SULLY'S SIOUX CAMPAIGN.

Journal of a Member of Brackett's Battalion, Minnesota Cavalry.

By WILLIAM SEEGER.

SYNOPSIS.

In the Fall of 1861 the author, then a mere youth, ran away from home, joining a party of recruits on their way to Fort Snelling, Minn. His company was one of the three organized at Fort Snelling that later became part of the 5th Iowa Cav., composed of companies from Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, and Nebraska. After three years' brilliant service in the South, the Minnesota companies were detached and reorganized as Brackett's Ind'p't Battalion, Minn. Cav., under command of Maj. Alfred B. Brackett, and later took part in the expedition against the Sioux. In previous chapters Comrade Seeger gives an interesting account of the pursuit and fights with the Indians.

Aug. 29.—We have camped a few miles below Fort Berthold, a trading post near the Missouri River. This is the reservation and home of several tribes of friendly Indians, about 3,000 souls in number. They are friendly to their white brethren on account of their inability to go on the war path, having but few able-bodied young fighting bucks. They are a sorry-looking lot. They are remnants of once strong, healthy and numerically large tribes of Indians which have been brought down to this state of affairs by bad management, poor whisky, smallpox and other diseases. They pretend to do some farming and raise a kind of flint corn.

One company (G) of 6th Iowa Cav., Capt. Moreland, is to be left here to do garrison duty. Two companies of infantry have been brought here by boats to stay the coming Winter. We had a rainstorm and cloudburst last night that flooded our camps and washed away many of our tents. Some horses were drowned. The weather is cool.

Sept. 3.—On the march. We have left the Missouri River and are traveling northeast; are near the boundary line of the British territory. Our scouts report the hostiles are only a little ways north of us, in Canadian domain, where we cannot follow them. We have camped at several lakes of alkali water. Immense herds of buffalo are in sight almost continually as far as the eye can reach in every direction, also lots of elk and antelope. There is no timber; good water is scarce; grass is excellent.

Sept. 8.—We have turned south, having abandoned the chase after the hostile Sioux near the Turtle Mountains. The Indians have moved farther north from the boundary line and are now in the Pembina country. It is reported by our scouts that Little Six and Sitting Bull are congregating all the bands of hostiles on White Horse Plains north of the Turtle Mountains; at any rate, Gen. Sully has decided to abandon the pursuit, as we cannot follow them into Canadian territory, and we have started on our return march toward civilization and home.

Our boys feel good and rejoice that we have passed the turning point of our Summer's campaign. Our little rugged Canadian ponies are in the pink of condition and stand the hard marching and poor water better than the large American horses that the rest of the command have, and who are now walking and leading their horses, while we ride and think it no extra task to run our small ponies three or four miles, with all accouterments, after buffalo, which are constantly in sight in all directions, but just out of range and promptly stampede when we begin to chase them.

We are living on game. There are wild ducks and geese by the million. Good water is scarce. We have no wood, but the grass is good. It is getting cool; had a sharp frost. We are thinly clad and are getting ragged.

RETURN TO FORT RICE.

Sept. 12.—We have reached Fort Rice, and are camped on east side of the river and just below the fort. On arrival here we found our mail, the first in two months. We were glad to hear from home once more. Many of our boys are sick and worn out. They are to be left here and later are to be transported down the river to hospitals at Sioux City, Iowa.

We found much excitement here when we arrived. An emigrant train of citizen miners in charge of Capt. Fisk, about 500 people, men, women and children, with an escort of about 50 soldiers, had left here about three weeks after we started, in July, and followed our trail, intending to make their way through the Black Hills and then on west into the newly-discovered gold fields in Idaho and Montana.

When they were about 200 miles west they were attacked by a large body of Indians, and corraled for defense. Two of our boys who were of the escort, Charlie White, of Co. A, and Joe Sampier, of Co. C, had succeeded in making their escape, and by their almost superhuman endurance and bravery succeeded in reaching the fort, almost famished and very exhausted, and brought the news, thus saving the lives of the whole party.

Five hundred picked men and horses have been detailed to go out and bring Capt. Fisk and his party back. Col. Dill, of the 30th Wis., is to command this relief party. I will go also. We leave to-morrow.

The second brigade, commanded by Col. Thomas, of the 8th Minn., leaves us to morrow and starts back to Minnesota. Part of the 6th Iowa are to be left here, and are getting ready to move into the Winter quarters. Crowds of hostile Indians are constantly roaming around us, and attack our working parties and try to stampede our horses and mules. Serg't Murphy, of the 6th Iowa, was killed and several men wounded lately.

