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George and Mary Easton Sibley Papers

5-4-1811

Loose Pages from George Sibley Diary, May 4, 1811

George Champlin Sibley

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Copied from a torn leaf of an old Diary: Ft. Osage, 1811

Friday May 4, 1811- A number of Horses were Stolen to day from the Osages and they are hurrying to plant their corn &c. and to be off to the Buffalo Ranges- they greatly fear an Attack from the Ioways or Ottoes.

Saturday 5th.- The Osages have lost twenty horses, Stolen by Indians.

Sunday 6th May- The Osages are encamped within 100 yards of the Stockade- and are much alarmed this evening- I directed them to post Sentinels and keep a good watch; and be Sure to hail before firing-

Monday 7th.- Last night at about 11 o'clk: there was an alarm among the Osages- One of their Sentries discovered 3 Strange Indians Stealthily approaching the Camp, and within 300 yards- After hailing 3 times with no effect, he fired his Rifle at the foremost one, who fell badly wounded- the others Ran off to the woods- the Report of the Rifle and yells of the guard Roused, not only the Osage Camp, but the Garrison; and in a twinkling all was bustle and confusion among the Indians- Many Ran to the place where the wounded Man lay; and Shocking to Relate, instantly fell upon him with tomahawks and knives, and in two minutes time cut the poor creature into 50 to 100 pieces- Men, women and boys engaged in this horrid butchery; and So quickly was it done, that the victim must have felt every blow and cut- His head, arms, hands legs, feet, fingers toes, ears, &c. were severed from the body, and the entrails let out- It was after the Osages had Returned to their camp from this butchery, that the Garrison was aroused by the unusual Noise - My own arousing was Rather Startling; Sans Oreille had made his way into my Sleeping Room, and Stood at my bedside holding the head of the Slain

Indian in one hand, and a blazing torch in the other, and calling my Name in a voice of the most Savage excitement- I had faintly heard the gun, but not Regarding it, fell asleep again, and was in a Sound Sleep when thus aroused by my unwelcome visitor- I was quickly dressed and over at the camp: and there found the Osages in a temper far more Savage than I had ever before believed them capable- Here one Shewed me a leg- one a hand- another a finger- foot- Strips of Skin- the Scalp- the mutilated head had been Seized by boys and Rolled about as a foot ball; every one aimed to get a piece- All this was accompanied by yelling and howling, enough to distract one- An Soon as I was able to quiet the tumult, and make them listen to Reason, I hastened back to my quarters, but not to bed- I was under Serious apprehension for the Safety of Mr. Cottle and family, who were living alone in an open log cabin $\frac{3}{4}$ of a Mile from the Garrison, in the direction whence the Strange Indians came, and without doubt from a large party, now exasperated by the loss of their Chief, for Such was the man Slain,- I asked the officer then commanding the Garrison, Lt. Brownson, to Send a Corporal and file of Men to bring Cottle & family in, and to fire a cannon two or three times- but he Refused to do either- I then took a party of Osages, and went and brought the family to my house in Safety. On the Road Side leading to Cottle's, a Short distance from his cabin, lay the Remains of the body of the poor wretch So Recently killed, which the hungry Indian dogs were Ravenously devouring with the far Stretched entrails and what else Remained- The Slain Man was Recognized as a distinguished Ioway war chief-- Sans Oreille apologized for his Rude intrusion, as well as he could; he Said he very Seldom allowed himself to become So excited- His Son had Shot and Scalped the Ioway chief, and that had no doubt Roused his feeling to So high a pitch.