

In the fall, after the expedition had been abandoned, the troops were scattered at different posts along the Missouri River, I, with my company, being left at Fort Sully, Dakota Territory. About the latter part of November, an Indian came inside the post. I, being officer of the day, asked him what he wanted. He said, he came a long way, and wanted to know if I was the "big chief," if so, he had a paper for me to see. He gave it to me. It was a sheet torn out of a business book, and numbered 76 in the corner. The substance of the letter was as follows:

"I write this letter, and send it by this Indian, but don't know whether you will get it, as they are very treacherous. They have lied to me so often; they have promised to bring me to town nearly every day. I wish you could do something to get me away from them. If they do bring me to town, be guarded, as they are making all kinds of threats and preparations for an attack. I have made a pencil of a bullet, so it might be hard to read. Please treat this Indian well. If you don't, they might kill me." After having the Indian remain for a few days, and giving him plenty to eat, he was sent on his return with a letter to Mrs. Kelly. A short time after this, one morning, we discovered, back of the Fort on the hill, a large body of Indians. The commanding officer was notified of the fact. He immediately gave orders to prepare the fort for defense. Since the warning received from Mrs. Kelly, we had been unusually watchful of the Indians. The fort was poorly constructed, having been built by soldiers for winter quarters. The Indians were notified not to approach the fort, and only the chiefs, who numbered ten or twelve, were allowed to come inside the gates, bringing with them Mrs. Kelly, and when inside the fort, the gates were immediately closed, shutting out the body of the Indians, who numbered about 1,000