RESCUE OF EMIGRANTS.

Sept. 18.—At Fisk's corral. We arrived here by rapid marches, making 40 to 50 miles daily. This place is 237 miles west of Fort Rice, and we arrived just in the nick of time, driving off the Indians, who had this party of miners and soldiers surrounded and corraled, and who had fought in self-defense against overwhelming numbers almost continuously day and night for 13 days.

THE JOY OF MEETING AND RELIEF FROM WHAT TO THEM SEEMED ALMOST CERTAIN HORRIBLE TORTURES AND DEATH CANNOT BE DESCRIBED.

The joy of meeting and relief from what to them seemed almost certain horrible torture and death cannot be described; strong men, bearded, rough and rugged, and who had passed through all kinds of rough experience of soldier life, wept like children. When attacked by the Indians this train was on a level plain, and the men had barely time to place the wagons in a circle, interlocking the wheels. They then intrenched by digging a ditch on the outside and throwing the dirt up against the wheels. Their horses, mules and cattle were driven inside the ring, but having no feed were all starved, killed and buried; not one was left.

The emigrants were lucky in being on a spot where they succeeded by digging a well in finding plenty of good water, and having lots of provisions, they did not suffer, but the suspense and uncertainty were terrible. They had no means of knowing whether the two boys sent out at the beginning of the siege had succeeded in getting through until our command came in sight and the Indians began to fall back suddenly.

The Indians had a white woman prisoner with them, who had been the only survivor of a party of emigrants overtaken and murdered on the Platte River in Nebraska early in the Spring. Her name was Mrs. Kelly. There were several attempts made by the Indians to induce the emigrants to surrender, but this Mrs. Kelly found means to communicate with them and warned the emigrants not to consider that proposition for an instant, as the Indians were treacherous and would murder the whole party.

Col. Dill made efforts to ransom this white woman, but did not succeed. Some years later she was finally released from captivity that was almost worse than death, and wrote an interesting book, giving her experience, and very graphically described this fight, siege, and subsequent events from the Indian side. The emigrants having lost all their stock, could not move anything, but had to destroy and burn their wagons, tools, provisions, and other belongings, and walk back to Fort Rice.

The soldiers let the women and children and wounded ride their horses while we walked and changed about. The women and children were overjoyed at the prospect of going back to civilization, friends, and relatives. The men were sullen, surly, and disappointed over the failure of the venture.

POISONING INDIANS.

Sept. 21.—We are on the return march, retracing our route to Fort Rice by easy stages. Our route is along the Heart River. There is no game; the Indians have either killed or driven off everything to eat. Bands of hostile Indians are constantly hovering around and following us. Our flankers and pickets have to exert their utmost vigilance to keep the Indians from making dashes and running off our horses. Several men have been wounded.

When we left, Capt. Fisk destroyed the abandoned corral, where the emigrants and soldier escort had so bravely defended themselves for 19 days. An incident occurred that caused a good deal of indignation, and for which soldiers and officers were fearfully roasted, especially by Eastern papers, for the brutal and inhuman treatment of "Lo, the poor Indian."

Several miners who had lost their all in the disastrous collapse of the enterprise did not burn all their belongings that they could not carry back, but took a couple of boxes of hardtack, opened them, and, after mixing with water, scattered the contents of several bottles of strychnine through the crackers, and left them, watching till the last white man left the camp, so that none of our party should by accident partake of the fatal dose. (None of our officers knew a thing about this at that time.) After we left and marched several miles, we halted on a high ridge, and could see the Indians follow us up into the still smoking and burning corral, commencing to ransack and pick up anything that would be of use to them. Of course, they found the two boxes of poisoned hardtack, and there was a big scramble for the possession. Soon we could plainly see through our field-glass the effect of the fatal doses, and there was a terrible commotion among the Indians; later we learned that some 40 died outright, and nearly as many were made terribly sick.

Col. Dill and other officers were very angry, and made an effort to find the guilty party, but did not succeed. Mrs. Kelly, in her book, confirms this, and very clearly describes the scenes among the Indians when the effect of the strychnine began to make itself manifest. It was horrible, to say the least.

Sept. 30.—We arrived at Fort Rice to-day. All are glad to get back. We found that the command had been broken up, so that we considered this the end of the Indian expedition for this year. The weather is cool, lots of rain, lately some frost, and grass feed for horses is getting poor. We found Gen. Sully, with staff and part of the command had left, going down the river to Sioux City. We understand that parts of the command are to be distributed along the river at the different forts and trading posts from Fort Benton in Montana down to Sioux City, Iowa.

