LAC QUI PARLE

Its Missionaries, Traders and Indians

Compiled and Written by
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DEDICATION

This history is dedicated to the memory of those God-fearing men and women who first brought the Christian faith and civilization to the Indians of the border region of Minnesota and South Dakota.

PREFACE

This history was written with an ever-expanding purpose. At first I thought of reproducing only the more interesting parts of Dr. Stephen R. Riggs' "Mary and I, or Forty Years Among the Sioux," during the time he was a missionary at Lac qui Parle, 1837-1854. Then I felt that some account should be given of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, Alexander G. Huggins, Samuel W. Pond, Gideon H. Pond, and the wives and immediate relatives of all of these men. And certainly, I thought, a good account of Joseph Renville, the fur trader at Lac qui Parle, should be included, since he helped so much in the translation of the Scriptures and the influencing of the Indians to receive instruction in the Christian faith and in civilized pursuits.

And, of course, a record of the Indians who lived at Lac qui Parle was necessary. I felt, too, that it was best to give an account of the early fur traders, visitors, explorers, sheep and cattle drovers, recollections of the missionary children, restoration of the mission chapel and station, and celebrations and programs held to commemorate the mission work.

And so the book grew and grew far beyond my original expectations, all of which accounts for the lack of a logical order of presentation.

Fortunately for me, much has been written on the mission and Lac qui Parle. My work, therefore, has been mainly that of a compiler rather than a writer. I am deeply indebted to the numerous persons whose writings I have used and to whom I have given due credit in my references. My hope is that this book may keep alive the memory of these people who did so much to help bring Christianity and civilization to the Dakota people.

Brookings, S.D.
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**The Williamson Family,** based on Winifred Williamson Barton's life of her father and grandfather in "Brother to the Sioux," and other sources, such as Rev. Stephen R. Riggs.

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**Reminiscences of Eli Lundy Huggins,** copied from a manuscript in the archives of the Minnesota Historical Society entitled "Boyhood Reminiscences of General Huggins."

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**Dakota Portraits - Lac qui Parle,** by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs; short biographical sketches of prominent Indians who lived at or often visited Lac qui Parle, copied from the Minnesota History, 2:481-568. Included are Mrs. Joseph Renville, Sr.; Chatka, or Left Hand; Fearful Face, or Etawawenehan; Thunder Face, or Etawakinyan; Rattling Cloud, or Mahpeyasna; Lowing
Buffalo, or Ptahotonpe; Stone Man, or Toonkanwechashta; Her Scarlet House, or Toteedootawin; Wakanayamane; Eagle Help, or Wamdeokeeya; Sleepy Eyes, or Ishtahba; Red Iron, or Mazahsha; Curly Head; White Lodge; Other Day; Spirit Walker, or Wakanman; Little Paul Mazakutemani; etc.

Marryat on Lac qui Parle, copied from Minnesota History, 6:173-174, 179.
Captain Frederick Marryat told of his visit of 1838 at Fort Snelling where he met Joseph Renville and 120 Indians from Lac qui Parle.

Early Fur Traders at Lac qui Parle, by Dr. Donald D. Parker. Murdock Cameron until 1811; Thomas G. Anderson, 1808-1810; James H. Lockwood, 1816-1818; Robinson and Hazen P. Mooers, 1820-1821; Joseph Renville, 1822-1846; Martin McLeod, 1846-1852.


Captain Sumner's Expedition to Lac qui Parle in 1845, copied from "Captain Edwin V. Sumner's Dragoon Expedition in the Territory of Iowa in the Summer of 1845," Iowa Journal of History and Politics, 11:260-266. He describes Indian conditions at Lac qui Parle and nearby area.

Recollections of Dr. T.L. Riggs of Lac qui Parle, copied from "Sunset to Sunset," South Dakota Historical Collections, 29:104-111. Riggs describes his boyhood at Lac qui Parle.

Riggs Family History, copied from Iapi Oaye, January and March, 1874, and from "Mary and I," pages 410-412.

A Visit to Lac qui Parle in 1923, copied from the South Dakota Historical Collections, 29:289-293. Rev. S.R. Riggs' son, Thomas F. Riggs, visited his 1847 birthplace at Lac qui Parle in 1923 accompanied by his son, who wrote of the area as his father remembered it as a child in the early 1850s.


Lac qui Parle in 1835, copied from G.W. Featherstonhaugh's "A Canoe Trip up the Minnay Sotor," 1847. This is the story of the first good exploration
of the upper Minnesota River and description of Renville, his family, the
missionaries, the Indians and their customs.

Dakotas of Lac qui Parle in 1835, by Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, copied from
"Iapi Oaye, the Word Carrier," November 1875.

Joseph Renville of Lac qui Parle, by Gertrude W. Ackerman, copied from Min-
nesota History, 12:231-246. This is a lengthy account of Renville, his
ancestry, education, children, service as a guide and interpreter, trading
years at Lake Traverse and Lac qui Parle, service in the War of 1812,
host to travelers, explorers, and missionaries, influence among the Sioux,
stock-raiser, church member, translator, and appearance.

Sibley's Visit to the Upper Minnesota in 1835, copied from Minnesota History,
8:359-361. Sibley tells of Renville accidentally shooting a girl and of
Dr. Williamson's surgical skill.

At the Treaty of 1851, copied from Thomas Hughes' "Old Traverse des Sioux,
(1929), pages 52-53, 55, 57, 68, and 103. Goodhue tells of a massacre,
the location and population of several Dakota bands on the upper Minne-
sota, Riggs' part in treaty making, and George McLeod's arrival from Lac
qui Parle.

Nicollet and Fremont's Visits to Lac qui Parle, 1838-1839, by Dr. Donald D.
Parker, compiled from Nicollet's journal, John Charles Fremont's "Memoirs
of My Life," and South Dakota Historical Collections, 10:96-97.

Renville as a Guide in 1823, copied from T. Christianson's "The Long and
Beltrami Explorations....", Minnesota History, 5:251, 255, 259-261; and
Wm. H. Keating's "Narrative of An Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's

The Pond Brothers at Lac qui Parle, 1836-1838, copied from "The Narrative of
Samuel W. Pond," edited by T.C. Blegen, Minnesota History, 21:158-175,
272-303, passim.

Father Revoux's Visit to Lac qui Parle, 1842, copied from "The Labors of Mgr.
A. Revoux among the Sioux or Dakota Indians."

Food Supply at Lac qui Parle, 1829-1842, copied from the report of Agent
Amos J. Bruce of St. Peter's Agency, Report of the Commissioner of Indian
Affairs for 1842, pages 427-431; Serial 413. Bruce tells of the disap-
pearance of the buffalo and other game about 1829, of the raising of corn,
and of starvation periods among the Indians.
The first missionary effort to Christianize the Sioux of western Minnesota and eastern South Dakota began in 1835 at Lac qui Parle, the Lake That Talks, as the French called it. The lake was a widening of the Minnesota River. It had a length of ten miles, a maximum width of one mile and a maximum depth of twelve feet. Its southern end, where mission work began, is about thirty-five miles southeast of Big Stone Lake and thirty east of the boundary line separating the state from Minnesota. It was about two hundred miles up the Minnesota, then known as the St. Peter's River from Fort Snelling, the only place of white settlement in the state.

The mission at Lac qui Parle when fully staffed included a half dozen or so families, all working under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, often abbreviated to A.B.C.F.M., an organization which included Congregationalists and Presbyterians, though the latter predominated in Minnesota.

Dr. Thomas Smith Williamson was the first to arrive with his wife. Born in 1800 in South Carolina, he was the son of a Presbyterian minister, who in 1805 moved to Ohio rather than remain in a slave-holding state. Thomas attended and graduated from Jefferson College in 1820 and for several years studied medicine, taking his doctor of medicine degree in 1824. For the next eight years he practiced his profession in Ohio. In the spring of 1827 he married Margaret Poage, a daughter of a prominent family of Mason County, Kentucky.

"Into this new family there came during the next six years three children, but the Lord took them, and the father and mother were left alone. This, more than anything else, induced him to abandon the practice of medicine and seek the Gospel ministry. In these family bereavements he heard the Master's voice saying to him, 'Come up higher.'

"Accordingly in the spring of 1833 he placed himself under the care of the Chillicothe Presbytery, and commenced the study of theology. The winter following, he spent in the Lane Theological Seminary, and was
licensed to preach by his Presbytery in the spring of 1834. The change in his profession was made with the intention of devoting himself to missionary work among the aborigines of this country." (MHC 3:372-373)

He was appointed by the A.B.C.F.M. to visit the Sioux region to see if conditions for his work were favorable there. He did so, and on September 18, 1834, was ordained as a missionary by the Presbytery of Chillicothe and, a few months later, was appointed as a missionary to the Dakotas by the A.B.C.F.M. On April 1, 1835 Dr. Williamson and his family and Alexander G. Huggins and his family left by steamboat for the long journey down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling, where they arrived on May 16. While at the fort he assisted in organizing a Presbyterian church, the first Christian church in what is now the state of Minnesota.

Joseph Renville, the fur trader from Lac Qui Parle, was at the fort and invited them to go far into the interior with him. Accordingly, on June 23 they embarked on a fur company's mackinaw boat and ascended the Minnesota to Traverse des Sioux, near present-day St. Peter, and from there they made a land journey over the prairie to Lac qui Parle, reaching there on July 9, 1835.

Until that time there had been no effort made to civilize and Christianize the warlike tribes of Sioux. "With the exception of a few hundred words gathered by army officers and others, the Dakota language was unwritten. This was to be learned, mastered; which was found to be no small undertaking, especially to one who had attained the age of thirty-five years. While men of less energy and pluck would have...been content to work as best they could through an interpreter, Dr. Williamson persevered, and in less than two years was preaching Christ to them, in the language in which they had been born. He never spoke it easily, nor just like an Indian, but he was readily understood by those who were accustomed to hear him." (MHC 3:374-375.)

The Williamson family included his wife, one child, and Mrs. Williamson's sister, Miss Sarah Poage, who was to teach school. The Huggins family included his wife and two children. Mr. Huggins was not ordained but was to act as the mission farmer to teach the Sioux to grow crops. These had made a very good beginning when they were joined on September 13, 1837 by Rev. Stephen Return Riggs and his wife.
Riggs was the son of a blacksmith who for many years was an elder in the Presbyterian church of Steubenville, Ohio, where Stephen was born on March 23, 1812. In his autobiographical work, Riggs wrote: "Sabbath-schools had not reached the efficiency they now have; but we children were taught carefully at home. We were obliged to commit to memory the Shorter Catechism, and every few months the good minister came around to see how well we could repeat it. All through my life this summary of Christian doctrine...has been to me of incalculable advantage....

"My ambition was to learn some kind of trade. But I had wrought enough with my father at the anvil not to choose that. It was hard work, and not over-clean work. Something else would suit me better, I thought. But...my father removed from that part of the country to the southern part of the State. There in Ripley a Latin school was opened about that time, and the Lord appeared to me in a wonderful manner, making discoveries of himself to my spiritual apprehension, so that from that time and onward my path lay in the line of preparation for such service as he should call me unto. My father, as he said many years afterward, had intended to educate my younger brother James; but he was taken away suddenly, and I came in his place. Thus the Lord opened the way for a commencement, and by the help of friends I was enabled to continue until I finished the course at Jefferson College, and afterward spent a year at the Western Theological Seminary at Alleghany." (Mary and I, 25-26.)

Riggs married Mary Ann Longley of Hawley, Mass., who was about twenty months his junior, on February 16, 1837. About this time he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Chillicothe Presbytery. Years later he wrote: "Early in my course of education, I had considered the claims of the heathen upon us Christians, and upon myself personally as a believer in Christ; and, with very little hesitation or delay, the decision had been reached that, God willing, I would go somewhere among the unevangelized. And, during the years of my preparation, there never came to me a doubt of the rightness of my decision. Nay, more, at the end of forty years' work, I am abundantly satisfied with the way in which the Lord has led me. If China had been then open to the gospel, as it was twenty years afterward, I probably should have elected to go there. But Dr. Thomas S. Williamson of Ripley, Ohio, had
started for the Dakota field the same year that I graduated from college. His representations of the needs of these aborigines, and the starting out of Whitman and Spalding with their wives to the Indians of the Pacific coast, attracted me to the westward. And Mary was quite willing, if not enthusiastic, to commence a life-work among the Indians of the North-west, which at that time involved more of sacrifice than service in many a far-off foreign field." (Mary and I, 27-29.)

In March 1837, shortly after their marriage, the young couple started west. "It was a long and toilsome journey - all the way to New York City by stage, and then again from Philadelphia across the mountains to Pittsburg in the same manner, through the March rains and mud, we travelled on, day and night. It was quite a relief to sleep and glide down the beautiful Ohio on a steamer. And there we found friends...who greatly forwarded our preparations for life among the Indians.

...By and by we found ourselves furnished with such things as we supposed we should need for a year to come, and we bade adieu to our Ohio friends, and embarked at Cincinnati for St. Louis....

"At that time, a steamer from St. Louis required at least two full weeks to reach Fort Snelling. It was an object with us not to travel on the Sabbath, if possible. So we planned to go up beforehand, and take the up-river boat at the highest point. .... With this desire we embarking for Galena. But Saturday night found us passing along by the beautiful country of Rock Island and Davenport. In the latter place Mary and I spent a Sabbath, and worshipped with a few of the pioneer people who gathered in a schoolhouse. By the middle of the next week we had reached the city of lead." (Mary and I, 29-33.)

"In those days the Upper Mississippi was still a wild and almost uninhabited region. Such places as Davenport and Rock Island had then, all told, only about a dozen houses. The lead mines of Galena and Dubuque had gathered in somewhat larger settlements. Above them there was nothing but Indians and military. So that a steamer starting for Fort Snelling was a rare thing. It was said that less than half a dozen in a season reached that point. Indeed, there was nothing to carry up but goods for the Indian trade, and army supplies. ....
"This week on the Upper Mississippi was one of quiet joy. We had been nearly three months on our way.... God had prospered us all the way.... All external nature had put on her beautiful garments. And day after day—for the boat tied up at night—we found ourselves passing by those grand old hills and wonderful escarpments of the Upper Mississippi. We were in the wilds of the West, beyond the cabins of the pioneer. We were passing the battle-fields of Indian story. Nay, more, we were already in the land of the Dakotas, and passing by the teepees and the villages of the red man, for whose enlightenment and elevation we had left friends and home. .... And so...on the first day of June, 1837, Mary and I reached, in safety, the mouth of the Minnesota, in the land of the Dakotas." (Mary and I, 37.)

Three months were spent in the Twin City area where, at the time, only Fort Snelling, begun in 1819, was to be found. "To Mary and me, everything was new and strange. We knew nothing of military life. But our sojourn... was made pleasant and profitable by the Christian sympathy which met us there....

"Here we were in daily contact with the Dakota men, women, and children. Here we began to listen to the strange sounds of the Dakota tongue; and here we made our first laughable efforts in speaking the language.

"We were fortunate in meeting here Rev. Samuel W. Pond, the older of the brothers, who had come out from Connecticut three years previous, and, in advance of all others, had erected their missionary cabin on the margin of Lake Calhoun. Mr. Pond's knowledge of Dakota was quite a help to us.... Before we left the States, it had been impressed upon us...that whether we were successful missionaries or not depended much on our acquiring a free use of the language. And...if one fails to make a pretty good start the first year in its acquisition, it will be a rare thing if he ever masters the language. And so...we made it our first work to get our ears opened to the strange sounds, and our tongues made cunning for their utterance. ....Mr. Stevens had gathered, from various sources, a vocabulary of five or six hundred words. This formed the commencement of the growth of the Dakota Grammar and Dictionary which I published fifteen years afterward. ....

"During our three month's stay at Lake Harriet, every thing we saw and heard was fresh and interesting.... (Mary and I, 39-43.)"
In addition to Rev. S.W. Pond and Rev. Jedediah D. Stevens and his wife, other missionaries in the Dakota Mission under the A.B.C.F.M. near Fort Snelling were Miss Lucy Cornelia Stevens and Mr. Gideon H. Pond. The Pond brothers were stationed at Lake Calhoun while the Stevenses, uncle and niece, were not far away at Lake Harriet, where they had begun their work in 1835.

Dr. Williamson arrived from Lac qui Parle after a six days' journey and assured the Riggeses of their welcome there. So, about September 1, they had their household goods put on a mackinaw boat belonging to Mr. Philander Prescott, a New York fur trader married to a Sioux wife. He had on board his winter outfit and was able to take them up the Minnesota River to Traverse des Sioux. There they were met by Dr. Williamson and G. H. Pond who had teams to conduct them the remaining one hundred twenty-five miles to Lac qui Parle.

"This was our first introduction...to the broad prairies of the West. At first, we kept in sight of the woods of the Minnesota, and our road lay among and through little groves of timber. But by and by we emerged into the broad rolling country covered...with yellow and blue flowers. Everything was full of interest to us, even the Bad Swamp...which so bent and shook under the tramp of our teams, that we could almost believe it would break through and let us into the earth's centre. For years after, this was the great fear of our prairie travelling.... The only accident of this journey was the breaking of the axle of one of Mr. Pond's loaded carts." (Mary and I, 50.)

At last, from Lac qui Parle, Mrs. Riggs wrote to her mother on September 18, 1837, as follows:

"The date will tell you of our arrival at this station, where we have found a home. We reached this place on Wednesday last, having been thirteen days from Fort Snelling, a shorter time than is usually required for such a journey, the Lord's hand being over us to guide us and prosper our way. Two Sabbaths we rested from our travels, and the last of them was peculiarly refreshing to body and spirit. Having risen and put our tent in order, we engaged in family worship, and afterward partook of our frugal meal. Then all was still in that wide wilderness, save at intervals, when some bird of passage told us of its flight and bade our wintry clime
farewell.

"Before noon we had a season of social worship, lifting up our hearts with one voice in prayer and praise, and reading a portion of God's Word. It was indeed pleasant to think that God was present with us, far away as we were from any human being but ourselves. The day passed peacefully away, and night's refreshing slumbers succeeded. ....

"Thus you will be able to imagine us with our two one-ox carts and a double wagon, all heavily laden, as we travelled across the prairie."

(Mary and I, 51-52.)

A few days later Mary wrote: "The evening we came, we were shown a little chamber, where we spread our bed and took up our abode. On Friday, Mr. Riggs made a bedstead, by boring holes and driving slabs into the logs, across which boards are laid. This answers the purpose very well, though rather uneven. Yesterday was the Sabbath, and such a Sabbath as I never before enjoyed. Although the day was cold and stormy, and much like November, twenty-five Indians and part-bloods assembled at eleven o'clock in our school-room for public worship. Excepting a prayer, all the exercises were in Dakota and French, and most of them in the former language. Could you have seen these Indians kneel with stillness and order, during prayer, and rise and engage in singing hymns in their own tongue, led by one of their own tribe, I am sure your heart would have been touched. The hymns were composed by Mr. Renville the trader, who is probably three-fourths Sioux." (Mary and I, 53.)

Mr. Riggs wrote of his living arrangements as follows: "Doctor Williamson had erected a log house a story and a half high. In the lower part was his own living-room, and also a room with a large open fire-place, which then, and for several years afterward, was used for the school and Sabbath assemblies. In the upper part there were three rooms, still in an unfinished state. The largest of these, ten feet wide and eighteen feet long, was appropriated to our use. We fixed it up with loose boards overhead, and quilts nailed up to the rafters, and improvised a bedstead, as we had been unable to bring ours farther than Fort Snelling.

"That room we made our home for five winters. There were some hardships
about such close quarters, but, all in all, Mary and I never enjoyed five winters better than those spent in that upper room. There our first three children were born. There we worked in acquiring the language. There we received our Dakota visitors. There I wrote and wrote again my ever growing dictionary. And there, with what help I could obtain, I prepared for the printer the greater part of the New Testament in the language of the Dakotas. It was a consecrated room.

"Well, we had set up our cooking-stove in our upper room, but the furniture was a hundred and twenty-five miles away. It was not easy for Mary to cook with nothing to cook in. But the good women of the Mission came to her relief with kettle and pan. More than this, there were some things to be done now which neither Mary nor I had learned to do. She was an adept at making light bread, and neither of us could milk a cow. She grew up in New England, where the men alone did the milking, and I in Ohio, where the women alone milked in those days. At first it took us both to milk a cow, and it was poorly done. But Mary succeeded best.

"The missionary work began now to open before us. The village at Lac-qui-parle consisted of about 400 persons, chiefly of the Wahpaton, or Leaf-village band of the Dakotas. They were very poor and very proud. Mr. Renville, as a half-breed and fur-trader, had acquired an unbounded influence over many of them. They were willing to follow his leading. And so the young men of his soldiers' lodge were first, after his own family, to learn to read. On the Sabbath, there gathered into this lower room twenty or thirty men and women, but mostly women, to hear the Word as prepared by Dr. Williamson with Mr. Renville's aid. A few Dakota hymns had been made, and were sung under the leadership of Mr. Huggins or young Mr. Joseph Renville. Mr. Renville and Mr. Pond made the prayers in Dakota. Early in the year 1836, a church had been organized, which at this time contained seven native members, chiefly from Mr. Renville's household. And in the winter which followed our arrival nine were added, making a native church of sixteen, of which one half were full-blood Dakota women, and in the others the Dakota blood greatly predominated.

"One of the noted things that took place in those autumn days was the marriage of Mr. Gideon Holister Pond and Miss Sarah Poage. That was the first
couples I married, and I look back to it with great satisfaction. The bond... was a true covenant entered into by true hearts, and receiving, from the first, the blessing of the Master. Mr. Pond made a great feast, and 'called the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind,' and many such Dakotas were there to be called. They could not recompense him by inviting him again...."

Mary wrote of the wedding as follows: "Nov. 2. ‘Yesterday the marriage referred to was solemnized. Could I paint the assembly, you would agree with me that it was deeply and singularly interesting. Fancy, for a moment, the audience who were witnesses of the scene. The rest of our missionary band sat near those of our number who were about to enter into the new and sacred relationship, while most of the room was filled with our dark-faced guests, a blanket or a buffalo robe their chief 'wedding garment,' and coarse and tawdry beads, brooches, paint, and feathers their wedding ornaments. Here and there sat a Frenchman or half-breed, whose garb bespoke their different origin. No turkey or eagle feathers adorned the hair, or parti-colored paint the face, though even their appearance and attire reminded us of our location in this wilderness.

'Mr. Riggs performed the marriage ceremony, and Dr. Williamson made the concluding prayer, and, through Mr. Renville, briefly explained to the Dakotas the ordinance and its institution. After the ceremony, Mr. Renville and family partook with us of our frugal meal, leaving the Indians to enjoy their feast of potatoes, turnips, and bacon, to which the poor, the lame, and the blind had been invited. As they were not aware of the supper that was provided, they did not bring their dishes, as is the Indian custom, so that they were scantily furnished with milk-pans, etc. This deficiency they supplied very readily by emptying the first course, which was potatoes, into their blankets, and passing their dishes for a supply of turnips and bacon.

'I know not when I have seen a group so novel as I found on repairing to the room where these poor creatures were promiscuously seated. On my left sat an old man nearly blind; before me, the woman who dipped out the potatoes from a five-pail boiler sat on the floor; and near her was an old man dividing the bacon, clenching it firmly in his hand, and looking up occasionally to see how many there were requiring a share. In the corner sat a lame man eagerly devouring his potatoes, and around were scattered
women and children.

"When the last ladle was filled from the large pot of turnips, one by one, they hastily departed, borrowing dishes to carry home the supper, to divide with the children who had remained in charge of the tents." (Mary and I, 53-57.)

"To learn an unwritten language, and to reduce it to a form that can be seen as well as heard, is confessedly a work of no small magnitude. ....

"But it was no part of our business to make the Dakota language. It was simply the missionary's work to report it faithfully. The system of notation had in the main been settled upon before Mary and I joined the mission. It was, of course, to be phonetic, as nearly as possible. The English alphabet was to be used as far as it could be. These were the principles that guided and controlled the writing of Dakota. ....

"When we missionaries had gathered and expressed and arranged the words of this language, what had we to put into it, and what great gifts had we for the Dakota people? What will you give me? has always been their cry. We brought to them the Word of Life, the Gospel of Salvation through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord, as contained in the Bible. .... The labor of writing the language was their speech, and to teach them to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, was what brought us to the land of the Dakotas. But they could not appreciate this. Ever and anon came the question, What will you give me? And so, when we would proclaim the 'old, old story' to those proud Dakota men at Lac-qui-parle, we had to begin with kettles of boiled pumpkins, turnips, and potatoes. The bread that perisheth could be appreciated -- the Bread of Life was still beyond their comprehension. But by and by it was to find its proper resting-place.

"It was very fortunate for the work of education among the Dakotas that it had such a stanch and influential friend as Joseph Renville, Sr., of Lac-qui-parle. It was never certainly known whether Mr. Renville could read his French Bible or not. But he had seen so much of the advantages of education among the white people, that he greatly desired his own children should learn to read and write, both in Dakota and English, and through his whole life gave his influence in favor of Dakota education.

Sarah Poage, afterward Mrs. G. H. Pond, had come as a teacher, and had, from
their first arrival at Lac-qui-parle, been so employed. Mr. Renville had four daughters, all of them young women, who had, with some other half-breeds, made an English class. They had learned to read the language, but understood very little of it, and were not willing to speak even what they understood. All through these years the teaching of English, commenced at the beginning of our mission work, although found to be very difficult and not producing much apparent fruit, has never been abandoned. But for the purposes of civilization, and especially of Christianization, we have found culture in the native tongue indispensable.

"To teach the classes in English was in Mary's line of work. She at once relieved Miss Poage of this part of her work, and continued in it, with some intervals, for several years. Often she was greatly tried, not by the inability of her Dakota young lady scholars, but by their unwillingness to make such efforts as to gain the mastery of English.

"Teaching in Dakota was a different thing. It was their own language. The lessons, printed with open type and a brush on old newspapers, and hung round the walls of the school-room, were words that had a meaning even to a Dakota child. It was not difficult. A young man has sometimes come in, proud and unwilling to be taught, but, by sitting there and looking and listening to others, he has started up with the announcement, 'I am able.' Some small books had already been printed. Others were afterward provided. But the work of works, which in some sense took precedence of all others, was then commencing...that of putting the Bible into the language of the Dakotas. ....

"Fort Renville, as it was sometimes called, was a stockade, made for defence in case of an invasion by the Ojibwas, who had been from time immemorial at war with the Sioux. Inside of this stockade stood Mr. Renville's hewed-log house, consisting of a store-house and two dwellings. Mr. Renville's reception-room was of good size, with a large open fireplace, in which his Frenchmen...piled up an enormous quantity of wood of a cold day, setting it up on end, and thus making a fire to be felt as well as seen. Here the chief Indian men of the village gathered to smoke and talk. A bench ran almost around the entire room, on which they sat or reclined. Mr. Renville usually sat on a chair in the middle of the room. He was a
small man with rather a long face and head developed upward. A favorite position of his was to sit with his feet crossed under him like a tailor. This room was the place of Bible translating. Dr. Williamson and Mr. G. H. Pond had both learned to read French. The former usually talked with Mr. Renville in French, and, in the work of translating, read from the French Bible, verse by verse. Mr. Renville's memory had been specially cultivated by having been much employed as interpreter between the Dakotas and the French. It seldom happened that he needed to have the verse re-read to him. But it often happened that we, who wrote the Dakota from his lips, needed to have it repeated in order that we should get it exactly and fully. When the verse or sentence was finished, the Dakota was read by one of the company. We were all only beginners in writing the Dakota language, and I more than the others. Sometimes Mr. Renville showed, by the twinkle of his eye, his conscious superiority to us, when he repeated a long and difficult sentence and found that we had forgotten the beginning. But ordinarily he was patient with us, and ready to repeat. By this process, continued from week to week during that first winter of ours at Lac-qui-parle, a pretty good translation of the Gospel of Mark was completed, besides some fugitive chapters from other parts. In the following winters the Gospel of John was translated in the same way.

"Besides giving these portions of the Word of God to the Dakotas sooner than it could have been done by the missionaries alone, these translations were invaluable to us as a means of studying the structure of the language, and as determining, in advance of our own efforts in this line, the forms or moulds of many new ideas which the Word contains. In after years we always felt safe in referring to Mr. Renville as authority in regard to the form of a Dakota expression.

"During this first year that Mary and I spent in the Dakota country, there were coming to us continually new experiences. One of the most common, and yet one of the most thrilling and abiding, was in the birth of our first-born. In motherhood and fatherhood are found large lessons in life. The mother called her first-born child Alfred Longley, naming him for a very dear brother of hers. ....
"The winter as it passed by had other lessons for us. For me it was quite a chore to cut and carry up wood enough to keep our somewhat open upper room cozy and comfortable. Mary had more ambition than I had to get native help. She had not been accustomed to do a day's washing. It came hard to her. The other women of the mission preferred to wash for themselves rather than train natives to do it. And indeed, at the beginning, that was found to be no easy task. For, in the first place, Dakota women did not wash. Usually they put on a garment and wore it until it rotted off. This was pretty much the rule. No, good decent woman could be found willing to do for white people what they did not do for themselves. We could hire all the first women of the village to hoe corn or dig potatoes, but not one would take hold of the wash-tub. And so it was that Mary's first washer-women were of the lowest class, and not very reputable characters. But she persevered and conquered. Only a few years had passed when the wash-women of the mission were of the best women of the village. And the effort proved a great public benefaction. The gospel of soap was indeed a necessary adjunct and outgrowth of the Gospel of Salvation." (Mary and I, 58-65.)

"Mr. Pond had long been yearning to see inside of an Indian. He had been wanting to be an Indian, if only for half an hour, that he might know how an Indian felt and by what motives he could be moved. And so when the early spring of 1838 came, and the ducks began to come northward, a half-dozen families started out from Lac-qui-parle to hunt and trap.... Mr. Pond went with them, and was gone two weeks. It was in the first of April, and the streams were flooded, and the water was cold. There should have been enough of game easily obtained to feed the party well. So the Indians thought. But it did not prove so. A cold spell came on, the ducks disappeared, and Mr. Pond and his Indian hunters were reduced to scanty fare, and sometimes to nothing, for a whole day. But Mr. Pond was seeing inside of Indians, and was quite willing to starve a good deal in the process. However, his stay with them, and their hunt for that time as well, was suddenly terminated." (Mary and I, 69-70.)

The party had gone northeast from Lac qui Parle about forty-five miles to the Benson region. The party was entertaining an Ojibway chief, Hole-in-the-day, and his ten men when, without warning in the middle of the night, the Ojibways killed their hosts except for a woman and a boy.
When Mr. Pond had helped to bury the dead and mangled remains of these three families, he started for home, and was the first to bring the sad news to their friends at Lac-qui-parle. To him quite an experience was bound up in those two weeks, and the marvel was, why he was not then among the slain. To Mary and me it opened a whole store-house of instruction, as we listened to the wail of the whole village, and especially when the old women came with dishevelled heads and ragged clothes, and cried and sang around our house....

"Lac-qui-parle was in those days much shut-out from the great world. We were two hundred miles away from our post-office at Fort Snelling. We seldom received a letter from Massachusetts or Ohio in less than three months after it was written. Often it was much longer, for there were several times...when we passed three months, and once five months, without a mail. .... Our communication with the post-office was generally through the men engaged in the fur-trade. Some of them had no sympathy with us as missionaries, but they were ever willing to do us a favor as men and Americans. Sometimes we sent and received our mail by Indians. That was a very costly way. The postage...was then twenty-five cents on a letter....

"Once a year, at least, it seemed best that one of ourselves should go down to the mouth of the Minnesota. Our annual supplies were to be brought up, and various matters of business transacted. I was sent down in the spring of 1838, and I considered myself fortunate in having the company of Rev. S. W. Pond. This was Mr. Pond's second visit to Lac-qui-parle on foot. The first was made over two years before, in midwinter. That was a fearful journey. What with ignorance of the country, and deep snows, and starvation, and an ugly Indian for his guide, Mr. Pond came near reaching the spirit land before he came to Lac-qui-parle.

"This second time he came under better auspices, and, having spent several weeks with us, during which many questions of interest with regard to the language and the mission work were discussed, he and I made a part of Mr. Renville's caravan to the fur depot of the American Fur Company at Mendota....

"To make this trip I was furnished by the mission with a valuable young horse, gentle and kind, but not possessed of much endurance. At any rate, he took sick while I was away, and never reached home. .... Reaching the Traverse des Sioux on foot, I found Joseph R. Brown, even
then an old Indian trader, coming on with some led horses. He kindly gave me the use of two with which to bring up my loaded cart. That was a really Good Samaritan work, which I have always remembered with gratitude.

"When the first snows were beginning to fall...Dr. Williamson was ready to make his trip to Ohio. The Gospel of Mark and some smaller portions of the Bible he had prepared for the press. ....

"The leaving of Dr. Williamson entailed upon me the responsibility of taking care of the Sabbath service. Mr. G. H. Pond was not then a minister of the Gospel, but his superior knowledge of the Dakota fitted him the best to communicate religious instruction. But it was well for me to have the responsibility, as it helped me in the use of the native tongue. I was often conscious of making mistakes, and doubtless made many that I knew not of. Mr. Pond and Mr. Renville were ever ready to help me out, and, moreover, we had with us that winter Rev. Daniel Gavan, one of the Swiss missionaries, who had settled on the Mississippi River.... Mr. G. came up to avail himself of the better advantages in learning the language, and so for the winter he was a valuable helper.

"It pleased God to make this winter one of fruitfulness. Mr. Renville was active in persuading those under his influence to attend the religious meetings, the school-room was crowded on Sabbaths, and the Word, imperfectly as it was spoken, was used by the Spirit upon those dark minds. There was evidently a quickening of the church. They were interested in prayer. .... One woman who had received at her baptism the name of Catherine...was then troubled to know how prayer could reach God. .... So there appeared to be a working upward of many hearts. Early in February Mr. Pond, Mr. Renville, and Mr. Huggins, Mr. Gavan and myself, after due examination and instruction, agreed to receive ten Dakotas into the church—all women. I baptized them and their children—twenty-eight in all—on one Sabbath morning. It was to us a day of cheer. ....

"As Mr. Gavan was a native Frenchman and a scholar, we expected much from his presence with us, during the winter, in the way of obtaining translations. He and Mr. Renville could communicate fully and freely through that language, and we believed he would be able to explain such words as were not well understood by the other. And so we commenced the translation
of the Gospel of John from the French. But it soon became apparent that
the perfection of knowledge, of which they both supposed themselves pos-
sessed, was a great bar to progress. And by the time we had reached the
end of the seventh chapter, the relations of the two Frenchmen were such
as to entirely stop our work. We were quite disappointed. But this event
induced us the sooner to gird ourselves for the work of translating the
Bible from the original tongues, and so was, in the end, a blessing."  
(Mary and I, 70-75.)

A war leader and war prophet at Lac qui Parle was Eagle Help, who
soon became one of the best assistants in studying the Dakota language
and correcting translations. For this he wanted good pay for his services,
though he was always ready to work and always reliable. He claimed to be
able to be able to get into communication with the spirit world. In
1839, after a vision, he determined to lead a war party against the Ojibways.
About a score of young men painted themselves, fasted, feasted, danced,
drilled, and were encouraged by hearing the recital of the brave deeds of
older warriors.

"In the meantime, the thought that our good friend Eagle Help should
lead out a war party to kill and mangle Ojibwa women and children greatly
troubled us. We argued and entreated, but our words were not heeded. Among
other things, we said we would pray that the war party might not be
successful. This was too much of a menace. Added to this, they came and
asked Mr. Huggins to grind corn for them on our little ox-power mill, which
he refused to do. They were greatly enraged, and, just before they started
out, they killed and ate two of the mission cows. After a rather long and
difficult tramp they returned without having seen an Ojibwa. Their failure
they attributed entirely to our prayers, and so, as they returned ashamed,
they took off the edge of their disgrace by killing another of our
unoffending animals.

"After this it was some months before Eagle Help would again be our
friend and helper. In the meantime, Dr. Williamson and his family
returned from Chi, bringing with them Miss Fanny Huggins, to be a teacher
in the place of Mrs. Pond. Miss Huggins afterward became Mrs. Jonas Petti-
John, and both she and her husband were for many years valuable helpers in the mission work. Also this summer brought to Lac-qui-parle such distinguished scientific gentlemen as...Nicollet and J. C. Fremont. M. Nicollet took an interest in our war difficulty, and of his own motion made arrangements in behalf of the Indians to pay for the mission cattle destroyed. And so that glory and that shame were alike forgotten. In after years Eagle Help affirmed that his power of communicating with the spirit world as a war prophet was destroyed by his knowledge of letters and the religion of the Bible.

"Thus events succeeded each other rapidly. But Mary and I and the baby boy, 'Good Bird,' lived still in the 'upper chamber,' and were not ashamed to invite the French savant...Nicollet, to come and take tea with us." (Mary and I, 76-78.)

The noted French scientist, Joseph Nicolas Nicollet (1786-1843), visited Lac qui Parle in the summers of 1838 and 1839 in company with John Charles Fremont, the Pathfinder of the West, as they explored and mapped southwestern Minnesota and eastern South Dakota. Among others, they were accompanied and guided in 1838 by Joseph LaFramboise and a son of Joseph Renville, whose influence throughout a wide region did much to assure the exploring party's safety. They visited a large band of Sisseton Sioux at Lake of the Two Woods in northwest Deuel County in eastern South Dakota at the place where Messrs. Riggs and Huggins met the same group in 1840.

"During these first years of missionary work at Lac-qui-parle, the school was well attended. It was only once in a while that the voice of opposition was raised against the children. ....

"..."Mr. and Mrs. Pond were now gone. For the next winter, Mary and Miss Fanny Huggins took care of the girls and younger boys, and Mr. Huggins, with such assistance as I could give, took care of the boys and young men. The women also undertook, under the instruction of Mrs. Huggins and Miss Fanny, to spin and knit and weave. Mr. Renville had already among his flock some sheep. The wool was here and the flax was soon grown. Spinning-wheels and knitting-needles were brought on, and Mr. Huggins manufactured a loom. They knit socks and stockings, and wove skirts and blankets, while the little
girls learned to sew patchwork and make quilts. All this was of advantage as education.

"My own special effort in the class-room during the first years was in teaching a knowledge of figures. The language of counting in Dakota was limited. .... Thus, the poverty of the language has been a great obstacle in teaching arithmetic. And that poorness of language shows their poverty of thought in the same line. The Dakotas are not, as a general thing, at all clever in arithmetic.

"Before the snows had disappeared or the ducks come back to this northern land, in the spring of 1840, a baby had been added to the little family in the upper chamber. By the first of June, Mary was feeling well, and exceedingly anxious to make a trip across the prairie. She had been cooped up here now nearly three years. There was nowhere to go. .... Lac-qui-parle had no historic interest. It was not a good place to go on a picnic. She had been to the Indian village frequently, but that was not a place to visit for pleasure. And on the broad prairie there was no objective point. Where could she go for a pleasure trip, but to Fort Snelling?

"And so we made arrangements for the journey. .... We were with Mr. Renville's annual caravan going to the fur-trader's Mecca.

"The prairie journey was pleasant and enjoyable, though somewhat fatigueing. We had our own team and could easily keep in company with the long line of wooden carts, carrying buffalo robes and other furs. It was, indeed, rather romantic. ....

"By and by the mouth of the Minnesota was reached, through hardship and endurance. But then it was to be 'a pleasure trip,' and this was the way in which the pleasure came.

"Since we had last seen him, S. W. Pond had married Miss Cordelia Eggleston, a sister of Mrs. J. D. Stevens. The station at Lake Harriet had been abandoned, the Indians having left Lake Calhoun first. 'Mr. Stevens had gone down to Wabashaw's village, and the Pond brothers, with their families, were occupying what was called the 'Stone House,' within a mile of the Fort. Mary found an old school friend in the garrison, and so the two weeks spent in this neighborhood were pleasant and profitable.

"We now addressed ourselves to the return journey. The fur boat had gone up and come down again. We were advised to try a birch-bark canoe,
and hire a couple of French voyagers to row it. In the first part of the river we went along nicely. But after a while we began to meet with accidents. .... Suddenly we struck a snag which tore such a hole in our bark craft that it was with difficulty we got ashore. By land, it was eight or ten miles to the Traverse. .... Mary and I elected to walk and carry Bella. .... I had no strap to tie her on my back, and the little darling seemed to get heavier every mile we went. .... Altogether, that trip to Fort Snelling was a thing to be remembered and not regretted. ....

"The Sioux on the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers were known to be but a small fraction of the Dakota people. We at Lac-qui-parle had frequent intercourse with the Sissetons of Lake Traverse. Sometimes, too we had visits from the Yanktonais, who followed the buffalo on the great prairies this side of the Missouri River. But more than half of the Sioux nation were said to be Teetons, who lived beyond the Big Muddy. So it seemed very desirable that we extend our acquaintance among them." (Mary and I, 79-87.)

The following account by Riggs appeared in the Missionary Herald of January 1841:

"On the 2d of September, 1840, Mr. Huggins and myself commenced this journey. We took two horses and a cart, carrying with us a tent, some small presents for the Indians, and such provisions as we thought necessary. We left Lac Qui Parle with a party of Indians who were starting on a buffalo hunt.

"The horses, women and children and dogs were all heavily laden with kettles, various articles of clothing, and corn for provision until they should reach the buffalo hunt. In consequence of this our marches were extremely short, only about six or eight, or at most ten miles a day, and that was sufficiently long enough for most of our party.

"The little girls, some of them just able to totter along through the grass, were obliged to carry packs, while their brothers, often much longer than they, carried only bows and arrows, and, at will, sported along the way. Often these little ones came into camp weary, but such is native elasticity, that, no sooner had they thrown down their packs, than they were ready for their sports again."
"Leaving Lac Qui Parle, we passed up the Inkpa, a small stream which comes into the St. Peter's River about a mile above the mission house. This stream has its source in the Coteau and its direction is a few degrees north of east. We kept near this little river for the purpose of obtaining wood and water, neither of which could be found had we pursued a direct route. This part of the prairie is undulating and some of the small hills are somewhat stony.

In a little more than thirty miles from home we commenced ascending the "Coteau Des Prairie." At the place of our ascent the slope was very gentle and we had traveled about four miles before we reached the highest elevation, which is somewhat less than five hundred feet above the prairie at its base.... At Chanonpa, which consisted of a number of lakes, the Indians represented one as poisonous.

We had agreed with Itewakinyan, the chief man of the party, to continue with them in their slow marches until we had reached the valley of the Jacques, from which we were to have a guide who would proceed with us more rapidly to Ft. Pierre.

"Traveling thus slowly was somewhat tedious, but it gave us abundant opportunity to examine the country, and become acquainted with those who comprised our party. We knew we were in company with those who were reputed to be the greatest thieves and the most vile-mouthed of the nation. This last we found true to a greater extent than we had supposed. The former unenviable distinction they may still hold, but as we cast in our lots, in a sense among them, and were under the protection of the chief of robbers, we lost nothing. And I may remark further, that the good hand of our God was upon us to deliver us from evil.

"Before we started, the Indians here had seen a great many 'Sioux in that way.' They had repeatedly told us that the Sioux on the Missouri were so bad, that the best we could hope for was to escape with our lives. They most certainly would plunder us of our horses and other things. This was not so. From a thread to a show-lachet we lost nothing by theft.

"The sixth day after leaving home when we were encamped at Chanonpa, the old residence of Itewakinyan and his band, we heard that one of his
younger brothers meditated evil against us. He is a most malignant man, and has for a long time been very jealous of his older brother. He had left Lac Qui Parle before we did, and, spending some weeks at Big Stone Lake, had proceeded across to meet our party before they entered the buffalo region.

"The two encampments were now some ten miles apart, when a messenger came to our camp and told us that Kinikanpi, the younger brother, had declared he would break up our cart and kill our horses, besides doing other mischief to his brother and others of the party. He had sometime last summer forbidden our making this tour. He had some difficulty with Mr. Renville in trade, and now his old jealousy of his brother was renewed, by knowing that we were going under his convoy.

"This news produced no little anxiety in our camp. They all professed to believe the Kinikanpi would do as he had said. Some advised our return, but we did not think it our duty to do so, until we had seen the threat actually put into execution. In this state of things Itewakinyan agreed to change his first plan, and send two young men with us from the place where we then were, a few miles beyond Chanonpa.

"The next morning we rose before day, and passed on by the camp of those who sought to do us evil. On our return as he had passed to the north of our course, we saw him not. Thus the Lord delivered us out of his hand.

"The day we left, the caravan brought us into the buffalo region, when our guides killed one, and two other young men killed another. Here and the next day, when we saw another herd of these inhabitants of the prairie, we had some difficulty in preventing our guides from turning back.

They were young men who from their boyhood had been accustomed to the buffalo chase, and now the sight of the eyes affected the heart. They were anxious to be engaged in their old sport. But by some additional presents we induced them to proceed, still fearing every day the same scene would be acted over until we advanced so far that the power of attraction drew them forward.

"About sixty miles from Lac Qui Parle, we crossed several brooks, which are the head waters of the Sioux river. The valley of this river makes a break in the Coteau de Prairie and causes it to pass down in two wings: but at the time we crossed the small streams mentioned above, we could scarcely discover any interruption to the high prairie, except the ravines in which the streams flow.
"In eight days after leaving the company, making fifteen in all from Lac Qui Parle, two of which were Sabbaths, on which we rested, we reached Ft. Pierre. There we were kindly received by Mr. Campbell, who was in charge of the establishment, by Mr. Bouis and others, whom we found willing to give us all of the assistance in their power.

"After remaining four days at the Fort, including one Sabbath, we commenced our homeward journey, coming for the most part by the way in which we went. In eleven days, one of which was the Lord's day, on which, alone on the wide prairie, Mr. H. and myself endeavored to worship the God of our fathers, we reached home and found that our Heavenly Father had kindly protected our families and the older members of the mission during our absence.

"The whole tour occupied thirty days. The distance from this place we estimated at 245 miles. At the border of the Missouri Coteau our guides left us. From that place we returned alone, a distance of 175 miles. We met with two small companies of Indians, from one of which we received a supply of fresh buffalo meat."

Riggs wrote of his 1840 visit: "At Fort Pierre we found about one hundred Indian lodges, a part of whom were Yanktons and part Tetons. We expected to have met more Indians at the fort."

Doane Robinson in his history of the Sioux states: "On a Sunday Dr. Riggs preached and Mr. Huggins sang hymns to them in the fort. This was undoubtedly the first formal religious service on the Missouri River above the Sioux River. Long Buffalo, a Teton, was particularly impressed and called upon Dr. Riggs repeatedly to learn more of his teachings. They were, too, interested in learning to read and write but would not send any of their young people so far away as Lac qui Parle to attend school. Dr. Riggs recommended that the board establish a mission in the neighborhood of Fort Pierre, but either the right man or else the means was not forthcoming and nothing was done, and it remained for the son of Dr. Riggs, not yet born at the time of this visit, to go to that locality thirty-three years later and establish the first Protestant mission."

"Among the encouraging events of 1840 and 1841 was the conversion of Simon Anawangmane. He was the first full-blood Dakota man to come out on
the side of the new religion. Mr. Renville and his sons had joined the church, but the rest were women. It came to be a taunt that the men used when we talked with them and asked them to receive the gospel, "Your church is made up of women"; and, "If you had gotten us in first, it would have amounted to something, but now there are only women. Who would follow after women?" Thus the proud Dakota braves turned away. ....

"Anawangmane (walks galloping on) was at this time not far from thirty years old. He was not a bright scholar—rather dull and slow in learning to read. But he had a very strong will-power and did not know what fear was. He had been a very dare-devil on the war-path. The Dakotas had a curious custom of being 'under law' and 'above law'. ....

"This young man, Anawangmane, had reached that enviable position of being above Dakota law. He had not only attained to the "first three," but he was the chief. And so when he came out on the side of the Lord and Christianity, there was a propriety in calling him Simon when he was baptized. He was ordinarily a quiet man—a man of deeds and not of words. But once in a while he would get roused up, and his eyes would flash, and his words and gestures were powerful. Simon immediately put on white man's clothes, and made and planted a field of corn and potatoes adjoining the mission field. No Dakota brave dared to cut up his tent or kill his dog or break his gun; but this did not prevent the boys, and women too, from pointing the finger at him, and saying, "There goes the man who has made himself a woman." Simon seemed to care for it no more than the bull-dog does for the barking of a puppy. He apparently brushed it all aside as if it was only a straw. So far as any sign from him, one looking on would be tempted to think that he regarded it as glory. But it did not beget pride. He did indeed become stronger thereby. (Mary and I, 89-91.)

Mrs. Riggs wrote from Lac qui Parle on March 27, 1841, as follows: "Until this, the seasons for sugar-making have been very unfavorable since we have resided here. But this spring the Indian women have been unusually successful, and several of them have brought us a little maple sugar, which, after melting and straining, was excellent, and forcibly reminded us of home sugar. However, it does not always need purifying, as some are much more cleanly than others, here as well as in civilized lands. Sugar is a
luxury for which these poor women are willing to toil hard, and often with but small recompense. Their camps are frequently two or three miles from their lodges. If they move to the latter, they must also pack corn for their families; and if not, with kettle in hand they go to their camps, toil all day, and often at night return with their syrup or sugar and a back load of wood for their husbands' use the next day. Thus sugar is to them a hard-earned luxury. But they have also others, which they sometimes offer us, such as musk-rats, beavers'-tails, and tortoises. I have never tried musk-rats, but husband says they are as good as polecats—another delicacy!

"But I must leave these broken threads, and take up the thread of my story. At Lac-qui-parle the schoolroom in Dr. Williamson's log house became too strait for our religious gatherings. We determined to build a church. The Dakota women volunteered to come and dig out, in the side of the hill, the place where it should stand. Building materials were not abundant nor easily obtained, and so we decided to build an adobe. We made our bricks and dried them in the sun, and laid them up into the walls. We sawed our boards with the whip-saw, and made our shingles out of the ash-trees. We built our house without much outlay of money. The heavy Minnesota rains washed its sides, and we plastered one and clapboarded another. It was a comfortable house, and one in which much preaching and teaching were done; moreover, when, in after years, our better framed house was burned to the ground, this adobe church still stood for us to take refuge in. There we were living when Secretary S. B. Treat visited us in 1854, and in one corner of that we fenced off with bed-quilts a little place for him to sleep. In this adobe house we first made trial of an instrument in song worship. Miss Lucy Spooner, afterward Mrs. Drake, took in her melodeon. But the Dakota voices fell so much below the instrument that she gave it up in despair. By all these things we remember the old adobe church at Lac-qui-parle. And not less by the first consecration of it. That was a feast made by Dr. Williamson for the men. The floor was not yet laid, but a hundred Dakota men gathered into it and sat on the sleepers, and ate their potatoes and bread and soup gladly, and then we talked to them about Christ." (Mary and I, 92-93.)
Mrs. Riggs wrote of the new house of worship as follows on December 10, 1841: "The last two Sabbaths we have assembled in our new chapel. Only one half is completed, though husband and Mr. Pettijohn have been very diligent and successful. You can scarcely imagine what a task building is in a land where there is such a scarcity of materials and men. During the summer great exertions were made to prepare lumber, and two men were employed about two months in sawing it with a whip-saw. The woods were searched and researched for two or three miles for suitable timber, and the result was about 3200 feet—which is not enough—at an expense of $150. I might mention other hindrances, but, notwithstanding them all, the Lord has evidently prospered the work, and our expectations have been fully realized, if our wishes have not." (Mary and I, 94.)

"Besides Simon Anawangmane, two or three other young men were won over to the religion of Christ before 1842. One of these was Paul Mazakootaymane. Paul was a man of different stamp from Simon. He was a native orator. But he was innately lazy. Still, he has always been loyal to the white people, and has done much good work on their behalf.

"There was at this time an elderly man who sought admission to the church at Lac-qui-parle, Left Hand by name. This man was Mr. Renville's brother-in-law. We could not say he was not a true believer—he seemed to be one. But he had two wives, and they both had been received into church fellowship. They had been admitted on the ground, partly, that it could not be decided which, if either, was the lawful wife, and partly on the ground that Dakota women heretofore could not be held responsible for polygamy. ....

"The fifth winter in our "little chamber" was one full of work. In the early part of it, Mary was still in the school. In the latter part our third child was born. She was named "Martha Taylor," for the grandmother in Massachusetts. During the years previous, I had undertaken to translate a good portion of the New Testament, the Acts, and Paul's Epistles, and the Revelation. This winter the corrected copy had to be made. Of necessity I learned to do my best work surrounded by children. My study and workshop was our sitting-room, and dining-room, and kitchen, and nursery, and ladies' parlor. It was often half filled with Indians. Besides my own translations,
I copied for the press the Gospel of John and some of the Psalms. A part of the latter were my own translation, and a part were secured, as the Gospel was, through Mr. Renville. There was also a hymn-book to edit, and some school-books to be prepared. So the winter was filled with work and service. The remembrance of it is only pleasant. Of course, the ordinary family trials were experienced. A bucket of water was spilled and was leaking down on Mrs. Williamson's bed below, or one of the children fell down the stairs, or our little Bella crawled out of the window and sat on the little shelf where the milk was set to cool in the morning, giving us a good scare, etc." (Mary and I, 95-96.)

On April 28, 1841 Mrs. Riggs wrote to her brother Alfred who had recently married. She wrote of her home life and asked "how could I long or wish to possess more earthly comforts, while my husband and our two 'olive plants' are spared to sit around our table. Little Bella already creeps to her father, and, if granted a seat on his knee, holds her little hands, although, as Alfred says, 'she does not wait till papa says amen.'" Writing of her married and mission life she stated, "I have realized as much happiness as I anticipated, though many of my bright visions have not been realized, and others have been much changed in outline and finishing. For instance, our still winter evenings are seldom enlivened by reading, while I am engaged lulling our little ones or plying my needle. Although I should greatly enjoy such a treat occasionally, I can not, in our situation, expect it, while it is often almost the only time husband can secure for close and uninterrupted study. You know the time of a missionary is not his own." (Mary and I, 96-98.)

On May 19, 1841 Mrs. Riggs wrote of the "babies' morning ride." There was a little wagon in which Isabella Riggs, fifteen months old, rode with Mary Ann Huggins. Alfred, the namesake of his uncle, was nearly three and a half years old and had a wagon made by his father. A canopy for it was made by Hetta, an Indian girl living at the Huggins home. "Mrs. Williamson's son John draws his sister in a wagon of her own, so that the whole troop of ten little ones, with their carriages, form a miniature pleasure party."

There apparently was some thought of having the Riggs family sent
to a new mission station on the Missouri, following a furlough in the East, for on February 26, 1842, Mrs. Riggs wrote: "we had another little daughter added to our family, and had concluded to leave Isabella with Miss Fanny Huggins, as it is probable we shall return to this region, instead of ascending the Missouri. Our little Martha we shall of course not leave behind if our lives are spared and we are permitted to go East; and Alfred intend taking with us as far as Ohio." Mr. Riggs wrote of the furlough as follows:

"Of the next year - from the spring of 1842 - little need be said in this connection. The preparations were all made. Mary and I took with us the little boy, now in his fifth year, and the baby, while the little girl between was left in the care of Miss Fanny Huggins. It was a year of enjoyment. Mary visited the old home on Hawley hills. The old grandfather was still there, and the younger members of the family had grown up. Here, during the summer, the little boy born in Dakota land gathered strawberries in the meadows of Massachusetts. Our school-books and hymn-book were printed in Boston, and in the autumn we came to Ohio. During the winter months the Bible-printing was done in Cincinnati.

When we were ready to start back, in the spring of 1843, we had secured as fellow-laborers, at the new station which we were instructed to form, Robert Hopkins and his young wife Agnes, and Miss Julia Kephart, all from Ripley, Ohio. The intercourse with so many sympathizing Christian hearts, which had been much interested in the Dakota mission from its commencement, was refreshing. We found, too, that we had both been forgetting our mother tongue somewhat, in the efforts made to learn Dakota. This must be guarded against in the future. In our desire to be Dakotas we must not cease to be English.

The bottoms of the Lower Minnesota were putting on their richest robes of green, and the great wild-rose gardens were coming into full perfection of beauty, when, in the month of June, our barge, laden with mission supplies, was making its way up to Traverse des Sioux. At what was known as "The Little Rapids" was a village of Wahpaton Dakotas, the old home of the people at Lac-qui-parle. There were certain reasons why we thought that might be the point for the new station. We made a halt there of half a day, and called
the chief men. But they were found to be too much under the influence of the Treaty Indians below to give us an encouragement. In fact, they did not want missionaries.

"We passed by, and landed our boats at the Traverse. The day before reaching this point, Mrs. Hopkins and Mary had made arrangements to have some light bread,—they were tired eating the heavy cakes of the voyage. They succeeded to their satisfaction, and placed the warm bread away, in a safe place, as they supposed, within the tent, ready for the morning. But when the breakfast was ready, the bread was not there. During the night an Indian hand had taken it.

The Dakotas were accustomed to do such things. While at Lac-qui-parle we were constantly annoyed by thefts. An axe or a hoe could not be left out-of-doors, but it would be taken. And in our houses we were continually missing little things. A towel hanging on the wall would be tucked under the blanket of a woman, or a girl would sidle up to a stand and take a pair of scissors. Any thing that could be easily concealed was sure to be missing, if we gave them an opportunity. And these people at the Traverse (Sissetons they were) we found quite equal to those at Lac-qui-parle. Stealing, even among themselves, was not considered very dishonorable. The men said they did not steal, but the women were all wamanonsa.

"We had decided to make this our new station. We should consult the Indians, but our staying would not depend upon their giving us an invitation to stay. And so the first thing to be done was to start off the train to Lac-qui-parle. In the early part of June, 1842, after Mary and I left, there had come frosts which cut off the Indian corn. The prospect was that the village would be abandoned pretty much during the year. This led Dr. Williamson to come down to Fort Snelling, as Mr. S. W. Pond and wife had already gone up to take our place. This spring of 1843, Mr. Pond had left, and Dr. Williamson could not return until the autumn, as he had engaged temporarily to fill the place of surgeon in the garrison. In these circumstances it was deemed advisable for Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins to go on to Lac-qui-parle for a year. Mary took her baby, Martha Taylor, now fifteen months old, and went up with them to bring down Isabella.
Thomas Longley, a young man of 22 years, and rejoicing in a young man's strength, had joined us at Fort Snelling. He was a part of our boat's company up the Minnesota; and now he and I and the little boy, Zitkadan Washtay, remained to make a beginning. Immediately I called the Indians and had a talk with them, at Mr. Le Bland's trading-post. I told them we had come to live with them, and to teach them. Some said yes and some said no. But they all asked, What have you to give us?

It was at a time of year when they were badly off for food, and so I gave them two barrels of flour. Before the council was over, some of the principal men became so stupid from the influence of whiskey which they had been drinking, that they did not know what they were saying. Old Sleepy Eyes and Tankamane were the chief men present. They were favorable to our stopping, and remained friends of the mission as long as it was continued there. But some of the younger men were opposed. One especially, who had a keg of whiskey, he would come back and stop Tamakoche's building. But he never came back—only a few days after this, he was killed in a drunken frolic.

We expected to meet with opposition, and so were not disappointed. Thomas and I pitched our tents under some scrub-oaks, on a little elevation, in the lower river bottom, a half a mile away from the Trader's. Immediately we commenced to cut and haul logs for our cabin.

In the meantime, the party going to Lac-qui-parle were nearing their destination. With them there were three young men who had accompanied us to Ohio, and spent the year. Their baptized names were Simon, Henok, and Lorenzo. Each was about twenty years old. While on their way down, we had cut their hair and dressed them up as white men. They had all learned much in their absence; while two of them had added their names to the rolls of Christian churches in Ohio. Thus, they were returning. The party spent the Sabbath a day's travel from Lac-qui-parle. On Monday, before noon, these young men had seen, on some far-off prairie elevation, what seemed to be Indians lying down. But their suspicions of a war-party were not very pronounced.

Five miles from the mission, the road crosses the Mayakawan—otherwise called the Chippewa River. It was a hot afternoon when the mission party approached it. They were thirsty, and the young men had started on to drink. Simon was ahead, and on horseback. Suddenly, as he neared the stream, there
emerged from the woods a war-party of Ojibwas, carrying two fresh scalps. Simon rode up and shook hands with them. He could do this safely, as he was dressed like a white man. They showed him the scalps, all gory with blood; but he wot not that one of them was his own brother's. This brother and his wife and a young man were coming to meet their friends. As the two men came to the crossing, they were shot down by the Ojibwas, who lay concealed in the bushes. The woman, who was a little distance behind, heard the guns and fled, carrying the news back to the village. And so it happened that by the time the mission teams had fairly crossed the river, they were met by almost the whole village of maddened Dakotas. They were in pursuit of the Ojibwas. But had not the missionaries taken these boys to Ohio? And had not the two young men been killed as they were coming to meet the boys? Were not the missionaries the cause of it all? So questioned and believed many of the frantic men. And one man raised his gun and shot one of the horses in the double team, which carried Mrs. Hopkins and Mary. This made it necessary for them to walk the remainder of the way in the broiling sun of summer. Mary found her little girl too heavy a load, and after a while was kindly relieved of her burden by a Dakota woman, whom she had taught to wash. The excitement and trouble were a terrible strain on her nervous system, and made the gray hairs come prematurely here and there among the black."

(Mary and I, 99-103.)

The new mission station was at Traverse des Sioux, near St. Peter, Minnesota. This was to be the home of the Riggs family from the spring of 1843 until September 1846. Mr. Riggs wrote:

"Suddenly, at the very commencement of our new station, we were called to meet a great sorrow. Mary had come back from Lac-qui-parle with the two little girls, and our family were all together once more. Mr. Huggins and his sister, Miss Fanny Huggins, and Mr. Isaac Pettijohn had come down along. Mr. Pettijohn helped us much to forward the log cabin. Saturday came, the 15th of July--and the roof was nearly finished. We should move into its shelter very soon. No one was rejoicing in the prospect more than the young brother, Thomas Lawrence Longley. He sang...."
"Mr. Huggins had the toothache, and, about 10 o'clock, said he would go and bathe, as that sometimes helped his teeth. Brother T. proposed that we should go also, to which I at first objected, and said we would go after dinner. He thought we should have something else to do then; and, remembering that once or twice I had prevented his bathing, by not going when he wished, I consented. We had been in the water but a moment, when, turning around, I saw T. throw up his hands and clap them over his head. My first thought was that he was drowning. The current was strong and setting out from the shore. I swam to him—he caught me by the hand, but did not appear to help himself in the least—probably had the cramp. I tried to get toward shore with him, but could not. He pulled me under once or twice, and I began to think I should be drowned with him. But when we came up again, he released his grasp, and, as I was coming into shallow water, with some difficulty, I reached the shore. But the dear boy Thomas appeared not again. The cruel waters rolled over him. In the meantime, Mr. Huggins had jumped into a canoe, and was coming to our relief. But it was too late--too late!"

(Mary and I, 104-105.)

The Indians said that the drowning was caused by their water god who was displeased with the missionaries for starting a station at Traverse des Sioux. After a week the body was recovered and buried nearby. Riggs wrote: "that was the first great shadow that came over our home. It was one of ourselves that had gone. The sorrow was too great to find expression in tears of lamentations. The Dakotas observed this. One day old Black Eagle came in and chided us for it. 'The ducks and geese and the deer,' he said, 'when one is killed, make an outcry about it, and the sorrow passes by. The Dakotas, too, like these wild animals, make a great wailing over a dead friend—they wail out their sorrow, and it becomes lighter; but you keep your sorrow—you brood over it, and it becomes heavier.' There was truth in what the old man said. But we did not fail to cast our burden upon the Lord, and to obtain strength from a source which the Black Eagle knew not of.

"The old men came frequently to comfort us in this way, and it gave us an opportunity of telling them about Christ, who is the great Conqueror over death and the grave. Sometimes they came in and sat in silence, as old Sleepy Eyes and Tankamane often did, and that did us good." (Mary and I, 109.)
The years at Traverse des Sioux were discouraging ones. Mrs. Riggs wrote: "A few days after T. was drowned, some of the Indians here, entirely regardless of our affliction, came and demanded provisions as pay for the logs in our cabin. Mr. Riggs had previously given them two barrels of flour, and it was out of our power to aid them any more then, although Mr. R. told them, after their cruel speeches, that he would endeavor to purchase some corn, when the Fur Company's boat came up. They threatened killing our cattle and tearing down our cabin, and husband's proposition did not prevent their executing the first part of their threat. Just one week after dear T. was drowned, one ox was killed, and in eight days more the other shared the same fate. Then we felt that it was very probable our cabin would be demolished next." (Mary and I, 110.)

Mr. Riggs had to buy another ox, but it too was killed and carried away in the summer of 1844. He wrote: "In the meantime, the field was proving to be a very unpromising as well as difficult one, because of the great quantities of whiskey brought in. St. Paul was then made up a few grog-shops, which relied chiefly on the trade with the Indians. They took pelts, or guns, or blankets, or horses—whatever the Indian had to give for his keg of whiskey. The trade was a good one. The Lower Sioux bought for the Upper ones, and helped them to buy; and those at the Traverse and other points engaged in the carrying trade. When a keg was brought up, a general drunk was the result; but there was enough left to fill with water, and carry up farther and sell for a pony. This made our work very discouraging. Besides, we were often annoyed by the visits of drunken Indians. Sometimes they came with guns and knives. So that we all felt the strain of those years, and we often asked one another, 'What good is to come of this?'

"One winter night, Sleepy Eyes had come in from Swan Lake, and placed his horse at our haystack, while he himself went to the trader's to spend the night. Just before we retired to rest, we heard voices and feet hurrying past our door. I went out and found that two men and a woman were at the stable--the men were shooting arrows into Sleepy Eye's horse. One of the men said, 'I asked uncle for this horse, and
he did not give it to me—I am killing it.' They had done their work. Perhaps I had interfered unnecessarily—certainly un成功fully. As they returned and passed by our cabin, I was behind them, and, as I was stepping in at the door, an arrow whizzed by. Was it intended to hit?

