageous resistance the old man lost his life. With fiendish barbarity Slade with his companions came to Juel's house in the night and finding him unarmed bound him with strong cords and commenced to mutilate his body first cutting off his nose then his fingers and ears till death rescued him from their demon hands. The town that bore his name has been destined like it's founder to suffer great changes. Juels burg was quite a flourishing town in an early day. It's houses were all built of sod which at the present time would look quite grotesque.

Julesburg is about 180 miles from ft. Kearney where the first pioneer emigrants crossed. At this place we overtook seemingly thousands of persons with their flocks and teams, encamped in the valley, for that being the warmest season the snow from the mts. causing the river to be very high.

Still persueing our journey we came to the Denver cut off and our course leading us from there over the (Vissue?) bottoms and thence to Skunk river. This was indeed a beautiful country. Here we passed the lodges of Indians which were at peace and so did not molest us.

We arrived at living Springs and our next stop was coral creek station. Here we camped for several days after rest was thoughroly restored we travelled until we reached the 9 mile house which is just 9 miles east of Denver City. Here we camped on Cherry Creek. We stopped in Denver for several days. We decided to travel westward. We passed thru Strong Gap, and then to Bradford Hill. Here we camped for several days as our horses were so fatigued. After they were again ready for travel we succeeded in going over the hill, and at the foot of the hill we observed a very grotesque looking creek. It was designated as Cripple Creek and it's course was very irregular.

From Cripple Creek we went to the South Platte in the mountains and we travelled onward till we came to the last crossing of the Platte. About 30 miles from here we came to Green Lake. When we stopped for almost a week, but our next journey brought us to south Park where we spent several days. Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades Mr. and Mrs. Comstock and my husband and myself devoted our time to trout fishing which was indeed a topic of remembrance to us all.

Again we ascended the Snowy Range until we arrived at Hamilton City which is located at the base of Snowy Range. After we had crossed the range we stopped at a gulch designated as Enterprize. Here we resided for about three weeks. Our course taking us to Delaware Flats. This being June 2 we decided to remain until Sept. but we were so well pleased here we remained until December and before our departure gave a party of which we entertained 350 guests.

Beginning our jouney again we started for Breckenridge and camped at the mouth of French Gulch again we crossed the range and passed thru Tarryall and South Park, and thence to Lost Canyon. The massive walls of this canyon rose above us and were garnished with curious devices. A masterpiece of Nature's workmanship.

About two days travel from lost Canyon we came to Canyon City. Here we located two springs of noted phenomena. One being a coal oil spring which was of great value as it produced a barrel of oil a day, which was ready to use as it came from the spring.

The other spring contained sodia, also of great value as the sodia could be used for cooking purposes. The soda was distributed upon the ground surrounding the spring which gave it a beautiful appearance.

About 20 miles from the springs we decided to locate on a farm. It was a very beautiful place. Being only four mi. north of Pike's Peak on Beaver Creek. Here we remained 1 year and 3 months. But our friends Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades & Mr. and Mrs. Comstock emigrated to Denver and we never saw them again. But my brother Will decided to remain with my husband and I.

My husband and brother freighted to Denver and Pueblo several times during the winter-making the round trip in about 2 weeks. My husband became tired of freighting and decided to go to the States to buy cattle. He succeeded in his plans and while gone he returned to our former home. When he returned he was accompanied by my brother John and my oldest sister and her husband Mr. and Mrs. Monnake. They spent the summer with us and returned home in the fall. I was very much pleased with our new home until that fall our neighbor Mr. Bruce who owned a large mill on the Arkansas river met his fatal doom.

Two mexicans (desparados) rode up to the mill and intended to take his horse which was grazing nearby. Mr. Bruce rushing out of the mill demanded them not to take the horse, but this provoking the desperados they shot him thru the heart. He was a man about 65 years of age and his death being so horrible his wife became insane. The same day they killed Mr. Bruce they came to my house about 10 oclock that evening but did not attempt to come in. They soon went down to the feed yard where they attemped to murder a beef but they did not succeed in their plans as the calf escaped them. It ran by the house and the desperados in pursuit but it escaped them and came home the next day. The next account we heard of the desperados they had made an assault on Mr. Hawkins. He only lived 7 miles from us on Turkey Creek. He was all alone on a hunt. The boys had not been gone only a short time when the desperados rushed in to the house and took the old man's life and supplied themselves with provisions before their departure.

When the boys returned that evening they were horror stricken to find their father lying dead upon the ground. They at once gave the alarm and a militia was sent out in search of the desperados. After a search thru the hills they came upon them at Beaver Creek and killed one but the other escaped. The desperado that escaped went to Pueblo where he was rejoined by his nephew a boy about 16.

After they had murdered several more men the soldiers came upon them while they were preparing supper and shot the old man in the back.

The young man was ordered to explain why they were taking so many lives and he told them they were trying to spite the govt. After the boy had told all the soldiers requested they shot him. The soldiers be-heading the mexicans left their bodies unburied and took their heads to the fort on poles.

On the 20th of April we decided to go to our former home in Sidney, Iowa. The first day we moved on Turkey Creek our third day brought us to Jimmy's camp where there was an immense amount of petrified wood.

We observed two cedar trees which were petrified one standing but the other lying on the ground beside it. Travelling onward our course brot us to Cherry Creek and thence to Denver City. Here we stopped for several days. On March 1st we left Denver traveling 9 miles we reached the toll gate. From here we proceeded to Coal Creek from here we went to Skunk Creek. Thence to Live Springs, (Vissue?) Bolton and to Moor and Kelley's ranch. From here we went thru Julesburg sand Station and O'Fallon Bluffs and thence to Alkali Station. After we reach Box Elder Station we soon arrived at Cottonwood Springs which is about 60 miles from Plum Creek Station. When we arrived at the head of Beaver Creek we soon reached the Big Blue. When we came to Salt Creek we decided to stop for a week to rest as this was a very fine camping place. After we left Salt Creek we went to Nebraska City where we stopped for several days at the Cincinatti House.

About 8 oclock one morning we crossed the river and reached home about 2 oclock. This was March 20. (May)

About 9 days after our arrival my little daughter was taken seriously ill with measles which soon proved fatal and my baby which was only several months old was also taken with the measles which took him from this wicked world to the home where he will never know sorrow. But the sorrow of losing my two dear babes was more than I alone could endure.

THIRD TRIP TO DENVER:

My husband and brother William decided to take another trip to Denver, accompanied by our friend Mr. Peck. The grief of losing my two children had so affected my health I was unable to travel.

On the 20th of April they arrived in Denver. It had rained so hard previous to their arrival that Cherry Creek had overflowed and about 1/3 of the town had washed away and several lives were lost.

They decided not to travel any farther westward and returned home in June. We remained in Sidney until the latter part of July when my husband and I decided to freight to Denver.

Again my husband and I were accompanied by my brother William and my cousin John Fletcher. When we bade our loved ones adieu little did we think of the sorrow awaiting us.

When we arrived in Nebraska City we called upon my brother John Fletcher to bid him goodbye. He tried to persuade us to wait until the warm weather had ceased and he would accompany us. But we were ready to go then so decided not to turn back.

After about five days travel we arrived at the junction where we stopped to camp but the next morning one of our horses had strayed away but was found after searching. The next day we passed a train of Mormons but they were entire strangers to us all.

We traveled on until we arrived at Plum Creek Station. Having no thought of danger nor timid misgivings on the subject of the Indians as telegrams were sent as to the quiet and peaceful state of the country thru which we must pass. Being thus persuaded that fears were useless we entertained none.

The beauty of the sunset and the scenery around filled us with admiration as we viewed the beautiful landscape before us, tinged in purple and gold. Without a thought of danger that was lying like a tiger in ambush by our path.

At Plum Creek Station we were rejoined by 9 wagons. This made our train consist of 12 wagons which made it better for all of us. As our trains were loaded with freight which we were taking to Denver and one of the men was oblidge to stand guard for fear robbers might make an unexpected assault.

When we camped at Plum Creek that night my brother and Mr. Marble stood guard the former part of the night and my husband the latter.

About 6 oclock in the morning we again started on our western course. My husband being quite fatigued requested that I should drive which I gladly consented. While I was driving and my husband fast asleep all of my time was spent in viewing the beautiful landscape. Which I supposed we would soon reach. But alas! That was only a momentary thot for far in the distance I could see objects which seemed to be approaching but on account of the great distance they were indistinguishable. What could it be? I called to my husband and he at once came to my side when I told him to look in the distance and tell me what that large group of objects could be. He thought it was only a herd of Buffalo so soon reclined on the couch and was soon fast asleep. But it wasn't long, only a few moments until I observed they were Indians and I again called my husband and he said he knew they were Indians. Soon the landscape before us was covered with the savages. Soon we observed they were warriors and were painted and equipped for battle. Soon they uttered a wild cry and fired a volley from their guns, which made us realize our helpless condition.

This terrible and unsuspected affliction came upon us with such startling swiftness that we had no time to make preparation for defence. Soon the whole band of warriors encircled us and gave the war whoop. Which I shall never forget. None but those who have had personal experience in Indian warfare can form a just conception of the terror which this war whoop is calculated to inspire. With wild screams and yells they circled around and around which frightened our teams so they became uncontrollable. Thinking there might be some faint hope escape I sprang from the wagon. When my husband called "Oh my dear! Where are you going?" Those were the last words I heard him say. But our team was running and I jumped. I fell to the ground and before I could recover myself one of the back teams came dashing by and the wheels passed over my body. I thot I could never make another attempt to rescue myself. But soon I was so nerved by fear or by the dread of death by such demon hands I again made a desparate effort for life. With all the strength I could procure I started for the river. When I met my brother and my cousin and they said we have no hope of escape. As the Indians had encircled us, and the air was full of arrows. At that moment an arrow struck my cousin which proved fatal and he fell dead at my feet. In another instant three arrows penetrated my brother's body, he too fell at my feet and his last words were "Tell Susan I am killed. Goodbye my dear sister."

With naturally a sensitive nature, tenderly and affectionately reared, shuddering at the very thot of cruelty, you can my dear reader, imagine but only imagine the agony I endured. But neither the gloom of the forest nor the blackness of night, nor both combined could begin to symbolize The darkness of my terror stricken heart. My first impulse was to kneel by my brother when upon kneeling I discovered two arrows lodged in my side. Just as I went to remove them a horrible old warrior came up to me and demanded me to go with him. When I immediately told him no! I was going to stay by my brother. Before I could utter another word he drew a large whip from his belt and began whipping me severely. But I soon made an effort to escape him and started to run. When two warriors came after me and ordered me to stop or they would kill me. I told them I would rather die than to be led into captivity and I told them I was going to search for my husband. But those 2 Indians soon overtook me and demanded me to mount an old pony or they would shoot me. I was almost paralyzed with fear for I had seen these Indians on our previous trip to Denver but they had been at peace and did not molest us. They were the Sioux & Cheyennes the most savage Indians at that time. This band was commonly called the Ogallalla band and to be taken captive by them almost made me pray to die instantly. But I still bitterly resisted to mount the old pony, but before I could make another resistance they tossed me on the old pony and took me to the wagons.

Such a sight as human eyes could behold was before me. The wagons had all been plundered, and the mangled forms of the dear were about me, and our teams were running at large over the prairie with the Indians after them and war whoops resounding from every direction. Only one of the horses escaped and found it's way home and with good care he soon recovered as the Indians had wounded many times with the arrows.

After the Indians succeeded in capturing several of the horses and killing the rest they were ready to return to their camp. They had massacred all of my comrades except little Dannie Marble. Two old chiefs and two old squaws came up to Dannie and (?) told us we were oblided to go with them so one of the warriors tossed me back of the saddle of one of the old chiefs ponies and Dannie back of the other old chief. As we were leaving, I took a look at those so dear to me lying dead upon the ground, perhaps to be devoured by wild beasts and the war whoops resounding till I was almost deaf. I could not supress my emotions and began to scream and cry when old Red Cloud, the chief I was riding with, made many desparate threats, which only made the scene more horrible. The old chief Big Bear which took Dannie whipped the little fellow severely because he too was crying. OH! How I did pray to die because I thot death would be a great refuge.

There was a militia within hearing distance of the massacre but they were too far away to rescue us. Soon telegrams were sent to all parts of the country to save those who had not met our same sad fate. Fortunately the train of Mormons we had passed, were saved as they received a telegram of our horrible massacre.

As Dannie and I traveled along the Indians talked very mean to us, threatening our lives all the while. I fell upon a plan which I thot might be of some use and untying my apron I tore it in many small pieces and threw them upon the ground. In hopes the soldiers might be able to follow the trail the Indians had taken.

Fortunately the Indians did not observe my plan and made no objection. After we had traveled until almost noon, we reached a lake. Here the whole band stopped to eat, rest and divide the provisions they had taken. Old Red Cloud told me this was where they camped the night before they had made the assault. As soon as Dannie and I had dismounted we sat down on the bank to rest for we were both so fatigued we were unable to stand. The arrows in my side I knew would prove fatal if allowed to remain much longer. Fortunately a Frenchman that made his home with the Indians came to me and asked me if those arrows in my side weren't almost unendurable. I told him I knew that they would soon prove fatal for the agony I had endured was almost indescribable. He then offered me his pen knife and I removed the arrows. I suffered dreadful from those wounds and soon discovered I had two ribs broken which rendered my condition much more horrible. While I was sitting there suffering and trying to comfort little Dan who was crying like his heart would break, several warriors came near us then they would toss scalps into the air, and laugh with all the vengeance they could procure. Then old chief Big Crow came up and threw a scalp into my face which I soon recognized was taken from my own dear brother's head and their clothes were still wet from the life-blood of my dear ones lying upon the battlefield. After they had tortured me with scalps all they deemed satisfactory they departed but one returned with a piece of raw buffalo meat which he compelled me to eat. After they had eaten we were again placed on the backs of the saddles of the same chiefs. Soon a warrior rode up by the side of me and struck me with a large whip. While looking at him closely I observed that he had on my husbands coat which I ordered him to give me and to my astonishment he complied. Soon my attention was drawn to an object lying near the roadside which I soon recognized it was Mr. Jarret who had been cruelly murdered. They told me that would soon be my fate. The warriors were still for fight and shot at us several times till the old chief ordered them to stop for fear they might get hurt.

That evening when we stopped to camp the Indians were so fatigued they all went to sleep except the two who stood guard. When the squaws awoke they arose and roasted some buffalo meat for breakfast, which they demanded us to partake of. To be taken from home where I had plenty of good substantial food and now to have only one kind of food, deemed the surroundings still more horrible.

The 2nd evening they had a big war dance which is a most horrifying scene. At the beginning of the dance they erected a pole in the center of the circle and decked it with human scalps. Then they all circled around this pole several times and they all thrust their heads into the ground and moan, but the next second they all arise and throw their lances into the air and give the war whoop which makes the whole village ring.

The militia came in sight of the village during the dance but did not dare attack them. For the militia had about 200 men and there were about 500 warriors prepared for battle anytime the soldiers should attack them. They were always desperately desparate during the war dance, but fortunately they did not torture us. The following day about sundawn how the somber sky seemed to frown upon us as we arrived at the village. When I dismounted I was surrounded by a number of squaws and each of them seemed to think they were entitled to me. They fought over me till they had my dress almost all torn off me. When the old chief Red Cloud the medicine man of the Cheyenne tribe, came to my rescue. He ordered me to mount an old pony and go to his lodge. When we arrived his squaw and daughter Mitimoni rushed out, and lifted me from the pony and carried me into the teepee.

They soon prepared a supper for me of Buffalo meat and after I had eaten Mitimoni requested that I should lie down and rest which I did for I was quite fatigued and ill but I soon heard footsteps and soon a frenchman appeared and gave his name as John Brown. He was a typical villain. The first words he said were, who are you! and where are you from? I soon told him. Then he asked if the Indians had murdered my friends and I told him they had. Then he laughed as a villain can and said he was glad of it.

He then told me there were two women and several children in the village that had been captured the day before. He told me the ladies were Mrs. Eubanks and Laura Roper. But he said he didn't know whether the Indians were going to kill us or not. He continued asking me questions which I deemed unnecessary so I told him to leave the teepee at once. He then asked if I had any money but I soon told him that wasn't any of his business. But as the squaws had torn my dress so badly the money belt I wore around my waist could be plainly observed. He at once took a large sabre, demolished my belt and took all my money which was \$5.00. Then he darted out of the teepee for fear the old chief might appear. As soon as the chief came in Mitimoni and I told him of the conduct of Brown and he ordered him to give up the money. This Brown refused to do. This made the chief very angry and he ordered him to leave the lodge at once or death would soon be at hand. Brown knowing the voice of the chief meant law, he soon deserted camp and I never saw him again.

The next caller was Mr. Bent, he was quite a contrast to Brown. He was only quarter breed Indian and spoke good english.

When he came in he bade me good morning and inquired about my health. I told him I was feeling dreadfully ill and he had great sympathy for me and told me he would have the medicine man give me some medicine so I could get well. He told me to keep up my courage and regain my health and they would send me home when peace was made. I had been crying so much my eyes were so swollen it was almost impossible for me to see. He told the chief of my ill condition and that I would die if they did not doctor me. So the chief at once bound raw liver over my eyes and gave me roots and herbs to eat and in three days I was much better and could see quite good again. Then they brought Mrs. Eubanks and Laura Roper over to see me which was more joy than words can express. We all began to cry for we all knew each others sorrow, but we were not allowed to talk together only a short time for the Indians are so very superstitious that they were alarmed for fear we might make some plans for escape. Soon Mrs. Eubanks and Miss Roper were taken to their own lodge and I was again obliged to view only the brown faces about me. But the chiefs daughter Mitimoni was very kind to me and stayed by my side night and day and told me I must acknowledge her as my sister and I was obliged to address the chief and his squaw as Father and Mother.

Mr. Bent called on me again and how delighted I was to see him as he was so very kind to me. But he didn't stop very long as he said Mrs. Eubanks babe was quite ill and he was going over to see if it had proper care. He called on Mrs. Eubanks and found that the child was improving. He came back and told the chief to take me over to see Mrs. Eubanks that evening. We all went over but I would not have recognized her. The Indians had painted her face with red and blue paint and had put many curious decorations in her hair. Mrs. Eubanks was very sad that evening as she couldn't find her little girl. She didn't know what had become of her but one of the Indians brot the child to me and asked if it was my papoose. I recognized the child and took it to it's mother. The next week they also painted my face with various colors and gave me the name Whe Ho-"The White Squaw."

I tried to persuade the chief to let Mrs. Eubanks live with me. He told me if Red Cloud would give him 4 ponies I could take Mrs. Eubanks. After I caught the ponies he refused to trade so I told Red Cloud and he made horrifying speeches about him.

