

March

FRIDAY 3

1911

little girl born to them after the loss of the others.

My Father Alexander G.

Huggins, his wife Lydia, and Amos two years old, and Jane a babe of little more than three months old.

What a feeble band to begin a great work, for the work then begun has been carried on to the present time and thousands of the Dakotas have learned to read in their own language and accepted Christ and honored him by a Godly life.

The party took a steam boat at Ripley Ohio and stepping along the river reached Fort Snelling in May. On the way up

March

SATURDAY 4

1911

the Mississippi they stopped where on an island the remnant of the Sat and Fox Indians were located.

They found them degraded by contact with low white men and plenty of whiskey.

Mother was amused to see many of the men wearing bunches of flowers over their ears. Early flowers being then in bloom.

The passion of personal adornment seems as strong in the man as in his mate among the heathen.

Dr W. wished to push on beyond the influence of bad white men and whiskey believing the natural savage could be tamed by the power

March

SUNDAY 5

1911

of the gospel. At Ft Snelling the party were kindly welcomed by a Christian Commissioner also a Christian Surgeon. Here they found two young single men Mr. Gideon, and Samuel Pond who without any commission or promised support had come out from Connecticut the year before to do what they could for the elevation of the Indians. They had already reduced the language to writing, taking our English alphabet and making needed changes in the sounds. The Sioux or Dakota, as they called themselves were at that time I believe the largest

March

MONDAY 6

1911

and had the name of being the most savage tribe of Indians in America.

Dr. W. was not satisfied to remain so near the Fort.

Whiskey in spite of what Indian Agent and soldiers could do often made trouble; but not knowing the language or country it seemed impossible to go on over the trackless prairie. Father had begun cutting logs for a mission house when the way was wonderfully opened for the Dr to realize his wish.

Mr. Joseph Remville a French half breed trader came down from the north west on his annual trip to exchange furs

March

TUESDAY 7

1911

for goods.

The coming of the red river caravan was a great yearly event.

I well remember them. There were perhaps 100 single or carts piled high with costly furs.

A French man had several of these in charge and as they followed one after the other they made three deep ruts in the ground that showed many years.

Mr. Joseph Renville was an interesting character. I believe there is a sketch of his life in a history of Minnesota. He had Catholic parents but when only a boy had

March

WEDNESDAY 8

1911

heard Protestant preaching and was impressed with the idea that they had the truth. Hearing there were Missionaries come to teach the Indians he came and proposed to them to go home with him promising to use his influence toward a favorable reception by the Indians. While the Missionaries stayed at the Ft. Dr. W. preached to the officers and soldiers and much interest was awakened. A church was organized. Mr. Gideon Pond and Father as elders the first church in Minn.

Here Mother, Anna & Jane, had the measles

March

THURSDAY 9

1911

8
Here Chap 8
taking them from Dred
Scott's wife. He of the
famous Dred Scott decision
when Judge Harney I think
it was said a black man
had no rights a white
man was bound to respect?

When all were well they
set out for Lac qui parle
on the head of the Minnesota
river. Mr. Renville's home.

It was more than some
two hundred miles.

The first 75 miles or
so were quite impassable
by reason of bogs with
which Minn was sprinkled
as well as many clear lakes
filled with fish.

The mission party were
taken on one of the traders
flat-boats, wagon and all

March

FRIDAY 10

1911

for they had brought
from Ohio a new covered
wagon. I Major Loomis
the Indian Agent - a good
Christian man superintended
the preparation for the
journey and no doubt
they thanked God and
took courage for the future.

The river was low and
very crooked it took
them several days to reach
Travers des Sioux the half
way place where they took
wagon and cart.

Becoming very tired of
the boat several French
men Father and Mother
concluded to land and
walk, expecting to meet
the boat which had now
to travel around a loop.

March

SATURDAY 11

1911

Taking Amos with them and leaving baby Jane with Mrs Williamson they set out but found it no pleasant excursion. The mosquitos were fearful. The way lay through briar bushes, Gooseberry, raspberry ect. The French men knowing it would be a long walk had prepared bread and fat pork which they shared. Mother threw the pork into the bushes (It probably ran as travelers there frequently used) Amos had to be carried much of the time. Expecting to see the boat about noon they were much disappointed

March

SUNDAY 12

1911

not ^{to} find it waiting, and it never came until camping time. Mrs W. had done the best she could to feed the baby. Reaching Traverse they had dinner with the trader there Mr. Joe Leblanc. His real name was

Provencel, as I have read in in the family burying ground with a cross over each grave.

These traders were nearly all French halfbreeds with Dakota wives.

They belonged to the Hudson Bay Co and were licensed to trade with the Indians.

They were all Catholics and their children were baptized into that Church

and dressed in somewhat civilized fashion.

The men wore black broad cloth pants with a scarlet or many colored sash around the waist. In winter Mackinac leggings coat and bonnet. The women wore cotton dresses, and shawls instead of blankets.

All men women and children wore moccasins. Shoes and bonnets were the last things to adopt.