"The next morning that Indian started off for whiskey, but a white man passed down the country also, and told the story at Fort Snelling. The result was that the man who killed his uncle's horse was put in the guard-house. Not for that, but for shooting at a white man, he was to be taken down into Iowa, to be tried for assault. The commandant of the post at Snelling doubted whether good would come of it, and I fully agreed with him. And so, in the month of March, Tankamane (Big Walker) and I went down to the fort and procured his release. He promised well—he would drink no whiskey while he lived—he would always be the white man's friend. He signed the pledge and went back with Big Walker and myself. A captain's wife asked how I dared to go in company with that man. I said, 'Madam, that man will be my best friend.' And so he was. He went up to the Blue Earth hunting-grounds, and brought us in some fine venison hams.

"But still intemperance increased. A drunken man went to the mission singing, and asked for food. They gave him a plate of rice and a spoon, but he did not feel like eating then. After slobbering over it awhile, he compelled the white women to eat it. They were too much afraid to refuse. One time Mr. Hopkins and I were both away until midnight, when my friend, Tankamane, while drunk, visited the house and threatened to break in the door. But we reached home soon afterward, and the women slept. Thus we had the 'terror and the arrow,' but the Lord shielded us.

"These were very trying years of missionary work. It was at this time our good friend and brother, Simon Anawangmane, who had come from Lac-qui-parle, gave way to the temptation of strong drink. We were grieved and he was ashamed. We prayed for him and with him, and besought him to touch it not again. He promised, but he did not keep his promise. He soon developed a passion for 'fire water.' It was not long before he put off his white man's clothes, and, dressed like an Indian, he too was on his way to the western plains, to buy a horse with a keg of whiskey. There were times of repenting and attempted reformation, but they were followed by sinning again and again. Shame took possession of the man, and shame among the Dakotas holds with a
terrible grip. He will not let go, and is not easily shaken off. Shame is a shameless fellow; it instigates to many crimes... So eight years passed with Simon. Sometimes he was almost persuaded to attempt a new life. Sometimes he came to church and sat down on the door-step, not venturing to go in; he was afraid of himself, as well he might be."

"... "In the spring of 1844, Robert and Agnes Hopkins came down from Lac-qui-parle, and, for the next seven years, were identified with the missionary work at Traverse des Sioux. The opposition to our remaining gradually died away and was lived down. Louis Provencale, the trader, alias Le Bland, had probably tried to carry water on both shoulders, but he was thoroughly converted to our friendship by an accident which happened to himself. The old gentleman was carrying corn, in strings, into his upper chamber by an outside ladder. With a load of this corn on his back, he fell and caught on his picket fence, the sharp-pointed wood making a terrible hole in his flesh. For months I visited him almost daily and dressed his wound. He recovered, and, although he was not the less a Romanist, he and his family often came to our meetings, and were our fast friends. Perhaps some seeds of truth were then sown, which bore fruit in the family a score of years afterward.

"Thus we had, occasionally, an opportunity to help a fellow white man in trouble. It was one Saturday in the early part of September, while we were at work on our school-house, that an Indian runner came in from Swan Lake, to tell us that a 'ghost' had come to their camp. A white man had come in in the most forlorn and destitute condition. The story is well told by Mary in her letters home." (Mary and I, 111-115.)

Early in October 1844 the Riggses spent a pleasant and profitable week at Lac qui Parle. Soon thereafter a starving white man, Bennett, was brought to the Riggs home at Traverse des Sioux and cared for for three weeks. He had been with a party of four men driving cattle to Fort Snelling. Sisseton Indians killed one of the men and some of the cattle and robbed the other men. One man escaped and the remaining two were permitted to leave but were not allowed to take with them their coats, a knife, and a life-preserver. Later one of the
men drowned, leaving only Bennett to totter into a Sioux camp from which he was taken by Sleepy Eyes to the Riggs home.

For a time the Indians were less drunk than usual, though they sometimes threatened the missionaries with bodily harm and there were frequent alarms. Riggs wrote: "When our school-house was erected and partly finished, our efforts at teaching took on more of regularity. It was a more convenient room to hold our Sabbath service in. In religious teaching, as well as in the school, Mr. Hopkins was an indefatigable worker. He learned the language slowly but well. Often he made visits to the Indian camps miles away. When the Dakotas of that neighborhood abstained for a while from drinking, we became encouraged to think that some good impressions were being made upon them. But there would come a new flooding of spirit water, and a revival of drinking. Thus our hopes were blasted." (Mary and I, 118.)

Late in June 1845 Captains Sumner and Allen, and Dr. Nichols of the army visited the Riggs home while on the second military expedition made to capture offenders of the Sisseton war party.

A half year latter, Mrs. Riggs wrote on January 29, 1846 her most encouraging letter, as follows: "For several Sabbaths past we have had a small congregation. It encourages us somewhat to see even a few induced to listen for a short time to the truths of the Gospel. But our chief encouragement is in God's unfailing promises. The Indians here usually sit during the whole service, and sometimes smoke several times.

"For some weeks I have been teaching the female part of our school. Some days half a dozen black-eyed girls come, and then, again, only one or two. Their parents tell them that we ought to pay them for coming to school, and, although there have been no threats of cutting up the blankets of those who read, as there was last winter, they are still ridiculed and reproached. We have in various ways endeavored to reward them for regular attendance, in such a manner as not to favor the idea that we were hiring them." (Mary and I, 121.)

"In the spring of 1846, Mary wanted to get away for a little rest. We fitted up a canoe, and, with a young man of the fur-trade, we started down the Minnesota. Mary had her baby, our fourth child, whose name was Anna Jane. We had scarcely well started when we met drunken Indians. Their canoe was laden with kegs of whiskey, and they were on shore cooking.
They called to us to come over and give them some food; but we passed by on the other side. One man raised his gun and poured into us a volley of buckshot. Fortunately, Mary and the baby were not touched. The canoe and the rest of us were somewhat sprinkled, but not seriously hurt.

That canoe voyage was continued down the Mississippi River as far as Red Wing. At Mr. Pond's station we took in Jane Lamonte, afterward Mrs. Titus. Where the city of St. Paul now is, we made a short stop, and I hunted up one of our Dakota church members, the wife of a Frenchman. A half a dozen log houses, one here and one there, made up the St. Paul of that day. At Pine Bend, Mrs. Brown left us. ....

"Red Wing was the station of the Swiss mission, occupied by the Dentans. Mrs. Dentan had been a teacher in the Mackinaw mission school. Here we found good Christian friends, and spent two weeks in helping them to do missionary work. ....

"The time came when it was decided that Mary and I should go back to Lac-qui-parle. The four years since we left had brought many changes. They had been years of discouragement and hardship all along the line. ....

"At Lac-qui-parle, where had been the best seed-sowing and harvesting for the first seven years, the work had gone backward. Bad corn years had driven some of the native Christians to take refuge among the annuity Indians of the Mississippi. Temptations of various kinds had drawn away others—they had stumbled and fallen. Persecutions from the heathen party had deterred others, and some had fallen asleep in Christ. Among these last was Mr. Joseph Renville, who had stood by the work from the beginning. He had passed away in the month of March; and thus the Lac-qui-parle church was reduced to less than half its members of four years ago.

"Out of this church there had gone a half a dozen or so, chiefly women, down to Kaposia, or Little Crow's village, which was on the Mississippi, a few miles below the site of St. Paul. Through them, more than any other influence perhaps, there came an invitation, from Little Crow and the head men of the village, to Dr. Williamson, through the Indian agent at Fort Snelling, to come down and open a school and a mission. This application was considered at the meeting
comfortable, without a team of some kind. This, then, was to be their policy. They would kill our cattle. They would steal our horses. And they had so persistently held to this line of treatment, during the last four years, that Dr. Williamson and his associates had with difficulty kept a team of any kind. Once they were obliged to hitch up milk cows to haul firewood.

"The Indians said we were trespassers in their country, and they had a right to take reprisals. We used their wood and their water, and pastured our animals on their grass, and gave them no adequate pay. We had helped them get larger corn-patches by ploughing for them, we had furnished food and medicines to their sick ones, we had often clothed their naked ones, we had spent and been spent in their service, but all this was, in their estimation, no compensation for the field we planted, and the fuel we used, and the grass we cut, and the water we drank. They were worth a thousand dollars a year!

"And so it seemed to me the time had come when some better understanding should be reached in regard to these things. I called the principal men of the village--Oo-pe-ya-hdaya, Inyangmane, and Wakanmane, and others--and told them that, as Dr. Williamson was called away by the Lower Indians, my wife and I had been sent back to Lac-qui-parle, but we would stay only on certain conditions. We knew them and they knew us. If we could stay with them as friends, and be treated as friends, we would stay. We came to teach them and their children. But if then, or at any time afterward, we learned that the whole village did not want us to stay, we would go home to our friends. For the help we gave them the water we used must be free, the wood to keep us warm must be free, the grass our cattle ate must be free, and the field we planted must be free; but when we wanted their best timber to build houses with, which we should do, I would pay them liberally for it. This arrangement they said was satisfactory, and soon afterward we bought from them the timber we used in erecting two frame houses.

"From this time onward we did not suffer so much from cattle-killing, though it has always been an incident attaching to mission life among the Indians. For the years that followed we were generally treated as friends. Sometimes there was a breeze of opposition, some wanted us to go away, but we always had friends who stood by us. And
of the Dakota mission held at the Traverse, and the voices were in favor of acceptance. But if Dr. Williamson left Lac-qui-parle, that involved the necessity of our returning thither. This proposition Mary could not entertain willingly. True, the work at the Traverse had been full of hardships and sufferings, but the very sufferings and sorrows, and especially that great first sorrow, had strongly wedded her affections to the place and the people. It was hard to leave those Oaks of Weeping. She could not see that it was right; still, she would not refuse to obey orders. (Mary and I, 121-124.)

On December 16, 1846, Mrs. Riggs wrote from Lac qui Parle to her mother in the East: "You will, I think, feel gratified to know that there are some things pleasant and encouraging here, notwithstanding the discouragements. The sound of the church-going bell is heard here—the bell which we purchased with the avails of moccasins donated by the church members. Some of those contributors are dead, and others have backslidden or removed; still, there are more hearers of the Word here than at Traverse des Sioux, although the large majority in both places turn a deaf ear to the calls and entreaties of the Gospel. Quite a number of the women who attend the Sabbath services can read, but some of them cannot find the hymns, and I enjoy very much finding the places for them." (Mary and I, 126-127.)

Riggs wrote as follows of the first renewed mission efforts at Lac qui Parle: "Our place at the Traverse was filled by Mr. A. G. Huggins' family, who thenceforward became associated with Mr. Hopkins, until they closed connection with the mission work. Fanny Huggins had married Jonas Pettijohn, and they were our helpers at Lac-qui-parle for the next five years.

"The time seemed to have come when our relations to the Indians should, if possible, be placed upon a better basis. From the time that the chief men came to understand that the religion of Christ was an exclusive religion, that it would require the giving up of their ancestral faith, they set themselves in opposition to it. Sometimes this was shown in their persecution of the native Christians, forbidding them to attend our meetings, and cutting up the blankets of those who came. Sometimes it was exhibited in the order that the children should not attend school. But the organized determination to drive us from the country showed itself most decidedly in killing our cattle. We could not continue in the country, and make ourselves
they were not always of the same party. The results of mission work began to be seen in the young men who grew up, many of them desirous of adopting, in part at least, the habits and the dress of the whites.

"There was another reason for a cessation of hostilities on their part; viz., that starvation did not so much stare them in the face. They had better corn crops than for some years previous. And, besides this, for two seasons the buffalo range was extended down the Minnesota far below Lac-qui-parle. For many years they had been far away, west of Lake Traverse. Now they came back, and for two winters our Indians revelled in fresh buffalo meat, their children and dogs even growing fat. And the buffalo robes gave them the means of clothing their families comfortably.

"Sometimes the herds of bison came into the immediate neighborhood of the village. One morning it was found that a large drove had slept on the prairie but a little distance back of our mission houses. Mr. Martin McLeod, the trader, and a few others organized a hunt on horseback. There was snow on the ground, I hitched our ponies to a rude sled, and we went to the show. As the hunters came into the herd and began to shoot them, the excitement increased in our sled—the ponies could not go fast enough for the lady.

"We now addressed ourselves afresh to the work of teaching and preaching. The day-school filled up. We took some children into our families. The young men who had learned to read and write when they were boys, came and wanted to learn something of arithmetic and geography. In the work of preaching I began to feel more freedom and joy. There had been times when the Dakota language seemed to be barren and meaningless. The words for Salvation and Life, and even Death and Sin, did not mean what they did in English. It was not to me a heart-language. But this passed away. A Dakota word began to thrill as an English word. Christ came into the language. The Holy Spirit began to pour sweetness and power into it. Then it was not exhausting, as it sometimes had been—it became a joy to preach."

(Mary and I, 127-130.)

Early in May 1847 Riggs was gone for several weeks during which time his wife had numerous visits from Indians who wanted medicines ordinarily dispensed by Riggs himself. Mrs. Riggs wrote: "In addition to the medicines,
there has been a great demand for garden-seeds, to say nothing of the
common wants of a little thread, or soap, or patches for a ragged short-
gown, or a strip of white cloth for the head to enable them to kill ducks
or buffalo, as the case may be." And later in May she wrote:

"This afternoon twenty-six armed Indian men paraded before the door and
discharged their guns. I was a little startled at first, but soon learned
that they had been in search of Chippewas that were supposed to be con-
cealed near by, and that they had returned unsuccessful, and were merely
indulging in a little military exercise."

Mrs. Riggs wrote on January 11, 1848 as follows: "The last Sabbath
in December, Mr. Riggs spent at an Indian encampment about sixteen miles
from this place. When he left home, baby Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Petti-
john's only child, was ill, but we did not apprehend dangerously so;
when he returned on Monday noon, little Samuel was dead. This has been
a severe affliction to them. Why was this first-born and only son taken,
and our five children spared, is a query that often arises.

"Some weeks ago, an elderly woman with a young babe begged me for
clothing for the little one. I asked her if it was her child. She replied
that it was her grandchild, that its mother died last summer, and that she
had nursed it ever since. At first she had no milk, but she continued
nursing it, until the milk flowed for the little orphan. This, thought
I, is an evidence of a grandmother's love not often witnessed. I felt very
compassionate for the baby, and gave the grandmother some old clothing.
After she left, a knife was missing, which seemed rather like a gypsy's
compensation for the kindness received. But perhaps she was not the thief,
as our house was then thronged with visitors from morning till night. We
endeavor to keep such things as they will be tempted to steal out of their
reach, but a mother can not watch three or four children, and perform
necessary household duties at the same time, without sometimes affording
an opportunity for a cunning hand to slip away a pair of scissors or a knife
unnoticed.

"The buffalo are about us in large herds. I have just taken a ride of
four or five miles to see these natives of the prairie. Before the herd
perceived our approach, they were quietly standing together, but, on
 perceiving us, they waited a moment for consultation, and then started bounding away. Those who were prepared for the chase entered their ranks, and then the herd separated into three or four parts, and scampered for life in as many different directions. Several were killed and dressed, and we brought home the huge head of one for the children to see, besides the tongue and some meat, which were given us as our share of the spoils." (Mary and I, 131-132.)

In the summer of 1848 the Riggses built "a plain, snug, one-story house, with a sitting-room, kitchen, and two bedrooms on the lower floor, and two rooms above." They hoped to be able to secure a young lady to assist in teaching and she would occupy one of the bedrooms.

During the two winters, 1846-1847 and 1847-1848, the whole Indian village at Lac qui Parle moved up the Minnesota River about fifteen miles to the Pomme de Terre, so that the hunters would be nearer the buffalo which were especially numerous at this time. To regulate the hunting a "soldiers' lodge" or tent was organized and set up in the middle of the camp. Women brought offerings of wood and meat to the tent, and the young and old men often gathered there to feast and hold councils. Riggs wrote:

"For these two winters, I arranged to spend every alternate Sabbath at the camp, going up on Saturday and returning on Monday. This soldiers' tent was, from the first, placed at my disposal for Sabbath meetings. It was an evidence of a great change in the general feeling of the village toward Christianity. It was a public recognition of it. All were not Christians by any means; but the following was honorable and honored, and we usually had a crowded tent. Our evening meetings were held in the tent of one of our church members. So the Word of God grew in Dakota soil.

"Where the village of Lac-qui-parle now stands is the site of Wakanmane's planting-place and village of those days. In one of the summer bark houses, we were accustomed to hold a week-day meeting. Our mission was three miles from there, and on the other side of the Minnesota; but it was only a pleasant walk of a summer day, and I was sure to find a little company, chiefly women, of from half a dozen to a dozen present. After two years' absence, Dr. Williamson returned to Lac-qui-parle on a visit, and remarked that he had found no meetings among the Dakotas so stimulating and encouraging as that weekly prayer-meeting. I have since spent a Sabbath, and wor-
shipped with white people on the same spot. It seemed like Jacob coming back to Bethel, where the angels of God had been.

"There were still few things to encourage, and many to discourage, all through the Dakota field; but it began to appear to us that if our forces could be doubled, the work, with God's blessing, might be pushed forward successfully. And so the Dakota Presbytery, which was organized in 1845, proceeded to license and ordain Gideon H. Pond and Robert Hopkins as ministers of the Gospel. They had both been working in this line for years, and it was fit that they should now be properly recognized as fellow-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord." (Mary and I, 133-134.)

Other encouragement came in 1848 when the American Board sent out to Minnesota Rev. M. N. Adams, Rev. John F. Aiton, and Rev. Joshua Potter. The annual meeting of the presbytery was at Kaposia, a few miles below St. Paul, and lasted nearly a week. Riggs, his wife and some children attended, thus allowing them a visit at their former station at Traverse des Sioux. Mr. and Mrs. Adams returned with them to Lac qui Parle.

From their station on January 6, 1849, Mrs. Riggs wrote: "The same foolish yet trying accusations are made - such as that we are to receive pay according to the number of scholars in the school here when the land is sold - that we are using up their grass and timber and land, and making them no requital. A few days ago the old chief and his brother-in-law came and rehearsed their supposed claims, and said that the Indians were tired of eating corn and wanted one of our remaining cattle."

On May 31, 1849 Mrs. Riggs wrote: "During Mr. Riggs' absence, our worship on the Sabbath, both in Sioux and English, has consisted of reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. I have been gratified that so many attended the Sioux service - about thirty each Sabbath."

Two weeks later she again wrote: "Mr. Riggs reached home two weeks ago, and last Monday he left again for Big Stone Lake, accompanied by Mr. Hopkins of Traverse des Sioux. They have gone hoping for opportunities to proclaim the Word of God to the Sioux in that region." (Mary and I, 137.)

The work of the missionaries was now becoming well established both among the white people who were beginning to settle in large numbers in the eastern part of the state and among the Indians farther to the west.
Minnesota was organized as a territory in 1849 and settlement was rapidly taking place. Riggs wrote:

"With an increased missionary force, we hoped to see large results within the next few years. There was progress made, but not so much as we hoped for. ... After a while, little churches were organized at Kaposia, Oak Grove, Prairieville, and Traverse des Sioux. At Lac-qui-parle the numbers in the church were somewhat increased. We began to have more young men in the church, and they began to separate themselves more and more from the village, and to build cabins and make fields for themselves. Thus the religion of Christ worked to disintegrate heathenism.

"The summer of 1851 came, which brought great changes, and prepared the way for others. It was one of the very wet summers in Minnesota, when the streams were flooded all the summer through. In making our trip for provisions in the spring, we were detained at the crossing of one stream for almost a whole week. In the latter part of June, the Indians from all along the upper part of the Minnesota were called down to Traverse des Sioux, to meet commissioners of the government. They were obliged to swim at many places. The Minnesota was very high, spreading its waters over all the low bottom contiguous to the mission premises. Governor Ramsay and Commissioner Lea were there for the government. General Sibley and the fur-traders generally were present, with a large number of the Wahpaton and Sisseton Sioux." (Mary and I, 138-139.)

On July 4, 1851, Rev. Robert Hopkins drowned at his station at Traverse des Sioux, being the second missionary to drown at that point. Meanwhile, Indians and whites were gathering there for the signing of the treaty which was forever to change the whole nature of future mission work in Minnesota. Riggs wrote:

"The Treaty was made, which, with one consummated immediately after, at Mendota, with the Lower Sioux, conveyed to the white people all their land in Minnesota, except a reserve on the upper part of the river. These treaties had an important bearing on our mission work and on all the eastern Dakotas.

"The messenger who brought word to us at Lac-qui-parle of the sudden death of our brother, Robert Hopkins, brought also to me a pressing invita-
tion from the commission to attend the making of the Treaty. I at once mounted a pony and rode down. It gave me an opportunity of seeing the inside of Indian treaties. On my return, I was in advance of the Indians, and, coming to the Chippewa alone, I found no way of crossing its swollen tide but by swimming. In the middle of the stream, my horse turned over backward, and we went down to the bottom together. He soon, however, righted himself, and I came up by his side, with one hand holding his mane. I remember well the feeling I had when in the deep waters, that my horse would take me out. And I was not disappointed. This event has ever since been to me a lesson of trust: "Though I walk through valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Mary and I, 140.)

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux near St. Peter transferred ownership from the Sioux to the government of all land between the Mississippi and Big Sioux rivers. The price to be paid was twelve cents an acre spread over a number of years. At the treaty-making it was arranged that the traders were to receive payment for money due them, and this was a cause of much ill-feeling later on the part of the Indians. The treaty provided for schools, blacksmiths, and farmers to help and instruct the Sioux who were to be removed to a reservation along the Minnesota River stretching along the east side of the river from about the midway between New Ulm and Fort Ridgely to Big Stone Lake.

Much of Riggs' time since his arrival in Minnesota in 1837 had been spent in learning the language, making translations, and compiling a dictionary. Riggs wrote: "A grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language had been going through the process of growth in all these years. It was incidental to our missionary work, and in the line of it. The materials came to us naturally in our acquisition of the language, and we simply arranged them. The work of arrangement involved a good deal of labor; but it brought its reward, in the better insight it gave one of their forms of thought and expression."

"To begin with, we had the advantage of what had been gathered by the Messrs. Pond and Stevens, and Dr. Williamson, in the three years
Illinois. Isabella we concluded to take on to the mother's mountain home in Massachusetts. The two little girls were kindly cared for in the family of Rev. E. D. Neil of St. Paul; and the little boy, Thomas was to stay in Dr. Williamson's family, at Kaposia. Thus the distribution was finally made.

"The mission meeting took place this year at Traverse des Sioux. Among other consultations, it was adjudged wise for Mrs. Hopkins and her three children - the father and husband being gone - to accompany us on their return to her friends in Southern Ohio. The brothers Pond and Rev. Joseph Hancock, who had joined the mission and was stationed at Red Wing, all had their horses, and, the travel by land being difficult, they put them on board our good mission boat Winona, and so we had a full cargo down to St. Paul.

"From there we had a steamer to Galena, where we took passage in freight wagons that were going to Elgin, the terminus of the railroad that was then being made west from Chicago. This trip across the country we all greatly enjoyed, stopping at Freeport over the Sabbath, and listening to the somewhat celebrated revivalist Elder Knapp. We crossed Lake Michigan, and by the Michigan Central to Detroit, and then took a lake boat to Cleveland. That night we encountered a lake storm; and, while almost every one was sea-sick, Mary and I stood on the fore deck and enjoyed watching the mountain waves." (Mary and I, 143-144.)

During the eight years since their last trip to the East Riggs' father had died and his wife's grandfather, her sister, and brother Alfred. Mrs. Riggs spent the winter of 1851-52 with her close relatives, while Mr. Riggs went to New York City and spent seven months in getting through the press his grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language. He wrote of this time:

"Of the various hindrances and delays, and of the burning of the printing-office in which the work was in progress, and the loss of quite a number of pages of the book, which had to be again made up, I need not speak. They are ordinary incidents. Early in the summer of 1852 the work was done - and done, I believe, to the satisfaction of all parties. I had obtained the commendation of literary men generally, and it was said that for no volume published by the Smithsonian Institution, up to that
before we came. Perhaps an effort made still earlier, by some officer of the army at Fort Snelling, in collecting a vocabulary of a few hundred words of the Sioux language, should not be overlooked. Thus, entering into other men's labors, when we had been a year or more in the country, and were somewhat prepared to reap on our own account, the vocabulary which I had gathered from all sources amounted to about three thousand words.

"From that time onward, it continued to increase rapidly as by means of translations and otherwise we were gathering new words. In a couple of years more, the whole needed revision and rewriting, when it was found to have more than doubled. So it grew. Mr. S. W. Pond also entered into the work of arranging the words and noting the principles of the Dakota language. He gave me the free use of his collections, and he had the free use of mine. This will be sufficient to indicate the way in which the work was carried on from year to year. How many dictionaries I made I cannot now remember. When the collection reached ten thousand words and upward, it began to be quite a chore to make a new copy. By and by we had reason to believe that we had gathered pretty much the whole language, and our definitions were measurably correct." (Mary and I, 141-142.)

Riggs was able to interest the Minnesota Historical Society and prominent men of the state in the publication of the dictionary, and about $800 was collected. The American Board cheerfully consented to pay Riggs' expenses while having the book published. Finally the Smithsonian Institution was approached and agreed to have the work published. Riggs wrote regarding this time in 1851:

"In the meantime, Mary and I had undertaken our second trip to the East. Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who had been away awhile on account of Mrs. Adams' health, were now back at Lac-qui-parle, associated with Mr. and Mrs. Pettijohn. We commenced our journey across the prairie about the first of September. The waters were still high, and we found it necessary to make a boat which should serve as a bed for one of our wagons, and be easily transferred to the water.

"Our children now numbered a round half-dozen. The baby, Henry Martyn, about two years old, must be taken along, of course. The boy, "Good Bird," now about fourteen, we would take down with us and send him to school in
time, was the demand so great as for that. It is now out of print, and the book can only be bought at fancy prices.

"The question of republication is sometimes talked of, but no steps have been taken yet to accomplish the object. While, as the years have gone by, and the book has been tested by Dakota scholars and found to be all that was ever claimed for it, yet, in case of a republication, some valuable additions can be made to the sixteen thousand words which it contains. The language itself is growing. Never, probably, in its whole history, has it grown so much in any quarter of a century as it has in the twenty-five years since the dictionary was published. Besides, we have recently been learning more of the Teeton dialect, which is spoken by more than half of the whole Sioux nation. And, as the translation of the Bible has progressed, thoughts and images have been brought in, which have given the language an unction and power unknown to it before.

"While we were in the East, several offers were made in regard to taking one of our children. These offers came from the best families, where a child would have enjoyed all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, more than could be had in our Indian home. It was a question that had often claimed our thought, and sometimes had been very favorably considered; but when the opportunity came, we decided to keep our children with us for the present. The circumstances of our home-life had changed somewhat; home education could be carried on to better advantage and with less drawbacks than in the first years of our missionary life.

"And so in the month of June, when the Philadelphia market was red with its best strawberries, we started westward, bringing the two children with us. It had been a profitable year to Isabella. The mother and children had spent a couple of the last months with relatives and friends in Brooklyn and now we made a little stop in the Quaker City, and visited Girard College, Fairmount, and other places of interest. It was September when we had gathered all our six children together and were making the trip across the Prairie to Lac-qui-parle. This time we had with us the Misses Lucy and Mary Spooner of Kentucky, - since Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Worcester. They came out to spend two years in the mission. Miss Lucy's teaching in music, and
instrumental, as well as other branches, was of singular advantage to our own children, as well as to the Indians. Miss Mary went into the family of Mr. Adams, who had gathered a little boarding-school of Dakota children. This might be called the first effort in this line made among the Dakotas.

"Before our return, Mr. and Mrs. Pettijohn had taken the pre-emption fever, and had left the mission and gone to the Traverse and made a claim. Mrs. Pettijohn had been connected with the mission work since 1839, and Mr. P. for a shorter period. Both had been conscientious to make a home for their growing family. Mr. Huggins also, about the same time, left the mission work, and made a home in the same neighborhood. Mr. Potter had left the Dakota field after only a year's trial, regarding it as a very difficult one, as compared with the one he had left in the Indian Territory South. Now, in the years 1852 and 1853, our numbers diminished very rapidly. The Indians were to be removed, according to the stipulations of their treaties, to their reserve on the Upper Minnesota. Both the brothers Pond elected to stay where they were, and minister to the white people who were rapidly settling up the country. Both were successful in organizing churches, one at Shakopee and the other at Bloomington.

"Likewise, for the same reasons, Mr. John F. Alton retired from the service of the Board about the same time, and Mr. Hancock also. Dr. Williamson elected to continue his work among the Dakotas, and so made arrangements, in advance of the removal of the Indians, to open a new station near the Yellow Medicine, which he called Pay-she-hoo-ta-ze the Dakota name for that stream.

"During the summer of 1852, Dr. Williamson had erected his dwelling-house at this new place, but it was still in quite an unfinished state when he removed his family up, in the beginning of the cold weather. That fall the snows came early, and found the family without any sufficient supplies for the winter. In December, the storms were incessant, and the snow became very deep, at which time the doctor's men were toiling against odds, endeavoring to bring up provisions to the family on the Yellow Medicine. But they could not succeed. When they were yet more than forty miles away, their teams gave out and were buried in the snow. The men, both
frozen badly, Mr. Hunter much maimed, barely succeeded in reaching the mission. How the family were to winter through was not apparent, but the Lord provided. Unexpectedly, the Indians found fish in the river, and Mr. Adams, with a young man, worked his way down from Lac-qui-parle, and carried them what provisions they could on a hand-sled. Thus they weathered the terrible winter. Thus they commenced mission work at this new place, where they continued for ten years, until the outbreak.

"At Lac-qui-parle we were doing effective Christian work. Our own family were all together. The hard winter entailed a good deal of hard work. The snow would sift through our roofs and pack into the upper part of our houses, until, as we sometimes said, there was more inside than outside. Every day, also, our hay-stacks were covered up with snow, so as to make the labor of feeding the cattle very great. But still these were years of enjoyment and profit. A company of Dakota young men were growing up and preparing for work in the future.

"The next year Mr. Adams received an invitation to take charge of the church of white people at Traverse des Sioux, which was the continuation of the mission church organized there. This invitation he accepted and closed his connection with the special work for the Dakotas. It will occur to every reader of these memoirs to note how many men the foreign mission work among the Dakotas gave the home mission work among the white people of Minnesota. The shepherds were here in advance of their flocks. The work is one - the world for Christ.

"The Dakota mission was now reduced to its lowest terms; only Dr. Williamson's family and my own remained. If the Lord had not given us the victory when we were many, would he do it when we were few? We were sure he could do it. While it is true that the Lord is often on the side of the strong battalions, it is not always so. And spiritual forces are not measured by the same rules that measure material forces. So we toiled on with good hope, and when, a year later, we were called to leave Lac-qui-parle, and commence our station elsewhere, Secretary Treat proposed that we call it New Hope.
In carrying on missionary labor among a heathen people, the question, What shall be the relation of the children of the mission family to the people? is often a difficult and perplexing one. The springs of the home-life must be kept, as far as possible, from being contaminated. And yet the daily intercourse with those of impure thoughts and impure words is contaminating. Shall we make our family a garden inclosed? If so, the children when small must not learn the language of the natives. Mary and I adopted this principle and carried it out very successfully. Up to the time of our return in 1852, our children had hardly learned any Dakota. Now, our boy Alfred was fifteen years old, and had assigned to him duties which made it necessary that he should understand the Indians somewhat and make himself understood by them. So he commenced to learn the language. John P. Williamson had commenced to talk it much earlier. Doubtless the advantage in speaking a language is with those who learn in their very childhood, other things being equal. The reason for the exclusion had partly passed by, and taking of Dakota children into our family, and being closely connected with a boarding-school of Dakota children, made it impossible, if it had been desirable, longer to keep up the bars.

By and by came along the third of March, 1854. The spring had opened early, the ground was bare of snow, and everything was dry. Our cellars had been in the habit of freezing, and to protect our potatoes and other vegetables we had been in the habit of stuffing hay under the floor, all around, in the fall. This hay had not yet been removed, and was very dry. The cellar was dark, and a lighted candle was needed by those who went down for any purpose. The mother was preparing for the family dinner, and so had sent down the little boys, Thomas and Henry, in their seventh and fifth years respectively, to bring her up potatoes. Through carelessness, and without thought, perhaps, they held the lighted candle too near the dried hay. It took fire immediately, and in a few seconds of time so filled the cellar with smoke that the boys with some difficulty made their escape.

There was no supply of water nearer than the river and spring run, down quite a hill. But every boy and girl were soon carrying water. The difficulty was to reach the fire with the water. The floor was flooded and a hole was cut through, but the fire had taken such a hold of the whole interior, that our little pails full of water were laughed at by the flames.
The effort was now made to save something from the burning house. Some articles were carried into the other house, which stood near by. But that also took fire, and both houses were soon consumed, with almost all they had contained. A few books were saved, and the chief part of Miss Spooner's wardrobe and bedding, her room being on the corner away from where the fire commenced. Before noon the fire-fiend had done his work and our mission houses were a mass of coals and ashes. Very little had been saved. The potatoes in the cellars were much burned and cooked, but underneath, a portion of them were found to be in a good state of preservation.

"The adobe church, that stood partly under the hill, was the only building that escaped. Thither we removed what few things we had saved, and our Dakota neighbors were very kind, bringing us what they could; while Mr. Martin McLeod, the trader, sent us blankets and other things to meet the present necessity, partly as a gift, and partly to be paid for. In a few days Dr. Williamson came up from Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-ze with further supplies. And all along through the spring and summer, as our friends in the East heard of our loss, the boxes and barrels were sent for our relief. It did us good to know that we had so many true-hearted friends.

"When, after the fire, we were somewhat comfortably domiciled in the adobe church, the time came for our regular communion. The disaster had made all our hearts tender, and the opportunity for helpfulness on the part of our native church members, which had been improved by many of them, had drawn us toward them. It was an appropriate time to remember what Christ had done for us. And just then we were made very glad by the return of Simon Anawangmane from his long wanderings. Some years before, he had broken away from strong drink, but he was so overcome with remorse and shame that he could not get up courage enough to come back and take again upon him the oath of fealty to the wounded Lord. He edged his way back. He had often come and sat on the door-step, not daring to venture in. Then he came in and sat down in a corner. By and by he took more courage. He had talked with Dr. Williamson at Yellow Medicine, who gave him a letter, saying, "I think Simon should now be restored to the church." We did reinstate him. And for more than a score of years since his restoration, Simon has lived, far as we can see, a true Christian life. For nearly all that time he has
been a ruling elder in the church, and for ten years past a licensed exhorter.

"We decided almost immediately to rebuild our burnt houses, and as soon as we had taken care of the potatoes in the cellars, that were not too much injured, we set about getting out timbers. It was a slow process to saw boards and timbers with the whip-saw, but up to this time this had been our only way of making material for building. This work had been pushed on so well that when, by the first of June, Secretary S. B. Treat, of the mission house in Boston, made us a visit, we had gotten out material for the frame of our house. His visit, at this time, was exceedingly gratifying and helpful to us all. It was good to counsel with such a sagacious, true, thoughtful, Christian counsellor as Mr. Treat.

"The whole line of mission work was carefully reviewed. The result was that we gave up our plan of rebuilding at Lac-qui-parle and sought a new place. The reason for this was: first, we had from the beginning been widely separated in our work, spreading out our labors and attempting to cultivate as much of the field as possible. This had obviously had its disadvantages. We were too far apart to cheer and help each other. Now, when we were reduced to two families, Mr. Treat advised concentrating our forces. That was in accordance with our own inclinations. And, secondly, the Yellow Medicine had been made the headquarters of the Indian Agency for the four thousand Upper Indians. The drift was down toward that point. It was found that we could take with us almost all the Christian part of our community. The idea was to commence a settlement of the civilized and Christianized Dakotas, at some point within convenient distance from the Agency, to receive the help which the government had by treaty pledged itself to give. And so we got on our horses and rode down to Dr. Williamson's, twenty-five or thirty miles; and Mr. Treat and Dr. Williamson and Miss Spooner and Mary and I rode over the country above Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-ze, which was selected as the site for the new station, afterward called Hazelwood. At Dr. Williamson's, we had a memorable meeting, at which Mr. Treat told our Dakota church members of a visit he had made to the Choctaws and Cherokees. We also had consultations on various matters; among which was that of getting out a new
Dakota hymn-book, which should contain the music as well as the hymns. A new departure was thus inaugurated in our mission work, and, in after years, time was often counted from this visit of Secretary Treat.

"The building materials we had prepared at Lac-qui-parle were partly hauled by land and partly floated down the river; and by the month of September our house was so far finished that we removed the family down. Also, we had erected a small frame which served for various purposes, as school-room and dwelling. But, while the work was progressing, Mary had quite a sudden and severe attack of sickness. It was nearly sundown when the messenger arrived, and Dr. Williamson and I had a night ride over the prairie. The shadows looked weird and ghostly - perhaps tinged by the mental state of the beholder. At midnight we reached the sufferer, who was, by wise doctoring and skilful nursing, restored in a week. ....

"The Dakotas entered at once into the idea of the new settlement; and no sooner had we selected the spot for our building and set a breaking-plough to work in making a mission field, than they were at work in the same line. The desirable places were soon selected, and log cabins went up, the most of which were replaced by frame buildings or brick within a year or two. The frames were put up by themselves, with the assistance we could give them, - the brick houses were built by the government.

"We had been long enough schooling ourselves in the use of the whip-saw. That was one of the processes of labor that, years before, I had determined not to learn. I had acquired some skill in the use of the broadaxe, and rather liked it. I had applied my knowledge of mathematics in various ways to the work of framing houses, and it became a pleasure. But I thought I should avoid the whip-saw. The time, however, came when I needed a sawyer greatly, and could obtain none, and so took hold myself.

"But now we decided that it would be more economical to make boards by horse and ox power than by man power alone; and so the committee at Boston authorized the purchase of a small circular saw-mill. This proved quite a help in our civilized community. It enabled us to put up in the next season a house for a small boarding-school, and also a neat church building. This latter was erected...finished at a cost of about $700, only $200 of which was mission funds. At this time the Indians were receiving money annuities. It was paid them in gold, about $10 for each individual. So that the men re-
ceived from thirty to fifty dollars. At a propitious time I made a tea-party, which was attended by our civilized men largely, and the result was that, with some assistance from white people, they were able to raise about five hundred dollars. It was a success beyond my most sanguine expectations.

"We had now such a respectable community of young men, who had cut off their hair and exchanged the dress of the Dakotas for that of the white man, and whose wants now were very different from the annuity Dakotas generally, that we took measures to organize them into a separate band, which we called the Hazelwood Republic. They elected their President for two years, and other needed officers, and were, without any difficulty, recognized by the agent as a separate band. A number of these men were half-breeds, who were, by the organic law of Minnesota, citizens. The constitution of the State provided that Indians also might become citizens by satisfying a court of their progress in civilization.

"A few years after the organization of the civilized community, I took eight or ten of the men to meet the court at Mankato, but, the court deciding that a knowledge of English was necessary to comply with the laws of the State, only one of my men was passed into citizenship.

"A part of the plan of our new community was a mission boarding-school. Almost from the beginning, we had been making trial of educating Dakota children in our own families. Mary had a little girl given her the first fall after we came to Lac-qui-parle; she was the daughter of Eagle Help, my Bible reader; but after she had washed and dressed her up she stayed only a month and then ran away. The Messrs. Pond raised one or two in their families. Dr. Williamson had several Dakota children when at Kaposia, and afterward at Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-ze. Mr. Adams had at one time a boarding-school of a half-dozen at Lac-qui-parle, and we had two or three in our family. Now the work was to be attempted on a larger scale.

"The Hazelwood boarding-school was for a while cared for by Miss Ruth Pettijohn, and afterward by Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cunningham. Counting those in Dr. Williamson's family and our own, the boarding scholars amounted to twenty. This was the extent of our ambition in that line at that time. A large boarding-school demands a large outlay for buildings, as well as for its continual support. The necessities of our mis-
sion work did not then demand the outlay, nor could it have been easily ob-
tained from the funds of the Board. Connected with this school, as teachers, were Mrs. Annie B. Ackley and Miss Eliza Huggins and Isabella B. Riggs.

"We had reached the time, in 1854, when it became necessary to enter upon some plan to educate our children beyond what we could give them in our Indian home. Three years before this, Alfred had been at school in Illinois, but that was only a temporary arrangement; now he was seventeen years old and prepared to enter college. Mary and I often discussed the question of ways and means. It was our desire to give our children as good an education as we possessed ourselves - at least, to give them a chance of obtaining such an education. We did not feel that our position as missionaries should make this impossible, and yet how it was to be accomplished we could not see. We had neither of us any patrimony. In this respect we were on an equality. She received $100 from her father's estate, and I but a little more than that, and we did not know of any rich friends to whom we could apply for aid. Our salary had been small from the beginning. We entered the mission work at a time when the Board was cutting down everywhere. So that we started on a salary or allowance of about $250, and for the first quarter of a century it did not materially differ from the basis of a Methodist circuit rider in the West of olden times; that is, $100 apiece, and $50 for each child. At this time, when our family numbered eight, we had an allowance of $500. We were both close calculators, and we never ran in debt. We could live comfortably with our children at home, each doing something to carry the burdens of life. But how could we support one or more away at school? A third of the whole family allowance would not suffice to pay the expenses of one, at the most economical of our colleges or schools. To begin, the work required faith. We determined to begin, by sending Alfred to Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois. From year to year, we were able to keep him there until he finished the course. Two years after sending Alfred, we sent Isabella to the Western Female Seminary, at Oxford, Ohio. This, however, we were enabled to do by the help which Mrs. Blaisdell and other Christian friends of the Second Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati gave.
"With two away at the same time, 'the barrel of meal did not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail.' In various ways the Lord helped us. One year our garden produced a large surplus of excellent potatoes, which the Indian agent bought at a very remunerative price. From year to year our faith was strengthened. 'Jehovah Jireh' became our motto. He stood by us and helped us in the work of education all through the twenty-three years that have followed, until the last of Mary's eight children has finished at the Beloit high school. We have redeemed our promise and pledge made to each other. We have given, by the Lord's help, each and all of our children a chance to become as good or better scholars than their father and mother were.

The 3d of March was associated in our minds with calamity from the burning of our houses at Lac-qui-parle. But two years later, or in the spring of 1856, the 3d of March brought a great shadow over Dr. Williamson's household. Smith Burgess Williamson was just coming up to young manhood. He was large of his age, a very manly boy. On this 3d of March he was engaged in hauling up firewood with an ox-team. He probably attempted to get on his loaded sled while the oxen were in motion, and, missing his step, fell under the runner. He was dragged home, a distance of some rods, and his young life was entirely crushed out. We were immediately summoned over from Hazelwood. Human sympathy could go but a little way toward reaching the bottom of such a trouble. It was like other sorrows that had come upon us, and we were prepared to sit down in silence with our afflicted friends, and help them think out, "It is the Lord"; "I was dumb because thou didst it." The family had been already schooled in affliction, and this helped to prepare them better for the Master's work.

During these passing years, the educational work among the Dakotas was progressing beyond what it had done previously. Our boarding-school at Hazelwood, in charge of H. D. Cunningham, was full and doing good service. Our civilized and Christian community had come to desire and appreciate somewhat the education of their children. At Dr. Williamson's, also, several were taken into the family, and the day-school prospered. Miss Jane S. Williamson, a maiden sister of the doctor, had come to the land of the Dakotas when Mary and I returned in 1843. From the association
and connection of her father's family with slavery in South Carolina, she had
grown up with a great interest in the colored people. She had taught colored
schools in Ohio, when it was very unpopular, even in a free state, to educate
the blacks. When she came to the Dakotas, her enthusiasm in the work of lift-
ing up the colored race was at once transferred to the red men, and she became
an indefatigable worker in their education.

"She often carried cakes and nuts in her pocket, and had something to
give to this and that one, to draw them to her school. The present race of
Dakotas remember Aunt Jane, as we called her, or Dowan Dootawin, Red Song
Woman, as they called her, with tender interest, and many of them owe more to
her than they can understand.

"At this time, a translation of the first part of John Bunyan's Pilgrim,
which I had prepared, was printed by the American Tract Society, and at once
became a popular and profitable reading-book for the Dakotas." (Mary and I,
145-161.)

The Williamsons, Riggses, and others were now beginning to see the results
of their long years of unselfish service at Lac qui Parle. No further mission
work was carried on by them at Lac qui Parle, so the story of their further
work as related in Dr. Stephen Return Riggs' book, "Mary and I; Forty Years
with the Sioux," will not be continued after the year 1856, which found the
two families at Hazelwood.

The years that followed were to see the Spirit Lake Massacre of 1857, the
Sioux Uprising of 1862, the military expeditions of 1862-1865, the mission
work among the Sioux prisoners at Mankato, Fort Snelling, and Davenport, the
abandonment of the work at Hazelwood and its extension into many parts of
South Dakota.

Riggs' book, "Mary and I," was published in 1880. Mary, Mrs. Riggs, died
March 22, 1869 in Beloit, Wisconsin. She was born on November 10, 1813, in
Hawley, Mass. Mr. Riggs was born on March 23, 1812, in Steubenville, Ohio,
and died in the summer of 1883. Their eight children were Alfred, 1837;
Isabella, 1840; Martha, 1842; Anna, 1845; Thomas, 1847; Henry, 1849; Robert,
1855; and Mary, 1859. Alfred, Isabella, Martha, Thomas, and Henry were all
born at Lac qui Parle; Anna at Traverse des Sioux; and Robert and Mary at
Hazelwood. Following his first wife's death, Riggs married Mrs. Annie Ackley
and they had Edna, born in Beloit, Wis., in 1874.
A granddaughter of Dr. Williamson, writing a biography of her father, has left an interesting account of the Williamson family at Lac qui Parle. The following account by Winifred W. Barton tells of the period from 1835 to 1847:

"In the spring of 1835 there might have been seen on the deck of a steamboat ascending the Mississippi River a little company of people who seemed to be different from the usual travellers of that time. They did not look like Indian traders. Neither were they officers' families. Who were they?

"Several years before, in his home in Ripley, Ohio, Dr. Thomas S. Williamson had heard the call to preach the Gospel to the Indians of the Northwest. He at first was unwilling to go. He had not the wanderlust of the early explorers and to leave his happy home and his successful practices of medicine did not appeal to him as being desirable. There were three little children in the family. It did not seem that it would be right to take them to an unknown land, away from all advantages of education.

"God removed this seeming obstacle. Within a short time the three little ones were all gathered to their heavenly home.

"Soon after this Dr. Williamson made his decision and moved with his family to Cincinnati to take theological training in Lane Seminary. In the summer of 1834, he made a trip under the auspices of the American Board, to visit the Indians of the Upper Mississippi, and went as far as Fort Snelling. He was especially impressed with the needs of the Sioux or Dakota Indians.

"On his return trip, at Prairie du Chien, he met Joseph Renville, a French half-breed trader, who had learned something of Christianity through a French Bible that had fallen into his hands. Mr. Renville was at once interested in Dr. Williamson's plan and invited him to locate in his village.

"So now, to return to the party on the steamboat, we find Dr. Williamson on his way to the Land of the Dakotas, with his wife and little
Elizabeth, Miss Sarah Poage, his wife's sister, and Mr. A. G. Huggins and family.

'We can imagine the little company on deck as the boat reached the Upper Mississippi, the new country that was to be their country. We can feel their enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, the hills, and trees in all their springtime freshness. Only a few times before they reached Fort Snelling did they see Indians. These were half naked and dirty, not even picturesque, as we like to think of our first Americans.

'Upon reaching Fort Snelling, the location for a station was the first thing to be determined. Fort Snelling was the natural place. The rivers were then the channels for business, and it was at the confluence of all the streams on which lived the Sioux of Minnesota. The Government had already placed there the Indian Agency and the military post for that region. The principal fur company had also just located their supply depot for the traders of the Northwest at that point. A few officers had brought their wives,--the only white women in the country. Fort Snelling was also the only post-office, where they received mail once a month, postage being twenty-five cents' (J. P. W., in "Home Mission Heroes").

"But Dr. Williamson decided to locate elsewhere. The American Board had appointed another missionary, Licentiate J. D. Stevens, who was already on his way. Also two remarkable young men had arrived the year before, having come as laymen on an independent mission to bring Christian civilization to the Indians. Their names were Samuel W. and Gideon H. Pond, and both afterwards became ministers. They settled on Lake Calhoun, near Fort Snelling, where they made some progress in teaching the Indians farming, but their greatest work was in the study of the language, which they reduced to writing, giving it an alphabet with characters the same as in the English alphabet. This foundation work was of great value to Dr. Williamson and his associates and it was not long until the Pond brothers joined with them in the Dakota Mission.

"The presence of the Pond brothers and the coming of Mr. Stevens would supply the urgent need at Fort Snelling. Dr. Williamson would leave this field for them. He was much interested in the invitation of Joseph Renville,
the French half-breed, who had a trading post at Lacquiparle, two hundred miles west of Fort Snelling. He met him again at this time and he renewed his invitation. The Doctor was assured in his heart that it was God's call. He told Mr. Renville that he would go.

"During his few weeks' stay at Fort Snelling Dr. Williamson was not idle. Quite remarkably, the commandant of the post, Major Loomis, with his wife and daughter, were active Christian workers. He had asked the Pond brothers to come and hold meetings at the post on the Sabbath. The result was a dozen or more conversions. The timely arrival of an ordained minister suggested the advantages of a church organization. Dr. Williamson accordingly organized the church with twenty-two members, over whom four elders were ordained, one of whom was the commandant, another the head trader of the fur company, and another the older of the Pond brothers. This was the first church organized in what is now the State of Minnesota, and was the genesis of the First Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis ("Home Mission Heroes").

"On the 21st day of June the missionary party left Fort Snelling for Lacquiparle, the Lake that Talks, two hundred miles up the Minnesota River. Their conveyance was a large lumber wagon bought for the purpose. It was found that the first eighty miles was a dense forest through which no road had been cut, but Mr. Renville came to their assistance, offering to take the women and children, and loaded everything except the horses on his Mackinaw flat-boat, which was already well filled with his yearly supply of store goods.

"The horses Dr. Williamson took by land. The dozen or more French Canadian voyageurs made slow progress rowing the boat against the current and Dr. Williamson easily made the camps at night. After nine tedious days of this kind of travel they reached a point near St. Peter called Traverse des Sioux where Mr. Renville's caravan of some fifty Red River carts was found waiting. All took to wheels for one hundred and twenty miles over the great rolling prairies to Lacquiparle. After leaving Fort Snelling they saw no house during all of the journey, and no white face except those of their own party.
"Mr. Renville's trading post consisted of a cluster of a dozen or more log cabins surrounded by a stockade. He offered the mission party the use of one of these cabins until they could build. It was in this log hut with floor of earth that John Poage Williamson was born, October 27, 1635, being probably the first white child born in what is now the State of Minnesota. It bothered him not at all that he was the only white baby within hundreds of miles around. As a boy he was oppressed by the sights and sounds of heathenism, but as a baby he cooed and played as other babies do and smiled happily at the dusky faces at window and door.

"Dr. Williamson soon began work on a log house a story and a half high. There was a large flat stone near by, about six by eight feet across the top, which he made up his mind to use as a hearthstone. It was too large to move into a house, as could easily be seen, so he built his house around it. There was a hollow in it about the size of a saucer into which John, as a little boy, used to pour milk for his cat.

"Years after, when Dr. Alfred Riggs visited the site of his birthplace and early home, he found the old hearthstone, although the house had long since been destroyed. At considerable trouble and expense he had the stone moved and shipped to his home at Santee, where it may still be seen, in front of the study windows, the hearthstone of the Dakota Mission.

"This log house soon sheltered three missionary families, for in September, 1637, Rev. Stephen R. Riggs with his young wife joined the Mission and occupied one of the upper rooms. On November first of the same year, Gideon Pond was married to Miss Sarah Poage, and they made their home in one of the other upper rooms, the third being used as a storeroom. Of the two rooms downstairs, one was Dr. Williamson's home. The other was used for church services and for school.

"Into the Riggs family on December 6th was born a son whom they named Alfred, and soon began that attachment between him and John which grew and deepened with the passing years.

"Much of the time in those early days was spent by the missionaries in study of the language and in translating the Bible. In this work Mr. Renville was of great assistance, though as he did not understand English, his help was necessarily given through the French. One of the missionaries would read from the French Bible, verse by verse, and Mr. Renville would give the
Dakota translation. Dr. Williamson was very painstaking. When he came to a word having more than one meaning, he would use it in different sentences, so as to be sure Mr. Renville understood its real significance. As a part of the work of translation, comparison was made with the original Greek and Hebrew. Thus the Dakota Bible grew, and stands to-day as a model of correct Dakota, as well as of correct Bible.

"Within two years after reaching Lacquipaule, Dr. Williamson was preaching in the Dakota language, though it was not until years after that he felt that he had mastered it. He realized the power of song, and he and the other missionaries early turned their attention to the writing of Dakota hymns, setting them to our familiar hymn tunes. So through the ministry of song, the Gospel was sung into the hearts and minds of the people.

"John inherited from his mother a sweet voice and a musical ear. When only a little boy he often accompanied his father on his trips about the camp, to help sing, and started the hymns.

"The intense and protracted labour of the early missionaries in learning the language John did not need to know. He learned it as he did his mother tongue, by playing with the little Indian boys about his home. He learned to talk it just as the natives do, an accomplishment which is probably impossible to one who acquires it after childhood's days. And as he learned the language, he learned how an Indian boy feels as well as acts, and acquired the Indian point of view, which was of immense advantage to him in the years to come.

"John B. Renville, son of Mr. Renville, who afterwards became the first ordained Indian preacher, was one of his early boyhood friends. Being a little older than John, he was proud to act as his protector, and to initiate him into the mysteries of Indian boyhood.

"Sometimes as they were playing, they would hear the creaking of the Red River carts in the distance. These primitive carts were made entirely of wood and leather, wooden pegs and rawhide thongs being used in lieu of bolts and screws. The creaking could be heard a mile away. They were used in transporting furs from the North Country. The route from Canada was south along the Red River of the North to Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake, then followed the Minnesota River across the state to its junction with the Mis-
sissippi, where, at Mendota, opposite Fort Snelling, was the trading post of the American Fur Company. The fur trade was the great industry of the Northwest in those days.

When John was about five years old there came to Lacquiparle an interesting visitor, a French scientist from Paris, named Le Marcipeau. He had been sent out to collect specimens from the fauna and flora of western North America. He came to Dr. Williamson, who being interested in the study of plants, was glad to give him quarters for the summer in the smoke-house, not then in use. Le Marcipeau's work in collecting specimens was of great interest to little John, who would follow his new friend around all day. The old man was glad of the companionship of the active child, and found him useful as well, for he was quite willing to wade out into the lake after mussel shells and other specimens.

"John had a little pet antelope of which he was very fond. One day it strayed into the smoke-house and lay down. Le Marcipeau did not notice it when he went out, and closed the door. When he returned the antelope was dead, probably from the odour of a pole cat he had been dissecting. All efforts to revive it failed. John was broken-hearted over the loss of his pet, and lost his interest in scientific explorations for a time.

"John's sister Nannie, five years younger than he, was afflicted from birth with disease of the spine. Aunt Jane, Dr. Williamson's younger sister, who joined the Mission when John was nine years old, said that at that time, when the children went out to play, John either carried Nannie or drew her in a little wagon, so that she might join in their games. Thus early did John learn tenderness towards the weak and unfortunate.

"Dr. Williamson ministered to the bodies as well as the souls of the people around him. He was often found at the bedside of the sick, and his practice of medicine opened the door to hearts inaccessible to any other way of approach. This was a Medical Mission years before medical missions were recognized by any of the Mission Boards.

"It may be that the practice of the healing art had begun to be manifest by the time John was eight or nine years old. When the missionaries first arrived at Lacquiparle, the influence of Mr. Renville secured for them a somewhat favourable reception. The Indians did not want the white man's
religion and were frankly suspicious as to his motives in coming among them, but they were not aggressively opposed to the missionaries. 'Wait and see,' seemed to be their motto.

"The women and children showed their curiosity quite openly and were easily gathered for church services and for school. The men were not so accessible.

"When the missionary made a feast, he could count upon a fair proportion of men being present. Upon the occasion of the dedication of a new adobe church, built by the missionaries' own hands, Dr. Williamson gave a feast to the men of the camp. A hundred Dakota men gathered in and sat on the flooring timbers, for the floor was not yet laid. They ate their potatoes and bread and soup gladly, and then Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs talked to them about Jesus.

"As time went on, the medicine men or conjurers, who were also the religious leaders of the tribe, began to see that the white doctor's medicine was more effective than theirs, and that as the people came to know the Doctor and his religion better, their power declined. Like the silversmiths of Ephesus who made silver shrines for Diana, they felt that their craft was in danger. They resolved that they would not tamely submit.

"They charged the failure in crops and other misfortunes to the missionaries. One by one the Mission oxen disappeared, then the horses, and they were reduced to hauling fire-wood with the family cow. The people were notified that they were not to attend church or school, or go to the Mission house. Those who disregarded the injunctions were subjected to a petty persecution. Women on their way to church were stopped, and their blankets were cut into shreds. Boys on their way to school had a volley of firearms discharged at their feet. The Mission was boycotted.

"The very air seemed to breathe dangers. As the shades of evening gathered, the drum beat would be heard, calling to the scalp dance or other heathen orgy. It was a time of darkness and discouragement.

"Dr. Williamson had no intention of giving up the work, but when an invitation came from Little Crow, chief of the Kaposia Band, to establish a mission at his village near St. Paul, he judged that it was God's leading, and to Kaposia he moved his family in November, 1846. There he remained for
six years, ministering to the Indians and also to the white people of St. Paul, a settlement of a few years' growth, where the chief articles of trade were furs and fire-water.

"At Kaposia John took a boy's interest in watching the young men play lacrosse, the great game of the Minnesota Sioux. The light-footed Kaposians would meet the Wahpetonwans (Leaf Dwellers) or other band in friendly contest, making a midsummer festival of it.

"The young men who participated came on to the field with but little clothing, their bodies being painted to represent different objects in nature. They were strong and athletic, and some of them acquired great skill. Huntkamaza and Wahinkpe were the champion players. Huntkamaza especially was wonderfully skillful and a great runner, and was known as far west as the Missouri River.

"When John was twelve years old he went with his parents to Ohio. The steamboat journey down the Mississippi River and up the Ohio was full of interest to the wide-awake boy to whom so many impressions were new."

( Winifred W. Barton, John P. Williamson, a Brother to the Sioux, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1919; pages 11-26.)

Dr. Thomas Smith Williamson was born in Union District, S. C., in March 1800; he died at St. Peter, Minn., June 24, 1879. He graduated from Jefferson College in 1820 and from Yale Medical College in 1824, after which he practiced for nine years. During this time he married and had three children, all of whom died. This brought about a turning point in his career. He studied at Lane Theological Seminary and was ordained by the Presbytery of Chillicothe in 1834 and came to Minnesota the next year.

Soon after Rev. Stephen R. Riggs heard of the death of his long-time friend he wrote a sketch of Dr. Williamson which appeared in the New York Evangelist, July 17, 1879, and which was reprinted in the Minnesota Historical Collections, 3:372-383. After relating the doctor's life up to September 18, 1834, when he was ordained as a missionary, Riggs wrote in part as follows:

"A few months later he received his appointment as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Dakotas; and on the first day of April, 1835, Dr. Williamson with his family, accompanied by Alexander G. Huggins and family, embarked at Ripley, Ohio, on a steamboat;
and on the 16th of May they arrived at Fort Snelling. Here they stopped for a few weeks, and participated in a work of grace then going on within the garrison, and assisted in organizing the first Christian church in what is now the state of Minnesota.

"Already they had left civilization far behind them, but the open door to Dr. Williamson and his party seemed to be far in the interior. They would fain have stopped at the Dakota village on Lake Calhoun, but their thought was not the Lord's thought. Joseph Renville, the fur trader from Lac qui Parle, was there, and invited them to go up with him. Accordingly, on the 23d of June, they embarked on the Fur Company's Mackinaw boat, and ascended the St. Peter's or Minnesota river, as far as Traverse des Sioux, which they reached on the last of the month. From that point they made a land journey over the prairie, of about 125 miles, to Lac qui Parle, which they reached on the 9th of July, 1835. There, on the north side of the Minnesota river, and in sight of 'The Lake-that-Speaks' to man, or 'The Lake of Echoes,' as it was formerly understood, they established themselves as teachers of the religion of Jesus.

"Of the 'Life and Labors' pressed into the next forty years, only the most meager outline could be given in this article. I prefer, rather, to make some groupings from which the life may be imagined.

"There only lacks one year now of two round centuries, since Hennepin and Duluth met in the camps and villages of the Sioux on the Mississippi. Then, as since, they were recognized as the largest and most warlike tribe of Indians on the continent. Until Dr. Williamson and his associates went among them, there does not appear to have been any effort made to civilize and Christianize them. With the exception of a few hundred words gathered by army officers and others, the Dakota language was unwritten. This was to be learned, mastered; which was found to be no small undertaking, especially to one who had attained the age of thirty-five years. While men of less energy and pluck would have knocked off, and been content to work as best they could through an interpreter, Dr. Williamson persevered, and in less than two years was preaching Christ to them, in the language in which they were born. He never spoke it easily, nor just like an Indian, but he was readily understood by those who were accustomed to hear him."
"When I joined the band of workers at Lac qui Parle, in the Autumn of 1837, I found Dr. Williamson and Mr. Gideon H. Pond engaged in obtaining through the French Language and Mr. Renville, some translations of the word of God. The Gospel of Mark was the first book completed, and Dr. Williamson made a visit to Ohio in the fall of 1839, to have it printed. The Gospel of John and some other portions were translated into the Dakota in the same way. As translations these were not very exact, but they were invaluable to us, since they gave us so many moulds, so to speak, of Christian thought. After that we commenced translating from the original Hebrew and Greek; and for these forty years it has been my privilege to work side by side and hand to hand with Dr. Williamson, in the labor of giving the Bible to the Dakotas.

"Not in this part of the work alone, but in other forms of missionary labor as well, I have often admired the indomitable courage and perseverance of Dr. Williamson. There have been dark days of the history of the Dakota Mission, when my own heart would, I think, have failed me if it had not been for the 'hold on and hold out to the end' of my best earthly friend. And when, the other day, I heard that he was gone, I seemed to feel as I imagine a man in line of battle would, when his comrade standing right in front of him is stricken down; shoved to the front.

"It was by a divine guidance that the station of Lac qui Parle was commenced. The Indians there were very poor in this world's goods, not more than half a dozen houses being owned in a village of 400 people. They were far in the interior and received no annuities from government. Thus they were in a condition to be helped in many ways by the mission. Under its influence and by its help, their corn patches were enlarged and their agriculture improved. Dr. Williamson also found abundant opportunities for the practice of medicine among them. Not that they gave up their pow-wows and conjuring, but many families were found quite willing that the white Pay-she-hoo-ta-we-chash-ta (Grass Root Man) should try his skill with the rest. For more than a quarter of a century, his medical aid went hand in hand with the preaching of the Gospel. By the helpfulness of the mission in various ways a certain amount of confidence was secured. Through the influence of Mr. Renville, a few men, but especially the women, gathered to hear the good news of salvation. A native church was organized. Dr. Williamson writes:
In the year ending May, 1836, three persons had been received on examination; in the following year, four; and in the next year, nine; ten in the year ending May, 1839; in the next year, five; and in that ending in the spring of the next year, five; and in that ending in the spring of 1841, in nine; making forty in all. In May, 1842, it was recorded: "Within a year, nine full-blooded Dakotas have been received to the church; three men and six women."

"This shows a successful mission work. In the year 1842, the book of Genesis and a portion of the Psalms, together with about two-thirds of the New Testament, besides a Dakota hymn book and several school books, were printed. But in the meantime the war prophets and the so-called medicine men, were becoming suspicious of the new religion. They began to understand that the religion of Christ antagonized their own ancestral faith; and so they organized opposition. The children were forbidden to attend the mission school; Dakota soldiers were stationed along the paths, and the women's blankets were cut up, when they attempted to go to church. Year after year the mission cattle were killed and eaten. At one time, Dr. Williamson was obliged to hitch up milk cows to haul his wood with; the only animals left him." Dr. Williamson wrote:

"But we had other difficulties to contend with, besides those arising from learning a difficult and unwritten language. ....."

"About the close of the year 1837 or 1838, we were instructed that our drafts on the treasury of the Board must in no case exceed eleven hundred dollars a year. There were at that time, laboring at the two stations, Lake Harriet and Lac qui Parle, three ordained ministers, two other men as teachers and farmers, six women, two of whom were teachers, and eight or ten children. At that time we had not a house fit to live in at either of the stations, and the best house belonging to the Mission was a year or two after abandoned. This restriction continued for five years, about the same, and the children increased to fourteen. In these five years the Board, as shown by the annual reports, including four hundred dollars a year, or two thousand dollars in all, paid by the United States government on account of the schools taught by the assistant missionaries, was only four thousand, six hundred and fifty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents--less than one
thousand a year for the furnishing of food, clothing and shelter, including also traveling expenses, the publication of books for the schools, as well as books for our own use and contingent expenses, for from twenty to twenty-four persons, besides several Indian children that were kept in our families during a part of the time.

"During the whole of this five years, a majority of these persons had their home at Lac qui Parle, where food and clothing were dearer than at any place in the United States, and as dear as at any station sustained by the American Board of Foreign Missions, in any part of the whole world.

"We had no smithshop nor post-office nearer than two hundred miles, and no mill till we erected one with our own hands. It is true that at this time we received considerable donations of clothing and some of provisions from friends in Ohio, but after paying several cents a pound for freight and charges on those as well as all our other supplies, we had to haul them one hundred and twenty-five miles over a prairie where no men dwelt, and which, on various occasions we traversed alone without seeing a human being, or a quadruped except our team. In these journeys in which, for the sake of taking home a little more of such things as we needed, or getting home a little sooner, we mostly walked to drive our team by day, often wading through bogs, in which occasionally we became mired so that it was necessary to unhitch, and taking out our load from the wagon, carry it through the swamp on our shoulders.