Then the chief's son spoke up and said he would marry Mrs. Eubanks if she would have him but she said she would rather die as marry him. He did not care much so nothing was done about it.

The following day they brought little Dan over to see me. He was crying and said he was starving. When I told the old squaw she roasted him a piece of meat.

The next day they dressed me all up in Indian fashion painted my face, decked my hair with feathers and requested me to take a seat out beside the tent. I began to wonder what they were going to do for I did not know what moment they would take my life.

Soon the chiefs son came out of the teepee all rigged out in his best toilet and came over and sat down beside me. He told me he wanted to marry me. I told him I would not have him. Then 50 warriors came up with their bows and arrows drawn and their demon eyes were all set upon me and Mr. Bent came up to me and told me he was afraid the Indians would kill me if I didn't marry the chief's son and I told him they could kill me if they wanted to for I would never consent to marry an Indian. But the old chief came to my rescue and told me I didn't have to marry his son if I didn't want to and he told them not to kill me because I was brave. Then the old chief sent me into the teepee and said he would send me home as soon as peace was made.

The next day Mr. Bents came over and invited Mitimoni over to visit with his squaw. She could speak english as well as Mr. Bent but like he was only a quarter breed. Their teepee was decorated with many gorgeous decorations which looked to me very grotesque. The old squaw took me on her lap and kissed me and petted me and told me how sorry she was for me.

In several days about 450 warriors went out to fight on the Arkansas river. While they were gone several traders came to trade for captives. They did not trade that day but came back the next as the old chief requested. We moved nearer Fort Lion that day. The militia came with the traders the next day and they succeeded in trading for Dannie Marble, Laura Roper, Mrs. Eubanks little girl and also her nephew. Mrs. Eubanks and I were among the unfortunates. About the time the old chief expected the traders they ordered Mrs. Eubanks and I to the ground with buffalo robes thrown over us so we would not be noticed. And warriors stood near us with bows and arrows drawn ready to murder us if we should make one faint murmur.

The traders thinking they had purchased all the captives soon departed. As soon as the militia and traders were out of hearing distance they unbound us and allowed us to look at the militia until they were out of sight. Then the demons would whip us and throw stones and scalps in our faces and threatened to take our lives. The traders succeeded in reaching the fort in safety and Laura Roper soon rejoined her loved ones at home but the hardships the three children had endured soon proved fatal after they were taken to their friends.

In several days the warriors returned to the village highly elated on their big battle. They had killed 12 persons and brot their scalps to camp. They also brot an infant about 3 months old and had killed it's mother. They also captured the stagecoach and killed the passengers. After they had tortured Mrs. Eubanks and I with the scalps they went to their tents. But Mr. Smith a squaw man came over that evening and told me the Indians would let me go home in 6 days if the soldiers did not molest them.

But the following day several scouts rushed into the village and told the chief to move at once as the soldiers were in pursuit of them. The Indians traveled westward for several days until they thot the soldiers had lost all trace of them then they stopped to camp along a creek that came down from the mountains. Here the warriors decided to have another big battle. They were so boastful over their previous battle that they were ready for a still greater battle. When they had painted and equipped themselves for fight they called Mrs. Eubanks and I out of the teepee and shot the air full of arrows and started their ponies off on the run, giving the war whoop as far as we could hear them.

That afternoon the warriors returned over the hills like a swarm of black birds. Soon that horrible war whoop was audible which almost made my heart stop. As they came nearer the confusion that prevailed was almost unendurable. They had taken 60 head of horses and the scalps of 6 men and 1 woman. They gave Mr. Smith the scalps and he recognized the woman's as that of his dear sister's. How he wept then fell on his knees and prayed to God that peace might be made. As soon as they had taken Mr. Smith away they told me they would never let me go home as they were going to keep me to get revenge. The chief told me the militia had killed 20 of their warriors that day and he wanted me to shoot a mark and if I missed death would be the result. But I fortunately hit the mark and I told them I could shoot better than that. Fortune seemed to present itself and I observed an antelope on the hillside and taking true aim I killed it the first shot. The whole valley seemed to echo and re-echo with their shouts and screams from one section of the village to the other I could hear them shouting Brave Whe Ho The White Squaw. Then the chief's daughter carried me into camp and kissed me and painted my face in gorgeous colors and the old squaw soon roasted a piece of the antelope for me. When I had eaten the meat the chief Red Cloud stepped up to me and said Whe Ho go outside the teepee. I did as he ordered and then he bade me mount one of the swiftest horses in the village. One of the warriors wanted to run a race so we ran and my horse being so much swifter than they ever anticipated he was soon far ahead of the other horses, the Indians did not want to run again. Then the warriors formed a large circle around a big ring they implanted and told me to ride around the ring three times and if I should fall they would kill me instantly. The warriors formed a large circle with bow and arrows ready to murder me if I should fail in the attempt. Then they brot out the wildest and most savage horse in the village and painted it gorgeous colors and then with all the nerve I could procure I mounted the horse, knowing if I should fail my death was at hand. Then one of the warriors took my horse by the bridle and led it inside the circle. When he struck the horse with a large whip it started around the circle with great speed. When I came around the ring the third time I gave the war whoop which delighted the Indians and they all screamed and shouted Brave Whe Ho and shot their arrows far into the azure sky above us.

As soon as I could stop my horse the chief seized it's bridle and led it to our camp. Mitimoni assisted me in dismounting and the squaws seized me and caressed me and carried me into the teepee. That evening we had a big feast and Mitimoni took me over to see Mrs. Eubanks. I also was allowed to talk to Mr. Smith and I asked him if he thot the Indians would ever let me go home, he said he begged them to give Mrs. Eubanks and I our freedom, but he could not get any definite answer from the chief. I began to cry for I knew the chief would tell Mr. Smith if he intended to give us our freedom. But we were obliged to hide our grief as much as possible for it only delighted the Indians to see us heart-broken. The following morning the Indians gave a big buffalo dance. About 200 warriors decked their hair with feathers painted on their faces and put on their best costumes which were made of silver dollars which made them look quite gaudy. After they were ready they mounted their ponies and with bows and arrows drawn had a sham battle. After the battle they dismounted and danced around a large pile of buffalo heads which had been heaped there while they were having their sham battle. They danced all day and in the evening had a big dog feast which they deemed quite a luxury. Of course Mrs. Eubanks and I were obliged to eat with them knowing a refusal would only mean death.

The next day we began to travel the Indians fearing the soldiers would pursue them if they should camp here any longer. They traveled until we came to a stream called Beaver Creek. Here we camped for the night and to their sad dismay one of their leadings warriors died that evening. They prepared to care for him in their grotesque fashion which was indeed a strange mode of burial. They erected 4 large poles and implanted them into the ground, then they made a network of willowbands over the tops of them.

Then they wrapped the body in blankets and put him upon the network at the top of the poles, they place provisions for him for they said they didn't want him to get hungry before he reached the happy hunting ground. After this ceremony they danced around him then left several squaws around to watch him to see that no evil spirits came to keep him from going to the happy hunting ground where there would be an abundance of wild game.

The next morning the tribe separated half going north the other half west. They took Mrs. Eubanks west and took me north so I never saw her again. They allowed us a good visit alone before we were separated but refused our pleas to allow Mrs. Eubanks to go with me. I was very sad.

About noon we came to a river which the Indians decided to cross. The water was so deep our horses were obliged to swim but when we were about half way across my saddle girth broke and I was almost drowned before they came to my rescue. While my horse plunged on it ran against another horse which was carrying three papooses and they were thrown into the water and drowned before aid could reach them. Finally we succeeded in reaching shore and traveling for several days we came to another lodge of Indians. Here we camped for several days and they were very kind to us giving us provisions which we appreciated very much.

While we were here the Indians made another massacre upon the whites. They killed 5 men and they returned with 20 head of beautiful horses. As the soldiers were in pursuit of the Indians they did not select a permanent camping place for several days but when they came to a beautiful spring they resolved to camp for some time, unless they received word the soldiers had found their trail.

After we had been here for almost a week 6 Indians from Fort Lion came to the village and told the chiefs the soldiers wanted to make peace. One of the Indian traders told me to try to persuade the old chief Red Cloud to bring me to the fort and they would murder him and I would get home. But the chief's daughter fearing I was making a plan of escape would not let us talk any longer. Then Red Cloud demanded me to tell him what the trader had said. I told him the trader said if he would take me to the fort he would trade me for sugar and coffee. He said he would have taken me but there had been two chiefs gone to the fort and had never returned and he knew the soldiers had killed them and he was going to burn me at the stake to seek revenge.

So the Indians set to work and drove a large stake in the ground and several old squaws chopped up a cord of wood as fine as it could be chopped. Then they piled buffalo heads around the stake and brush and also many scalps. Then they led Mitimoni and I out to see what they had done and would dance around us and laugh and say they were going to burn me. I told them I was very glad of it that all my troubles would cease and I would go to the happy hunting ground and would never see them again. I told them I wanted to die at once. The savages danced around the stake several times but I could only insist on them killing me. They could not endure to kill me as I wanted to do and with (laudatory?) explanations of white squaw heap brave, white squaw no kill, they told me to step back from the stake which I did whereupon they set fire to the brush and in a few moments the flames rose higher and higher and the war whoop almost seemed like it came from the voice of Satan. They had a big war dance and compelled me to dance with them. I had not had a taste of food for 2 days and to join in the dance was quite an under taking. But after the dance they gave me a large piece of buffalo meat which I gladly accepted. The next day they killed two men and scalped them and also took 15 head of horses. We traveled until we were out of provisions and I would have starved had I not gathered prickly pears and pods from the rose bushes. This was all I had for three days. During the last day I had become so fatigued I fell from my horse and was unable to recover myself when Mitimoni lifted me and placed me in a travine in which I remained till we stopped for camp. Our camping place was very beautiful and we remained here several days. Fortunately the warriors killed a buffalo and

we all rejoiced for we had almost perished for food. But the next day the Indians became superstitious and decided to travel further west. We had traveled about three days when I became so fatigued I could no longer endure the hardships and became unconscious and remained so for several days. When I recovered again they brot me a large medicine case they had previously taken and requested I should taste each kind. I noticed it was labled strychnine of which I pretended to taste and passing it to one of the chiefs standing nearby requested him to take a drink which he did. In a few moments he fell to the ground dead. This alarming the Indians they took the bottle and buried it many feet in the earth, and declared it contained an evil spirit. They also disposed of the remainder of the medicine. Then they had a big war dance which lasted several days.

After the dance they went out for a big battle with the whites. They returned with a very pretty little girl about 7 yrs. old and said they had killed her friends. She was afraid and cried continuously tho the Indians really meant to be good to her. But they tired of her fretting so shot an arrow thru her heart while I held her. They laid her to rest with all the honor due a beloved one of their tribe.

The next day when they started to move again they placed me upon a viscious horse and not being able to control the plunging animal I was thrown violently to the ground which broke my ankle bone and before I could get from under his feet he plunged and broke both of my feet across the instep. The chief then came up and kicked me several times for being thrown but as soon as he saw my condition he set my feet and cared for me the best he knew how. The wounds and abuse together brot on an illness which almost proved fatal, but the good care of the chief's daughter was my only hope of recovery. The Indians had selected a camp in a beautiful valley surrounded by hills with luxurient foliage. Out walking with several of the squaws we came to a little cool spring and beyond it found a plum thicket laden with fruit-a grand treat. Before leaving this camp the warriors had another massacre-coming back with one scalp and the hands and feet of a woman. Big Crow-always delighted in torturing me and he would throw these trophies at me till I could stand it not longer. Red Cloud's daughter made him stop but when we were getting ready to travel the next morning he brot a horse to the teepe and I saw the woman's scalp tied to my saddle. He told me if I removed it my own would be a substitute so I was forced for days to ride with it dangling there. Finally they came to a lake which they thot would be fine for antelope hunting. We stayed 4 days while they killed several antelope then had a big feast and a war dance then were ready for another attack on the whites.

One day they came dashing into camp bringing a handsome young woman with them. As a warrior stepped up to help her dismount she drew a pistol and shot him thru the heart. She was condemned to death by torture and was tied to a stake when gashes were cut in her arms and her legs. These filled with gunpowder and ignited with hot irons. The woman's screams were dreadful and the torture would have continued had not an old squaw begged them to end her suffering which they did with a tomahawk.

The next day they were more blood thirsty than ever. They were gone two days and brot a small child-having killed it's parents. The child became ill and was thrown along the roadside after leaving this camp. After several weeks of continual traveling we came to the Republican River. Our only food for several days had been the prickly pears gathered by the roadside as we passed along. Eight more days passed and all I had was the prickly pears. I knew I couldn't live much longer without food so one night when we camped by a tree that had been dead several years I began to think up a scheme that might secure my freedom. That night while the rest slept I slipped over and taking the old chief's moccasin filled the toe with fire and ashes and ascended the tree and soon had it afire. I slipped back to my blankets upon the frozen ground and pretended to be asleep. A short time later the burning branches fell upon the teepe and some struck the old chief. He sprang up and called to everyone. He came over to me and asked me if I knew what the trouble all meant and I told him that was the "Great Spirit" and they would all be killed if they didn't quit torturing me and let me go home. This he positively beleived and the next morning they gave me some food and new clothing also the best pony in the village. It was a black

and white spotted and they called it (Brid?) on account of it's speed. They also took the scalp from my saddle and for awhile were better to me than they had ever been but this fright was only temporary for when the traders came declared they would never allow me my freedom. Despair then settled all about me and I gave up all hope of ever getting home and I was so grieved I became ill. They would not give me any food thinking I would surely die if I ate while I was so sad. I would have starved that time except for an old squaw from a neighboring village that would come and slip food to me while the rest were asleep. One afternoon as I was kneeling on the ground crying 2 little Indian boys came up to me and taking my hands from my face requested me not to cry any more. Their mamma had sent them over after me to come and do her work. Finally the old chief said I could go and stay 1 day if his daughter went along. The boys led us to their camp and I was surprised that it was Mr. and Mrs. Smith who were very kind to me. Mr. Smith was a white man from Fort Laramie who had married a squaw but had taught her to speak quite good english so I felt more like home talking to her. They had coffee and bread and buffalo meat for dinner. The bread was indeed a treat the first I had eaten since I had been captured. Mrs. Smith also gave me a dress and numerous garments to complete my toilete. She also encouraged me to think I would get my freedom someday. But the old chief fearing a plan might be made for my escape came for us just at sundown and we returned to our camp.

The next day the Indians tortured me so by whipping me and giving me no food I decided to take my own life. I waited till they were all outside then threw a rope over the top of the teepee pole and was just climbing on a box to loop the rope around my neck when the old chief appeared and was going to whip me. The old squaw made him leave and when I told her I was starving roasted me a piece of meat.

The next day the chief ordered a pony killed which was enuf meat to last for several days. Before we left this camp the weather became severely cold and I was oblinded to go to the lake and carry a keg of water for the use of the chief and his family. Some mornings I thot I would surely perish but knew to return without the water would mean severe punishment. The warriors fearing the soldiers might come upon them decided to cross the Platte and take a different route. When we crossed the Platte 2 Indians swam their ponies on each side of me with every intention of killing me should the soldiers make an assault and I might make my escape. They camped in a thicket of willows so we would not be observed by the soldiers should they pass by.

Near this camp they made another massacre. They destroyed an emigrant train killing the passengers and bringing to camp 2 fine horses and 30 head of cattle. They kept the horses but killed the cattle that evening. As they continued their journey to a creek they called Big Sandy they committed a horrible massacre each day. Here they stopped for several weeks while they indulged in war dances and dog feasts. But they were of such roving disposition they remained only a short time in any one place. They traveled again thru the montains killing all kinds of game that roamed thru the locality they passed. One day they killed 2 elk and a deer. They had been very good to me for some time until one morning they ordered me to mount an unruly horse. I was excited for I knew I wasn't strong enough to manage such a wild vicious animal. As I tried to mount the horse sprang like a tiger and threw me many feet into the air which dislodged my ankle also my wrists. I suffered intense agony from these sprains which made me helpless for many days. The medicine man of the Cheyenne tribe-Red Cloud set my wrists and ankle and ordered the squaw to place me in a travine-a basket attached between 2 willow poles and these poles attached to the ponies sides like shafts.

In this basket I rode many weeks as I was too ill to ride horseback. One evening we came to a large alke where they set up their teepees to stop for several days. One morning the squaws took an old canoe and requested me to go boat riding with them. I knew it would be no pleasure but when we were near the center of the lake one of the squaws gleefully threw me in the water. I could not swim long and the water was desparately cold. I gave up all hopes of rescue and was almost drowned before they took me into the boat again. I was chilled and unconcious when they took me back to the teepee and a serious illness resulted. They thot I would not

live and they would get no sugar and coffee for me so sent 2 of the Indians to the nearest fort to say they were ready to trade. The traders returned with the Indians the next day but the chief had changed his mind and would not trade. After the traders had gone I was sitting on the banks of the river crying when looking up a snow white kitten jumped into my lap and in less than a second had disappeared. The next day one of the squaws asked me to make her a new dress. After I had finished she put it on and remarked that she looked like Whe Ho the white squaw. About 10 days later Red Cloud with 2 warriors started for the fort to trade me for provisions but on the way to the fort they met a Mexican with 3 yoke of oxen and an old man and a little boy. They killed the Mexican and took the oxen but let the boy go and wounded the old man and left him on the prairie. On returning they told me they would have gone to the fort but had the oxen to butcher now. Almost 4 days had passed when we came to an Arapahoe village where we were treated with great hospitality. But we did not stay here long but camped about 10 miles away. One evening the chief told me the traders were coming to buy me and I would be free if they would give him what he thot would be right and if I would promise to return in 6 moons. Of course I promised which delighted them all. So the next day the chief with his squaw and Mitimoni and I all went over to eat with Sitting Bull and his family. Then we went over to Spotted Tail's teepee where we all ate again. After having a big feast at Spotted Tail's teepee, we called on Big Mouth, Lone Horn, Spotted Horse, Little Horse, Little Bear and Big Crow and Men afraid of his horse. These were all very popular chiefs that were with this tribe. Old (Gred?) Head was very kind to me and often said he was sorry they had killed my husband and friends. But the old chief Big Crow was very mean to me and delighted in throwing scalps in my face and murdering people before my eyes. He was one of the most blood thirsty Indians of the Ogallala band. The next morning Red Cloud ordered me to take the lasso and catch 2 of the best ponies in the herd. When I had accomplished this 2 Indians took the ponies and rode away. Red Cloud told me they were going over to the Arapahoe village and thence to the fort to tell the traders they could come and trade for me. I almost shouted for joy but the chief told me that if I did not keep quiet he would not let me go. I wasn't sure he was telling me the truth but how I longed to be free.

