

determined to trade for me. For he knew the tortures the captives were obliged to undergo. 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. Coffee 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, Big Foot a Sioux chief, Big