"These labors by day, with watching our team and fighting the mosquites by night, caused such lassitude and exhaustion of the physical powers, that on various occasions, for a week after getting home from ... these trips, we were unfit for any labor, bodily or mental."

"These were dark, discouraging years, very trying to the native church members, as well as missionaries. It is not strange that when in 1846, Dr. Williamson received an invitation, through the agent at Fort Snelling, to establish a mission at Little Crow's village, a few miles below where St. Paul has grown up, he at once accepted it, gathering from it that the Lord had a work for him to do there. And indeed He had. During the five or six years he remained there, a small Dakota church was gathered, and an opportunity was afforded him to exert a positive Christian influence on the white people then gathering into the capital of Minnesota. He preached the first
"When, after the treaty of 1851, the Indians of the Mississippi and lower Minnesota were removed, Dr. Williamson removed with them, or, rather he went before them, and commenced his last station at Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-zee (the Yellow Medicine). There he and his family had further opportunity to 'glory in tribulations.' The first winter was one of unusual severity, and they came near starving. But here the Lord blessed them and permitted them to see a native church grow up, as well as Hazlewood, the other mission station near by. It was during the next ten years that the seeds of civilization and Christianity took root, and grew into a fruitage, which in some good manner sustained the storm of the outbreak in 1862, and resulted in a great harvest afterwards.

"Twenty-seven years of labor among the Dakotas were past. The results had been encouraging, gratifying. Dr. Williamson's oldest son, Rev. John P. Williamson, born in the missionary kingdom, had recently come from Lane seminary, and joined our missionary forces. ...." (MFC 3:374-379)

Dr. T. S. Williamson wrote a number of historical articles, among which was one entitled "Earliest Schools in Minnesota Valley," and copied in part below from the Minnesota Historical Society Collections, 6:410-412.

"The first school ever taught in the Minnesota valley, and I suppose the first in what is now Minnesota, outside of Fort Snelling, was begun at Lac qui Parle in the latter part of July, 1835, and was taught by Miss Sarah Poage, younger sister of my wife, who subsequently became the wife of Mr. Gideon H. Pond, recently deceased. The teaching was in English and was for several years in our dwelling house, which, for the first year, consisted of a single room. The pupils were Dakotas and metis females and small boys. The full Dakota females had too many other things to do to profit much by learning to read English. Of the mixed bloods, four of the first who attended are still living and have families of children grown up and some of them married. These and some others learned to read English, but I never heard any of them speaking it much. Three of the boys who attended this school, and are living, learned to speak as well as to read English.

"The first school for teaching to read Dakota I began at Lac qui Parle
in December, 1835. I taught in a large Dakota tent belonging to Mr. Renville, then trader there. My pupils were men, most of them his relatives, and might have been appropriately called his bodyguard. He called them his soldiers. They were about twenty in number. Some of them were too old to see without glasses and so too old to learn to read. Others took no interest in learning, and some of those who were most interested in learning had their families to support by hunting. The average attendance did not much exceed half a dozen. I had no books from which to teach, as the first printing in the language was not done till three years later; yet, at the end of three months, three of my pupils had learned to read and write their own language and some half a dozen others got such a start that they afterward learned to read and write with very little schooling. And in the whole Sioux nation there cannot be named twenty other men who have done so much in helping the whites, and in civilizing their own people, as the members of that school. Some of them were the first Dakota men to dress as white men and work as white men. They and their children, and other near relatives, were the leading farmers on the reservation till 1862. The services they rendered to our people in the war of that year were worth far more than all the money which has been expended in missions and schools for the Dakotas. One of them, John Otherday, led more than sixty employes of the government, including the family of the agent, Galbraith, from the Upper or Yellow Medicine agency safely across the trackless prairie to the white settlements. Two others, Simon Angwangmani and Paul Mazokutirnani, who are still living, together with Rev. J. B. Renville, who received the rudiments of his education in Miss Poage's school, of which I have made mention above, were the chief agents in rescuing and delivering to Gen. Sibley the nearly 280 prisoners at Camp Release. In 1840, or about that time, we built at Lac qui Parle a house, 24x36 feet, for a meeting house and schools. It was built of unburnt brick, with a good shingle roof, plastered inside on the walls with lime, and ceiled with boards over head, and a folding partition; and, with some repairs, was in good condition till the mission was moved from the neighborhood in 1854. This was the first building for a church or school house in the valley of the Minnesota.

In the summer of 1843 Rev. S. R. Riggs and family came to Traverse, and Mr. Robert Hopkins and wife joined them the next spring, and, in the autumn
of that year, a school was begun for the Dakotas in the neighborhood; but as
most of them strongly opposed it, not much was accomplished in teaching them
to read. The second school house in the valley was erected in Traverse in
1845 or 1846. (I have no record of the date.) After the Indians left, it
was sold, and for several years was occupied as a store by Bruce Pierce.

"In the autumn of 1852 I took my family to Pajutazizi, and in the spring
of 1853 we began a school there, and during the summer built a good frame
school house, the third in the valley.

"In March, 1854, the dwellings of the missionaries at Lac qui Parle took
fire and were consumed, in consequence of which Rev. S. R. Riggs moved to
the neighborhood of Patjutazizi, or Yellow Medicine, during the summer, and
in a few years erected more and better buildings than were built at any other
mission station among the Dakotas in Minnesota.

"About this time a school was opened for white children in Traverse, but
there are many in the neighborhood better informed about this than I am."

THE LAC QUI PARLE INDIAN MISSION
By Charles M. Gates

"The Sioux mission station at Lac qui Parle was founded ... in July,
1835, by Dr. Thomas Smith Williamson and Alexander Huggins. The estab­
ishment was supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign
Missions as one of several stations that constituted the Dakota mission.
For almost twenty years, until the post was abandoned in the fall of 1854,
Williamson and his colleagues made every effort to bring spiritual salva­
tion and the best elements of the white man's civilization to the tribes
who lived on the upper reaches of the Minnesota River. The story of the
missionaries' struggle against hostile forces is one of courage and of
perseverance, if not of victory, and their limited achievement was due to
no lack of zeal or of Christian idealism. Although they failed to bring
about a peaceful adjustment of the relations between the Sioux and the
white settlers, the treaty stipulations that they proposed to the govern-
ment were statesmanlike, and had such provisions been put into effect the bloodshed of 1862 might perhaps have been averted.

"Dr. Williamson was born in South Carolina in the year 1800. Although his father was a Presbyterian pastor, Thomas chose the medical profession, received the degree of doctor of medicine at Yale in 1824, and practiced for some years in Ohio. The call of the mission field was strong, however, and in 1833 he and his wife offered their services to the American Board. Volunteers for work among the Indians were not numerous, for the foreign field offered greater attractions, and the Reverend David G. Greene, who represented the board in its supervision of mission activities among the western and southern tribes, sent the doctor to the upper Mississippi Valley to investigate conditions and report upon possible locations for a new mission. Williamson journeyed to the West in 1834, and visited tribes of the Des Moines River Valley and the Sioux of the Mississippi and the St. Peter's or Minnesota rivers. He detailed to Green certain reasons why he preferred to settle among the Sauk, but urged other considerations in favor of the Sioux. 'There is no other tribe so easy of access to missionaries who have at the same time so little intercourse with our frontier settlements,' he wrote, with reference to the Sioux near Fort Snelling. The choice of a location at Lac qui Parle was forecast in his comments on Joseph Renville and the need of missionary work among the Indians living near him. 'My mind was deeply impressed,' he wrote (June 12, 1834), 'with the idea that a missionary ought speedily to be found in his neighborhood.' After receiving his reports and one from the Reverend Cutting Marsh, who was also exploring the upper Mississippi, the board determined to send Williamson to the Sioux country. There he would be able to work near Jedediah Stevens, who had been transferred from the Stockbridge mission near Green Bay to Fort Snelling. On September 9 Greene notified Williamson of the decision of the board and directed him to get in touch with Alexander Huggins, a native of Ohio who, with his wife, was to accompany Williamson as a farmer; and Sarah Poage, Mrs. Williamson's sister, who was to serve as a teacher. Greene hoped that both families might make the trip to Fort Snelling in the fall of 1834, but the necessary preparations were not made in time, and the missionaries spent the winter in Ohio. Early the following spring they were on their way to St. Louis, and on May 16, after some misadventures, they finally reached the mouth of the Minnesota and were given temporary lodging in the fort.
Williamson anticipated that there might be a vacant building which could be used for mission purposes at Fort Snelling. In this he was disappointed, and he and Huggins therefore selected a location on Lake Calhoun, thinking that Stevens, who had not yet arrived, would prefer a place near the garrison. This step led to an altercation among the several members of the mission, for Stevens upon his arrival two weeks later claimed the site at Calhoun on the grounds of prior occupancy in 1829. While it does not appear that Williamson allowed the claim, he yielded the point for other considerations, the chief of which was that his Ohio group could be more nearly self-sufficient, and was therefore better able than Stevens to found a station at a distance from the fort. Gideon Pond, who had begun his missionary work at Lake Calhoun in the previous year, was helping the Indians to cultivate the soil and Huggins' services as a farmer were not needed in that vicinity. The opinions of Major John Bliss, the post commandant, and of Lawrence Taliaferro, Indian agent, and the interest shown by Renville, who chanced to be at the fort, also contributed to the decision that Williamson should go to Lac qui Parle. Taliaferro hoped that the mission station would keep him more closely in touch with Sioux living in that vicinity. On June 23 the doctor and his party left Fort Snelling and on July 9, wearied by an overland journey from Traverse des Sioux, they reached Renville's stockade.

The establishment of the mission station on the upper Minnesota was executed quite in the manner prescribed in the instructions given to the workers. 'Our Com. wish you to begin on a small scale,' Greene wrote to Huggins (March 4, 1835), 'taking with you at first only what will be requisite for your comfort, & to enable you to begin your work advantageously.' Faced with the necessity of lodging the entire family of Christian brethren and sisters in a one-room cabin, which Renville placed at their disposal, and compelled to leave much of their equipment behind at Fort Snelling, Williamson and his colleagues may well have felt that the beginnings of the mission were more humble than was entirely desirable. Nevertheless their communications to their chief contained no word of complaint, and Greene wrote optimistically that none of the Indian missions established by the board had been begun so favorably.

The mission at Lac qui Parle is described by a traveler who visited the station in the summer of 1837 as follows: 'Both the Fort and Dr. Wil-
Williamson's premises are situated under the hills; so that, being overtopped by them, both places are quite invisible from the main road. Both the establishments are situated on the East side of the River of St. Peter's. The Indians, among whom the Doctor carries on his missionary operations, have their village and farms on the opposite side. The scenery presented to the view from these places is rather indifferent. As little more than high hills on one side and lofty timber on the other can be seen, the prospect thus obstructed on every side necessarily offers but a very limited space for the exercise of the optical organs. This residence here being scarcely yet twelve months, their progress in agriculture, &c, is but little. They have, however, opened a small farm which seems to thrive well.' (July 8, 1837)

"At this spot the mission families conducted their ministry to the western Sioux. Williamson and Huggins labored there for more than ten years before the doctor removed to Kaposia and Huggins to Traverse des Sioux. Gideon Pond lived at the station from 1836 to 1839, working for his keep, but preferring not to share the responsibilities of administering the Christian household. Stephen R. Riggs and his young bride joined the mission in 1837 and, save for a period of three years spent at Traverse des Sioux, remained at Lac qui Parle until the station was abandoned in 1854. John N. Kirker and Jonas Pettijohn helped with agricultural and mechanical tasks for short periods, Robert Hopkins and his wife were missionaries there in 1843-44, and Fanny Huggins and Mary Spooner served as teachers after the marriage of Sarah Poage to Gideon Pond. Moses N. Adams assisted Riggs from 1848 to 1853.

"During the entire life of the station at Lac qui Parle the members occupied very modest quarters. In the fall of 1835 Huggins built, with Williamson's help, a simple log cabin, situated some three-fourths of a mile from the stockade, and a short time later he built a stable. For another year Williamson's family continued to be dependent upon Renville's hospitality for its lodging. The doctor felt the need of privacy particularly, and confided his wish to Henry Hill, treasurer of the board: 'A closet where one may retire and be alone is particularly desirable in this country where the mosquitoes in summer and the cold winds near all the rest of the year render comfortable meditation in retirement out of doors for the most part
out of the question.' (June 14, 1836) In December, 1836, the missionaries built a second log cabin, thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and a story and a half high. The lower floor was divided into two rooms and a good shingle roof covered the whole; this did not, however, prevent the snow from drifting through the cracks in the upper walls. The room under the roof was the home of Riggs and his wife for some years after their arrival. In 1841 work was begun on the brick church, which was constructed with the help of two young Sioux. Riggs and his family took refuge in this meeting house when in March, 1854, their house was burned to the ground.

"The work of building the houses and church was no small task, for there were few hands to help and no laborers in the neighborhood who were sufficiently skilled to be worth their hire. French-Canadian canoeemen did not prove satisfactory as carpenters, and the Indian braves considered all forms of manual labor fit only for the women. An occasional emigrant from Red River was prevailed upon to lend his services, but Williamson and Riggs themselves gave considerable time and strength to the material welfare of the station, reluctant though they were to do so.

"The remoteness of Lac qui Parle from the civilized world caused the mission workers to give careful attention to their farm. Provisions were brought from St. Louis and the East only at heavy expense and it therefore became Huggins' chief responsibility to raise a good supply of vegetables and grain each year and to care for the livestock on which the settlement was dependent for its meat and dairy products. In 1837 a small grinding mill operated by horsepower was acquired by which corn and wheat were cracked. At first Greene warned Williamson (March 23, 1837) against the evils of 'large establishments for agricultural or mechanical purposes,' but Williamson explained (July 13, 1837) the situation, reporting five acres planted to corn, potatoes, flax, wheat, peas, and turnips.

"Protestant missionaries in Minnesota made a consistent effort to educate and civilize the Indians by teaching them to lead an agrarian rather than a nomadic life. The Sioux near Lac qui Parle were particularly in need of such instruction, for they farmed but little and often returned from their hunting excursions nearly starved. They lived at some distance from the forests, and usually had to travel many miles to hunt buffalo."
Taliaferro reported in 1839: "...They have remarkable few horses and cattle; and in reference to other things, such as they use, many are equally destitute." With the arrival of the missionaries, Taliaferro noted, 'a visible change for the better has been effected in the habits and general conduct of the tribes around the mission station.'

"The progress of the natives was slow and Williamson and his companions never considered themselves successful in teaching them to till the soil. Huggins did two weeks' plowing for them in 1839 and some fifty acres were put under cultivation, most of it planted with corn. In 1842 the crop was blighted by a spring frost, and many of the Indians moved down to Fort Snelling, where they hoped to be given sustenance. In later years crops were better, but any surplus that might be accumulated was more than likely to be consumed by visiting Sioux from Lake Traverse or to be wasted in feasting. As for livestock, both cattle and horses were scarce. There was little or no respect for property, and an Indian's stock was killed for the most trifling reason. At one time the entire band at Lac qui Parle was reported to have fewer domestic animals than were cared for by the mission farmer. The mission suffered from the destructiveness of the natives, who slaughtered many of the cows and pigs. (September 30, 1839; September, 1846)

"Despite these difficulties Riggs persisted to the end in his belief that the red man must be trained to farm if he was to survive. Proposals made by the mission shortly before the treaty negotiations of 1851 and submitted to Governor Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota included a stipulation for instruction in agriculture. The argument was advanced to the board in Boston that the villages on the upper Minnesota should not be removed, but should rather be used as a base from which to urge the art of farming upon the wilder tribes to the west. These views were received with some favor and provisions were inserted in the treaty of Traverse des Sioux which looked toward agricultural instruction, but the stipulations were not observed. (July 31, 1849)

"The efforts made by the missionaries at Lac qui Parle to improve the physical well-being of the Sioux were always subordinated to their main purpose, which was to share with their less fortunate brethren the blessing of their Christian faith. The first step toward effective teaching or preaching was a familiarity with the language, and Williamson and Riggs joined with
Gideon and Samuel Pond in their attempt to master the complexities of the Dakota language. Greene's suggestions were not always helpful. He advised the unversed missionary to plunge himself into situations that demanded the use of the Indian tongue. Interpreters should be avoided lest they lead to a dependence upon their services. Writing to Williamson, he suggested (August 15, 1835): 'Can you not go out often & spend a day or two or sometimes two or three weeks in the lodges, learning their words & forms of expression, & attempting to communicate your thoughts to them? ...I was about to say that I should rejoice to learn that there was not an interpreter within a hundred miles of you.' Gradually the men found a common medium of expression. In his work of relieving sickness among the natives Williamson learned the meaning of a few practical terms, and a review of his French and a resort to the written word for purposes of translation brought some success at least in his efforts to put portions of the Scriptures into the Dakota language. The work was slow at best. 'It will be years before I can preach in Sioux,' he wrote (May 4, 1836) regretfully to Greene.

"The chief difficulty that the mission workers encountered was that the Sioux had no words to express what all good Christians wished to say. Many abstract terms and no counterpart in Dakota, and the most common metaphors had no meaning in that tongue. As Riggs so neatly put it: "'The lamb of God' an expression perfectly at home in our ears, is exceedingly strange to a Sioux."' (January 29, 1840) It was only after a long struggle that the Christian teachers and preachers came to sense the 'Sprachgefühl' of the Dakota language. The Lac qui Parle station became something of a center of study. Gideon Pond was attracted by the opportunity to perfect his knowledge, and Daniel Gavin, a Swiss missionary from a station on the Mississippi below Fort Snelling, spent the winter of 1838-39 working with Riggs and Pond.

Williamson painfully framed prayers and explanations of Scriptural passages and did his best to speak to the Sioux in their own language when Renville was away. Ordinarily the trader served as interpreter, and Sabbath services were conducted in French and Dakota. The final victory was won when sermons could be preached in the Indian tongue. By that time Dakota expressions and symbolisms were so well assimilated that the speaker lapsed into the dialect naturally. The Ponds, writing to members of their family, inserted paragraphs written in Dakota, and during a visit to Ohio Riggs
found to his surprise that his English came haltingly from lack of use.

"Williamson, Riggs, and the Ponds were convinced that the most effective teaching and preaching could be done by supplementing the spoken word with the printed page. At first Williamson optimistically hoped that the leaders among the Sioux might be taught English, and that in this way the treasures of English literature might be unlocked to them. He was soon disillusioned, however, and the greater effort was made to translate important Scriptural passages into Dakota. No attempt had previously been made to reduce the Dakota language to an alphabetical system. Greene sent Williamson a book that had been used among the Creeks, with the thought that it would serve as a model in determining rules of spelling, but the languages were very different and arbitrary decisions regarding the representation of sounds were necessary. Williamson, Samuel Pond, and Jedediah Stevens studied the problems involved and fixed upon an alphabet and a general system of orthography in order that their work might be perfectly co-operative. A conference was planned for September, 1837, at which the assistance of the Swiss missionaries failed. While Gavin was at Lac qui Parle he attempted to work with Renville on the task of translating the Scriptures. Temperamental differences, however, prevented the work from going forward as rapidly as had been hoped. 'The perfection of knowledge, of which they both supposed themselves possessed, was a great bar to progress,' Riggs observed dryly.

"Having agreed upon a common system of representing the Dakota gutturals and 'clicks,' the members of the mission attacked the work of translation. Stevens made no great progress, and even after several years his fellow workers expressed the opinion that he probably would never learn the language. Williamson, Riggs, and the Ponds, all did constructive work and the results of their labors were published in several volumes under the supervision of Williamson and Riggs, who made trips to Cincinnati for that purpose in 1838-39 and 1842-43, respectively. The story of the translation of the Gospel at Lac qui Parle is a family one, as recorded by Huggins:

"Dr. Williamson reads a verse in French then Mr. R(enville) speaks it in Sioux and the Dr. Mr. Riggs & Mr. Pond all write it down then the Dr reads another verse One Chap(ter) is as much as they get done in one day after they get a Chap they read & compare it to see if they all wrote the same thing." (January 18, 1838)
"The method of work was cumbersome and slow but when Dr. Williamson journeyed East in the fall of 1838 he took with him Dakota translations of the entire Gospel of Mark and extracts from Matthew, Luke, and John, the Acts, and the first Epistle of John; and Old Testament passages from Genesis, the Psalms, the Proverbs, and the Book of Daniel. The story of Joseph, translated from Genesis by the Pond brothers, was published with an elementary reading book prepared by Riggs. In 1842 a Dakota primer, adapted by Riggs from English readers by the Reverend T. H. Gallaudet, a hymn book prepared by Renville and the Lac qui Parle missionaries, and a Second Dakota Reading Book, consisting of Old Testament stories translated by Samuel Pond, were published. In 1852 a Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language was published by the Smithsonian Institution under the patronage of the Minnesota Historical Society. The editing was done by Riggs, but the work represents the efforts of all the members of the Dakota mission. In 1853 Riggs edited a second hymnal, which included tunes as well as words. The singing at Lac qui Parle was encouraged and directed by Huggins.

The publication of the translations made at Lac qui Parle was financed for the most part by special subscription. Williamson records donations amounting to three hundred and sixty dollars, including a hundred dollars from Renville and twenty from Joseph N. Nicollet, a French explorer who visited the station during the summer of 1838. The total amount more than covered the publishing projects undertaken in 1839. The American Board gave Riggs and Williamson their wholehearted support in the project of making the Scriptures available in the Dakota language, although, as the years went on, the prospect that the Sioux bands would profit by the translations became increasingly discouraging. Greene was too old a hand in the mission field not to be a realist about such things. 'I hope & pray,' he wrote (1843) to Riggs 'that the Lord will give the Indians a heart to learn to read & obey his Word, of which they now have so large a portion in their own language.'

The reading and writing of the Dakota language was made the chief objective of the schoolteaching done at Lac qui Parle. Sarah Poage and, later, Fanny Huggins worked with the children and the women and an attempt, albeit an unsuccessful one, was made to interest the men as well. Usually a feast was necessary if the men were to be assembled. In teaching as in other
branches of effort, the missionaries had to make the best of unfavorable conditions. During the first year school was held in the one-room cabin in which the Williamson family made its home. At times meetings would be held in one of the Indian lodges. No books or working materials were at hand, and the necessity of working in a strange tongue added to the teacher's problems. The simplest arithmetical processes were complicated by the lack of common symbols. Disciplinary problems presented their distractions, and even the lack of proper clothing proved to be a disturbing factor. "But leaving the question of comfort," Riggs complained (August 27, 1842) in an appeal for donations, "it is our firm conviction that we ought not to have boys from six to twelve years of age, in an almost perfect state of nudity, attend our schools." A possible solution to the problem of clothing was seen in domestic weaving. Renville's sheep were sheared in the name of civilization, Huggins built a loom, and lessons in the operation of it were given to the women. Homespun fabrics held no attractions for them, however, and the textile arts were never important in the life of the village.

Activities in the school varied sharply with the seasons. Sessions were suspended when hunting parties left the villages and good fishing might at any time decimate the ranks of the scholars. Attendance averaged from five to forty, and in 1840 a total of seventy natives were said to be able to read Dakota. These were divided into three groups on the basis of reading ability. The experience of the American Board had been such as to discourage the organization of boarding schools among the Indians, and, save for taking a few children into their families, the missionaries made no attempt to establish anything more ambitious than a day school at Lac qui Parle. They did hope, however, that the day would come when native teachers, trained at the mission school, could be sent out to teach Indians in other villages to read and write. This plan received the approval of the board (March 16, 1839) in Boston, and two hundred dollars was allowed for the purpose. (December 23, 1840)

"In 1840 Waumidokiga, a native teacher, was employed to work at Lake Traverse. He taught twenty-three pupils, of whom three made a beginning in reading and writing and four more learned to spell. The missionaries agreed to pay the native teacher five dollars for each person whom he taught to read and write. The growing hostility of the Sioux men at Lac qui Parle toward
the mission and unfortunate incidents connected with the enmity of Sioux and Chippewa in 1839 prevented native teachers from conducting classes in other villages. By 1850 the attitude of the missionaries toward boarding schools had changed. They came to feel that lasting impressions could only be made upon a Sioux child when he lived in a school and did not return each day to a hostile home environment. Recommendations submitted by missionaries to Ramsey in 1850 included a proposal that manual labor schools be established, and this plan of education was embodied in the treaties of 1851. The board reluctantly gave its consent to the founding of such a school at Lac qui Parle, but the station was abandoned before the final steps were taken.

"The medical work of Dr. Williamson played its part in the efforts of the mission workers to save the Indians from the errors of ignorance and superstition. His skill and unselfishness won not a few sufferers from the native medicine men, and his services in vaccinating the Sioux against smallpox were helpful, even though delays in sending vaccine to him meant that his ministrations were not always timely. Greene expressed his concern lest the ravages of the dread disease should destroy the Sioux warriors before they could be converted. On occasions the doctor's errands of healing carried him westward to Lake Traverse and at one time he took Dr. George F. Turner's place as surgeon at Fort Snelling. Renville repaid his kindness by giving the mission a cow, and other contributions for medical services increased the revenues of the station. Williamson's accounts show that among his paying patients were Alexander Faribault and Henry H. Sibley.

"The Sabbath day services were planned with particular care. Riggs's description (September 25, 1837) of the first that he attended at Lac qui Parle is a graphic one:

"Doct. Williamson led in the devotions of the sanctuary. And after asking for the blessing of God upon the exercises he proceeded to read a Dakota hymn. After it was read they all rose and joined in singing, and led by one of their own number, they made as solemn and impressive music as I ever heard in the house of God. Prayer was made and another hymn sung. Doct. Williamson then read a portion of scripture in Dakota and some remarks in connection with the story of the Prodigal Son, which he had prepared with the assistance of Mr. Renville. For the benefit of the few French
present, he read also a chapter in the French bible and made some remarks. After prayer and singing again in the language of this people the assembly was dismissed with the usual benediction.

"Although attendance varied, an average of perhaps thirty or forty, most of whom were women, were present at services. The admission of the first male member of the church was celebrated with great satisfaction in 1841.

"Renville wavered occasionally in his allegiance to the mission church, talked of the need of a Catholic priest at his post, and kept his family at home at times when he was vexed. Nevertheless the first years of the mission were years of encouragement, and Williamson considered his position to the church increased. The roll of active members was never long, and a discouraging number had to be removed or suspended. In 1849 Riggs recorded only eighteen members in good standing, although fifty-four had been received into the fold since 1835. Efforts were made from time to time to revive a flagging interest with special services, and visiting preachers from other stations in the mission brought their message of inspiration to the Indians at Lac qui Parle. On one occasion in September, 1845, Riggs, who was then at Traverse des Sioux, and Samuel Pond spent ten days visiting Williamson, and preached at seven meetings.

"The actual instruction of the Indians was only one feature of the mission work. It was fully as necessary that the missionaries convince others that their efforts were deserving of support. From the beginning the members of the Lac qui Parle group were careful to cultivate good relations with government officials representing both the Indian office and the military. Greene's instructions (September 27, 1845) to Riggs are worthy of a pupil of Polonius: he should call upon the commandant at Fort Snelling, he should share his plans with Taliaferro, he should be sparing in reproof even though he encounter profanity and irreligion. These men had it in their power to help or hinder, and the mission workers should take care not to maintain a friendly acquaintance with the fur traders. Williamson's messages to Sibley are a strange blending of business and morality, of gratitude for services rendered and of entreaty that the merchant should not travel on the Sabbath or sell whiskey to the Indians. Martin McLeod borrowed books from the mission library and was active in getting subscriptions to the Dakota lexicon, yet he
rebelled against the missionaries' religious exhortations, speaking of them irreverently as the 'hypocritical cant of the day.' Relations were not so peaceful with the generation of traders who succeeded Sibley and McLeod, and by 1850 the two groups were aligned in opposition to one another, the missionary seeking to civilize the native while the trader sought to exploit him to his own advantage. The efforts made by the traders to claim for themselves a large part of the annuities paid to the Indians and the missionaries' struggle to prevent the traders from diverting treaty payments in this way plainly shows the opposition of their interests.

"The missionaries came into contact with the government through officials in the West and through the American Board in Boston. Williamson and Riggs kept watch of James Doty's negotiations with the Indians and observed the spread of drunkenness and crime from the frontier to far distant villages. At times the mission workers themselves served the government in some minor capacity. During the treaty negotiations at Traverse des Sioux, Williamson was engaged as a physician and Riggs as an interpreter. At an earlier time Gideon Pond was a government Indian farmer. More important than these humble services were the protestations and resolutions submitted to government officials in St. Paul or, through the mission board to those in Washington. The missionaries saw the Indian problem for what it was and their suggestions, while not perhaps original, were based upon a careful consideration of the difficulties involved. Their scheme of an Indian administration included the assignment of the Indians to a reservation with some promise of permanent security against encroachment; the breaking up of the community mode of life, and the protection of property held on the basis of individual ownership; education in manual labor and village schools, supported by a fund to which the Indians should have no access; prohibition of the liquor traffic; and, finally, direct payment of annuities on a semiannual schedule.

"The Sioux treaties of 1851 embodied enough of the civilizing features outlined to make them acceptable to the missionaries, and letters went east from Lac qui Parle asking for plans for boarding school buildings and suggesting that workers should be on hand to man them as soon as they could be constructed. Dr. Williamson settled at Yellow Medicine, establishing a station
near the lower agency.

"The plan to remodel the station at Lac qui Parle in conformity with the provisions of the treaties of 1851 was never realized. Almost three years passed, and the government continued to neglect the educational programs for which the treaties provided. The American Board finally decided to wait no longer and was going ahead with school plans at Lac qui Parle when on March 3, 1854, Riggs's house caught fire and was totally destroyed. After some consideration, the decision was made to abandon the station and remove the workers to a point near Yellow Medicine. There in the fall of the same year the Hazelwood or New Hope mission was established. The story of that station and of Williamson's station at Yellow Medicine from their founding until the outbreak of 1862 belongs to another chapter of Minnesota mission history. After 1854 the plan of work and the conditions under which it was carried on were very different from those of the earlier years. In a very real sense the abandonment of the location at Lac qui Parle marks a turning point in the ministry of the Dakota mission." (Minnesota History, June 1935, volume 16, pages 133-151.)

REMINISCENCES OF ELI LUNDY HUGGINS

"I have lived five years beyond the scriptural allotment of three score and ten, very strenous and busy years, for the most part, but I now find myself laid upon the shelf with super-abundant leisure, some of which I will use to jot down a few incidents of my early boyhood.

"I am the oldest white native of Minnesota that I know of, with one exception, having been raised at a missionary station at a time when there were not one hundred white people in the state, leaving out garrisons and fur traders. My oldest distinct recollection is of seeing a buffalo cow and calf on the prairie when I was just three years old. I made a journey (1845) in a one ox cart, with my parents, from a mission station at Traverse des Sioux to Lac qui Parle, about 120 miles. The cart was what was known as a Hudson Bay Company cart; it had a canvas cover and contained a small tent, two or three cooking utensils, an axe, etc. We camped out on the way. The journey, I think, occupied eleven days. We did not see a white man during the entire
journey, nor a house, except a small house occupied by a half-breed fur trader.

"About two days before reaching Lac qui Parle, when Father was about to camp for the night, we found Indians there who had been hunting buffalo. The women were drying the meat. The Indians were friendly but some of them had been drinking, and savages with whiskey are always dangerous. Father spoke to them in Sioux, but Mother was greatly alarmed, and he drove on. Mother urged him to put as much distance as possible between us and the Indians, and we traveled until late at night, instead of halting by the middle of the afternoon. Finally, Father said the oxen were too tired and hungry to go any farther. We turned off the trail into a little valley where he hoped we might not be seen by passing Indians.

"Next morning, about sunrise, I heard Father, who had left the tent, 'Oh, Winona, look out here.' Of course I was wide awake at once, sprang up and looked out. At a distance of only a few yards stood a buffalo cow and calf. I remember well what they looked like, the calf much like the domestic calf, with incipient hump and short tail. Years afterward, when I spoke to Mother of this, she was surprised that I remembered it. She said the cow had been badly wounded by the Indians and could hardly walk, which was why she did not run away.

"The journey was made in October, 1845. It was through a region, the beauty of which I do not think has ever been surpassed - not grand, unless mere space can be called grand. Of course, I could not realize the charm of the scenery nor the romantic journey at the time, but I passed over the same trail repeatedly in later years while the region was still in its virgin beauty.

"We followed a trail which had been made by a fur trader, up the Minnesota River, sometimes out of sight of it. Rolling prairies stretched on every hand of the horizon, sprinkled with flowers, and with groves frequently in sight. There was always a gem of a lake at the grove, sometimes several miles in extent. Part of the shores were marshy, sometimes with wild rice gathered by the Indians. The sand on some of the lakes was pure white, on others yellow with beautiful agate. Nearly all the larger lakes had islands covered with trees, sometimes maple, where the Indians made sugar. One peculiarity of these lakes was that the grove was always on the
east side. One the west the prairie came down to the water's edge. This was
because in the Fall, when prairie fires were frequent, the wind was always
from the west. The lake region of Minnesota was, when in its virgin freshness,
a paradise for hunters, explorers and Indians. The imagination of the traveler
was kept upon the stretch expecting new beauties to come to view.

"The lakes abounded with fish; the prairies were grazed on by deer, elk
and antelope, and, some years, immense herds of buffaloes. Occasionally the
Indians suffered from famine at the close of a hard winter when the fall hunt
had not been successful and the waterfowl had not arrived. But actual star-
vation was rare and ordinarily they had plenty of good and wholesome food,
and not so exclusively a game diet, as is often said. Some years they raised
a good deal of corn, none of which was made into whiskey or fed to hogs. Some
years they harvested a good deal of wild rice, which I used to like much bet-
ter than our rice. Until a few years ago sister got a few pounds nearly every
fall from a woman who died last year. It was always a treat to both of us,
partly because it was so reminiscent of our childhood which is fading into
the past. The phase of life with which we became so familiar has almost com-
pletely faded away also.

"The Indians we knew used a large number of different roots, some of
which I was very fond of. No wonder that civilized Indians sometimes look
back with regret to the days of their ancestors. ....

"Winona was the Sioux name of my mother, a name given always to the first-
born if a girl. Afterwards, when a marriageable age arrived if not sooner,
another name was given, usually. But as a delicate form of flattery she was
often still called Winona. The first-born was supposed to be endowed with
more than a common share of courage, generosity and all the highest attributes
of womanhood. The Sioux never gave Mother any other name. As a rule they
gave a white person some name based upon some physical or other peculiarity.
Jonas Pettijohn, who married Father's sister, was a cripple and when walking
in the snow left a peculiar track. They named him 'The Trail Maker'. His
wife was a good singer. They called her 'Dowanstewin' which means good singer,
the last syllable being a feminine suffix. Father had marked peculiarities,
but they never gave him a name, which was unusual, though I knew of other such
cases. ....
"In September, 1861, I made a short visit home before going South with my regiment. I then saw my brother Rufus for the last time. He was mortally wounded at the battle of New Ulm. I was nineteen years old; he was three years and four months younger. He was strong -- muscular beyond his years. In spite of the difference in our ages, he could very nearly hold his own with me in our wrestling bouts. In appearance, physique, and I think mentally, he resembled Father more than any of his other sons. Much more courageous and fearless than I, he resembled Father in this, Father was known far and wide for his dauntless courage physically. His moral courage was also unsurpassed where it was a case of conscience, otherwise he allowed himself to be imposed upon rather than to have any contention. What I said about Father and brothers is not the partial judgement of a son and brother, all of whose 'geese are swans'. It was the judgement of highly cultured missionaries, officials of the Indian Bureau, and all who knew them well. I have seen Father when he knew that he and his little family were in deadly peril. With the intuitive instinct of a boy I felt that his every nerve and muscle were on the alert, but his manner and voice were unchanged. More than once, a weaker man in his position would have precipitated a terrible tragedy. The Indians were fond of him and fully recognized his courage.

"Father, like his paternal and maternal ancestors, for some generations at least, was a Presbyterian of the Scotch type. The type is a narrow one, but intensely sincere and conscientious -- 'Salt of the earth which did not lose its savor'. The catechism taught that it was quite as essential to salvation to believe the legends of the 'inspired word' as to follow the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. For instance, there was no hope for the man who did not believe implicitly the grotesque story of Samson tying together 150 couples of foxes by the tails with a firebrand between each pair, to run through the fields of grain and burn them up. The man who could not believe this would go to hell as he deserved. Father would have gone to the stake for his religion."

(The foregoing is a manuscript in the archives of the Minnesota Historical Society. It is entitled "Boyhood Reminiscences of General Huggins." Parts have been omitted and minor corrections have been made in the typing.)
stream but she went down a little way, and they all took it and as many as 3 died. She came back and set up her lodge and came calling for something to eat. She has been living all winter on what is taken to her, as none will let her come to their house. She said that 2 of the children starved to death and one man died of the smallpox. They are talking of sending her away again before the warm weather. Mrs. Riggs has a son they call him Alfred Longley 6 or 7 weeks old; we are all well.

A. G. Huggins

"March 17. The mail did not go at the set time; if they had they might have been frozen; it has been 30 below zero more than once this winter. Mrs. W. has another son; I think he was born about the last of January 1833. They call him Andrew Woods.

"Feb. 18th. Dr. W. baptized Katharine's children; her eldest son is called Lorenzo Lawrence for Dr. L of Cincinnati. Then Joseph, Elisabeth & Sarah; the father of Lorenzo is dead; the father of the other three is brother to Mrs. Renville.

"Feb. 25. Dr. W. baptized 3 women; the widow Jeffries is called Betsy, the others Rachel and Dinah.

"Mr. R. has got through Mark. On the 18th of March Mr. R. got a letter from Lake Traverse. The Indians at that place have had the smallpox this winter. Mr. Brown, the trader, writes there are one hundred of them dead. One half-breed, who was educated at Mackinaw, went last year to Lake Traverse to assist in trading; he was killed this winter by an Indian. His father is a trader at Traverse de Sioux and has a Dakota wife. He was not killed at Lake Traverse but far off where he had gone for buffaloes or something else. Mr. Brown got shot in the neck at Lake T. so that the ball went two finger breadth under the skin.

"April 2. We got some news yesterday. Dr. W. got 3 letters and Mr. Riggs 2; we also got some papers and Missionary Heralds. We expect to start letters today. Wamediokeya has been in a few days. Mr. G. H. Pond started with him this morning to hunt rats; he will probably be gone 2, 3, or 4 weeks. They are better off for corn at this place than they were years past; a great part of them were gone all winter, have all their corn, yet their prospect for next year looks dark; the water is now over their fields and is still
rising; the water is not to our field yet. I think likely it will be over part of it. The water has never been (seen) so high but once as it is now by anyone living here.

"We have one printed spelling book or perhaps 100, but they are not very correct they are of some use."

DAKOTA PORTRAITS - LAC QUI PARLE

Rev. Stephen R. Riggs

(In 1858 Riggs wrote a number of sketches of Indians many of whom visited at Lac qui Parle. Under the title "Dakota Portraits," these were published in the Minnesota Free Press of St. Peter at irregular intervals from January 27 to July 14, 1858. Willoughby M. Babcock, Jr., of the Minnesota Historical Society, gathered these together and they were republished in the November 1918 issue of the Minnesota History Bulletin, pages 481-568. As an introduction Babcock wrote the following:

"Because of his long residence among the Dakota Indians, Riggs was peculiarly fitted to describe their characteristics. The sketches are written from his own personal knowledge.... The author was a Presbyterian missionary to the Sioux. He was born in Ohio in 1812....and received a good education at Jefferson College and Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pennsylvania. After he was licensed as a preacher, he was sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to aid Dr. Thomas S. Williamson in his work with the Indians....

"Riggs and his wife arrived at Fort Snelling to begin their labors in June, 1837, and spent the summer.... Traveling by Mackinaw boat and wagon, the missionaries reached Lac qui Parle the middle of September. For five years they worked among the Indians at that point and, with the help of Joseph Renville Sr., translated parts of the Bible into the Dakota language.

"In June, 1843, after a trip east, Riggs...opened a mission at Traverse des Sioux. At first the Indians...appeared to be inimical to the undertaking, but gradually the hostility wore away, and the native church increased
Alexander G. Huggins wrote a letter on Thursday morning, January 18, 1838, at Lac qui Parle. In it he depicted conditions at the mission station and wrote of the translation work of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Rev. Stephen Return Riggs. His letter follows:

"My dear Brother, I am about to send you a letter written by Wamdiokiya, a Dakota, and although it is in an unknown tongue it may be interesting to you. I have written Mr. G. H. Pond's translation which may need a word of explanation. Where he says 'no one will be offended at them' he means at us, not at the truths. I suppose the translation of this letter is very literal. This Wamediokeya has learned to read and write mostly by himself. Dr. taught him his letters and how to spell; in two letters after this he had but little help. Now I suppose he can write anything that he can speak, and write it plainly, and if he had a Bible printed I suppose he would try to read the whole of it. He cannot read fast, as you or I would, but if he has a thing plainly written he can read it correctly. I have no doubt but this man has felt a pretty strong desire to know what is in the Bible.

"It seems very desirable that some part of the scriptures be printed soon. Mr. R. has been translating the Gospel of Mark this winter but has not got through yet, I think something more than half through. Dr. W. has been talking of coming or going into the U. S. next summer to superintend the printing of something in the Dakota language if he can have anything worth coming with in readiness, but I fear he will have to wait another year. The way Mr. R. translates - Dr. W. reads a verse in the French, then Mr. R. speaks it in Sioux and the Dr., Mr. Riggs and Mr. Pond all write it down; then the Dr. reads another verse. One chapter is as much as they get in one day; after they get a chapter, they read and compare it to see if they all wrote the same thing.

"One man last winter came to ... for some days till he learned all the letters, so that the first day he began to say letters he could say the names of all the letters. These Dakota men are proud fellows; they would hate for anyone to think they could not learn fast. This pride keeps some from trying to learn. They fear if they try they shall not get along so fast as others, so they will not come. Some I think would like to learn in the night when
the others would know nothing of it. One man was in our house to-night till after supper; he wanted to know who I was going to send the book to, and said he wanted to know the book very much, if he could write he would write to his brother, says he is brother to the man that learned to write at Lake Calhoun. I asked if they had one father; he said their fathers were brothers. This I believe is true. This man lately came up from below; his father has been here a year but he is too old to learn. This man is intent to learn to write; he has been to school two or three days this week says he must soon start to hunt as he has no corn here.

"In school we write on slates; we have a black-board I write on with chalk sometimes for a copy, then the whole school can see it at once. For learning to read we have some dozen old newspapers printed with a brush through copper plates. The letters are so large as to be seen from any part of the room. We have also some lessons written with a pen and stuck up on the partition wall. The Indians here have had no strong drink since we came, but now they have sold their land, all that lies east of the Mississippi, and I fear there will be a great change for the worse in this respect. Wherever strong drink comes among a savage people it proves very fatal.

"Mr. Renville's oldest daughter married on the 11th of this month to his clerk, a little Frenchman. A pleasant little man but a Roman Catholic.

"We got our mill started and have ground three or four barrels of corn. We are 10 grown ones, besides 5 children, to eat corn, and two suckling children, all dependent on our stock of corn, 17 persons, and but about ten bushels of corn (and very) little flour. You may see we have not much bread to spare the Indians. Some days ago one woman came to the Dr.'s, said they were starving; one man, she said, was past sitting up; the Dr. gave the woman some turnips and potatoes and went to see the man; he was far gone, the Dr. thought with the consumption. I believe he is still living. We can hardly eat a meal but some poor savages are looking on and their mouths watering.

"We have had cold weather lately; some of the Indians say they cannot sleep for the cold. Mrs. W. and Lydia have given nearly all the clothing they can spare to the old women. One woman came here last fall and took the smallpox. Dr. W. gave her medicine and as soon as she was able to go she started off; there were 7 or 8 in all with her. She was told to go up
its membership. Whiskey was always a cause of trouble, and in 1846 the missionary narrowly escaped death from the bullet of a drunken Indian. Men, women, and children were intoxicated for days. .... Alexander G. Huggins was assigned to the station in September, 1846, and Riggs returned to Lac qui Parle to take the place of Dr. Williamson, who was transferred to a new field ... at Kaposia. In July, 1851, Riggs acted as one of the interpreters at the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, and he helped materially in explaining the terms to the Indians. ....

"Further changes in the locations of the Dakota mission stations were determined upon .... Dr. Williamson had chosen a new site on the Yellow Medicine River in 1852 which he called Payzhehooteze, and two years later Riggs followed him to that region."

It was at that point in 1858 that Riggs wrote the sketches which follow. Only those sketches and parts of sketches which deal with Lac qui Parle persons and affairs have been reproduced below. Occasional explanatory notes have been added by the present author. These are always in parentheses.)

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Mrs. Joseph Renville Sr.

"Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Joseph Renville of Lac qui Parle, was a full-blood Dakota, descended from the Little Crow royal family. She was rather above the medium height of Dakota women, of a graceful form, and possessed of a good deal of natural dignity. Sometimes a little hauteur was manifest in her deportment. To some of us she appeared rather reserved, occasionally unhappy; but those of her own sex and people who best knew her always spoke highly of her as very intelligent and affable. Indeed, she must be regarded as a Dakota noblewoman. At the time of her death (1840) she had lived with Mr. Renville about thirty-six years, and was the mother of a number of children, eight of whom were then living. They were married (c. 1804) at Prairie du Chien by a French priest, when as yet there were no Protestants in this part of the country. Mrs. Renville was the first full-blood Dakota who was received into the mission church formed at Lac qui Parle; and she is believed to have well maintained and illustrated her profession of the religion of Jesus. Among the Indians she had the reputation of being remarkable benevolent, giving largely on all occasions; and on this account she was greatly beloved, and much lamented at her death."
"For many years Mr. Renville must have prosecuted a flourishing trade. At least, it must have been considered quite an important one by his employers, for he was furnished abundantly with goods and provisions. And it was easy, with a large number of dependents, to make away with a large amount of stores, and that without really laying themselves open to the charge of extravagance. In a former paper I have made reference to Mrs. Renville's connection with 'Tokadantee'. Featherstonhaugh...thus refers to this Soldiers' Lodge: 'I learned that Renville entertained a company of stout Indians to the number of fifty, in a skin lodge behind his house of extraordinary dimensions, whom he calls his braves or soldiers. To these men he confided various trusts, and occasionally sent them to distant points to transact his business.' This statement is much exaggerated. Still it must be admitted that the 'Tokadantee' was regarded as quite a family institution; and it was cherished and nourished with quite as much pride by the female, as by the male, part of the family.

"In the spring of 1839, Mrs. Renville was taken ill with disease, which affected her lungs, and finally terminated in death. During her illness, Dr. Williamson, acting as her physician, was with her frequently, and, embracing opportunities for becoming acquainted with her mental and spiritual state, was much better satisfied than he had previously been that her faith and hope were in God. Those who watched by her until her last say that she often spoke of Jesus as her only hope. On the morning of the Sabbath, February 16, 1840, Mr. Renville was with her alone, and said, 'You seem to be failing much today.' 'Yes,' she said, 'today God calls me to a feast. Jesus Christ, who suffered for me, I have in remembrance as my only trust. Of a truth today my afflictions and troubles will be at an end. God invites me. This day I shall stand before the Great Spirit. I shall henceforth reign in his presence and joy with Jesus Christ.' Afterwards her children and relatives came in and sat around her crying. She said to them, 'It is the holy day, sing and pray to God.' They did so, and when they had ceased, they spoke to her but she answered them not again.

"The day after she died, Mr. Renville remarked to the writer of this article that he had seen a great many die, but never one like her, hers was a holy death. And the general impression made upon the Indians at the time was that her dying was different from anything they had ever seen before.
"So fades a summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day; so dies the wave along the shore.
"We have reason to believe that she went to the rest that 'remaineth
for the people of God.'

"It is a common feeling of our humanity to wish to pay respect to the
dead whom we loved while living. In this respect the Dakotas do not belie
their origin. However poor they may be, they are not satisfied unless they
wrap the dead one in a new blanket; and if they are able they use calico and
cloth and blankets to the amount of many dollars. When one is sick and like­
ly to die, the relatives show their attachment by giving, one a new blanket
or shawl, one a piece of cloth, one a piece of calico; and the articles thus
cast upon the person while yet alive are usually buried with him. Or if part
of them are taken off when the body is placed in the coffin, they are reserved
to be distributed to a war party. Various customs of this kind have prevailed.
In the case of Mrs. Renville, it is said ten blankets of various colors and
textures were wrapped around the body. It was then placed in a very large
box on a feather bed, together with all the clothes of the deceased. Her
friends did not wish to retain anything in the house that had belonged to her
wardrobe, nor did they wish to see her clothing worn by others. This is
Dakota feeling.

"The native custom of disposing of the dead, as I have had occasion to
mention in a former paper, is that of placing upon a scaffold. .... In the
case of Mrs. Renville, the great box was placed in a root house, according
to her request, where it remained for many years; and after having become
the depository of several others of the family, it was finally buried.

"The excessive wailing for the dead, common among the Dakotas, Mr. Ren­
ville used his influence to restrain. A little more than a month after the
death of Mrs. Renville a grandchild was taken from them. On this occasion
all was quiet until the moment the spirit took its flight. Then some women
who were in the room awaiting the event commenced wailing. The parents and
other relatives kissed the child and, in the expressive language of Scripture,
'lifted up their voices and wept.' A great multitude was soon gathered in,
and there was a very great wailing, 'like the weeping of Jazer for the vine
of Sibmah' When it had ceased, Mr. Renville remarked that they did not mean to blame God. They felt that he did all things well; but this affliction came so near the death of Mrs. Renville that they were unable to control their feeling. On the morrow, when the remains of the child were deposited in the same box with its grandmother, Mr. Renville said, 'Restrain yourselves,' and there was no such outburst of feeling as there had been previously.

"It has not been easy for us to speak against the practice of wailing for the dead without giving offense. .... All nature cries out when it is afflicted, and for man not to do so is unnatural.

"It seems proper to add, in this connection, some statements on another point, namely, that of giving food to the dead. .... Some years after this the only child of a young Indian mother at Lac qui Parle was badly burned, and died after weeks of suffering. It was buried near the mission premises. That Dakota mother often visited the grave of her child, bringing food, wailing and lying for hours in the cold wintry days by its side. These facts were the foundation of the 'Bereaved Mother's Lament,' written by Mrs. Riggs, and originally inserted in the 'Dakota Friend,'....

Chatka, or Left Hand

"He was a Mdewakanton, the son of a sister of the first Little Crow; and was brother-in-law to Mr. Renville of Lac qui Parle memory. Mr. Renville had great confidence in his brother-in-law's judgment and was probably more influenced by him than any other Indian. And probably no other one had learned so much from Mr. Renville in regard to the white man's religion as he.

"From the commencement of the mission in 1835 Mr. Renville and his family had made part of the assembly who met on the Sabbath to worship God. Chatka and his families came also, for he had two wives and a number of children by each. Previous to the time (c. 1835) when our readers are first introduced to Left Hand, his wives had both been admitted to a profession of faith in the religion of the Bible. ....

"Left Hand had for some time been a hearer of the word of the Great Spirit. He professed also a desire to be a doer of the same. It was near the close of 1841 when he presented himself as a candidate for the sealing
ordinances of God's house. During his examination his connection with more than one woman was made the subject of inquiry. He was asked whether he was now ready to put away one of his wives, and be married to the other according to the Christian mode. His reply was substantially that as yet he was not able to do this, but, if received into the church, he hoped to have assistance to enable him to forsake by and by not only that, but all other sins. ....

"But to return from our wandering. Chatka was born somewhere on the Mississippi below St. Paul, probably about the year 1780. There he grew up hunting the deer and the buffalo; the latter were then abundant in the valley of the Mississippi. Of his remembrances I find some record made twenty years ago. 'Corn,' he says, 'was first raised in the Dakota country when I was a small boy. Not far below Fort Snelling a few families ate it up as soon as it was fit to roast. This they continued to do for some years and then abandoned the cultivation of the earth. The buffalo were then abundant along the Minnesota Valley. Those who lived here (Lac qui Parle), namely, the Sissetons and Yanktons, took meat and robes to those who dwelt on the Mississippi. But they, the Mdewakantons, depended chiefly on the rice lakes and the deer and other game. When I had become a young man, the cultivation of the land was resumed. The first year one family planted a small piece of corn. The next year this was enlarged and some others followed the example. Thus the number of those that planted was gradually increased and their corn patches enlarged. Other villages followed suit until finally all the Mdewakantons planted more or less corn. As the buffalo went westward the Yanktons and some of the Sissetons followed them, abandoning the country about Lac qui Parle.' As early as 1825, Left Hand thinks, some families came up from the lower Minnesota and planted at the Lake-that-speaks. He was among the first. The facts about planting among the Dakotas seem to be these. Corn was raised first, according to many of those now living, by the Kiyuksa clan down in Winona County. Next we learn of its being planted a short distance below St. Paul. And next to that we find it raised at the island in Lake Traverse. This may have been about the year 1820. Five or six years after this the settlement at Lac qui Parle was commenced, and corn was planted first by the relatives of Mr. Renville, who was the means of its introduction at Lake Traverse also. Potatoes were introduced by the traders, but at just what time I can not say. Spring wheat was raised at the Lac qui Parle mission by
Mr. A. G. Huggins as early as 1837. A small pair of burr stones were taken up, and for many years the mission families subsisted chiefly on the grain of their own raising.

"..."

"As the brother of Mrs. Renville, Chatka held a conspicuous place in the Tokadantee. Mr. Renville kept a company of twenty or thirty men in the capacity of soldiers. They did him service when he sent out after furs. But the company was kept quite as much for appearances as for use. They always kept a lodge standing near Mr. R's. stockade fort, which served as their general rendezvous, where they feasted more or less daily. It flourished especially under the guardianship of the first Mrs. Renville. The name 'Tokadantee' was adopted from their badge, which was the skin of the 'tokađan', or prairie dog.

"After the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Renville, Chatka went down to Kaposia, intending to return in the fall. While at Mendota, in the summer of 1847, he was taken sick and died. The old man had, in his younger days, been a member of the "Wakanwachepee", but had forsaken it when he heard the teachings of the word of God. He never afterwards had any confidence in the Dakota religion; but, as I am informed, he could not resist the temptation of strong drink which in those years was so easily obtained at St. Paul. In yielding to this temptation he gave sad evidence that he was not born again. His wives, being freed from 'the law of the husband' by his death, still live, and one of them especially has well maintained the character of a sincere disciple of Jesus. Some of his children have become educated and conformed to the customs and habits of civilized men, while others have preferred to remain Indians.

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Fearful Face, or Etawawenehan

"Old Eve, as we called her, had five sons. One of them was killed in a drunken frolic some time before we came among the Dakotas. At the same time the elder one of the brothers, Cloud Man, was stabbed badly but recovered. Of these five brothers, the three older ones are still living; they are Cloud Man, Eagle Help, and Paul Mazakootamane, the deliverer of Miss Gardner—all men of mark in their different spheres. Hereafter they may be noticed further in these memoirs: but at present we are concerned with the youngest of the five, Fearful Face. Twenty years ago he had about attained to man's estate,
a good-looking, well-formed, athletic, active young man. No one could dance with a better grace than he, and but few were more successful in hunting. He learned to read easily, and his chirography was very good. In this respect he was favorably noticed by Governor Doty at the treaty of 1841. He was brave and daring and jealous, as will appear in the sequel. But few men of his years could boast more of war deeds. His ambition and his jealousy destroyed him.

"Taken as a whole, the family to which Fearful Face belonged have from the first attached themselves to the party of progress. They were closely allied to Mr. Renville. But notwithstanding all the brothers then living, except Cloud Man, applied themselves to learning and did many things not in accordance with Dakota custom, they were still eminently Dakotas in their social feelings and family relations. Etawawenehan, although still quite a young man, had already had several wives which had either left him or which he had 'thrown away,' to use their own expression. He still retained two, as will be seen from the following extract taken from an old record, which well illustrates the beautiful results of polygamy wherever it exists.

"Towards the close of February, 1841, some transactions of a semitrágical character set the whole village at Lac qui Parle in an uproar. A wife of Fearful Face was secretly given to Chamhodashamaza, Iron Hoop; and in the meantime it was intimated that he, the said Fearful Face, was too cowardly to revenge the insult. This aroused his untamed spirit, and going along to the tent where she was surrounded by her own friends and those of his rival he dragged her to the teepee of one of his own relatives. At first he magnanimously determined to make a feast and invite Iron Hoop and give him this false wife. But, learning that there was a plot to take away from him the other also, he declared he would have revenge by cutting off the nose and ears of this one that secretly had chosen another man. Her mother's cries and entreaties alone saved her from this degradation. But the spirit of revenge which had been aroused must spend itself on something. Taking his bow and arrows, he went to a horse belonging to his false wife's sister and killed it; then to another and killed it; and then, calling Iron Hoop repeatedly, said, 'If you are a man, come out.' Iron Hoop did not make his appearance. It was expected by the relatives of Fearful Face that the other party
would retaliate by killing their horses, and perhaps a battle would be the result. One of his brothers brought a horse over and had just secreted it in the mission stable when a gun was heard, and the crying and screaming which followed led us to fear that the difficulty had become alarming. The children rushed to the mission houses for safety, and we anxiously waited to learn what had happened. Amputootokacha, Another Day, who has since become better known as Hotonhowashta, Good Sounding Voice, the associate of Paul in rescuing Miss Gardner, had attempted to shoot himself. Being a relation of one party and the 'koda' or particular friend of the other, both had entreated him to take sides with them. Finding that he could honorably do neither, he attempted suicide. But the contents of the pistol passed above his head and only stunned him for a little while. This closed the drama for that time, which was re-opened after many days.

"Difficulties of long standing had existed between the Common Dog and the Brush village clans. To the former belonged Cloud Man and his friends. The other is still represented by Walking Spirit, as the principal man. The nephew of Walking Spirit had taken to wife a sister of Cloud Man, but neither did this do away with past remembrances. In the summer of 1844, Cloud Man and Fearful Face came up from St. Paul with whiskey. As they passed the Traverse I remonstrated with them strongly. The younger of the brothers seemed disposed to spill the spirit water, but they brought it on up. In the drunkenness that followed, some one shot Etawawenehan's horse. It was charged upon the young men of the Brush Village. The first one of this clan that Fearful Face met afterwards was Blue Cloud. Some sharp words passed, when the Common Dog shot the Brush villager with an arrow. That arrow point was never extracted. It worked its way up and down through the flesh, sometimes sticking fast, when it apparently ossified around the iron; then Blue Cloud seemed to be well again. And the, again cutting itself loose, it pursued its wandering course, causing intense pain and, finally, after years of intense suffering, death.

"After shooting Blue Cloud, Etawawenehan was aware that they would seek his life to take it. That night, armed, he met two men and asked them who they were. They not answering, he drew up his gun and shot one of them. The bullet passed through the arm. In this case it turned out that the wounded
man was a cousin of the one first shot.

"Fearful Face had now attained to a notoriety of wickedness which might have been avoided if he had kept himself clear of the spirit water. Some of his relations fled, and he himself was advised to go up to Big Stone Lake, where some of his brothers had removed. This he said he would do because Mr. Renville's sons had requested it, but he expected to be killed, he deserved to be killed, and he should yet expiate his crimes by giving his enemies his body.

"The Wahpetons, or Leaf villagers, include the Brush villagers. Both the specific and the general term were largely represented at a Dakota camp on the Coteau des Prairies near the Red Pipestone. By a strange infatuation Etawawenehan and his mother were led to pitch their tent there. Whiskey, the ever-present agent of evil, is there also. No one is willing to attack Fearful Face alone, but they band together to destroy him. He, like a bird giving (sic) to the snare, goes to drink spirit water with them. One quarrels with him and engages in a scuffle, two others seize him by the arms, and Iron Hoop, the man we have seen years before taking his wife, shoots an arrow through his body. Etawawenehan pulls this through and commences using it to defend himself, all the time shouting and repeating, 'I am not afraid of you.' But his efforts are vain. His enemies overpower him and kill him with knives and hatchets, no one there but his poor old mother caring for him. Died Etawawenehan as a fool dieth. He might have been a better man. He might have lived to some good purpose.

"We are now back at Lac qui Parle. Revenge has done its work. But unless retaliation is stopped we have only reached the beginning of the end. There is, however, a desire among the principal men to heal up past difficulties. The Dakota method of doing this is called 'kecheyooshkapee', literally freeing each other. The old fashion was to make the wrong-doers climb a pole. A large sapling was cut, barked, and painted, and set up in the ground, something like a Fourth of July pole. It was called 'sacred wood'. The individuals, whose iniquities were to be put away, were stripped and painted red. They were regarded as bound, though only a string of otter skin was tied around their arms. Then, all the while singing in the presence of the assembled multitude, they climb the sacred wood. When they have reached
the top, they are shot at with powder, which process is continued until they climb down or fall to the ground. They are then taken up, and, as soon as recovered from the stunning effects of the powder blown in their ears, water is given them to drink, and the pipe of reconciliation is passed around. After this the ceremony closes by a great collection of blankets and guns being given to the persons who have been thus pilloried, as white people would say.

"But this practice of making them climb the sacred wood has gone into disuse. It is dangerous. The temptation is very strong in some cases to shoot something harder than powder. On the occasion of which we were speaking, it was dispensed with. The Renvilles were the mediators. The individuals who had acted the most conspicuous part in killing Etawawenehan, namely, Iron Hoop, Blue Cloud, Big Frenchman, and Round Cloud, were painted and had their arms tied with thongs of otter skin. In this manner they were brought into the assembly. Then a United States flag, which had been given to Mr. Renville years before by Messrs. Nicollet and Fremont, was thrown over them. The same was then removed and placed over Cloud Man and his brothers. Then water was given to both parties and the peace pipe, painted blue, was passed around, after which they all feasted together; then gifts of various kinds passed between the parties, and to them from those who were spectators on the occasion. Thus, a reconciliation was effected. Past wrongs were to be forgotten, and they were to live henceforth in eternal friendship. It could not entirely heal the wounded spirit and the sore hearts; but the ceremony did much to prevent any further hostilities. An instructive sequel followed. Iron Hoop was killed shortly after by the Ojibways. And Blue Cloud and Round Cloud died in a few years. 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

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Thunder Face, or Etawakinyan.

(One of the Sioux bands which often visited Lac qui Parle was known as the Five Lodges. Their usual habitat was at the Two Woods Lakes in western Deuel County, about 50 miles west of Lac qui Parle. Riggs and Alexander G. Huggins accompanied them to that point in 1840, and Nicollet and Fremont had visited them there in the summer of 1838.

The head man of these Sisseton Sioux was known by several names, including Thunder Face, Diable Boiteux, Limping Devil, Itewakinyan, or
Etawakinyan. His reputation and that of his younger brother, Kenehanpe, or Kinikanpi, were not good. The old chief died at the mission station at Hazelwood in May 1857 and about ten months later Riggs wrote the following sketch of him:

"Thunder Face was a Sisseton. When we first formed his acquaintance, he was the chief man of a clan whose headquarters were at what is called 'the Two Woods,' which name attaches to some lakes, formerly well wooded, about fifty miles west from Lac qui Parle, on that part of the Coteau des Prairies where the Big Sioux takes its rise. There they planted corn more or less, but depended for a living chiefly on the buffalo which they found between their place and the James River. Thunder Face's clan usually went by the name of Tizaptanna, or Five Lodges, which indicated their number when they went off from their relations in the south bend of the Minnesota. They afterwards numbered twenty or thirty families. Etawakinyan had a younger brother whose name was Kenehanpe, or the Respected One. There seemed to be no love lost between these two brothers. Each one was jealous of the other. They often sought, by poisoning, or in some other way, to destroy each other. That they might accomplish this object they have been known to offer a horse for 'bad medicine,' as poison is properly called. Many years ago Kenehanpe died, and Etawakinyan was left in the undisputed possession of his authority. He had strengthened his power by obtaining for his son-in-law a brother of old Curly Head, the chief of Lac qui Parle; but it was not until the treaty of 1851 that he was recognized as a chief. At that time a number were made chiefs who had formerly only attained to the status of brave.

"In his younger days Thunder Face was undoubtedly a man of more than ordinary energy. He used to boast that he had followed the buffalo on horseback, with his robe turned down and the upper part of his body naked, when it was so cold that his fingers stiffened around his bow and he was obliged to loose them with his other hand. I have seen his eldest son, who has now inherited his place and power, shoot an arrow into a buffalo bull which turned on him. He fled, only to turn again to the attack, when his time came. I could imagine how the old man looked with his hair streaming in the wind and he urging on his pony and pouring his arrows into the sides of a big moose, as they call the buffalo.
"But the chief of the Five Lodges was a hard case. In the first years of the Dakota mission he was often at Lac qui Parle. He frequently came and spent weeks and sometimes months, living off the Indians there, who were better supplied with corn than he and his people were. He begged much from the white people. He listened sometimes to the teachings of the Bible, but he preferred his own religion; he preferred to have his people remain uneducated; and in the latter part of his life, his opposition to education and the purifying religion of Jesus increased.

"When we lived at Lac qui Parle, the old man came to our house one Sabbath morning with two bottles; one had held castor oil and the other seneca oil. They were nearly empty. He wished me to fill them. I said, 'Not on the Sabbath, to-morrow I will do it.' Not being in a very pleasant mood, he took it ill and, putting both the bottles down on the floor, he smashed them to pieces with his foot. The oil stain on our floor remained there for months. The next day he came back and wished me to furnish him two bottles as well as oil. After the scene of yesterday I refused to do that. He was very angry; but finally he went away and begged bottles elsewhere.

"In September of 1840 I enjoyed rare opportunities for becoming acquainted with Thunder Face and his clan. Then, with Mr. A. G. Huggins I made a journey to Fort Pierre on the Missouri. As Etawakinyan was engaged to furnish us with guides after we reached the Coteau des Prairies, we kept with the moving party for eight days. They were going to the plains to hunt buffalo. Horses, women, girls, dogs, all had to carry loads. In six days we made fifty miles and encamped at the planting grounds of the Tizaptanna; but they had raised no corn that year. From those lakes almost all the wood had been cut off; but at the other one of the Two Woods there was still quite a little grove of timber.