About 4 oclock the Indians returned from the fort and said the traders were coming to the Arapahoe village that night and would be over the next day. How I rejoiced in my own mind when the traders appeared the next day for I thot they would surely trade this time. The traders were Mr. Coffey a Frenchman a Sioux by the name of Suisnett and an Arapahoe called Black Eyes. When they arrived they had a big feast the traders told the chief they had come to trade for me. But the old chief said he would not let me go unless they gave him what he thot I was worth. So Mr. Coffey told Red Cloud the gov't would give \$1600 in trade for me. Mr. Coffey was almost sure he could make a trade and he was personally acquainted with Maj. Wood who sent him. Mr. Coffey lived near Fort Laramie and was married to a squaw so he was free from Indian attacks and spent his time as a trader. Mr. Coffey offered Red Cloud-4 good horses-3 sacks of flour-40 lbs. of coffee, 75 lbs. of rice, 4 packages of soda, 1 sack table salt, 1 sack powder, 30 lbs. lead, 20 boxes of caps, 1 saddle, 20 yds. bed ticking, 2 spools of thread, 10 combs, 10 butcher knives, 1 box tobacco, 30 bunches of beads, all colors of paint, 3 papers of needles, 1 rifle, 3 revolvers, a belt and sabre, and 2 new gov't coats. The chief listened intently then left the teepee calling the Indians together they held a consultation and the traders were invited to join them and repeat the list of provisions they would receive if they would grant me my freedom.

The next morning the old chief told me he would let me go if I would faithfully promise to return to them in 6 moons. But before I left they compelled me to give up my buffalo robe and most of the clothing the traders had brot for me to wear for the weather was intensely cold and it seemed like a perilous undertaking. But before I started the cheif's daughter kissed me repeatedly and told me she would

come to Fort Laramie in 6 moons. When I mounted my horse she kissed my feet and fell upon the ground and wept and several of the squaws followed her example although I cannot say I appreciated their carresses. As we left the village I was accompanied by the 3 traders and Big Foot a Sioux chief. Big Crow a Cheyenne chief and several other Indians.

When we departed I could hear them shout Brave Whe Ho- for miles and miles but we kept our horses on the run for fear they might decide to recapture me. That evening we arrived at the Arapahoe village where we stopped for the night. They would not molest us as the traders had stopped here the previous night and one of my escorts was an Arapahoe. Here Mr. Coffey procured my clothing for me or I would have perished before I reached the fort. The following morning we started at sunrise and traveled all day and until midnight where we stopped in a valley out of the cold bleak wind which was blowing like it would sweep us from the earth. We were dreadfully fatigued for we had not eaten since we left the Arapahoe village. We dismounted and Mr. Coffey scraped the snow off a small portion of the sod to build a fire and make some coffee. No sooner was the fire blazing than the old familiar war whoop was distinctly heard upon the surrounding hills. Mr. Coffey at once scraped the snow over the fire and we concealed ourselves till the Indians had passed by. We traveled on for if we stopped to rest a recapture would have been the result as the Indians were all the time in pursuit of us. To keep up my courage was almost an impossibility for I was so near frozen I could no longer guide my horse and was almost perished for food.

For 5 days of continual travel since I last viewed the Indian village on Powder River had I tasted any food except a piece of raw buffalo tongue which I ate as we traveled along. And that was such a scant piece as the tongue was divided among 7. At the close of the 5th day I crossed the Platte bridge and the Indians were in sight and their thrilling war whoops could be distinctly heard but as soon as I crossed the bridge great hope was accomplished for the Fort Clear Creek was only a short distance from the bridge and with all the joy I ever experienced came to me as the soldiers took me into the fort where I was treated with great hospitality.

The captain of the fort was Rhandheart and the lieutenant was Britton but I was obliged to leave this fort in the night as the fort was so small the Indians could easily have recaptured me. Fearing they might make an assault the next day, the traders and I left this fort about midnight so we might not be observed by the Indians who seldom made an assault before daybreak.

Our next stop was at deer Creek fort without the Indians overtaking us. But the traders knew Indian treachery so perfectly they kept our horses on the run all way. Several horses lost their lives on this expedition but we would mount another and leave the dying horse by the roadside. When we were in sight of Fort Deer Creek, Mr. Coffey fastened the reins about my wrists as my hands were so frozen I was unable to use them any more. Mr. Coffey told me to guide my horse the best I could by the aid of my arms and not to look back as the Indians were in sight coming over the landscape in all directions. The traders horses were unable to keep up with me for they had given me the swiftest horse so if anything should happen to them I could reach the fort in safety. When I reached the fort and the war whoop was shut out from my hearing I gave thanks to God for my escape this far. What a terrible realization it is for the war whoop to be audible for many miles back of you and knowing if your horse should fail it would be death or recapture.

My dear reader: You can only imagine the reality of such an experience. At this fort I met a white woman which made me realize more and more that I was again entering civilization. She was only a stranger to me but she seemed to me like one of my dearest friends and her very presence gave me joy beyond expression.

But I was obliged to leave this fort at midnight as it was not strong enough for my protection if the Indians should make a violent attack. Just before I left this fort an old man with snow white hair knelt down and prayed to God that I might see my loved ones at home again. His prayers gave me new courage and after traveling many a weary hour we succeeded in reaching Fort Bounty unmolested.

Starting from Fort Deer Creek in the night threw the Indians off their guard for they supposed that I would remain there several days. The next fort we reached after leaving Fort Bounty was Horse Shoe Fort. Here we received telegrams that the Indians were still in pursuit and not to stop long or we would not get to the next fort. We only had one more fort to reach then I knew I would be safe for that was Fort Laramie. How I dreaded the very thot of the savages and how fear surrounded me when Mr. Coffey told me of a canyon we were oblided to pass thru before reaching Fort Laramie. For well I knew the savages would have every advantage to recapture me.

But to my glorious surprise when we reached the canyon we were met by the militia who had been sent from Fort Laramie for my protection and fortunately the Indians did not appear.

Telegrams had been sent from Horse Shoe Fort about the time we would reach the canyon. They had also stated the ill condition of my health after such a perilous expedition so the officers had ordered an avalanche in which I occupied from the canyon to the fort. Mrs. Bullock sent an invitation by the captain requesting me to stop with her awhile at Laramie. On inquiry I found her to be a woman of pure character and kindly accepted the invitation. I was so fatigued I thot the distance to be much greater than it really was. But as soon as we reached the fort the avalanche was driven up to the door of Mrs. Bullock's residence and she at once rushed out and drew me into the house before I could scarcely realize my situation. OH! The joy that prevailed in the fort that evening is almost indescribable. Many salutes were given from the cannon. Then the band struck up some of the most melodious selections which seemed to me like a different world. I wept for joy and praised God for my freedom. I found Mrs. Bullock to be a fine lady and hospiable entertained. As soon as the music ceased the whole militia came into the house to see me and also all the people who lived at the fort. After I had met all the friends Mr. and Mrs. Bullock escorted a number of chosen guests and myself to the dining room where a bountiful supper was served. It was the finest supper I had viewed for 6 long months. How I thot of the privations I had undergone as I glanced about me. How they were protected and well cared for and I had been oblided to travel with the savages without food or shelter. It was almost impossible for me to suppress my emotions.

After supper I told them of the conduct of Big Crow, who had assisted in the massacre of our train, and had continually tortured me all the time I was in captivity. They telegraphed the forts to capture him and put him in irons if they possibly could and bring him to fort Laramie. He was captured and brot to the Fort and sentenced to be hung Feb. 14 but they prolonged his death till June 1. He often told me he would like to kill me and that if he ever got free he would kill more white people than he ever had. About this time the soldiers were having a serious time with the Indians at Mud Springs. The Indians had made several attacks but were each time defeated. But as their ammunition was almost exhausted and the indians were receiving reinforcements Col. Collens with 100 men and an immense amt. of ammunition succeeded in reaching Mud Springs unmolested. Had reinforcements failed to reach Mud Springs at once the Indians would have made a horrible massacre as they came upon them the next morning 2000 strong. Soon another telegram came to Fort Laramie asking for 50 more men and a supply of ammunition and to be sure and come in the dead of night or they would be killed before assistance could reach them. As the Indians were then 2000 strong and would probably receive reinforcements the next day as they had previously done. Liut. Brown with 50 men and artillery left at once and arrived just in time for a desparate battle. After one more desparate assault the Indians were defeated. But one of the soldiers met a horrible death during this battle. He was riding the horse which assisted me in my escape. This horse was naturally high spirited and during the battle became uncontrollable and dashed in among the savages which resulted in death for both horse and rider. They seized the soldier and continued to mutilate his body by cutting his heart out and tossing it into the air then they cut off his fingers and toes and continued to disjoint him. Then threw him upon the ground and crushed him into the cold damp earth. After the Indians had all left the battlefield and had taken their dead and wounded the soldiers returned to Fort Laramie highly elated over their great victory. It was at the fort

that they told me how Col. Summers who was in hearing distance of our massacre and rushed on in hopes of assisting us, had the militia place them in their graves before anything could molest them. This was a great relief to me for I had wondered and worried whether they had been properly laid to rest or had been devoured by wild beasts.

While here at the fort I met Mrs Larimer who had been taken prisoner by the Indians previous to my arrival. Their train consisted of 11 persons and 5 wagons. The persons were Mr. Kelly and his wife and child a Mr. Wakefield a Mr. Sharp and 3 hired men besides Mr. Larimer a child and herself. As Mrs. Larimer related the Indians came upon them before they could prepare for defense but Mr. Larimer's knowledge of Indian character taught him that prompt action is the only safeguard against Indian treachery so he at once ordered the wagons corralled. The savage leader advanced uttering the word How How and placing his hand upon his breast said in English "Good Indians" and pointing towards his men he added "Heap good Indians" hunt buffalo, antelope, and deer and then offered his hand-How-How and turning in his saddle he motioned for his men to advance and follow his example. They were desperate looking fellows their only dress to the waist was a coat of red paint their heads were uncovered and their feet in moccasins. With rapidity the Indians mounted into the wagons and commenced the work of distributing and destroying the contents. Mrs. Kelly kept her seat in the wagon till her presence was regarded as irksome when the chief threw her violently to the ground and dragged her some distance as I soon joined Mrs Kelly signs of alarm were manifest in our appearance the thought there might be some hope of escape. I was almost afraid to make the attempt yet we made a few steps for the purpose of starting hastily towards the timber but the vigilant eyes of the savage chiefton were upon us and he called to us in English saying come back. Realizing the futility of the present effort I obeyed and asked him for protection which he did not promise we should have. As still related to Mrs. Larimer darkness was coming upon us. By force she was thrown upon an old pony and begging imploringly for her child they hesitated then placed the child in her arms. As we turned to leave the valley of Little Box Elder with anxious eyes we strove to penetrate the shadows of the woods where we thought a part of our friends might have taken refuge. The smoldering ruins of much of our property had fallen into ashes, the smoke faded away and night had covered the traces of confusion and death. Mr. Larimer had been shot but succeeded in concealing himself in some bushes and scarcely daring to breathe as Mr. Larimer relates he could hear the noise of chopping and breaking of boxes and the voices of the Indians calling to each other and finally the chanting of the monotonous war song as they took their way across the hills carrying his yearning that with them yet dreading to dwell upon what might be the fate of his wife and child. He determined to save his own life hoping that he could rescue or redeem his wife and child with money. In the morning Mr. Larimer returned to the wagon he determined the number of dead and the absence of his own family. He then sought shelter under a projecting rock to await the arrival of travellers. After many hours of waiting they arrived and buried 4 dead bodies in one grave. As Mrs Larimer told me of her escape it was indeed a perilous undertaking. After many days travel the greater part of the time carrying the child in her arms, she succeeded in making her escape and when upon arriving at the fort she was gladly welcomed by her husband who had escaped but was suffering from a flesh wound that pierced his thigh during the massacre but with good care Mrs. Larimer thought he would recover.

After a several weeks visit at Fort Laramie each day I was beautifully entertained by Mrs Bullock and also all the ladies at the fort treated me with great hospitality which I appreciated immensely. To be taken again into civilization seemed to me like real paradise.

On Thursday morning Febr. 26th 1865 and after I had bade many new friends adieu and just before I entered the avalanche which was to carry me away, the band played the dear old familiar selection entitled "Home Sweet Home". Which was so inspiring I could no longer suppress my emotions and the words presented themselves to me were:

Joy to thee happy friend, thy faith
has passed the rough seas foam
Now the long yearnings of the soul
are stirred. Home! Home! thy peace
is won. Thy heart is filled Thou
art going home.

After several beautiful selections had been rendered a purse of \$1400 was given me as a token of friendship. As I left the fort enroute to Sidney, Iowa the joy that prevailed in my soul is almost indescribable and the kindness which was bestowed upon me shall never be forgotten as long as I live.

Upon leaving Fort Laramie I was escorted to Fort Kearney by a militia and Mrs Bullock and Major Underhill. This journey was indeed quite a contrast to the one I had previously taken for the avalanche protected me from the bitterness of the weather, although I was anxious to see my loved ones at home.

During our journey the 1st place of importance was the battlefield at Mud Springs. Here we were told by the regiment 11th Ohio under commander Collins how the Indians would attack.

When we arrived at Bora's Ranch many rushed out to the avalanche to offer congratulations. Here I was also given a purse of \$10.

I will now relate a scenery which greatly impressed me-it was Scotts Bluffs. The passage thru these bluffs is very intricate and dangerous for teams to pass but I was not uneasy being accustomed to adventuring. At times the drifting sands almost obscured the high walls which rise several hundred feet on each side, cedar and pine trees are seen growing from crevices of standing apparently on naked rocks. To person below these seem to be shrubs but upon near inspection they are large trees.

The next day's travel brot us to Chimney Rock. It is in the form of a shaft and springs from the (?) of cone and is 380 ft. high. This rock stands 500 feet from a bluff of which it seems to have once formed a portion. At it's base is a stratum of lime stone which is gradually crumbling away. We came to an equally curious phenomenon-Court House Rock about 18 Mi. from Chimney Rock which is formed of sand and clay.

Continuing our journey till we crossed the Platte we came to what had been the flourishing little town of Julesburg but now there were only a few ruins left to mark the spot. The questionable advancement of Julesburg was of short duration. For as the Union Pacific R.R. progressed other towns sprang up farther west and divided it's prosperity until the inhabitants followed the work and the city was soon deserted.

Julesburg was located on a sandy plain with a few hillocks rising around and some craggy heights visible towards the north. A story is told of two Indian chiefs Spotted Tail and Big Mouth meeting at Julesburg a member of the English Parliment who had come like themselves to see the city. The English lord and his party determined to visit the red man's lodge and taking an interpreter they departed under the escort of the chiefs who believing their guests were persons of distinction tendered them every honor and the best entertainment their camp afforded. Big Mouth being especially interested in courteous visitors begged that the English lord would accept a memento of his kind feelings which could be carried beyond the great waters. To this the noble man assented, when behold the proud chieftain led forward a young squaw, his daughter, and offered her in marriage, but being the husband of a fair lady, with many thanks and some embarrassment the gentlemanly stranger declined the precious gift.

Our next stopping place was at Captain Wilcox's where we secured rest and refreshment. Pursuing our journey for 3 days we came to Cottonwood Springs. Here I received word from home-acousin was one of the militia and I read a letter from my dear father.

About 30 miles from here we came to Plum Creek where I knelt down by the graves of my loved ones and recounted the sorrow of the terrible massacre.

After Plum Creek our next stop was Fort Kearney. The next day I bade my new friends adieu and took the stage enroute to Nebr. City. The militia went to

Omaha and Mrs. Bullock continued to her mother's home in Penn. and Major Underhill returned to Fort Laramie.

The stage traveled day and night till it reached Nebr. City. I stayed over night there and took another one to the Missouri River. There was so much ice the ferry boat would not run but I secured a small boat and made a perilous trip across and reached hom Mar. 9, 1865.

After remaining home all summer I was married Nov. 19, 1865 to Mr. G.W. Stevens of Sidney, Iowa.

Mrs. Nancy Jane Fletcher (Morton) Stevens died in August, 1912 near Jefferson, Iowa. She is buried at Grand Junction, Iowa.

APPENDIX

The first trip to Denver was about four months after Nancy Fletcher was married to Thomas Morton. The trip began April 20, 1860.

The second trip to Denver began April 20, 1862. Their daughter was 4 months old. Mr. and Mrs. Morton were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock, and a nurse girl.

Julesburg was named after U. Juel. When they journeyed west that fall and located on a farm, it was about 4 miles south of Pike's Peak. The next spring they left on the 20th of April to go back to Sidney, Iowa.

"Several days after my arrival home my little brother let my horse from the barn, who had made his escape from the massacre and had made his way home. Numerous scars were still visible upon his body where the arrows had been implanted."

"After remaining home during the spring and summer, on Nov. 19, 1865 I was married to Mr. G.W. Stevens who was a resident of Sidney, Iowa. We resided there for several years when we moved to Monroe Co, Iowa where we lived for many years on a farm. Receiving a large sum for our farm, we decided to move to Bancroft, NE. But on finding a favorable location on a farm near Jefferson in the state of Iowa, where we decided to make our future home."

"I, John S. Wood was major of the 7th Iowa volunteer cavalry and was in command of Fort Laramie during Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, and Dec, of 1864. During the month of Aug. in said year I was informed from Gen. Mitchell of Omaha who was commanding the (?) district that a party of emigrants, (12 or 17) in number had been massacred about August 8-1864 at Plum Creek, Neb. and all that party killed & shot except a woman by the name of Mrs. Morton and a boy named Marble whom they had taken prisoner and instructed me to keep sharp lookout for the band of Indians as no doubt they were going north. The late part of Dec. Jules E. Coffe affected Mrs. Mortons release and brought her to Fort Laramie."

HISTORICAL RECORD OF NANCY JANE FLETCHER

Nancy Jane Fletcher, daughter of Samuel and Charlotte Fletcher, was born Feb. 8th, 1845 in Clarke County, Ind. She resided in Ind. until 4 yrs of age. At that time she emigrated to Sidney, Ia. with her parents where she remained until fifteen years of age, when she married Thomas Frank Morton.

There were eleven wagons freighting to Denver City. Known members of the party, William Fletcher, brother of Mrs. Morton and cousin John Fletcher, Mr and Mrs Thomas Frank Morton, Mr. Marble and small son Danny.

Journey uneventful until the morning of August 8th, 1864. Around 6:30 A. M. they were attacked by band of Indians known as the Oglalla band of the Sioux. Chief Red Cloud and Chief Big Crow led the Indians in the massacre. All the men were massacred and Mrs. Morton and Danny Marble taken captives.