From Traverse the whole party set out in wagon and cart. The ox carts men carried a years supply of goods such as trade with Indians require. The Mission wagon contained four 5

adults and three children as well as furniture and supplies for many months. I should have told one of the mishaps of the river was a leaky boat so the contents of the trunks were soaked.

The 130 miles between Traverse and Laquipash lies over a most beautiful country. I first traveled it when 19 years old and last when 22.

Mainly prairie with streams bordered with small timber, sometimes with considerable hills.

It was early July and the prairie was covered with tall waving grass thickly sprinkled

March

WEDNESDAY 15

1911

with flowers. Conspicuous among them the scarlet-lily. A few miles out they came to the dread of the trip, The big slough. There was no way around that would not take perhaps a days travel and nothing to ^{do} but flounder through. Soon some dozen carts were down and no doubt they proceeded as I have seen them do more than once. The oxen or horses would be taken out - long ropes tied to cart or wagon reaching to the animals on firm land. The men would carry women and children over and happy indeed when all were safely

March

THURSDAY 16

1911

over. Mr. Pared a six foot-man started once with Mrs. Williamson but fell down in the mud and water, she playfully said "I will try a larger horse next time" A thing not to be found in the Mission. Mr. Riggs once rode in horse back and lost a valuable horse but got out alive himself.

~~Crows~~ Crossing Hawk river the wagon upset, some things floated off and the sugar got wet. The first concern was the baby which she pulled out from the churn, foot foremost covered with mud and water.

Arriving at Mr. Rensvill

March

FRIDAY 17

1911

trading post - they found him living in a barbaric splendor quite like an African King.

There was a large stockade made of logs. Within were a number of log houses occupied by French men and their families, also several tents whose occupants were called Mr. Renville's soldiers. Mr. R. had served as a Captain in the French and Indian war and these Indians had no doubt been under him.

It was the war of 1812 and they fought with the English. They seemed to have great respect for the Big Knives.

March

SATURDAY 18

1911

In the center of the enclosure was a high platform for a look out - It was reached by a ladder. Its chief use was to watch for Chippewas. Mr. Renville called the chief men together and told them the purpose of the strangers. They consented for them to build and remain with them.

The Indian village near had about 600 souls.

You may suppose in the 130 miles many Indians and a number of villages would be met. But no not a human being have I ever met in traveling that way. Villages of a few hundred tents were located near a trading post and these

March

SUNDAY 19

1911

were far between.

The missionaries were obliged to build near a post also to reach the natives.

Mr. Renville gave the use of a log house with mud floor and all lived there until Father could build a log house for himself.

The site chosen for the future mission was at the foot of a hill. The river was only a few rods in front and the lake (Sagwin^{ne}) about three miles away could plainly be seen. There were no trees on the mission side.

The Indian village was across the river among trees. There ^{were} no straight tall trees and the log

March

MONDAY 20

1911

house must have been one small room. Here nearly a mile outside of the rest in the enclosure Mother spent day after ^{day} alone with her little ones. No rest alone, the house was full all day with half naked savages, coming and going smoking and chattering in an unknown tongue.

She hardly got a breath of fresh air. Father was very busy getting up wood and preparing to build fences barn set in the spring.

Wood must all be hauled up while the river was frozen over. As they were not very abundant of food and did not like to eat before the Indians whose

March

TUESDAY 21

1911

hospitality required sharing
they ate before daylight
and at night until some
one said "The missionaries
never eat."

Chap. 9th here
I asked Mother were you not
afraid? Only once she said
I was combing my hair
when a man suddenly sprang
up and came toward me
tomahawk in hand. My
heart almost stopped but
I never moved or made
a sound. He laid his
tomahawk against my
hair and turned to show
how long it was. Mother
had fine long heavy black
hair. When Dr. W. was
commissioned he was told
mission money was scarce
and \$400 must be the

March

WEDNESDAY 22

1911

limit of expense for the whole
mission. How it was there was
no school supplies I do
not know. When they first
began that winter they
made letters in the ashes,
wrote with charcoal on
boards, birch bark, etc.
and several young men
learned to read before
spring. The characters never
had but one sound and
learning to read was easy.

Mr. Renville soon made
a profession of his faith.
He could not speak
English but could speak
French and had in his
employ a man who could
speak all three languages.
Mr. Renville had a big
French Bible. Dr. W. soon

March

THURSDAY 23

1911

began to preach while the French man translated. Dr. W. was rather slow learning languages and remembering a young friend at college who was quick in that respect he wrote to Mr. Steven R Riggs that a promising field of usefulness was here open and his talents would be very well employed in translating, preaching, etc. Two years after the beginning Mr. Riggs and wife came out. He had the pen of a ready writer. He has written very interesting accounts of the mission, and his work is better known than that of any other in the Dakota mission.

March

FRIDAY 24

1911

There had been several conversions a church organized and a number learned to read before Mr. Riggs came.

A church of red burnt-brick was built, hymns translated and sung.