"We soon ascertained that it was an object with Thunder Face and his people to throw all kinds of obstacles in our way, to keep us from going ahead of the party, if not to defeat our proposed journey entirely. They said the Dakotas on the Missouri were very savage; they would most likely kill us, but if they did not do that they would certainly steal our horses. But the chief argument was that we would scare away the buffalo. Finally, however,
the keg until all went merry as a marriage bell, and they had caused no small disturbance in the village. When the morning came, he went to his own tent and said he would clean out his gun and go duck-hunting. He took off the stock and, while blowing in the muzzle, removed the other end of the barrel around near to, or into, the fire, which was burning in the middle of the tent. It was immediately discharged, and the whole of the contents, passing through his mouth, tore off the back part of his head. He died instantly. Some said he did not know the gun was loaded. Others thought he meant to kill himself. Several weeks previous to this time he had, with others, danced for two days and two nights, without eating or drinking, they say, to the sun. Since that time he has seemed to be in a melancholy mood. He was ambitious, and some things have recently taken place to disappoint his ambition. These things operating upon his mind, when the stimulus of ardent spirits was passing off, may have induced him to put an end to his existence. If this was not the case, his forgetting that his gun was loaded and his taking no measures to ascertain whether it was or not, must be attributed to the stupefy-ing influences of spirit water.

"Rattling Cloud was, according to my recollection, a man who would have measured about five feet nine, rather more than the average height of Dakota men, and otherwise well formed. .... He was very boastful of his good and great deeds. He had given away more horses in his day than all the Leaf-villagers then owned.

"At the time of his death Mahpeyasna may have been between forty and forty-five years old. When quite a young man, he had visited St. Louis with Running Walker, the father of the present chief of that name. Not long after this he and his younger brother, who is still living, together with others, made a visit to Lord Selkirk's settlement on Red River. At this time they would have been attacked and cut off probably by the Ojibways if they had not been protected by the white people.

"Among the Dakotas there are no more really brave men than there ought to be, albeit as a nation they are very boastful of their bravery. But Mahpeyasna deserved to be counted among the braves. ....

"Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, through the influence of Mr. Renville of Lac qui Parle and others, the Dakotas in this part of the Minnesota Valley had made peace with some of the bands of the Ojibways."
after submitting to annoying delays and exorbitant conditions, we succeeded
in starting forward with two nephews of the old man from their camp near
Kampeska Lake. That day we saw our first buffalo, and our young men, with
others who had followed us from the camp, succeeded in killing two.

"In prosecuting this journey we were very favorably impressed with the
character of the soil throughout the whole breadth of the Coteau. This is a
beautiful section of country, commencing up northwest from Lake Traverse, at
its head rising above the surrounding prairie some seven hundred feet and
gradually descending and widening as it extends towards the southeast, spread-
ing out like a fan and opening itself to receive the Big Sioux River, extend-
ing one arm down on either side of that stream, until finally both fade away
in the common prairie level, sprinkled over with small lakes and presenting
an undulating, not to say hilly, surface, the only seeming want being that of
timber. In the very level valley of the James River, on either side some
thirty miles wide, we observed short grass and an abundance of pear-shaped
cactus, which argued a much poorer soil than that of the Coteau.

"The winter of 1846-47, and the one succeeding, buffalo were, for the
first time for many years, abundant about Lac qui Parle. In the last of these
winters, for the more successful killing of these chiefs of the prairie,
Thunder Face and his people joined with the people from Mdaeyadan or Lac qui
Parle and placed their camp on the Owoboppta stream, the Pomme de Terre of the
French about ten miles from the lake. Here their arrangements were made for
buffalo hunting.

Rattling Cloud, or Mahpeyasna

"The subject of this sketch was a brave or chief soldier under Running
Walker, then of Lac qui Parle. He belonged to the Wahpeton, or Leaf-village
division of Dakotas. In an old manuscript, made nineteen years ago, I find
the following notice of this man: 'One morning, near the middle of October,
the village at Lac qui Parle was thrown into a state of excitement by one of
the principal men shooting himself. The evening before some of our Indians
had arrived from Fort Snelling and brought us a fine package of letters and
papers, which made our hearts very glad. They also brought up a keg of
whiskey from Pig's Eye. Mahpeyasna was fond of this stimulant, as Dakotas
generally are. Together with a number of other men, Rattling Cloud sipped at
It was the time for the fall hunt. Mr. Renville, in giving credits to the Indians, urged upon the principal men the duty of keeping the peace, and gave blankets to a few of the more energetic young men with special instructions to punish the first individual who violated it. ....

Lowing Buffalo, or Ptahotonpe

"Twenty years ago at Lac qui Parle there lived an old bald-headed Dakota man whose name was Ptahotonpe. He was not tall, but had considerable breadth and weight. Almost our first introduction to him was as the high priest and prophet at a Social Dance. It was on a cold November Day. The night previous had been spent by old Lowing Buffalo in what is best expressed by the phrase, making 'wakan'. The rattling of the gourd shell, together with singing over heated stones, was quite necessary to bring the old man into connection with the spirit world. The morning came. ....

"When the dance was to commence the old man came out of the tent with only a wisp of grass around his loins, drumming and singing as he came. Two boys, also almost in a state of nudity, but gaily painted, were his attendants. After paying his adoration to the painted stones and the buffalo head, Ptahotonpe entered the little booth in the center of the circle and there, crouching down partly in a sitting posture, he continued to sing and drum during the progress of the dance. This consisted of four acts, with a time for rest and smoking between.... The dancers were mostly young men gaily painted and decorated with war feathers. ....

"This was the last dance that Lowing Buffalo ever made. We stood there wrapped in our overcoats and cloaks and were glad, after a couple of hours, to make our escape to the warm fire. But the old man passed the day in a state of nudity, and it is not wonderful that he brought on himself a sickness which not all the pow-wows of the conjurers could prevent from terminating in death."

Stone Man, or Toonkanwechashta

"Toonkanwechashta, when we first formed his acquaintance in the autumn of 1837, had the appearance of a man who had seen about thirty-five winters. He was a Dakota man of large frame, somewhat tending to corpulence, decidedly
lazy, with a genial, laughing countenance. He loved to eat, to smoke, to sleep, and to talk. He was, nevertheless, possessed of a good deal of genius. No man could carve a pipestem, or make a wooden bowl or spoon more neatly than Toonkanwechashta. He prided himself on being able to do ornamental work of various kinds with a higher finish than the most of his comppeers could do. He was among the first to learn to read and write his own language.

"The first winter the mission was commenced, in 1835, Dr. T. S. Williamson taught the young men of Tokadantee, which was occupied by Mr. Renville's soldiers. The Dakota language was then unwritten. The strange sounds which occurred in it had not then their representatives fully settled upon. There were, of course, no books. Some lessons prepared by hand with types and brush were the best that could be obtained. Slates and pencils were used, but sometimes it was more convenient to make the letters in the ashes. In the Soldiers' Lodge many young men learned to read and write their own language before they obtained any idea of the benefits of education. .... But by degrees book education came to be better understood. On the last day of July, 1841, Governor Doty's treaty was signed at Traverse des Sioux. Three of the Dakota names affixed to that instrument were autographs. This surprised and pleased the commissioner very much; and he gave to these men some special marks of favor. To the subject of this sketch he gave his own portfolio and writing implements. Toonkanwechashta read well and wrote a fair hand. Sometimes we employed him to correct translations, but he was not as valuable an assistant in this department of labor as some others.

"We have said that our present hero was constitutionally rather lazy. He was not a good hunter, either of furs or game, but it was not because he lacked skill or ability. He only needed to be excited. In the early spring of 1839 I accompanied Mr. Renville's sons and soldiers up to Lake Traverse. They went on a trading expedition. It was still the last of April, but the grass was very green and the flowers were blooming on the prairies. Our animals rejoiced in the riches of the early spring. The geese and ducks had long since returned and were now making their nests and laying their eggs in the swamps and on the islands of the lakes. The first night we slept at the Owobopta or Pomme de Terre River, fifteen miles from home. That night
but little game was brought into the camp, only a few ducks and prairie chickens. The company depended on provisions brought from home, which formed not a very abundant supply. The next day we proceeded on our way and camped a little after noon at Middle Lake (northeast of Ortonville). If some exertion be not made the majority of the company must go to bed hungry. The necessity aroused Tookanwechashta. Taking up a gun, he went around the lake and, as the sun was setting, he came into camp bringing three gray geese and his leggings filled with goose eggs. Others brought in ducks and geese also, so there was an abundance. They commenced eating and smoking and talking. That night my attention was first arrested by the singularly felicitous characteristic of the Dakota language, which we denote by the term reduplication. I had known the fact before, but it had never struck me so forcibly as when I listened to Tookanwechashta and Running Walker apparently trying their ability in the use of adjectives, adverbs, and verbs reduplicated. That night they ate and talked and smoked, and smoked and talked and ate until near midnight, when all the eggs and ducks and geese were consumed. When I expressed my astonishment that they should be able to eat so much, they replied that I would see them eat when they reached the Sisseton camp. And sure enough, when we had pitched our tents on the margin of the little stream which comes around the southern end of Lake Traverse and passes down into Big Stone Lake, the Minnesota near its source, then our people did eat buffalo meat.

"Toonkanwechashta was one of those who for years frequently attended our religious services on the Sabbath. The first portions of Scripture which were printed in the Dakota language, in the winter of 1838-'39, translations made by the help of Mr. Renville, there he read. He was not bound to the Dakota superstitions, either as a medicine man or as a member of the Sacred Dance. Indeed, at times, he thought he was almost a Christian, and expressed a wish to be baptized. But he was a polygamist. He had then three women; and in his younger days he had been still more licentious, and was now reaping in himself the bitter fruits of an unrestrained libertinism.

"The summer of 1842 was passing. The autumn was coming on. The corn which they had planted and hoed was now yielding them food. An expedition to the Red Pipestone Quarry was got up. It consisted of quite a party, some fifteen or twenty of the principal men of the villages at Lac qui Parle, among whom was Big Walker, the present chief of one of the clans in the
vicinity of the Yellow Medicine. They had made a day's journey of thirty or thirty-five miles and encamped on the border of the Coteau des Prairies. Some, it appears, were sleeping under carts which had iron-bound wheels, and others lay near by. A storm came up. But there was more thunder and lightning than rain. They lay there unconscious of danger, when suddenly the electric fluid smote them, stunning, sorching, burning and killing. At first they thought it was the charge of the enemy. Those who were only stunned gradually recovered to a state of consciousness. Eagle Help and several others were a long time in coming to life and were found to be badly burned. Three men all in the meridian life, Toonkanwechashta, Wakenehdoozza, and Tashoonka, and two horses were dead. In their language the 'wakinyan', the thunder, had done it. We say it is the lightning that burns and splits the gnarled oak, that tears up the earth in its passage to and from it; but the Dakotas ascribe all these things to the thunder-bird. The very name 'wakinyan' signifies a winged animal. Sometimes they see this veritable creature. And if they have not seen it for themselves, they have heard a hundred stories about it, and have learned to make its image with a piece of coal or carve it with a knife. And surely a bird so wonderful as this must be wakan. Near the head of the Coteau des Prairies there are rocks in which are seen the tracks of this great bird, and the locality has obtained the name of Thunder Tracks. This sad event frustrated that expedition to the Red Pipestone. They buried the dead and returned home bringing the scathed and injured ones."

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Her :Scarlet House, or Toteedootawin

"At an early period in the history of the Dakota mission Toteedootawin was baptized and received into the little church that had been previously organized at Lac qui Parle. At her baptism she received the Christian name of Catherine. Of her Christian experience and feeling soon after this time, I will let her tell her own story by transcribing from a letter which she indited and some one wrote for her sixteen years ago. "Of the Dakota women that pray to the Great Spirit I was among the first. But still my thoughts are sinful and my words foolish. On this account I pray much to the Great Spirit, I have grown up in sin, but since I have heard the word of the Great Spirit, I have prayed every day and every night to his Son. I pray much that He would forgive what I have done wickedly. I pray much for all my children
and relatives. They have heard the word of the Great Spirit, but they still cleave to that which is evil.'

"In the summer of 1841, we built at Lac qui Parle a church of unburnt brick. In digging for the foundation, the women, as well as some of the men, rendered assistance. In regard to this she says: 'Now we are going to have a holy house, and for that we rejoice greatly. In this house we will pray to the Great Spirit. We have dug ground for it two days already, and we have worked having the Great Spirit in our thoughts. When this house is built, we shall be glad. In it we will pray; He will have mercy on us; He will hear what we say and make us rejoice. As yet we only do what He hates. In this house we will confess to Him; our thoughts, our words, our actions, these we will confess to Him, and He will pardon them, for the sake of Jesus Christ, his Son. God has mercy on us and is giving us a sacred house, in which we will pray for all people.'

"Catherine was once a member of the Dakota Sacred Dance. But in this letter she says, 'I have no fellowship with Dakota customs. Since I have heard the word of the Great Spirit, I seek that alone.' And this she has continued to do, although for years she was hated, defamed, and threatened with death by members of that secret society.

"The first church bell used in Minnesota was purchased in 1842, and paid for with avails of moccasins which were furnished by the female members of the church at Lac qui Parle. Into this movement Her Scarlet House entered with a good will. That bell was persecuted and shot at by the heathen part of the village, but it did good service for many years, calling the children to school on week days, and the older people to meeting on the Sabbath. But it was cracked by ringing it one morning when the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero.

"In certain kinds of ornamental Indian work Catherine manifested a good deal of skill. For some reason the Dakota women generally are in this respect not equal to the women of many other Indian tribes. But Toteedootawin in her younger days made very fine specimens of quilt and hair pipestem.

"In the first year of our operations at Lac qui Parle various efforts were made in order to turn the labor of Dakota women from the axe and the hoe
to the distaff and loom. Spinning wheels were brought out and a loom was made.
Mr. Renville at that time owned quite a flock of sheep. Flax was raised and
spun. A number of women manufactured short gowns and more knit stockings.
Catherine made a blanket for herself. The efforts in this direction were not
without useful results. They showed the Indians that some things could be
done as well as others. They tended to encourage industry and thrift in the
women. They made the men feel the importance of helping their wives in the
field and in the woods. But still the scheme failed. It cost too much to
make fabrics in this way.

"Her Scarlet House learned to read in her own language and for many years
she has read daily out of the Book of Life those wonderful things therein revealed. And she has been generally a consistent, active, praying Christian
woman. Seemingly ever ready to do her duty, when the question of her husband's
joining the church was discussed, she was willing and desirous, as the second
woman taken, to be put away. She did more than most women, according to her
ability, in training up her children, of whom three are still living, two sons
and a daughter, in the fear of the one Great Spirit. They in their turn now
have families and are professors of the religion of the Bible. Nearly sixteen
years ago one of her sons with two other young men were taken on to Ohio, where
they spent a year. Before they had reached the borders of the Dakota country,
they received letters ordering them to return; if they did not, their mothers
would die of grief. But in this feeling Catherine did not largely participate.
Indeed, she manifested more of the self-sacrificing spirit in giving
up her own children to be educated than she has since done in regard to her
grandchildren. But that is no uncommon thing. Old age has been coming on
her of late years, and she can not now do what she once could.

"As she is still living, I will close this record of her with an extract from the pen of another, written some fourteen years since.

"I shall not think it hard to spend one day without a house." Thus said a Dakota woman. Perhaps many others might think a shower. But in the
winter when the snow is deep, and the wind blows cold, who would not think it
hard to be even one day without shelter? And yet the love of Christ, and a
wish to obey and please him, made this Indian woman happy without a house,
even in the cold wintry weather. Catherine left Oak Grove, near Fort Snelling, in January on her return to Lac qui Parle with her little family, the youngest a daughter of seven years. As the Dakotas who live near the buffalo region often do, she had exchanged her winter dwelling, a large skin tent, for kettles, blankets, etc. These with provisions for a journey of three weeks were to be conveyed without even the aid of an Indian dog or pony. After carrying their packs during the day, they cleared away the snow, made a fire, and spent the night in the open air. Owing to inclement weather they spent two Sabbaths at Traverse des Sioux. Knowing that if they rested, according to the commandment, the Sabbath after leaving us, they would be homeless and alone, I inquired if she intended to remember the Sabbath day. 'Certainly,' was the reply, accompanied with a look of surprise. On being told that we feared that she might think having no tent to shield them from the cold, they must hasten homeward, she said, 'I know God has commanded us to rest, and I shall not think it hard to spend one day without a house.' She afterwards wrote, 'Three sleeps from Little Rock we rested the Holy day. On that day we prayed according to the custom of meeting at Lac qui Parle. Now it seems to me I have a new understanding of the Sabbath! This was according to the declaration of Christ, 'He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine.'"

"We have sometimes been charged with beginning at the wrong end, with not approaching the Dakotas in the right way, with preaching the gospel to them when they were not in a condition to receive it. Such objections we have answered by saying in all honesty that we have been desirous of prosecuting our work in the best manner; and that if any one could point us to a more excellent way, we would gladly avail ourselves of it. If any one ever supposed that we were desirous of Christianizing without civilizing the Dakotas, it was a mistake. Our efforts in various ways show that we are not unmindful of their elevation in the scale of manhood, as well as in their becoming the children of God. We have often assisted them in doing what, if we had remained in our native land, we would not have been under the necessity of doing for ourselves. And in order to make labor honorable we have often done with our own hands what it would have been economy to have hired done. We have not tried to teach them religion and letters alone, but spinning and knitting and weaving and ploughing and house-building. But we have
regarded the gospel of God as the Great and true civilizer, and we still so regard it. The present type of civilization in the world has been produced by the Bible; and that distinguishes it from the civilization of Greece and Rome. In carrying to the Indians the religion of the Bible, we have desired to carry to them the education of the Bible, education in the most extended sense.

Wakanayamane

"To walk talking sacredly may be regarded as the literal translation of the above name. He was a young man who resided at Lac qui Parle, having a small family and respectable connections and attainments. During the month of March of this present year he accompanied a war party to the Ojibway country, and was brought back dead. But he did not die in battle. Unfortunately, as they would say, and, providentially, as I would say, they saw no enemies. A few weeks previous Wakanayamane had been down as far as the Sioux agency, and, carrying back with him that which intoxicates, he suddenly found himself incapacitated for traveling, and, if he had not been found, would have perished on the prairie. His sickness and death on the war tramp had doubtless a very intimate connection with his previous debauch and suffering."

Eagle Help, or Wamdeokeya

"Eagle Help is our Indian doctor, using the term as it is commonly understood among the white people. Not simply in the sense that his patients are usually Indians; and not at all in the sense of conjurer or powwow, for he never practiced in that way; but in the sense of a root doctor. He is now a man nearly, if not quite, sixty years of age; his eyes are dim and his head is silvered over with gray hairs. But his step is brisk, and his medical practice is so extensive that he has no time to attend anything else, not even for attending church, except perhaps once or twice a year. ....

"This first epistle or letter in the Dakota language is said to have been written by Wamdeokeya. I have heard him narrate with a good deal of enthusiasm the events of that first winter after the commencement of the mission at Lac qui Parle. It was the winter of 1835-36. Previous to that
time Eagle Help and his wife, Silver Woman, and their children, had not been living at the Lake-that-speaks. But on hearing that a 'Wechashtawakan', or sacred man, and he a 'Pazhehootawechasta', or grass-root man too, had come and was teaching them letters, he pitched his tent there, desiring, as he says, to know what these things meant. But as they had raised no corn and had nothing to eat, he was obliged to be absent most of the time hunting food for his family; nevertheless he learned to make the characters, and then commenced forming words out of them; when suddenly the first idea of utility entered his mind. And when out that spring on one of his hunting excursions, he wrote a letter in which he related how the Great Spirit heard his prayer and caused ice to form on a lake during the night that he might walk over dry shod in the morning.

"In those days Eagle Help had two wives who were sisters. The marrying of sisters is quite common among the Dakotas. Frequently one man, by taking the eldest daughter in a family, becomes entitled to all the rest as they become marriageable, as in the case of the present Little Crow. The general opinion is that sisters agree better than women who are brought up in different families. In the later part of the winter of 1839 the younger of Eagle Help's wives died. And what will a man do when his wife dies? True, he has one left, but still he is sad for all that. If whiskey were to be had, he might seek to drown his sorrow in that which intoxicates. ... On such an occasion it has been very common for a man to make a path to the enemy's country. He gathers up the clothes and trinkets of the dead one and distributes them when they have reached the land of the Ojibways.

"Before he starts, however, as the leader of a war party, he makes wakan. He brings himself into communication with the spirits of the dead, who, in dream or in vision, tell him where and how he may find his enemies. He gathers his war party. He prepares his weapons of war, his gun, his arrows, his spear, his battle axe, and his scalping knife. He does not forget his bundle of grass roots. He prays to it. He makes an armor feast, where the young men who have enlisted for the campaign consecrate their war weapons. There they sing and pray and cry--yea, cry with a deep and bitter cry--to the Great Spirit to make their weapons sacred, by helping them to bathe them in the blood of their enemies. There, too, they renew their war covenant, the
wohdoozza.' They make their vows not to eat such and such parts of an animal, from which oath they are only liberated by killing Ojibways. For among the Dakotas a man frees himself from restraint and places himself above law by killing enemies.

'We have said that a wife of Eagle Help died. So, as his heart was bad, about corn planting time in the summer of 1839, he and his brother made a war party of some thirty young men to make a path to the Ojibway country. Dr. Williamson had gone to Ohio to have printed certain portions of the Bible, which had been translated into the Dakota language. Mr. G. E. Pond had left also. So, but poorly initiated into the Dakota language, we were left there to teach the Dakotas truth and righteousness. We felt it to be our bounden duty to oppose this war party and prevent its going out if possible. And we did this the rather because it was made up of men who had learned to read ... listened to us as we tried to teach them to love their enemies. But it was soon manifested that they had not learned the lesson. They were not to be coaxed or reasoned out of their expected Ojibway scalps. With more zeal perhaps than knowledge, among other things we said, or thought we said, 'We will pray to the Great Spirit that you may not kill any Ojibways.' We were reported to have said, 'We will pray that you may be killed by Ojibways.' They wanted some ground corn to take with them, and Eagle Help applied to Mr. Huggins to grind it in our horsemill. Mr. H. said to him, 'The Ojibways are my brothers, and I can't assist you in killing them.' So saying he locked up the mill and put the key in his pocket. Eagle Help was very angry, and afterwards told Mr. Huggins that if he had not been restrained by the teachings of the Bible, he would then and there have killed him.

These things made them all feel badly, and they could obtain satisfaction for the wrong done them, as they thought, only by killing the mission cattle. Accordingly, just before starting they killed two cows for us, and wounded several others. This gave them a present supply of provisions for the way. But they were more than a month gone, a long time. They suffered from hunger, and worst of all they found no enemies. The spirits had deceived them; we were praying against them. They returned in quite as bad humor as they went. The first news we had of their arrival was their killing another
of our cattle. But we had rather they would dance over our cows killed than killed Ojibways.

"After the bad feeling had somewhat subsided, the question arose about the right and wrong of these transactions. The leader of the war party acknowledged that killing our cattle was wrong, but we had committed a greater wrong in opposing and praying against them. This was not very clear to us. We had intended them no wrong, and we had not injured them in person or property. We had desired to keep them from shedding human blood, and thus treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, but we could not make them see with our eyes.

"While the controversy was still pending, Messrs. Nicollet and J. C. Fremont made their second visit to Lac qui Parle, coming over from the Missouri by Devil's Lake. They remained some ten days, made presents to the Indians, and, of their own accord, engaged with them to pay for their trespasses on the mission cattle. And they did so. That was Eagle Help's last war expedition. From that time he gave himself entirely to the cultivation of the arts of peace. He has worked in the field with his wife, Silver Woman, and, as a consequence of their united industry, they have rarely been out of corn.

"Near the close of the year 1839 our quondam war leader engaged to go up to the villages at Lake Traverse to teach. He continued only two months. In all he reported about twenty scholars, mostly young men, of whom three or four made such progress as to be able to read and write a little. At the commencement so few were willing to be taught that Eagle Help was about to give up the idea of teaching. Just then he was invited to a sacred feast, at which he took occasion to make the following speech, as reported by himself:

'My friends, you make sacred feast; you worship painted stones. Tell me what benefit you or your fathers have obtained from these practices. I have my father's medicine bag, and I am acquainted with all the Dakota customs, but I know of no good that comes to us from them. And now I have brought you the book, by means of which we may all become wise; but you will still choose to pray to painted stones.' From that time, he says, the young men desired to learn. This was our first effort in employing native teachers. Since that time we have often employed them and with encouraging success.
Wamdeokeya we always found to be a good critic in his own language and a valuable assistance in correcting translations. His taste and that of his eldest son, Henok, is severely simple. They admit nothing in writing but what is absolutely necessary to convey the idea clearly and forcibly.

"My readers are already introduced to Eagle Help as a practitioner of the healing art. Pazehoota, or medicine, is with them literally and truly grass roots. Many of the Dakotas grow up with some knowledge of roots. The little bundle that one sees hanging on a stake or tree before a Dakota tent in a fair day which goes by the imposing name of wotawa, or armor, contains, besides a spear, some old rags and some pounded grass roots. But their knowledge of such things is very limited. Eagle Help, having turned his attention almost exclusively to this business for many years past, must have made many additions to the Dakota pharmacopoeia. He says he prepares a great many valuable medicines himself. Besides these, he obtains from Doctors Williamson and Daniels many of the more common preparations of the shops. With how much skill he applies these and others to the various cases of diseases, one of the medical faculty could testify better than myself."

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Sleepy Eyes, or Ishtahba

(Sleepy Eyes, Riggs believed, was born about 1780. Though he lived most of his life at Swan Lake, near the big bend of the Minnesota, he must often have visited Lac qui Parle and the upper Minnesota valley. He was recognized after 1824 as chief as far west as Lac qui Parle. In 1824 he went on a treaty-making trip to Washington. As an old man he was very prominent at the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux in 1851. His son was with Nicollet and Fremont when they explored the region in 1836 and visited Lac qui Parle. This son died, perhaps in the 1840s, "partly in consequence of a wound he received in war with the Potawatomis." Joseph LaFramboise's second and third wives were daughters of Sleepy Eyes.)

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Red Iron, or Mazahsha

(3Read Iron was a chief of the Sisseton band of Sioux living near the mouth of the Lac qui Parle River. He signed treaties in 1851 and 1858.
Willoughby M. Babcock states in a footnote: "Remaining friendly in the Sioux war of 1862, he prevented Little Crow from taking his captives west with him after the defeat at Wood Lake.")

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Curly Head

(Curly Head was recognized as chief of Lac qui Parle at the treaty of 1851.)

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White Lodge

(White Lodge, or Wakayyaska, was the chief of a band of Sisseton Sioux who doubtless often visited Lac qui Parle. In the period before the uprising of 1862 his headquarters was at Lake Shaokatan, north of Lake Benton, in Lincoln County. In the massacre of 1862 he carried off as captives a number of white women and children who were finally rescued near the Missouri River.)

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Other Day

(Other Day, known also as Another Day, Ampatootokacha, and Good Sounding Voice, Hotonhowashta, and John Other Day, was born in 1801. "Becoming a member of the church at Lac qui Parle, his influence was used for the advancement of the whites." In 1857 he and Paul Mazakutemani were employed to obtain the release of the four white women captured at Spirit Lake. Babcock states: "During the outbreak of 1862 he guided a party of sixty-two people through the hostile lines to safety and later acted as a scout for General Sibley. In recognition of his services Congress granted him a sum of money. He later moved to South Dakota, where he died in 1872.")

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Spirit Walker, or Wakanman

(He was a chief of the Wahpeton Sioux at Lac qui Parle. Babcock states: "He became a Christian, and was attached to the interests of the whites; his
sons rescued Mrs. Marble, one of the Spirit Lake captives. Although friendly during the Sioux massacre, Spirit Walker was frightened by the stories of Little Crow, and led his band into Dakota. After the death of her husband he protected Mrs. Amos Huggins for a time, and finally delivered her into the hands of the friendly Indians...."

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Little Paul Mazakutemani

(Babcock wrote: "Little Paul...a chief of the Sissetons Sioux, was one of the group of Christian Indians who formed the Hazelwood republic. He signed...treaties...in 1851, and...in 1858. As proof of his friendship for the whites, he went to the camp of Inkpaduta after the Spirit Lake massacre and rescued Miss Abbie Gardner. During the Sioux war of 1862 he did valiant service both as a member of the friendly band under Gabriel Renville and as scout for General Sibley's expedition.")

MARRYAT ON LAC QUI PARLE

On June 13, 1838 Captain Frederick Marryat arrived at Fort Snelling. He was a retired British naval officer of wide experience, and upon his return to England wrote of his experiences in America. When he was at the fort, on June 15 Joseph Renville arrived there with 120 Indians from Lac qui Parle. Marryat was intrigued with these Indians and wrote the following regarding them, Renville, the missionaries, and their efforts:

"While I was there a band of Sioux from the Lac qui Parle, (so named from a remarkable echo there,) distant about two hundred and thirty miles from Fort Snelling, headed by a Mons. Rainville, came down, on a visit to the American Fur Company's factory. Mons. Rainville, (or de Rainville, as he told me was his real name,) is, he asserts, descended from one of the best families in France, which formerly settled in Canada. He is a half-bred, his father being a Frenchman, and his mother a Sioux; his wife is also a Sioux, so that his family are three quarters red. He had been residing
A road, dam and bridge now cross the lower part of Lac qui Parle.

A park of 17 acres is found in the Mission Station area, with parking space and lunch tables to accommodate visitors.

A church or chapel has been erected on the site of the original building. It contains articles discovered on the site. Nearby is the hearthstone of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson.

A road passes north through the park area. Fort Renville was about a half mile north of the Mission Station, on the left side of the road. It was about 80 x 120 feet in size.

 Lac qui Parle

Lac qui Parle is a widening part of the upper Minnesota River. It is about seven miles long, bordered on the east by Chippewa County and on the west by Lac qui Parle County. The Dakota Indian village was across the lake from the mission station and Fort Renville.
Key to capital letters below:
C - chapel
H - Huggins home
W - Williamson home
HS - Hearthstone
FP - Flagpole
RP - Renville Plaque
P - Pettijohn home
B - Burialground
R - Riggs home
S - Spring, about
25 yards below steep bluff
his shoulders, and his tomahawk by his side, seated at a table, and writing out for me a Sioux translation of the Psalms of David.

"Mr. Rainville's children read and write English, French, and Sioux. They are modest and well-behaved, as the Indian women generally are. They had prayers every evening, and I used to attend them. The warriors sat on the floor round the room; the missionary, with Mr. Rainville and his family, in the centre; and they all sang remarkably well. This system with these Indians is, in my opinion, very good. All their fine qualities are retained; and if the system be pursued I have no doubt but that the sternness and less defensible portions of their characters will be gradually obliterated."

Marryat's statements regarding the success of the missionaries after only three years of work at Lac qui Parle was undoubtedly greatly exaggerated. He may have obtained some of his information from Renville who, because of his high regard for the efforts of the missionaries, painted a rosier picture than circumstances deserved. Marryat continued:

"The band of warriors attached to Monsieur Rainville have set up their war-tent close to the factory, and have entertained us with a variety of dances. Their dresses are very beautiful, and the people, who have been accustomed to witness these exhibitions for years, say that they have never seen anything equal to them before. I was very anxious to obtain one of them, and applied to Mr. Rainville to effect my purpose; but it required all his influence to induce them to part with it, and they had many arguments and debates among themselves before they could make up their minds to consent to do so. I was the more anxious about it, as I had seen Mr. Catlin's splendid exhibition, and I knew that he had not one in his possession. The dress in question consisted of a sort of kilt of fine skins, ornamented with beautiful porcupine quill-work and eagle's feathers; garters of animals' tails, worn at their ankles; head-dress of eagle's feathers and ermine's tails, etc. They made little objection to part with any portions of the dress except the kilt; at last they had a meeting of the whole band, as the dress was not the property of any one individual; and I was informed that the warriors would come and have a talk with me.

"I received them at the factory's new house, in my room, which was large, and held them all. One came and presented me with a pair of garters; another with a portion of the head-dress; another with mocassins; at last, the kilt"
many years with the Sioux tribes, trafficking with them for peltry, and has been very judicious in his treatment of them, not interfering with their pursuits of hunting; he has, moreover, to a certain degree civilized them, and obtained great power over them. He has induced the band who reside with him to cultivate a sufficiency of ground for their sustenance, but they still course the prairie on their fiery horses, and follow up the chase of the buffalo. They adhere also to their paint, their dresses, and their habits, and all who compose his band are first-rate warriors; but they are all converted to Christianity.

"Latterly two missionaries have been sent out to his assistance. The Dacotah language has been reduced to writing, and most of them, if not all, can write and read. I have now in my possession an elementary spelling-book, and Watts's catechism, printed at Boston, in the Sioux tongue, and many letters and notes given to me by the missionaries, written to them by the painted warriors; of course, they do not touch spirituous liquors. The dress... was peculiarly... elegant. Their hair... in long plaits in front, and ornamented with rows of circular silver buckles; the ear is covered with ear-rings up to the top of it, and on the crown of the head they wear the war-eagle's feathers, to which they are entitled by their exploits. The war-eagle is a small one of the genus, but said to be so fierce that it will attack and destroy the largest of his kind; the feathers are black about three inches down from the tips, on each side of the stem, the remainder being white. These feathers are highly valued, as the bird is scarce and difficult to kill. I saw two very fine feathers carried by a Sioux warrior on the point of his spear, and I asked him if he would part with them. He refused, saying that they cost too dear. I asked him how much, and he replied that he had given a very fine horse for them. For every scalp taken from the enemy, or grisly bear killed, an Indian is entitled to wear one feather, and no more; and this rule is never deviated from. Were an Indian to put on more feathers than he is entitled to, he would be immediately disgraced. Indeed, you can among this primitive people know all their several merits as warriors.... These warriors of Mr. Rainville's were constantly with me, for they knew that I was an English warrior, as they called me, and they are very partial to the English. It was really a pleasing sight, and a subject for meditation, to see one of these fine fellows, dressed in all his wild magnificence, with his buffalo robe on
or girdle was handed to me. M. Rainville sat by as interpreter. He who had presented me with the kilt or girdle spoke for half a minute, and then stopped while what he said was being interpreted." (Minnesota History 5:173-174, 179.)

**EARLY FUR TRADERS AT LAC QUI PARLE**

*By Dr. Donald D. Parker*

The earliest fur trader at Lac qui Parle known to us was Murdock Cameron. Tohill states that "Murdock Cameron had a post at Lac qui Parle until his death in 1811, after which it is probable that some one of Dickson's associates took possession of it until after the War of 1812, when Joseph Renville, Jr., traded there." (Minnesota History, 6:333.) Cameron was descending the Minnesota in 1811 when he died and was buried on a bluff near Lac qui Parle. He seems to have been the worst offender at that time in the selling of liquor to the Indians. Red Thunder, chief of the Yanktonais Sioux then living near the boundary lakes of Traverse and Big Stone, reported that Cameron had arrived at his village in the autumn of 1805 and had sold rum there in defiance of the government order prohibiting its sale to the Indians. Neill states that "Cameron was the principal British trader on the Upper Minnesota, and the spot where he was buried in 1811, is known among voyageurs as 'Cameron's Grave'. He was a shrewd and daring Scotchman." (Neill, History of Minnesota, 275-276.)

Cameron was on the Minnesota River, perhaps in the Lac qui Parle region, as early as 1804, or even earlier, for, on February 26, 1805, Joseph Grave-lines informed Lewis and Clark "that Mr. Cameron of St. Peter's has armed the Sioux against the Chippewas, who have lately put to death three of their men." (Elliott Coues, History of the Expedition Under the Command of Lewis and Clark, 1:239.) (See pages 141-151, for T.G. Anderson's period, 1808-1810.)

Another early trader was James H. Lockwood, a native of New York state, where he was born in 1793. He later wrote: "In the fall of 1818....I was then at my wintering station near Lac-qui-Parle, on the St. Peters." Dr. Grace Lee Nute states that "In 1816 and 1817 James H. Lockwood wintered at Lac qui Parle." (Wis. Hist. Coll., 2:144, Minn. Hist., 11:378.) He later
became prominent in Wisconsin.

Portions of a diary kept by John Palmer Bourke, 1819-21, have been preserved. On February 12, 1821, he noted that two American traders, Robinson and Hazen P. Mooers, had established themselves at Lac qui Parle, about three days' walk from his own post at Lake Traverse. The two traders had probably arrived at Lac qui Parle, as was usual, in the fall of 1820. Mooers was born in New York state in 1789 and came west in September 1819, wintering among the Sioux on the Minnesota, possibly at Lac qui Parle. By 1823 Mooers had established a post at Hartford Beach on the south central shore of Big Stone Lake. In 1828 he descended the Minnesota from Lake Traverse with 120 packs of fur, valued at $12,000. (S.D. Hist. Coll., 25:180.)

While Mooers and Robinson and their men were at Lac qui Parle, Bourke's diary for March 3, 1821, noted "Four men arrived from the Americans. Mr. Moore offers us two pounds of tobacco for one Robe the Robes to be delivered at Lac que Parle and the Tobacco at Riviere aux Bois Blanc about ten days Journey from this place." This indicates that Mooers and Robinson may also have been operating another post elsewhere. (S. D. Hist. Coll., 25:188-189.)

The main trader at Lac qui Parle was Joseph Renville, Jr. He was born at Kaposia, now part of a suburb of South St. Paul, in 1779. He was of one quarter Sioux blood, though he looked more like a half-breed. After the War of 1812 ended in early 1815, Renville traded at Lac qui Parle, perhaps only for a year. He was, however, in the region of the boundary lakes and the upper Minnesota continually after 1817. A fuller account of his life at Lac qui Parle is given elsewhere.

It is possible, even probable, that fur traders were at Lac qui Parle continuously after the early 1800s, and especially so after 1821. However, the next certain mention of them occurs in 1826 when a Columbia Fur Company post, called Fort Adams, is listed for Lac qui Parle. This company was formed in 1822. Joseph Renville had taken a leading part in the formation of the company and was the leading spirit in the group until it was absorbed by the American Fur Company in 1827. During this period, 1822-1827, the company traded south of the Canadian boundary and as far south and west as the Missouri River. The central establishment was at Lake Traverse and was known as Fort Washington.
Renville may have divided his time during the life of the Columbia Fur Company between the posts at Lake Traverse and Lac qui Parle. He first built a house at Lac qui Parle in 1826 and probably considered that his home until his death in 1846. His post had grown into a large stockaded fort located about half a mile from the southeastern extremity of the lake on its eastern shore, a spot now marked. When Henry H. Sibley visited his American Fur Company posts in 1835 he later wrote: "A few of the more important trading posts were enclosed by a high picket fence of the nature of a stockade, which was loop-holed for musketry. Of such were the stations at Lake Traverse, and at Lac qui Parle. As a general rule, the Indians were respectful and friendly." (Minn. Hist. Coll., 3:247.)

In the 1830s and 1840s Renville kept a number of cattle and sheep in the vicinity of his post. After Renville's death in 1846, Martin McLeod became the trader at Lac qui Parle. McLeod was born in Montreal in 1813. He came to Minnesota in 1837, engaged in the fur trade, and later became prominent in state affairs. He settled at Bloomington in 1849 and served in the territorial council, 1849-53. He died in 1860 at Bloomington. It appears that he was at Lac qui Parle from 1846 to 1849, though he was probably in charge there until 1852, while his brother, George McLeod, lived at the post.

At the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux in July 1851, Martin McLeod encouraged the Sioux of Lac qui Parle and the upper Minnesota to go down the river to the treaty signing. It is said that he arrived from Lac qui Parle two days in advance of the upper bands of Sioux, who were marching down to the treaty 1500 strong.

The first Indian to sign the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux was Eeyanmanee (Inyangmani), whose name means Running Walker, or The Gun. He was the chief of the Lac qui Parle band of Sioux. (Minn. Hist. Coll., 11:178.)

About two years later, the Minnesotan of April 29, 1853, stated that George McLeod, the American Fur Company's agent, was having timber made ready at Traverse des Sioux for a warehouse 40x20 feet and a dwelling. It is also stated: "Geo. McLeod has just arrived from Lac Qui Parle in a huge cottonwood canoe 25 feet long by 44 inches across the middle, made from a single tree, bringing down in it, beside the crew, 40 bushels of potatoes. The river has only been moderately high this season."
With the signing of the treaty in 1851, conditions changed radically on the upper Minnesota River and trading posts could no longer operate as they once did. Indians were concentrated in large numbers on the reservation on both sides of the river stretching from Lake Traverse nearly to New Ulm. The upper and lower agencies where the Indians did their trading were down the river from Lac qui Parle near the mouths of the Yellow Medicine and Redwood rivers.

**MARTIN MCLEOD'S DIARY, 1836-1851.**

The diary of Martin McLeod, which contains many references to Lac qui Parle, Joseph Renville, and others, has been preserved. McLeod was born in L'Original, near Montreal, August 30, 1813, one of a large family born to John McLeod. The following excerpts are from his diary as edited by Dr. Grace Lee Nute.

7 April 1837. (Friday) Cold & stormy, had some difficulty in getting across Pomme de Terre river. Made the horses swim, got our baggage and the cart across on some pieces of jammed ice. Arrived at lac qui parle at 2 p. m. Well received by Mr. Reinville who has a trading post for the Indians here.

8 April (Saturday) As the weather appeared unsettled prevailed on by Mr. R to remain with him till Monday.

Today visited a Mr. Williamson sent into this country two years ago by the American board of Foreign Missions, for the conversion of the Dacota Indians of this place. Mr. W's family resides with him. He has also two assistants* (Note.) A young lady, his wife's sister -- and a young man -- who attempted to convert me .... Mr. W. can now speak a good deal of the Dacota language and I believe has made some translations from the bible.

9th April Sunday. Went to hear Mr. W preach -- he also read a chapter from the Testament in Dacota and a young man present, another in french. A number of the psalms of David were sung in Dacota by half breeds and Indians. The audience consisted of half breeds, Indians, Canadians, and a few Whites.

10 April (Monday) Left Lac qui parle at 9 o'clock. Came 30 miles. Encamped at 5 p.m. at river L'eau de vie. From Fort Snelling he wrote:

22d Apl., Wrote to J(oseph) R. B(rown) Lake Travers -- requesting him
Though McLeod did not mention that he was married, it appears that he was and that he had several children born between 1841 and 1851. Mary E. was born at Big Stone Lake, July 15, 1844, and Janet was born at Lac qui Parle, Jan. 14, 1848 at 6:00 A.M. The children were baptized by Fathers Gaultier or Ravoux because of convenience or religious persuasion. Dr. G.L. Nute states that it seems likely that Mrs. McLeod was a half-breed daughter of George F. Ortley of Lac qui Parle. Both were beneficiaries under the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, 1851, when Ortley received $250 and "Mrs. Mary Ortley McLeod and four children received $1250.

Other brief notes state: "1847, B, 9, 50 Lac qui P & Mendota. Sept and Oct 1849 -- 60 days at St Paul attending Legislature. Winter 1849 & 50. Family at Oak Grove 1850, & 1851. Trading at Lac qui P. Passed winter at St Paul myself -- 30 days attending Legislature. Summer of 1851, at Mendota, Oak Grove, Traverse des Sioux & Lac qui Parle."

McLeod kept six ledgers, 1840-1855, detailing his fur trading affairs at Traverse des Sioux, Lac qui Parle, and Big Stone Lake.

(Copied from Minnesota History, 4: 351-439.)

CAPTAIN SUMNER'S EXPEDITION TO LAC QUI PARLE IN 1845

Captain Edwin Vose Sumner of the First Dragoons led an expedition up the Minnesota River to Big Stone Lake and Devil's Lake in the summer of 1845. He commanded a detachment of his own and Captain James Allen's company from Fort Atkinson, Iowa Territory, to the northern part of what was then Iowa Territory, now Minnesota and North Dakota. After completion of the expedition, Capt. Sumner wrote on August 23, 1845, from Fort Atkinson, as follows:

"...I marched from this post with 'B' company of 1st dragoons on the 3d day of June.

"The prairies were very wet and the streams all full, which delayed my arrival at 'Traverse des Sioux' till June 22. I came up with Capt. Allen, on the 13th of June, about half way between this and the St. Peter's, and the companies continued together from that time. ....

"On my arrival at Traverse des Sioux, I found a boat from Fort Snelling, with my howitzers, provisions, &c. A great mistake was made in the provis-
to inform me of the result of the Indians search for the remains of my unfortunate friend Mr Hayes.

Wrote to Mr Reinville Lac qui Parle

Wrote to a Mr G(ideon) H. P(on)od a missionary assistant at "Lac qui Parle("") in reply to a curious letter from him placed in my hands on the day of my departure from that place.

This letter alluded to the death of my companions, in the prairie, and in the hypocritical cant of the day the writer calls upon me to remember God's mercies &c. &c. &c.

The next items were written several years later at Lac qui Parle in January 1841/

17 Sunday Cold. Cold. Cold. 28° below zero. Reachd Lac qui P.

We arrived at lac qui P. at 3 p.m. having travelled from day light in the open plains on horse back. Dr W(illiamson) of the mission inform'd us that it was the coldest weather they had expd for 6 yrs and all the people were surprised at our escape. Between running and riding we managed to do so, and that was all. Under dates of January 18-24, 1841, McLeod wrote:

Remarks At Lac qui Parle Took up our lodgings in an Indian lodge prepared for us by the Indians who have been expecting us for some time Very kindly recd by the people of the mission and Mr R(enville?)

Indians, civil, but very troublesome with their feasts and dances. Asked to partake of their feasts, which is not always agreeable as dog meat is the favourite dish. Went to hear Mr R(iggs) preach in Sioux. Indians very orderly indeed,

25 Monday Blowing from S.W. but not cold, started and encamped at Chip-paw(a) river While at Joseph LaFramboise's post at Little Rock, McLeod added a note about his recent trip up the Minnesota, as follows:

On our journey to lac qui P(arle) we suffered severely -- all the party 9 persons were more or less frozen. D(avid) F(aribault) and myself were obliged to dismount from our horses every mile or two to run and thereby keep up a circulation, and although we had Buffalo robes wrapped round us still we could not keep our bodies warm. As for my hands it was with great exertion I saved them. On our faces we had Buffalo robe masks, and yet our noses ears and cheeks frozen. Day by day happenings end in May 1841.
ions forwarded by Major R. B. Lee, commissary: instead of 31 barrels of flour, which should have been sent, 17 only were forwarded. This mistake subjected my command to great inconvenience, for I was not in a country where it could be corrected by purchase. I marched from Traverse des Sioux on the 25th of June, and reached 'Lac-qui Parle' on the 1st of July. I found there a large band of 'Warpeton Sioux;' and after holding a council with them, I gave them a part of the presents that had been sent to me for the Indians. I said to these Indians, as I said afterwards to all those I met in council—that our government felt a deep interest in their welfare; and that so long as they conducted themselves properly, and did not wantonly molest the whites, they might be sure of protection. I impressed upon them, at the same time, the fact, that our government had now become so strong that no crime could remain unpunished—that there was no part of the Indian country in which a criminal could not be reached, and that he certainly would be. I was particular in this, as I do not think the disposition of the upper Sioux toward us is very friendly. They receive no annuities, and are not connected with us in any way, and they have always had a strong partiality for the British; I believe, principally, because that government has been more liberal in their presents to them. One thing I observed particularly—they seemed unwilling that we should interfere with the 'half-breeds' from the British settlements; and I am convinced that the Indians would prefer that that people should continue to hunt upon their lands, than that our government should send troops through their country to keep them out. I asked them who had made the complaints about the inroads of the half-breeds, and they all professed their ignorance on the subject, disclaiming it entirely for themselves. I reached Big Stone lake on the 5th of July, and on the 6th I met in council a large band of Sissetons, and I gave them the residue of the presents. I am much inclined to think that the small presents we make to the Indians do more harm than good, for they serve as a contrast to the very liberal presents they formerly received from the English agents. I left Big Stone lake on the 7th of July."

The expedition returned over the same route it had earlier taken.

("Captain Edwin V. Sumner's Dragoon Expedition in the Territory of Iowa in the Summer of 1845," Iowa Journal of History and Politics, 11:260-266. This was reprinted from the U.S. Senate Documents, 1st Sess., 29th Congress, No. 1, pp. 217-220.)
RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. T.L. RIGGS OF LAC QUI PARLE

Thomas Lawrence Riggs was born at Lac qui Parle in 1847 and lived there until the fall of 1854, except for a short time in 1852-53, when he lived with the family of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson near St. Paul. Many years later he wrote of his memories of Lac qui Parle as follows:

"I was born at Lac qui parle, Minnesota, June 3, 1847. Lac qui parle is a French translation from the Dakota word, Mdeiedan, which means 'Speaking Water' or, poetically, 'Rippling Water.' By syllables it is translated: Mde, 'lake; ie,' to talk; 'dan,' the diminutive ending, a token of endearment, used to express qualities calling for appreciation. It was a beautiful country and the valley of the Minnesota River was then, even as today, a gem of the Western country.

"My mother was from New England, a daughter of Thomas Longley. My father was from Ohio, a descendant of the immigrant, Edward Riggs. They came out after their marriage in 1837 in response to an appeal from Dr. Thomas S. Williamson who had come into Minnesota two years earlier, under appointment by the American Board of Foreign Missions, to work among the Dakota Indians. At that time Minnesota was still a territory, with but two or three small settlements. One of these was St. Paul, a trading post; and up at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers was Ft. Snelling, a military post. At that time the Chippewa (Ojibway) Indians occupied the upper Mississippi region and the Dakota Indians occupied the region of the Minnesota Valley.

"When my father and mother arrived at the mission station at Lac qui parle, Dr. Williamson was living in a log house. My parents were given the upper story, the attic, in which to make their first home. There my eldest brother and two of my older sisters, as well as myself, were born. It must have been when I was about a year old that Dr. Williamson was called to a newer station below St. Paul and Father and Mother took possession of the entire log house, moving downstairs.

"Among my earliest recollections, which have been reinforced somewhat by tradition, was playing on the great hearthstone before an open fire, where there were pits in the stones, in which we fed the cats. It was several years after this before a framehouse was built on a higher
level, which, when completed, we occupied as our home. This house was built out of lumber which was sawed with a pit saw and weather-boarded and shingled by riven oak material, split by frow and mallet.

"Before my birth the family had been sent from Lac qui parle down to Traverse des Sioux to carry on the mission work at a new station. While there they experienced their first sorrow in the death by drowning of Thomas Lawrence Longley, my mother's brother. Of this event my father wrote: 'When in September of 1846, the mission voted that we should go back to Lac qui parle, she could not see that it was her duty, and went without her own consent. It was a severe trial. In a few months she became satisfied that the Lord had led us.' What of character I, the boy, Hake (Thomas) who was born the next June, inherited from these months of sadness I know not. The family had then reached the sacred number seven.

"The use of his Hake (ha-Kay) followed the Dakota custom in the naming of children, which was further illustrated by the names of my brothers and sisters. My older brother, Alfred, was called Caske, pronounced Chaska y, which is the term used to designate the first-born if a boy. (Winona is the name of the first-born if a girl.) My sister, Isabella, was called Hapan (accent on first syllable), this being the term used for the second child if a girl. Martha, the third-born and a girl, was called Hapistinna, while Anna, the fourth-born and a girl, was Wan-ske (pronounced Wanskay). The term, Hake, designated that I was a boy, the fifth in the order of birth, while the next child, Henry, was called Ishakpe (pronounced E-shak-pay), meaning sixth.

"As I was only two years old, I have no recollection of the coming of my younger brother, Henry, though he and I soon came to the joy of boyhood and playing out of doors together, and as little boys we had the best of times which continued until the spring of 1854.

"On March 3rd, at Lac qui Parle, Mother called us two boys and sent us down cellar to get some vegetables for dinner. We went and returned in an amazingly short time, for I remember very well that Mother had told us that as a reward we might go down into the cellar again and each get a rutabaga turnip which we had learned to scoop out with a case knife and eat. We picked out our turnips and then one or the other of us caught the flame of our candle on a straw sticking out from under the floor. This had been necessary to fill
the space between the floor and the cellar with hay to keep the vegetables from freezing. The hay caught fire, much to our delight. We put it out and tried the experiment again, each of us, as I remember, when all of a sudden we couldn't put out the flame. The result was that the house burned down, with the loss of nearly everything we had. "We were alone as far as white neighbors were concerned, being about one hundred miles from the nearest settlement. I can see the flames of that house today, with out home disappearing as if by magic. Father was at work at his desk and had on a dressing gown which was the only thing resembling a coat that he saved from the fire. None of us thought of the dinner Mother had been preparing, until we were fearfully hungry late in the afternoon. An Indian family sent us a great bowl of succotash (corn and beans), with a large buffalo horn spoon. The adobe church that had been built at the foot of the hill near Dr. Williamson's house was our refuge. We gathered on the floor of that church with the bowl of succotash amidst us and had a famous meal—one of the best I ever ate. There we made our home with whatever we had left and what our Indian neighbors brought to us and loaned us.

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"In the early spring, Secretary Treat of the American Board came out to see us. As I remember, it was at Ft. Snelling or at Traverse des Sioux that he bought a mule, which I think was the first mule we boys had ever seen under a saddle. The result of his conference with Father was the decision that we should make our home thirty miles further down the river, it being thought best that the small mission force should be drawn closer together and nearer to Dr. Williamson's new station. Accordingly, the move was made to the new place which we called Hazelwood. This was on the south side of the Minnesota River; not very far, six or seven miles possibly, from the present town of Granite Falls. In the Dakota language, this is Umahu (Oomahoo), or the hazelnut bush.

"There at Hazelwood a new start was made. Dr. Williamson had moved up from the head of Lake Pepin below St. Paul to a point two miles below Hazelwood and had built a house and begun his work."
"St. Paul was the market for all of the country of Minnesota. None of the furs were shipped out through Hudson Bay and so the Red River carts of the Crees and halfbreeds from Canada, about Pembina and Winnipeg, would come down every spring, a large caravan of hunters and trappers, bringing furs, robes, their families and their dogs, down the long trail, up the Red River and down the Minnesota River along its north side to St. Paul.

"These Red River carts were homemade and they had not a particle of metal about them - no nails, no bolts. The woodwork was very heavy and whatever binding of the joints that was done was by lashing, that is, by tying up with green hide and letting it shrink. The wheels never had any tires nor any bands around the hubs, but big wooden lynchpins held the wheels in place. The axles were never greased and you could hear a Red River train from miles and miles before you could even see the dust of it. They brought pemmican down, I suppose largely as provision on the way, but also to sell. The pemmican was made of meat cut in slices, dried in the sun and then roasted on the coals, after which it was pulverized by being pounded with a stone hammer in a bowl or basket, made from the neck portion of a buffalo bull's hide. This, after being mixed with marrow and other fat, was packed into calveskins, a good deal as wine in the old days was put into goatskins. I do not imagine that the calveskin would have done for another service, even though they did not cut it when taking out the pemmican, any more than the goatskin would have done for fresh wine.

"The arrival of these Red River trains of wooden carts, each pulled by an ox or a single horse, were great events, especially when we were at Lac qui Parle. Our home there was on the north side of the Minnesota River. At Hazelwood, our home was south of the river and the trains from Winnipeg and Pembina to St. Paul passed by without our seeing much of them, though whenever they passed we could hear the noise of the carts. While at Lac qui Parle, we often had very young buffalo calves brought in by some of the men of these trains, which were given or sold to us. We boys tried again and again to tame and raise them, without success. They died when 'tamed'.

"When it came to hunting, at first the Indian boys had all the advantage. They knew the places to go and the best blinds and they usually brought in more ducks than I did. One of my pals whose school name was Edward Ortley
was small, but an unusual shot for a boy, and he usually beat me at this game.

"For the greater part, my life was that of a normal, healthy boy and looking back I have had no reason for complaint. There was, one occasion, however, which stands out in my memory vividly, when I felt, for a time at least, that I had been unfairly treated. This was when my father and mother were called to go East, that Father might look after some matters in connection with the Dakota dictionary and translation of parts of the Bible. They went to New York in 1852 and Father spent his time in New York and Washington. This necessitated a disposition of the members of the family. My brother, Alfred, and sister, Isabella, were away at school; my two sisters, Martha and Anne, just older than I, were to spend the winter at St. Paul in the home of Rev. Dr. Neal, while I was placed with the family of Dr. Williamson, then at Kaposia, a few miles down the river from St. Paul.

"Our new home at Lac qui Parle, built on the hill, of pitsawed lumber, was not so warm and comfortable as had been the log house, in which I was born. The winter snows sifted into the upper story where Henry and I slept and the steps of the stairway were often covered with snow. We undressed in the warm living room and ran up barefoot until Alfred (9½ years old) undertook to carry us up, at first separately, but this did not suit us, for each chose to have the other go first to warm the bed! This was settled by Alfred packing the two of us together to our satisfaction. In our eyes he was as strong as an ox, and a grip of his curly hair kept us from falling off." (Copied from "Sunset to Sunset," S.D. Historical Collections, 29:104-111.)

RIGGS FAMILY HISTORY

Rev. Stephen Return Riggs, D.D., the missionary, wrote of his ancestry as follows: "My father's name was Stephen, and his father's name was Joseph, and his father's name was Zebulon, and so on back to the ancestor...who came ...to this country, soon after its first settlement. .... "Many a time I have wondered why they called me Return. It was Return Stephen, but I took the responsibility of reversing the order. .... "There was a large family of us children, eleven in all, and I was the
ninth.... The baptized names of the others were Joseph, the first born, Margaret, Hannah, Harriet, Elizabeth, Jane, Anna, Cyrus, James and Moses. 

"The first death in the family was the baby boy Cyrus, which occurred before I was born (1812). When I was two years old, my father removed from Steubenville in Ohio, where he had carried on the blacksmith business for five years, into the country, three and a half miles from town...." (Iapi Oaye, January 1874.)

Stephen Riggs, the father of eleven, was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He had a brother, Cyrus, who was a preacher in western Pennsylvania. Stephen Riggs died in 1845.

Riggs, the missionary, wrote: "My mother was Anna Baird, a model Christian woman - as I think, of a Scotch Irish family, which in the early days settled in Fayette County, Pa. Of necessity they were pioneers. When they had three children, they removed up into the wild wooded country of the Upper Alleghany." (Mary and I, p. 24.) He also wrote of her: "Our mother was a gentle woman. She was about the ordinary height of women, but rather slender. She used to tell us that on her marriage day she weighed only ninety-six pounds. But she had a good deal of hero in her. ....But what in our mother I best remember was her gentle bearing. Perhaps she was rather sad, when I knew her best. The older children say she sang much with them.... My father could not sing, and so, as I remember, the mother always 'raised the tunes' in family worship.

"But more and better than all else, our mother was of a deeply devotional spirit. .... In my boyhood, Scott's Commentary on the Bible, in three volumes, came into our family. We had but few books, and so Thomas Scott was read some by all, but the mother alone, I think, read in those volumes daily until she read them through." (Iapi Oaye, February 1874.)

Riggs wrote: "On leaving the town for the country, my father ceased to work at the blacksmith trade for a livelihood; but he kept his tools and had his shop; did his own work and some for his neighbors. He had something of a reputation for making scythes. ....And so it came to pass that as soon as I was able to swing a sledge hammer, while I must go to school in the day-time, my winter evenings were appropriated to helping my father in the shop." (Iapi Oaye, March 1874.)
Stephen's mother died when he was in his teens and his father later married. Stephen had great respect for his step-mother who helped him financially when he was at college, thus enabling him to graduate from Jefferson College. Later he spent a year at Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany, Pa.

Stephen Return Riggs was born in Steubenville, Ohio, March 23, 1812. He married on February 16, 1837, Mary Ann Longley, who was born November 10, 1813, in Hawley, Mass., and died March 22, 1869. Stephen died in Beloit, Wis., August 24, 1883. Their eight children together with their birthdates were as follows: Alfred Longley Riggs, December 6, 1837; Isabella Burgess Riggs, February 21, 1840; Martha Taylor Riggs (Morris), January 27, 1842; Anna Jane Riggs (Warner), April 13, 1845; Thomas Lawrence Riggs, June 3, 1847; Henry Martyn Riggs, September 25, 1849; Robert Baird Riggs, May 22, 1855; Mary Cornelia Octavia Riggs, February 17, 1859. Five of the eight were born at Lac qui Parle. The two youngest were born at Hazelwood, Minn., and Anna at Traverse de des Sioux. Three years after his wife's death, Stephen married Mrs. Annie Baker Ackley, who was born March 14, 1835, in Granville, Ohio. They had Edna Baker Riggs, born at Beloit, Wis., December 2, 1874.

Several of Stephen's older children as adults engaged in mission work: Alfred, Isabella, Martha, and Thomas. Alfred, Martha, and Thomas were long connected with Indian mission work in Nebraska, South Dakota, or Minnesota. Isabella married Rev. W. Mark Williams and spent long years in mission work in Kalgan, China. (Mary and I, pp. 410-412.)

A VISIT TO LAC QUI PARLE IN 1923.
By Theodore Foster Riggs

(As noted above, Rev. Stephen Return Riggs had nine children, among whom was Thomas Lawrence Riggs who was born June 3, 1847 at Lac qui Parle. The latter had a son, Theodore Foster Riggs, who in 1923 accompanied his aged father, Thomas, back to Lac qui Parle for a short visit. His account of this occasion was sent in May 1926 in a letter to Mr. Doane Robinson and was published in the South Dakota Historical Collections, 29:289-293. Because of its interest and because it adds to the account on pages 130-134, it is reproduced as follows.)
At the time of the celebration of my father's seventy-seventh birthday in 1924, you asked me to write you an account of the trip made with my father in 1923. This was his first visit to the scenes of his boyhood since the family left at the time of the Minnesota Outbreak. He was only a little over fifteen at that time, and only seven years and three months old when the family left the first Mission below Lac qui Parle. My father wanted to see if he could find the place without help, so we drove south on the 'Sioux Historic Trail' and had passed several Indian houses when, at a point about three miles south of town (Granite Falls) where the road leaves the river bottom and climbs up a ravine to a plateau on the west side, my father began to recognize 'the lay of the land.' He thought he remembered this ravine as having been part of his father's pasture and sure enough, as we came to the top, there was the little slough, where on one occasion as a boy, he had tried to shoot ducks with a gun minus lock or stock, and which he had attempted to fire by striking it with a carpenter's hammer. To our right beyond the slough and toward the west he recognized the ridge along which the northern Indians used to travel on their way to the Agency on the Yellow Medicine. It did not take him long to find the site of the house of the Hazelwood Mission, even though a modern farmhouse is now located there. Then he located, south of the house, the site of the school building and the site of the church on a little knoll further to the southeast. He showed me where the gardens had been and the 'big field;' and beyond that the banks of the little creek called 'Hazel Run' by my grandparents, but originally called 'Rush Brook' by the Indians.

"After driving on a little further to the site of the Agency at Yellow Medicine, we turned and retraced our way, stopping here and there as boyhood memories came to my father's mind. We stopped at one of the Indian homes down in the valley and were surprised when a rather young Indian man called my father by name. He had seen Father at one of the annual Fall meetings which had been held in the Sisseton country some years before. We learned that services were to be held that afternoon in the local church, so we hurried back to Granite Falls for lunch and returned to the meeting. As we drove up to the church, the congregation were singing the opening hymn. It happened to be the song called 'Minnesota,' originally one of the paddle-songs, or canoe songs of the early river men, which had been harmonized and
arranged by my uncle, Alfred Longley Riggs, for use in the Dakota 'Odowan,' or hymnal. It is, to my mind, the most beautiful song in the hymnal, with its rhythm and strange cadences, and as we stood there under the trees that golden autumn afternoon and listened to the Indians singing in the church, we were deeply affected, not only by the music, but also by the realization of how great had been the results of the 'faith and works' of Dr. Williamson, of my grandparents and the other missionaries who had come among the forebears of this people so many generations ago. We joined in the service, which was in the Dakota language, and at the close my father, who knew and was known by many of the congregation, was called upon and responded by telling the people the reason of our visit and something of the effect the day had had upon us.

"After visiting awhile with the people we went northward through Granite Falls to Montevideo, where we arrived in time to visit the site of General Sibley's camp, known as 'Camp Release,' with its monument in commemoration of the release by the Indians of their white prisoners at the close of the Outbreak.

"Bright and early on Monday morning we set out on our chief quest, the finding of the site of the first Mission Station where my father was born. Enroute up the valley of the Minnesota River we stopped to call upon a Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stay of whom we had heard. Mrs. Stay was a daughter of 'Joe' Campbell, who had been one of the Government scouts and interpreters at the agency on Yellow Medicine and she was among the Indian prisoners turned over to General Sibley at Camp Release. Her husband in the early days had been a member of the famous band known as the Renville Rangers.

"The Stays gave us a warm welcome and while my father was talking to the old Ranger, his wife, unheard by my father, informed me that she had been told that the Minnesota State Historical Society had placed a stone as a marker on the site of the first mission, but neither she nor her family could give us any further information to help find the place. No doubt we could have found someone to guide us to the place where the marker was, but that would have robbed us of the greatest pleasure of our search, for my father was keen to learn if his memory as a seven-year-old boy was sufficiently clear and correct after seventy years to permit his finding his birth site unaided.
"On many occasions I have been deeply impressed by my father's remarkable memory for 'the lay of the land' and for topographical details. In the years when he travelled by team this frequently saved him, and especially those who might be with him, from an uncomfortable, if not dangerous, situation. His sense of location and direction and his knowledge and memory of landmarks such as buttes, watersheds, divides and stream courses has been a source of wonder and admiration to me. Never have I seen so beautiful a demonstration of his ability, however, as I was privileged to witness that morning. The fences with their section line roads prevented our following directly up the valley, so we kept to the east, coming in to the edge of the bluffs whenever opportunity offered, and on several occasions angling across the stubble of a grain field to reach a point where the valley could be seen. At each of these stops my father would study the scene for a few minutes, only to say, 'No, it doesn't look right,' and on we would go. At last we came to a point west and north of the town of Watson, where the view of the valley seemed to coincide with my father's memory-picture, for he asked me to drive down nearer the river.