Mrs. Morton suffered many hardships and was cruelly treated by the Indians. They traveled into New Mexico, Colo and Wyo.

Other prisoners Mrs. Morton met while in captivity were Mrs. Eubanks, her daughter and nephew, Laura Roper and a Mrs. Kelly.

Major John S. Wood in command at Fort Laramie sent Mr. Coffey (Jules E.) together with a quantity of supplies to trade the Indians for Mrs. Morton. After considerable bargaining she was released and together with Mr. Coffey made a journey of several hundred miles on horseback, through deep snow and bitter cold weather to Fort Laramie. She arrived at her home in Sidney, Iowa, March 9th, 1865.

Later married George W. Stevens of Sidney, Iowa. Three

children were born to them. (The oldest is Eva Stevens, now Mrs. Eva Lawton)

Mrs. Nancy Jane Fletcher Stevens, died Aug. 1912 near Jefferson Iowa. Buried at Grand Junction, Iowa.

MORTON MANUSCRIPT

About the last of August, 1937, Mrs. Eva Morton^{Lawton}, Grand Junction, Iowa, was in the Historical Society rooms seeking information on the story of the Plum Creek Massacre — as told by others. At this time, she showed us the manuscript written by her mother, Mrs. Nancy Jane Fletcher Morton Stevens. In return for a Volume XIX and a copy of Sheldon's Nebraska, Old and New, she loaned us this manuscript, which is herewith copied exactly as the original.

D. R. Burleigh

DRB:M

HISTORY OF PLUM CREEK MASSACRE
&
CAPTIVITY OF MRS. THOMAS F. MORTON

Preface

First Trip to Denver

Nancy Jane Fletcher, daughter of Samuel and Charlotte Fletcher was born Feb. 8th, 1845, Clarke, County, Indiana and there resided until four years of age, when my father, with his family, emigrated to Sidney, Iowa, where he made his future home.

Here I remained until I was fifteen years of age, when I married Thomas F. Morton.

We lived in Sidney, for almost four months, when we decided to go with an emigrant train across the plains, to Denver City Colorado.

The twentieth of April 1860, was the time appointed to start.

We were accompanied by my brother, William Fletcher and several friends. It was for me a most delightful thought to travel, and the country beyond all, doubt was very beautiful.

Long trains of emigrants, westward bound, extended along the great highway, from the Missouri River, to the rugged mountains of Montana, and Colorado, to the fertile valleys of the great basin of Utah. The rich lands of the Columbia and the grassy slopes of California.

These emigrant trains consisted of people, who had come from various states, toiling onward with one aim, seeking new fields of labor and greater room for expansion. Pioneers of civilization, the founders of western empire. The hardy sons of toil whose foot steps drove from his abode the grisly bear and limited the ranges of the buffalo, braving the vengeance

of the savage and turning the dreary wilderness into a garden.

After a several days journey we stopped to camp near Nebraska City. We were all quite fatigued, and indeed the pleasant rest of evening came gratefully, as the cool winds blew softly over the prairies, or lofty hills. Joyful times we had, as every day bringing in its store of new sceens. As our course led us through grassy meadows, over beautiful streams and through the shady woodlands.

As we journeyed along, the country was really a scene of interest. But when we arrived at Salt Creek, my husband was taken seriously ill, but with good care he soon recovered, and we again persued our journey

The next week we over took the rest of our train near Coal Creek

On the ninth of May we were assulted by a violent storm, which threatened every moment to annihilate the whole train. After the storm had ceased we were delayed here for several days on account of the heavy rainfall, which made the roads impassable, but the weather continued favorable, and after several days, and we persued our journey until we arrived in Denver City.

We spent several days in Denver when we decided to still travel, westward. Denver was at this time in great excitement and a person unacostumed to Western phenomenan cannot realize the confusion that prevailed.

Traveling westward from Denver the country seemed to grow more beautiful. When we had traveled a distance of about twenty miles west of Denver, we came to Stone Gap, where we decided to camp for the night. The sky was bright with the

glitter of stars, and the water in the creek as it fell over the rocks in the distance came to our ears with a faint murmur. All nature seemed pitiless in its calm repose.

When suddenly the whole mountain seemed to echo from the roar of the mountain lions. Three of the savage beasts came in sight of our camp, but fortunately they did not observe us, but the peril I did endure is almost indescribable. We were obliged to guard our camp all night for fear those savage beasts might rush in upon us, which we knew would be death if we were not prepared for defense.

After such an experience, Home is the place to which the heart is apt to turn in adversity, and memory see the latest days of life, though which oceans should roll, and mountains rise between.

The next morning we still continued our journey westward, until we reached Jefferson Canyon. Which is to travelers a most impressing scene. We first came to a small cave which we climbed over and ascended a large rock, which was so laden with moss rendered it almost invisible. From this rock we could see for miles and miles through the canyon, which appeared to the observer, like the remains of ancient fortifications, where rivers had rushed through in indescribable granduer.

The next note of any importance was the ascending of Bradford Hill, and thence to the foot of the Snowy Range. Here lay before us a beautiful park, which was designated as South Park. Two rivers ran through the Park, which were noted for their granduer and beauty.

During our stay here, we devoted the greater part of our time to trout fishing which was indeed, quite exhilarating.

But the last days camp, an event occurred, which was indeed quite horrifying. For several bands of Indians came down to the Park to have a big battle.

The Cheyennes, Arappahoes, and Sioux's fought against the Utes, but fortunately the Indians at that time were on good terms with the "white man", and consequently, they did not molest us. After the battle, the warriors soon departed, taking with them their dead and wounded.

The following day we traveled up the Snowy Range for about eight miles, but the horses being so fatigued, we were obliged to camp for the night, but the next morning we succeeded in reaching the summit of the range. Here the snow was very deep, but it was a beautiful sight. With a telescope you could see the most beautiful flowers blooming only a short distance from the snow. The next day we advanced to Georgia Gulch, this is on the Western side of the range. Here we remained for several months, when I was taken severely ill with mountain fever, and we were obliged to return to Delaware Flatts.

My health gradually improving we decided to remain here the rest of the summer.

Here my husband and brother received a position in the mines, but as misfortune seemed to call so often, word was sent me one after-noon that they were caved in the mine. Knowing it was impossible for me to rescue them, and the agony they were probably enduring, deemed it impossible for me to suppress my emotion. But after several days of constant searching they were rescued and fortunately, they were uninjured. But after such a perilous event, they decided not to mine any longer, so we decided to return home.

The first of November we arrived at Brecken Ridge Gulch, and through French Gulch. Here we stopped for rest and refreshment when our next journey led us through Negro Gulch, and in a week we reached the Snowy Range, but the snow being so deep, we were delayed for several days. The last evening we camped here we were almost paralyzed with fear, for about fifteen Indians, came into our camp and made a violent attempt to rob us.

But they were soon sad of such an undertaking, for we were prepared for such an emergency, but we gave them provisions and requested them to leave, which they obeyed, without any more trouble.

The next day the weather being favorable we passed through Terrioll Gulch, and soon reached Hamilton City. Our next objective point was Denver City, which we succeeded in reaching without any misfortune. Here we stopped for several days, our next days journey did really seem more interesting for the beautiful landscape which lay before us, would be truly benificent to any ardent lover of nature.

When we arrived at Cotton wood Springs, there was a small settlement of some sagnitude, and a military post. There all the wagons that belonged to emigrants were searched by officers and soldiers detailed for that purpose, in order to recover any government arms that might be clandestinely carried away.

Our next days course took us to Rock Bluff, which amid small encircling hills, we could view the landscape about us which was dotted by numerous bushes, that were covered by green foilage, which presented the whole landscape with majestic beauty. I was greatly impressed with the surrounding coun-

try. Such a grand feat of nature, which was of wondrous beauty.

Here we camped until rest was thoroughly restored. Then in less than a week, we knew we could reach the river if all went favorable. At last our hopes were not in vain, and we reached the old Missouri River, which we were to cross before reaching home. When we were near the center of the river the wind arose and blew a perfect gale, which drifted the boat down stream for several miles, which delayed us for some time. But finally we succeeded in reaching the other shore and the last day of November, we arrived at Fathers in Sidney, Iowa.

Second Trip to Denver

When my little daughter Charlotte Ann was four months old, we started on our second trip to Denver, April 20, 1862.

My husband and I were accompanied by my brother William Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades and Mr. and Mrs. Comstock, and the nurse girl. My father, mother and oldest sister and her husband accompanied us to the river. Where I bid them farewell to traverse an unknown country, I left fond parents, and friends to cast my lot with the pioneers of civilization, gave up the tried and true to plunge into unknown, and unlimited associations. But still we pursued our journey looking forward to the goal we had in view.

After crossing the old Missouri River once more, we pursued onward until we arrived at Keg Creek. Here we camped for several days. Our next journey brought us to Salt Creek, where we again stopped for rest and refreshments. But the following day we came to the Salt Works. Here about twenty two wagons joined our train. The next day we reached the

Little Blue and before the week had drawn to a close we arrived at the Big Blue. A beautiful stream winding its way through the rich rolling meadows. Leisurely we traveled ~~through~~^{through} ~~rough~~ this beautiful country, until we came to Beaver Creek when we advanced to the Platte and thence to Valley City.

After a several days journey, we came to Fort Kearny, from here the emigrant trains from various parts of the country concentrated.

The green literally dotted with white wagon covers, and the rich pasture numbered thousands of horsed, and cattle, resting in the lovely valley, before attempting the passage of the plains, and penetrating the unknown heights of the rocky peaks that rise beyond. From this place hundreds of persons with their teams, and herds, sometimes traveled together, considering that it was prudent to be in large companies, while others were seen in small companies or alone.

Kearney City was about three miles west from Fort Kearney, it was then in pristine glory, but is now remembered as a town of the past.

Our road lay along the Platte River for about one hundred and eighty miles. But this river, when in season of high water, assumes a beautiful appearance. Its broad bosom is dotted with islands of the richest verdure, and adorned with gorgeous hued flowers, and delicate vining vegetation. These islands are of the height of the adjacent shores, having been formed by the action of the changing currents, that have forced their way around them. Some are miles in length, while others are mere dots of verdure on the breast of the broad water. The Platte is subject to great variations, however now fearfully

rapid and broad inundating the ancient valley then sinking into an insignificant stream. The Platte is a very shallow stream would be fordable at almost any place if it were not for the quick sand, which renders it extremely dangerous.

We continued to pass ranches at intervals of ten or fifteen miles. These ranchmen were clever, energetic men, who dared to live a frontier life, and often proved themselves to be of the bravest, and most generous. Some of them aspired, to comfort and even luxury. As a general thing their houses were built one story high of sod, and large enough to accomodate quite a number of guests.

In the winter the ranchmen offer accomodations for the travelers, and their teams, but in the season in which we made their acquaintance their hospitality was not so much required, as we slept in our wagons, and our animals were turned loose to find pasture.

The most popular of these ranch men was Mr. Jack Marrow, He disregarded the prevailing custom and built his house two stories high and having given his attention to its completion produced a residence in the far west that would have done honor to an eastern farm of pretentious extent. Mr. Marrow, was an Indian trader. He was first married to a squaw, but after her death, he was married to a white woman of whom I was personally acquainted.

Our next objective point was Box Elder Station. Here we saw three outlaws, which were strapped to this tree, and shot for stealing live stock. One of these men was seventy five years of age. This would be to any observer a heart thrilling scene.

About one mile from this tree we decided to camp for the

night. While we were preparing our supper, three Indians came to our camp. One of the Indians was a chief called Spotted Tail. They told us a dreadful storm was coming, and they soon departed. We immediately set to work, and tied our wagons down, which was none to soon, for suddenly the sky began to darken, and a gleam of lighting like a forked tongue flame, shot from the black cloud that was rapidly over spreading the heavens.

This frightful peal of thunder, and repeated flashes, and peals followed in quick succession and dense blackness lowered threateningly over us, and seemingly to encircle us like prisoners in the valley of death.

The vivid flashes that lit this darkness for an instant only caused the gloom to seem more fearful and the heavy rolling of the thunder seemed to rend the heavens above us.

Suddenly a cloud seemed to burst upon us. It was not the gentle droppings of an afternoon shower, nor the pattering of a common place storm, but a sweeping avalanche of water, that drenched everything ~~in~~ the first dash, and continuing to pour, seemed to threaten the earth, and tempt the mighty river, and claim, for it for its own.

And while it continued to pour we were ~~compelled~~ to endure its violence but awaited in resignation the wrath of the elements, and endeavored to cherish a hope of a bright tomorrow, in which we were not disappointed, for as the sun rose smiling up on the world, as if nothing had ^{unusual} occurred, and kindly kissed the lingering drops from the blades of grass.

As we pursued our journey we came to the Alkali Springs, where we stopped ^{for} ~~to~~ rest and refreshments, but the following day, being quite favorable for traveling we arrived at O'Fallons Bluffs.

Here we camped for several days. These Bluffs would have been to the artist a beautiful subject indeed, strong massive walls rose above us, which were covered with the loveliest verdure, and feeble words can convey but a faint impression of the wondrous beauty of the noble feat of nature.

Our next stopping place was at Lilly Springs. There is something grotesque about those springs. The water is perfectly cold and yet they seem to be continually boiling. At times they boil several feet above the surface.

After leaving the springs, we traveled until we reached Julesburg. It was situated at the second California crossing on the South Platte.

Julesburg took its name from a French pioneer, who built a cabin of sod, close by the river and lived a hermits life, subsisting upon the fish he could procure from the river and game that he was able to shoot upon the hills.

It was said his early years had been darkened by misfortune, when he left his home in the east, and sought solace in isolation. He was a kind honorable old man, when increasing travel on the road to the mountains, and Pacific Coast, enabled him to dispose of his supplies of game and furs. He dealt honorably by emigrants, winning their confidence and esteem, and finally held a position of trust with the overland stage company.

The dreadful mode of his death, being the consequence of his refusing to league himself with crime, and cruelty renders it proper that his fate be held in remembrance by posterity.

A desperado named, Slade, who afterward distinguished himself, as a bandit in the Rocky Mountains and was executed by a vigilance committee in Virginia City, Montana, in 1863 made a

haunt from crime in the vicinity of U Juel's home.

His house soon became a scene of robbery and theft, and against such outrages Juel protested positively refusing to become a party or accomplice in it. For this courageous resistance the old man lost his life.

With fiendish barbarity, Slade with his comrades came to Juel's house in the night, and finding him unarmed, bound him with strong cords, and commenced to mutilate his body, first cutting off his nose then his fingers, toes and ears, and continued to disjoint him until death mercifully rescued him from their demon hands.

The town that bore his name has been destined, like its founder to suffer great changes. Juelsburg, was quite a flourishing town in an early day. Its houses were all built of sod, which at the present time would look quite grotesque.

Juelsburg is about one hundred and eighty miles from Fort Kearny where the first California emigrants crossed. At this place we over took seemingly thousands of persons with their flocks and teams, encamped in the valley, for that being the warmest season, the snow from the mountains causing the river to be very high.

Still pursuing our journey we came to, ^{the} Denver cut-off and our course leading us from there over the Vissue bottoms, and thence to Skunk River. This was indeed a very beautiful country. Here we passed ten lodges of Indians, which were at peace and consequently did not molest us.

We arrived at Living Springs, and our next stopping place was at Coal Creek Station. Here we camped for several days after rest was thoroughly restored we traveled until a

we reached the nine mile house which is just nine miles east of Denver City. Here we camped on Cherry Creek.

We stopped in Denver for several days. We decided to travel westward. We passed through Stony Gap, and thence to Bradford Hill. Here we camped for several days as our horses were so fatigued. After they were again ready for travel, we succeeded in going over the hill, and at the foot of the hill, we observed a very grotesque looking creek. It is designated as Cripple Creek, its course is very irregular.

From Cripple Creek, we went to the South Platte in the mountains. And we traveled onward until we came to the last crossing of the Platte. About thirty miles from here we came to Green Lake. When we stopped for almost a week, but our next journey brought us to South Park, where we spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades, and Mr. and Mrs. Comstock and my husband and myself devoted our time to trout fishing which was indeed a topic of remembrance to us all.

Again we ascended the Snowy Range, until we arrived at Hamilton City, which is located at the base of the Snowy Range. After we had crossed the Range, we stopped at a Gulch designated as Enterprise. Here we resided for about three weeks. Our course taking us to Deleward Flatts. This being June 2, we decided to remain until Sept. but we were so well pleased here we remained until December and before our departure, we gave a party of which we entertained three hundred and fifty guests.

Beginning our journey again we started for Breckinridge and camped at the mouth of French Gulch, again we crossed the range and passed through Tarryall and South Park, and thence to Lost Canyon. The massive walls of this canyon rose above us,

and were garnished with curious devices, but even the weariness of traveling did not deaden the faculties beyond the power of enjoying this master piece of nature's workmanship. About two days travel from Lost Canyon, we came to Canyon City. Here were located two springs of noted phenomena. One being a coal oil Spring which was of great value as it produced a barrel of oil a day, which was ready for use as it came from the spring.

The other spring contained sodia, which was also of great value, As the sodia could be used for cooking purposes. The soda was distributed upon the ground surrounding the spring, which gave it a very beautiful appearance.

About twenty miles from the springs we decided to locate on a farm. It was a very beautiful place. Being only four miles south of Pikes Peak, on Beaver Creek. Here we remained for one year and three months. But our friends Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades and Mr. and Mrs. Comstock emigrated to Denver and we never saw them again, but my brother Will decided to remain with my husband and I.

My husband and brother, freighted to Denver and Pueblo several times during the winter, but they could make the round trip in about two weeks. My husband became tired of freighting and decided to go to the States to buy cattle. He succeeded in his plans and while he was gone he went to our former home. And when he returned he was accompanied by my brother John and my oldest sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Mommahe. They spent the summer with us and returned home in the fall. I was very much pleased with our new home until that fall our neighbor Mr. Bruce who owned a large mill on the Arkansas River, met his fatal doom.

Two Mexicans (Desperados) rode up to the mill and intended to take his horse which was grazing near the mill. Mr. Bruce rushing out of the mill demanded them not to take the horse, but this provoking the desperadoes they shot him instantly through the heart. He was a man about sixty five years of age, and his death being so horrible his wife became insane. ^{and} The same day they killed Mr. Bruce, they came to my house about ten o'clock that evening but did not attempt to come in. They soon went down to the feed yard, where they attempted to murder a beef but they did not succeed in their plans as the calf escaped them it ran by the house and the desperadoes in pursuit of it but fortunately it escaped their murderous hands and came home the following day. The next account we heard of the desperadoes they had made an assault on Mr. Hawkins. He only lived about seven miles from us on Turkey Creek. He was all alone on a hunt. The boys had not been gone only a short time, when the desperadoes taking advantage of this opportunity rushed into the house and took the old man's life and supplied themselves with provisions and then made their departure.