We found three steamboats here that have brought up some infantry (ex-rebels), stores and supplies for the garrison that is to remain here. Our wounded and sick, also most of the citizens of Capt. Fisk's party, are to go down the river to the States. We have been paid off again, and expect to leave soon. So far, we have not learned where we are to be stationed and remain over Winter. It is getting colder.

Nov. 3.—We are back once more to civilization, and are camped on the banks of the Big Sioux River, near Camp Book, above Sioux City, Iowa. Our battalion is together once more, and we are glad to see one another. We came down from Fort Rice by easy marches; had good camps, plenty of wood and water, but grass feed is getting poorer and scarcer; still, our horses are in fairly good condition, at least a great deal better than most of the large American horses the rest of the command have. We are a rough, tough-looking lot now; none of us have shaved or cut our hair for a good many months; our uniforms are worn out and in rags, and the boys are dressed in all kinds of make-shift style and fashion. I have been wearing Indian moccasins and buckskin breeches for a long while, and my old red-flannel shirt is in rags. An old, torn slouch hat, a ragged blouse, with one blanket and puptent constitute my belongings, outside of horse, gun, saddle and trappings.

On our march here we were met by a committee of three citizens sent out by the State of Minnesota to collect the votes of our battalion. I cast my first ballot, voting for the re-election of President Abraham Lincoln. I was not yet 21 years of age, but having served my country so long to the best of my ability, and being enrolled as two years older than I really was, my ballot was not challenged. Of course, the votes were not canvassed, so we could not tell the result; but I believe Lincoln received a handsome majority in our battalion.

We have been in camp several days, resting ourselves and horses, shaving, and cutting our hair. We drew some new uniforms, warm underwear, and secured our overcoats and extra blankets stored here since last Spring. We are more comfortable, and certainly look better. We have received marching orders, and start to-morrow for Fort Ridgely, 18 miles above New Ulm, on the Minnesota River, to remain there in Winter quarters until further orders. All the boys are glad.

(To be continued.)

YOUTHFUL WAGE EARNERS.

How Little School Children are Compelled to Work in England.

Pall Mall Gazette.

In answer to the Government circular of inquiry as to the number of children working for wages out of school hours, 9,842 out of the 20,022 public elementary schools in England and Wales have sent in schedules containing the names of 147,349 children. Only 231 schools have sent no reply. The remainder consider that in the schools under their control no children come within the terms of the circular.

In many districts wage-earning children are taken away from school at special seasons for picking fruit, haymaking, beating up game, and carrying fish, but the loss of tuition is likely to be less injurious than the attempt to combine work for gain with education. One hundred and thirty-one children under seven are returned as wage-earners; 84,246 are 11 and 12 years of age; newspaper selling employs 15,182; work in and about shops is done by 7,173; odd jobs, cleaning knives and boots by 10,635; 11,585 girls "mind" babies for wages; over 9,000 work in house or laundry, and nearly 9,000 boys carry dinners or "knockup" early workmen. The hours of 100,000 of the children are limited to from under 10 to 20 a week, but of the remainder over 36,000 are employed for between 30 and 50 hours; 576 work between 50 and 60 hours, and 216 are slaved from 60 to 80 hours and over. When we recollect that men in this country are clamoring for a 48-hour week, and that the figures given are in addition to the full day's schooling, the assertion of one manager, a workingman himself, that there are to-day in our National and Board schools thousands of little white slaves, is amply justified.

London is the worst offender, and accounts for over 30,000 child laborers. Yorkshire and Lancashire are far beyond all other Counties, with nearly 15,000 each. Next comes Warwickshire, with 8,000, and Staffordshire, with 6,000. The rate of pay is miserably disproportioned to the amount of work; about 17,000 children earn 6 pence a week, 47,000 receive less than a shilling. 40,000 less than two shillings. The average money wage per child is rather more than a shilling. To this must be added, in many cases, food or partial food, articles of clothing, etc., though such entries as a "girl works 58 hours a week for 2s. 3d. and a meat-pie"; "a boy works 16½ hours for half a tin of salmon," and another "five hours a week for two sixpenny plants," do not point to a uniform lavish rate of remuneration in kind.

The interest of the report lies in the comments made and particulars given by the managers. The inquiry has been warmly taken up by many of these. Several important school boards have forwarded resolutions expressing their conviction of the injury done to the health and progress of the children and their hope that the education department will be able to frame a regulation to meet the evil.