"A graded road a few rods off gave easy access to the bottom lands which were quite narrow at this point. Driving westward down the hill, stopping now and then, we were a little more than half way down when I happened to see the stone with its inscription, 'Lac qui Parle Mission, 1835' to the north of the road. My father was looking in another direction and did not notice the marker, so I drove a few feet and stopped. After a moment or two he asked me to go a little farther and suddenly he said, 'Stop here,' and got out of the car. For perhaps five minutes he stood perfectly still, looking all around, then he climbed the edge of the cut and a few minutes later called to me to come. 'If you can imagine this slope without the road cut through it,' he said, 'it looks like the place where we used to coast down from the front of father's house toward Dr. Williamson's, and if so the adobe church was there where the brush is in that hollow, as it was partly dug into the hill; and if I'm right, over this hill to the north is a deep ravine with very steep sides, and in the ravine there ought to be a spring right about in that direction (pointing a little east of north) and across this road in that field to the south would be where the Williamson home stood.
Let's go over and see if we can find any lime mortar used for chinking between the logs. You know Dr. Williamson made a small kiln and burned his own limestone because it made better chinking than mud.

"We crossed the road and found pieces of lime mortar, the shape showing it had been used between logs. We climbed the hill and there was the deep ravine with the steep sides, and the spring. Then we went up the slope to the east and found what evidently was the depression of the old cellar, at just the place where my father said the house had stood. Could anything have been more perfect? You have been over the ground and know the scene I have tried to describe. Perhaps you remember the two big dead cottonwoods rising from the cellar hollow on the brow of the hill, and, as cottonwoods are not plentiful in that locality, it is our theory that the cellar with its rotting potato contents gave a lodging-place for some far-flying cottonwood seeds, perhaps even in that spring of 1854. At any rate, the size of the tree trunks showed them to be at least sixty or seventy years old.

"We had brought a lunch which we ate in the shade of the trees on the ridge, with water from the spring, which was a pleasure for me to get and carry up the steep hillside, as my father and my aunts and uncles had so often done in their childhood days.

"After lunch we crossed the ravine and climbed the north slope to the place where Joseph Renville, Sr., had his rather feudal home, often called Fort Renville because of the stockade which surrounded it. This was on the route followed by the Red River carts on their way to St. Paul.... It was in this oldtime Frenchman's home and with Mr. Renville's help that my grandfather, Dr. Williamson and another missionary named Gideon Pond had begun the work of translating the Bible—one reading verse by verse from the French, Mr. Renville then giving them the equivalent in the Dakota. The others attempted to write it down, with many difficulties, not only because of their ignorance of the Dakota, but also because of the fact that up to that time the Dakota language had not been put into writing.

"From the Renville side we crossed back through the ravine and revisited the site of the Mission. It was after two o'clock when we crossed the Minnesota River, followed a trail...to spend the night in Watertown."
THOMAS G. ANDERSON - FUR TRADER AT LAC QUI PARLE - 1808-1810

Thomas Gummersall Anderson, a British Canadian, was the first man to leave an extensive account of his life and experiences at Lac qui Parle.

He was born at Sorel, in Lower Canada, November 12, 1779. He died at Port Hope, Ontario, February 16, 1875. About the year 1870, while still of a keen mind, he wrote the narrative which follows below. At the age of twenty he came west and after several fur trading years spent in Wisconsin, Iowa, and on the lower Minnesota River, he moved still farther west.

"The next season (1808-1809), I wintered higher up the river, at Lac qui Parle. All went well here. I arrived unusually early at my post, so that I went with a party of Indians on a buffalo hunt to the source of the St. Peter's, the Big Stone Lake, perhaps thirty miles in circumference. We went up in canoes; but long before a buffalo could be seen on the plains, my attention was directed to a rumbling noise, like rolling thunder at a distance, which seemingly caused the whole country to quiver and shake; and as we drew nearer, the awful bellowing of ten thousand enraged bulls was truly frightful. We were now skulking noiselessly along, endeavoring to reach a few acres of wood land before us. A short distance above this was a bay, which was crowded with buffalo swimming in all directions. As far as the eye could reach, the prairie was black with these animals.

"On reaching the woods, I was permitted to raise up a little, and peep into the bush, which was also full of them, and some of them within ten yards of us. But I was forbidden to fire. My guides said, when I got on the hill, some fifty yards off, where there were no trees, then I might go ashore, and kill all I could. How the guide got to his place without disturbing them, I know not, for the little bush was swarming with them; but when I made my appearance, they were so excited, running off towards the plains, and I so astonished, that I could not take aim at any one of them; but I fired into a batch, which were brought to bay for a second by my friend on the hill, who had shot three fat cows in as many minutes.

"The squaws now went to their work of cutting up the meat. The hides were not cared for, so they only took the skin off of such parts as they
wanted for immediate use, or to slice up and dry or smoke—the only means
they had for preserving it even for a few days.

"My friend, Wyobegah, the marksman, invited me to accompany him a couple
of miles to a little lake, where he said we would find lots of buffaloes
drinking and washing themselves. We did not want meat; but, savage-like,
we wanted to kill game. On nearing the lake, we could as he said see large
numbers of animals drinking and washing. A fringe of strong grass, four feet
high, surrounded the water. We approached carefully on all fours; he lead-
ing the way in front, reached the grass-fringe, which he divided with his gun;
and, at length, made sign for me to look through the opening. Within five
yards of us stood a monster bull, which appeared to my astonished eyes twenty
feet high. I wanted to shoot him; but Wyobegah shook his head, at the same
time giving an un-buffalo grunt, when the monster animal reared on his hind
legs, gave a whirl around, and away he went. Wyobegah's aim was to kill a
cow, but he missed his object, and ran off leaving me to look out for myself,
which I did by securing a position behind a large tree, where I intended to
attack some lonely passer-by.

"I had not remained there long before a big bellower came towards me;
but I observed by his line of approach, that he would be too far from the
reach of my gun, so I went nearer to where he would pass. Putting two balls
in my gun, and hiding in the grass, I awaited his coming, for he approached
within twenty yards of me. I took deliberate aim at his heart. He stopped,
and furtively cast about for his enemy. I wished my tree was nearer, for I
was sure he would be after me, and my plan was to get the start of him. I
was soon on my legs, and he after me; but I beat him, and got safe to the
tree before him. But I was too shaky to load my gun, and he passed on not
noticing my dodging behind the tree, and he was soon out of sight.

"Returning to camp, a plentiful supply of marrow bones were ready for
the hunters. The mode of cooking the marrow is to hold the bones over the
fire until they are nicely browned; then break or split them in two with
the tomahawk, and dig the marrow out. It is very nice, and does not clog
the stomach like other fat, or congeal in the mouth like deer's. In fact,
if we had salt, bread, or vegetables of any kind to eat with it, it would
have been doubly delicious. All this time I had not killed a single buf-
falo of the thousands I had seen, and all because I did not know how; while
Wyobegah had killed seven, and all we took away did not amount to the meat of one animal. We returned home the next day.

"My principal occupation during the winter was making oars, paddles, etc., ready for an early spring start. March at length came, and, to my grief, I got word from my hunters that they were not coming to the trading-house; but would pass about two day's journey to the south, on the route for Santa Fe, to get wild horses, etc. The next morning, my interpreter and four men were on their way to their camp, to collect all they could on account of goods advanced to the hunters on credit the preceding fall. They collected twenty-five per cent. less than was due; but I had a chance of making up the nominal loss by trade with those who did come to my post, and I sent word to the band who had cheated me, that I would not give them any credit next fall.

"In the autumn (of 1809), I delayed reaching my wintering-grounds, in the Big Stone Lake region, until the middle of November, and suffered much inconvenience in consequence, being obliged to assist the men in breaking the ice in many places, and sometimes to wade up to our middles in water to drag the boat through the ice. We at length, however, reached our old trading-post about four o'clock of an afternoon, found fifty or sixty lodges there; and we had just time to stow away my goods in the house, where the men slept. My interpreter, his wife, and I, preferred to spend our nights in my large leathern lodge, or markee, until the necessary repairs should be made in the house for our winter's comfort.

"Some of the Indians inquired whether I intended to give them credit as formerly; and I, reminding them of their ill-treatment of me in only partially paying their last year's debts, said I should not trust them again. We got our supper as usual; and as was the custom, my lodge was soon filled with Indian visitors, smoking and telling stories. The interpreter and his wife lay down, and I soon followed suit, and hardly closed my eyes when the interpreter spoke to me in a low voice, not calculated to awaken suspicion, saying his wife informed him, that the Indians were talking of killing us, and seizing the goods. I turned over quietly and took a smoke, and intimated to my interpreter to do the same, meanwhile joking with the Indians around us in the lodge about swan shooting, etc. We took down our guns on pretence of getting them ready for the morning's shooting; but, in truth, for our defense,
if necessary. I had my tomahawk and knife all ready to kill before killed.

"While the Indians were still smoking their pipes, and I stretched in a sleeping position, a bustle was heard at the door, and in popped a tall, good-looking Indian, painted, feathered, and armed in full war costume. My time has come, I thought; but, being a law-abiding person, it would be wrong in me to break the peace, so I sat on the defensive. But I was soon all right, for my war friend was asked by one of my smoking visitors what was up, that he was thus attired at this late hour? 'I am come,' he replied, 'to die with the white people; if they must be killed, I must first be put out of the way, for they shall not be hurt while I live. You had better go to your lodges, and let this man, who has brought us ammunition, etc., to save our lives, go to his rest. I am going to guard him.' They all hurried off. He said to me, 'go to sleep,' and I did so without delay.

"At daylight I was preparing a present for the band, as they could not hunt without ammunition, etc. I put up powder, ball, and shot to match, tomahawks, knives, and other needful articles. When I had them all in readiness, I said to the principal men who were seated around: 'You cheated me last year in not paying your debts as you promised; and for that reason, I will not trust you again; but knowing that you cannot live without my help, take these articles, and divide them among your band. If you have the hearts of men, you will think of me next spring.' The whole camp was shortly moving, and I got my gun, and was just starting for shooting man, which were flying over in large flocks; and while emerging from the door of my lodge, I met my guardian, who asked me where I was going. When I informed him, he bade me go back, and stay there until he should ascertain that it was safe for me to expose myself. Now, for the first time, I really felt that my life was in danger, and had only escaped the assassin by God's good providence in sending this man to save me. Not here and there individuals, but the entire band became my deadly foes because I would not give them my goods on credit, as all former traders had done.

"This man, who had so opportunely come to my relief, was of course my guest for the time being. The next morning, about ten o'clock, he had walked quite a circuit around my house, examining for tracks, in case there
should be any one of the band lurking about for mischief; but finding all
safe, he told me I could go and shoot swan. I had never seen this man before;
and, on inquiry, my interpreter informed me that he was a half-breed, the son
of a gentleman from Montreal, who had been in the trade many years before,
named Ance, and had retired. I went to my shop, opened some packages, and
gave him a present, of which he was proud, and was as heavy as he could con-
veniently carry. I never saw him again. This proved to be the hardest winter
I ever met with in my journey through life.

"Old Wackhawendutah, or Red Thunder, was one of the bravest, and most
universally respected, chiefs among all the numerous Sioux bands. ....

"Having mentioned and described this old chief, who stayed with me the
hard winter (of 1809–1810) before us, I will proceed in my narrative. Old
Red Thunder, with two other lodges of his band, after Ance had been gone a
few days, arrived, and encamped quite close to my house. A few Indians, in
this way, generally wintered about the traders' houses. They had no store
of provisions, but hoped, as I did, that buffalo meat would abound. Warned
by a former year's sufferings, I kept in store five or six bushels of corn.
I and the Red Thunder's boys killed more of the wild fowl than fed us all
for a while. But the marshes were soon frozen over, and that supply was cut
off. There were no wolves or small game of any kind in this part of the
country; so Red Thunder's people were soon reduced to subsist on the old
buffalo hides they had used to sleep upon, perhaps for years.

"Under these circumstances, common humanity induced me to share my corn
with them, which was becoming daily reduced. In the meantime, I with my men
and the Indian boys were constantly roaming about, in hopes of finding some-
thing we could convert into meat. One day one of the men found the head of
an old buffalo, which some of his race had lost last summer, and with diffi-
culty brought it home. We all rejoiced, in our straitened circumstances, at
this piece of good luck. The big tin kettle was soon filled and boiling,
with a view of softening it and scraping off the hair; but boiling water and
ashes would not stir a hair. We then dried it, in hopes we might burn the
hair off; but in vain. We felt sadly disappointed, as we were on short ra-
tions, our corn supply drawing near an end.

"In this dilemma, Mrs. Red Thunder, almost in despair, took her axe, and
started in quest of bitter sweet, or wild ivy; and succeeded in bringing home
all she could carry, and reported that there was plenty more. This vine is readily prepared for food. It is cut into chunks from one to three inches long, and boiled until the coarse, thin bark easily separates itself from the stem. The bark then makes at least three-fourths of the original quantity; it is spongy, and of a bitter-sweet taste. It is quite nutritious; and though one might not fatten on it, still it would preserve life for a long time.

"I now took three of the men, and started in the direction the buffaloes usually, in mild winters, travel. We followed the river, and within four or five miles, we discovered a buffalo. Two of the men, being old hunters, said at once, 'That's a scabby old fellow, not worth shooting.' However, as he was not far off, I said I would try my hand at him. So taking advantage of the wind, and skulking through the tall grass, his time was come. Crack! went my rifle, and he was down and well out of misery. On examination, it was found that his back and the upper part of his sides were a mass of scabs and blood, where the magpies and other carnivorous birds had pecked and fed, as they do when these animals become too old and feeble to defend themselves.

"Proceeding on our journey, we came to a hole in the ground made by an otter, around which he had deposited ever so many poly-wogs, of which it would have been unkind to have deprived him of his food supply. We soon after came upon the tracks of a ground-hog, and soon found his cave. We then went to work to exhume the body, for purposes well known to hungry people in these parts.

"As we neared the end of our day's journey--a dreadfully cold day it was--one of the hunters called my attention to a black spot on the hillside, fully a mile beyond our intended camping place. He thought it was a buffalo, and said, 'Let's go and see.' So I sent the other two men to prepare our night's lodging, while St. Maurice, the best hunter, and I started off with the murderous intent of bagging a big game. We availed ourselves of every means of avoiding observation by our intended victim, so we might get within a safe shot of the apparently sleeping buffalo. At length we reached a little hillock, within twenty yards of what we regarded as more meat than we could carry home. Putting in fresh priming, St. Maurice whispered, "I'll fire as he rises, and you reserve your charge
for use in case he runs at us." 'All right,' said I; and St. Maurice, not to cause too much excitement in the poor buffalo, whom he regarded as about drawing his last breath, gave a gentle whistle, but no movement; he whistled louder and louder, then gave a yell, but still he stirred not. We then went up to him; he was dead, but not quite stiff.

"We managed to take his tongue and heart to our camp, which was in some old trader's wintering house. The ground-hog was ready for supper; and before bed-time, was nearly all gone. The tongue and heart were nicely cut up, and washed, ready for early cooking in the morning. Whether ground-hog meat acted as an opiate or not, I cannot say; but this I know, we all slept later than we intended, and the wonder was, that some of us were not frozen, for it was bitter cold, and our bedding consisted only of each man's blanket, which it was his privilege to carry, with extra moccasins, etc., on his back, when not otherwise in use.

"When I turned out in the morning, the cook had got up a rousing fire, and the tongue—the most dainty part of the buffalo—and part of the heart, were in the kettle, ready to hang on the fire. Of course I had not washing tools at hand; pants and socks were found where I left them when I retired to rest—that is, on my legs and feet. A very slight rub of snow on the hands and eyes finished my toilet for the expected delicious repast. 'Which will you have, sir, tongue or heart?' This directed my eyes to the kettle, boiling over with a black bloody froth, with a sickening putrid smell. I bolted out of the house, leaving the men to smack their lips on heart and tongue, while I took the remnant of the ground-hog to the open air.

"Breakfast over, it was concluded that the non-hunter and St. Maurice should strike out on the plains, while Beaubien, an old hunter, and I, should go up the river, all parties to meet at a certain point. When I had reached the place indicated, I cast my eyes around to see if the others were coming, and I noted instead a pair of frightful, infuriated monster eyes—a buffalo of the scabby kind, lying half way up the bank of the stream; his breath had turned to white frost, enveloping his body, so that not a particle of him was visible save his eyes, which were greatly dilated, and apparently bent on mischief. I jumped up on the opposite bank, and took my stand behind a tree. In those days I was a good shot. I took deliberate aim, and hit him in the
temple. He did not appear to feel it. I fired four shots, which brought St. Maurice, and to my delight, a strange Indian with him. I now advanced to old scabby, and hit him to no purpose; one more shot, placing the muzzle of my gun to his ear, gave him motion, for he shook his head, and rolled down the bank dead.

"The strange Indian was one of a band, about four days' journey distant, in the buffalo range. The chief's name was Whoowayhur, or Broken Leg. I had never before seen him. He was chief of Les Gens des Perches band; and his fame for bravery, and love for the whites, was known far and near. He had come all that distance with peltry to buy a few trifling articles, worth in fact a dollar, perhaps; but to him of more value than the most costly dinner set.

"I with my party went home, and my customer, of course with us. Less than half a peck measure would now hold all the corn I had to depend on; and it was worth more to me than the same measure of golden eagles. I knew the perils of long journeys through the prairies in the winter season. I, therefore, asked all my men if any of them would go with our visitor to get some meat. They would all volunteer; but I said two must remain with, and four go—to settle among themselves who should go, and who remain. They carried some goods to pay for the meat, and two quarts of corn were roasted and pounded for their journey.

"Before daylight the next morning they were on their way, and were to be back in nine long anxious days. The Yankton band, to which Ance belonged, had left in Red Thunder's charge a horse with a dislocated shoulder, and could not recover. The corn was all now but gone; the bitter sweet within a reasonable distance had been devoured, and I brought to poverty and to my wit's end; and yet four days before the men could return.

"Hard is the task my poverty compels,
To get my living amid savage yells.

"I sent for Red Thunder to consult about our future. His only hope, however, lay in the chance of the coming of the buffalo; but I was not of his way of thinking, and suggested the killing of the horse. But he said no—he dared not, for the Yankton would be very angry. Before I was up the next morning, however, Red Thunder came thumping at my door, and calling at
the top of his voice, my Sioux name--'Weeyotehuh!' (The Meridian Sun) the horse is dead.' The old chap had stuck the horse, and when I got to the spot, he had skinned the animal's head, and part of the neck; and parts of it were soon stuck on sticks roasting, and parts being made into broth in the Indian lodges. I got for my part a piece of the upper portion of the neck; it was eatable, but, in truth, I would have preferred roast lamb. My Indian friends kept cooking and eating without relaxation, night or day, until the old horse, save hoofs and bones, had been consumed.

"The nine days for the men's return had now expired, and they came not. On the eleventh day I went six or eight miles, in hopes to meet them, but returned, disappointed, and grieved. When within a mile of the house, about dusk, I met with one of those scabby buffaloes, and managed to end his misery; and reporting my success to Red Thunder, his Indians friends, with knives, tomahawks, and torches, were soon on their way to this lucky Godsend, in their estimation. To partake of such meat, I knew I could not. My last pint of corn was being roasted. I had some apprehensions that my absent men had been killed, which was the least of my fears; but there was greater danger that they had been lost or buried in the snow—particularly the latter; thoughts of such accidents had often occurred to my mind. In any case, if they failed to return with supplies, my only alternative was to write an account of matters and things, and make up my last bed.

"On the twelfth day of their absence, I had been straining my eyes with melancholy reflections till four o'clock in the afternoon, when I retired to the house to smother care and anxiety in smoke. I had not long been at the pipe when a general shout of joy was raised at the Indian camps—'The white men are coming!' I was not slow to see for myself; and here they came loaded with dried buffalo meat, and the welcome news that Broken Leg with a lot of his young men would bring ample supplies in a few days. This was good news. When, with marks of reproach, I asked them why they had not returned sooner, they told me they had been two and a half days buried in the snow. I could not doubt them, for I was aware that such things happened every winter on these plains.

"As promised, at the end of four days Broken Leg arrived, with ten of his young men, loaded with dried meat, pemican, buffalo's bladders filled with marrow, and a few furs. I paid them well, and all were pleased, except
one young fellow, who had a wolf skin to trade; but he wanted four times its value, which I would not give. He then drew his robe about him, and leaning on the counter, as is the Indian habit, with intention of tiring me out. I, however, wrapped myself also in a robe, and laughingly lay down on another robe, when my lad, finding he was beaten at his own game, went off in a rage, and I went to trading with the others. Broken Leg was soon informed that Master Wolf was preparing his bow and arrows to shoot me on emerging from the shop. The chief was up instantly, and going from my apartment to the men's room, found Master Wolf ready to bleed me, and took his bow and arrow from him. He then gave him a few thumps over the head, threw his weapons into the fire, and turned him out of the room. On their going away the next morning, I gave the chief a keg of rum; and not expecting it, they were all the more delighted. That was the last I saw of this tribe of Les Gens des Perches.

"Now we all--Red Thunder and his people included--lived luxuriously on roast and boiled meat--rather tough and smoky, to be sure, but the best that the country afforded, or money could buy. March was now close at hand; the wild fowl would then afford me amusement, but first of all I must look after the fur hunters. At length they came, well loaded too, only to stay one night, consequently all of Red Thunder's as well as my own, spare rooms and beds were occupied. They paid me amply. I made a splendid trade, gave them two kegs, each containing three gallons of high wines and six of water. True, they might have gotten the water at their camp, but carrying it on their backs twenty-five miles would mix it better. They made a little speech, hoping I would come again; but my heart might have said; 'My face you shall see no more.' Pack-making, boat-fixing, bird-shooting, and patiently waiting for the ice to melt out of the streams, were now the objects that occupied my attention.

"The Sioux, from about forty miles above the mouth of the river St. Peter's to its sources, and away over the plains, are, or were then, known as the 'Upper Sioux;' and those below that to Prairie du Chien, the 'Lower Sioux,' and were widely different in their character. The latter were more reasonable, and more easily managed, being less savage. .... "Ice gone, and boat loaded, good-bye forever to the Yankton band of Sioux Indians, now destined to the Mississippi, Prairie du Chien, and Mackinaw."
LAC QUI PARLE IN 1835
By G. W. Featherstonhaugh

A few months after the first missionaries, Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Alexander G. Huggins and their families, arrived at Lac qui Parle, the place was visited by George W. Featherstonhaugh, whose long name his countrymen, the English, pronounced Frestonhaw. He stayed at Lac qui Parle from October 1 to 3 and 8 to 9, 1835. His book, "A Canoe Voyage Up the Minnesota Sotor," published in 1847, gives a good but somewhat biased and distorted picture of the life and activities he found there.

Featherstonhaugh was a controversial figure and he was much criticized by competent persons on the Minnesota frontier who knew him or knew of conditions that existed there. He ascended the Minnesota in a very large canoe with six companions; one of whom he greatly relied upon for his geological information but whose presence he did not mention, nor did he acknowledge his indebtedness to him. This man was William Williams Mather, a professor at West Point. He was 31 years old at the time and was soon thereafter known as "a man of profound scientific attainments, principally as a geologist." In 1851 he concluded a brief account of his trip with Featherstonhaugh with this statement, "My report of that expedition contains many matters of interest in relation to geology and the topography of that region; and my topographical sketch of the meanderings of the St. Peters has been appropriated by Mr. Featherstonhaugh in his report without acknowledgement." (MHC 1:133-134).

Henry H. Sibley, who befriended and furthered Featherstonhaugh's expedition, wrote in 1856: "Featherstonhaugh...styled himself U. S. Geologist...on his way to the head of the St. Peters or Minnesota River. His appearance and manners were ill calculated to ensure him a favorable reception among plain republicans. He was both aristocratic and conceited. His productions
are characterized by abuse of American society and of particular individuals.

All the information embodied in it of any value to Minnesota, was the result of the labor of Lieut. Mather, a scientific officer, who accompanied him, but to whom he vouchsafed no credit whatever in his printed volumes." (MHC 1:481)

The Minnesota historian, Rev. E. D. Neill, wrote of Featherstonhaugh in 1853 as "a dyspeptic and growling Englishman, whose book, published in London in 1847...betrays a filthy imagination." (MHC 1:202) Neill also wrote, "His actions were those of a conceited, ill-bred Englishman, and the book he afterward published...proved that he was destitute of the instincts of a refined gentleman." (MHC 2:128)

The Indian agent, Major Lawrence Taliaferro, wrote of Featherstonhaugh in 1864: "little can be said of his explorations of the Minnesota. His report does not give evidence of a master mind, as it was made up mostly from construction and not from actual observation or geological research. He was obviously not flattered with his reception at Fort Snelling, or in the Indian country. He attempted to pass current for that which he possessed not - superior talent and modesty in his profession. Lieut. Mather, of the army, his associate, was of a different stamp. Solid, clear-headed, scientific, with a modest, unassuming gentlemanly bearing, he should have led the English gentleman into one of the finest fields for topographical research in any portion of the world." (MHC 6:246)

Colonel John H. Bliss as a boy was put in the care of Featherstonhaugh when the two left Fort Snelling to return east. Bliss wrote of the Englishman in 1894: "He was a large, fine-looking and determined man, with many excellent qualities, but with an unfortunate disposition to bully and domineer over those who were under him. He was admirably calculated to get along with the Canadian voyageurs, whom he treated like brutes, as they deserved, and they consequently feared and respected him." (MHC 6:352)

Though Featherstonhaugh lacked certain qualities, he was an able man. The British government appointed him in 1839 to negotiate the treaty which settled the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick. Later still he was the chief promoter and organizer of what became the New York Central Railroad.
The introduction to "A Canoe Voyage Up the Minnay Sotor," written in December 1846, states that the book was "almost literally transcribed from the Journals" Featherstonhaugh kept in 1835. Meanwhile another book of his, "Excursions Through the Slave States" had been published. Following his excursion in the South in 1834, he determined to visit the Minnesota valley.

Embarking at Georgetown, near Washington, D.C., on July 8, 1835, Featherstonhaugh arrived at Green Bay, Wisconsin, on August 17. There he bought a magnificent canoe, perhaps the largest one to ever ascend the Minnesota River. Col. John H. Bliss, then a boy, described it as he saw it arrive at Fort Snelling, "a beautifully equipped birch-bark canoe, paddled by five Canadian voyageurs. She was a beauty, carried a quantity of geological specimens, a tent, fine camp equipage, plenty of bedding, provisions, etc. She was at least thirty-five feet long, and so wide that the middle seat gave ample room for three persons bundled up in winter clothing. After recuperating a few days, they proceeded up the St. Peter river, and we did not see them again until...there was a foot of snow on the ground and winter was fairly setting in." (MHC 6:350-351)

The departure from Green Bay was made on August 22. Featherstonhaugh wrote:

"On the morning of the 22nd I rose with the break of day, and arranged everything for my departure. It appeared to me as if it would be impossible to stow away in such a small vessel the immense quantity of things I had from time to time purchased. I had been told that I should find my crew voracious eaters, and had provided accordingly. I had purchased a barrel of pork, two barrels of biscuit, two large bags containing hams, two containing potatoes, one bag of flour, boxes with rice, sugar candles, tobacco, axes, powder and shot, and a variety of other articles, consisting of pots, kettles, frying-pans, tin-ware, plates, knives and forks, &c. In addition to all these necessary articles, were the tent, my luggage, and a case of books, and a small service fitted for my own use for breakfast and dinner."

But the French Canadian crew safely stored everything away and, with Featherstonhaugh at the bow and the steersman immediately behind him, the canoe left to make its way up the Fox River, down the Wisconsin, and up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling. Beside W. W. Mather, who was not mentioned, the crew consisted of Louis Beau Pre, Louis L'Amirant, Jean Champagne, Joseph
Dumont, and Germain Garde Paix. "Amongst their other qualifications, I had required that those who were to accompany me should be well acquainted with the popular Canadian airs, and be able to sing them after the old approved fashion of keeping time with their paddles. This they all professed to be able and willing to do." The author's biggest problem was to keep his crew from getting drunk en route as they passed a number of points where liquor could be had.

From September 12 to 17 the expedition was at Fort Snelling, where Featherstonhaugh met the commanding officer, Major John Bliss, and other officers, and visited Henry H. Sibley, in charge of the American Fur Company, who was able to provide him with a very able half-breed guide, Milor, who spoke French and Sioux equally well and was well acquainted with the region and people to be visited.

Most of the crew had lived principally with the Ojibways and had strong prejudices against the Sioux. In the Mankato neighborhood they were reluctant to proceed farther up the Minnesota River. "To go to the sources of the St. Peter's, it would be necessary to pass Lac qui Parle, about ten days higher up. Some savage murders had been committed lately upon the Ojibways by other Indians, and the perpetrators had all rendezvoused at Lac qui Parle. Some of the reckless fellows called pillagers were said to be there, with other bad characters belonging to the Yanctons, Assiniboins, and other bands bordering on the Missouri. Having listened to all these stories, I asked Milor's opinion, who stated that we were perfectly safe if the men only acted prudently, and that their fears were very much exaggerated."

They decided to proceed. Several days later, on September 25, Featherstonhaugh wrote: "At eight we passed a place on the right bank, where Milor buried his bourgeois, a Mr. Cameron, in 1811. He was an enterprising, sagacious Scotchman, who had amassed a good deal of property by trafficking with the Indians; but whilst upon one of his expeditions he was taken ill in his canoe, was landed, and died in the woods. Milor told me, upon this occasion, how nearly himself and three others in the service of Mr. Cameron had been starved to death...." Murdock Cameron early in the century had had a trading post at Lac qui Parle.

Three and a half hours later the expedition arrived at the trading post of Hazen P. Mooers, "on the right bank of the river, then encamped in a tent,
but who was building a small house, consisting of two rooms - one for himself and family to sleep in, the other to contain his goods. His wife, a middle-aged bustling Indian woman, seemed to be heartily engaged in the work. Their children were very Indian in their faces - small eyes and large cheek-bones; the half-breeds appearing always to show more of the Indian than the white man. Mr. Moore was a thin, good-looking man, about forty-five years old, but intelligent, and gave me some interesting information. Moore had spent many years previous to this as a fur trader at Hartford Beach on Big Stone Lake, and at Lake Traverse. "Moore had formerly been connected with an American fur company but was now established as an independent trader - an annoyance which those companies are not slow to rid themselves of." Milor stated that Moore "had taken to wife the half-breed daughter of a Mr. Hart, another white trader."

Two days later and three days before reaching Lac qui Parle, Featherstonehaugh recorded: "We had another beautiful morning and were afloat before 6 A.M. At seven we had not quite a foot of water...the stream was becoming more shallow every mile, and it was evident that...we should have to put our lading in a...hiding-place and take to the prairie. The Canadians, instead of encouraging me, and suggesting prudent plans for pursuing our journey on foot to Lac qui Parle, rather tried to conjure up difficulties, saying we had enough provisions to take us back again, which we should not have in three or four days. Milor gave it his opinion that we might get the canoe on as far as Lac qui Parle, but no farther. I therefore told them, that, whatever might be their opinions, I had determined to go on, and if the water should fail us, we would all take to the prairie.... Finding me resolute, they went on in a dogged sort of manner...."

However, several hours later they decided to hide some of their cargo to lighten the canoe, "selecting, therefore, all my best specimens both of fossils, minerals, and shells, I had the rest, which weighed two or three hundred pounds put into bags, and having dug a hole amidst the bushes, we put the bags with various other things into it, and, covering it carefully up, we breakfasted and left the place...."

"We left the cache at 11 A.M., much more buoyant than before, and got on without striking the bottom so often, passing soon afterwards a stream on the
right bank called...Red-wood River...."

The next morning they passed a rapids named for a trader, Patterson, who had spent the winter of 1783-84 there. They were now fast approaching Lac qui Parle, a widening of the Minnesota River. They reached this point on October 1, 1835. Featherstonhaugh's account will be quoted verbatim with a few explanatory notes added within parentheses.

"At about half-past six we re-embarked; the stream having now become a rivulet not more than twenty-five yards wide, the borders of which were covered with interesting plants. At 9 A.M. we stopped in a clump of sugar-maple trees to breakfast, where we found a great number of little wooden troughs, which the Indians, after making an incision in the trees, place beneath them to collect the sap: here, also, were their spring teepees, which they inhabit at that season. Directing the men after breakfast to proceed up the river, I walked about a mile through the alluvial ground adjacent to the river, and got upon the upland, from whence I had a boundless view over the prairie to the south and south-west. The valley beneath me, the soil of which was entirely formed of fluvialite deposit, was still about two miles broad, and shewed how vast the volume of fresh water had formerly been. Here I had again occasion to observe how much the fertility of these prairies or uplands is injured by these annual conflagrations, the vegetable matter being burnt, and everything on the surface incinerated, so that the wild grass on these extensive plans becomes short and wiry. Granite boulders, occasionally mixed up with others of a soft pale-coloured limestone, were lying in great quantities upon the river slopes.

"The regularity of the serpentine bends of the river was admirable: from the point where I stood I could see the stream at the termination of six different bends, at each of which the canoe appeared by turns. On descending, I measured the neck of one of these bends, and found it to be sixty yards broad.

"At length the stream, constantly diminishing in width, became blocked up with fallen trees, and it was exceedingly tedious to stop so often to cut our way through them; but we took them patiently in succession, and having got through the worst part, came to a small cleared piece of ground on the left bank, where we found vestiges of white men, for a log-hut was building,
and there were three Indians, two of them clad in old British uniforms. These men... fired... over our heads as a salute. Milor now found out from them that the log-hut was erecting for a missionary (Williamson), who was in the neighborhood making some hay he had cut. As soon as they had given us this information, they set off scampering to Lac qui Parle, to announce the arrival of strangers. A little after 1 P.M. we passed a small stream coming in from the right bank, called Chagn Ikpah (Inkpa, now Lac qui Parle), or 'the last stream with trees' before reaching the lake.

"We paddled away as fast as we could, that we might reach the trading post before any persons had assembled at the landing. The stockaded fort of the agent of the post was about three-quarters of a mile from it, and I wished to land quietly, rather apprehending some trouble from the confusion of an Indian mob, and entertaining a worse opinion of the wild people we were about to meet, than perhaps they deserved. But we were too late. The party we had seen must have speeded as though they had borne the 'fiery cross,' for, on reaching the landing, we found at least 100 Indians, stout, brawny, athletic young fellows, most of them with buffalo robes on, the rest naked; some painted red, some black, some black and white, and indeed begrimed and bedaubed with all colours. Many of them had eagles' feathers in their heads, and the greater part of them was armed. There were also a great number of women and children, and others were flocking to the place.

"On making our appearance an immense yell was set up by this strangely painted and savage-looking company.... The conduct of the male savages especially was very tumultuous for some time, shouting, screaming, and brandishing their arms. We learnt afterwards that we had taken them all by surprise, and that the general idea was that we were not come on a friendly errand, the Indians supposing us to be a party sent from Fort Snelling to arrest the Sioux who had lately murdered the Ojibways, and being disposed in fact to treat us rather roughly; whilst Renville, the half-breed, who acted as agent for the Fur Company, supposing we were come on a rival trading expedition, shewed his unfriendly disposition by not coming down to the landing-place to meet us.

"It was at once evident that some untoward accident might happen if great prudence and steadiness were not observed. A quarrel of any kind would have led to the general plunder of our party, and perhaps to something worse,
without any hope of a remedy or moderation, where there was no law and every
desire to appropriate what we had. Revolving all these considerations rap-
idly in my mind, I called to Milor to come with me, and jumping instantly
ashore without any arms, ordered the men to put back instantly into the
stream, and not to approach the bank until I directed them. By this measure
we secured the canoe from being plundered, and taking my stand by Milor, he
immediately began to harangue them, and told them that we were not going to
trouble any body, that we were neither officers nor traders, and were noth-
thing but travellers come to see them and their country; that I was the
head of the party, and intended to go at once to the fort to see Renville
and the chiefs, and make a speech to them. Several Indians were present
who were acquainted with Milor, and these declaring in our favour, a gen-
eral yell of satisfaction was set up, and the whole party moved on to the
fort, which was a building made of squared timber and well stockaded.

"By this time a prodigious number of Indians had collected, and I was
accompanied by a most extraordinary 'cortege', for, when the first runners
had reached the village to announce our arrival, all the dandies of the
placed had hastened to make their 'toilette', and certainly they were so
bedaubed and painted, and bedizened, that to me, who had been so many days
quietly gliding through these extensive solitudes without any intercourse
with mankind, it appeared as if the curtain of some great theatre had
suddenly drawn up, and discovered a stage filled with all sorts of grotes-
que diabolical figures--tall, insolent-looking young fellows, six feet two
or three inches high, with wiry, black, coarse hair, clotted with bear's
grease, and profusely rubbed through with vermilion. Some of them had
their faces entirely covered with it, whilst others had daubed their counte-
nances with whiteish and blueish clay; and not a few of them were adorned
with a broad ring of dirty white round each eye, the rest of their faces
being completely blackened over with burnt wood. A few...had vermilion faces
fantastically streaked with black and white lines. Dirty eagles' feathers
were in great profusion in their heads, and in most instances this excess of
'parure' was finished off by what generally sits gracefully on an Indian, a
toga, consisting of a dirty blanket, the back part of which was also rubbed
over with vermilion. This, the use of which is for cold weather, these
youths constantly threw open, displaying their manly chests and well-turned
me instantly to make a speech to the chiefs, and offered to be my interpreter. I should certainly have preferred Milor, for I could have depended upon his rendering what I should say faithfully; but, as he would be present, and could detect any mistake or misrepresentation, I accepted Renville's offer with thanks.

We now entered a spacious room in the fort, and whilst the chiefs were arranging themselves in a circle on the floor, and Renville had disappeared to give some orders, I directed Milor to interrupt Renville if he did not fairly interpret what I should say to them. The chiefs being all squatted on the floor, each with his pipe in his hand, and Renville being returned, I took my station opposite to the principal chiefs, with Renville standing at some distance in a line on my left hand, and Milor two or three paces from him a little in advance, and inclined towards me.

"I commenced my speech by saying, in French, that I was not a trader, that I had nothing to sell, and did not want to buy anything, except some very good tobacco, which I was told Renville had to sell. That I did not use tobacco myself, because it made me sick at my stomach, as it sometimes made their young children, but that I should buy it to give to the brave warriors I was now talking to, because they loved tobacco, and I wanted to begin at once by shewing them that I had a great friendship for them. This opening produced a general grunt of satisfaction, and I saw at once that we should soon be ready to swear eternal friendship....

"Feeling encouraged by having my audience with me, I proceeded to say that I had been a great traveller, and seen a great many people, and having heard what a fine race of men the Nahcotahees (Dakotas) were, I had come to see them and their fine country: that I had been told it was not good to come to Lac qui Parle, because there were wild young men, that had occasioned disturbances, and might hurt me and my party; but that I did not believe it and was not afraid, because I was not a coward, and because I knew that in all countries where there was one bad man there were one hundred good ones, and that for my part I came to see the good ones, and not the bad ones. (Here we had a lively grunt of a friendly character.) That I was very glad to have got amongst them to see such a fine race of brave men, and to be able to say to my friends when I returned, that I had seen so many bold
"The ladies were not in such decided 'habit habille'. Most of them had a little vermillion rubbed through their wiry black hair, modestly contenting themselves with this and an extremely filthy blanket thrown over their shoulders. Some of the young girls, of about fifteen years of age, had very pleasing countenances, and a good and feeling expression of the eye, but they were not otherwise very attractive; most of them had a circle of thickly-daubed vermillion of about two inches diameter on each cheek, intended, no doubt, as beauty-spots; and as to their persons, I am sorry to say nothing could be less inviting, for they appeared to be from top to bottom in as dirty a state as can be imagined. All the Indian women, except the old crones, seemed to be fat, this being the season of the year when musk-rats and maize abound, and in this they appropriately resembled the wild animals.

"The hurly-burly made by the quasi-devils that surrounded me had now taken a rather merry, but still insolent character.... To be sure, our advent was a memorable one in the eyes of this wild community: The circumstance of a number of white men suddenly appearing amongst them could not but create a sensation, and although their conduct was at times very uproarious, I must say that they were moderate enough to content themselves with shewing that I was completely in their power.

"On reaching the fort, Renville advanced and saluted me, but not cordially. He was a dark, Indian-looking person, shewing no white blood, short in his stature, with strong features and coarse black hair; his physiognomy was wily, but he was not without a little touch of French manners. He told me that the Indians were very uneasy at my coming into their country, without first apprising them of my intention. I replied, that my principal object was to see so fine a people as the Sioux, of whom I had heard a great many pleasing accounts; that I was also desirous of seeing whether there was any coal or lead in their country, having been instructed how to find coals and metals that were in the earth, but that he might believe me when I told him that I was not a trader, and that, as soon as I had reached Lake Travers, my intention was to examine the Coteau du Prairie, and cross it to the country of the Mandans, if the season permitted me, and then return to the Mississippi by way of the Missouri river. This plain story made Renville my friend, who advised
the river to bring it up. The procession on our return was not as tumultuous as on the previous occasion. The agitation was over, I was an accepted guest, and the Indians contented themselves with looking at me and my dress. We had, however, a prodigious crowd around us when our men proceeded to unload the canoe; but, as we had nothing but trunks and bags of provisions, they were as much in the dark as ever as to the nature of the treasures they had once thought they were so near appropriating. As soon as the cargo was placed in the cart I had the canoe hoisted to the top of it, for I was determined to take care of our main chance if we returned the way we had come, and we then started for the fort; but such was the yelling and screaming of the young fellows, that the oxen took fright, ran off, and soon broke the pole of the vehicle. Fearing now that some confusion might arise out of this incident, I seized hold of the broken pole, and calling to the men to assist me, we began to drag it on; and Milor and a number of Indians going behind to push it, we at length reached the fort, and entering the stockade where the magazine was, we secured all our things, and put the canoe in a shed out of the sun.

"Entertaining no longer any apprehensions of being plundered, I felt relieved from every care, and taking one of my own tins and towel and soap, I went to a small streamlet not far from the fort, and, having had a comfortable wash, I went to see Mr. or Dr. Williamson, who was here both in the capacity of missionary and apothecary, and found with him an out-and-out western Yankee of the name of Huggins, an odd, long-legged, sharp-faced, asparagus-looking animal, every portion of his body being as narrow as the head he bore at the top of it. This fellow being rather in the pious line, and professing to know something about farming, the missionary had brought him from Illinois to raise corn and vegetables, as well as to assist him in his other labours; but he was such an original, that the missionary himself stood no chance of being noticed where he was. I never saw a Yankee that so completely came up to those quaint, drawling, vulgar Jonathans, the idea of which is now so general. He always called the Indians 'critters,' had got all their interjections and grunts, and used them instead of 'Yes' and 'No.' He certainly knew more about the Indians than the missionary did, and was more constantly amongst them. Mr. Williamson was married and had a motive for remaining at home, but Huggins, who was alone in the world, was in the
warriors and so many happy people, all looking so well, and to find that they were at peace and not at war. That I had brought no arms with me, because I knew I was coming amongst friends and not amongst enemies, and that I knew I was safe in the Nahcotah country, because the Nahcotahs were wise men, and knew that if any bad Indians did me any harm, the Great Father of the whites would send people to learn what they had done with me. That they would see that I should act without any fear, and just as I should do in my own country; and that I hoped, if they were satisfied with what I had said, that their principal chief would rise and shake hands with me.

"As soon as Renvill e had rendered this into their language, Milor spoke to him in Nahcotah, when Renville told me he had taken the liberty to say that I had desired to shake hands with all the chiefs. It was no doubt well meant, but I told him it was wrong in him to do so, and bade him tell them that he had mistaken me, and that what I wished to say was, that, if they were satisfied with what I had said, I should be glad if their principal chief would rise and shake hands with me; which when he had done, their two senior chiefs arose and came and shook hands very cordially with me, offering me at the same time their pipes to smoke as a token of friendship. I told them that I valued their friendship very highly, and that I should always remember with great satisfaction that they had permitted me to carry their pipes to my mouth; that my heart was big enough to smoke with them all, but that tobacco made me sick, and therefore I never used it, but if they would permit me I would pass the pipes to Milor to smoke for me. All this met with approving grants, and the ceremony terminated by the rest of the chiefs rising and coming to shake hands with me.

"My reason for making the interpreter explain more clearly what I had said was, that I had observed it was the invariable practice of white people who were unaccustomed to Indians, to go up to them, even if they were of the lowest class, and shake hands; and as it was evident that the effect of this running after the Indians indiscriminately had been to lower white men in their eyes, I thought it was best, seeing the insolent and overbearing carriage of these distant tribes, to give them a strong idea that I had an opinion I was able to protect myself. ....

"Renville now assigned me the magazine where he kept his merchandise as the place where my luggage was to be kept, and sent a cart and oxen down to
habit of walking into the teebees without ceremony, and sitting down, would take his psalm-book and sing a few verses to the Indians, so that the women had got accustomed to him and rather liked him. 'Some folks is considerable curious' he once said to me, 'to find out whar these ignorant critters comed from. I am as sartin as death that they are the old Philistines of the Scriptures: they can't be the lost tribe of the Jews, bekase whar onder arth is their birds (beards) gone?' I asked him why he had not taken a young Indian girl to wife? 'Stranger,' he said, 'I allow them har young painted Jimzabuls aint just up to missionarying.' (The author is mistaken; Huggins had a wife and two children.)

"Having got over the bustle of my arrival, Renville asked me to go to his house to take some refreshment. There I found his wife, an obliging Nacotah woman, his son, a heavy-looking man, about twenty-six years old, two daughters not very prepossessing, and a young fair-haired maiden, about fifteen years old, the daughter of a white trader by an Indian woman. We all sat down to a table where we had something that was called tea, with maple sugar, some bear's meat, and other things I could not make out, with potatoes, which were excellent. I did some violence to my inclination in partaking of the other things, because I knew they were produced in honour of myself; but after making a meal of the potatoes, I made my retreat, and went to look at the plan of the village.

"Gaining a mound on the upland prairie just above it, I had a charming view of Lac qui Parle and its whole neighborhood. The valley, as usual about two miles wide, lay before me to the south. To the west was the lake, about eight miles long, all the lowlands adjacent to it being very well wooded, with the upland prairie in the distance. In front of the height where I stood was the alluvial land with the fort and the village, this last consisting of forty-eight Nacotah skin lodges, and twelve large bark-covered teebees, with Indians strolling about in every direction. Whilst I was sketching the scene, I observed several Indian women with bags on their heads and shoulders, appearing heavily laden, bent down, and not raising their faces from the path they were upon. I never saw individuals contend more with a load that almost mastered them than did some of these
females. Following them a short distance to a place where they stopped, I found they were making a 'cache' of the ripe maize of that season. A sort of cave had been hollowed out of the side of the hill, about eight feet in diameter at the bottom, and not more than two or three at the top. To this 'cache' the women were bringing the corn a distance of about two miles, and some very young girls were in the cave stowing it away.

"These sacks of corn weighed about 80 lb., and some of the females whom I had observed staggering under them were young girls not more than sixteen years old. They seemed very much relieved when they had got rid of their loads, but were cheerful, and talked and laughed as if it was work they ought not to complain of. This sort of work, however, brings on premature old age; for an Indian woman of thirty years of age, who has been accustomed to the severe labour which is imposed upon her, and who has borne children besides, becomes a perfect hag. Shrivelled, and disgustingly filthy, she is more like a fiend than one of the gentler sex, and receives neither sympathy nor assistance from the brawny fashionable bedaubed youths who are sunning themselves in the plain below, whilst these poor creatures are toiling.

"From the upland I strolled down to the village, and found that I was free to go wherever I chose, my speech of the morning having removed all distrust. I therefore, following the example of the pious Huggins in part, entered the teebees of the chiefs, and lost no time in coming to a good understanding with the ladies, a piece of policy it is good to observe in all situations. To their wives I presented handsome new calico handkerchiefs, with the flags of all nations printed upon them. To the young girls I gave handsome necklaces of beads, and rings with sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, rubies, &c. of paste set in them, all manufactured for Indian commerce. I ventured also to sport some phrases which Milor had taught me to pronounce and was not laughed at; indeed, the Indians never criticise or laugh at you, they are not civilized enough for that, but pay great attention to what you say, that they may understand what you mean. Having paid my respects in the most important quarters, I tried one or two of the skin lodges, but having only a few loose beads left to give to the children, I made no great progress here; indeed, I failed altogether in making myself understood, for the people
of the lodges I had entered belonged to the Assiniboin country, and were only on a visit here.

"On my return to Renville's, I partook of their evening meal, which was exactly like the first, and, as soon as it was over, I went to a scalp-dance to be celebrated in the village, some wild young fellows having come in with three scalps they had just taken from some Ojibways near Elk Lake. A circle was formed of twenty warriors painted and bedaubed in the usual manner, and thirty women and girls with their blankets on, a few of these last having the red beauty spot painted on their cheeks. In the centre of the ring three poles were held up, each with a hairy scalp depending from it, stretched out and gaily ornamented. The men who held the poles up were the Indians themselves who had taken the scalps. These had a song of self-glorification for themselves, the burden of which was, that 'they were the bravest of all brave men.' This song was varied twice, and the second time the first words were, 'I have the proud Ojibway in my power, he cannot escape me.'

"But there were other songs in which all the circle bore a part; and more pleasing and animating Indian music I never heard. It was a loud strain of glorification, accompanied with a sort of drum or tambourine. The music rose and fell, and was loud and low, both sexes singing in the most exact concert. Sometimes the men, after a bold sustained strain, would let it die away; and as their voices began to sink, the drum beating louder was a signal to the women, who, taking the melody up with their soft and sweet voices, would continue it for a while, when the men joining in with them once more, the women would give from time to time a curious cluck with their voices, producing a peculiar sort of harmony, when the whole would be suddenly concluded for two or three minutes by a war whoop and yells on the part of the men, and a general laugh. After resting a few minutes, they began again as fresh as ever.

"In dancing round the circle, the men, close together, advance in single file, treading gently with one foot after the other, and rather bending inwards; whilst the women advancing sidelong, and leaning against each other's shoulders, and still preserving an upright position, keep their small feet close together...turning their toes in, glide over the ground...without any apparent personal effort. The measure of the dance was exceedingly well kept by all, the ring being almost in constant motion, whilst the scalp-takers were
shaking their poles. It was a most exhilarating scene, even to me; indeed, I was so delighted with the music, that I remained with them until ten o'clock at night, in order to be able to note it down accurately. As to the Indians, they appeared to be full of enthusiasm during the dance; all ages engaged in it; and before I retired some of the mothers brought two or three dozen of young children, from four to ten years old, into the circle, all of whom joined in the dance most merrily.

"Introduced into scenes of this kind at so early an age, and then trained up to the chase, it is not surprising that they should afterwards find such enjoyment in taking human life. ...."

"Before going to my pallet I made another journey to the upland behind the fort, to see the prairies on fire. It is a spectacle one is never tired of looking at: half the horizon appeared like an advancing sea of fire, with dense clouds of smoke flying up towards the moon, which was then shining brightly. Here I remained enjoying this rare and glorious sight until a late hour, the distant yells and music of the Indians occasionally reaching my ears. At length, feeling fatigued with the exertions and spectacles of the day, I slowly descended the hill, and gaining the fort, went to the warehouse, and taking the key out of my pocket opened the door, succeeded in striking a light, unrolled my mattress, and crept under my buffalo robes to compose myself to sleep.

"October 2.--I rose at 6 A. M., and not knowing where to get any water, put my brushes and towel in my pocket, and walked to the lake with the intention of making my 'toilette' at the water-side; but the lake was low, the ground near it was swampy, and not being able to find clear water, I returned to the fort, and sent one of the Canadians to procure me some nice water from the brook above the village. With this I succeeded in making myself presentable, and went, according to invitation, to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. I found Mrs. W. an obliging, clever person and made a comfortable breakfast with them. My friend Huggins, too, was of the party. As all three were enthusiastic religious Methodists (he was mistaken, they were really Presbyterians.) I soon found that it would not do to express any admiration of the Indian dancing and music of the preceding evening; the long prayer we had before breakfast was certainly not in harmony with the scenes I had witnessed, so I turned the conversation to missionary
exclaimed, 'Huggins, do you think you could manage to purchase those three scalps for me?' This did me up...completely, for he went back without mentioning the prayer-meeting, and no doubt reported me to be as considerate as any of the Philistines.

'Ve had an explanation of this 'mal entendu' afterwards, and I laid the blame upon him; assuring Mr. Williamson, that, if I had known of the prayer-meeting, I should have attended it, for although I was not a Methodist (Presbyterian) I should always feel it my duty as a Christian traveller to confirm the Indians—as far as I could by my conduct—in an opinion of the great value and respectability of the religious character of such men as himself. The missionary was satisfied that I was sincere, and perhaps Huggins was equally so, for he was a very acute fellow; but he delighted in saying severe things, and when, at the close of this friendly explanation, I asked him if he thought it was not possible to gain over Renville and his family by kind and constant attention, he answered, 'I calculate I'd jist as soon undertake to convert all your canoe.' Of course he included myself. Huggins persevered to the last in his intolerance; during the whole of my stay he repeatedly cast up to me my fancy for visiting the Indians and putting questions to them. 'It beats all creation,' he would say, 'to see you so a-haunting after such complete Philistines; when you got the Doctor and me to talk to.' But Mr. Williamson was more liberal, and admitted that it was natural I should avail myself of every moment to study what I had come so far to observe.

'On my return to Renville's, he informed me that the great dance of the braves was to be performed this morning in honour of my arrival, and that it would take place in the fort, in front of the warehouse where I slept. This was very intelligible; for I had seen a large mass of tobacco there, and had remembered my pledge when I saw it. I therefore went to an acquaintance I had made, who acted as a clerk to Renville, and kept his trading accounts, to concert with him what was to be done. This was a lively mercurial little Canadian Frenchman, who had found his way into this part of the world by the way of Lake Winnipeg and Red River, and had got into the employment of Renville. How he attended to his own business I never learnt; but he had a singular talent for attending to everybody else's.'
affairs, which I soon learnt made little or no progress. Mr. Huggins laid
the whole blame upon Renville; 'He hadn't it in him,' he said; 'he pretended
to be a kind of Papist, but he had jist no more religion in him than there
was in a pack of musk-rat skins.' He added, that neither Renville nor any
of his family had ever been at one of their prayer-meetings.

"I could see at once that this was meant for me, who had omitted to go
to their prayer-meeting the preceding evening. This was not altogether my
fault; when they had asked me to breakfast, they had not asked me to assist
at their evening prayer, taking it for granted I should be too happy to avail
myself of the privilege. I was sorry for this incident, for they meant to
treat me with great kindness, and I had inadvertently hurt their feelings.
If they had mentioned it to me in season, I certainly should have joined them;
but not having heard that they had a prayer-meeting, I was naturally glad of
the opportunity of amusing myself with the Indians.

"The missionary had to contend with great difficulties. Renville, in
his youth, had been in a village where there was a French missionary, and
among white men he called himself a Roman Catholic; but his religious feel­
ings carried him no farther than to dislike every one who belonged to a
different sect from himself; and not wanting the missionary to acquire any
influence with the Indians, he probably did him as much harm with them as he
could. On the other hand, I could easily see that the Methodists (PRESBYTER­
iANS), whilst they professed to pity the Indians profoundly, did the 'Papishes'
the honour to hate them not a little. This was the situation of religious
matters at Lac qui Parle, when my unexpected arrival was hailed by these good
missionaries as a great stay and comfort to them. But I had disappointed
them. I had been seen standing looking at and admiring the Indians for sever­
al hours; nay, some scandalous person had reported that I had joined in their
music, and made an effort or two to keep up with them in their yells: of
course, the Indians would conclude that I preferred their ceremonies to
prayer-meetings. Nor was this all, for it appeared that when I did not make
my appearance at the prayer-meeting, Huggins was despatched to find me, and
invite me to join them, and that having traced me to the dance, he came up to
me to deliver his errand, when, not suspecting the nature of it, and having
a little touch of Indian enthusiasm about me at the moment I unfortunately
"crittur," said Huggins, "is eternally on the jump after everybody's business but his own. If he lived in one of our large towns in the States, he'd undertake to do everything for everybody, and keep school, and take in washing besides." But there was a circumstance in the domestic arrangements of this vivacious man of universal business, which almost threw Jonathan into a rage when he spoke of it. "The crittur," he said, "has actually jined with one of these female Jizzabels, and keeps her to hum as his wife; he won't let her do the least thing in the world; he's made her as fat as a ball of grease, and passes half the day sitting on the bed with her, painting her cheeks three times as big as a dollar,...and there she lies a-larfing and carrying on, and he won't let her get up, because he's afeard the paint'll come off." No doubt the little man was very uxorious....

"From this person I learnt that Renville entertained a select company of stout Indians, to the number of forty, in a skin lodge behind his house of extraordinary, dimensions, whom he called his braves or soldiers. To these men he confided various trusts, and occasionally sent them to distant points to transact his business. No doubt he was a very intriguing person, and uncertain in his attachments. Those who knew him intimately, supposed him inclined to the British allegiance, although he professed great attachment to the American Government—a circumstance, however, which did not prevent his being under the surveillance of the American garrison at Fort Snelling. He was very obnoxious to the Ojibways, who slew his brother a short time ago (1832); and being aware that he had many enemies, he had converted this band of braves into a sort of personal guard. These braves, it appeared, were now attiring themselves in the Great Skin Lodge for the dance; and, on my expressing to the little Frenchman a strong desire to witness their proceedings, he said they seldom permitted any male person to enter the lodge upon such occasions, and women never; but, as the dance was to be given in my honour, he thought they would not make any decided objections to my presence; so, taking him with me, I went to the attiring-room to see them dress.

"Of all the methods that ever were devised of rigging out and bedevilling the human form divine, I should recommend what I saw here as the most extraordinary. Certainly it would make any set of theatricals, great or small, national or provincial, blush at the degenerate distance in which they stand from these savages in the art of decorating it. On reaching the lodge, my
guide crept into it through a low door of skin at the bottom, and I followed him, without asking any person's leave, just as one drops in at a rehearsal. Having no definite idea of what I should see, my astonishment was great at finding the lodge almost full of stark-naked brawny savages, some with their backs towards me, others fronting me, and all of them so attentively engaged in what they were about, that our entrance hardly appeared to attract their attention. One fellow, who had got a regular suit of vermilion daubed upon him from head to foot, was streaking the faces and drawing rings round the eyes of others, with a whiteish bole or clay. Another, with half of his stalwart frame red, and the other half a clayey white, was giving the last touch to three stout youths, every one of them as black as the ace of clubs from the crown of their heads to their heels, every part of their bodies having been well rubbed in with powdered charcoal. The greater part of them were daubed with dull reddish clay, others whiteish and yellowish, but generally they were streaked, and lined, and spotted in a manner not to be explained. Some had black faces, with a white ring round each eye; in others there were black rings round a whitened face; and many had a line running from one eye to another across the nose, like a pair of spectacles. Exceedingly amused I was with one of the braves, who, having just had a fine suit of vermilion put on, turned his very fat and noble parts to me—not from irreverence, or for the purpose of attracting my admiration, but to give the opportunity to another artist, who was finishing in the white line, of signing him with the mark of good-fellowship, and who stepping forwards, with his open right hand wet with bear's-grease mixed up with white lead, gave the expectant protuberance such an effective spank, as not only to leave a clear impression of the hand and fingers, but to rouse perceptibly the nervous system of the individual who received it. This practical joke created a general laugh, in which the little Frenchman and myself heartily joined. This, when neatly done, is considered a handsome decoration.

"Others were advanced so far in their 'toilette' that they were arranging eagles' feathers and dirty ribbands in their hair. All were exceedingly busy, carrying on their occupations with great system, and constantly inspecting their own faces in the most minute manner, with a small looking-glass that each possessed...."
some of my tobacco. I therefore threw him down a roll, and told Renville to
tell them that I was the friend of peace; that both they and the Ojibways were
the children of Wakon (God), as well as myself, and that Wakon ordered us all
to love one another. Another old chief now arose, and said that I had spoken
the truth, and that for that reason he should like to smoke some of my tobacco.
Having given to him, another and another arose to tell what feats they had
performed; and one aged man became so excited with acting and reciting some
daring act he had performed, that all, both old and young, full of enthusiasm,
arose and began to dance together, just as old ladies sometimes do in a family party. They were fairly overpowered by their animal spirits, and
conducted themselves as if they had been drinking. It seemed to me that
even Milor and Renville were catching the inspiration; and as I had not much
confidence in the scaffold we stood upon, I descended to the ground, and in
the midst of the excitement made my retreat to the upland, to take a walk.

"On my return I was called to another entertainment at Renville's, of
bear's meat and potatoes; and maple sugar was placed upon the table. Having
eaten as many potatoes as I had a fancy for, I tried one or two more with
the maple sugar, by way of a dessert, without being at all sorry for it afterwards; and the fair-haired young girl being in the room, I asked some questions
about her father, who, I learnt, was a Scotch trader, of the name of Jeffrey.
He had died and was buried there, leaving four young children he had had by
a Nahcotah women, of which this girl was the eldest. The mother had brought
them up in the Indian way, and, like Renville's children, they spoke no
language but Nahcotah. Women of this class generally become the wives of
white traders, or of half-breeds, there being perhaps some sympathy between
them; and although they are sometimes abandoned, they certainly escape the
fate of the hard-worked full-blood Indian woman. Whilst we were at this
meal, the manager of the dance of the braves came in, dressed in an old
British uniform coat; he was brother to Renville's wife, and Milor said he
was considered to be a brave man, and was of great use to Renville. He was
in high spirits, and evidently well satisfied with the performance of the
morning.

"The Indians, when left to their own humour, are laughing, jocular
persons, fond of jokes and fun: but a traveller can only see them in their
"Altogether it was a very unexpected treat, and I enjoyed it much, laughing immoderately, which seemed to give great satisfaction. Before I left the party, I desired the little Canadian to assure them of my unqualified admiration, and to state to them that I had never seen any of the warriors of my own country prepare themselves for a dance in any way to be compared with the one I had now witnessed, not even the royal guard of the King of England.

"At the appointed time all the Indians of the village had assembled within the fort, painted and dressed more or less, myself and party standing with Renville upon a small platform, near the door of the warehouse. After waiting some time, the braves, all arrayed in their most captivating costumes, issued from their tent with two little boys, whom I had not seen before, painted and dressed as chiefs. It was a singular spectacle. They looked like fiends that had escaped from the infernal regions. Milor whispered to me that the three warriors in black were the braves who had scalped the three Ojibways, and thus I came to know that Renville was directly instrumental in keeping up the sanguinary feud with that nation. Each of these fellows bore one of the poles I had seen the preceding evening, with a scalp depending from it.

Upon reflecting upon the part I was playing in this ceremony, I began to wish that I had given them the tobacco, and had excused myself from this great honour, for news flies very quick through the Indian country, and I might find it difficult upon a future occasion to justify myself with any living Ojibways I might fall in with.

"Having formed a ring they began singing, but their music was very inferior to that of the night before, for want of the female voices, and their dancing was bad, consisting of the old step and the old antics.... To cut the performance short, therefore, I told Renville to throw them down about 12 lb. of tobacco, with some other things, and to state that it was a present of friendship to the braves. Near to us was standing a circle of elderly chiefs, not belonging to the braves, one of whom now jumped up, and addressed them and myself in a sort of song, in which many complimentary things were addressed to my generosity. To the braves he said, that, as I had come so far to see them, they must dance on like brave men, and show me that they were men to make a favourable report of. He sang, that when he was a young warrior he had taken scalps from the Ojibways, and for that reason he should like to smoke
natural character when he is behind the scenes; in the presence of strangers they affect an indifferent, incurious character, which is the reason why they have often been represented as a grave, reserved people; but at such times they are actors. "Towards evening, the three heroes in charcoal came to the fort, and afterwards went round the village, to announce that a great dance was to be performed by the women, in honour of the day. I knew what this meant; but, as I had an unopened package of magnificent large printed handkerchiefs, of a very showy kind, which had not yet been seen, I felt confident that I should come off very well with the ladies. This dance differed from the other only in this, that the men first made a small circle round the scalp- poles, whilst the women formed a larger one outside, sidling around as they did before, with the men singing and beating the drums to them. The air which the women sang was pleasing, but the general effect was not equal to that of the preceding evening: the men first gave out the words, which formed a consummate glorification of themselves and their superlative bravery. In the scalp-dance, however, the day of my arrival, the men, after praising themselves, broke out into a most exaggerated eulogium of the unfortunate devils whose scalps were the subject of their triumph: they were the bravest men that ever lived; the prodigies of valour they were famed for were unutterable, and, of course, the heroes who could subdue these Hectors were equal to Achilles. In this particular case, however, Milor informed me that two of the scalps had belonged to a couple of Indians that had been shot from an ambush, and that the third had been taken from a woman who was with them, and whom they had tomahawked....

"I soon became heartily tired of these dances. When the novelty of this monstrous sort of painting and dressing has passed away, the performance is as tedious as a bad ballet at a minor theatre. Nor are the Indians estimable in themselves; even these Nahcotahs—who are considered amongst the most decent of the nations—are idle, selfish, and insolent, and have boasted themselves into the belief that they are the superior beings they vaunt themselves to be. L'Amirant, who is a friend of the Ojibways, from having resided amongst them, says that he knows a dozen of that people that would lick all this village. It is probable that they are all alike, Ojibways and Nahcotahs; and that man, in his wild state, is a dirty, selfish, conceited animal. The
women certainly are not as bad and disagreeable as the men; they are obliging, civil, and conversable. The very old ones, of whom I have already spoken, are anything but attractive: this is not the case with the young ones; they are often handsome, exceedingly well made, have fine full bosoms, and are quite lively and playful. Unfortunately, however, they are so frowzy, that they rarely, if ever, appeared to be desirable. ....