When the boys returned home that evening they were horror stricken to find their father lying dead upon the ground. They at once gave the alarm and a militia was sent out in search of the desperadoes. But the desperadoes concealing themselves among the hills it was quite a task to pursue them.

Fortunately the soldiers came upon them at Beaver Creek, and succeeded in killing one of the desperadoes but the other one sought refuge before they could pursue him. The desperado that made his escape went to Pueblo where he was rejoined by his nephew, a boy of about sixteen years. After they had murdered several

more men. The soldiers came upon them while they were preparing supper and shot the old man in the back.

The young man was ordered to explain why they were taking so many lives and he told them, they were trying to spite the government. After the boy had told all the soldiers requested, they shot him which resulted in an instant death. The soldiers beheading the Mexicans left their bodies unburied and brought their heads to the Fort on poles.

On the 20th of April we decided to go to our former home in Sidney, Iowa. The first day we moved on Turkey Creek, our third days travel brought us to Jimmy Camp, where there was an immense amount of petrified wood.

We observed two cedar trees which were petrified, one of them standing but the other one was laying on the ground beside it. Traveling on ward, our course brought us to Cherry Creek and thence to Denver City. Here we stopped for several days. On March 1st we left Denver, traveling nine miles we reached the toll gate. From here we proceeded to Coal Creek, from here we went to Skunk Creek, thence to Live Springs, Vissue Bottom and to Moor and Kelleys Ranch. From here we went through Juelsburg, Sand Station and O'Fallon Bluffs and thence to Alkali Station. After we reached Box Elder Station we soon arrived at Cotton Wood Springs which is only about sixty miles from Plum Creek Station. When we arrived at the head of Beaver Creek, we soon reached the Big Blue. When we came to Salt Creek we decided to stop for a week for rest, as this was a very fine camping place. After we left Salt Creek, we went to Nebraska City, When we stopped for several days at the Cincinnati House.

About eight o'clock one morning we crossed the river, and

about two o'clock we reached home. This was about March 20. (May).

About nine days after our arrival my little daughter was taken severely ill with the measles, which soon proved fatal and my baby which was only several months old was also taken with the measles, which took him from this wicked world to the home where he will never know sorrow, but the sorrow of loosing my two dear babes was more than I could endure.

I seem to ask the spirit
Which through their faces once shone
What of that world celestial,
To which thou now hast gone?
Dear went thou to the loved ones,
Who kept thee here below,
Can kindlier welcome bless thee
In homes thou now doest know.

Though not our own sweet treasures
We loved that life of things,
And those for whose parental joy
Its light was made to shine,
And since they have departed
We still would keep they name
And hold their new lifes mysteries
In sacredness the same.

Third Trip to Denver

My husband and brother William decided to take another trip to Denver, accompanied by our friend, Mr. Peck. The grief of loosing my two children had so affected my health I was unable to travel.

On the 20th of April they arrived in Denver. It had rained so hard previous to their arrival that Cherry Creek had over flowed and about one third of the town had been washed away, and several lives lost.

They decided not to travel any farther westward and returned home in June. We remained in Sidney until the latter part of July, when my husband and I decided to freight to Denver. Again my

husband and I were accompanied by my brother William and our cousin John Fletcher. When we bade our loved ones adieu little did we think of the sorrow that was awaiting us.

When we arrived at Nebraska City, we called on my brother John Fletcher to bid him good-bye. He tried to persuade us to wait until the warm weather had ceased and he would accompany us during this trip. But we were ready to go then so we decided not to turn back.

After about five days travel we arrived at the Junction, where we stopped to camp, but the next morning when we were ready to pursue our journey, we noticed one of our horses had strayed away and immediate search was made of which was a success. The next day we passed a train of Mormons, but they were entire strangers to us all.

We traveled onward until we arrived at Plumb Creek Station. Having no thought of danger, nor timid misgivings on the subject of the Indians as telegrams were sent as to the quiet, and peaceful state of the country through which we must pass. Being thus persuaded that fears were useless, we entertained none.

The beauty of the sunset, and the scenery around filled us with admiration as we viewed the beautiful landscape before us, tinged in purple, and gold. Without a thought of danger that was lying like a tiger in ambush by our train. *path.*

At Plumb Creek Station we were rejoined by nine wagons. This made our train consist of twelve wagons, which made it much better, for all of us, As our trains were loaded with freight, which we were taking to Denver and one of the men was obliged to stand guard for fear robbers might make an unexpected assault.

Where we camped at Plum Creek that night, my brother, and Mr. Marble stood guard the former part of the night, and my husband the latter.

About six o'clock in the morning we again started on our western course. My husband being quite fatigued requested that I should drive, which I gladly consented. While I was driving and my husband was fast asleep, all of my time was spent in viewing the beautiful landscape. Which I supposed we would soon reach. But Alas! That was only a momentary thought for far in the distance, I could see objects, which seemed to be approaching us, but on account of the great distance, they were inextinguishable. What could it be? I called to my husband, and he at once came to my side, when I told him to look, in the distance, and to tell me what that large group of objects could be. He at once thought that it was only a herd of buffalo, so he soon reclined upon the couch again and was soon fast asleep. But it wasn't long only a few moments until I soon observed they were Indians and I again called to my husband, and he said he knew they were Indians, soon the landscape before us was covered with the savages. Soon we observed they were warriors and were painted and equipped for battle, soon they uttered a wild cry and fired a volley from their guns, which made us realize our helpless condition.

This terrible and unsuspected apparition came upon us with such startling swiftness that we had no time to make preparation for defense. Soon the whole band of warriors encircled us and gave the war Whoop. Which I never shall forget. None but those who have had a personal experience in Indian warfare can form a just conception of the terror which this war whoop is calculated to inspire, with wild screams, and yells they circled around and

around which frightened our teams so they became uncontrollable. Thinking there might be some faint hope of escape, I sprang from the wagon. When my husband called to me, "Oh my dear, where are you going?" Those were the last words I heard him say. But our team was running so, and I jumped. I fell to the ground and before I could recover myself, one of the back teams came dashing by and the wheels passing over my body, I thought I could never make another attempt to rescue myself. But soon I was again so nerved by fear, or by the dread of death by such demon hands, I again made a desperate effort for life-- with all the strength I could procure I started for the river. When I met my brother and cousin, and they said, we had no hope of escape. ~~And~~ the Indians had encircled us, and the air was full of arrows. At that moment an arrow struck my cousin, which proved fatal instantly and he fell dead at my feet. In another instant three arrows penetrated my brother's ^{body,} he too fell at my feet, and his last words were, "Tell Susan I am killed, Good-bye my dear sister."

With naturally a sensitive nature, tenderly and affectionately reared, shuddering at the very thought of cruelty you can my dear ^{reader} imagine, but only imagine the agony which I endured, But neither the gloom of the forest, nor the blackness of night, nor both combined could begin to symbolize the darkness of my terror stricken heart.

My first impulse was to kneel by my brother, when upon kneeling I discovered two arrows lodged in my side. Just as I went to remove them, a horrible old warrior came up to me and demanded me to go with him. When I immediately told him no! I was going to stay by my brother. Before I could utter

another word he drew a large whip from his belt and began whipping me severely. But I soon made an effort to escape him and started to run, when two warriors came after me, and ordered me to stop or they would kill me. I told them I would rather die than to be led into captivity and I told them I was going to search for my husband. But those two Indians soon overtook me and demanded me to mount an old pony, or they would shoot me. I was almost paralyzed with fear for I had seen these Indians on our previous trip to Denver, but they had been at peace, and did not molest us. They were the Sioux and Cheyennes, the most savage Indians at that time. This band was commonly called the Ogallalla Band and to be taken captive by them almost made me pray to die instantly. But I still bitterly resisted to mount the old pony, but before I could make another resistance, they tossed me on to the old pony and took me to the wagons.

Such a sight as human eyes could behold was before me. The wagons had all been plundered, and the mangled forms of the dead were about me, and our teams were running at large over the prairie, with the Indians after them and war whoops resounding from every direction. Only one of the horses escaped, and found his way home, and with good care, he soon recovered as the Indians had wounded him many times with the arrows.

After the Indian succeeded in capturing several of the horses and killing the rest, they were ready to return to their camp. As they had massacred all my comrades, except little Dannie Marble. Two old chiefs, and two old Squaws came up to Dannie and I and told us we were obliged to go with them so

one of the warriors tossed me back of the ^{saddle, one one of the old Chiefs ponies and} other old chief. As ^{Dannie back} we were leaving I took the last look upon those so dear to me ^{of the} lying dead upon the ground, perhaps to be devoured by wild beasts and the war whoop resounding until I was almost deaf. I could not suppress my emotions, and began to scream and cry, when Old Red Cloud, the Chief which I was riding with, made many desperate threats, which only made the scene more horrible. The Old Chief Big Bear, which took Dannie, whipped the little fellow severely, because he too was crying. Oh! How I did pray to die, because I thought death would be a grand refuge.

There was a militia within hearing distance of the massacre, but they were too far away to rescue us. Soon telegrams were sent to all parts of the country, to save those who had not yet met, our same sad fate. Fortunately the train of Mormons we had previously passed, were saved, as they received a telegram of our horrible massacre.

As Dannie, and I traveled along the Indians talked very mean to us threatening our lives all the while. I voluntarily fell upon a plan which I thought might be of some use, and untying my apron I tore it into many small pieces, and threw them upon the ground. In hopes the soldiers might be able to follow the trail the Indians had taken.

Fortunately the Indians did not observe what my plan might be and made no objections. After we had traveled until almost noon, we reached a lake. Here the whole band stopped for rest and refreshments, and to divide up the provisions they had previously taken.

The Old Chief, Red Cloud said to me this was where they camped the night before they made the assault. As soon as Dannie

and I dismounted we sat down on the bank to rest for we were both so fatigued we were unable to stand. And the arrows in my side, I knew would soon prove fatal, if they were allowed to remain much longer. Fortunately, a Frenchman that made his home with the Indians, came up to me and asked me if those arrows in my side weren't almost unendurable. I told him I knew they would soon prove fatal for the agony, that I had endured, and was enduring was almost indescribable. He then voluntarily offered me his pen knife, and I soon removed the arrows from my side. I suffered dreadful from those wounds, and soon observed that I had two ribs broken, which rendered my condition much more horrible. While I was sitting here suffering both physically and mentally and trying to comfort Little Dan, who was crying like his heart would break. Several warriors came near us then they would toss scalps into the air, and laugh, with all the vengeance they could procure. Then the Old Chief Big Crow came up and threw a scalp into my face which I soon recognized, was taken from my own dear brothers head and their clothes were still wet from the life blood of my dear ones lying upon the battle field.

After they had tortured me with the scalps all they deemed satisfactory to themselves, they soon departed. But one of them soon returned with a piece of raw buffalo meat which he compelled me to eat.

After they had taken refreshments, we were again, placed on the back of the saddles with the same old chiefs previously mentioned. Soon a warrior, rode up by the side of me and struck me severely with a large whip. When looking at him real closely I observed that he had on my husbands

coat, which I ordered him to give to me, which to my astonishment, he complied to my request, and immediately gave me the coat.

Soon my attention was drawn to an object lying near the roadside, of whom I soon recognized. It was the form of Mr. Garret, who had been cruelly murdered, and thrown by the road side. Directing me toward the dead form of Mr. Garret they told me that would soon be my fate.

Little Dan began to cry and I told him I thought death would only be a grand relief, but to pacify the little fellow was beyond my power and the Indians told him if he didn't cease crying they would murder him. But I begged for them not to torture him any more for he was my papoose.

But the warriors were still for fight, and shot at us several times until the old chief ordered them to stop for they were greatly alarmed for fear they might get wounded as we were riding just back of the saddles on the same ponies.

That evening when we stopped to camp the Indians were so fatigued they all went to sleep, except the two who stood guard for fear we might make our escape.

Just before daylight, I sat upon my couch, and looked about me, as my mind was too full of care to admit of repose. And looking around I discovered Little Dan and when he saw me he came over to me and knelt down by my side and said he believed he was going to die for he had been very ill all night.

But I tried to comfort him the best I could and told him that surely God would rescue us from their demon hands.

When the squaws awoke, they arose and roasted some buffalo meat for breakfast. Which they demanded us to partake of.

To be taken from home where I had plenty of good substantial food and now to only have the one kind of food, deemed the surroundings still more horrible.

The second evening after my capture they had a big War Dance which to an observer of our nationality is a most horrigy-ing scene. At the beginning of the dance, they erected a pole in the center of the circle and decked it with human scalps. Then they all circled around this pole for several times, and then they all thrust their heads into the ground and moan, but the next scen~~t~~ they all rise, and thr~~ow~~²⁹¹ their lances into the air, and give the war whoop which makes the whole village ring.

The militia came in sight of the Indians during the dance, but did not dare attact them. For the militia only consisted of about two hundred, while the number of warriors were about five hundred and were equipped for battle, any time the soldiers should attact any time the soldiers should attact them.

They are always exceedingly desperate during the War Dance. But fortunately they did not torture us this time. The following day, just about sun down, how the sombre sky seemed to frown upon us as we arrived at the Village, When I dismounted I was surrounded by a number of squaws and each of them seemed to think they were entitled to me.

They fought over me until they had my dress almost all torn off me. When the old chief Red Cloud, the medicine man⁴ of the Cheyenne Tribe, came to my rescue, he ordered me to mount an old pony and go to his lodge. When we arrived at his lodge his squaw and daughter, Mitimoni rushed out, and lifted me from the pony and carried me into the teep⁴.

They soon prepared a supper for me of buffalo meat and

after I had eaten Mitimomi requested that I should lie down, and rest, which I did, for I was quite fatigued, and ill but I soon heard foot steps approaching and soon a Frenchman appeared, and gave his name as John Brown, ~~He~~ was a typical villan. For the first words he said. Who are you? and Where ^{are} ~~do~~ you come from? Which I soon told him. Then he asked me if the Indians had murdered my friends and I told him they had, then he laughed as a villan can and said ~~he~~ was glad of it. He then told me there were two women, and several children in the village who had been captured the day before. He told me the ladies names were Mrs. Eubanks and Laura Roper. But he said he didn't know whether the Indians were going to kill us yet or not.

He continued asking me questions, which I deemed unnecessary so I demanded him to leave the teepe at once. He then asked me if I had any money, but I soon told him that wasn't any of his business. But as the squaws had torn my dress so badly, the money belt I wore around my waist could be plainly observed. He at once drew a large saber and demolished my belt and took all of my money, which was five hundred dollars. Then he at once darted out of the teepe for fear the old chief might appear at any moment. As soon as the Chief came in Mitimomi and I told him of the conduct of Brown, and he at once ordered him to give up the money. This Brown refused to do. This made the chief very angry and he ordered him to leave the lodge at once, or death would soon be at hand.

Brown knowing the voice of the chief meant law, he soon deserted camp and I never saw him again.

The next caller was Mr. Bent, he was indeed quite a contrast to Brown. He was only quarter breed Indian and spoke good English. When he came in he bade me Good morning, and inquired about my health. I told him I was feeling dreadfully ill, and had great sympathy for me and told me he would have the medicine man give me some medicine so I could get well. He told me to keep up courage and regain my health and they would send me home when Peace was made. I had been crying so much my eyes were so swollen it was almost impossible for me to see. He told the chief of the ill condition of my health, and told them I would die, if they didn't doctor me. So the Chief at once, bound raw liver over my eyes and gave me roots and herbs to eat, and in three days I was feeling much better and my eyes were so I could see quite good again. Then they brought Mrs. Eubanks and Laura Roper over to see me. Which more joy to me than words can express. We all began to cry for we all knew each others sorrow, but we were not allowed to talk together only a short time for the Indians are so very superstitious that they were alarmed for fear we might make some plan of escape. Soon Mrs. Eubanks, and Miss Roper were taken to their own lodges and I was again obliged to view only the brown faces about me. But the chiefs daughter, Mitimoni was very kind to me, and stayed by my side night and day, and told me I must love her and acknowledge her as my sister and I was obliged to address the chief and his squaw as Father and Mother.

Mr. Bents called on me again and how delighted I was to see him as he was so very kind to me. But he didn't stop very long as he said Mrs. Eubanks, baby was quite ill, and he was

going over to see if it had proper care. But after he called on Mrs. Eubanks, and found the child was gradually improving. He came back to our teepe and told the chief, and his family to take me over to see Mrs. Hubanks that evening. The chief accepted the invitation and we all went over to see Mrs. Eubanks. I could not have never recognized her. If I had not had the knowledge that it was her. The Indians had painted her face with red, and blue paint, and put many curious decorations in her hair. Mrs. Eubanks was very sad that evening as she couldn't find any trace of her little girl. She didn't know whether she had been murdered or what had become of her. But fortunately one of the Indians brought the little girl to me and asked me if that was my papoose, but I soon recognized the child, and at once took it to it's mother which was a happy meeting for both mother and child.

The next week, they also painted my face with various colors of paint and gave me the name of Whe Ho, "The White Squaw."

I tried to persuade the chief that kept Mrs. Hubanks to let her come and live with me. He told me if Red Cloud, would give him four ponies I could take Mrs. Eubanks. After I had caught the ponies and took them to trade for Mrs. Eubanks he would not trade. When I went back to my own lodge, and told Red Cloud that he would not trade, he became quite indignant at the other chief and made many horrifying speeches about him.

Then the chiefs son spoke up and said he would marry Mrs. Eubanks if she would have him. I was dreadfully worried for I knew Mrs. Eubanks would not marry him and I did not know what the consequences might be. So he went over, and told Mrs. Eu-

banks he had come to marry her, and of course she at once refused him. He thought perhaps she could not understand him so he went, and got Mr. Bents the interpreter to talk for him. She soon told Mr. Bents she understood what the Indian said to her, but she said she would rather die than marry him. She told him they had killed her husband and friends and she despised the very sight of an Indian. As the chiefs son did not care very much for Mrs. Hubanks nothing more was said about her.

The following day they brought Little Dan over to see me, and he was crying bitterly, and told me he was starving to death. When I told the old squaw she immediately roasted him a piece of meat which he ate and was greatly refreshed. But the poor little fellow was so homesick and began crying, I told him, we would get home some day and how very very happy we would be. He soon ceased crying and was taken to his own lodge.

The next day they dressed me all up in Indian fashion, painted my face again, and decked my hair with feathers, and requested me to take a seat out beside the tent. I began to wonder what they were going to do, for I did not know what moment they might take my life.