Among the examples given are those of children who have to walk from three to five, in a few cases as far as six, miles in the midday interval of two hours, carrying dinners, and then rush to school, eating their own dinners as they go. Some of the little ones work in a quarry before coming to school, and again during dinner hour and in the evening. A boy employed at placing skittles is engaged from 6 to 11 p. m. daily; another begins work at 3 a. m., and works again in the evening till 9 o'clock. A boy aged 12 in the fourth standard is employed as a knockerup and newspaper boy. His wage is 9s. 6d., and he is employed 37 hours a week. This boy rises between 3 and 4 every morning, and starts out at 4:30 to waken 25 workingmen. At 6 he goes his rounds as newspaper boy till 9 o'clock, when he comes to school. He is a very regular boy, but is often half-asleep, especially in the afternoons of hot days. "One boy of 12 years is employed by a butcher for 50 hours a week; namely, from 6 to 9 a. m., from 12 to 2, and from 4:15 to 9, and the whole day of Saturday." "A boy of 13 is employed as billiard marker for 30 hours per week at a wage of 4s., and works until 12 o'clock at night."

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can always be secured by addressing the Household Novelty Works, 25 Randolph street, Chicago, who are the largest manufacturers in the U. S. of Household Specialties in tinware and aluminum. They have given steady employment for years to thousands of agents who are making from $3.00 to $7.00 per day selling their goods which appeal to every housewife. As this large and prosperous concern has branches established in six other principal cities they are enabled to fill orders promptly and greatly reduce freight or express charges to far away sections. Write for free 32 page catalogue and particulars how to get a $2.00 outfit free.

THE HEMP INDUSTRY.

Gathering the Product is the Hardest Work a Native Can Do.

Chicago Record.

Warehouses in the islands of Leyte and Mindanao and in the interior of Luzon are filling up with bales of hemp. This is because the ports are closed during the war of insurrection. As for Luzon, if the product could be brought to Manila it would find a ready sale at the highest price it has ever commanded. And some of it gets in as it is—enough to keep three firms sorting out and baling up for shipment to America, where 60 per cent. of the product goes. Recently the quotations were $18.50 to $17 a picul, which is an advance of $3 over former prices and double that of five years ago. It must be understood, too, that this is in Mexican money, which is the standard used by the natives, and is worth 50 cents on the dollar of American money, here called "gold."

Hemp, or rather the plant from which it is manufactured, is known in scientific circles as "Musa textilus," and by the natives as abaca. It belongs to the plantain family, closely resembling the banana plant. The latter has a leaf similar in shape to that of the abaca, but of a slightly darker green. The difference in appearance must be told by the expert; the inexperienced can tell the difference only by tasting the fruit. The abaca tastes like a green persimmon. Many of the natives are engaged in its growth and sale. It flourishes on hilly ground, and, like the banana plant, takes about three years to flower. When it comes to the flowering age it is cut down and made ready for scraping. The stalk springs up again from the roots, and soon begins aspiration to go to seed. It is not permitted to do so, however, as the seeding process reduces the quality of the fiber.

The abaca grows to the hight of eight feet, but is not a tree in any sense except that it gives shade. Its leaves run from its roots, enfolding the flower stem until near the top, when they branch out into great waving fans. The manner of growth can be compared to nothing in the United States except a young onion, which is not a fair illustration on account of the insignificant size of the latter. But the leaf layers are wound in that way, though they are fully a quarter of an inch thick and six inches wide.

Most of the plantations are on hilly ground, and nearly all, for that reason, are in the mountain districts, although I saw some along the shores of the bay between Panay and Paranaque. In the mountains the plantations are worked by the natives, but they are seldom owned by them. The work is done on shares, usually, the laborers receiving half the product. Two men are required to do the work in a field, which is limited to about two acres. When the stalk is ready it is cut and the leaf layers are separated, making what is known as "bast." These leaf stalks are about six inches wide and about six feet long. The operator has a dull knife fastened to a hinged block, and an attachment which allows him to work it with his feet. The pulp is dexterously scraped from the fiber, and then the fiber is hung out to dry, being later gathered into bales and marketed.

The planter seldom owns his own boats, and is not often able to carry his hemp to Manila, which is the market, and so does his business with the nearest agent of the Manila house. The hemp is packed in by the natives, a bunch at either end of a carrying pole, which is a method of transportation similar to that of the Chinese tea carriers. The agent grades it and bargains for a low price, taking advantage of his customer with the true Indian trader skill. Often he has advanced money to the grower and taken a mortgage on the crop. The native knows nothing of prevailing prices. He takes what he can get, cheats as often as he can, and wears his life away in the business—for it is said to be the hardest kind of work that a native can do. No one yet has invented machinery that can do satisfactory work in preparing the hemp.