The next year 1896 Dr. W. built a log house and Father built a better one. The house in which three years later I was born. The new place had two logs together thus making a larger house of two rooms and an attic. The Dr's house was much the same and the church stood a little below and between them. The Dr found a large

flat-stone, lime stone
 I suppose they abound
 in Minn. and determined
 to have it for his hearth
 stone. Mother said it took
 several ox teams and
 French men to haul it
 into position, but they got
 it there and built the
 house around it. It is
 now a historic stone
 and is placed in front
 of a church built on at
 the old house. I remember
 seeing the kitchen stone
 on it. Chapter 10th

Mr. Renville had quite a
 band of cattle also some
 sheep. How he came by
 them is interesting.

A several Scotch men

were driving the stock north
 to a Red river Settlement.

The Indians wanting
 beef, killed all the men
 except one who escaped.
 As the cattle were scattered
 Mr. R. sent French men
 out to collect and bring
 in what they could.

The man who escaped
 tried to find his way
 back, and wandered until
 he was so weak he could
 walk no more. He stopped
 on a hill overlooking an
 Indian village, thinking
 "shall I show myself and
 beg food or die here."

He really was too weak
 to walk. Some Indian
 girls came along and on
 seeing him were frightened

March

MONDAY 27

1911

and ran home and said they had seen a ghost. It was Oh so white!

Good old Chief Sleepy eye said I will go and see this ghost. He came up and found a skeleton of a white man lying under a bush. He came up holding out his hand saying Ho! ho! and took him on his back to his tent and fed him and took him to the mission soon as he was able to walk. The poor man said the Indian had so kind a face he never feared him when he came up with his hearty Ho, ho.

Sleepy eye was a noble man. I will speak of him later

March

TUESDAY 28

1911

Much of the \$400 allowed the Mission was used in transportation. A box of dry goods came once a year from Boston by way of New Orleans.

Goods sent for and chosen by some of the board.

Groceries from Cincinnati both had to be brought up the Minnesota river by the traders flat-boats and well paid for.

Then in wagons 180 miles. At the place from the first had been to raise every thing possible on the ground. Father planted wheat - harvested it with a sickle - thrashed it out with a flail and made a grist-mill and ground flour

March

WEDNESDAY 29

1911

I remember a piece of bolting cloth but do not think it was used. The flour was what we call Graham and made very good bread when sifted.

The virgin soil was very rich and all kinds of vegetables grew wonderfully well but were a great temptation to the Dakota ~~you~~ boys. As it was the intention to teach the arts of civilization as well as preach the gospel, Father took his plow over the river and plowed for the women who had been cultivating little patches of corn with hoes. They had never seen a plow before and were delighted also to be given garden

March

THURSDAY 30

1911

seeds seeds and the industrious ones had vegetables of their own in plenty.

To understand the difficulties of Missions among a roving people we need to know that they were never in the same place many months at a time, mostly during the coldest weather they were in tents near the traders post. In the spring they broke camp and moved to a sugar grove to make maple sugar or to a good fishing location or to the hills to dig wild turnips. Their gardens were some what removed from winter quarters where they lived in huts built of birch bark. When the corn

began to ripen all hands were required to watch the black birds off or there would be nothing left.

At times for weeks together there would not be an Indian seen. There could be no continuous preaching or teaching or of Mr Samuel Pond went with them on their hunt once or twice as he said to learn how an Indian felt.

In traveling over the prairie one winter with an Indian guide and they ran out of provisions Mr. S. Pond walked in the snow five days with nothing to eat. He believed the Indian intended to kill him so he contrived to dodge him, and reach the mission

alone. Coming in to Father's he threw himself on the bed saying, "excuse me Mrs. Guggins I have had nothing to eat for five days."

Mother had a soup on the stove and hastened to feed him. So much has been written about Indian superstitions it is needless for me to attempt it.

True they believe in one great spirit and the missionaries used the same word in translating God.

Beside there were many lesser spirits. The thunder bird whose flapping wings caused the thunder and whose eyes darted lightning.

When with long rains the river rose and overflowed

April

SUNDAY 2

1911

its banks the thunder bird and the river deamen had a great conflict.

Pride is a very conspicuous characteristic of a Dakota. They will endure great torture to be considered brave.

The sun dance perhaps was never very common I think a certain time of year if one was brave enough it was celebrated. Some time after this Dr. was able to speak the language fairly well he came to Father and said They are going to have a sun dance in the village will you go with me, I must remonstrate.

There were two posts some 25 feet apart in the ground. In the

April

MONDAY 3

1911

shoulder of the young man slits were cut in the flesh and a leather thong passed through and the ends fastened to the posts. The man was to face the sun and run between the posts until the flesh or thong gave way.

The dance had begun when they arrived and Dr. urged them to desist telling ^{them} "the great Spirit would be displeased with such cruelty and then solemnly saying That man will be punished he will not die a natural death."

Going home Father said, "Dr. have dared you say the man would die?"

Dr answered "That young



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