Soon the chiefs son came out of the teepee all rigged out in his best toilet, and came over where I was and immediately sat down beside me. And told me he wanted to marry me. I told him No. I would not have him. Then fifty warriors came up with their bows and arrows drawn, and their demon eyes were all set upon me, and Mr. Bents came up to me and told me he was afraid the Indians would kill me if I didn't marry the

chief's son, and I told him they could kill me if they wanted to for I wouldn't never consent to marry an Indian. But the old chief came to my rescue and told me I didn't have to marry his son, if I didn't want him, and he told them not to kill me, because I was so brave. Then the old chief came and told me to go into the teepee and said he would send me home as soon as peace was made.

The next day Mr. Bents came over and invited Mitimoni over to visit with his squaw. When we arrived at his camp he introduced us to his squaw and to my surprise she could speak English equally as well as Mr. Bent. But she like Mr. Bent was only quarter breed Indian. Their teepee was decorated, with many georgous decorations which looked to me very grotesque. The old squaw took me on her lap and kissed me and told me she was so sorry the Indians had killed my husband and friends, then she would caress me and tell me not to worry for she thought I would get home some day. She combed my hair and tried to comfort me all she could in her grotesque way.

After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Bents escorted Mitimoni to our teepee and invited us over again the following week.

In several days about four hundred fifty warriors went out to fight on the Arkansas River, While the warriors were gone several traders came to trade for the captives. But they did not trade that but the chief told them to come again the following day, as we were going to move near Fort Lion, that day, We succeeded in moving and the traders returned the following day as the chief requested. But the militia came with the traders so they would not be molested. They succeeded

in trading for Dannie Marble, Laura Roper, Mrs. ^HEubanks little girl and also her nephew. Mrs. Eubanks and I were among the unfortunate. About the time the old chiefs expected the traders, they ordered Mrs. Eubanks and I tied down to the ground, with buffalo robes thrown over us, so we would be passed unobserved. And warriors stood near us, with bow and arrows drawn, ready to murder us, if we should make one faint murmur.

The traders thinking they had purchased all the captives soon departed. As soon as the militia and traders were out of hearing distance, they unbound us and allowed us to look at the militia until they were out of sight. Then the demons, would whip us and throw stones and scalps in our faces and threatened to take our lives. But the traders succeeded in reaching the Fort in safety and Laura Roper soon rejoined her loved ones at home. But the hardships the three children had endured soon proved fatal after they were taken to their friends.

In several days the warriors returned to the Village highly elated over their big battle. They had killed twelve persons and brought their scalps into camp. They also brought with them an infant about three months old, and had killed its mother. They also captured the stage coach and killed all the passengers. After they had tortured Mrs. Eubanks and I with the scalps until they thought they could torture us no longer they went to their tents and said no more to us that evening. But Mr. Smith a white man who had married a squaw came over that evening and told me the Indians said they would let me go home in six days, if the soldiers did not molest them. But the following day, several of the scouts rushed into the village and told the chief to move at once as the soldiers were in pursuit of them. The Indians traveled westward for several days until

they thought the soldiers had lost all trace of them, then they stopped to camp on a creek that came down from the mountains. Here the warriors again decided to have another bit battle. They were so boastful over their previous battle that they were ready for a still greater battle. When they had painted and equipped themselves for fight, they called Mrs. Eubanks and I out of the teepe and shot the air full of arrows and started their ponies off on the run, giving the war whoop as far as we could hear them. Such a sensation that passed over me when the war whoop could be heard for miles, for we prisoners well knew what it meant. *and the cruel fate some of our friends would be obliged to meet.*

In the afternoon Mr. Smith came over to my teepe to inquire about my health, as the hardships which I was obliged almost rendered me helpless the greater part of the time.

But when Mr. Smith arrived my eyes were so swollen I could scarcely recognize him. For I was so heart broken, I could not keep from crying. But he was very consoling and would tell the Indians they must not whip me so much or I might die. But all he could say, did not effect me, for I was so grieved that the whole world had turned to darkness and there was not one ray of hope in my terror stricken heart. After we had been talking and Mr. Smith was starting to go. The patter of hoofs could be heard and looking out we could see the warriors coming over the hills like a swarm of black birds. Soon that horrible war whoop was audible which almost made my heart cease its motion. As they came nearer and nearer the confusion that prevailed was almost unendurable. They had taken sixty head of horses, and the scalps of six white men and one woman. They gave Mr. Smith the scalps which he carefully viewed and the womans scalp he soon

recognized was from his dear sisters head. How he wept. He fell upon his knees and prayed to God that peace might be made and continued weeping until one of the chiefs observing him snatched the scalp from his hands and took him to his tent. As soon as they had taken Mr. Smith away, they told me they would never let me go home and they were going to keep me to get revenge. He told me the militia had killed about twenty of their warriors that day, and he wanted me to shoot at a mark and if I should happen to miss the mark death would be the result. But I fortunately hit the mark and I told them I could shoot better than that. Fortune seemed to present its self and I quickly observed an antelope on the hill side and taking true aim I deliberately killed it the first shot. The whole valley seemed to echo, and re-echo with their wild screams from one section of the village to another. I could hear them shouting Brave Whe Ho. The ~~White~~ ^{White} Squaw. Then the chiefs daughter immediately carried me into the camp and kissed me and painted my face in gorgeous colors and the old squaw soon roasted a piece of the antelope meat for me, which I had previously killed. After I had eaten the meat the chief Red Cloud stepped up to me and said Whe Ho go outside the teepe. I complied with his request and when I stepped out side the teepe Red Cloud ordered me to mount one of the swiftest horses in the village and one of the warriors told me he wanted to run a race so we ran the race and my horse being so much swifter than they have ever anticipated he was soon so far ahead of the other horse, the Indian did not want to run again. Then the warriors formed a large circle around a big ring they implanted and told me to ride around the ring three times and ~~If~~ ^{If} I should fall they would kill me instantly,

so the warriors all formed in a large circle with bow and arrows drawn ready to murder me should I fail in the attempt. Then they brought out the wildest and most savage horse in the village and painted it in gorgeous colors and then with all the nerve I could procure I mounted the horse, knowing if I should fail my death was at hand. Then one of the warriors took my horse by the bridle and led it inside the circle. When he struck the horse with a large whip and it at once started around the circle with great speed. When I came around the ring the third time I gave the war whoop which delighted the Indians and they all screamed and shouted Brave Whe Ho and shot their arrows far into the azure sky above us.

As soon as I could stop my horse, the chief seized my horses bridle and led it to our camp. The chiefs daughter Mitimoni assisted me in dismounting and the squaws seized me and caressed me, and carried me into the teepees. That evening they had a big feast and Mitimoni took me over to see Mrs. Eubanks. I also was allowed to talk to Mr. Smith and I asked him if he thought the Indians would ever let me go home, he said he begged them to give Mrs. Eubanks and I our freedom, but he could not get any definite answer from the chief. I began to cry for I knew the chief would tell Mr. Smith if he intended letting us free, but we were obliged not to let our grief ~~be~~ be known, any more than we could possibly help for that only delighted the Indians to see us so heart broken. The following morning the Indians gave a big Buffalo Dance. About two hundred warriors decked their ^{hair} head with feathers, and painted their faces and put on their best costumes which were made of silver dollars which made them look quite gaudy. After they had all completed their

toilette, they mounted their ponies, and with bow and arrows drawn they had a sham battle. After the battle they dismounted and danced around a large pile of buffalo heads which had been heaped there while they were having their sham battle.

They danced all day and in the evening they had a big dog feast which they deemed quite a luxury. Of course Mrs. Eubanks and I were obliged to eat with them knowing a refusal to such a feast would mean death.

The next day we began to travel the Indians fearing the soldiers might pursue them if they should camp here any longer. They traveled until we came to a stream they called Beaver Creek. Here we camped for the night and to their ~~sad~~ dismay one of their leading warriors died here that evening. I was glad I would rejoice of his death although I was obliged to appear as though I was greatly grieved or they would have soon put me to death. They at once prepared to care for him in their grotesque fashion, which was indeed a very strange mode of burial. They erected four large poles and implanted them into the ground then they made a net work of willow bands over the tops of them. Then They wrapped the dead body in blankets, and put him upon the network at the top of the poles, then they placed provisions by him for they said they didn't want him to get hungry before he reached the happy hunting ground. After this ceremony they danced around him, then they left several squaws to watch him to see that no evil spirits might come, and keep him from going to the happy hunting ground where there would be an abundance of wild game.

The next morning the tribe separated one half decided to go North and the other half west. They took Mrs. Eubanks

west and took me north, which separated us for life, as I never saw her again. But before we were obliged to separate they allowed Mrs. Eubanks and myself a good visit by ourselves. We were both saddened beyond description for we would only have the black faces to look upon and no one to relate our sorrow to. Oh, the sadness! that prevailed in my soul, when we were compelled to bid each other adieu. We plead with the chief to let Mrs. Eubanks go with me but all ^{our pleadings were} in vain. And when I could no longer see Mrs. Eubanks, darkness seemed to be around me more and more.

About noon we came to a river which the Indians decided to cross. The water was so deep our horses were obliged to swim, but when we were about half way across the stream my saddle girth broke and I was almost drowned before they came to my rescue. While my horse plunged on it ran against another horse which was carrying three papooses and they were thrown into the water and were drowned before aid could reach them. Finally we succeeded in reaching the shore and traveling for several days, we came to another lodge of Indians. Here we camped for several days and they were very kind to us, giving us provisions which we appreciated very much indeed.

While we were here the warriors made another massacre upon the whites. They killed five men and returned with twenty head of beautiful horses, as the soldiers were in pursuit of the Indians they did not select a permanent camping place for several days, but when they came to a beautiful spring they resolved to camp for some time, unless they received word the soldiers had found their trail.

After we had been here for almost a week, six Indians from Fort Lion came to the village and told the chiefs that the

soldiers wanted to make peace. One of the Indian traders told me to try to persuade the old chief Red Cloud to bring me to the Fort, and they would murder him, and I would get home. But the chiefs daughter fearing I was making some plan of escape would not allow us to talk any longer. Then Red Cloud demanded me to tell him what the trader had said. Where upon I at once told him the trader said, if he would take me to the Fort he could trade me for sugar and coffee. He said he would have taken me but there had been two chiefs gone to the Fort and had never returned and he said he knew the soldiers had killed them and he was going to burn me to the stake to seek revenge.

So the Indians set to work, and drove a large stake into the ground, and several old squaws chopped up a cord of wood, as fine as it could be chopped. Then they piled buffalo heads around the stake and brush and also many scalps. Then they led Mitimoni and I out, to see what they had done, and would dance around us and laugh, and say they were going to burn me. I told them I was very glad of it, that all of my trouble would cease, and I would go to the happy hunting ground. And would never see them again. Indeed I used all the will power I could procure and told them that I wanted to die at once.

The savages danced around the stake several times making many horrible threats but I could only insist upon them killing me. They could not endure to kill me as I wanted to die and with laudatory exclamations of white squaw heap brave, white squaw no kill, then they told me to step back from the stake, which I did where upon they set fire to the brush and in a few moments the flames rose higher and higher and the war

whoop, almost seemed to me like, it came from the voice of ^Satan. They had a big war dance and compelled me to dance with them.

I had not had a taste of food for two days and to join in the dance was quite an undertaking. ~~but~~ after the dance they gave me a large piece of buffalo meat, which I gladly accepted.

The next day they killed two men and scalped them and ^{also} took fifteen head of horses. We traveled until we were out of provisions and I would have starved had I not gathered prickley pears and the pods from the rose bushes. This was all the provisions I had for three days. During the last day I had become so fatigued, I fell from my horse and was unable to recover myself, when Mitimoni lifted me from the ground and placed me in a travine, in which I remained until we stopped for camp. Our camping place was a very beautiful place and we here remained for several days fortunately the warriors killed a buffalo and we all rejoiced for we had almost perished for food. But the next day the Indians became superstitious and concluded to travel farther west. We had traveled about three days when I became so fatigued I could no longer endure the hardships, and became unconscious and remained so for several days. When I recovered again they brought me a large medicine case, ^{they had previously taken,} I noticed it was labeled, strychnine, of which I pretended to taste, and passing it to one of the chiefs who was standing near by requested him to take a drink, which he did. In a few moments he fell to the ground dead. This alarming the Indians they took the bottle and buried it many feet, into the earth, and declared it contained an evil spirit. They also disposed of the remainder of the medicine. Then they had a big war dance, which lasted for several days. After the dance they went out for a big battle

before my illness and requested I should taste of each kind.

with the whites. They returned with a very pretty little girl about seven years old and she said they had killed her friends. She was a very intelligent child, but alas, could not understand that her only safety lay in obedience. The child cried continuously unable to endure the presence of the ugly savage faces. She would frequently declare she knew the Indians would kill her. The savages admired the little girl and evidently intended to be quite good to her, but at length weary of her continual fretting, a council was held to decide her fate. As the Indians bade me sit down beside the tent, and told me to hold the little girl upon my lap, which I did, and when she sat down and was going to throw her loving little arms ^{imploringly} about my neck a deadly arrow pierced her heart and she fell dead at my feet.

The savages evidently were sorry for what they had done, though conceiving it their duty, and laid her to rest with all the honors due a beloved one of their own tribe. The next day when they started to move again, they placed me upon a horse of a ^{vicious} disposition and not being able to control the animal, which seemed to delight in frequent plunges, I was thrown violently to the ground, which resulted in breaking my ankle bone and before I could recover myself from out the horses feet he gave a plunge and striking my feet broke them both across the instep. The chief then came up and kicked me several times because the horse had thrown me, but as soon as he observed the result of my fall he set my feet and endeavored to care for me the best he knew how. The wounds, and abuse together brought on an illness which almost proved fatal, but by the good care which the chiefs daughter gave me was the only hope of recovery.

As soon as I was able to walk again, I remember of the

beautiful camping place. The Indians had selected. It was in a beautiful valley and the surrounding hills were covered with luxuriant foliage.

Several of the squaws and I were strolling about when we came to a beautiful little spring. The water was so cool, and refreshing the chiefs daughter bathed my face and vowed that I would soon be well again. Beyond this spring we observed, a cluster of plum bushes which were laden with large ripe ^{plums} ~~apples~~, which was indeed a grand treat.

Before leaving this camp the warriors to have another massacre upon the whites, they were only gone one day, and when they came back they had with them one scalp and the hands and feet of a woman. The old chief Big Crow, who always delighted in torturing me would repeatedly throw the hands and feet of the dead woman, into my face, I could not endure this torture no longer, as I had not yet thoroughly recovered from my recent illness and I requested the chiefs daughter to make him stop torturing me, or I never would get well again, she requested him to leave the camp which he did and went over to his own, teepee but only to study some other means of torture.

The next morning when we were getting ready to travel again, he led my horse up to the teepee and to mount the horse at once, this I was obliged to do, and upon mounting, I quickly observed the scalp, I had seen the previous day attached to my saddle, and he told me ~~If~~ I should remove the scalp from the saddle, my scalp would be a substitute, no one can imagine the sorrow as day after day as I rode along, that scalp was always dangling on my saddle. I often thought I would try to make them think it had lost by the way side but they were so cunning it

was too desperate an undertaking so I decided to not make any effort to dispose of the scalp for I knew death would be the result if any of them should happen to observe me. So we journeyed on day after day and each day appeared like a week, finally they came to a lake, which they deemed, would be a fine place for antelope hunting. Here we remained for about four days. The warriors succeeded in killing several antelope, and had a big feast, and a war dance, then they were ready for another attack on the whites. One day they came dashing into camp, they had with them a handsome young woman, and as a warrior stepped to the side of her horse to assist her in dismounting she drew a pistol and shot him through the heart. She was immediately condemned to suffer death by torture, and was accordingly tied to a stake when numerous gashes were cut in her body and limbs, These filled with gun powder and finally ignited, with hot irons. The suffering woman's screams were dreadful and she would have been tortured this way until death mercifully rescued her had it not been for an old squaw who knelt down by the suffering victim and prayed for them to kill her at once and not to allow her to suffer such a horrible death. Her request being granted a tomahawk, soon ended the poor sufferer of her misery.

The next day they were more blood thirsty than they had been the previous day.

They were gone for two days and when they returned they had with a very small child. One of the warriors told me he killed its father and mother and he told me when its mother fell to the ground she screamed, Oh, you have killed me, this he would tell me and laugh, but I told him if he did not cease

torturing me I would call the great^d spirit and have him come and destroy them all. This he thought might be true and at once departed. But when they left this camp the child became ill and fretted continuously so one evening they threw it out by the roadside wither to perish for food or to be devoured by the wild beasts. All pleading were in vain to try to rescue the child, ~~was~~ that ^{only} ~~was~~ act they considered would make them more popular.

After several weeks continual traveling we came to the Republican River. We had not tasted one particle of food for several days only the prickley pears we gathered from the roadside, as we traveled along. Eight more days passed and all the rations I still could procure was the prickley pears. I knew I could not live much longer if I did not partake of some substantial food soon, so one night when we camped by a big tree that had probably been dead for several years I began to think up some scheme that might be the means of me securing my freedom. That night when they were all fast asleep, I slipped over, and taking the old chiefs mocasin, filled the toe with fire and ashes and ascended the tree, and soon set fire to the dead old tree, which was soon in flames, slipping quietly back to my blanket which was thrown upon the frozen^o ground, I soon pretended I was fast asleep, as fortune was in my favor, I was not discovered but only a short time elapsed when the burning branches fell upon the teepee and some of the fire, striking the old chief. He at once sprang up and shouted and called to every one. He came directly over to me, and asked me if I knew what the trouble all meant, and I told him that was the "Great Spirit" and they would all be killed, ~~If~~ they didn't quit torturing me, and let me go home.

This he positively believed, and the next morning they

gave me some food and new clothing, and they also gave me the best pony in the village. It was indeed a beauty. It was black and white spotted and they called it bird, on account of its great speed. They also took the scalp from my saddle and were better to me, for a while, ^{then} they ever had been, but this fright only was temporary for them, for when the traders came to trade for me they declared, they would never allow me my freedom. Despair then settled around me and I gave up all hope of ever getting home and as I was so grieved I became ill, and they would not allow me to taste of any food for they thought I would surely die, if I should eat, especially when I was so sad, I would have starved that time had it not been for an old squaw who lived in neighboring village would come to my teepe when they were all fast asleep and slip the food to me.