"During this afternoon a numerous band of Nahcotahs came in from 'Minday Eatatenka', or 'Big Stone Lake,' the women bending to the ground beneath their burdens, and the men strutting along with the most insolent air, and bearing nothing at all, except their guns, bow and arrows, &c. They had a great many indifferent-looking horses, with a panier on each side, the poles of their skin tents resting on the paniers, and trailing on the ground in parallel lines, united by cross pieces, extending beneath the tails of the horses. Upon these it is the practice to fasten the youngest children, with other articles belonging to their tents, as well as skins, if they possess any, for the purposes of trade. But the heaviest burdens are carried by the poor women. The moment they reached the village, the women went to work to set the lodges up; and if anything had been discovered to have been dropped on the road, the patient squaw was the person who was to go for it. In the meantime, the lordly brutes, for whose comfort these females were trudging, came one and all to the fort, each having a dirty blanket or buffalo skin, with the hair inside, on his back, the hair peeping out at the top, as if it were a tippet. At a distance, an Indian thus dressed looks well, for he carries his person erect, and keeps up various well-studied attitudes; but, on approaching him, the illusion is dispelled, for you behold nothing but an Indian with a dirty cow-skin next to his naked body, and that perhaps smeared over with mud.

"As there was to be another scalp-dance at night, and as it was clear I was to be honoured in one way or another as long as I had anything to give away, I set about a negotiation for some horses to pursue the remainder of my journey, it being scarcely practicable to go any further with the canoe; and whilst Renville was engaged in this service for me, I called upon some of the principal ladies at their teebees, to make them parting presents. Soon after this the scalp-dance began again, and we had a perfect Bartholomew fair of it over again; nothing but dancing, singing, yelling, and beating of
drums until near ten at night. Worn out with it, I left them at an early hour, intending to go to bed, but, on reaching the warehouse, I found Milor there waiting to speak to me.

"It appeared that some of the squaws had taken into their heads that I was going to return to Lac qui Parle from the Coteau du Prairie, to stay all the winter; and they had come to the conclusion, that, if I wintered there, I must have a wife to take care of my tent, and be very agreeable. Milor had been consulted, and had promised one of the squaws to deliver a message on her part, which was, that if I would make her a present she would arrange that very important matter for me. I told Milor that really it was uncertain how the journey would end, but for the sake of amusement I wished he would desire to point out to me which of the squaws she thought a suitable companion, and how much I should have to pay for her. In commencing a negotiation for marriage amongst the Indians, the custom is reversed from that which obtains in civilized society, and, instead of asking how much the lady will bring towards making the pot boil, you ask how much you are to give for her to boil your pot....

"Milor came back in half an hour, and said there was the daughter of a chief called the 'Prairie on Fire', (it would have been an odd name for the daughter,) that was 'washtay' ('good') in every sense of the word; that I probably remembered her, for I had given her a handkerchief, and when I spoke to her she had laughed. I told Milor I had given so many away, that I could not remember who had gotten them; upon which he asked me if I did not remember a young girl, with large vermilion spots on her cheeks, that sometimes walked with Renville's daughters. I now remembered her as one of the exclusives of the nation, a belle, in fact, of the first order, and a match only for a considerable personage. I became curious to know, therefore, upon what terms an alliance could be formed with the aristocratic daughter of the Prairie on Fire. Milor now said that the squaw had informed him that I should first have to give her two pair of blankets as the negotiator; then three pair of the very best blankets to the young lady's mother; 15 lb. of tobacco to her brother; a rifle and a horse to her father; and that, as she was his daughter it would be expected I should make him a present of six rat-traps besides.
This, I suppose, would be considered a fair settlement upon a young squaw of the first pretensions; but settlement is not, in the proper sense of the word, for no part of it goes for the use of the girl herself. If she has any particular good qualities, every member of the family sponges out of the 'futuro' as much as he can get; and, indeed, it is stipulated that all the children in the family are to have something or other; and all this without the slightest return, for when the purchase-money is paid, the mother of the bride takes her to the tent she is to inhabit, with nothing but a dirty blanket thrown over her shoulders, and turns her into it in the same state that the worms go to their mates.

"Unfortunately for the further prosecution of this tender arrangement, it was unfeelingly nipped in the bud by the hard-hearted Renville, who, finding he could make a good job out of me by the hire of his horses, came to tell me that he had procured me a sufficient number, as well as a cart used in the fur trade, and that I could depart whenever I pleased. I, therefore, that there might be no misunderstanding with the illustrious family of Prairie on Fire, sent Milor with a present to the old squaw, and a message, that, if I came to live there, I would employ her, and no one else, in my matrimonial arrangements, but that at present I was not going to pitch my tent anywhere. I further enjoined Milor to make her clearly understand that it was for the gratification of his own curiosity that he had asked her these questions, for I was not only desirous of not giving offence to the Indians, but to the missionary, who, if he had learned of the old squaw's benevolent intentions to me, and Milor's interviews with her, might have put a bad construction upon what was founded upon mere curiosity, which Huggins certainly would have done.

"October 3.--Having determined to depart for Lake Travers this morning, I went to breakfast with the missionary and his family, who inhabited a part of Renville's building, that was, unhappily, too close to the large tent of the braves. During the praying and singing before breakfast, the Indians were drumming, screaming, and laughing in the tent in the most outrageous manner, an annoyance it was impossible to escape from, and which made Mr.
Williamson exceedingly anxious to get into the log-house he was building, about a mile from the village. Huggins was in a very sad taking; besides his usefulness to the missionary as a farmer, it was his business to set the psalms when they were preparing to sing; and this morning, before he had got through the first line, the braves, hearing the drawling, broke out with their drums and yelling, and fairly overpowered us. I was sorry for this, as I perceived the Indians did it maliciously; but still I could scarce at times refrain from laughing, for, in proportion as Huggins screamed at the top of his voice, to make himself heard, the braves increased their yelling, so that truly it would have been better for us to have desisted, and have sat down quietly to breakfast. But Huggins was not of that opinion, and, as soon as he had got through the first verse, exclaimed, 'Them ar critturs is as contrary as the sarpints can be; but I guess we'll try the next.' And we did try it, with no better success; so the missionary closed our morning service with a short prayer, and we went to our repast. Mrs. Williamson said that when any of the Indians in the tent awoke in the night, they always began drumming; and, as Huggins said, 'They han't no marcy upon nobody, and it ain't bearable no how.' But the life of a missionary amongst such rude savages must always have a great deal that is painful in it; and in this particular case, judging from what I saw, there is little hope of converting this village, where Renville's braves have so decidedly the upper hand.

"At 8 A. M., preparations being made for my departure, I shook hands with these worthy people, who, I dare say, were not unhappy at my departure. Renville had procured me a 'charette', or cart, to carry the tent, baggage, and provisions: I was to ride an old grey mare, with a foal running alongside; one of the Canadians was to drive the 'charette', and Milor and the rest were to walk. The morning was exceedingly cold, and our road was along the prairie, parallel with the lake. All the country in every direction, having been burnt over, was perfectly black, and a disagreeable sooty odour filled the atmosphere."

"The extreme poverty of these Sioux strongly impressed my mind at first sight, and further acquaintance did not relieve it. The appearance of many of the Dakotas about Mendota, or Saint Peters as the neighborhood of Fort Snelling was then called, indicated suffering, both bodily and mental; but those on the Upper Minnesota were far poorer. Among the former the suffering seemed in a measure confined to the old, and a part of the children, while the young men and women appeared to be comfortably dressed, and though they might have been hungry, did not seem to be starved. Their clothes might not be clean, but retained nearly the same color they had when new. Among the latter, except a few articles brought up by those who had recently returned from Mendota, the clothing was all dirty and seemed to be nearly worn out. The blankets and cloth-skirts, and leggings of such as were able to own such garments, were scant and threadbare, having been worn incessantly for six or nine months. The skirts of many of the women were of dressed skin, stiff and in places glossy with dirt and grease. This glossiness also appeared on many of their short gowns, which, originally of calico, gave little indication of the original color, which had not been taken out by washing, for they had no soap. Some of the men might be seen with a calico shirt or a coat of coarse flimsy cloth without any lining, but most had neither; and as their leggings and blankets were on many occasions dispensed with, it was no uncommon thing to see a man with no clothing on except his breech-cloth and moccasins, and boys will be seen playing about the village with no clothing except a string tied around the body.

"The deficiency of food was felt more keenly than that of clothing. Six or eight weeks before, Mr. Renville had bought the last remnants of their corn, to subsist his family and employees on their journey to the mouth of the river, with his peltries to pay for the goods expended for the furs. In the meantime the Dakotas, without bread, or grain, or flesh, had subsisted chiefly on roots and wild fruit, with an occasional mess of fish or eggs of wild fowl. The fowl they would have eaten, but for want of ammunition could not get them. The edible roots were scarce in that vicinity, and fear of
their enemies deterred them from going where an abundance might be found.
Some days a family would subsist on green gooseberries or wild cherries, and
sometimes on the new pith of a coarse grass which grew in the marshes. Sub­
suming on such food and annoyed by mosquitoes, it is not strange that many
of the men and women and some of the children were shriveled by starvation.
The 400 Sioux at Lac qui Parle owned only about half a dozen horses, and no
other domestic animals except dogs. Some of the Dakotas are poor still, but
not like they were then."
(Iapi Caye, the Word Carrier, November 1875, volume IV, No. 11, Reminis-
cences No. 5.)

JOSEPH RENVILLE OF LAC QUI PARLE
By Gertrude W. Ackermann

"In 1835 a band of missionaries left Fort Snelling and plunged into the
wilderness that stretched unbroken, save for scattered trading posts, from
the Mississippi River to the Columbia. Their objective was 'Fort Renville'
at Lac qui Parle, where they had been invited to establish a station by Joseph
Renville, the resident fur-trader.

"When the missionaries arrived at the fort bearing the name of its pic­
turesque master, they found him 'living in barbaric splendor quite like an
African king.' His stronghold was a stockade, within which stood a hewed log
house; and in a room of this building Renville, seated on a chair with his
feet crossed under him, received the missionary delegation. Sprawling on a
bench that ran around almost the entire room were Indian braves of Lac qui
Parle who composed his bodyguard. To these retainers Renville explained the
purpose that lay back of the coming of the visitors; and the redmen readily
gave their consent to the establishment of a mission among them. Indeed, the
mere fact that the trader, who ruled over them as with a hand of iron, desired
this consent was doubtless decisive in bringing it about. Clearly Renville
possessed more than the splendor of an African chief. He was a man of power
and of personality, whose character and achievements deserve historical study.
"This frontier figure was 'somewhat past his prime' in the middle thirties, though he was 'still a man of great energy.' He seems to have been born about 1779, probably at Kaposia, since his mother was a Sioux of that band. His color was that of a native Indian, according to Lawrence Taliaferro, the federal agent at St. Peter's, who adds that Renville's manners and intelligence set him apart from the redmen. There is evidence that Renville, when among the Indians, represented himself as of unmixed Indian blood, but that he told the whites he was a half-breed. His name was of course French; and it is possible that his father was a canoeman named Joseph Renville, who accompanied a Canadian brigade westward to Mackinac and Green Bay as early as 1775. The name itself probably is a variation of De Rainville, a well-known patronymic of early Canadian history. One historian believes that Renville as a boy was taken to eastern Canada by his father and there given instruction in the Catholic religion. He seems indeed to have had early instruction in that faith, but later he became a ready convert to Protestantism. He was thoroughly at home in spoken French, though he never learned to read the language easily. This difficulty...caused...people to question the claim that the trader actually received early Catholic training in Canada. Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, one of the Lac qui Parle missionaries, in fact asserts that Renville learned his French, not in Canada under the tutelage of a priest, but in the West while associated with the family of Colonel Robert Dickson, the noted fur-trader; and that Renville, save for a brief period when he joined Dickson against the Americans in the War of 1812, spent his entire life with the Sioux.

"That Renville was thoroughly acquainted with the habits and customs of the Sioux is beyond question. He married a Sioux woman, though it should be noted that the marriage, which occurred at Prairie du Chien, was performed by a Catholic priest. He became a kind of chief among the Sioux. Probably, however, the paternal influence accounts for his interest in fur-trading. Notwithstanding Dr. Williamson's assertion, Renville was associated with white men long before the War of 1812. In 1797--when he was about eighteen years old--he wintered with Dickson and Jacques Porlier on the Mississippi near the site of Sauk Rapids. Later he entered into partnership with these
men and other Canadian traders. Trade west of the Mississippi became increasingly difficult for them under the rule of the United States. Two years after the purchase of Louisiana a proclamation was issued forbidding subjects of a foreign power to trade with the Indians in that region. Although it was not enforced on the upper Mississippi an effort was made to exclude British traders by charging them high rates of duty. This policy of exclusion naturally made traders under the British regime rebel against the United States; it was one of the causes that led Renville to join forces with the British when the War of 1812 broke out. He was also concerned about the welfare of his children and the relatives of his Sioux wife. These Indians had a strong partiality for the British, who had given them more liberal presents than had the Americans.

"The British commanded Dickson to arm the tribes of the Northwest against the Americans, and he gave Renville the rank of Captain. As leader of the Wabasha, Kaposia, and other bands of the Sioux, Renville restrained these Indians from engaging in horrible depredations such as were committed by the Chippewa, Pottawatomi, Miami, and other tribes. In 1813, during the siege of Fort Meigs on the Maumee River, Renville was summoned to the camping grounds of the Winnebago. He found that these Indians had roasted the body of an American captive and were dividing it among the various tribes. Renville was indignant at this inhumanity, and when Colonel Dickson was informed of the outrage its instigator was turned out of camp.

"Renville also served as interpreter in the war, an important position, since in this capacity he carried official orders to the various bands of Indians and instructed them in the part they were to play in the siege of Prairie du Chien. The officer in command of this fort reported after its capture that Renville and another interpreter 'absolutely prevented their Indians committing any outrages in a plundering way.' After the declaration of peace every precaution was taken to prevent Indian hostility to the terms of the treaty. Guns were ready to be fired at the Indians outside the meeting house at Prairie du Chien, in case they should try to disturb the assembly. At a solemn council each paragraph of the treaty was interpreted to the various tribes. Renville presented the pipe of peace to the chiefs, who by smoking it in silence pledged themselves on behalf of their tribes to conform to the conditions of peace."
"After the war Renville resided in Canada and received the pay of a retired British captain. Later he traded for the Hudson's Bay Company at the head of the Red River. He remained with this company until 1822, when he became 'dissatisfied with their employ.' Evidently, he left under conditions not wholly creditable to himself, for many years later the Hudson's Bay Company reminded him that it had lost money through his operations at Pembina. Renville's desertion of the company should not be charged against him, according to one writer, since there were grounds for complaint on both sides.

"Renville's post near the source of the Red River was located on United States soil. In order to retain it and secure a trader's license he was compelled to become an American citizen, and in taking this step he relinquished his pension as a British officer. Because he wanted to be independent, he organized the Columbia Fur Company. This firm consisted of only a few individuals who were licensed by the Indian agent at St. Peter's to trade with the Indians south of the international boundary. The company traded over a tract of country extending as far west as the Missouri River. The firm, which was legally known as Tilton and Company, did not have a very large capital; yet its rivalry considerably disturbed the American Fur... which...reported that the Columbia Fur Company did business 'an annual injury of ten thousand dollars at least.' In order to do away with this competition, the American Fur Company in 1827 bought out its rivals and then, through its agent, Joseph Rolette, advanced credit to Renville. In 1828 the latter erected a dwelling house at Lac qui Parle, where he had been trading for two years.

"In the fall of 1834 Henry H. Sibley took charge of the department of the American Fur Company in the upper Mississippi Valley known as the Sioux Outfit, and the next spring he and Rolette entered into agreements with Renville with reference to the fur trade at Lake Traverse and at Lac qui Parle. It was agreed that Renville was to manage the post at Lake Traverse and that he would receive half the profits or bear half the loss. The company would advance the necessary supplies and goods and retain the ownership of all the property ... the company was to engage all the clerks and men needed at the post. Sibley and Rolette reserved the right to discontinue the arrangement at the end of a year."
"The agreement relating to the trade at Lac qui Parle was for a period of five years from July 1, 1835. By its terms Renville was obliged to obtain from Sibley all articles needed for the trade at the post and also for the use of himself and of his family. He promised to trade only with the Indians who lived within the Lac qui Parle district and not to encroach upon the trade of any other outfits that had been organized by the company.

"The business of the Lake Traverse post soon involved Renville in a series of quarrels with Joseph R. Brown, a prominent Minnesota pioneer. Brown appeared at Lake Traverse under instructions not to interfere with the trade as managed by Renville, though at the same time he was to use his efforts to prevent any losses in that trade. Renville considered Brown's authority limited to that of a bookkeeper, but Brown himself acted upon the assumption that he had wide powers. Against the wishes of Renville he proceeded to employ an interpreter and to act upon other matters. Among other things, he collected furs from Indians who were in debt to Renville, asserting that Renville himself did not take the trouble to call in the furs that were due him. The bickerings with Brown did not lead to a sharp break, however, and in 1838, when the post at Lake Traverse was about to be abandoned by the American Fur Company, Renville cooperated cordially with Brown in quieting the Indians, who were restless and dissatisfied.

"The late thirties were years in which there was sharp competition for the Indian trade. Prices were low and the muskrats appeared to be less numerous than they had been in previous years. Renville estimated that in 1837 he lost between three and four thousand dollars. That the company enjoined upon him a policy of strict economy is evident from a letter in which Renville wrote to Sibley, "I will obey the orders of the company. I am determined not to give one inch of blankets this year. I expect to have trouble, but God be blessed."

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Indian hunts were successful in some seasons and that the American Fur Company gave Renville an extension of eight thousand dollars in 1838 on account of lost credits, in 1843 he owed the company forty-two hundred dollars. His indebtedness seems to have increased as the years went by and the company continued to supply him with goods, its
generosity perhaps based upon the advantage that it gained through retaining in its behalf Renville's influence among the Indians.

"In addition to his activities as a fur-trader Renville gave valuable service to explorers as a guide and interpreter. Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, who engaged him in 1805 on an expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi, praised him for his knowledge of the Indian country and recommended him as interpreter for the United States government in the Minnesota region. The explorer described him as 'a man respected by the Indians, and I believe an honest one.' Renville acted as interpreter for Major Stephen H. Long, who led an exploring party up the Minnesota River in 1823. According to William H. Keating, the chronicler of this expedition, Renville contributed valuable information concerning the Indians and was agreeable to every person in the party. Since he had visited many of the Sioux villages, he was able to help Long compile an estimate of the number of Sioux Indians on the upper Mississippi and its tributaries. Giacomo C. Beltrami, the Italian explorer, who traveled with Long's expedition as far as Pembina, was pleased with Renville's demonstration of skill in shooting buffaloes and regarded him as an expert hunter.

"While living at Lac qui Parle, Renville built up a reputation for hospitality. Taliaferro wrote in his diary: 'Many of our citizens and officers have partaken of his hospitality and have spoken generally in terms of high commendation of his attentions & politeness.' Among the more renowned persons who praised Renville's 'liberal and untiring hospitality' was the explorer Joseph N. Nicollet. He met Renville and his band while the latter were on their way to Fort Snelling and they invited the explorer to visit Lac qui Parle after their return to that village. Later when Nicollet accepted this invitation he sent a message to the village announcing his arrival in order to allay any fears the Indians might have as to his intentions. This enabled Renville to send a group of mounted warriors to meet the explorer. On a hill two miles from Lac qui Parle, they awaited his arrival. Upon his approach they descended at a gallop, stopped some distance from him, dismounted, and marched forward in files, singing their war songs. After meeting Nicollet they entertained him with dances and gave him a royal welcome. The explorer spent a night and a day near the village. During
that time Renville gave him such luxuries as soap and sugar, and he later asked Sibley for fresh supplies. Nicollet was grateful for the kindness he received and wrote to Sibley: 'I beg to thank Mr. Rainville for the assistance he has given me through his son.' Joseph Renville, Jr., who acted as Nicollet's guide, offered the explorer the use of his father's cart, which, Nicollet felt, the Renvilles themselves needed at the time.

"Renville gave shelter to travelers and wayfarers and assisted visitors to Lac qui Parle in many ways. Martin McLeod, a trader, enjoyed Renville's hospitality for several days while on a long and wearisome trip from the Red River settlements to Fort Snelling in April, 1837. A party that was sent to Kentucky by the Hudson's Bay Company to obtain sheep for the Red River settlements stopped at Lac qui Parle in 1832 during its return journey. When it left this place, Renville followed to make arrangements for safe passage through the Indian country.

"One visitor to Lac qui Parle found fault with Renville--George W. Featherstonhaugh, the irritable English traveler. He gave the following account of his reception: Renville, the half-breed, who acted as agent for the Fur Company, supposing we were come on a rival trading expedition, shewed his unfriendly disposition by not coming down to the landing...to meet us.... On reaching the fort, Renville advanced and saluted me, but not cordially." Featherstonhaugh claimed that Renville tried to take advantage of him in selling horses and he asserted that the trader checked the influence of the missionaries over the Indians as much as possible. Williamson was at a loss to understand Featherstonhaugh's denunciation of Renville, who 'endeavoured to entertain him as well as was in his power.'

"Far from checking the influence of the missionaries over the Indians, Renville worked toward the same ends as the missionaries. He tried to keep peace and organized among his followers a form of civil government. Since the village of Lac qui Parle was far removed from a military post and contiguous to the land of the Chippewa, he was obliged to retain a group of braves for protection. These Indians guarded his property and made it possible for the missionaries to carry on farming and cattle raising.

"As far as he was able Renville restrained the Indians from committing depredations. When the trader was away from Lac qui Parle in August, 1840, the Indians planned to drive the missionaries away and kill their cattle, but
when he returned, all was quiet. Later in the year, however, the Indians killed some of Renville's cattle. He may have aroused their enmity because he sought to destroy their superstitions. Another possible cause of their hostility was the diminished price of peltries. The population of Lac qui Parle must have been difficult to control, for it was composed of people of Yankee, French, Scotch, Irish, half-breed; and Sioux origin. A visitor described this heterogeneous group as a 'higgled-piggledy assembly' which reminded him of the dish called hodge-podge.

"Besides trying to maintain law and order, Renville endeavored to introduce the arts of civilized men among his people and he himself set an example. He met with opposition, however, for 'the traders were displeased to have the Indians adopt civilized habits.' Renville established for himself a stationary abode by building a store and a dwelling house; and he owned seventy milch cows and as many sheep. He was glad to have the missionaries give instruction to his sons in farming and to his daughters in spinning and weaving. The daughters lacked interest in this work, however, because they believed that their relatives, who were traders, would provide them with better clothing than they themselves could make. Renville wanted his children to learn English. Williamson undertook to teach them and used novel methods of instruction. When he began to teach English words, he would smooth the ashes on the hearth and draw the letters by means of a pointer. Thereupon the Indians would imitate him. By October, 1836, some of the more advanced scholars of the mission school, including Renville's children, sometimes read portions of the Bible in English at the Sabbath meetings. One of Renville's sons and three of his daughters who had studied English were given the task of copying an English-Sioux vocabulary compiled by Mrs. Riggs. After Renville's daughters had been trained sufficiently, they assisted in teaching the Indians. The group taught by one of the daughters had the largest attendance of any class in the village. When the missionaries were unable to conduct the school at their station, this daughter taught at her father's house. As compensation for their services two of Renville's daughters received two dollars a scholar per quarter from the missionaries, the amount being paid in goods. In 1844 Williamson requested his mission board to make some further allowance to the Misses Renville, "especially as owing to reverses in the trade, their father with all his family is now reduced to
straitened circumstances.' On the whole the missionaries looked upon Renville as a 'staunch and influential friend' of education among the natives.

"Renville was as much concerned about the spiritual welfare of the Indians as he was about their education. 'Mr. Renville was active in persuading those under his influence to attend religious meetings,' writes Riggs. A year after the mission was established, Renville undertook the responsibility for opening and closing each Sabbath meeting with a prayer in French or in Dakota. A chance visitor to Lac qui Parle has left an interesting picture of him in this capacity: 'The morning service was concluded with prayer offered in the Sioux language, by Ran Vielle, the present master of Fort Ran Vielle. Nothing could be more interesting than to see the savage of the wilderness assemble with the sons and daughters of the Lord in the places appointed for prayer; to hear the wild and rude sons of the forest sing the praises of their Maker and Saviour, in their own uncultivated and barbarous language.' These meetings were well attended until Renville came to the conclusion that the missionaries were injuring his trade. Then he and his family absented themselves from the devotional meetings and by their example led others to stay away. Riggs thereupon explained that the missionaries had interfered with the trade only to the extent of purchasing a few deer skins from the Indians for moccasins. Renville and his family resumed their attendance at the meetings and Williamson discouraged the Indians in their desire to have another trader who...would oppose Renville. That the trader needed to be approached diplomatically, however, is evident. He took offense, for example, when the missionaries declined to receive some of his children at the church communion. The reason offered by the missionaries was that the spiritual knowledge and religious attitude of the children were not satisfactory.

"Before the missionaries went to Lac qui Parle, Renville had taught his children to read the Bible. According to Riggs, the volume that was used bore John Calvin's signature on the fly leaf. If this was a family Bible, one is tempted to suspect that Renville may have been descended from French Huguenots. His wife attributed her conversion to instruction that she had received from her husband. The missionaries attested that he had more religious knowledge than could have been expected of one who had never heard a Gospel sermon and understood the French of the Bible and prayer books with
difficulty.

"In order that the Indians might be given religious instruction, it was deemed necessary to translate the Bible and some prayer books. The missionaries spent two years, with Renville's aid, in translating the Book of Genesis, the Acts of the Apostles, the Book of Revelation, all of Paul's Epistles, and a third of the Psalms. The following procedure was adopted by the missionaries in the work of translation: a verse was read in French, Renville repeated it in Dakota, and the missionaries wrote it down as he spoke. After each verse was finished it was read aloud to Renville and corrected if necessary. Sometimes the missionaries did not manage to write down all the words of Renville's translation. In such cases the trader repeated. It must have flattered him to know that he could do this for the missionaries. It was said that he showed by the twinkle in his eyes a consciousness of superiority. But the missionaries did not object. The process, Riggs said, "was of incalculable advantage to us in helping us to decide upon many terms proper to be used, as well as in learning the language."

"The work of translation demanded a great deal of labor and patience. One of the greatest difficulties was that the Sioux language lacked words that convey certain of the concepts of the Christian religion. It is very likely that at times Renville misapprehended Williamson's meaning or that the missionary failed to write as Renville spoke. Translations by the missionaries might have been more literal, but their lack of an idiomatic knowledge of the language would have made a Sioux version by them inferior to that offered by Renville. Although his translation was not literal, he succeeded in conveying the sense of the original. He communicated with his own people in language that was considered "truly elegant." By July, 1841, the missionaries were finishing the translation of the Gospel of John, which they looked upon as better than any in the preparation of which Renville had aided them earlier.

"In letter after letter Williamson expressed his indebtedness to Renville for his aid. Not only did he help in the work of translation, but he also donated a hundred dollars for publishing the results of this work. This gift must have meant a considerable sacrifice, for he never had much
money. In 1841 Riggs asked the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, under which he worked, for a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars to pay Renville for his services during the past year. Riggs suggested that Renville should not be allowed to feel independent of the missionaries, for he might then withhold his assistance. As a result of this suggestion the American Board paid Renville two hundred dollars for past services, but it was not in a position to promise him an annual grant. After his death in March, 1846, the American Board honored Renville by publishing an obituary in its organ, the Missionary Herald.

"In commenting on Renville's service as an interpreter, one writer states: 'Renville had that energy and independence which enabled him to decide for himself and act upon his decisions.' This characteristic was invaluable in his activities as a leader of the Indians in battle and as a fur-trader. His position, Indian blood, and influence frequently enabled him to obtain concessions from men, and he was not accustomed to contradiction. Though it was said that his 'talents, decisive measures & Success have made him enemies among both white & Red men,' the missionaries bore him no malice. He shared their interest in educating and civilizing the Indians. Whatever they accomplished along these lines was due in considerable part to the aid of the untutored but inherently virile and intelligent Renville." (Minnesota History, 12:231-246.)

SIBLEY'S VISIT TO THE UPPER MINNESOTA IN 1835

Henry E. Sibley's unfinished autobiography has an interesting story which involved Joseph Renville and Dr. Thomas S. Williamson. Sibley arrived in Minnesota late in 1834. As the representative of the American Fur Company he desired to visit the firm's trading posts. In doing so he ascended the Minnesota River. Though he visited Lac qui Parle, he did not mention the fact. He wrote:

"In the fall of 1835, I started with but one of my voyageurs, both of us being mounted, to visit and inspect the trading posts, established at long distances from each other. ....

"The last trading post visited, was situated on the bank of Lake Travers, near the source of the Minnesota River.... The clerk I had placed in charge
of this important depot, was no less a personage than Major Joseph R. Brown.

"A sad accident occurred during my stay, which narrowly escaped being fatal to a pretty Indian girl. Several of us were engaged in pistol shooting at a mark, Joseph Renville the trader at Lac qui Parle, being present, and of the number. He was practising with a fine pair of duelling pistols, furnished with hair triggers, which were the gift to him of a British officer with whom he had become acquainted. When his turn to fire came, he had set the hair trigger of the pistol, and being un-acquainted with so delicate an arm, he unfortunately touched the trigger before taking aim, and the pistol was discharged, sending its missle into a group of women and children, who were assembled to witness the sport. The report was followed by a piercing shriek from the sixteen year old girl, and she was seized by the older women, and placed on a bed in the nearest building. I followed to ascertain the extent of the injury inflicted, and found the bed surrounded by wailing females, who were doing nothing for the sufferer. I pushed them rudely aside for it was no time for ceremony, and found that the girl had been shot in the groin, the ball passing through that portion of the body. I was soon satisfied that no artery, or other important blood vessel had been severed, as there was but little hemorrhage from the wound. My limited knowledge of surgery would not permit of a further diagnosis, but I feared that inflammation might supervene, and prove fatal to the patient. Knowing that Doctor Williamson, a missionary, and physician of repute, was at Lac qui Parle, sixty miles distant, I suggested to Renville, an instant departure for that post, with a view of procuring his aid as soon as possible. We forthwith started, after prescribing the application of cold water to the injured parts, and rode rapidly with a hope of reaching Lac qui Parle some time during the night. But we were overtaken by a fearful wind, and rain storm, after having accomplished about half the route, and the night was so dark, that we could not follow in the proper direction, and were forced to lie down in the prairie, at the crossing the Pomme de Terre River, exposed to the peltings of the tempests until dawn. On arriving at the station, we hastened the departure of the Doctor, who willingly complied with our urgent request, and I continued on my homeward way. I was rejoiced to learn, subsequently, from Dr. Williamson, that the girl was doing well, and all
dangerous symptoms had disappeared. She entirely recovered, and eventually became the lawful wife of Major Brown, by whom she had a number of children, some of whom are yet living, as is the woman herself.

"We were overtaken by a driving snow storm in the wide prairie, the day after our departure from Lac qui Parle, and were glad to find partial shelter in a small grove of poplars, where we spent a day, and two comfortless nights, being poorly prepared for such premature winter experience. We reached Mendota safely, and without further adventure." (Minnesota History 8:359-361.)

**AT THE TREATY OF 1851**

James M. Goodhue, the young founder and editor of The Pioneer newspaper of St. Paul, arrived at Traverse des Sioux on June 30, 1851, to report the negotiations by which the Sioux were to sell nearly all of southern and western Minnesota. In his accounts sent to his paper he made a number of remarks about the Indians of Lac qui Parle and their affairs. As the Indian chiefs and head men from far and wide were gathering at the treaty site, Goodhue wrote on July 14:

"The Lac qui Parle Indians have brought down with them a young wolf, of that large kind known as the white wolf, which often attack and kill colts belonging to the Indians. He is a savage little fellow, although young.... Tomorrow morning two cart-loads of corn will be sent up the river, to meet the remote bands on their way down, who are represented to be, as usual, 'in a starving condition.'" He also reported that a "Sisseton Indian has arrived, who says that five days ago, a party of six Sisseton Sioux, including two of his own children, were attacked 40 miles above Lac qui Parle by a band of 20 Chippewas (or possibly Winnebagoes), who killed and scalped all but one of their number, a boy who escaped by running. The boy ran 30 miles without stopping. Two other Sioux returned with the boy to the place of the slaughter, where they found five mangled and beheaded. They laid their remains in a pile and covered them with a blanket, where they remained until the remainder of the Sisseton band came down on their way to the treaty, who found and burned the dead. This butchery occurred just after sunrise."

On July 16, Goodhue wrote that there were along the Minnesota three bands of Sissetons. The first, numbering 150, was at Little Rapids; "second
Lac qui Parle band, 125 miles above Traverse des Sioux on the Minnesota river, numbering 400, Chief Big Gun; third - Big Stone Lake band, 50 miles northwest of Lac qui Parle, numbering 150, these have no chief being a branch of the Lac qui Parle band, their head man is called The End, they are very shiftless.

Goodhue further wrote: "On Friday next, it is thought, that the treaty will be opened. Mr. McLeod having returned from Lac qui Parle with information that all the chiefs and principal men of the remote bands will be here Thursday evening."

July 23, 1851 was the day when the treaty was to be signed. Goodhue wrote: "The English copy of the treaty was now read aloud by the secretary of the commission, and then immediately afterwards the Rev. S. R. Riggs, the missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Lac qui Parle and the author of the Dakota Lexicon, who was acting as one of the interpreters of the commission, read the translation in Dakota. Those who are acquainted with both languages say, that the translation was full and clear...."

A correspondent in The Minnesotan of April 29, 1853, stated that the fur company's agent, George McLeod, was getting timber ready to build a warehouse and dwelling at Traverse des Sioux. He wrote: "Geo. McLeod has just arrived from Lac qui Parle in a huge cottonwood canoe 25 feet long by 44 inches across the middle, made from a single tree, bringing down in it, beside the crew, 40 bushels of potatoes. The river has only been moderately high this season."

(Copied from Thomas Hughes' Old Traverse des Sioux; Herald Publishing Co., St. Peter, Minn., 1929; pages 52-53, 55, 57, 68, and 103.)

NICOLLET AND FREMONT'S VISITS TO LAC QUI PARLE, 1838-1839.

By Dr. Donald D. Parker

Two of the greatest explorers of the continent visited Lac qui Parle twice, in 1838 and 1839. The head of the expeditions was Joseph N. Nicollet (1786-1843), who had arrived from France in 1832. His assistant was John Charles Fremont (1813-1890), who was soon to be known as the Pathfinder of the West, as a senator from California, as the first candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket, 1856, as a Civil War general, and as the governor of Arizona Territory, 1878-1883.
Nicollet was a distinguished astronomer, Fremont was to be the cartographer, and other scientists joined them. In St. Louis they obtained some supplies and secured more at Fort Snelling when they reached there on May 25, 1838. A fortnight later Fremont wrote to his mother that they would be gone for three months. "During that period you will receive no news from me, as there is no post communication whatever after leaving this place. .... I like Nicollet very much. Though he is inclined to spare neither himself nor us as regards labor, he yet takes every means to make us comfortable. He is a real Frenchman in this.... He has provided a nice little store of coffee, chocolate, tea, prepared soup, etc., in addition to the more substantial articles of food. He has got a store of medicine and makes me take some pills occasionally. As far as regards science, I am improving under him daily, and my health, under the influence of this delicious climate, has become excellent.

"In addition to myself, Mr. Nicollet has with him on his own account a young gentleman of New York whose name is (Eugene) Flandin, and a German Botanist, a Mr. (Charles) Geyer, both very amiable and agreeable.

"We journey this river in a large boat manned with nine men. As soon as we reach (Traverse des Sioux)...we put ourselves, provisions, instruments, tents, etc., into wagons and, with our company of thirteen in all, take to the prairies. I anticipate an interesting and delightful expedition."

In addition to the gentlemen mentioned by Fremont, there was a fifth white man, Mr. De Montmort, an attache of the French legation in Washington. The rest of the party consisted of two mixed-bloods, Joseph LaFramboise and Joseph Renville, son of the trader at Lac qui Parle. These two took along their wives as did one of two other mixed-breeds, Louison Freniere and William Dickson. Young Sleepy Eye also accompanied them. There were also eight cart drivers, mixed-bloods or French Canadians. In all there were nearly two dozen in the party.

Having left the Minnesota River they headed southwest toward Pipestone Quarry. Nicollet wrote in his journal: "My eight voyageurs, each at the head of a heavily loaded cart. LaFramboise is at the head of the column with his wife and Eugene in the cart. Fremont, Geyer, and I are in the wagon of Joseph Renville and his wife; we bring up the rear of the column in order to supervise the line of march.

"The flag floats in the center of the column; the son of the chief of
the Sissetons, Sleepy Eyes, accompanies the flag. The heat is overwhelming, but it does not prevent the voyageurs from dancing, from running races, from wrestling, and from giving themselves up to lashings on the beautiful turf which we cross. The camp of the caravan is sometimes picturesque."

They visited and thoroughly investigated Pipestone Quarry, where their inscribed initials may still be seen. Then they went north to Lake Benton, northwest to the Oakwood Lakes of Brookings County and to Lake Poinsett. They visited a large Indian camp a few miles east of Lake Kampska and continued east to Lac qui Parle. Nicollet's journal for Sunday, July 15, 1838, reads as follows:

"There remained only 10 or 12 miles for us to travel to-day to reach Lac qui Parle. Therefore, we left the camp at 11:00, having used the morning to make ourselves a little more presentable than we would generally have been able to do on long journeys." They arrived at Lac qui Parle about 3:15 P.M., and Nicollet noted: "There the St. Peter is narrow, slimy, and deep. It is not fordable. Its width is about 60 feet. Mr. Renville (the trader) had returned three days earlier. He was expecting our arrival, and by the aid of his canoes the passage of the river was effected without accident to our men, our horses, and our baggage.

"We were sincerely and cordially received by Mr. Renville. Wahanantantn, the chief of the Yanktons, who had expected us for 20 days, came with him to receive us upon our debarking." (This chief of the Yanktonai Sioux was for three decades, until his death in 1848, the most powerful Indian in the eastern Dakotas and west central Minnesota. He was better known as Waneta, the Charger, a name he won in the War of 1812 while fighting on the side of the British against the Americans.) "Wah-hanantantn! 6 feet and 3 inches, with human proportions most correct, a handsome figure with fine features, without thick lips, without high cheekbones, his gentle gaze, his mouth opening pleasantly, his hair blown by the wind on the left side of his forehead, decorated with war-feathers, some green spectacles, his pipe and the case top in his hand, ... his trimmed tunic, his mantle of buffalo skin, crowded with the story of wars, etc., etc., -- nothing is more beautiful.

"Sojourn at Lac qui Parle"

"From Sunday evening, the 15th, to Friday morning, July 20th."

"Lac qui Parle -- Mde iedian, or, better, Mde iemand. Mde is -- (mean-
ing) Lac parle (lake speaks). They add 'iedan' to indicate it is not some-
thing ordinary. Tradition says that an old Sioux declared that the lake
spoke with him one time in the night.

"Joseph Renville, Sr., has occupied the post of the American (Fur) Com-
pany at Lac qui Parle for 15 years. He was born at the Montagne Trempe a L{}-
eau on the Mississippi. He was 22 years old when he came among the Sioux at
large, of which he is the king because of the benefits which he gives to them.
He is the son of Joseph Renville, born in Canada and reared in France where
his father was born. Joseph Renville, Sr., is a quarter Indian. His mother
was a half-breed of the Mdewakonwan tribe. He married a Sioux of pure blood
and of the same tribe. He has eight children, four boys and four girls:
Savoir Joseph, the eldest, Antoine, Michel, and Jean; Angeline, the eldest,
Rosalie, Madeleine, and Marguerite. Their relatives among the Sioux are num-
eros. This contributes a good deal to extend the great influence which his
acts, of a liberal and generous heart, give him. His manner is gentle,
simple, and without affectation. He has a little mixture of the vanity char-
acteristic of half-breeds, but the good humor which he adds to it removes any
offence. His opinion and his conduct are all in favor of the United States.
I learned there of numerous things which place this point beyond any doubt.
His home is the only one which dispenses open hospitality to voyageurs who
travel through these immense deserted regions of the Northwest of the United
States. It is not only hospitality which he dispenses with all the excel-
ence of his heart, but it is also his effective protection, always indis-
pensable in these questions. Such a man never fails to have his enemies. He
has them. But he is not able to be dangerous to public opinion, which will
be enlightened by the deeds that I had knowledge of long before I visited
him at his home.

"Joseph Renville, Sr., is of small stature and of an almost delicate
constitution. The intelligence and the information, which makes it worthy
of remark, earns him esteem when one reflects that, passing his life among
savages, he had never had the opportunity of receiving an education. He is
the best instructed man I have ever seen on the Sioux nation. One is able
to judge so by the account that Major Long gives of this great nation, the
materials for which came to him from Renville. He is the elder brother of
Victor Renville of whom I spoke in my voyage to the sources of the Mississip-
pi (in 1836). He was a fine man, as good as his brother (Joseph)....

"Joseph Renville, Sr., and Wa-hanantan (Waneta) are the same two individuals of these names who are spoken of so highly in the second expedition of Major Long (up the Minnesota River in 1823).

"Wa-hanantan, the chief of the Yanktonais, is of the Sioux tribe which one calls Wazikute, (meaning) shooters among pine trees, and who are also called the people "des perches" (meaning) perch, poles, horns. His name comes from the verb Hanantanpi — (meaning) to bear hard upon, or charge upon something or the enemy." (Nicollet's Journal, Minnesota Historical Society.)

Fremont had the following to say about Renville and their reception at Lac qui Parle: "The head of the Renville family, a French Canadian, was a border chief. Between him and the British line was an unoccupied region of some seven hundred miles. Over all the Indian tribes which ranged these plains he had a controlling influence; they obeyed himself and his son, who was a firm-looking man of decided character. Their good will was a passport over this country.

"The hospitable reception which is the rule of the country met us here. I take pleasure in emphasizing and dwelling on this because it is apart from the hospitality of civilized life. There is lively satisfaction on both sides. The advent of strangers in an isolated place brings novelty and excitement; and to the stranger arriving, there is great enjoyment in the change from privations and watchful unrest, to the quiet safety and profusion of plenty in such a frontier home. Our stay here was made very agreeable. We had abundance of milk and fresh meat and vegetables, all seasoned with a traveller's appetite and a hearty welcome.

"To gratify us a game of Lacrosse was played with spirit and skill by the Indians. Among the players was a young half-breed of unusual height, who was incomparably the swiftest runner among them. He was a relation of the Renvelles and seemed to have some recognized family authority, for during the play he would seize an Indian by his long hair and hurl him backward to the ground to make room for himself, the other taking it as a matter of course.

"Some time was spent here in visiting the various lakes near by, fixing their position and gathering information concerning the character of the country and its Indians. This over, and the limit of the present journey
attained, we turned our faces eastward and started back to the mouth of the
St. Peter's (Fort Snelling)." (S.D. Historical Collections, 10:74-75.)

The winter of 1838-1839 was spent in St. Louis working on their explora-
tion notes and maps and planning their trip for the summer of 1839. They
left St. Louis by steamboat on April 4 and arrived at Fort Pierre on June 12.
There they made further preparations and secured more men as well as horses,
carts, and provisions. Their party of about twenty included Nicollet, Fre-
mont, William Dickson, Louison Freeniare, Charles Geyer, Mr. May, Captain
Belligny, Etienne Provost, and others. On July 1-2 they moved their party
and 17 horses across the Missouri and started for the James River traveling
northeast. While at Lac qui Parle in 1838 Nicollet had arranged to have a
reinforcement of Indians from that place meet him on the James River on July
8-12, 1839, but when the expedition reached that point (variously known as
Talle de Chenes, Oakwood Settlement, or Otuhu-oju near the boundary of Brown
and Spink counties), on July 10, no one was there.

From there the party traveled north to Devils Lake, then turned south
and explored the northeastern lake region of South Dakota. Fremont wrote:
"From the lake region we descended 800 or 900 feet to the lower prairies
and took up our march for the residence of our friends, the Renvilles.

"Some well employed time was devoted here to make examinations of the
Big Stone and other lakes and to making observations and collecting materials
to render Mr. Nicollet's projected map of this region as nearly complete as
practicable. In all these excursions we had the effective aid of the Ren-
villes, whose familiar knowledge of the country enabled us to economize both
labor and time.

"The autumn was far advanced when we took our leave of this post. That
year the prairie flowers had been exceptional in luxuriance and beauty. The
rich lowlands near the house were radiant with asters and golden-rod, and
memory chanced to associate these flowers, as the last thing seen, with the
place. Since then I have not been in that country or seen the Renvilles; but
still I never see the golden-rod and purple asters in handsome bloom, without
thinking of that hospitable refuge on the far northern prairies." (S.D. His-
torical Collections, 10:96-97; copied from "Memoirs of My Life," by John
Charles Fremont, volume 1, pages 34-54.)
Joseph Renville was the guide and interpreter for the military party of Major Long in the summer of 1823, as it made its way up the Minnesota River to the boundary lakes and to the Canadian line.

"The party consisted of Stephen H. Long, major of topographical engineer Thomas Say, zoologist and antiquary; William H. Keating, mineralogist and geologist; Samuel Seymour, landscape painter and designer; these left Philadelphia on April 30; they were joined in Columbus by James Edward Colhoun, astronomer and assistant topographer. At...Prairie du Chien...they were reenforced by an escort of a corporal and nine men under the command of Lieutenant Martin Scott."

Ascending the Mississippi they visited Fort St. Anthony, later known as Fort Snelling.

"When the party left Fort St. Anthony on July 9, it had recruited that well-known trader and interpreter, Joseph Renville.... Keating's praise of Renville was...generous and unstinted.... "We have met with few men," he writes, 'that appeared to us to be gifted with a more inquiring and discerning mind, or with more force and penetration than Renville.... We found him uniformly faithful, intelligent, and as veracious as any interpreter we ever had in our company." Joseph Snelling, son of the commander at the fort, accompanied the party in the capacity of assistant guide and interpreter. A third interpreter named Louis Pellais also accompanied the expedition. Another gentleman who joined the party at this point was Giacomo C. Beltrami. Beltrami was an Italian lawyer and linguist, at one time an army officer and later a civil judge, who had come to America as a political refugee."

As the party ascended the Minnesota it visited the Indian villages.

"Keating records with satisfaction that they encountered some Indians who told them that many buffalo had already been killed on Lake Traverse; these same Indians camped near them that night and treated them to a feast of buffalo meat, in which, however, they were greatly disappointed, regarding it as tough and tasteless. "This disappointment arose, however,"
Keating remarks, "from the circumstance of its being jerked, instead of fresh meat."

"A short day's journey, during which they crossed the Lac qui Parle and Chippewa rivers just above their mouths, brought the party to Lac qui Parle, the French for the original Indian name, 'the lake that talks.' Keating remarks that they were unable to discern any remarkable echo in this vicinity which might have given rise to the name. Here they noticed a number of graves of a sort much used by the Indians. The corpse was placed in a very shallow grave or on the surface of the ground and a roof of stakes was constructed above it to prevent the attack of wolves, which were very common in the vicinity and which would dig the body up if it were merely buried. In spite of the great strength of the stakes some of the graves had been broken open and contents scattered.

"The party pitched tents on a hill at the lower extremity of Lac qui Parle, where they remained half a day before proceeding to Big Stone Lake. Two young wolves were seen near Beaver Creek, which was the name then given Lac qui Parle River, and were 'easily caught by the soldiers, to whom a reward was offered if they would carry them alive to Mackinaw; but they both made their escape during the night.' Keating remarks that 'in the dull monotony of a journey across the prairie, destitute of interest, and uninterrupted by any incident, the capture of these wolves created such a sensation in the party as will not be readily conceived by those who have not experienced how eagerly man seizes the first opportunity of being relieved from his own thoughts, when he has been left to the uninterrupted exercise of them for a certain length of time."

At the upper end of the lake they found that the Minnesota had lost all its character as a river; that it was a mere rivulet twenty or thirty feet wide, its waters stagnant and obstructed by the growth of high grass and wild rice. Before reaching Big Stone Lake they observed vast deposits of granite. A very large block had painted upon it, in red, circles, crescents, and crosses, consecrated to the sun, moon, and stars - a primitive altar at which the savage Indian paused to offer his sacrifices to the ruling spirits.

"On the twenty-second the party reached Big Stone Lake. At the lower end of the lake was an Indian village consisting of thirty skin lodges, which they visited."
"In the afternoon of the twenty-second they arrived at the American Fur Company's establishment on the western side of the lake, about halfway up the shore (Hartford Beach). Here they found Hazen Moore, one of the most romantic figures in the history of the fur trade, who was in charge. .... 

"A messenger was sent from the post at Big Stone to that of the Columbia Fur Company farther up on Lake Traverse to announce the approach of the party. This company had been organized only a year before by Joseph Renville and others interested in exploiting the trade of this region, from which the English had been ousted by federal law seven years before."

(Copied from Theodore Christianson, "The Long and Beltrami Explorations ...." Minnesota History 5: 251, 255, 259-261.)

W.H. Keating's account of the expedition adds the following information about the Lac qui Parle area: "The St. Peter dwindles into a very small stream probably not more than fifteen or twenty yards wide in any part, above Patterson's rapids. It is fordable everywhere. The valley presents a fine rich soil, rather swampy in places, and covered with high grass and wild rice; it is often woody. Wherever the primitive rocks are found, they are bare. The trees consist principally of cotton wood and ash. .... The young whippoorwill was found at that time, nearly strong enough to fly. The mosquitoes increased in abundance and virulence as we advanced.

"A short day's journey brought the party to the Lac qui parle, which is an expansion of the river about seven and a half miles long, and from one quarter to three quarters of a mile wide. .... Previous to reaching Lake qui parle, we passed two small tributaries of the St. Peter, on the right bank; one of which is called by the traders, Beaver, (now Lac qui Parle), by the Indians, Watapan intapa, which signifies the 'river at the head,' as they consider the lake to be the head of the St. Peter. .... On Beaver rivulet, the bank, which was high and steep, was found to consist of loose white sand. Near this bank there were seven or eight tumuli, all placed on a straight line except one, which was in advance of the other. On the two largest, which were five feet high, and thirty feet in diameter at the base, recent graves of a kind now much used by the Indians, were observed. In these the corpse is deposited in a very shallow excavation, or more frequently upon the surface of the ground, and stakes placed over it, forming a sort of a roof. These stakes are very necessary to protect the remains of the dead.
against the rapacity of wolves, who, if they were merely interred, would dig them up. In this case, notwithstanding the great strength of the stakes, the grave had been broken open, and its contents scattered over the ground. The wolves appear to be very abundant in these prairies. We have frequently heard them barking in the night, and occasionally seen them.

"We spent half a day in the vicinity of Lake qui parle; our tents were pitched on an eminence near the lower extremity of the lake, commanding an extensive prospect, adorned with this beautiful sheet of water. The country, as we advanced, evidently became more elevated, but no hills of any magnitude were visible except the bluffs of rivers and rivulets. The elevation to which they attain, frequently equals, and sometimes exceeds, one hundred feet. The precipices, to which these bluffs give rise, are the boundaries of extensive and undulating plains, destitute of woods; trees are only seen skirting the banks of the water-courses. Above the lake the bluffs diminish in height; those along the valley of the St. Peter not exceeding forty feet; in some cases they disappear, and gentle slopes blend gradually the prairie and the valley of the river. At the upper end of the lake, the St. Peter has lost all its characters; it is a rivulet of from twenty to thirty feet wide; its bed is very much obstructed with high grass and wild rice; its waters are almost stagnant.

"It is interesting, as we proceed, to find that the same devotional spirit which we observed below still exists. Many rocks are used as consecrated spots, at which the Indian pauses to offer a sacrifice to the ruling Spirits. A very large block, covered with circles, crescents and crosses, designed with red paint, was considered sacred to the heavenly bodies, and these marks were held to be designations of the sun, moon, and stars. The party were likewise occasionally gladdened with a view of fresh tracks of the buffalo."

Keating then relates the following interesting story: "While travelling over the prairie which borders upon that part of the St. Peter, that connects Lake qui parle with Big Stone Lake, our attention was aroused by the sight of what appeared to be buffaloes chased across the prairie. They, however, soon proved to be Indians; their number, at first limited to two, gradually increased to near one hundred; they were seen rising from every part of the
prairie, and after those in the advance had reconnoitred us, and made sig-
nals that we were friends, by discharging their guns, they all came run-
ning towards us, and in a few minutes we found ourselves surrounded by
a numerous band. They had at first been apprehensive that we might be
enemies, and this was the cause of the different manoeuvres which they
made previous to discharging their guns. The effect of these guns, fired
upon the prairie in every direction, and by each, as soon as he had acqui-
ered the requisite degree of certainty that the strangers were friends, was
really very beautiful. As they approached, we had an opportunity of ob-
serving that these Indians were good-looking and straight; none were large,
not were any remarkable for the symmetry of their forms. They were, for
the greater part, destitute of clothing, except the breechcloth, which most
of them wore. A few, however, and these adults, had divested themselves of
this almost indispensable article of dress. We were indeed surprised to see
some old men among them quite naked, and no notice appeared to be taken of
it by the others. Some of them, and particularly the young men were dressed
with care and ostentation; they wore looking-glasses suspended to their
garments. Others had papers of pins, purchased from the traders, as orna-
ments. We observed that one, who appeared to be a man of some note among
them, had a live sparrowhawk on his head, by way of distinction; this man
wore also a buffalo robe, on which eight bear tracks were painted. Some
of them were mounted on horseback, and were constantly drumming upon the
sides of their horses with their heels, being destitute both of whip and spur.
Many of them came and shook hands with us, while the rest were riding all
round us in different directions. They belonged, as we were told, to the
Wahkpatoan, one of the tribes of the Dacotas. Their chief being absent, the
principal man among them told us that they had thirty lodges of their people
at the lower end of the lake, and invited us to visit them, which invitation
was accepted. These Indians demonstrated the greatest friendship and satis-
faction at seeing us. As we rode towards their lodges, we were met by a
large party of squaws and children, who formed a very motley group. These
squaws had no ornament, nor did they seem to value themselves upon their
personal appearance. We observed that both they and the men had very hand-
some small feet and hands. The moccassins, which they usually wear, prevent
their feet from spreading, as is the case with those who walk unrestrained by any kind of shoe. From the use of these, as probably also from the habit of walking with caution, their feet retained a beautiful arched form. The dress of the women consisted of a long wrapper, with short sleeves, of dark calico; this covered them from the shoulders to the waist; a piece of blue broadcloth wound two or three times round the waist, and its end tucked in, extended to the knee. They also wore leggings of blue or scarlet cloth. Their forms were rather clumsy; their waists not very delicate; they exhibited a great breadth of hips. Their motions were not graceful...."

At Lake Traverse the expedition met the great Yanktonai Sioux chief, Waneta, and Keating gives a detailed description of him.

(Copied from William H. Keating, "Narrative of An Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River...." vol. 1, pp. 357-360, 367-369.)

THE POND BROTHERS AT LAC QUI PARLE, 1836-1839

Samuel W. Pond and his brother Gideon united with the Congregational Church in Washington, Connecticut, in the fall of 1831. They soon decided they could best serve Christ by going among the Indians of the West. Samuel set out in March 1833 and Gideon was to join him the following year. He worked for about a year at Galena, Ill., where his brother joined him. On May 1, 1834 they started for the Fort Snelling area and soon located nearby at Lake Calhoun, where they diligently began to learn the Dakota language. They invented an alphabet for sounds not easily adapted to English sounds. When the missionaries came in the spring of 1835, Samuel Pond later wrote, "we submitted the alphabet to their inspection. Dr (Thomas S.) Williamson said they would use it for the present till they could have time to discover what alterations were required...." During the winter of 1835-36 Samuel Pond went on a hunt with the Indians, learning much more of their language.

"While I was absent that winter Dr. W. wrote to us requesting one of us to go up to Lac qui parle and aid them in studying Dakota, and G....proposed that I should go up and learn what he was expected to do at Lac q. p. if he went there: and I started on foot in February, and after a somewhat perilous journey during which I was caught in a prairie snow storm and was five days without food I reached Lac qui parle safe but hungry, and tired for I walked
the last day a long distance in deep snow without any track. It seems strange to me now that we could perform those journeys exposed to the fiercest storms and sleeping out in the coldest nights with no protection from the inclemency of the weather except the clothing we wore by day and a blanket or buffalo skin, but in fact we did not expect to be comfortable. If we could avoid freezing it was about all we hoped for. When we encamped at night the first thing to be done was to scrape away the snow with our feet - kindle a fire and gather wood enough to keep it burning till morning. Then we sat by the fire with our blankets on our shoulders and our backs to the wind till we were sleepy. Then we drove ourselves into as small a compass as possible so that we could wrap our blankets all around us leaving out neither head nor feet. But our naps were short for either the cold or our cramped position would soon awaken us, when we stirred up the fire and sat by it till we were sleepy again, and thus we spent the night alternately sleeping and waking till the welcome daylight came when we could resume our journey and warm ourselves by exercise. I have spent more than one night thus alone, but not entirely alone for I was serenaded by wolves.

"It was evident they needed help at Lac qui parle about the language for though Dr. W. was studying with characteristic diligence and perseverance he made little progress. With the help of a grammar and lexicon he could learn to read a language with tolerable facility, but he found it so difficult to learn to speak the Dakota that almost any other man would have been utterly discouraged. Mrs. Huggins was learning to talk with the Indians for her house was always full of them, and she was young and quick to learn, but the Dr. would not have thought he could learn any thing from her.

"My brother went up in the Spring of 1836 and remained there three years, aiding them greatly in acquiring the language and in obtaining translations from Mr. (Joseph) Renville. As Mr Renville could neither read nor write the passage of Scripture to be translated was read to him, one verse at a time, and the Dakota written down as he dictated it. Wherever G. went much hard manual labor seemed to fall to his lot, and as he had aided Mr. S. in building at Lake Harriet, so he helped build Dr. W.'s house at Lac qui parle, and he with a Frenchman
sawed all the boards for the house by hand. In the spring of 1837, hoping to add something to his knowledge of their habits and modes of thinking he accompanied a small party of Indians who went up the Chippewa river in pursuit of game. When he had been with them a few days the tent in which he slept was removed to a distance from the others, and the first night after the removal all that were in the other lodges except two were killed by the Chippewa. He and an Indian gathered the scattered fragments of the bodies of the slain and buried them, and he went back to L. q. p. but his strength was nearly exhausted by labor and fasting.

".... About the first of June 1837, Mr. (Stephen R.) Riggs arrived at Lake Harriet and I had the honor of giving to the future D. D. L. L. D. - Author of the Dakota grammar and Dictionary &c his first lessons in Dakota. I continued to help him what I could till September when he left for Lac qui parle carrying with him many hundred words that G. and I had collected and doubtless my brother and others at L. q. p. furnished him with other words faster than he could learn to use them. .... In the summer of 1837, I wrote the story of Joseph and sent it to Lac qui parle where it was revised by Gideon. I believe that was the first book in Dakota written by a Missionary that was published, except(t) lessons for children in school.

".... About the middle of April I left The Traverse on foot with Eagle Head a chief and his son a youth about twenty years of age to go to Lac qui parle for G. and I contemplated commencing a new station near where Fort Ridgley now stands.

".... We had no tent, and our journey was very disagreeable owing to cold rains and sleet which drenched our clothing, and when we reached the Chippewa River one cold windy day we found the stream high and rapid, and no means of crossing except a canoe which lay on the opposite shore full of water. Eagle Head said he was too old, and his son was too young to swim the river, and I did not feel like plunging into that cold water and stemming that rapid current, but I had been out of provision for some time, and there was a prospect of a storm so, after waiting a while to see what the Indians would do, I swam over and got the canoe. I had just got the water out of it and was starting back when I heard a shout, and looking round saw the young man running down on the west bank of the river. He had found a
better place to cross higher up and one of us had a cold bath for nothing. The next day it snowed all day but we were safe under shelter. I have mentioned that G. and I expected to commence a new station by ourselves, for we preferred being together, and it did not seem advisable for us to be at Lake Harriet while Mr. Stevens was there, but after our horses were saddled and we were ready to start to select a place to build Mr. Renville advised us to postpone building to another year, and as the Dr. could do nothing to displease Mr. Renville our project was abandoned, and in less than a year from that time we were both at Lake Harriet.

".... About the first of November (1838) Dr. Williamson and family arrived at Mendota on his way to Ohio, and, Gideon came to bring him down and carry back a load from the Traverse. It was too late in the season to undertake such a journey and subjected my brother to needless hardships and dangers.

".... In April 1839 My brother and his family with Mr. Gavin, who had spent the winter at Lac qui parle, and Eagle Help came all the way from Lac qui parle to Mendota in a canoee, and the farming was transferred to him, but it was no sinecure. .... Dr. Williamson in a sermon which he preached in St. Paul in commemoration of Gideon said that he gave away a certain amount of money...what he retained would make his salary about equal to that received by the other missionaries. Dr. W was incapable of making a wilful misrepresentation, but quite liable to make mistakes. The missionaries up the river received so many valuable donations aside from their salaries that it would have been impossible for him to ascertain what their income was, if he attempted it which he never did, and he did not believe, neither do I believe, that any of those missionaries could have done what he did for the Indians and supported their family on what was left of the six hundred dollars.

".... Our experience about that time was more disagreeable than at any other time during our missionary life, for while we were meeting with so much difficulty in finding a suitable place for a new location our brethren at Lac qui parle, without consulting us, recommended that we should be sent to Lac Travers, and Mr. Green the Secretary wrote to us
as though he expected us to go there as a matter of course, but we refused to take our families among the desperados of that lawless region, and if our removal there had been insisted ... we should have withdrawn from the mission but not from the Indians. Mr. Green said he thought we need have no apprehension of serious difficulty with the Indians there provided we managed discreetly, and I suppose the Committee thought us contumacious, but we knew the character of the Indian(s) at Lac T. better than they did and we knew the state of things at Lac qui parle better than they. The missionaries at L. q. p. were under the protection of Mr. Renville, the most influential man in that region, and they gave many valuable presents to the Indians, but Mr. R. could not restrain the Indians, and the donations did not conciliate them so that there was any security for property belonging to the Mission. In 1850 Mr. Huggins reported that fifty cattle and horses belonging to that state had been killed or stolen by the Indians. At Lac Travers we should doubtless have found matters much worse for we should have had no protection and we never paid black mail. The fear of exposing ourselves to danger would not have detered us from going there but we had families to care for. Not long after recommending that we should be sent away from the Mdewakan-towan, Mr. Riggs left L. q. p. but not for Lac Travers. He attempted to locate himself at Shakopee but was refused permission by the Indians both here and at Little Rapids, so he went to Traverse des Sioux, where I visited him the first winter he was there, and found them so harrassed ... un­less they could obtain relief. On my return I applied at the Fort for military protection for them and Captain (Electus) Backus, at my request, arrested and put in irons a man who had shot at Mr. Riggs. When Mr. R heard of his arrest he was very much alarmed, and wrote to me to try to get him out of prison as soon as possible lest his relatives should do them some mischief at the Traverse, and, as I made no haste about the matter, he came down himself to get him set free, and Capt. Backus released him but very re­luctantly for he wished to send him to Prairie du Chien for trial. For my interference in the matter I received the hearty thanks of Mr. Rigg's associate the Rev Mr. (Robert) Hopkins, and Mr. Rigg's fear of retaliation proved groundless, for they had less trouble with the Indians afterwards but it was well for Mr. R. that he was not at Travers where the Indians were more than a match for Joseph R. Brown. One Spring while I was at Lac qui parle they killed his teams & wounded him so he had to send to Mr. Renville for
help, and they did many worse things, so that troops were sent there more than once to arrest murderers.

"In the Spring of 1841 (1842 is correct), Mr Riggs went east and was absent a year, while I took his place at Lac qui parle. Dr. Williamson expected to remain there with me, but on the twentie(t)h of June a frost killed the crops down to the ground, and as the Indians were killing off the cattle belonging to the mission the Dr. anticipating a scarcity of food removed with his family to Camp Cold Water, where he resided more than a year in the house with G while Mr. Huggins and myself remained at Lac qui p. On my return in the Spring of 1842 (1843) I met, at Traverse des Sioux, Mr. Riggs and family, with Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, who had lately joined the Dakota mission. I have already mentioned the attempt of Mr. Riggs to form a new station at Shakopee, and Little Rapids. As he had been repulsed by the Indians at both of these places he wished to locate himself at the Traverse, but was apprehensive that the Indians would not permit him to build there. As he seemed determined not to go back to Lac qui parle, I advised him to go on and build without asking permission for I knew it would be refused, as it had been at the villages below, and he did so. I came down the river with the same boat and crew that Mr Riggs had on his passage up and as we drew near the village of Shakopee some men standing on the shore began to fire at us, the balls striking the water very near us. I was steering the boat and as soon as I perceived they were firing at us I directed my wife to get behind a chest with her babe, and pointing the boat towards the men on the shore ordered the oarsmen to row fast. When the Indians saw we were approaching they hastened away. I was at first surprised at such unusual conduct, but they recognized the boat and supposing Mr. Riggs was returning they wished (to) frighten him. That was the only time that an Indian ever pretended to shoot at me except, that I found an arrow once sticking in my house at Shakopee just over the window that might have been shot at me, and a man who attempted to stab me in Mr Riggs house at Traverse des Sioux was the only Indian that ever assaulted me.

".... Dr. Williamson's views in regard to the proper qualifications for church membership differed somewhat from ours or at least Mr. Renville did and Dr W. thought it expedient to follow his advice When I visited Lac qui parle the first winter the Dr was there, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Renville were already members of the church, and two of his daughters were
examined for admission while I was there. In examining them the Dr addressed his question to Mr. Renville's clerk in English, and he repeated them to Mr. R. in French who translated them into Dakota, but the girls said little except yes and no. I asked them a few questions in Dakota to which they gave such answers as their father dictated. As the clerk who was a Catholic told us privately that one of them was 'very wicked,' she was advised to wait a while, but did not have to wait long. She and most of the family with many others were soon gathered in to the church. Mr. Renville considered himself the head of the church formed there and perhaps there was not much arrogance in his assumption.

