

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. They then 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 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 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 seemed to me like,