One after noon when I was kneeling upon the ground crying two little Indian boys came up to me and taking my hands from my face requested me not to cry any more. That their mamma had sent them over after me to come and do her work. Finally the old chief told me I could go and stay one day, if his daughter went with me, so the little boys led me to their camp, and when I arrived I was surprised to find it was where Mr. and Mrs. Smith resided. They were very kind to me. Mr. Smith was a white man from Fort Larmie who had married a squaw, but he had taught his squaw to speak quite good English. So I did not feel like I was so far from civilization when I was talking to her.

They had coffee and bread and buffalo meat for dinner. The bread was indeed quite a treat to me as it was the first bread I had eaten since I had been taken into captivity. Mrs. Smith also gave me a dress and numerous garments to complete my toilette.

She also talked very encouraging^l to me, and told me she knew the Indians would give me my freedom some day. She said they would only tell me they were going to always keep me just to make my life all the more miserable. But the old chief fearing some plan might be made for my escape came after his daughter and I just at sun down, and of course we were obliged to return to our own camp.

The next day the Indians tortured me so, by whipping me and gave me no food, so I thought I would take my own life. So I waited until they were all outside the teepee, then I threw a rope over the top teepee pole, and was just climbing upon a box to loop the rope about my neck when the old chief appeared and was going to whip me for attempting to kill myself, but the old squaw came in and made him leave the teepee until he would promise not to whip me, I told her I was starving to death, so she immediately roasted me a piece of meat.

The next day the chief ordered one of the ponies killed, which was enough meat to last for several days. Before we left this camp the weather became severely cold and I was obliged to go to the lake and carry a keg of water, for the use of the chief and his family. Some mornings when I went after the water, I thought I would surely perish, but I knew to return without the water ~~should~~ mean severe punishment. The warriors fearing the soldiers might come upon them, when they were least suspecting them, decided to cross the Platte, and take a different route. When we crossed the Platte, two Indians swam their ponies on each side of me with every intention of murdering me. Should the soldiers make an assault and might make my escape. After we had crossed the Platte they decided to camp in a thicket of willows so we

would not be observed by the soldiers, should they happen to pass nearby. Near this camp the Indians made another horrible massacre. They destroyed an ^fimmigrant train, killing the pass^gengers and brought to camp two beautiful horses and thirty head of cattle. The horses they kept but the cattle they slaughtered that evening. As they continued their journey to a creek they designated as Big Sandy, they committed a horrible massacre each day. Here they stopped for several weeks. Where they indulged in war dances and dog feasts. But they are naturally of such a roving disposition they never remained only a short time in any one section of the country.

They again traveled through the mountains killing all kinds of game that roamed in the locality, through which they passed. One day they had unusually good success and killed two elk, and a deer. Leasurly they traveled along, and they had been remarkable good to me. Until one morning they ordered me to mount a very unruly horse. I was dreadfully excited for I knew I wasn't strong enough to manage such a wild vicious animal. But I knew any resistance was useless, so I endeavored to mount and as I did so the horse sprang like a tiger, and threw me many feet into the air, which resulted in dislodging my ankle, and also my wrists. I suffered intense agony from the sprains which rendered me in a helpless condition for many days. The medicine man of the Cheyenne Tribe, Red Cloud set my wrists, and ankle, and ordered the squaw to place me in a travine, which consisted ^{of} a basket which was attached between two willow poles and these poles were attached to the ponies sides like shafts in this basket I rode for many weeks as I was so ill I was unable to ride horse back.

One evening we came to a large lake where they set up

their teepees to stop for several days. One morning the squaws took an old canoe and requested me to go out boat riding with them, although I knew it would not be a noted pleasure trip, and made no resistance when we were near the center of the lake one of the squaws gleefully threw me into the water. I was so fatigued I could not swim very long and the water was desperately cold, I gave up all hope of rescue, and was almost drowned before they took me into the boat. The exposure of being thrown into the icy water and being so chilled as I was unconscious when they brought me back to the teepee resulted in serious illness of which they thought I would not recover and they would loose me without getting any sugar and coffee for me. So they sent two of the Indians to the nearest Fort to tell the traders they were ready to trade me for coffee and sugar.

Then the old chief came over to me and said Whe Ho, you must get well we are going to trade you for provisions. They had told me so many times they were going to give me my freedom, I thought they were only telling me another falsehood. Which proved to be as I thought. The traders, and Indians returned the next day, but the chief had changed his mind and would not trade. After the traders had gone I was sitting on the bank of the river, I had been crying ever since and looking up to my surprise a snow white kitten came up to me and jumped into my lap and in less than a second it was gone as mysteriously as it had appeared. The next day one of the squaws came over to my teepee and requested me to make her a new dress. After I had the dress finished she put it on and remarked that she looked like Whe Ho the white squaw. About ten days later the chief Red Cloud accompanied by two warriors started for the Fort to trade me for provisions, but on the

way to the Fort, they met a Mexican with three yoke of oxen, and an old man and little boy. They killed the Mexican and took the oxen but they let the ^{boy} go and wounded the old man, who was unable to travel, was left upon the prairie, when they returned they told me they would have went to the Fort had they not taken the oxen which they could butcher and they would need no provisions from the Fort.

Almost four days had passed when we came to an Arapaho village where we were treated with great hospitality, but we did not stop here long but camped about ten miles from here. When about sun^d down one evening the chief told me the traders were coming to buy me and I would be free. He told me this was the truth if they would give him what he thought would be right, he would not keep me in bondage any longer, if I would promise to ^{in six months} return, which greatly delighted them all. ^{Of course I promised I would return} So the next day the chief with his squaw and Mitimoni and I all went over to eat with Sitting Bull and his family. Then we went over to Spotted Tail, teepe where we ate again. After we had visited all the chiefs tents such as those I have mentioned and those I will ^{now mention} ~~show or~~ we returned to our teepe. After having a big feast at Spotted Tail's teepe, we called on Big Mouth, Lone Horn, Spotted Horse, Little Horse, Swift Bear, Little Bear and Big Crow and Men Afraid of his Horse. These were all very popular chiefs, that were with this tribe. Old Grey-Head was very kind to me and often said he was sorry they had killed my husband, and friends. But the old chief Big Crow was very mean to me, and delighted in throwing scalps into my face, and murdering people before my eyes. For he was one of the most blood thirsty Indians of the Ogallala Band.

The next morning Red Cloud ordered me to take the lasso and catch two of the best ponies in the herd. After I had accomplished my task I brought the ponies to the chief, when two Indians appeared and mounted the ponies and galloped away. Red Cloud then told me they were going over to the Arappahoe village and thence to the Fort, to tell the traders they could come and trade for me. I almost shouted for joy when the chief told me if I didn't keep quiet he would not let me go I endeavored not to let him know. How my heart was longing to get free from bondage and I wasn't sure he was telling me the truth, or a falsehood, as they had told me they were going to sell me. So I would keep up courage, but this time it really seemed to me that I would get free.

About four o'clock that evening the Indians returned from the Fort and told me the traders were coming to the Arappahoe village that night and would be over the next day. Fortunately the traders arrived the next day. How I rejoiced in my own mind, for I thought they would surely trade for me this time. The traders were Mr. Coffey a French man a Sioux by the name of Suisnett and a Arappahoe called Black Eyes, when they arrived they had a big feast for them and after the feast the traders told the chief, they had come to trade for me. But the old chief told them he would not let me go unless they would give him what he thought I was worth. So Mr. Coffey the Frenchman told Red Cloud the government would give sixteen hundred dollars, \$1600.00 in trade for me. Mr. Coffey I was almost sure could make a trade which would effect my release, as he was personally acquainted with Major Wood who sent him. Mr. Coffey resided near Fort Larmie, and was married to a squaw so he was perfectly free

from all Indian attacks and spent his time as a trader. He was therefore determined to trade for me, for he knew the tortures the captives were obliged to under go. As I will continue my narrative, Mr. Coffey, offered to commanding Chief Red Cloud four good horses, three sacks of flour, forty pounds of coffee, seventy five pounds of rice, four packages of soda, and one sack of table salt. One sack of powder, thirty pounds of lead, twenty two boxes of caps, one saddle, twenty yards of bed ticking, two spools of thread, ten combs, ten butcher knives, one box of tobacco, thirty bunches of beads, all colors of paint, and three papers of needles, one rifle and three revolvers, five blankets, a belt and saber and two new government coats.

The chief listened intently while Mr. Coffey was making this proposal, after the old chief spent several moments in meditation. He arose and left the teepee calling the Indians together, they held a consultation and the traders were invited to join them, and repeat the list of provisions they would receive, if they would grant me my freedom.

The next morning the Chief told he would let me go if I would faithfully promise to return to them in six moons. But before I left they compelled me to give up my buffalo robe and most of the clothing which the traders had brought for me to wear for the weather was intensely cold and it seemed like a perilous undertaking, but before I started the chiefs daughter, kissed me repeatedly and told me she would come to Fort Laramie in six moons, When I mounted my horse she kissed my feet and fell upon the ground and wept, and several of the squaws followed her example, although I cannot say I appreciated their caresses. As we left the village, I was accompanied by the three

traders, and Big Foot a Sioux chief, Big Crow a Cheyenne chief and several other Indians.

When we departed, I could hear them shout Brave Whe Ho, for miles and miles, but we kept our horses on the run for fear they might at any moment decide to recapture me.

That evening we arrived at the Arappahoe village where we stopped for the night. The Arappahoes would not molest us as the traders had stopped there the previous evening and one of my escorts was an Arappahoe.

Here Mr. Coffey procured for me ^{more} ~~some~~ clothing, for I would have perished before I could have reached the Fort. The following morning just at sun rise we again pursued our journey. We traveled all day and until mid-night when we stopped, in a calley our of the cold bleak wind, which was blowing like it would sweep us from the earth. We were dreadfully fatigued for we had not had a taste of food since we left the Arappahoe village, so we dismounted and Mr. Coffey immediately scraped the snow off a small portion of the sod, to build a fire, and make some coffee, but no sooner was the fire blazing when the old familiar war whoop was distinctly heard, upon the surrounding hills, Mr. Coffey at once scraped the snow over the fire and we concealed ourselves until the Indians had passed by. Mr. Coffey deemed it unprofitable to under take to try to build another fire, as the Indians might observe the blaze and be upon us before we could have any chance of escape.

We traveled on for if we should stop for one minute to rest a recapture would have been the result, as the Indians were all the time in pursuit of us. To keep up my courage was almost an impossibility for I was so near frozen I could no longer guide

my horse, and was almost perished for food.

For five days of continual travel since I last viewed the Indian village on Powder River had I tasted any food, except a piece of raw buffalo tongue, which I ate as we traveled along. And that was such a scant piece, of meat as the buffalo tongue was divided among seven. At the close of the fifth day I crossed the Platte Bridge, and the Indians were in sight, and their thrilling war whoops could be ^{distinctly heard} distinguished, but as soon as I crossed the bridge, one great hope was accomplished, for the Fort Clear Creek was only a short distance from the Bridge and with all the joy I ever experienced came to me as the soldiers took me into the Fort, where I was treated with great hospitality.

The Captain of the Fort was Rhandheart, and the Lieutenant was Britton, but I was obliged to leave this Fort in the night as the Fort was so small, the Indians could have easily re-captured me. Fearing they might make an assault the next day, I accompanied by the traders left this Fort about mid-night so we might not be observed by the Indians for it is very seldom they make an assault before daybreak.

Our next hope was to reach Deer Creek Fort without the Indians overtaking us. But the traders knew Indian treachery so perfectly. That they kept our horses in the run all the way. Several horses had lost their lives on this terrible expedition but we would mount another horse and leave the dying one by the roadside. When we were in sight of Fort Deer Creek, Mr. Coffey, fastened the reins about my wrists as my hands were so frozen I was unable to use them any more. Mr. Coffey told me to guide my horse the best I could by the aid of my arms, and

not to look back, for the Indians were in sight coming over the landscape in all directions. The traders horses were unable to keep up with me, for they had given me the swiftest horse, so if any thing ^{should} happened to them I could reach the Fort in safety. When I reached the Fort and the war whoop was shut out from my hearing, I gave thanks to God for my escape this far.

What a terrible realization it is for the war whoop, to be audible for many miles back of you and knowing if your horse should fail it would be death, or a re-capture.

My dear reader; You can only imagine the reality of such an experience. At this Fort I met a white woman, which made me realize more and more that I was again entering civilization. She was only a stranger to me, but she seemed to me like one of my dearest friends, and her very presence gave me joy beyond expression.

But I was obliged to leave this Fort during midnight as it was not strong enough for my protection, if the Indians should make a violent attack. Just before I left this Fort and old man with snow white hair knelt down by my side and prayed to God that I might see my loved ones at home again. His prayers gave me new courage, and after traveling many a weary hour we ^{succeeded in} reached ^{ing} Fort Bounty unmolested.

Starting from Fort Deer Creek in the night threw the Indians off their guard for they supposed that I would surely remain there several days. The next Fort we reached after leaving Fort Bounty was Horse Shoe Fort. Here we received telegrams that the Indians were still in pursuit, and not to stop long. For we would not get to the next Fort. We only had one more Fort to reach. Then I knew I would be safe for that

was such a strong Fort. It would have been an impossibility for the Indians to re-capture me. ~~To~~ we at once mounted our horses and started for Fort Larmie. How I trembled with fear as we rode along for I did not know what moment the Indians might ^{per-}sue us and lead me back into captivity, when I was so near a place of refuge.

How I dreaded the very thought of the savages, and how fear surrounded me when Mr. Coffey told me of a canyon we were obliged to pass through before reaching Fort Larmie. For well I knew the savages would have every advantage to recapture me.

But to my glorious surprise when we reached the canyon we were met by the militia, who had been sent from Fort Larmie for my protection and fortunately the Indians did not appear.

Telegrams had been sent from Fort Horse Shoe, about the time we would reach the canyon. They had also stated the ill condition of my health after such a perilous expedition so the officer had ordered an avalanche in which I occupied from the Canyon to the Fort. Mrs. Bullock sent an invitation by the captain requesting me to stop with her while at Fort Larmie. On inquiry I found her to be a woman of pure character, and kindly accepted the invitation. I was so fatigued I thought the distance to be much greater than it really was. But as soon as we reached the Fort, the avalanche was driven up to the door of Mrs. Bullocks residence, and Mrs. Bullock at once rushed to the avalanche and drew me into the house before I could scarcely realize my situation. Oh! the joy that prevailed in the Fort that evening is almost indescribable. Many salutes were given from the cannon, ^{Then} the Band struck up some of the most melodious selections, which seemed to me, ^{like} a different world. I

wept for joy and praised God for my freedom, and returning to civilization once more. I found Mrs. Bullock to be a fine lady and hospitably^{el} entertained. For as soon as the music ceased the whole militia came into the house to see me, and also all the occupants who resided at the Fort. After I had met all the friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock escorted a number of chosen guests and myself to the dining room, where a bountiful supper was served. It was the finest supper I had viewed for six long months. How I thought of the privations I had undergone more and more as I glanced around me. How they were protected and well cared for and I had been obliged to travel with the savages without food or shelter. It was almost impossible for me to suppress my emotions.

After supper I told them of the conduct of Big Crow, who had assisted in the massacre of our train, and had continually tortured me all the time I was in captivity. When they immediately telegraphed to the Forts to capture him and put him in irons, if they could possibly and bring him to Fort Laramie. The capture of Big Crow being a success he was brought to Fort Laramie. He was imprisoned and sentenced to be hung Feb. 14, but however they prolonged his death until June 1st. He would often tell me that he would like to kill me and said if he ever got free he would kill more white people than he ever ~~did~~^{had}. He seemed like a demon, and often said if he could get the chance he would yet take my scalp before I could reach home. About this time soldiers were having a serious time with the Indians at Mud Springs. The Indians had made several attacks but were each time defeated.

But as their ammunition was almost exhausted and the

Indians were receiving reinforcements. Col. Collens with one hundred men, and an immense amount of ammunition succeeded in reaching Mud Springs unmolested. As they arrived at the Fort in the night the Indians were all taking their rest, to make another assault at sunrise. Had reinforcements failed to reach Mud Spring at once the Indians would have made a horrible massacre as the Indians came upon them the next morning two thousand strong. Soon another telegram reached Fort Laramie, calling for fifty more men and a supply of ammunition and to be sure and come at the dead of night, or they would be slaughtered before assistance could reach them. As the Indians were then two thousand strong, and would probably receive reinforcements the next day as they previously had done. Lieutenant Brown with fifty men and artillery at once started to reinforce them. They arrived just in time for if they had been in such a desperate battle the following day as they had previously had they would probably been defeated. After one more desperate assault the Indians were defeated. But one of the soldiers met with a horrible death during this battle. He was riding the horse which assisted me in my escape. This horse was naturally very high spirited and during the battle became uncontrollable and dashed into the thickest of the battle among the savages which resulted in the death of both horse and master.

They seized the soldier and they continued to mutilate his body by cutting his heart out and tossing it into the air, then they cut off his fingers and toes, and continued to disjoint him. Then threw him upon the ground and crushed him into the cold damp earth.

After the Indians had all departed from the battle field and had taken with them their dead and wounded the soldiers returned to Fort Larmie highly elated over their great victory. It was at Fort Larmie that they told me, how nearly Col. Summers who was in hearing distance of our massacre and rushed on in hopes of assisting us, carefully had the militia to place them in their lone graves, before anything could have the opportunity to molest them. This was a great relief to me, for I had always worried, and wondered whether they had been properly laid to rest or had been devoured by wild beasts.

While here at the Fort I met Mrs. Larimer who had been taken a prisoner by the Indians previous to my arrival, related to me the sad experience in which they met with the savages. Their train consisted of eleven persons and five wagons. The persons were Mr. Kelly and his wife and child a Mr. Wakefield, a Mister Sharp and three hired men, besides Mr. Larimer and child and herself. The same unsuspected apparition came upon them with the same startling swiftness that we had experienced. As Mrs. Larimer related. The Indians came upon them before they could prepare for defence, but Mr. Larimer's knowledge of Indian character taught him that prompt action is the only safe guard against Indian treachery, so he at once ordered the wagons corralled, but realizing our helpless condition remonstrated a single shot being fired, fearing to provoke an attack which though probably was not a certainty, and entreated them to forbear, and death would be the result, if any defense was attempted. The ready facility with which the wagons were corralled most likely intimidated the savages.