"During one of my visits to Lac qui parle I think it was in 1838, the first Sabbath after my arrival nearly all of the Indians staid away from the meeting, to the great surprise and disappointment of the missionaries. As I was to have preached I did not know at first but some prejudice against me kept the congregation away, but the matter was explained the next morning when Mr. Riggs received a note from Mr. Renville written by his clerk in which among other things he said 'If you can do without me I can do without you, therefore I staid at home yesterday with the Indians whom I have converted,' which Mr. Renville's women wished to borrow. Soon after receiving the note I waited on Mr. Renville and when Mr. Riggs began to explain or apologize Mr. Renville said 'It is nothing Mr. Riggs. It is nothing I forgive you' and all was smooth again. He had shown them that he could 'do without' them and that was all he wanted. The next Sabbath I preached to a full congregation Mr. R. being there with the Indians 'he had converted' I was left in charge of the church at Lac qui parle one year and had reason to fear in regard to most of the members of the church that there was too much truth in Mr. Renville's assertion that he had converted them himself. While I was there he selected four or five men and asked me to receive them to the church and when I refused and asked him to postpone the matter till Dr. W. returned he said 'I have prepared these persons for admission to the church and if you do not admit them they will never attend your meeting again.' I told the men what Mr. Renville said and when I explained to them
my reasons for not receiving them to the church they were satisfied, and
much to Mr. Rs chagrin attended meetings as before. The members of that
church were not hypocrites but there was no inseparable connection between
morality and their type of piety, for many of them did not know what a
Christian should be. One of Mr. Renville's sons had been accused of
traveling on the Sabbath on his way home from Traverse des Sioux, and I
was present when he appeared before the officers of the church to give an
account of himself. He seemed frank and honest and freely admitted that
he had traveled on the Sabbath and that he had no excuse for doing so.
The Dr. who seemed desirous of finding some excuse for him, suggested
that he might have been out of provisions but he said he had plenty of
food with him. Then the Dr. said 'you did not intend to travel when you
left Traverse des Sioux' but he replied, 'Yes I did intend to travel when
I left the Traverse, but I expected to repent of it when I got home.'

The fact is Mr. Renville's ideas of religion were derived chiefly from
Catholics, and we could have had plenty of such converts as his at Lake
Calhoun or Oak Grove if we had had a Mr. Renville to 'convert' and
'prepare' them.

".... In 1841-2 at the request of the brethren at Lac qui parle my
brother translated the Gospel of Luke and I that of Matthew ....

".... While we were engaged translating Matthew and Luke, Mr. Riggs
prepared for publication most of the New Testament except the Gospels
and D. W. translated a considerable portion of the Old Testament ....

".... There has always seemed to be a greater demand for hymns than
for any other Dakota literature. Mr. Renville composed the first hymns sung
by the Dakotas but most of the missionaries and many not connected with
the mission have tried their hands at hymn making.

".... Gideon's translation of Luke was published but in the second
dition it appears as the work of Mr. Riggs who of course translated it
from the Greek but after comparing the two translations I conclude he
did not find the work very difficult while availing himself at (sic)
the labor that Mr. Farribault, my brother and myself had bestowed upon it."

(Copied from T.C. Blegen, "The Narrative of Samuel W. Pond," Minnesota
History, 21:158-175, 272-283.)
FATHER RAVOUX'S VISIT TO LAC QUI PARLE, 1842.

Father Augustin Ravoux was born in France in 1815. After receiving his education, he came to the United States in 1838 and was ordained a priest in 1840. He was appointed by his bishop in August 1841 to establish a mission among the Sioux. During that year and the next he visited the Indians at Traverse des Sioux and at Lac qui Parle. He realized the value of learning the Dakota language and it was probably for this reason that he visited Lac qui Parle, which was the center of language study among the Sioux. In a memoir he wrote:

"The first winter I visited Traverse des Sioux, Little Rock (near Fort Ridgely), and Lac qui Parle. Everywhere I was welcomed by the gentlemen who had each of them a trading post for the Indians in these localities, as I narrated in my 'Memoirs', written in 1890. I spent about two months at Traverse des Sioux with Mr. LeBlanc, one month with Mr. LaFramboise at Little Rock, and two or three months at Lac qui Parle with Mr. Rinville. I will never forget how kind they were to me fifty-five years ago. May God bless their families? May their souls rest in peace! They all helped me with pleasure in my study to acquire a knowledge of the Sioux language, and as interpreters when I had to speak to the Indians.

"A few words on the winter of 1841-42. It was a hard winter, the snow was deep, the cold intense, and provisions were scarce. In the beginning of January Mr. Rinville sent two men with four or five horses from Lac qui Parle to Mendota for the necessaries of life, flour, pork, etc. After their return to Lac qui Parle, on the 2d of February, the condition of things was not much improved for Mr. Rinville's family and employes. The men coming back from Mendota to Lac qui Parle lost one horse. The other horses were weak, because they had not much to eat, and to feed them they had several times to cut down small trees. They stopped one night at Mr. LaFramboise's place, and the following day I was their companion and traveled with them. Before arriving at Lac qui Parle, we had to pass three or four nights on the banks of the Minnesota river.

"The weather was very cold, and though we had a good fire, it was almost impossible for me to sleep. I remember that once I fell asleep, enveloped in my buffalo robe. After a short nap I stood up, looked at my buffalo robe, and saw that it had been pierced by the fiery element. On the 2d of
February, about 11 o'clock, we arrived at Lac qui Parle. The weather was fine and the sun shining. In 1842... I was for two or three months at Lac qui Parle, and early in the spring I returned to Mendota, where I spent a few months with my friend, Father Galtier. Often he left Mendota.... During his absence I took care of the chapels of Mendota and St. Paul. ....

"The Freniere families from Lake Traverse were encamped near our chapel for several weeks, and in September they induced me to accompany them to Lake Traverse, where they intended to have a trading post for the Sioux, telling me that the Indians would be pleased to see me and hear the word of God. I was much disappointed, for the Indians, with a few exceptions, had left. Two or three weeks after, having found a favorable occasion, I returned to Mendota...." (Copied from pp. 2-3 of a 10-page pamphlet entitled "The Labors of Mgr. A. Ravoux among the Sioux or Dakota Indians.")

FOOD SUPPLY AT LAC QUI PARLE, 1829-1842.

Starvation often faced the Indians of the upper Minnesota valley, the boundary lakes and nearby areas, including the Five Lodge band of Sisseton Sioux at Chanonpa, or Two Woods Lakes in northwest Deuel County, 15 or 20 miles east of Lake Kumpeska and Watertown, South Dakota. Indian Agent Lawrence Taliaferro in 1839 reported that the Five Lodge band had seceded from the main tribe at an earlier date and "were a terror in former days to all travellers" but had "now fixed their village near the 'Two Woods Lake', or on what is called Wa-ta-pah-ink-pah river" near the confines of the Coteau de Prairie. He said they numbered 245 souls and depended mainly on the chase for food and raiment. Nicollet and Fremont's expedition visited them in July 1838, as did Rev. S. R. Riggs and Mr. Huggins in September 1840. They perhaps often visited Lac qui Parle to trade with Joseph Renville.

Agent Amos J. Bruce in his report of September 15, 1842 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs wrote of the food situation among the Indians at Lac qui Parle, Two Woods Lake, and Lake Traverse in this way:

"The bands of Sioux who reside in villages during a part of the year, and who raise corn in greater or less quantities, are the Sissetons, Wahpatons, and Wahpakootas. .... The large tract of country which they possessed was disposed of to the Government last summer, but no action has as yet been
had upon the treaty by the Senate. These Indians, depending upon the ful-
filment of said treaty stipulations, have neglected the usual precautions
to secure the means of subsistence, and their situation at present is most
deporable. The corn crops having almost entirely failed, and game being
too scarce in the country to furnish food for so large a number, unless
some means are placed at the disposal of this agency for the succor of those
in distress, there is much reason to fear that many will perish from actual
starvation. ....

"The country around Lac qui Parle for fifty miles in every direction,
and except between north and east, for a much greater distance, is almost
entirely prairie. The islands of wood are so few and small, that very few
deer, bear, or raccoon can be found in it in winter. It formerly abounded
with buffalo, otter, muskrat, and other small animals, whose skins are
valuable for fur; but the buffalo have long since entirely left, and all
other animals, valuable either for their flesh or skins have become scarce.
I cannot tell the cause of the buffalo leaving it, nor exactly the time,
but it seems probable that they were becoming comparatively scarce upward
of thirty years ago, for it is more than that since the Sioux, who had long
occupied the country, moved into the plains to the west and north. As the
Yanctons receded, the present inhabitants, who are composed of Sissetons,
Wahpatons, and Medawakanton Sioux from the lower St. Peter's and Mississippi
entered it. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Rainville, the present trader
at Lac qui Parle, induced a part of them to commence planting corn at Lac
Traverse and Lac qui Parle. For some years they gave but little attention
to it, as abundance of buffaloes were near them some part of every year.
About the year 1829 the buffaloes having gone far west, many of the Indians
perished in a severe winter of starvation, and some of the survivors were
under the necessity of subsisting on the flesh of their relations who had
died. This convinced them of the necessity of giving more attention to
planting. In the year 1835, twelve or fifteen families had corn enough to
do them most of the winter at Lac qui Parle. Up to that time nearly all were
in the habit of spending the winter at the woods near the Mississippi, and
more than fifty miles from where they planted. The danger and hardships to
which they were exposed in these winter hunts with more small children than they could carry, being reduced to the dire necessity of perishing with all their children, or leaving one behind in the snow to perish (were great).

"Owing to these things, and the encouragement and assistance given to them by the missionaries and the traders, they have been enlarging their fields every year since 1835. For several years, upward of forty families have wintered at Lac qui Parle. In 1840, it was estimated that they made as much corn as in any two years previous to 1839. Last year their corn suffered from drought; and in consequence of their having to feed the Sioux from Lac Traverse, Big Stone Lake, and the Two Woods, who assembled there to the number of about one thousand souls, to receive a part of the goods given them on the occasion of Governor Doty's treaty, and remained from one week to two months, many of them suffered much for food in the winter and spring."

"They never planted so much corn, or made such great exertions to obtain a crop, as this season; but the cold weather in May, the ravages of the black-birds, worms and ground squirrels; the several frosts between the 10th and 20th June, and the subsequent dry weather, have so entirely destroyed it, that it is doubtful whether they will have as much as one sixth, or even an eighth as much as last year. Some families who have annually put away sixty bushels, have this year not so much as they planted. At all other villages within eighty miles of Lac qui Parle, it is said to be much worse. At Two Woods, they say they have no corn; and at the large village near Lac Traverse, where, a few years since, it was said, more corn was grown than any other place in the Sioux Nation, it is thought that they can not have more than one tenth of an average crop."

"The number of Sioux who plant at Lac qui Parle is not much (if at all) short of three hundred and fifty souls. At Lac Traverse, Two Woods, and Big Stone Lake, between one thousand and fifteen hundred. A considerable part of the latter will try to follow the buffalo, as some of them are accustomed to do every year. ...."

"The Sioux of Lac qui Parle are too destitute of horses, and too far from the buffalo country, to go in pursuit of that game. ...."

"The treaty made a year ago with Gov. Doty, not being ratified by the Senate, they are disappointed in not receiving the annuities
more agreeable, and nothing more refreshing to the mind long deprived of
social and friendly intercourse, than the kindness and sociability mani-
ifested by the Doctor and his family. The consideration that I was an utter
stranger, and nothing more to recommend me to them than a few black lines,
in a strange land, added much to the weight of that kind feeling and
attention which I met with in this family. Both the Fort and Dr. William-
son's premises are situated under the hills; so that, being overtopped by
them, both places are quite invisible from the main road. Both the esta-
blings are situated on the East side of the River St. Peter's. The
Indians, among whom the Doctor carries on his missionary operations, have
their village and farms on the opposite side. The scenery presented to the
view from these places is rather indifferent. As little more than high
hills on one side and lofty timber on the other can be seen, the prospect
thus obstructed on every side necessarily offers but a very limited space
for the exercise of the optical organs. This residence here being scarce-
ly yet twelve months, their progress in agriculture, &c., is but little.
They have, however, opened a small farm which seems to thrive well. As
an evidence of what the Doctor may reasonably expect in the course of
his missionary labours, he has, during his short time among the Indians,
advanced some young men among them so far, at least in the art of writing,
as to excell his own hand. They are thus enabled to correspond with him
and other missionaries and with each other, and are likewise, able to sing
the praises of their God and Saviour in their own tongue, and that in the
midst of the great congregation.

"July 9. Sunday. At half after ten the Doctor, having given notice
the day before to our party, commenced his service. His congregation,
consisting of Yankies, French, Scotch, Irish, Half-breeds and Sioux
Indians, amounted to something about forty persons. That was a mixture!
I believe though, we were pretty much all of one blood after all--
according to the Scriptures. This higgledy-piggledy assembly put me
strongly in mind of that Scotch dish called, I think, Hotch-Potch. The
Doctor's services were conducted throughout, with the exception of the
prayers, in the French and Indian languages, for the united benefit of
the respective parties. The morning service was concluded with prayer,
offered, in the Sioux language, by Ran Vielle, the present Master of Fort
Ran Vielle. Nothing could be more interesting than to see the Savage
of the wilderness assemble with the sons and daughters of the Lord
stipulated for by it, and the very depressed state of the fur trade, for some years past, especially the low price of muskrats the last few years, they have been unable to pay the limited credits the traders thought safe to allow them, and at the same time they have hunted the beaver, otter, and other animals whose furs are still valuable, until they have become very scarce. From the vast numbers of muskrats formerly taken in that region, it might be supposed that as they have been little hunted for some years past they would be very abundant at present; but this is not the case.

"For the last few years the waters in all the prairies northwest of Traverse des Sioux have been rapidly diminishing. Where a few years since, were beautiful lakes several miles in circumference, now, not a drop of water can be found. Even streams dignified with the name of river, in which the Indian was accustomed to paddle his canoe, have entirely disappeared, and where the trader dreaded to pass, because it was difficult and sometimes dangerous or impracticable to transport his goods dry in carts, he now searches in vain for water to quench the thirst of himself and horse. The muskrat ponds have of course dried up, and the muskrats in them have perished, or (have) gone, nobody knows where."

(Copied from the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1842, pp. 427-431; Serial 413.)

GARRIOCH'S VISIT TO LAC QUI PARLE IN 1837

Peter Garrioch of the Red River Settlement, where Winnipeg now is, took a trip from there to Fort Snelling in the summer of 1837. His journal gives an interesting picture of the Lac qui Parle mission station and Dr. T.S. Williamson two years after its establishment, though Garrioch mistakenly recorded that the doctor had been there only a year. He was traveling with several companions. His entries for July 7-10, 1837, are as follows:

"July 7. Friday. We discontinued this day's journey within a mile or so of Fort Ran Vielle.

"July 8. Saturday. Removing this morning we proceeded to Fort Ran Vielle and halted on its adjacent banks or hills. We were here, in a few moments, surrounded by numbers of spectators, the greater part of which were aborigines. I went over to the Missionary Station, having received an invitation from the Doctor, to see him and his family. Nothing could be
in the place appointed for prayer; to hear the wild and rude sons of the forest sing the praises of their Maker and Savior, in their own uncultivated and barbarous language. The Doctor, having notified our party that the evening service should be conducted altogether in English, opened the meeting at 4 o'clock. The subject of the Doctor's discourse was in the following words: 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.' The preacher's manner was engaging, his language impressive, and consequently, his whole discourse very interesting.

"July 10. Monday. A general state took place for resuming our journey. Kindly requested by the Doctor, however, to take breakfast with his family, I did so. After breakfast I took leave of my recent friends, not without emotions of some regret, with whom I spent two very pleasant and homely days and nights. I started in pursuit of my companions, who had left some hours before me by a different route. The Doctor, however, fearing that I should not be able to find the direct way, insisted upon accompanying me to the road; and, after tenderly, and in a most friendly manner, giving me a few words of advice, highly necessary to a stranger traveling in a strange country and people, we parted, with an evident reciprocity of respect and emotions of brotherly kindness. The servant of the Lord bid me God-speed and I pushed ahead and went on my way rejoicing.

"I overtook my companions at a creek called the Little Mississippi."


UNEARTHING OLD LAC QUI PARLE MISSION STATION

As the centennial of the establishment of the mission station began to draw near, various people began to be interested in preserving the spot and its memories for the enjoyment of future generations. The efforts that were made along this line are recorded in the periodical, Minnesota History (MH) below. Thus we learn that by using early township plats, John J. Oyen was able to trace the course of roads and trails used by fur traders and missionaries in the Lac qui Parle country, and he drew from county archives and interviews with pioneers many other interesting bits of information about the
early history of western Chippewa County, in which the mission station and Renville's trading post were located. A history of the mission station by Oyen appeared in the Watson, Minnesota, "Voice" from April 22 to July 1, 1937. In the July 1 issue, Oyen described the centennial programs held on the mission site in the summer of 1935. (MH, 18:339, 1937)

In 1941 appeared the following: "Chippewa - Lac qui Parle State Park on the upper Minnesota River near Montevideo is the scene of an archaeological project that is being conducted by the Minnesota division of state parks with the cooperation of the Chippewa County Historical Society. The site of the home of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, who established a mission at Lac qui Parle in 1835, will be excavated and marked, and the missionary services of Stephen R. Riggs and Alexander Huggins will be commemorated in a similar manner. The site of the home of Joseph Renville, the chief trader at Lac qui Parle, and his and his wife's graves also will be marked. Although the stockade that Renville built around his trading post lies outside the park area, it will be excavated and located. Plans are also under way for restoring the chapel used by the missionaries at Lac qui Parle. Mr. Richard R. Sackett of the Minnesota Historical Records Survey has charge of the work of excavating the Lac qui Parle site." (MH, 21:207, 1940)

A bit later in 1940 appeared the following: "During the past summer the site of the old Lac qui Parle mission, now included in the Chippewa-Lac qui Parle State Park on the upper Minnesota River near Montevideo and Watson, was the scene of a successful archaeological investigation. Among the sites excavated were those of the mission chapel and of the houses of two missionaries, Stephen R. Riggs and Alexander Huggins. Unfortunately the stones used in the foundation and cellar walls of Riggs's house were removed many years ago; nevertheless by careful digging the cellar area was determined. The location of the log cabin occupied by Huggins a lay helper and farmer connected with the mission, proved easier to outline, and many material remains were found on the site. Little or no evidence was found of the site of the house of Dr. Thomas Williamson, who established the mission in 1835. Workers were led to believe that the site was obliterated when a road was built over it more than half a century ago. The
site of the chapel was accurately determined, and it is hoped in time that this building will be reconstructed and used as a museum. There, among other things, can be displayed the objects unearthed during the past season. Included are such items as a leather heel with a cobbler's pegs showing through, a beaver spear, a clay marble, a carved bone handle of an awl, bone pendants, a penny dated 1833, bits of slate pencils, a piece of a slate on which appears the word 'Wapanton,' and quantities of china, crockery, and glass fragments. The excavations at Lac qui Parle were conducted by the Minnesota division of state parks, under the sponsorship of the Chippewa County Historical Society, with labor supplied by a local WPA agency. The results of the work to this site provide new information about a frontier Presbyterian mission to the Minnesota Sioux and indicate that the restoration of some of the buildings will be worthwhile. Richard R. Sackett" (MH, 21:434-435, 1940)

About the same time the following appeared: "A visit to the excavations in the vicinity of the old Lac qui Parle mission was arranged by the Chippewa County Historical Society on July 9. Some sixty people viewed the sites of the mission chapel and the houses occupied by the missionaries and saw some of the articles discovered during the excavations. Mr. Richard R. Sackett, who has been in charge of the work on this site for the Minnesota division of state parks, explained the excavations and described some of their results. An interview with Mr. Sackett, with some account of the excavations at Lac qui Parle, appears in the Montevideo News for July 4." (MH, 21:443, 1940)

Soon the following item appeared: "A detailed Report of the Chippewa Mission Archaeological Investigation, conducted at Lac qui Parle in the summer of 1940, has been issued by the Minnesota Historical Survey (1941, 42 p.). The 'Preface' is signed by Richard R. Sackett, assistant state supervisor of the survey, who had charge of the excavations. The booklet reviews briefly the history of the Lac qui Parle mission, and it provides accounts of excavations on the sites of the mission chapel and of the Riggs, Pettijohn, Huggins, and Williamson houses. Diagrams and photographs of the sites are included, and lists of 'material excavated' are presented. The latter items are now in the custody of the Chippewa County Historical Society."
It is hoped eventually to display them in a museum on the site of the Lac qui Parle chapel. A set of photographs made during the course of the excavations has been turned over to the Minnesota Historical Society." (MH, 22:210-211, 1941)

Later the following appeared: "Funds were raised at Lac qui Parle during the summer months to aid in the restoration of the site of the Lac qui Parle mission. The Minnesota State-wide Archaeological and Historical Research Survey will have charge of the work of restoring the mission grounds, according to the Montevideo American for July 25." (MH, 22:436, 1941)

Early the next year the following item appeared: "At the close of the business meeting, Mr. Richard R. Sackett, director of the Minnesota State-wide Archaeological and Historical Research Survey Project, spoke to the audience on 'The Lac qui Parle Mission.' After sketching briefly the colorful career of Joseph Renville, the trader who established Fort Renville at Lac qui Parle, and describing the work of the missionaries Williamson, Huggins, Riggs, Pond, and others who served there with the Sioux, Mr. Sackett traced the history of the efforts - in particular the efforts of the Chippewa County Historical Society - to preserve the site of the mission and to restore the chapel. The speaker commended the splendid work accomplished by the Chippewa County society in preserving for the people of the state a site so important historically." (MH, 23:50, 1942)

A bit later the following appeared: "The story of the hearthstone used in Dr. Thomas S. Williamson's house at Lac qui Parle while he served there as a missionary is reviewed by Mrs. A.N. Kohr in the Montevideo American for December 5. She reports that in 1886 Alfred Riggs, a son of Stephen R. Riggs, who occupied the house after Williamson left, visited Lac qui Parle and removed the stone to Santee, Nebraska, where he was connected with an Indian mission school. Recently the stone, which weighs some two thousand pounds, was returned to the site of the Minnesota Mission, where it will be permanently preserved in the Lac qui Parle State Park." (MH, 23:97, 1942)

About the same time the following item appeared: "The Chippewa County Historical Society is one of the sponsors of a WPA project that
has for its object the reconstruction of the Lac qui Parle mission church. The work of rebuilding the church began on October 13. The society has agreed to raise seven hundred and fifty dollars as its contribution toward the project. A committee, of which Mrs. A. N. Kohr of Montevideo is chairman, has charge of raising the money." (MH, 23:100, 1942)

Later in 1942 the following item appeared: "Motion pictures of the Lac qui Parle area and of some of Minnesota's state parks were presented by Mr. Harold Lathrop of the Minnesota division of state parks to illustrate a talk before the Chippewa County Historical Society at Watson on June 12. The speaker gave special attention to the state park at Lac qui Parle and to the reconstruction of the chapel used in connection with the mission there. The work on the chapel has now been completed and plans for its dedication on July 12 were announced." (MH, 23:296, 1942)

Early in 1943 the following appeared: "The backgrounds of the Lac qui Parle mission, the restoration of the chapel, and its dedication on July 12, 1942, are described by Harold W. Lathrop in the Conservation Volunteer for December. Accompanying his article are a picture of the chapel made during the dedication ceremonies and a photograph of the descendants of Joseph Renville who were present on the occasion." (MH, 24:80, 1943)

A summary of the archeological activity is related in the following: "In the September issue of this magazine, the museum of the Chippewa County Historical Society at Montevideo and the pioneer log cabins it maintains in that city were described (ante, page 263-265). The society played an important part in establishing still another museum in the vicinity - the chapel on the site of the Sioux mission established in 1835 at Lac qui Parle. In 1940 the division of state parks undertook an archaeological investigation of the mission site as the result of the interest of the county historical society and with the co-operation of the Minnesota Historical Society. The actual excavating was done by workers engaged in a WPA project. They found the outlines of the chapel, which was reconstructed on the original site and dedicated in a ceremony arranged by the local society in the summer of 1942 (see ante, 23:398). Within the little building, which
measures approximately thirty-six by twenty-five feet, are displayed the
objects recovered in excavating both the mission site and that of the
trading post or fort of Joseph Renville on the lake shore less than a
mile away.

"The Lac qui Parle exhibits not only supplement those in the county
museum at Montevideo, but they serve as reminders of some of the most
significant and colorful chapters in the history of western Minnesota.
Two wall cases are filled with articles found on the sites of the chapel
and the houses occupied by the missionaries who lived and worked there a
century and more ago. Two others contain the objects unearthed on the site
of Renville's fort. It is appropriate that the Renville material be dis-
played in the chapel, for it was in response to the trader's invitation
that Thomas S. Williamson, Stephen R. Riggs, and other missionaries to the

Part of the account referred to above appeared in the following item:
"In the heart of the upper Minnesota Valley, one of the richest areas his-
torically in the entire state, the Chippewa County Historical Society has
established its museum. It is located in Montevideo, which is closely
identified with the history of the prairie Sioux, the fur-trade era, and
American exploration and settlement. Within a few miles of the present
city, on the shores of Lac qui Parle, Joseph Renville, a trader of mixed
French and Indian blood, built his stockade, ruled the natives with a hand
of iron, and entertained travelers and explorers who were bound for points
farther west and north. Near by, also, was the Lac qui Parle mission, where
a group of devoted Protestant missionaries endured all the hardships of the
remote frontier in an effort to win converts among the natives. The entire
vicinity, too, is closely associated with the Sioux Outbreak of 1862;
several battlegrounds are in the neighborhood, and the site of Camp Release,
where the Indians' victims were liberated, is close at hand.

"There is little, however, in the Chippewa County museum to suggest
the wealth of historical lore in the region it serves. The mission station,
where such men as Thomas S. Williamson, Gideon Pond, and Stephen R. Riggs
labored, is the one local site that has been exploited. The display that
reflects its story consists largely of letters, pictures, and books, and they constitute the most significant collection in the museum. Included are letters that Mrs. Riggs wrote from Hazelwood in 1859 and 1862, a Dakota version of the New Testament, translations of books of the Bible made by the local missionaries, an English-Dakota dictionary, and similar items. The region's Indian backgrounds are suggested also in a case of metal and stone implements, as well as beads of many types, retrieved from mounds in the Lac qui Parle area; examples of Indian beadwork and pipes and other articles of pipestone." (MH, 27:263-264, 1946)

Archaeological work with a different motive is found in the following account: "Dr. Lloyd A. Wilford of the University of Minnesota, who is familiar to readers of their magazine as the author of a series of articles about the prehistoric Indians of Minnesota, left Minneapolis on June 17 to conduct some extensive archaeological investigations with the assistance of a group of students. He planned to excavate and study mounds and village and camp sites in the Minnesota Valley near Lac qui Parle and Granite Falls; his projected excavations drew the attention of several Minnesota newspapers, including the Montevideo News of June 13. (MH, 27:261, 1946)

Mention was made on page 221 of Harold Lathrop's talk and article. The latter is reproduced immediately following.

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THE LAC QUI PARLE MISSION -- RESTORED CHAPEL RECENTLY DEDICATED

Harold W. Lathrop

"Joseph Renville, a trader of French and Indian descent, built a stockade on the east bank of the Minnesota River at the foot of Lac qui Parle Lake in the spring of 1826. Renville had been appointed a captain in the British army during the War of 1812, and assigned to the American frontier. During the construction of Fort Snelling he had served as an interpreter. He later established a fur-trading company which was purchased by the American Fur Company. He entered into business relations with his successor and established a fur trading business at Fort Renville, as the Lac qui Parle station was called. Though the Fort was erected as a defense against the Chippewas, it also established a reputation for hospitality to the whites.

"In 1833, Dr. Thomas J. Williams (on), a graduate of Yale University,
gave up his practice of medicine in Ohio and offered his services as a missionary to the American Board of Foreign Missions for volunteer work among the Indians. Williamson favored working among the Sioux tribes and at Renville's invitation left Fort Snelling June 23, 1835, accompanied by Alexander Huggins, an Ohio farmer, and a small band of followers. They trudged all the way to the Renville stockade, arriving July 9. Within a year a church was organized. Gideon H. Pond arrived from the Lake Calhoun mission station in the spring of 1836, and a year following, Stephen Riggs and his wife, Mary, natives of New England, joined the mission workers.

"Dr. Williamson, with the assistance of Renville and Pond, translated the gospels and several hymns into the Dakota language. He used a phonetic system devised by Pond and his brother Samuel. With the assistance of the others, Riggs completed the first grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language.

"The three missionaries and their families occupied a large five-room log house, about three-quarters of a mile southeast of the stockade. One room served as both church and school. Huggins, who came to teach industrial home crafts and farming, built a simple log cabin about 50 feet from where the chapel was erected several years later. He was credited with having planned and planted so well that never during the life of the mission was there a danger of famine. On a 60-acre tract on the lowlands he supplied flax for the first linen cloth in this section, in addition to grain, potatoes, and other vegetables.

"The schoolroom in Williamson's log house became too crowded for his religious gatherings, so the missionaries determined to build a new church. The Dakota women volunteered to aid and did so by cutting out the place in the sidehill where the chapel was to stand. Adobe bricks were made, dried in the sun and laid into walls. Boards were sawed with a whipsaw and shingles cut from ash trees. The heavy Minnesota rains washed the sides of the chapel and it became necessary to plaster the inside walls and clapboard the outside. It was an arduous task, building a 25 foot by 36 foot structure where building materials and men were a scarcity.

"In 1842 Riggs and Jonas Pettijohn, who helped with the agricultural tasks, erected two dwellings upon the crest of the hill above the other mission buildings. The Indians, among whom Dr. Williamson carried on his
missionary operations, lived and farmed on the opposite side of the river.

"Dr. Williamson labored at the Mission for more than ten years, then went to Kaposia and Huggins went to Traverse des Sioux. Pond left in 1839, but Riggs and his young bride, except for three years spent at Traverse des Sioux, remained until 1854 when the Riggs house was destroyed by fire. After some consideration, the American Board decided to abandon the mission station and remove the workers to Yellow Medicine county where the Hazelwood Mission was established.

"Thus for 19 years the Lac qui Parle mission played a colorful part in western Minnesota history, and it was indeed fitting that the 1931 Legislature established the mission site as the first unit of Lac qui Parle State Park.

"In the development of the Lac qui Parle flood control project, a large heavily-timbered area on the west side of the Minnesota river was acquired. Through this fine stand of timber the Lac qui Parle river winds and finally joins the Minnesota river. The state Executive Council made the area available to the Department of Conservation for state park purposes, and development of excellent facilities for outdoor recreation were provided through the cooperation of the Work Projects Administration.

"Upon the completion of such development, the Division of State Parks in 1940 established the mission site as an historic shrine rather than a picnic grounds. At the instigation of the Chippewa County Historical Society, and through the cooperation of the Minnesota Historical Society and the Work Projects Administration, an archaeological investigation of the sites of the mission buildings was made, under the direction of Richard E. Sackett.

"As a result of this exploration, the sites of all buildings were authentically located and many artifacts found which gave evidence of the construction and occupancy of each. From the published documentary sources and the investigation it was possible to determine the construction of the various buildings. Plans were prepared for the restoration of the chapel on the original foundation, which had been held together for almost a century by the native clay. Although the chapel had been originally constructed of adobe brick, a year later it was sheeted with rough clapboard on the
exterior and plastered on the interior.

"The Chippewa County Historical Society raised $750 as a part of the Sponsor's contribution for the chapel restoration, the Work Projects Administration started work in the fall of 1941, at the request of the Division of State Parks, and completed it about July 1, 1942. Cases displaying many of the artifacts were installed, as were benches and a pulpit."

"On Sunday morning, July 12, 1942, the chapel restoration was dedicated. Among those present were descendants of Joseph Renville and Stephen R. Riggs. Rev. A. A. McBride represented the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Ministers, and many persons prominently concerned with the history of Chippewa county as well as of Minnesota history were there. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Albert Heninger, Indian pastor of the Iyakapitapi (Ascension) church of Peever, South Dakota.

"In the spring of 1942, the Board of Commissioners of Chippewa County purchased the site of the Fort Renville stockade and donated it to the Division of State Parks as a third addition to Lac qui Parle State Park. It is hoped that eventually this historic site can be treated in a manner which will bring out the rich historical heritage it possesses.

"Thus, Lac qui Parle State Park now affords facilities for extensive outdoor recreation, and also presents the restored mission which stands as a memorial to the work and fortitude of the early missionaries among the Indians; also, it contains the trading-post site of one of the most colorful and interesting half-breeds of Minnesota history."

(Copied from Conservation Volunteer, December 1942, pages 29-31. Page 28 contained a picture of the restored mission chapel at the time of its dedication, July 12, 1942; also a picture of about a dozen descendants of Joseph Renville.)

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CELEBRATIONS AND PROGRAMS AT LAC QUI PARLE

There were, no doubt, occasional celebrations at Lac qui Parle long before the middle of the 1930s. However, it was only at the approach of the centennial of the beginning of mission work at the spot that such programs were reported in Minnesota History (MH). Thus we read:

"A joint resolution introduced in the Minnesota senate on January 3
provides for the designation of the 9th of July, 1935, as a Lac qui Parle Indian Mission Day; for the observance and commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the establishment of the Lac qui Parle Indian Mission; and the appointment of a commission to be known as "The Lac qui Parle Indian Mission Centennial Commission." (MH, 15:136, 1934)

"Among the measures passed by the Minnesota legislature of 1935 is a joint resolution providing for the commemoration on July 9 of the one-hundredth anniversary of the Lac qui Parle mission. The measure also provides for a centennial commission to be composed of the Governor, the superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society, and five other citizens. It is the duty of this commission to plan and conduct the Lac qui Parle celebration. The story of the founding of the mission at Lac qui Parle is presented in detail elsewhere in this number of Minnesota History." The story is by Charles M. Gates and appears earlier in this volume, pages 72-85, copied from MH, 16:133-151.

"The centennial year also saw a historical tour to the old mission site. "The climax of the tour was reached on the afternoon of June 14 at Chippewa-Lac qui Parle Mission State Park, where, in an outdoor amphitheater, with Dr. Lester B. Shippee, professor of History in the University of Minnesota, presiding, a session was held to commemorate the centennial of the founding by Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Alexander Huggins of the Lac qui Parle mission. More than a thousand people heard Dr. Charles M. Gates, acting curator of manuscripts on the staff of the state historical society, relate the story of the mission, which was established on July 9, 1835, under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and which was continued for two decades as a center for mission work among the Minnesota Sioux. His paper appeared in full in the June issue of this magazine." (MH, 16:302-303, 1935)

"The papers presented by Mr. Gates and Mr. Frazier appear in full in the 'Lac qui Parle Centennial Edition' of the Montevideo News, published on July 5, and that by Mr. Gates is also published in the Montevideo American of the same date. A celebration sponsored by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches was held at Lac qui Parle on July 7, and another arranged by the Lac qui Parle Indian Mission Centennial Commission created by the
1935 legislature was staged on July 9. On the latter date the Minnesota Historical Society was represented by Mr. Babcock, who spoke on "Cross and Plough: The Missionary as a Civilizer." (MH, 16:303, 1935)

"The Lac qui Parle mission centennial was commemorated by the Lac qui Parle County Old Settlers Association at a meeting near the site of the mission on June 23. The principal address, which was presented by the Reverend H. R. Upton of Dawson, dealt with the history of the mission and the work of Thomas S. Williamson." (MH, 16:366, 1935)

"Two celebrations in July marked the centennial of the founding of the Lac qui Parle mission, which was observed by the Minnesota Historical Society at a session of the state historical convention on June 14 (see ante, p. 302). A program sponsored by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches, given at the mission site on July 7, included a reminiscent talk by the Reverend Thomas L. Riggs, the son of one of the Lac qui Parle missionaries, Stephen R. Riggs, and an address on the work of the founder of the mission, Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, by his grandson, the Reverend Jesse P. Williamson. On July 9, the actual centennial date, a program arranged by the Lac qui Parle Centennial Commission created by the 1934 legislature was presented. The speakers included former Congressman Einar Hoidale; Julius A. Schmahl, state treasurer; Elmer Benson, state superintendent of banks; and Willoughby M. Babcock, curator of the museum of the Minnesota Historical Society. The latter read a paper entitled "Cross and Plow: The Missionary as a Civilizer." To mark the centennial, the Montevideo News issued a special 'Lac qui Parle Centennial Edition,' in which papers presented at the state historical convention by Dr. Charles M. Gates and the Reverend Philip Frazier are published in full." (MH, 16:483-484, 1935)

The centennial programs held on the mission site in the summer of 1935 were described by John J. Oyen in the Watson Voice in June 1937. (MH, 16:339, 1937)

The thirteenth annual summer convention of the Minnesota Historical Society, June 13-15, was a tour in the Minnesota valley with stops and programs at nine places. "The Lac qui Parle session, which celebrated the centennial of the founding of an important Indian mission at that
In 1942 an important program took place, as noted below: "The dedication on July 12 of the restored chapel of the Lac qui Parle mission was the occasion for an elaborate program of religious services, talks, and addresses, arranged under the auspices of the Chippewa County Historical Society. Among the speakers were the Reverend Albert Henninger of Peever, South Dakota, who preached the dedication sermon; Mr. Arthur J. Larsen, superintendent of the state historical society, who presented the principal address. He took as his subject 'The Missionary in the Development of Minnesota.' A historical sketch of the mission is contributed to the Montevideo American of July 10 by Dr. Anna Amrud, chairman of the committee which arranged the dedication program. In the printed program issued for the occasion are notes on the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which established the Lac qui Parle mission in 1835, and brief sketches of the missionaries who served there." (MH, 23:398, 1942)

"The backgrounds of the Lac qui Parle mission, the restoration of the chapel, and its dedication on July 12, 1942, are described by Harold W. Lathrop in the Conservation Volunteer for December. Accompanying his article are a picture of the chapel made during the dedication ceremonies and a photograph of the descendants of Joseph Renville who were present on that occasion." (MH, 24:80, 1943)

"Facts and Fallacies about the Dakota Indians' was the subject of a talk given by Professor George A. Pond of the University of Minnesota college of agriculture before the Lac qui Parle County Old Settlers Association on June 23. Members of the organization gathered for a picnic in Lac qui Parle State Park. Mr. C. E. Retrum, president of the association, was in charge of the program." (MH, 27:266, 1946)

In 1948 appeared the following: "About a hundred people attended a joint meeting of the Chippewa and Lac qui Parle County Historical societies at Lac qui Parle State Park on September 26. Among the speakers was Mr. Richard R. Sackett of the Territorial Centennial staff. He recalled his experiences while excavating the site of the Lac qui Parle mission and described the reconstruction of the chapel. The park, he announced, will be the scene of a dramatic historical pageant in the summer of 1949." (MH, 29:361, 1948)
In 1949 appeared the following: "Dramatizing the story of the Lac qui Parle mission, which served the Sioux of southwestern Minnesota from 1835 to 1854, was a Centennial pageant presented on the site of the original mission on July 10. In five episodes, depicting the native red men and their customs, the founding of the mission, the work of the missionaries, the continuing warfare of Sioux and Chippewa, and the removal of the mission, the history of this wilderness church was re-enacted. The script, which was prepared by Glenn C. Parker of Maynard, featured the work of such pioneer missionaries as Dr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Williamson, Sarah Poage, Alexander Huggins, Stephen R. Rigs, and Gideon Pond. Participating in the pageant were Sioux and Chippewa Indians, as well as descendants of the missionaries and residents of Montevideo, Madison, Dawson, and other western Minnesota communities. In the background was the restored mission chapel, reconstructed on the original site in 1942, and on display was the bell first used in its belfry. After years of searching, this relic of the old mission was located at Seece Hollow, South Dakota, by Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Kohr of Montevideo. The story of the mission bell is outlined in the printed pageant program, which contains also a review of the pageant story and sketches of the Lac qui Parle missionaries. The pageant was arranged and sponsored by the historical societies and Centennial committees of Lac qui Parle and Chippewa counties. According to a local newspaper, some eight thousand people saw the spectacle. Among the articles calling attention to the event was a feature story, in the Montevideo American for July 8, by Dr. Anna Amrud, who reviewed the "History of the Lac qui Parle Indian Mission."" (MH, 30:281-282, 1949)

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FRENCH SCIENTIST'S VISIT IN 1848

A granddaughter of Rev. Stephen R. Rigs, Marjorie F. Warner by name, relates a story which happened in 1848 when her mother, Anna Jane, then but a bit more than three years old, darted into the sitting room of the mission house at Lac qui Parle to find a stranger talking excitedly to her father.
"The visitor was not an Indian... but his speech was strange, and... his tone, look and gestures all showed anger as he exhibited something in a small percussion cap box. After she was older, her father used to tell of the Frenchman who had come in search of the plant the Indians called tipsina, which he hoped to introduce in France. He was bitterly disappointed because the Indians had brought him so few seeds and suspected them of trying to deceive him and balk his purpose."

"The Frenchman reached Lac qui Parle on August 6, 1848, only to find the plants in that region were... barren, and it must have been at this climax in his misfortunes when he called on my grandfather, Dr. Riggs, presumably to see whether the latter's extensive knowledge of the Indians and their language might persuade them to bring in a larger quantity of seeds. They are, however, difficult to harvest even when abundant. As soon as the seeds are ripe, the plants lie down and become brittle and are blown about the prairie by the winds. So it doubtless took some diligence to get even the small box of seeds that excited my mother's childish curiosity.

"Leaving Lac qui Parle on August 11, Lamare-Picquot returned to the plains farther eastward to obtain living plants of various species. He also took back specimens of soils, rocks, and minerals, and careful meteorological observations from the habitat of the tipsina.

"However, Lamare-Picquot's hopes for the plant were not realized."

(Copied from Mary Jane F. Warner, "Lamare-Picquot and the Breadroot," Agricultural History, January, 1947, pages 23-26) On page 63, above this French scientist's name is erroneously given as Le Marcipeau and his visit to Lac qui Parle is given as a much longer time than from August 6-11, 1843.

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RED RIVER SETTLERS EMIGRATE VIA LAC QUI PARLE

Thomas Douglas, the fifth Earl of Selkirk, began a colony at Winnipeg, Canada, where the first Scotch and Irish settlers arrived in 1811-12. Others, including many Swiss, joined the colony in the next decade or so. Complex problems soon caused discontent which eventually caused many settlers to emigrate southward into the United States by way of the Red River
of the North, the boundary lakes of Traverse and Big Stone, and the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers.

To supply the colony, in 1821 a drove of cattle or possibly sheep was driven north about 1500 miles from Missouri. When the drovers prepared to return, a group of five discontented settlers accompanied them as far as Fort Snelling, where they settled, thus starting a small colony of former Canadians at that point. In the spring of 1823 thirteen more families left the Selkirk colony and reached St. Louis that autumn. This group included Swiss families named Monnier, Simon, Chetlain, Schirmer, and Langet.

Another group of Swiss families, led by Pierre Rindisbacher, "disheartened by crop failures and other misfortunes, left the Red River colony for the United States," in 1826 and arrived in St. Louis. Among them may have been Auguste Geulberth, Louis I. Jaccard, and others. Presumably, these parties all passed Lac qui Parle en route south by using Red River carts and canoes when possible.

"Still another group from the Red River settlement -- 243 persons discouraged by floods and other hardships -- left the colony on June 25, 1827, for the United States. One of that party, John Corcoran, kept a diary of his journey....

"John Corcoran was probably the son of Pat Corcoran, who came from Crosmalina, Ireland, to the Selkirk colony in 1811-12. John Corcoran was accompanied on his trip to St. Louis by his wife, Catharine Lamb Corcoran, and their three small daughters, Ellen, Nancy, and Catharine. The trials and tribulations of the journey are graphically described in his diary, which follows:

"June 25th (1827) Monday, nine o'clock took our departure from the Red River Settlement. Horses rusty at the setting off. Crossed the Bottomless Swamp at the Half Breed's. Crossed the Red River also to the south side, pitched our encampment. Missed two of our horses a few hours after we had settled our encampment.

"Tuesday 26th. Spent the whole day looking for the horses to no purpose. Supposed that they had been stolen by the Indians.

"Wednesday 27th. Our guide, my man Pierre Antoine and my brother Richard set out for the Forks in hopes that they had gone back which proved to
be the case. As they had taken different routes each, the whole three met together when the horses attempted to cross the river. One of our party a Mr Packet's child got seriously burned on the feet by crossing over a place where there had been a large wood fire some time before and was burned down to ashes. This accident gave rise to some serious contemplation amongst the whole party; as some supposed it to be a bad omen or forerunner of evil. As my horse was the cause of our delay and also of forcing away one of our party's mare, the whole weight was placed at my tent door. The horses arrived early in the evening. The whole party more reconciled.

"Thursday 28th. All to rights again. Six in the morning started with flying colors and smiles of composure in every countenance. Arrived at the south side of the Salt Springs. Michael Kilkenny's horse Pawnee gave my horse Corabo a severe bite. - I suppose for his misconduct of forcing away mares as he had done before. This unexpected accident gave rise to a few unpleasant words respecting the horses. As my horse was fettered and the other loose, I considered it a very uneven combat. I accordingly went and unfettered mine. Flies very numerous and troublesome. Shot some pigeons. Set the plains on fire round the encampment to keep off the flies.

"Friday 29th. Set out in good spirits. Put up for breakfast about 9 o'clock. Saw a bear on the other side of the River dabbling in the water, I suppose to cool himself as it was very hot weather. Discharged five or six guns loaded with ball at him to no effect. Started again. Arrived at the Scratchin river twelve or one o'clock. Made rafts of our carts. Crossed our baggage, women and children all safe with the exception of one box getting wet as some of them were immersed two feet below the surface of the water. Our women get wet also as they were immersed above the hips when crossing on a single cart. (A hairbreadth escape). Hayden, Burdo and myself were very near being drowned in the act of crossing on the carts. As we shoved the carts into the water one after the other and mounted them to cross, they upset and whirled around several times, as if set in motion by some machine power. We had been plunged several times below the surface of the water. I was very near losing all my papers; so I took out my pocket-book and put it in the crown of my hat, as thinking it safer than leaving it in the box owing to the temporary way we had of crossing. Remained for some time to dry such of our things as got wet. Started again,
arrived at the Little Lake and encamped for the night.

"Saturday 30th. Started early in the morning. Mosquitoes very thick. Dark weather. Considerable trouble in crossing the Rat River. Arrived at Pembina (North Dakota), crossed the Pembina River and encamped on the South side, not before we drank full bumpers at the American Post, as it is generally termed, being the boundary line stuck between the Hudson Bay Territory and American territory."

On July 1 they were traveling on the west side of the Red River in North Dakota. Only occasionally did they see a living creature "except an odd prairie hen or ducks and other small fowl." As they went farther south they saw signs of buffalo and occasionally saw one or a small band of them. They experienced difficulty crossing the Goose, Maple, Cheyenne, and Rice rivers. On July 14 late in the evening they arrived at the Bois des Sioux River which flows north out of Lake Traverse to join the Red River. Corcoran wrote:

"Saw but few buffalo in the course of the day. Had great difficulty in crossing the Sioux River, being a deep and wide river. Our whole company divided as to the mode of crossing. Serious disputes how to construct a raft to cross or get part of our baggage across. I had a narrow escape from being drowned by attempting to cross the river by swimming and getting entangled in the weeds both hands and feet."

"Sunday 15th. Crossing the plain from the Sioux River to Lake Traverse. Saw two bulls. Very uneven ground. Encamped in the prairie. Had great difficulty in collecting as much cow dung as would be sufficient to cook with."

"Monday 16th. Crossed the Rabbit River. Took breakfast in sight of Lake Traverse. Steered our course west along the high ridge that leads to the trading post at Lake Traverse. Encamped close to the Fort."

"Tuesday 17th. Got to the Fort. (A trading post, if there is only one log cabin, is called a fort). Treated the Sioux Chief. Got the promise of a horse from him, if I was to pursue the journey by land, or if by water, two canoes. The Indians very kind. The Chief delivered a speech expressing his great pleasure at our arriving safe through his territory, as he had great trouble in council to his young men to prevent them from doing any injury to the white people that would come from the North."
"Wednesday 18th. Still at the trading post. Indians very civil. We were invited to a feast by the Indians at which we expected to have a variety of dishes; but to our great surprise it happened to be only one plain dish - of prairie turnips, well boiled in water and mashed up fine."

"Thursday 19th. Still at the Fort. Expected to get a boat from the American Fur Company trading master at Lake Travers, being daily expected there from Prairie Du Chien."

"Friday 20th. Saw Mr Moore, the trading master in behalf of the American Fur Company at Lake Travers. Offered four horses and carts and harness for the use of his boat to the garrison at St. Peters; but could not come to terms. William Dickson being in charge of the trading post belonging to the Columbia Fur Company bought our horses and carts at fifteen dollars each on condition that we would leave them at Lake Qui Parle about three days march from Lake Travers, where we were to receive payment. One of our party with his family remained at Lake Travers, not being able to proceed any farther."

"Saturday 21st. Started from Lake Travers with an Indian guide. Had the departing smoke on the very summit of the Height of Land, as our Indian guide placed himself alongside of two buffalo skulls' heads that had been placed one above the other for centuries past, and prepared his pipe with the usual ceremony in order to pay his respects to the weather-beaten skulls. Encamped at the left-hand Island."

"Sunday 22nd. Made a long day's journey. Encamped on the east side of the River Pomme De Terre or the Ground Apple River. A dreadful storm of rain at night, which upset our tents and obliged us to take refuge under our carts."

"Monday 23rd. Crossed several very difficult swamps. Arrived at Lac Qui Parle. A great many Indians at the trading post. Got some whisky to drink, being a great rarity in that part of the country. Ranville proposes to purchase our horses and carts on the ground that Dickson had no right to purchase them before."

"Tuesday 24th. Still at Ranville's Fort. Could not agree whether to proceed on with the carts or take canoes and proceed by water. Indians conjuring all night. Fleas so plenty that they could almost walk away with
our blankets.

"Wednesday 25th. Sold our horses and carts to Ranville for canoes. Got two already made; but had to go to the woods for the third, which fell to my lot. Worked hard at the canoe. The fleas still increasing not in thousands but in millions.

"Thursday 26th. Still at Ranville's. Hard chopping at the canoe. Indians arrived at the Fort with fresh meat. Indians conjuring all night. Gave away our dogs as we could not get them along any farther.


"Saturday 28th. Started from Ranville's. Considerable trouble in stowing our baggage in the canoes. The River, crooked, narrow and shallow.

"Sunday 29th. Met and passed the first rapids in the St. Peter's River.

"Monday 30th. The whole day at work amongst the rapids. Obliged to make portages.

"Tuesday 31st. Still amongst rugged rocks and rapids. Got my canoe upset. Lost a great many things, which reduced me nearly to a state of misery at the present time; but was fortunate to gather up my pemican, which was the only thing that saved us from starving. Articles Lost—One large new canvas tent, 30 dollars; one fine gun, 28 dollars; kettles, knives, forks & plates; one vest with the keys of all my boxes; and almost all the children's clothing. The remainder of my baggage all wet and damaged."

The following six days they went forward with a strong current and few or no rapids to slow or endanger them. They were soon to arrive at Traverse des Sioux, near St. Peter, August 7, at which time Corcoran wrote:

"Tuesday 7th. Arrived at Port Des Sioux, a trading post. Expected to get some supplies to repair my losses by the upsetting of my canoe; but was totally disappointed, as we could not get a mouthful of anything, as there was nothing to be seen there but dogs, horses and a numerous encampment of Indians. Got some corn at an Indian encampment below Port Des Sioux in exchange for pemican, tobacco and ammunition.

"Wednesday 8th. Little or no current. Met some traders going up
the river, who informed us of disturbance with the Indians at the Garrison at St. Peter's.

"Thursday 9th. Slow current. Met a canoe with four men and a trading master, who seemed to be speechless, as he never opened his lips to bid us good morning. Passed some Indian villages. Traded more corn. One of my children reduced to the last extremity for the want of some nourishment, as we were completely run out of all our tea, sugar, and flour.

"Friday 10th. Arrived at the Garrison at St. Peter's. Applied to the commanding officer at the garrison for a house to stop in for a few days. Got an order to the Indian Agent for a house that had been belonging to him. Got the privilege of stopping in the house as long as we found it convenient to stop at the Garrison. We stopped there three weeks - had a house rent free, full rations of bread, flour, pork, fresh beef, candles, soap, peas, salt, whisky, &c. &c. Whilst stopping at the St. Peter's I went out to the Falls of St. Anthony where there is considerable improvement made by the troops from the Garrison, - two very snug dwelling houses, with a grist mill and saw mill attached together. The falls are not more than 18 to 20 ft. perpendicular. All open prairie at the North and West sides of the falls. The garrison is a neat and well-constructed place, and, by all appearance, a very healthy situation, as it is elevated to a great height above the level of the Mississippi. Thus our drooping spirits were revived by the liberality of the American Government who had provided and made accommodations for the few adventurers that ventured to pass through the Indian Country.

"August 29th. Started from the St. Peter's Garrison a board of the Josephine Steam Boat. Touched at Prairie Du Chien. Arrived at Fever (Galena) River, on the third day from St. Peter's. Went on shore at Fever River owing to so many people getting on board the Steam-boat, as they were all in an uproar about the Winnebago war. Stopped at Galena 10 days. Went out to the 'diggings' as they are generally termed. Country all around pleasant in appearance and seemingly fertile.

"September 12th. Started from Galena aboard of the Galena Packet. Arrived at St. Louis on the night of the 16th."

(Copied from "The Diary of John Corcoran," edited by Charles Van Ravenswaay, Missouri Historical Society Bulletin, April, 1957, pages 264-274.)
The editor has 17 footnotes, which are here omitted. In footnote #10 it is stated that nearly all the Swiss in Selkirk's colony left with the Corcoran group of 243 in 1827; also that the remaining settlers were "glad to see them go, and furnished them, free of cost, sufficient supplies for their journey. They departed...and the sturdy pioneers who held to their land shed no tears of sorrow at their going...." The Sioux chief at the Lake Traverse trading post may have been Waneta. Mr. Moore was actually Hazen P. Mooers. William Dickson was the half-breed son of Robert Dickson, the Scotch assistant in Selkirk's colonial planning. Until about 1850 the Minnesota was usually called the St. Peter's River.

There were others from the Selkirk colony who did not fare as well as the Corcoran party. "In 1823, news was brought by the traders that two white children were with a party of Sioux, on the St. Peter's. It appeared from what they could learn, that a family from Red River -- Selkirk's settlement -- had been on their way to the fort (Snelling), when a war party of Sioux met them, murdered the parents and an infant, and made the boys prisoners. Col. Snelling sent an officer with a party of soldiers to rescue the children. After some delay in the ransom, they were finally brought. An old squaw, who had the youngest, was very unwilling to give him up, and indeed the child did not wish to leave her. The oldest, about eight years old, said his name was John Tully, and his brother, five years old, Abraham. His mother had an infant, but he saw the Indians dash its brains out against a tree, then killed his father and mother. Because he cried they took him by the hair, and cut a small piece from his head, which was a running sore when he was re-taken. Col. Snelling took John into his family, Major Clark the other, but he was afterwards sent to an orphan asylum in New York. The eldest died of lockjaw, occasioned by a cut in the ankle while using an axe." (Copied from Minnesota Historical Collections, 1:432.)

A Swiss lady who also left the Selkirk colony in the spring of 1823 because of crop failure and grasshoppers later wrote: "Consequently...as soon as the grass was grown sufficiently, father and his family, with twelve other Swiss families, started for Fort Snelling. There were twelve men and a boy in the party, who were generally well armed; all the rest were women
and children, one or two of the latter being infants in arms. We had hired several "Red River Carts," drawn by oxen, which carried our provisions etc., and of course everybody had to walk, except, perhaps, some of the younger children, who rode occasionally, and one or two men, who had horses.

"Two or three of the women carried babes in their arms, walking thus twenty miles per day. We followed the trail on the west side of the Red River, over the prairie. Two who could speak the Sioux language, in case we met any Indians, and act as hunters, to supply us with food. They killed several buffalo on the way. Our habit was to camp out at night, and we always had a guard carefully patrol our camp during these bivouacs. Very often the women would thus stand guard, in order to allow the men to rest. Several times we met parties of Indians, whose good will we had to conciliate by giving them presents of food, ammunition, or trinkets, a small supply of which we had brought for that purpose. They did not seem to desire to injure us in any way, but when we reached Fort Snelling, a few weeks subsequently, we learned that, on the very road we had traversed, they had just killed part of a family who, like ourselves, had been on their way from Pembina to Fort Snelling.

"This was a family named Tully. Mr. Tully was a Scotchman, and a blacksmith by occupation, who, like many others, had been living at the Red River settlement, and had got starved out. He had started a few weeks before our party, to go to Fort Snelling, and very unwisely went alone. He was met near what is now Grand Forks, by some Sioux, who demanded of him to give up his provisions. Of course, to do this, would be to leave his family to perish, so he refused. The Indians then killed him, and his wife, and also a little baby. John and Andrew Tully, two boys, attempted to escape, but were pursued and caught, when one of the Indians partially scalped John, but the rest interfered and they took both prisoners. Col. Snelling, hearing of it, sent persons to rescue them, and the boys were taken to Fort Snelling, where they were when we arrived. They were cared for by Col. Snelling in his family. John Tully soon after died, but the other, (Andrew) grew up as an inmate of Col. Snelling's family, and is now living in an eastern city.

"We had several bad frights from Indians, however. One evening we
were camped on the Bois de Sioux River, shortly below its exit from Lake Traverse, when I stepped down to the edge with a pail to get some water. I heard noise on the opposite bank, and limbs crackle; a dog also barked. I was certain it was Indians, and slipping back quietly to the camp, I told the men what I had heard. They carefully scouted in the direction named, but saw nothing. But they suspected some ambuscade, and resolved on a plan to baffle the red skins. They built a large fire, and stuffing some men's clothes with grass, to resemble human forms, laid them by the fire, so that if the savages really were lying in wait to attack us, they would fire into these supposed bodies, and thus get baffled. They did not, however, attack us, and it is probable were only endeavoring to steal some of our horses.

"Near Fort Traverse, a trading post on the Lake of that name, some Indians overtook us on a prairie. They were on horseback. We had just crossed the river by fording. They were angry with us for killing buffalo. The Indians rode along with us a little distance, and just then some one noticed that one of them had disappeared. We feared some treachery, and kept a close lookout. We saw that we were approaching an Indian village, still some distance off. Apparently some signal had been given, for a number of mounted Indians came riding towards us, firing guns, not at us, but in the air. They got to us, and at once mounted the carts, and threw everything out. A young Indian caught hold of me, and being alarmed, I started and ran. He pursued me some distance, I do not know why, when a chief, as I presumed him to be, rode up, and probably ordered him to desist, as he stopped. This same chief harangued the warriors, and doubtless commanded them to desist, as they ceased any further demonstrations against us. The same Indians followed us to Fort Traverse. We were compelled to give them a considerable ransom. Father gave them one horse. They did not molest us any farther, and even sent two Indians with us for some distance, to notify other bands we might meet, not to harm us. While we were with them they showed us an old battle field where some of their tribe had been killed. One of our carts ran over a bare place on this spot, which seemed to enrage them. It had some significance which we could not understand. We camped near this spot, and the
Indians howled all night.

"It now began to be late in the fall. The families who were with us, the Moniers, the Chetlains, Schirmers, Langets, and others, being anxious to reach Fort Snelling before navigation should close, so that they could go on down the river, hurried on ahead, leaving father and his family to finish the rest of the voyage alone. Our destination was Fort Snelling. We at once made for a trading house on the Minnesota River, where father and my oldest brother built, after some delay and hard labor, for they could not get the proper tools, a big dug-out, of a cottonwood log. Into this we embarked all that we had left, provisions, clothing, etc. The carts, and their drivers, who had brought us so far, now left us, and returned to the Red River settlement, and we pushed off, in our rude pirogue, down the Minnesota River, then called 'the St. Peter's.' The river was quite low, and we experienced considerable trouble in getting over, or around, sandbars, or shoals. Such was the slowness of our progress that it was quite late in the season when we reached Fort Snelling. In fact, ice was already floating in the river before we concluded our trip." ("Reminiscences of Mrs. Ann Adams," Minnesota Historical Collections, 6:89-93.)

"During the year 1631, there was another arrival of emigrants from Selkirk's settlement. On the 25th of July, twenty of those unfortunate colonists came to the Fort, having been informed that the United States would give them farming implements and land near the post." (Minnesota Historical Collections, 2:124.)

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LAC QUI PARLE, 1840-1854

Isabella Burgess Riggs was born at Lac qui Parle, February 21, 1840. On her twenty-sixth birthday she married Rev. W. Mark Williams and left with him as missionaries to China. In 1909 appeared a book, "By the Great Wall, Letters from China." The first chapter is entitled "A Goodly Heritage" and deals with life at Lac qui Parle. Isabella's sister Anna furnishes a background for her sister's letters, as follows:

"To father and mother on their arrival at Lacqui parle was assigned the long and narrow upper chamber in Dr. Williamson's log house, which became
their home for nearly five years. Here the eldest son Alfred, whom the Indians called Zitkadanwashta, Good Bird, was born, and, as the father wrote, 'in the spring of 1840, before the snows had disappeared, or the ducks come back to this northern land, a baby girl was added to the little family in the upper chamber.' She was named Isabella Burgess for the wife of her father's lifelong friend, Dyer Burgess of Ohio. As the spring began to bourgeon into leaf and flower, the mother's heart longed for a change, a taste of the full measure of life. So a pleasure trip was planned in company with Mr. Renville's annual caravan to Fort Snelling, 'the fur-trader's Mecca.' Good Bird was left behind, but the three months' old baby Isabella must of necessity be taken along. The journey at first was over the pleasant prairie, and all was well. But when the Traverse was reached, the big boat had floated away. There was naught to do but to cross the Minnesota River in a crazy canoe, and attempt the difficult journey through swamp and stream and over the logs of the Big Woods on horseback, and so the lady mother rode, without a saddle, but 'the little lady Isabella rode better, perched on a Dakota woman's back.' This was her first journey into the world. Perchance the narrow room was ever after too narrow for the eyes that had seen visions of hills and trees and flowers, for a tale comes down to us of the scare she gave the dwellers in that upper room when she was found outside the window ledge, on the shelf where milk was put to cool! Little lady, with your round, inquiring eyes, were you beginning already to turn the pages of your Wonder Book, the book of Nature and of Life!

"About this time the expanding needs of the family as well as of the missionary life made a change imperative. Two new mission houses were built on the high bluffs of the Minnesota River. To the west was the ever beautiful lake, and on either hand the wonderful stretch of rolling prairie, of hill, and deep ravine, and river. The home was now an 'upper room' no longer, but upstairs, down-stairs and my lady's chamber. Here other children came to share its joys. It mattered not to us that the floors were carpetless or the furnishings plain, or that sometimes snow sifted in on the stairway and at the window ledges. Lovely
it was in our eyes, and lovely the mother who had it in her keeping. Here
was the great room where the Indians sat on one side; here father's desk,
and here the medicine shelves with rows of mysterious bottles, salts and
rhubarb and jalap. A big saddle-bag stove was in the centre, and by the
west window was mother in her rocking-chair. Here too was the Children's
Corner. Father at his desk was never too busy to turn in his chair and
listen to the complainings or requests of our Indian friends who were ever
coming and going with moccasined feet. Sometimes it was medicine for the
ailing baby, or if a warm garment was needed, it was then mother's oppor-
tunity; or was it a case of real hunger, with what eager feet the children
ran for a piece of corn bread or a cold potato for Old Fuss, perhaps, or
Weeping Beauty.

"This idea of helpfulness came early into our lives. We learned to
read Dakota in order to help with the singing at the Indian meetings, and
dearly we loved to sing those good Dakota hymns. The weekly sewing and
prayer-meetings were always occasions for helping. On the afternoon of
the sewing the large basket was brought in with rolls of patchwork wrapped
each in its strip of white cotton, marked with such high-sounding names as
'Scarlet Cloud woman,' 'She that walks singing,' and the like,—names fit
for princesses of the blood, as many of them were. To Isabella and to
Martha it was given to pass the rolls, the needles and the thread. We
seldom in those days saw any but Indian faces,—Indians in war paint and
feathers or wrapped in Mackinac blankets. Indian children had been taken
into our home, and others too were with us in school. From such associations
we naturally acquired something of physical courage and bravery. Isabella
once beheaded a pope,—Pope John XXIII, for that little affair of his with
John Huss. For the matter of that the pope was only a curly shaving, and
the instrument a chisel, but the result was disastrous to her forefinger.

"When Miss Lucy Spooner came to teach in our mission school she cap-
tivated all hearts by her gentle and winning personality. She seemed to
bring with her from 'the States' a flavor of all that we had not; was it a
matter of taste in dress or in music, or how to 'do' one's hair, she was
always consulted. We loved to hear her sing and to sing with her, and she
it was who gave us our first real training in music. After the fire she
returned to her home in Ohio, and became Mrs. Drake, but to the children of her adoption her latch-string was always out, and Isabella often spoke of her as her 'Ohio mother.'

"The third of March, 1854, was a memorable day in our family history. We long counted from 'before' and 'after the fire' as did the Romans from the building of the city. A pitiless storm was blowing from out the northwest with flurry of snow, when there came a hurry call for the boys in school to carry water. Our house was on fire! Every effort proved unavailing; - in a few short hours only smoking cellars remained of all that had been home. Homeless we indeed were, but the old adobe church at the foot of the hill offered us shelter, and while little had been saved from the burning house, kind Indian friends gave out of their scanty store, and blankets were sent us from Mr. M'Leod's trading post. Smoky potatoes, too, had been taken from out the cellar, and in a few days Dr. Williamson brought us good cheer and things of which we had most need. The summer brought us boxes and barrels from friends in the East, the opening of which made glad the hearts of the elders and set the children all a-tiptoe of joyful expectation.