The trader gathers up his hemp and sorts it out to its different grades, until he has enough for a boat-load, if he happens to be on one of the islands, and then he charters a vessel and sends it to his house in Manila. If he is in Luzon he gets it to the river and loads it into cascos, and then floats it down to his "house," which takes care of it and ships it out. In America it is made into binding twine or into ropes.

The whiteness of the hemp designates its grade, of which there are four. Binder twine hemp is classed as "current," "fair current," and "brown." There are without doubt many tricks in this trade, and they are worked all the way from the lazy cultivator to the exporting agent, and back again. One dealer said to me yesterday: "It is the custom to put up an order with just enough No. 1 on the outside of the bale to make the thing appear all right; or, what is more common, to 'grade down' an order by sending No. 1 on board at first and following it up with the inferior grades when the purchaser is tired of opening bales. For instance, the agent puts in five per cent. of No. 1, 15 per cent. of No. 2, and the rest of No. 3 and No. 4, calling it all 'good current.' There is much 'diplomacy' in the classification of his goods."

The pressing of hemp costs $1 a bale; the landing and shipping charges at Manila are 30 cents a bale. The freight to Manila averages about $1.25 a bale. The jobber's profit is enormous.

A great many things are made of hemp, from floor mattings to binder twine. The natives select the very finest of the fiber and weave a delicate fabric, which is as expensive as the finest silk, and they make their rough garments of it as well. Sailcloth is made of it, and cordage, too. Manila paper is made of the rope ends; carpets are manufactured of it; it is used in upholstery and to make hammocks. It is asserted that Paris milliners use hemp in making bonnets. The time will come when new uses will be found for it and its waste, which is very large.

MUSTERED OUT.

ASHBY.—At Tunnelton, W. Va., Francis Ashby, Co. B, 2d W. Va. and 6th U. S. Cav., aged 61.

GOULD.—At Bridgeport, Ill., Oct. 3, Victor H. Gould, Co. H, 26th Ill. He was a member of the G.A.R., and the local Post attended his funeral in a body. Comrade Gould's service was over three years, and he marched over 9,000 miles with his regiment, and took part in 27 battles.

HERRON.—At Boone, Iowa, John Herron, Co. D, 32d Iowa, aged 74. He was a member of W. C. Crook Post, 329. A widow and five children survive him.

HILL.—At Bridgeport, Ill., John W. Hill, Co. C, 115th Ill. Death was caused by paralysis, resulting from a gunshot wound received at Snodgrass Hill, Chickamauga.

WHITTMAN.—At Smith's Mills, N. Y., Sept. 24, Joseph Whittman, 1st Wis. Cav., and a member of G. L. Pierce Post, 439, Forestville, N. Y.

This Will Interest Many.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him at Box 1,501, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

Something About the Temperature and Pressure of the Water.

Nineteenth Century.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing-point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about a ton to the square inch in every thousand fathoms, which is 140 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is 30 times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, in spite of its efforts, still higher in its course; in fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families generally inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 athoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. After 1,000 fathoms these organs are still further enlarged or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether, and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails, and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illumined by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses they must look like model mail ships with rows of shining port-holes.

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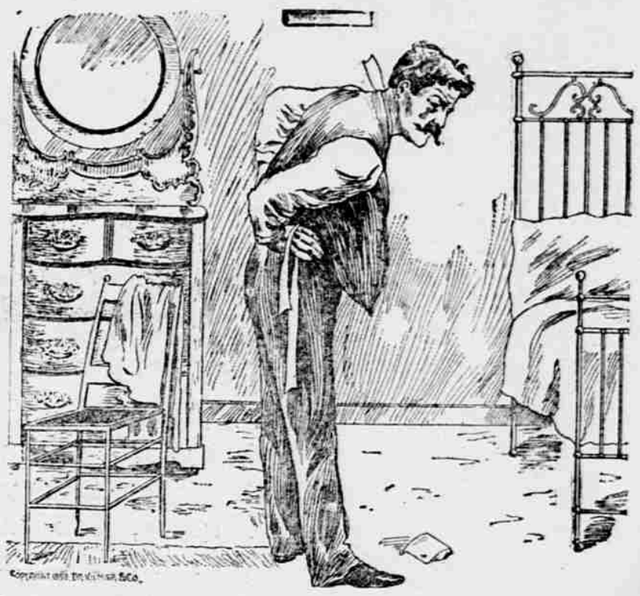

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