The savage leader however advanced uttering the word

How, How, and placing his hand upon his breast said in English, Good Indians, and pointing toward his men he added. Heap Good Indians, hunt buffalo, antelope and deer, then offered his hand with usual salutation of his people. How, How, and turning in his saddle he motioned for his men to advance, and follow his example. They were desperate looking fellows their only mode of dress to the waist was a coat of red paint their heads were invariably uncovered and their feet were dressed with mocassins. With miraculous rapidity the Indians mounted into the wagons and commenced the work of distributing and destroying the contents. Mrs. Kelley kept her seat in the wagon until her presence was regarded as irksome when the chief threw her violently to the ground and dragged her some distance as I soon joined Mrs. Kelley signs of alarm were manifest in our appearance. We then thought there might be some hope of escape. I was almost afraid to make the attempt yet not withstanding, we made a few steps for the purpose of starting hastily toward the timber, but the vigilant eyes of the savage chieftains were immediately upon us and in an authoritative manner he called in English saying Come Back. Realizing the futility of the present effort I obeyed and asked him for protection, which he did not seem inclined to promise that we should have. As still related to Mrs. Larimer, darkness was coming upon us. It is only those who have looked over the dark abyss of death that know how the soul shrinks from meeting the unknown future. ~~For while hope offers the faintest token of regard, we pause upon the fearful brink of eternity and look back for rescue. As Mrs. Larimer continued her narrative to her grief was almost an impossibility. For while hope offers~~

the faintest token of regard, we pause upon the fearful brink of eternity and look back for rescue. As Mrs. Larimer continued her narrative to surpress her grief was almost an impossibility. For as she told me of the massacre the recollections of our previous massacre all came before me, and I could no longer surpress my emotions and we both wept for we both had gone under the blood thirsty vengeance of the savages. ~~As~~ Mrs. Larimer again related, *By* force, she was thrown upon an old pony and begging imploringly for her child, they hesitated then placed the child in the arms of its mother. As we turned to leave the Valley of Little Box Elder, with anxious eyes we strove to penetrate the shadows of the woods, where we thought a part of our friends might have taken refuge. The smouldering ruins of much of our property had fallen into ashes, the smoke faded away and night had covered the traces of confusion and death. Mr. Larimer had been shot, but succeeded in concealing himself among some bushes and scarcely daring to breathe, as Mr. Larimer relates. He could hear the noise of the chopping and breaking of boxes, and the voices of the Indians calling to each other and finally the chanting of their monotonous war song as they took their way across the hills carrying his yearning thought with them for dreading to dwell upon what might be the fate of his wife and child. At one time almost resolving to rush back and sacrifice his own life with no hope of saving them. But his knowledge of Indian character persuaded him they might be redeemed with money and he determined to save his own life, with the faint hope of some day ~~rescuing~~ ^{rescuing} them. When the morning dawned, Mr. Larimer urged by his anxiety for the fate of his family, returned to the wagons

to examine the ruins, although dreading to dwell upon what the fearful spot might disclose, when proceeding only a short distance lurking Indians could be discovered upon the hills near by, but not withstanding his dangerous position hastened to the place and ascertained the number of the dead and the absence of his family. Then sought shelter under a projecting rock to await the arrival of travelers, they were in the rear the previous day. Fortunately they arrived, after many long hours of perilous waiting, and carefully viewing the grounds where the massacre occurred and mode of burial was sad indeed, as the four dead bodies were solemnly consigned, uncoffined to the earth. A buffalo robe that had been left was placed over them and then the earth was piled upon their unconscious breasts. As Mrs. Larimer told me of her escape. It was indeed a perilous undertaking. After many days, travel the greater part of the time carrying her child in her arms. She succeeded in making her escape and when upon arriving to the Fort she was gladly welcomed by her husband who had succeeded in making his escape but was still suffering intensely from a flesh wound, that pierced his thigh during the massacre but with good care Mrs. Larimer thought he would recover. After a several weeks visit at Fort Laramie, each day I was beautifully entertained by Mrs. Bullock and also all the ladies at the Fort treated me with great hospitality, which I appreciated immensely. To be taken again into civilization seemed to me like real paradise.

On Thursday morning, Feb 26th, 1865 and after I had bade my many new friends adieu, and just before I entered the avalanche which was to carry me away. The band played the dear old familiar selection entitled "Home Sweet Home." Which was so

inspiring to me I could no longer suppress my emotions and the words presented themselves to me were.

Joy to thee happy friend, thy bark has passed the rough sea's foam. Now the long ~~yearnings~~ ^{yearnings} of the soul are stilled. Home! Home! thy peace is won, thy heart is filled, ~~thou~~ art going home.

After several beautiful selections had been rendered, a purse of fourteen hundred dollars, \$1400.00 was given me as a token of friendship. As I left the Fort enroute for Sidney Iowa, the joy that prevailed in my soul is almost indescribable, and the kindness which was bestowed upon me, shall never be forgotten, as long as I am permitted to live. Although all were new acquaintances they were all so kind and affectionate I learned to esteem them very highly.

Upon leaving Fort Larmie, I was escorted to Fort Kearney, by a militia and Mrs. Bullock and Major Underhill. This journey was indeed quite a contrast to the one I had previously taken for the ~~avalanche~~ protected me from the bitterness of the weather, although I was very anxious to see my loved ones at home. Yet the thought of my leaving my new friend Mrs. Bullock who had entertained me with such sincere hospitality during my stay at Fort Larmie.

During our journey the first place of importance was the battle field of Mud Springs where the desperate battle had so lately occurred. Here we were told by the Regiment Eleventh Ohio, under commander Collens how the Indians would make the attacks and also directed us to the spot where the faithful soldier, was so brutally murdered by the savages.

When we arrived at Bova's Ranch, many rushed out to the avalanche to offer their congratulations. Here I was also given a purse of ten dollars, \$10.00. I will now relate a scenery

which greatly impressed me. It was Scotts^B Bluffs.

The passage through these Bluffs is very intricate and dangerous for teams to pass, but I was not in the least uneasy, because I was so accustomed to adventuring I thought as something very common. At times the drifting sands almost obscure the high walls, which rise several hundred feet on either side, cedar and pine trees are seen growing from the crevices or standing apparently upon the naked rocks. To a person below, these trees seem to be insignificant shrubs, but upon near inspection they are found to be trees of large dimensions.

The next days travel brought to our observation a far more beautiful scenery, chimney Rock, It is in the form of a shaft or pillar and springs from the Apex of cone, and is three hundred eighty feet high. This rock stands five hundred feet from a bluff of which it seems to have once formed a portion. At

its base is a stratum of limestone which is gradually crumbling away. *We came to an equally curious phenomenon, which is Court House Rock,* About eighteen miles from Chimney Rock, which is formed of sand and clay, Court house Rock is a positive object which greatly attracts the interest of travelers. It stands out in bold relief, and is only a short distance from a stream of water, called Pumpkin Creek, which is supplied from numerous springs and snows of the mountains, and is always flowing with an abundance of pure water. But of all the glorious grandeur is Court House Rock. It is surely the result of a wonderful freak of nature. It rises grandly from its base at the level of the water, in neighboring creek previously mentioned, and is six hundred feet to its summit in the form of a pyramid, reminding one of the work of the Titans or antediluvian giants, that might have erected it for a look out from which to watch, and

guard the surrounding country, of for a monument to survive their day, and record their existence.

The view from the Summit of Court House Rock, is extremely grand To the Northwest can be seen the strange and singular outlines of Chimney Rock and the rolling hills beyond. To the southward immediately at its base, is a Chasm or abyss in the depths of which the view is left in darkness. Court House Rock derived its name from its fancied resemblance of some magnificent ruin.

Continuing our journey until we crossed the Platte, we came to what had been the flourishing little town of Julesburg, but now there were only a few ruins left to mark the spot. The questionable advancement of Julesburg was of short duration. For as the Union Pacific Railroad progressed other towns sprang into existence farther west and divided its prosperity until the inhabitants seeing the futility of remaining at Julesburg, followed the work and the city was deserted in a space of time.

Julesburg was located on a sandy plain with a few hillocks rising around and some craggy heights visible in the neighborhood toward the north. A story is told of two Indian chiefs Spotted Tail and Big Mouth meeting at Julesburg, a member of the English Parliament who like themselves had come to see the city that had come into existence. The English Lord and his party determined to visit the red man's lodge and taking an interpreter they departed under the escort of the chiefs who believing their guests were persons of distinction tendered them every honor and the best entertainment their camp afforded. Big Mouth being especially interested with the courteous visitors begged that the English Lord would accept a memento of his kind feelings, which could be carried beyond the great waters. To this the nobleman assented when behold, the proud chieftain led forward a young squaw, his daughter and offered her in marriage, but being the husband of a fair lady, with many thanks and some embarrassment the gentlemanly

stranger declined the precious gift.

As I will again continue my narrative, as to our journey, Our next stopping place was at Captain Wilcox's, where we secured rest and refreshments. Pursuing our journey for three days we came to Cotton Wood Springs. It was here I received word from home, which filled my soul with new zeal and animation. For here I met my cousin who was one of the militia, who was stationed here for protection against the savages. He had recently received a letter from my father who related his friend of my sad fate, wondering if I was dead or was still in captivity. The joy that prevailed in my soul as I read and re-read the letter written by my own dear father, brought gladness to my heart, beyond description. For I began to realize more and more that I was a free woman, and no longer a captive.

About thirty miles from here we came to Plum Creek, where my husband and friends had been slain before my eyes. Oh, the grief that filled my soul, as I knelt down by their graves, and as I recounted the sorrow of the terrible massacre. I could not suppress my emotions for the grief that reigned supreme in my heart, seemed greater than I could bear.

"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless millions mourn" Terrible were the scenes that passed through my mind, as the sight of the savages as they came upon us that morning, came fresh to my memory and were truly appalling. No one only those who have had a personal experience can realize the thoughts that fired my brain, and oppressed my heart, as my memory led back to the sight of the ghastly corpses about me, and the savages with blackened faces, and fierce and uncouth gestures, which seemed to me is to be a never-to-be^{for} forgotten scene. As I now look back upon that horrifying morn, I wonder that I ever survived, and as I turned to leave the graves of those so dear to me the memory of that fatal morning came repeatedly before me, not as a picture in memory but a present reality.

The sun was fast sinking below the western horizon, when I again entered the avalanche, and cast a lingering look upon the graves of my loved ones. After leaving Plum Creek, our next stopping place was Fort Kearny. Upon arriving to Fort Kearny, I found to my surprise Colonel Chivington bound in irons, for slaying the old Indians and also the squaws and papooses at the Battle of Big Sandy. He did not lead the soldiers during this battle, but stepped back and told them to murder old and young the same. I had known Colonel Chivington previous to my capture and knew him to be an upright man, and swore him free. The Indians had captured one of his relatives and I knew it, and when I was called upon the stand, I asked the Judge what if he had been placed in the same position as Colonel Chivington. He spent several moments in meditation then ordered the Colonel set free.

The next day I bade my new friends adieu, and took the stage enroute for Nebraska City. The militia went from Fort Kearny to Omaha and Mrs. Bullock continued her journey to her mother's home in Pennsylvania, and Major Underhill returned to Fort Laramie.

The stage did not stop day or night until arriving at Nebraska City. When I arrived at Nebraska City, I stopped at the Morton Hotel. They were related to my husband and had given us a fine reception, the evening before we started on our last trip to Denver. I did not let myself be known for I was so fatigued, I knew I could never talk to them that evening for I knew they would want me to probably give an account of the massacre and to relate this tragic event, seemed to me that my voice would fail me and to suppress my emotions was more than I could overcome.

The following morning I took the stage at Nebraska City and all went favorable until I came to the Missouri River, which I was to cross before I could reach home. The ice was floating down the river with great rapidity and the ferry boat, could not wend it's way across the river, as they were

afraid the boat would be dashed to pieces.

I was so anxious to get home and was so accustomed to facing danger I resolved to make a desperate undertaking, and cross the river in a skiff, and a boatman who had also faced danger until he too had lost all dread of fear, decided to take me across the river. I could realize this was a perilous undertaking but I had undergone such dreadful peril, I thought I would surely succeed in arriving home in safety as I was all ready so near those who supposed I was not on earth or still in captivity.

It was with unfaltering courage that we reached the opposite shore as the cakes of ice were all the time drifting around our boat, and we were carried down the river for over a mile, before we could reach the opposite shore. Finally we succeeded in reaching the landing in safety and I took the stage, which took me directly to my girlhood home. It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon March 9th, 1865 when I was escorted from the stage, into my father's house, where joy prevailed through out the whole house. Soon the news was circulated of my return, and hundreds of my friends rushed in to offer their congratulations and sympathy. Oh, the joy that reigned supreme in the family is almost indescribable. It seemed to me like I had arose from the dead, and had awakened and found myself in Paradise.

"The darkest cloud had its silver lining, if not it's golden border Till I had known sorrow, I did not could not know sympathy. I was now free once more and no longer a captive of the Ogallalla Band, but a free woman, tenderly cared for by my own dear father.

What a contrast, to be with my own generous people, who were so kind to me, for I had been snatched from society of loving friends and tender and affectionate relatives and friends, and was plunged into hopeless, helpless servitude to these inhuman, fiendish monsters, whom I had seen brutally murder those so dear to me.

Several days after my arrival, my little brother led my horse up from the barn, who had been fortunate enough to make his escape during the massacre and return home. Numerous scars were visible upon his body, where the deadening arrows had been implanted, but as he was treated with extreme care, he made a rapid recovery. About ten days after my return I received a letter from Mr. Coffey, who effected my release from the savages. His letter read as follows;

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

March, 19, 1865

Mrs. Morton,

Dear Lady:

I was going to-day to start down to see you but I will go down by steamboat as far as Saint Joseph. I will probably return in eight or ten days, and I will spend a day or two with you.

I hope you are enjoying yourself at home and are happy after all the hardships you had to suffer last winter. My best respects to you, your father and your relations.

I will be happy to make their acquaintance on my return from Saint Joseph.

Very respectfully yours,

Jules E. Coffey.

After remaining at home during the spring and summer. On November 19th, 1865 I was married to Mr. C. W. Stevens who was a resident of Sidney, Iowa. We resided in Sidney for several years, when we moved to Monroe County, Iowa, where we lived for many years upon the farm. Receiving a large sum for our farm we decided to sell and moved to Bancroft Nebr. But on finding a favorable location on a farm near Jefferson in the state of Iowa, where we decided to make our future home.

Four children came to brighten our home. Three of whom are living and are married, but our fourth child died when only several weeks old.

As I have now given a complete history of my life, I will now close this chapter and bid the reader farewell,

Mrs. G. W. Stevens.

Appendix.

Testimonials.

This is to certify that I James D. Curran, have been acquainted with Mrs. Nancy Morton now Mrs. G. W. Stevens for over thirty five years. I know her to be captured by the Indians in Aug. 8, 1864 and I was near Fort Laramie when she was ther on her way home in the spring of 1865. and have known her ever since I was in the 1 st. Nebr. Veteran Cavalry, and I was on duty, at Fort Laramie when the big Indian (Big Crow) was executed.

James D. Curran,

Sidney, Iowa.

Chillicothe, Iowa

April, 4, 1900

Mrs. Nancy Stevens:

Your letter of recent date received and in reply, will state you what I know of the Plum Creek Massacre.

At the time the Indians killed your husband and friends and captured your stock and burnt the wagons I was stationed at Fort Kearny. I was second Lieutenant Co. B. 7th, Iowa Cavalry.

We received the dispatch about seven o'clock A. M. We left for Plum Creek and arrived ther in the evening. The wagons were yet

burning. As we were detailed by Colonel Summers to bury the dead bodies, we buried the eleven dead men in a long trench but nothing had molested dead previous to our arrival.

I observed your train as you passed through Fort Kearny, I noticed your farming implements and large supply of provisions I staid in command some weeks at Plum Creek, from Plum Creek I went to Fort Leavenworth Kansas, as I have now related to you my evidence I will desist.

Yours truly,

F. G. Comstock, Sr.

State of Iowa) SS
Wapello County)

I John S. Wood of Ottumwa, Wapello Co , Iowa, being first duly sworn on oath, do say; That I was Major of the 7th Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, and was in command of Fort Laramie during the months of August, September, October, November and December, 1864.

During the month of August, in said year, I was informed by telegram from Gen. Mitchell, at Omaha, who was commanding the sub-district, that a party of emigrants, thirteen in number had been massacred about August 8, 1864 at Plum Creek, Nebraska, and all the party killed and shot, except a woman by the name of Mrs. Morton and a boy named Marble, whom they had taken prisoners and instructing me to keep a sharp look-out for the band of Indians as no doubt they would go North.

I discovered that it was a band of Cheyenne Indians and that they had gone North of Fort Laramie into the Big Horn country. Subsequently along in October, I fitted out two Cheyenne Indians. Spotted Horse and Little Horse with three or four horses, laden with flour, sugar, coffee, tobacco, tea, clothing, blankets and various other things, and sent them North to the Big Horn country to try, and locate the prisoners. Mrs. Morton the boy Marble; and also

a Mrs. Kelley, who had been taken prisoner at another place.

The Indians came back, and reported where the prisoners Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Kelley were, but reported that the boy had been traded off down at Fort Union. I then sent John Rousseau out with about four head of horses, and the same character of an outfit as before, which was intended as a ransom for the women, to effect their release. He came back and reported that he had made a treaty, and left them all the goods, and horses, but that upon leaving they refused to give Mrs. Morton up thinking she was a big man's wife, and the ransom was not sufficient. He said if any thing would get her it would be a certain gray mare that I had, which they prized very highly.

About the latter part of December, 1864 I sent out Jules E. Coffey, a Frenchman who had an Indian family living close to Fort Laramie, and sent with him six horses loaded as previously, with the same character of goods, and also sent with him this gray mare, and a brown horse, both of which were my own personal property. He proceeded to the Indian camp, which was three or four hundred miles north and there made a trade with the Indians, giving them all the horses, and the goods which he had taken, and effected the release of Mrs. Morton, and brought her to Fort Laramie.

I further state that Mrs. Morton furnished me with information through Little Horse, and Spotted Horse that the Indians were making preparations to make a raid upon the different forts along the line above and east of Fort Laramie, and upon the stock. I notified the different posts Platte Bridge, Deer Creek, Horse Shoe and Fort Mitchell of the facts furnished me by these Indians. She also sent the same kind of information back by Rousseau, upon his trip. I again notified the commanders of these posts, and the people generally of the information I had received and to be prepared for the attack of the Indians in case it should be made.

The records of the war department will show that the attacks were made and in which some of the herders, at my own post were killed, and that attacks

were made at other points along the line. By reason of the information received from Mrs. Morton, as above stated, we were the better prepared to meet the attacks, and were enabled to prevent a great deal of loss of life and destruction of property, which we otherwise could not have avoided. Through this information I was also enabled to protect emigrant trains passing through the country, both North and west, and either refused to let them pass, or provided them with escorts for their protection.

(Signed)

John S. Wood

Subscribed and sworn to before me, by the said John S. Wood this April 3, A.D. 1891.

(Notarial Seal)

(Signed) W. S. Briggs, Notary Public.