"It had been deemed best to build the new mission station near to that of Dr. Williamson's at Pajutazee, and in September of that year, with mingled feelings, we bade good-bye to Lacquiparle, and entered upon the new order of things at Hazlewood. Our home life here was full of changes, the family much broken. Alfred, his mother's right hand man, was away at college. The older daughters, to the mysteries of breadmaking, dressmaking and ironing father's shirts, had added tailoring, as the many coats and trousers for the three younger brothers would attest. But they too must go East to school, which they did by turns, as the mother could ill afford to spare both Hapan and Hapstina at once. ....

".... Again there comes a vision of her as a happy child at Lacquiparle, coming from out the woodsy road in trailing clouds of glory and wild clematis, sweet seriousness and round-eyed wonder on her face...."

Isabella's first letters were written to her friend Miss Lucy Spooner...

"The Old Church, Lacquiparle, Minn., March 27, 1854.

"Dear Miss Lucy:

"Oh, I think that you would like to have been here this afternoon!"
Two boxes came from friends at Traverse des Sioux, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. McLeod. There was a pair of boots for Thomas, and he was overjoyed at the sight of them. Looking at their gifts made me think of the fire more than usual. I am glad that our friends at the Traverse send us their sympathy, which, by the way, I think is the best kind of 'pathy' there is. ...."

(Copied from Isabella Riggs Williams, "By the Great Wall," pages 13-19.)

JOSEPH RENVILLE IN HIS OLD AGE

Renville was born at Kaposia below St. Paul in 1779. He died at Lac qui Parle in March 1846. Dr. Edward D. Neill wrote of him in his later years:

"Living as he had done for more than a half century among the Dakotas, over whom he exercised the most unbounded control, it is not surprising that in his advanced age he sometimes exhibited a domineering disposition. As long as Minnesota exists, he should be known as one given to hospitality. He invariably showed himself to be a friend to the Indian, the traveler and the missionary. Aware of the improvidence of his mother's race, he used his influence towards the raising of grain. He was instrumental in having the first seed corn planted on the Upper Minnesota. An Indian never left his house hungry, and they delighted to do him honor. He was a friend to the traveler. His conversation was intelligent, and he constantly communicated facts that were worthy of record. His post obtained a reputation among explorers, and their last day's journey to it was generally a quick march, for they felt sure of a warm welcome. His son was the interpreter of Nicolle, that worthy man of science who explored this country in connection with Fremont. This gentleman, in his report to Congress pays the following tribute to the father and son:

"I may stop a while to say, that the residence of the Renville family, for a number of years back, has afforded the only retreat to travelers to be found between St. Peters and the British posts, a distance of 700 miles. The liberal and untiring hospitality dispensed by this respectable family, the great influence exercised by it over the Indians of this country in the
maintenace of peace and the protection of travelers, would demand, besides our gratitude, some especial acknowledgement of the United States, and also from the Hudson's Bay Company.

"The only traveler that has ever given any testimony opposed to this, is Featherstonhaugh, a dyspeptic and growling Englishman...."

"The Rev. T. S. Williamson...arrived at Fort Snelling in 1834; then returned to the East, and in 1835 came back with assistant missionaries. Renville warmly welcomed him, and rendered him invaluable assistance in the establishment of the missions. Upon the arrival of the missionaries at Lac-qui-Parle, he provided them with a temporary home. He acted as interpreter, he assisted in translating the Scriptures, and removed many of the prejudices of the Indian against the teachers of the white man's religion. His name appears in connection with several Dakota books. Dr. Watts' second Catechism for children, published in Boston in 1837, by Crocker & Brewster, was partly translated by him."

"In 1839, a volume of extracts from the Old Testament, and a volume containing the Gospel of Mark, was published by Kendall & Henry, Cincinnati, the translation of which was orally given by Mr. Renville, and penned by Dr. Williamson. Crocker & Brewster in 1842, published Dakota Dowanpi Kin, or Dakota Hymns, many of which were composed by the subject of this sketch. The following tribute to his ability as a translator, appeared in the Missionary Herald of 1846, published at Boston:

"Mr. Renville was a remarkable man, and he was remarkable for the energy with which he pursued such objects as he deemed of primary importance. His power of observing and remembering facts, and also words expressive of simple ideas was extraordinary. Though in his latter years he could read a little, yet in translating he seldom took a book in his hand, choosing to depend on hearing rather than sight, and I have often had occasion to observe, that after hearing a long and unfamiliar verse read from the Scriptures, he would immediately render it from the French into Dakota, two languages extremely unlike in their idioms and idea of the words, and repeat it over two or three words at a time, so as to give full opportunity to write it down. He also had a remarkable
tact in discovering the aim of a speaker, and conveying the intended im-
pression, when many of the ideas and words were such as had nothing cor-
responding to them in the minds and language of the addressed. These
qualities fitted him for an interpreter, and it was generally admitted he
had no equal!"

"It would be improper to conclude this article without some remarks
upon the religious character of Renville. Years before there was a clergy-
man in Minnesota, he took his Indian wife to Prairie du Chien and was
married in accordance with Christian rites by a minister of the Roman Church.
Before he became acquainted with missionaries, he sent for a large folio
Bible in the French language, and requested those connected with him in
the fur trade to procure for him a clerk who could read it. After the
commencement of the Mission at Lac-qui-Parle, his wife was the first full
Dakota that joined the Church of Christ, of whom we have any record. She
was also the first Dakota that died in the Christian faith. Before she
had ever seen a teacher of the religion of Christ, through the instruction
of her husband, she had renounced the gods of the Dakotas. The following
is an extract from a translation of Mr. Renville's account of his wife's
death: - 'Now, to-day, you seem very much exhausted, and she said "yes;
this day, now God invites me. I am remembering Jesus Christ who suffered
for me, and depending on him alone. To-day I shall stand before God, and
will ask him for mercy for you and all my children, and all my kinsfolk."'

"Afterwards, when all her children and relatives sat round her weeping,
she said 'it is holy day, sing and pray.' From very early in the morning,
she was speaking of God, and telling her husband what to do. Thus she
died 'when the clock struck two.'

"Like Nicodemus, one of the rulers of Israel, he loved to inquire in
relation to spiritual things. Of independent mind, he claimed and exercised
the right of private judgment in matters of faith.

"In 1841, he was chosen and ordained a ruling Elder, and from that
time, till his death, discharged the duties of his office in a manner accept-
able and profitable both to the native members of the Church and the mission.
"After a sickness of some days, in March, 1846, his strong frame began
to give evidence of speedy decay. He was aware he was soon to take "his
chamber in the silent halls of death," but he knew 'in whom he had believed and went,

"Not like the quarry-slave, at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

"Dr. Williamson thus narrates the death-scene: "The evening before his decease, he asked me what became of the soul immediately after death? I reminded him of our Savior's words to the thief on the cross, and Paul's desire to depart and be with Christ. He said, "That is sufficient," and presently added, "I have great hope I shall be saved through grace.""

Next morning (Sunday) about eight o'clock, I was called to see him. He was so evidently in the agonies of death, I did not think of attempting to do anything for him. After some time, his breathing becoming easier, he was asked if he wished to hear a hymn. He replied, "Yes." After it was sung he said, "It is very good." As he reclined on the bed, I saw a sweet serenity settling on his countenance, and I thought that his severest struggle was probably past, and so it proved. The clock striking ten, he looked at it and intimated that it was time for us to go to church. As we were about to leave, he extended his withered hand. After we left, he spoke some words of exhortation to his family, then prayed, and before noon calmly and quietly yielded up his spirit."

"Sixty-seven years passed by, before he closed his eyes upon the world. The citizens of Kentucky delight in the memory of Daniel Boone; let the citizens of Minnesota not forget Joseph Renville, though he was a 'bois brule.'"

"His descendants are still living among the Dakotas. The son who bore his name, died on Feb. 8th, 1856, in the neighborhood of the mission at Payutazee. The Rev. S. R. Riggs in a communication to the St. Paul Daily Times, remarks:

'The deceased was about forty-seven years of age, a son of Joseph Renville, who died at Lac-qui-Parle some years since, and whose memory is identified with the past history of Minnesota. Inheriting from his father many noble and generous qualities, unfortunately for himself and family,
the habits of the Indian trade in which the deceased was educated, were not such as enabled him to gain a comfortable livelihood by labor. - After the death of his father, he removed with his family to the Mississippi, and resided for some time at Kaposia, with Little Crow's band, many of whom were his mother's relatives. Soon after the cession of this Minnesota country to the United States, he with a younger brother and cousin of the same family name, removed up to the neighborhood of Fort Ridgley. When they attended the payment at Yellow Medicine, he was already far gone in the disease which has just terminated his earthly career. Here, in the house of a younger brother, and with other relations, he with his family found a temporary home and a place to die. Through the kindness of friends and neighbors, they have not wanted. It has been pleasant to see that former kindesses received from the family when his father was a prince in wealth among them, have not been entirely forgotten by the Dakotas, but have been returned now to the son in his sickness."


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CATTLE AND SHEEP DROVERS VISITED LAC QUI PARLE

By Dr. Donald D. Parker

Joseph Renville, the trader at Lac qui Parle, is reported to have owned "sheep by the hundreds and cattle by the score" by 1830. (Minnesota History, 26:106, 1945.) It seems likely that he obtained his original sheep and cattle from drovers who were driving livestock northward from Missouri to Lord Selkirk's colony near Fort Garry and Winnipeg.

One of the needs of the colonists, who were from the British Isles and Switzerland, was farm animals, and the first drive seems to have taken place in 1815, in which year 200 Scots arrived at the Pembina settlement.

In that year, according to the reminiscences of an Iowa pioneer, Lord Selkirk arranged for the delivery of 500 head of cattle at this colony, giving the contract to a citizen of New York, who sublet the contract to Dick Carr and B. Lewis Musick. St. Charles near St. Louis was then the
nearest point at which that many cattle could be obtained.

The two men collected their 500 cattle, buying mostly on credit. They hired Giles Sullivan to assist in driving the cattle as far as the Des Moines River, where Sullivan left them. They secured other assistants and pushed northwestward through Iowa. The Indians troubled them somewhat and succeeded in stealing some of their stock, but no serious loss was experienced. As they journeyed north they probably paralleled the Minnesota and Red River. Selkirk’s agent was well pleased with the cattle and issued a bill of exchange for their value in the name of the original contractor.

Carr and Musick made their way home, striking the Mississippi near the point where Fort Snelling was to be built four years later. They descended the river by canoes to Missouri and handed over the draft to the contractor who, by some sharp practice, was able to cheat the two men out of every dollar.

Another cattle driver was John S. McCune of St. Louis, later known as King of the Steamboat Trade. He got his start in the world by helping to drive cattle from Louisiana, Mo., to the Selkirk settlement. He made two or three trips altogether, though the exact dates are not known. (Iowa Journal of History and Politics, 14:338-340.)

In 1821 a drove of cattle or possibly sheep was driven north about 1500 miles from Missouri to the Selkirk settlement. (Missouri Historical Society Bulletin, April 1957, page 264.) This journey may have been the same as the following. Early in the fall of 1821 another herd of cattle, mostly cows, arrived from the State of Missouri, in charge of a party of armed drovers, and were distributed in the Spring of 1822 among the Swiss settlers. This distribution of cattle, which had been contracted for by Lord Selkirk before his death, was all that had been done for the colonists in fulfillment of the pledges made them before their departure from Europe. On their return to Missouri the drovers were permitted to take along five disappointed families. Another interesting reminder... is a map of Iowa Territory showing “Dixon and McKnight’s Route to Pembina Settlement in 1822.” These men ascended the valleys of the Des Moines and its tributary, the Raccoon, proceeded almost straight northward along
the divide between Spirit Lake and the headwaters of the Des Moines to the
sources of the St. Peter's and Red rivers, and then descended the valley
of the Red River to Pembina." (Iowa Journal...14:336-340.)

A copy of the map referred to appears in C.L. Goodwin's "The Trans-
Mississippi West (1803-1853)," page 248. Dixon may have been Robert
Dickson, Selkirk's chief agent, who died in 1823, or his half-breed son,
William Dickson. If the map was correctly drawn by I. Judson in 1838, the
drovers passed up the west side of the Minnesota, some distance from the
river.

In the years which soon followed there may have been still other droves
of livestock which passed northwest up the Minnesota by Lac qui Parle. How-
ever, the next such recorded drive took place in 1833.

In 1830 a number of projects were planned for the economic development
of the Selkirk colonists, many of whom were familiar with sheep raising in
Scotland. A joint company was organized and the sum of 1200 was raised by
the colonists to pay for the introduction of sheep. Fortunately, Robert
Campbell, son of a sheep farmer in Scotland, had arrived in the colony. He
was a well educated man of the Hudson's Bay Company, 24 years of age, when
he joined the small company of ten men who were to journey southward to buy
the sheep. And it was he who left the record of the expedition.

The two leaders were William Glen Rae and I.P. Bourke. Others were
Joseph Rocke, a French half-breed and Sioux interpreter; James Setter, major
domo; Peter Hayden, a middle-aged Irishman; Jean Baptiste Latourelle, a
middle-aged French Canadian; Charles Gaspard Bruce, a middle-aged French
half-breed who had traveled with Lord Selkirk as interpreter; Clement
Fiddler and Dick Atkinson, two young English half-breeds; and Campbell.

This mixed group started south from Fort Garry at Winnipeg on November
8, 1832. They had a cart or two and horses to carry provisions, baggage,
etc., in charge of two of the men. The others had saddle horses.

They followed up the west side of the Red River and when they reached
Sioux country they initiated a daily routine of starting at 3:00 A.M.,
breakfasting about 9:00 if wood and water were convenient, camping near
sundown, and having two men keep watch over the camp and horses at night.
Campbell wrote: "Generally after our evening meal, we moved off some
distance before lying down for the night in case the smoke from our fire
would be seen by the Indians and draw them down on us. On our return we
learned that a war party followed us for three days, but gave up the
pursuit as they could not overtake us."

They passed Grand Forks. "This place...was the debatable land between
different tribes of Indians and was a dangerous locality to pass through.
Many years before a party of emigrants were attacked there and most of
them murdered.

"The night we camped in that vicinity we were serenaded by wolves,
foxes and owls, which the alarmists took to be war parties signalling to
each other...."

On November 20 they crossed the Bois de Sioux River for Lake Traverse,
"and the next day we reached the American Trading Post...." From Hazen
P. Mooers, the agent in charge, they received a very friendly welcome.

On November 24 they reached Renville's Lac qui Parle trading post,
"the loveliest spot we saw on our journey, also located at the foot of
the hills." Following the river they reached Fort Snelling where they
were disappointed to learn that the last boat of the season had departed.
Exactly a month after beginning their journey they left the fort and with
many difficulties and disappointments they continued their journey down
the Mississippi valley by sled, foot, horses, canoes, again by foot, and
finally by wagon. "Our Indian-like habiliments and swarthy faces caused
considerable wonder to the inhabitants of such houses, settlements and
towns as we passed."

On January 2, 1833 they reached St. Louis, then a small village.
"Thus terminated a journey of no ordinary danger and hardship, performed
at a most inclement season in 56 days, the distance being about 1,800
miles."

Diligent inquiries were made as to the nearest point they could buy
sheep. "In general we were referred to Kentucky, but we thought the
distance too great to attempt to bring them from that State...." They
scoured the country half way across Missouri and through southern Illinois,
but had no success. Mr. Rae at last decided to go to Kentucky and later
the men joined him there. He said the sheep were all ready near Versailles
in central Kentucky.

Near the town was the farm of Mr. Twyman, who had contracted to furnish the sheep. "He had all the sheep collected in his parks and had men busy shearing them. Our party immediately set to work also to get through sooner. By the first of May, we had all the sheep shorn, marked and counted, ready for marching. On the second we started with our noisy drove of 1,100 sheep and lambs. Next day we added 200 more...." They crossed the Ohio River to Madison, Indiana, and Rae purchased 700 more sheep, bringing the total to 1,370. Bothered by oppressive heat and mosquitoes, "it was surprising how well the sheep travelled, averaging 10 or 11 miles a day, and sometimes much more over open prairie. We had to swim them over many rivers."

On May 22, "We passed through Terre Haute...and ferried across the Wabash. We had occasionally to sell along the road sheep and lambs that fell lame." They crossed the Illinois River at Peoria and a guide was hired to show them the way to Rock Island and Davenport. En route there on June 8, "For the first time we saw that dreadful scourge, the Spear Grass, growing pretty thick along our route, and noticed a few of the awns sticking in the wool of the sheep. .... The spears worked into the flesh of the sheep, causing putrifying sores, which were infested with maggots; then mortification set in and the result was the death of the victim."

On June 13 they "camped opposite Rock Island Ferry and astonished the natives not a little with our large flock. .... After crossing the Mississippi, we were employed shearing the sheep and lambs and pulling the spears out of their flesh. This was sickening work, some of the sheep being one moving mass of maggots and matter. All the time the flies were maddening.

.... "Mr. Davenport, the Indian trader at Rock Island, a very obliging gentleman, bought some lame sheep from us and sent an Indian guide with us, as we were about to enter the Indian Prairie, where there was no trail."

As there was no market for the wool, they burned it. Sheep were dying in twos and threes. "For sheer curiosity we examined the bodies of some of the dead sheep and counted the spears imbedded in the carcasses. The number in some cases seems incredible, amounting to several hundred, some of the spears being several inches deep in the flesh."
On July 2, "We were fortunate enough to hire the services of a Fox Indian Chief to guide us to the Sioux boundary and also to hunt for us." By July 7 they had lost nearly half their flock of 1,370 sheep from the effects of the spear grass ravages. Campbell's journal from July 7 to August 7 was stolen from the wagon on August 19 much to his regret for, wrote he, "it contained an account of the most interesting part of our trip."

During this time the guide and his companion left the party when the Sioux were likely to be met. Guided only by a compass and some slight knowledge that Rocke had of the country, they finally struck the Minnesota River, which they followed for several days until they found a good place to cross it about August 8. "We now struck the cart trail leading from Lac qui Parle to Leblanc, on which we had travelled in November...and we made good progress homewards.

On August 11 they arrived at Lac qui Parle where they had formerly been on November 24. There they found Bourke, whom they had sent on ahead on June 13, and Joseph Rocke's father. "We were glad to find that Rocke's father was to travel with us to our destination as his influence among the Sioux Indians was very great."

Their flock had by now diminished to 295 and no doubt some of the lame sheep were left with Renville. They also had a band of 30 horses. They stayed at Lac qui Parle eight days, leaving on the 19th, with Renville following them to make arrangements with the Indians at Lake Traverse for a safe passage through their territory.

"We found some hundreds of Sioux lodges, under the great Chief Wanata, planted around Lac Traverse Post. The Indians came in crowds on horseback to see us, all the time shouting and making horrible din; still very friendly." Wanata, accompanied by Renville and Mooers, traders, paid the drovers a friendly visit.

"Mr. Rae distributed gifts among the chiefs and presented Wanata with a horse to which he had taken a fancy. We parted on good terms. As we raised camp, a chief called Capt. La Guerre and another came to us and said they would escort us for a few days to protect us from any bad Indians who might follow us."
They crossed the Bois des Sioux into North Dakota on August 21. "To our surprise, Wanata and his brother rode into our camp. They had come on precisely the same errand as Capt. La Guerre. Their presence with us would ward off any danger from prowling war parties of Sioux and to this end they accompanied us for several days. Following north down the west side of the Red River they crossed the Cheyenne River on August 25. "Here the Chiefs left us, saying we were now perfectly safe from bad Indians. Mr. Rae gave them presents in consideration of their valuable services.

"Wanata was a noble specimen of the Indian race; he was tall and commanding in appearance, with most brilliant eyes. His influence among the Sioux was unrivalled."

On September 16, the drovers "Reached Fort Garry at noon and got the sheep and horses across the river before dark. Thus terminated our long, harrassing and dangerous trip; a trip which was most disappointing in its results. The most of our trouble and the whole of the sad diminution of our flock was brought about by the wild spear grass, and our total ignorance of its existence. .... Shortly after our return, the sheep were removed to the farm and I was put in charge for the winter."

The entire trip had taken ten months and eight days, during which they had traveled at least 4,000 miles. ("A Journey to Kentucky for Sheep," North Dakota Historical Quarterly, October, 1926, pages 35-45.)

The next recorded drovers' trip into the region was in 1844, but it ended in disaster. Two men, Turner and Bennett, were driving a herd of cattle north from Missouri to Fort Snelling. Losing their way, they crossed the Minnesota River, probably not far from New Ulm, and continued northwestward along the road to Lac qui Parle. They were met by a war party of Sioux from Lake Traverse. The Sioux concluded that the drovers were bound for the Selkirk colony, with whom they had difficulties at the time. The result was that Turner lost his life, the cattle were scattered abroad on the prairie, and Bennett, starving and almost dead, finally was rescued by Sleepy Eyes, who sent a message to Rev. S.R. Riggs, then living at Traverse des Sioux, to come and get the twenty-two year old "ghost". Riggs wrote, "We took him home, and in three weeks he was so far recruited as to return to his friends in Missouri. .... Sleepy Eyes treated him like a brother." (Minnesota History, 2:490-491; also Mary and I, page 115.)
THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT LAC QUI PARLE

It has been assumed by many that the Indian village was always on the west side of the lake. It is apparent that this was not always the case. It is not known which side of the river it was on before Dr. Williamson arrived in 1835, but in that year it was evidently on the east side of the lake, close to Fort Renville. It consisted of 48 skin lodges and 12 large bark-covered tepees when G.W. Featherstonhaugh visited the area in October 1835. (See page 163.) But when Peter Garrioch visited Lac qui Parle, his diary entry of July 8, 1837 states that "The Indians...have their village and farms on the opposite side of the lake from the mission station and fort." (See pages 215-217.)

Shortly after his arrival in 1837, Rev. S.R. Riggs wrote: "The village at Lac-qui-parle consisted of about 400 persons, chiefly of the Wahpaton, or Leaf-village band of the Dakotas." (Mary and I, page 54.)

When Mrs. Mary Riggs wrote to her parents on April 5, 1838, the village was stated to be on the east side of the river. She wrote that she and Mrs. Pond walked to the lodges, winding their way in the narrow Indian path on the side of the hill and, to get a better view, they climbed a hill. "After counting thirty lodges stretched along below us, we descended and entered one ... When we had called at Mr. Renville's, which was a little beyond, we returned through the heart of the village, attended by such a retinue as I have never before seen, and such strange intermingling of laughing and shouting of children and barking of dogs as I never heard. ... Boys and girls of from four to twelve years of age, some wrapped in their blankets, more without, and quite a number of boys almost or entirely destitute of clothing, with a large number of dogs...presented themselves.... As all of the Indians here have pitched their lodges together, I suppose there might have been thirty or forty children in our train." (Mary and I, pages 68-69.)

Years later, about 1880, Riggs wrote regarding the 1848 period: "Where the village of Lac-qui-parle now stands is the site of Wakanmane's planting-place and village of those days. In one of the summer bark houses, we were accustomed to hold a week-day meeting. Our mission was three miles from there and on the other side of the Minnesota; but it was only a pleasant walk of a summer day, and I was sure to find a little company, chiefly women, of from half a dozen to a dozen present. ... I have since spent a Sabbath, and worshipped with white people on the same spot." (Mary and I, page 134.)
After Renville's death in 1846, Martin McLeod, with his Sioux wife, took over the fur trade at Lac qui Parle. "The location of his trading post is not known, but it is believed to have been on the Lac qui Parle river, opposite the old village of Lac qui Parle." ("History of Chippewa and Lac qui Parle counties...." page 110.) If this was the case, his location there was probably due to the fact of the Indians having taken up residence there, perhaps as early as 1846 or even earlier.

The Wahpaton Sioux were the rather permanent residents at the lake, but there were times when a large part of them were away on buffalo hunts, usually toward the west. At times other Sioux tribes, often the Sissetons from Lakes Traverse and Big Stone, visited the locality to trade. Occasionally the Two Woods band from northwest Deuel County in South Dakota did the same. Sometimes, too, the Yanktonais, who followed the buffalo on the great prairie of the James River valley and westward to the Missouri River, visited at Lac qui Parle to trade.

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ODDS AND ENDS FROM MOYER AND DALE

L.R. Moyer and O.G. Dale were the authors of "History of Chippewa and Lac qui Parle Counties, Minnesota...." published by B.F. Bowen and Company of Indianapolis in 1916. Chapter IV, pages 93-110, contain much information on the early history of the area. The subheadings deal with the following: the Lac qui Parle mission, learning the native language, Doctor Williamson's mission, translating the New Testament, teaching the Indians, Indian nomenclature, the native habitat, shut out from the great world, dispute as to lake's name, a change of station, memoir of Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, D.D., LL.D., beginning of Lac qui Parle mission, valuable mission service, redskins capture white women, whole settlement slaughtered, good work of mission Indians, the Rev. Dr. T.S. Williamson, Major Long's expedition, Martin McLeod trading post.

Many of these subjects have been treated more fully in the preceding pages. Some items of interest not treated in earlier pages but treated by Moyer and Dale are the following:
Regarding the meaning of the name of Lac qui Parle, wrote Moyer and Dale (pages 99-100), "no one about the lake had any knowledge of any great Indian talk held there that might have justified the name. To the Riggses the romance was all taken out of the French name by the criticism of Eagle Help, who pointed out that the Dakota name for the lake, Mdaeyaydan, did not mean 'Lake that talks,' but 'lake that connects.' Another version of the name, however, has it that at times when the wind was from the right quarter the breaking of waves against the stones on the shore gave off a distinct musical note, or sound, which accounted for...the name...."

Following the Spirit Lake massacre of early 1857, two young men from Lac qui Parle, who had been taught by the mission to read and write and whose mother was a member of the church, found themselves while on their spring hunt in the neighborhood of Inkpaduta and his party. Dr. Williamson wrote: "Having heard that they held some American women in captivity, the two brothers visited the camp - though this was at some risk to their lives... and succeeded in bargaining for Mrs. Marble, whom they first took to their mother's tent," and then conveyed to a trading house at Lac qui Parle, where she was seen by those connected with the mission at Hazlewood and clothed once more in civilized costume. Later, Paul, an elder of the mission church, with two companions was able to rescue Abbie Gardner near Redfield, South Dakota. (Pages 106-107.)

Writing of Fort Renville and the mission station in 1916, Moyer and Dale (pages 107-108) noted: "The site of the fort is now entirely obliterated, but the location of the old mission station is marked by a granite block set by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Congregational Church of Montevideo. It is on section 13, town 118, range 42, on the north side of the highway about three hundred feet east of the Minnesota river bridge. The stone bears the inscription 'Lac qui Parle Mission, 1835.' The fort and the mission buildings were on the north side of the Minnesota river, but the corn fields cultivated by the Indian women were on the river bottoms on the south side of the river. An earlier trading post seems to have existed at Lac qui Parle, conducted by...Duncan Cameron, an adventurous Scotchman, who died in 1811 and was buried near Lac qui Parle. The site was known as Cameron's Grave for many years, but is now forgotten. Tradition
has come down of a fierce encounter between the Foxes and the Dakotas somewhere near the source of the Minnesota river, but the exact location of the battle is not known.

"In the month of June, 1828, Samuel Gibson, a drover from Missouri, lost his way while driving cattle to Ft. Snelling and abandoned them near Lac qui Parle. Mr. Renville took charge of them, and sixty-four head were subsequently sold for seven hundred and fifty dollars and the money sent to the drover. ... Joseph R. Brown, one of Minnesota's most eminent men, narrowly escaped death at Lac qui Parle in 1827, at the time of the quarrel between the Sioux and the Chippewas." (Pages 107-108.)

In 1823 when Major S.H. Long's expedition ascended the Minnesota, his narrator, Keating, referred to Lac qui Parle River as Beaver Creek.

Rev. S.R. Riggs once wrote of an artificial mound that could be plainly seen north of the government trail on the prairie just before reaching the Chippewa River. This mound, it is said, may still be seen on section 11 in the township of Tunsberg.

Martin McLeod succeeded Joseph Renville after his death in 1846 and remained there well into the 1850s. "It is said that when he was passing his time as fur trader at Lac qui Parle he read Plutarch, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Montesquieu and the best literature of the day. He was continually sending down to General Sibley for more books. He was in the Legislature several terms and was an influential member." (Page 110.)

Rev. S.R. Riggs lived at Beloit, Wisconsin during the last years of his life. He died there on August 24, 1883, in his seventy-first year. "Doctor Riggs was a man of small stature, but of much endurance and courage. Many times during his stay on the frontier, his life was in danger, but he always faced peril with calmness. He was an industrious scholar and an observant author. His works are numerous and all evince ability. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him in 1873 by Beloit College and of Doctor of Laws by Jefferson College." (Page 103.)

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TWO LAC QUI PARLE INDIAN COUNCILS

In 1625 and in 1826 there were two great Indian councils which included Lac qui Parle Sioux. The first was held at Prairie du Chien and drew to it Indians from the Minnesota valley and the upper Mississippi region. The
purpose was to induce the Indians to bury the hatchet and agree to confine
their excursions in search of game within specified boundaries.

"In many respects this treaty council was one of the most imposing ever
held with the red men. To this meeting there came not only the chiefs, prin-
cipal men, and warriors of the tribes but their families as well. And many
a town...of the Upper Mississippi Valley, bears the name of some Indian who
affixed his mark to the Treaty of 1825....

"From the region about Fort Snelling came...Taliaferro with almost four
hundred Sioux and Chippewa." A keel-boat had ascended the Mississippi from
St. Louis. "It contained rations valued at $6750 for an estimated crowd of
two thousand Indians, and presents of tobacco, salt, sugar, guns, powder,
lead, and liquor to the amount of $2000."

"The Sioux Indians were a picturesque group. They carried war clubs and
lances decorated with almost every imaginable device of paint. Their calu-
ments of red pipestone from the famous Minnesota quarries were most elaborate.
These pipes, curiously carved and fitted with flat wooden handles four feet
long, were ornamented with the scalps of red-headed woodpecker and male duck,
and tail feathers of birds artificially attached by strings and quill work,
so as to hang in the figure of a quadrant." Wanita, the Yankton chief, had
a most magnificent robe of the buffalo "curiously worked with dyed porcupine's
quills and sweet grass." (Bruce E. Mahan, "Old Fort Crawford and the Front-
tier," pages 90-91, 93-94.) Wanita was the chief from the Big Stone Lake area
and an occasional visitor at Lac qui Parle.

Lawrence Taliaferro (1794-1871), the Indian agent at Fort Snelling from
1819 to 1840, wrote of the 1825 council in his autobiography: "The Sioux from
lakes Qui Parle and Big Stone on the St. Peter's having arrived at the entry,
the agent organized his delegation of three hundred and eighty-five Sioux and
Chippewas, including the interpreters and attendants. This large body reach-
ed Prairie du Chien without the slightest accident or difficulty with the
Chippewas, their old enemies, each remembering the pointed counsels of their
agent. There was a halt before entering the town...where, after attending to
t heir toilet and appointment of soldiers to dress the columns of boats, the
grand entry was made with drums beating, many flags flying, with incessant
discharges of small arms. All Prairie du Chien was drawn out, with other
del egations already arrived, to witness the display and landing of this fero-
ocious looking body of true savages." (Minnesota Historical Collections, 6: 206.)

As a result of the treaty to establish peace among the tribes, Taliaferro apparently made a later visit to Lac qui Parle. In his unpublished journal of July 5, 1826, while at Fort Snelling, he wrote: "It is much to be regretted that the goods intended for the expedition to Lac qui Parle had to be taken back as far as Prairie du Chien, as they will not come to hand sooner than the 20th inst.

"An express will be started to Lac qui Parle on tomorrow by which the Indians are to be informed of my determination to see them on or about the 15th of August." (Journal, 4:57.) On July 24, 1826, he wrote that "it appears that there will be not far short of Five Thousand" of the Yankton, Sisseton, Wahpeton, Saone, Wahpakute, and Mdewakanton bands or tribes of the region assembled at the contemplated council at Lac qui Parle. (Journal, 4: 63.) Presumably, Taliaferro fulfilled his plan to go to Lac qui Parle.

In spite of the treaty of 1825, there was trouble between the Chippewas and the Sioux in 1827. As a result, the government took an interest in the case. Col. Josiah Snelling, judging the Dakotas to be in the wrong, had four of the Sioux participants turned over to the Chippewas who put them to death in the presence of the troops at Fort Snelling. It later appeared that only two of the four were really guilty.

Snelling's action and that of the Chippewas caused great excitement among the Indians and whites alike. Word of the difficulty spread rapidly. Henry H. Sibley later wrote: "Our fellow citizen, Joseph R. Brown, was at Lake Traverse, when the Dakotas were delivered over to the Chippewas for execution, and on his way back he narrowly escaped death, at Lac qui Parle, Travers de Sioux and Six's Village, it being the avowed intention of the friends of the victims to destroy him." (Minnesota Historical Collections, 1:476.)

In 1831 Taliaferro held a council with Indians at Traverse des Sioux and "the services of Joseph Renville, of Lac qui Parle, and Colin Campbell, proved of inestimable value to the success of the expedition" of the Indian agent. (Minnesota Historical Collections, 6:212.) However, Sioux-Chippewa feuding continued for several decades longer.
SUSPICION OF RENVILLE INDUCED MISSION FOUNDING

By Dr. Donald D. Parker

As late as 1835 there was much suspicion regarding Joseph Renville's loyalty to the American government. This was partly due to his part on the British side in the War of 1812 and his later affiliation with Robert Dickson, Lord Selkirk's chief assistant in promoting the Red River colony. After Selkirk died in 1820, followed by Dickson in 1823, there was still suspicion of Renville, far out on the prairies from Fort Snelling.

Probably Lawrence Taliaferro, Indian agent, had more confidence in Renville's integrity as a result of an 1828 or 29 incident: "During the month of June, Samuel Gibson, a drover from Missouri, lost his way while driving cattle to Fort Snelling, and he abandoned them near Lac-qui-parle. The trader there, Mr. Renville, took charge of them, and sixty-four head were subsequently sold by the Indian Agent's order, for $750, and the money forwarded to the unfortunate drover." (Minnesota Historical Collections, 2:119.)

"During the fall and winter of 1833, rumors reached the Fort that a Canadian (Renville, or some such name) living up what was then the St. Peter's river (now the Minnesota) was making himself of too much importance among the Indians, that he pretended to be in correspondence with the president, and would read to them long letters purporting to be from him, and was collecting large quantities of arms and ammunition.... A subsequent expedition to Renville's place demonstrated the falsity of the current reports." (Colonel John H. Bliss' "Reminiscences of Fort Snelling," MHC 6:349.)

In 1835 an event occurred which was to change the lives of many people at Lac qui Parle. At the usual spring time of the year, Renville took his furs down the Minnesota to Mendota, the American Fur Company headquarters just below and across from Fort Snelling. There he also outfitted himself for the following year. On June 4, the day after his arrival, he appeared in a council with Taliaferro and the Chippewa chief, Hole-in-the-Day. Folwell states:

"Addressing Renville the chief boldly charged that some of his people had been murdered by the trader's relations. This was not denied by Renville, who admitted that some 'people of his place' had killed three Chippewas, but in revenge for murders committed by that nation. He had never encouraged war between nations. He had had Sioux shot and their guns broken for breaking the
peace. His business would be ruined by war, and he had lost heavily by the late affairs. Agent Taliaferro warned the Sioux and Chippewa present that if they did not keep the peace the Great Father would compel them to, and he severely blamed the Sioux for endangering the life of their good friend Renville."

Nevertheless, the agent was still suspicious of Renville's conduct. Two days after the council with Renville and Hole-in-the-Day, Taliaferro wrote in his journal on June 6, 1835, to this effect:

"After the various difficulties which have been and are still occurring on the Sioux and Chippewa boundary line, and because of occasional suspicions as to the part Mr. Renville was acting and had been acting, I proposed, as we had no sub-agent there, to locate the Rev. Williamson and his family and also Mr. Huggins, as agriculturist, with his family at Lac qui Parle. For this purpose I invited Mr. Renville to dine with me, and after detailing to him the advantages which would result to him and his large family from having such a valuable acquisition as Dr. Williamson and his family, he readily consented, and he offered his protection and every facility in his power if they would go."

Accordingly, on June 23 Williamson and Huggins with their families, provided with passports by Taliaferro, departed in Renville's caravan for Lac qui Parle, where they had been "from motives of policy permitted to locate for Missionary purposes & agricultural for the benefit of the wild Indians of that place, & vicinity." The agent wrote that he had "long felt the want of a correspondent in the region." It may even have been that the agent privately told Williamson to keep a watchful eye on Renville and to report to Fort Snelling if it seemed desirable.

The missionary party of five adults and three children had arrived at Fort Snelling on May 16, 1835, intending to begin work in that area. Writing of this period, Riggs noted: "While stopping there for a few weeks, Dr. Williamson presided at the organization, on the 12th of June, of the First Presbyterian Church - the first Christian church organized within the present limits of Minnesota. This was within the garrison at Fort Snelling, and consisted of 22 members, chiefly the result of the labors of Major Loomis among the soldiers.

"Having concluded to accompany Mr. Joseph Renville, Dr. Williamson's
party embarked on the Fur Company's Mackinaw boat on the 22d of June; reached Traverse des Sioux on the 30th, where they took wagons and arrived at Lac qui parle on the 9th of July. There on the north side of the Minnesota river, and in sight of the 'Lake that speaks,' they established themselves as teachers of the religion of Jesus. ....

"From the commencement, the work at this station was very promising. Mr. Joseph Renville, the Bois Brule trader at this place, was earnestly desirous to have his own family educated, so that as soon as possible after their arrival, Miss Poage commenced teaching a class in English. Mr. Renville himself professed to be a christian, and in less than a year, Dr. Williams on had organized a native church, which, in the autumn of 1837, when I joined the mission force at Lac qui parle, counted seven Dakotas. Five years after, the number received from the beginning had been forty-nine. This was a very successful commencement." (Minnesota Historical Collections, 6:128-130.)

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VARIOUS LAC QUI PARLE ITEMS OF INTEREST

By Dr. Donald D. Parker

According to Joseph N. Nicollet, Joseph Renville (1779-1846) was a quarter Indian. "His mother was a half-breed of the Mdewakonwan tribe. He married a Sioux of pure blood and of the same tribe. He has eight children, four boys and four girls: Savoir Joseph, the eldest, Antoine, Michel, and Jean; Angeline, the eldest, Rosalie, Madeleine, and Marguerite." Twelve years later, in the 1850 census, which may not have been accurate, the following names with their respective ages, are listed under Joseph Renville's name: Joseph Jr. 22, Daniel 12, Louisa 11, Marie 4, and Julia 2. Some of these must have been grandchildren. A Joseph was listed as 46 and Marie, a wife, as 26. In addition, there were 25 other Renvilles living in Minnesota Territory.

In the 1840 census for Wisconsin, which then included Minnesota, Joseph Renville, Sr., had 5 sons, as follows: 1 10 to 15 years of age, 1 20 to 30, and 3 30 to 40. Joseph was listed as being 50 to 60 years of age. No wife was listed. Joseph had 1 daughter 15 to 20, and 2 20 to 30 years of age.

Taliaferro, the Indian agent, in a circular of April 10, 1825, wrote: "Under the impression that the Location at Patersons Rapids will not be a suitable one, I shall recommend the same to be transferred to Lac qui Parle." A year later, April 2, he gave the location of 17 trading posts. Number one
on his list was Fort Adams, a Columbia Fur Company post, at Lac qui Parle.
A year later still, June 1, 1827, Taliaferro wrote that there were eight
posts at which trade was authorized to be carried on. Lac qui Parle and
Lake Traverse were the first and second ones mentioned. On April 17, 1826,
the agent had written: "Mr. Jeffries arrived with a Batteaux and Peltries
from Lac qui Parle - first Boat this Spring."

From the Indian agent's headquarters at the mouth of the Minnesota,
Taliaferro wrote on January 3, 1829, to Renville at Lac qui Parle as follows:
"I have been authorized by Genl Clark to make the best disposition pos-
sible of Mr. Gibson's cattle which he and his party abandoned last Summer in
the neighborhood of your Post. As I reached this agency too late this last
fall to be of Service in the matter, I must request you to act for me, and
after Satisfying the demands of your own account for the expense & trouble
you have been at in Curing Hay & furnishing a man to herd them, you will be
pleased to obtain the best price possible for the residue. Fifteen dollars
a head perhaps may be had, and should a purchase of the kind be an object
you might be disposed to take them all yourself.

"I should like to hear from you when an opportunity may offer as I feel
disposed to do what I can for the unfortunate man who has in this adventure
lost his all."

Apparently Renville soon replied, for on February 8, 1829, Taliaferro
again wrote to Renville as follows: "Your favor of the 29th of January has
this day come to hand by one of your men. Relative to the Cattle our views
fully accord. I have considered the list as being a fair one considering
the great trouble you have been at for several months.

"The Eight head taken as Some Remuneration for your trouble is fully
approved as not being too much, as for the Sheep they are yours to do as you
may think proper with. .... I am pleased that you will take the Cattle as it
will be a great Relief to a poor man who has a large family. I shall take
pleasure in making Mr Gibson sensible of you great friendship to him in this
transaction, with my own thanks to you."

The account was settled for $812, of which $732 was for 58 cattle kept
by Renville, and $80 for 8 head sold to Hazen P. Mooers at $10 a head. On
June 30, 1829, Taliaferro wrote to Samuel Gibson in Missouri: "I have this
day closed your business relative to the Cattle which you and your party left last year between Lakes Que parle and Big Stone, your papers having been refered to me by the Superintendant of Indian Affairs at St Louis, no time was lost in using every exertion to Save as many of your Drove from the inclemency of the weather, the wolves and Starving Indians as possible.

"Much expense and trouble has been caused but it affords me pleasure to have been enabled to be of Service to one of the Citizens of Missouri. I have enclosed to General Clark a draft in your favour...."

It appears that Gibson lived in Lincoln County, Missouri, and that his drove of cattle had been abandoned in the spring of 1828. (See pages 259, 262. Taliaferro’s journal states that on July 4, 1831, Joseph Renville and Louis Provencall, traders at Lac qui Parle and Traverse des Sioux, reached his agency from Prairie du Chien and that he sent to see and examine their boats and to detain all whiskey over a certain quantity. The following day they were allowed to depart for their posts, each with some whiskey. Renville took 34½ gallons "for the use of his Boat hands." His son, Joseph, Jr., was licensed to trade on the River de Roche for two years, and "for his outfit" was allowed to depart with 33½ gallons. On July 12, 1831, "H. Mooers departed this day for his Post at Lac qui parle allowed him One Barrel and 10 gallons of whiskey for his men and outfit."

The agent's journal of August 23, 1831, states: "An Indian stated that no sheep should pass the country for Red River." Thunder Face said "that I was to give him a medal & that Mr Renville had prevented him from Receiving it. Indians hot in pursuit of whiskey, one trader complains that another gives a great deal & so another states that the other trader gives six Barrels, and so we go. The Indians are pushed to complain of these things to the Agent, all to urge the Agent to allow the articles to be used."

June 3, 1835, "J. Renville & Mr H Mooers arrived from Lac qui Parle & Big Stone. Returns of Furs. The Sussitons, north, 1. Wahputon in all 12 men from Lac qui parle also arrived." The chief of Shakopee returned from his visit of last fall to Lac qui Parle and said, "My Father, I left here last fall on the invitation of the Traders to go up to Lac qui parle where I have passed the Winter. I have returned and am pleased to find you in your house, the Indians are Starving all along our road as we came down and we have been
in the same condition." On June 4 Joseph Renville and the Chippewa chief were in council with Taliaferro regarding recent killings. Renville's reply to the Chippewa's charges was that the Sissetons of Lake Traverse commenced the difficulty by killing a Chippewa on April 14. The next day the Chippe- was killed a Sioux. "Then on the 22d the people of his place who had not returned home killed 3 Chippewas in revenge, one of the Sioux killed was married to a Chippeway woman & had a family at his place, & to prevent this family from being murdered after the death of the Husband he Mr Renville made his relations take her the Chip woman & family back to her nation.... I lost much this spring by what has happened."

Kaukaukai, a Chippewa, addressing his remarks to Renville, said: "My friends, I have but a few words to say. I have listened attentively to all that had been said and I think but one way, I tell you, let us give up man for man, woman for woman. If we kill the Sioux, take our people, if the Sioux kill us, give them up, this is the only way to stop the spilling of blood, you can never keep the peace unless you adopt this plan." He went on to say that he wanted three Sioux to be delivered up to settle the score. Following this, Standing Bull's son and first partisan of the Sioux of Lac qui Parle and Big Stone Lake made a speech.

On June 5 the agent received a letter from Renville and sent a reply to him and the Chippewas. Mr. Pond called to report progress at Lake Calhoun and "Doct Williamson called to ask the advantages & propriety of making a location (missionary) at Lac qui Parle I recommended the measure to him for several good reasons." The following day occurred the meeting with Ren- ville as related earlier on page 263. Taliaferro's account was followed im- mediately by this note: "Mr Scott Campbell the Interpreter remarked to me this evening that there was considerable excitement among two Villages of the Sioux in consequence of the improper conduct of Joseph Renville Jr & young Louis Lablanc." Three days later the following appears in the diary:

"Joseph Renville Jr. called to explain his conduct as to the frolic at the Lodges, & I gave him to understand that such conduct was not nor would not be tolerated. I told him to explain to the Indians. He did so & the matter settled as far as he was concerned."

The same day the Sisseton Sioux of Lac qui Parle and Lake Traverse were questioned as to the boundary line between the Sioux and Chippewa lands.
On June 12, 1835, Taliaferro met in council with the Sissetons of Lake Traverse and the Wahpetons of Lac qui Parle who agreed to make overtures for peace with the Chippewas. On June 16 the Wahpetons with Renville reported that Joseph Renville Jr. would join the surveyors who were establishing the boundary line between the Sioux and the Chippewas, "after they go back to Lac qui Parle. These Indians like most others are very inactive lazy & good for nothing but to Smoke Sleep & eat when they can get a sufficiency."

On June 20 Mr. H.H. Sibley, in charge of the American Fur Company which employed Renville, called on the agent to learn why Renville was delaying his return to his post at Lac qui Parle and that there was a report that the Chippewas were in waiting on the Minnesota to cut him off. Taliaferro replied that the report was not true, that the Lac qui Parle "Indians had raised the report themselves to account for their delay & Mr Renville had told them himself not to go off until the Steam Boat arrived, that after they all got home he would send his son Joseph with some of them to fall in with Major Bean," who was to survey the Sioux-Chippewa boundary line.

On June 22 a council was held with the Sisseton Sioux of Lake Traverse and Lac qui Parle. Standing Bull said they were to leave next day, that they had "a long road to travel," needed provisions and were without guns and were afraid of the Chippewas. "I advised these people to get home as soon as possible & call on their people to make up their dispute at once with the Chippewas, that Joseph Renville would be asked to escort them on to the line where our troops & Maj Bean were."

It was under these stirring circumstances that the missionaries on June 23, 1835, with "Joseph Rainville Sen. left for Lac qui parle, with a part of his outfit of goods. The Susseton & Wahpeton Sioux also left." Taliaferro was glad to get a correspondent at Lac qui Parle and wrote that "Mr. Williamson has promised to do for the government all that the laws may require or the Regulations & instructions of the President." (See above, page 263.)

On July 28 Taliaferro recorded: "The Canadian. who reached here last night reports...that 20 families are now on their way & will be here in a day or two perhaps...from the Red River Colony. 114 Souls in all, some have their cattle, pushing on into this country & to Green Bay &c. 375, & 116 makes 489, Since 1821 that have passed this post for Vevay & other points in the Several States." These migrants passed through the Lac qui Parle area.
On the same day licenses to trade were granted to Joseph Renville for Lac qui Parle and to his son Joseph for Lake Traverse. Two days later two boats left for Lac qui Parle and Lake Traverse with outfits for trade.

On August 3, 1835, Taliaferro complained: "The Am F Cpy have permitted the Indians to get more whiskey, and to a greater extent this year than for Some two or 3' years past. I hear of it from Wabashas Village below Lake Pepin to Lac Traverse."

Lawrence Taliaferro, Indian agent at the mouth of the Minnesota, was always interested in the work of the missionaries. As early as September 8, 1829, he wrote to Rev. Joshua T. Russell, secretary of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, as follows:

"It having been represented to me by the Revd Avan Coe, that it is very desirable on the part of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian church to form an establishment at this Post, and also within the heart of the Chippeway country bordering on the upper Mississippi for purposes of Agriculture, Schools, and the development the light and truths of the christian religion to the unhappy aborigines of this vast wilderness, and as my views fully accord in every material point with those of Messrs Coe and Stephens, I can in truth assure the board through you Sir, of my determination heartily to cooperate with them in any & every measure that may be calculated to ensure success in the highly interesting and important objects to which the attention of the Society has been so happily directed." He suggested several possibilities and concluded: "it would be in the power of the Society to commence its operations without much expense at the Falls of S Anthony, where there is a good grist and Saw Mill, with Suitable Buildings, at present going to decay for the want of occupants.

"I would cheerfully turn over my at present infant Colony of Agriculturists together with their implements of husbandry, Horses &c &c to Such an establishment."

(The foregoing numerous quotations from Taliaferro will be found in his journals in the Minnesota Historical Society in volumes 4 and 7.)

Amos Huggins was born at Lac qui Parle to the wife of Alexander Huggins. "At the age of sixteen young Huggins, who up to that time had been taught by his mother, who was an unusually talented woman, was sent East to
complete his education. Having completed his school work in the East he returned to Lac qui Parle as the government agent, teacher and superintendent of Indian affairs at that place, bringing with him his bride. They were joined later by a French and Indian girl who was employed as a teacher. This girl was Julia La Fambois (Framboise), of whom it has been said: "She was a young lady of high cultivation, and spoke several languages fluently."

On the fateful afternoon of August 19, 1862, at the time of the Sioux Uprising, two Indians shot Huggins dead as he returned to his house driving a team of oxen. The circumstances and aftermath of this affair are related on pages 582-585 by L.R. Moyer and O.G. Dale's history of the adjoining counties.

Though most of the Sioux were removed to South Dakota after the Uprising, there was a church for Dakotas at Lac qui Parle in 1867. (MHC 6:184-185.)

The Wahpeton Sioux had a half dozen villages along the length of the Minnesota River, including one at Lac qui Parle and one at Big Stone Lake. (MHC 6:321.) "Ishtahkba (Sleepy Eyes) was the only acknowledged chief of the Wahpetonwan between St. Lawrence and Lac qui Parle...." "At Lac qui Parle, Inyangmani and Nompakinyan were chiefs." (MHC 12:322.) "Inyangmani of Lac qui Parle was a better man than chief. He was intelligent and could appear well in conversation, but could not or would not speak in public to the people when they were excited and turbulent, so that his influence was felt least when it was needed most. He was chief in name but not in fact, for while he was silent, others ruled the multitude." (MHC 12:330.)

"In 1835 the Indians at Lake Traverse seem to have raised a surplus of corn, for Joseph R. Brown bought large quantities of it, some of which he carried seventy miles to Lac qui Parle and sold for a dollar a bushel." (MHC 12:342-343.) "Unsuccessful hunting parties, from Lac qui Parle and other places in that region, sometimes lost numbers by starvation." (MHC 12:347.)

"Suicide was very rare among the men, but common among women. Many years ago a man shot himself at Lac qui Parle, some said accidentally, others said intentionally; and that is the only case of the alleged suicide of a Dakota man that the writer now recalls. .... A woman at Lac qui Parle killed herself because her husband had cut gashes in her face to punish her for adultery." (MHC 12:390.) Rev. Samuel William Pond goes on to relate:

"I never saw a young Dakota woman drunk, while living among her own
people.... Though the Dakotas were so much addicted to the use of whiskey, they could abstain from its use when they pleased. Notorious drunkards could take heavy kegs of it on their backs at St. Paul, and, following circuitous routes to avoid the villages on their way, carry their burdens to Lac qui Parle, more than two hundred miles or even still farther, and finally barter them for horses, without tasting of the contents." (MHC 12:391-2.)

"At Lac qui Parle, I have known one or two dead bodies to be left on trees until the enwrapping buffalo-skins decayed and the bones fell to the earth. These were, however, rare cases of neglect, for it was the custom of the Dakotas to bury their dead either immediately or within a few weeks or months after death." (MHC 12:478.)

"In dealing with traders, they made the best bargain they could. That was the rule in this part of the country, but I was told by one of Mr. Renville's sons that in dealing with the buffalo hunters west of Lac qui Parle he did not set a price on his goods, but gave them to the chiefs, who distributed them among his people and collected their robes for the traders. No such methods, however, were used among the Dakotas on the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and probably not to any great extent farther west." (MHC 12:486; "The Dakotas or Sioux in Minnesota as They Were in 1834," by Pond.)

Lacking nearby banks, the missionaries sometimes had money dealings with H.H. Sibley of the American Fur Company. Thus we read: "On October 24th, 1838, Joseph Renville, Sr., at Lac qui Parle, wrote to Sibley, requesting him to let Dr. Williamson have $100 and charge to his account. In a letter to Sibley, on November 25th, 1838, from Lac qui Parle, Dr. Williamson says, 'I send you above a draft on Mr. (G.M.) Tracey of New York for $112.14. This, with the $25.00 which you told me you intended contributing to the Board, if I remember correctly, covers all the orders I have drawn on you." (MHC 12:676.) "On August 23d, 1838, Huggins & Williamson were credited with $20.00 cash received from Mr. Nicollet...." (MHC 12:676.)

Writing about Indian mounds, Rev. S.R. Riggs, while still living at Lac qui Parle, stated: "On the hill, a short distance east of the ruins of Fort Renville, to the north west and in sight of the mission houses at Lac-qui-Parle, there is a paha of this kind, in which, in years gone by, many persons have been buried. It now presents on the top a very irregular surface, partly owing to the interments thus made, and partly to the burrowing of the
Rev. E.D.Neill states that "In De L'Isle's map of the Mississippi prepared about 1725, Lac-qui-Parle is represented as surrounded with 'Tinton' lodges, and their neighbors on the south and west, yet east of the Missouri, are the Mahas, Aricarees, and Iowas." (MHC 1:259.) The Tintons were the Tetons; the others were the Omahas, Arikaras, and Iowas. And writing in 1853 of the Wahpetons, Dr. Neill noted: "The old home of the band is about the Little Rapids of the Minnesota. About 300 still reside there, but the majority have removed to Lac-qui-Parle and Big Stone Lake." In all they number about 1000 or 1200 souls. (MHC 1:260.)

Dr. T.S. Williamson wrote: "When the Dakotas first came in contact with the Shiens (Cheyennes), I have not been able to learn, farther than that the Shiens formerly planted on the Minnesota, between Blue Earth and Lac-qui-Parle, whence they moved to a Western branch of Red river of the North, which still bears their name." ("Who Were the First Men?" MHC 1:299-300.)

Writing of "Dakota Superstitions," Rev. Gideon H. Pond related the following: "Years ago at Lac qui Parle, the mother of the late 'curly haired chief,' Upiyahdeya, was informed that it was required of her to make a feast to the Heyoka. She was so much opposed by some of her friends that she failed to comply with the wakan mandate, but she assured her friends, that, as a penalty, they would be mortified by seeing her flesh become black, and her head bald, which came true. By degrees her flesh did become very dark, and her head bald, but to an intelligent observer, it was abundantly evident, that instead of being an infliction of the offended god, it was the result of neglecting to wash, even her face, for several years, and pulling out her own hair by little and little." (MHC 2:233.)

On two occasions Nicollet and Fremont visited Lac qui Parle. Of their own accord they paid for cattle killed by the Indians and Nicollet gave $20.00 toward the publication of translations. Dr. Williamson on September 3, 1839, wrote to the secretaries of the A.B.C.F.M.: "It gives me pleasure to introduce to you the bearer of this Monsieur J.N. Nicollet. He has...visited us at this place both last summer & the present. His visits have had a salutary influence on the affairs of the mission here for though a member of the Roman Catholic church he has manifested a very lively & deep interest in our welfare & success and he could not have treated us with more kindness had he been a mem-
ber of our own Church. His conduct towards us and others also so far as we have had an opportunity of observing it has been such as becomes a gentleman & a Christian. Should he call on you he may be interested in seeing your collection of curiosities. It will give him pleasure to give you any information in his power & from having travelled extensively among the Indians he may perhaps be able to give you some that will be new & useful to you. "Your fellow servant in giving the Gospel to the Heathen."

SKETCH OF JOSEPH RENVILLE BY S.W. POND

"The next trading post this side of Lake Traverse was at Lac qui Parle, where Joseph Renville was stationed, who had, during many years more influence with the Indians of the upper Minnesota river than any other man. His mother was a Dakota woman. It has been said that in his boyhood he was taken to Canada and committed to the care of a Catholic priest for instruction; but if this was true, his tutor sadly neglected his duty, for he did not even teach his pupils to read. Excepting his ability to speak French, he had no education which could give him the influence that he acquired.

"Renville's ascendency over the Dakotas was chiefly due to aspiring ambition, joined with native qualities of character which enabled him to carry out his plans successfully. Employed in his youth by Lieutenant Pike and others as interpreter and guide, he had given good satisfaction and had received high commendations. The marked attention which he received from both American and British officers, he would naturally and perhaps justly regard as proof of his superior abilities.

"When the writer first saw Mr. Renville, he was about fifty-five or sixty years of age, and had lost the vigor and vivacity of youth. He was short in stature, and in features and complexion he strongly resembled the full-blood Dakotas. Though there were many better looking men among the Dakotas, he was very dignified in his bearing, knew when to be reserved and when to be sociable, and seemed never to forget that he was a great man. To the very few whom he regarded as his superiors he was very deferential; and toward those whom he looked upon as inferiors he was generally patronizing, though sometimes imperious."
"Perhaps no man ever spoke the Dakota better than he, and in rendering the French into that language he had no equal. He had a select body of young men, formed into a sort of society, which he often feasted and harangued in a very large tent prepared for that purpose. Their adherence to him and devotion to his interests added greatly for a time to his importance; but their mercenary services, though they gratified his vanity, cost him more than they were worth.

"I once had an opportunity to witness some of the services performed for him by these men, while I was riding in a wagon with him and his family from Lac qui Parle to Traverse des Sioux. I drove the horses, and when they mired in a swamp, Mr. Renville told me to sit still and let them alone. It seemed a strange time to sit still while the horses were floundering in the deep mire and water, but I obeyed. Soon the Indians who were traveling with us came, released the horses, and drew us out to the dry ground. This was repeated as often as was necessary on the journey. Mr. Renville affected to regard these extraordinary services with indifference and as a matter of course, but he was evidently very much gratified by them.

"But while we were riding so comfortably through the swamps, I was surprised to see that one of Mr. Renville's daughters, an unmarried girl, who drove one horse and a cart, was permitted to do her own wading. She was, however, a hardy, independent damsels, and had probably chosen the mode of traveling which pleased her best.

"In the spring of 1839, Joseph R. Brown had a serious difficulty with the Indians at Lake Traverse, and they wounded him, killed his teams, and placed him so that he could not bring away his furs. He applied for help to Mr. Renville, who sent his son with his Indians and teams to bring away Mr. Brown and his furs. As there were apprehensions of resistance on the part of the Lake Traverse Indians, the writer asked Mr. Renville if it would not be better for him to go himself. He replied, 'I have sent my name by my son and that is enough,' and it was enough.

"He was for a time in possession of a large amount of property, and his establishment at Lac qui Parle was quite extensive. He owned a hundred head of cattle, twenty or thirty horses, and a flock of sheep. The sheep
and cattle were being driven through from Missouri to the British settlement on the Red river when their owners were driven away by the Indians, and he gathered up the stock, but he informed me that he afterwards paid for them.

"The family of Mr. Renville was large, and his dependents were numerous. Travelers received at his house a cordial reception and friendly entertainment, and he gave much to the poor, many of whom he had always with him. He lived to see his property all dissipated and himself neglected by many who had profited by his generosity and flattered his vanity during the days of prosperity. Renville was certainly a man of superior natural abilities, and he had many admirers; but the most prominent traits of his character were such as belonged rather to a Dakota than to a white man." (Rev. Samuel William Pond, "The Dakotas in Minnesota in 1834," MHC 12:333-335.)

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

In addition to the many references given in the body of this book, usually at the end of each article, the following notes may be of value:

By far the periodical "Missionary Herald" will be found of great value for the details of mission activities and the Indians. Each volume from 1835, volume 31, through 1880, volume 76, has at least one to several articles about the mission work at Lac qui Parle. The present author has used none of this material, except in one case, because of its vast quantity and the limitations of space.

The Minnesota Historical Collections contains a number of articles, such as S.R. Riggs' "Protestant Missions in the Northwest," 6:125-135; biographical sketches in volume 14; etc. Wm. W. Folwell's Minnesota, 1:170-212, has a chapter on "Early Indian Missions."

The annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs often contains reports by the missionaries regarding their work, the schools, and Indians. Digests of these reports, all well indexed, beginning with 1824 are found in the South Dakota Historical Collections, volumes 26-28.

In the Minnesota Historical Society, volume 11 of the Alexander Huggins Papers, is a 275-page account of the reminiscences of Mrs. Mary Huggins Kerlinger.

Nearly all histories of Minnesota contain material on the mission work. Dr. Donald D. Parker's "Founding Presbyterianism in South Dakota," published in 1963, deals briefly with the mission.
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1839 Fifty acres, mainly planted with corn, were cultivated at Lac qui Parle.
1839 T.S. Williamson visited Ohio to publish the Gospel of Mark.
1839 Eagle Help organized a war party against the Ojibways, hereditary enemies.
1840 A chapel was built at LQP, women doing the work.
1840 Seventy Indians were able to read the Dakota language.
1840 Waumidokiga was employed to teach school at Lake Traverse.
1840 Riggs and Huggins visited Fort Pierre to see possibilities.
1840 Mrs. Joseph Renville died a strong Christian after a year's illness.
1841 Left Hand, the first male Indian, joined the church at LQP.
1841 Translation of the Gospel of Mark was being completed.
1841-42 Hard winter; Renville sent to Fort Snelling for supplies in January.
1842 Simon Anawangmane and others joined the church at Lac qui Parle.
1842 Nine full-blooded Dakotas had joined the church by this date.
1842 Martha Riggs born; 1845 Anna born; 1847 Thomas born; 1849 Henry born.
1842 Father Augustin Ravoux visited at Lac qui Parle for a time.
1842 The first church bell in Minnesota was hung at Lac qui Parle.
1842 A Dakota primer, reading book, and hymnal were published.
1842-43 Riggs family visited in the East and had printing done there.
1842-43 Samuel Pond and wife replaced the Rigges while away from LQP.
1843 Dr. Williamson was the surgeon at Fort Snelling for a time.
1843 Renville owed $4300 to the American Fur Co. three years before death.
1843 Robert Hopkins, wife, and Julia Kephart arrived with returning Rigges.
1843 These three and Thomas Longley joined Rigges at Traverse des Sioux.
1843 Huggins, sister Fanny, and Isaac Pettijohn joined Rigges also.
1843 Thomas Longley, Mrs. Riggs' brother, drowned at Traverse des Sioux.
1843-46 Rigges headed the mission work at Traverse des Sioux.
1843-44 Robert Hopkins and wife Agnes spent a year at Lac qui Parle.
1844 Hopkins began seven years of mission service at Traverse des Sioux.
1844 Indians killed oxen and drank much whiskey at Traverse des Sioux.
1844 Rigges in October visited LQP from Traverse des Sioux.
1845-46 A school, second in the Minnesota valley, ran at Traverse des Sioux.
1845 Eli L. Huggins went by ox cart to LQP from Traverse des Sioux.
1845 Rigges and Samuel Pond for ten days in September visited LQP.
1846 Joseph Renville died in March, aged 67, at Lac qui Parle.
1846 Amos G. Huggins' family replaced Rigges at Traverse des Sioux.
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1883 Rev. Stephen Return Riggs, D.D., died at his home, Ripon, Wisconsin
1935 Centennial of mission celebrated and site restored in the early 1940s.
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

When I consult or read a book I have often wanted to know something of the author's life. Believing that the readers of this book may feel the same way, I shall include a statement regarding myself.

I was born in Harford County, Md., October 3, 1899, the sixth of nine children of Rev. Albert George Parker and Jessie Bewley Parker. We lived in Pennsylvania and Maryland until 1907 when we moved to Illinois, living at Olney, Peoria, Camp Point, and Macomb during the next decade. All nine children attended Park College, Mo. Graduating in 1922, I went to Shantung Christian University, Tsinanfu, north China, where I was librarian and English teacher while living at the home of my brother, Albert. In 1925 I left China, traveled through India, the Near East and Europe, visited ancestral homes in England and Scotland, and attended the University of Strasbourg in France.

I attended the University of Chicago, 1926-27, 1928-29, and 1935-36. I also attended the University of Washington, 1927-28, and received an M.A. in sociology in 1932. In Seattle I married Florence Myrtle Patterson, February 8, 1928, and in June 1929 we arrived in the Philippines to teach English. From 1930 to 1935 I was principal of the Union High School of Manila and also taught two vacation periods at Silliman University. Mary, Bonnie, and Patty were born to us in Manila. Later Jessie and Donald were born in the U.S.A.

After receiving a B.D. and Ph.D. in history at the University of Chicago in 1936, I was librarian at Lake Forest College, Ill., for a year, then taught history at Park College, 1937-40. I was Assistant, later the State Supervisor of the Historical Records Survey of Missouri, 1940-1942. For a year I was a Red Cross Field Director in Missouri, and in September 1943 I became head of the Department of History and Political Science at South Dakota State College.

I have always been interested in local and regional history and have written hundreds of articles on this subject. My book, "Local History, How to Gather It, Write It, and Publish It," had had a very wide sale. I have compiled 24 county histories in South Dakota and am the author of "Founding the Church in South Dakota," and "Founding Presbyterianism in South Dakota. A weekly column, "Know Your State," has run in the Argus Leader since 1951.

I have visited Lac qui Parle several times and I have always wanted to make it and its mission history better known to the people of the region.
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