

The Indians and their white captives arrived here last night. There were two hundred warriors, fresh from bloody exploits and with their hands dyed with the blood of the unfortunates at Plum Creek.

Foremost among the whites, who stood between the village and the advancing Indians, were Sherman, the hero of many battles, Alfred H. Terry, of Fort Fisher fame, and Senator Henderson, ready to greet the red men, and to give them welcome by a shake of the hand. In the rear of these were ladies and gentlemen, members of the press, and others, who crowded up, and gazed curiously at the meeting. The Indians, on being greeted so kindly by the long-suffering pale-faces, soon became more jovial, and laughed with a reckless glee as they threw themselves on the ground.

Among our party was Mr. Fred Gerstaecker, the German author and traveller, who entertained us with comparisons between the tribes dwelling on the South American Pampas with the Indians of North America, and gave us several interesting reminiscences of his life among the Ashantees in Africa.

Another notable was Colonel W. H. Wolcott, of the 17th U. S. Infantry, a one-legged hero, and a/p.198/Radical. Said he, "Boil Horace Greely, Wendell Phillips, W. Lloyd Garrison, and all the leading Radicals together in a pot, and I am a stronger Radical to-day, and have been, than the essence of those three would produce." He served at Bull Run and scores of other battles; he has suffered three separate amputations, and has risen simply by merit from a sergeant to a colonel in the regular army. He has lately been displaced on the plains for active service, though the possessor of but one leg. He exhibited his artificial leg to the chiefs and the wonder manifested was very great. Spotted Tail and Big Mouth, with becoming reverence for this extraordinary soldier, inserted a finger within the hollow of the leg, and for all future time they are likely to declare to the rising generation that they have seen the veritable "Big Medicine man."