

April

TUESDAY 4

1911

man has read the Bible and listened with interest to my preaching and I am impressed, deeply impressed, with the belief that "he will die" and so he did the third day.

Some times a sympathizing friend will cut the rope half through and enable the sufferer to break it before exhaustion.

This event made quite an impression on some of the Indians. There were no dances in that village.

Had the man lived through he would have been held in great esteem

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On the summer of 1839 Aunt Fanny Huggins Fathers sister came out from Ohio She was a born Missionary and took hold of the work at once.

I have no doubt it was she that inspired Father to make spinning wheels and a loom. She found, for his early training in more than one trade.

I well remember a small log house called the Corn house. It was no doubt the first house built on the mission ground. The mission owned a few sheep and Mother and Aunt got cards, taught some women to card and spin and

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weave also to knit. All stockings and mittens and some boys caps for the Mission children were knit from the sheeps ^{wool} back. The church and many learned to read.

The little adobe church rang with Christian song, mostly liberal translations of our hymns. Father and Mrs. Renville were the Elders, Mr. Renville was quite old, when I remember him. Some one carried a large chair and set it beside the pulpit stand. Father had another chair near and led the singing.

When I was able to sit in a chair a small one was carried for me. The

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Indians sat on long benches. When there were many scholars the Church was also the school room.

But much of the year men women and children were taught in the homes, one or two or three just as they happened to come in. Neither Dr. or Father ever wrote of these early years, and I have felt that the work then done has much of it been overlooked. Mrs. Williamson had a little boy in October 1835 born in the log cabin with dirt floor. In 1837 March 7th Eliza Wilson Huggins was born and 1839 Sep 18th I came on the scene. Aunt Fanny said

John

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Mother was disappointed
I was not a boy and she
said "Give her to me"
Mother said "All right"
and from that day Aunt
claimed me and took
care of me for years.
When I was too young to
remember they sent Jane
and Eliza to Ohio to live
with Uncle Eli He that
had been so long sick.
He had married his
own cousin and had no
children. The girls had a
good home there for
years. They were obliged
to keep them so close in
the mission they thought
it impaired their health.
My earliest recollections
are of Church and family

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worship. A house full of
Indians. A girls sewing
and knitting class, and
Aunt-Fanny getting a book
whenever there was a child
or two for a lesson.
There was now some text
books in Dakota and I
learned to read I cant-
tell how. Father took about
a yard of muslin and with
stencil plates made long
lines of spelling after the
fashion of Noah Webster's
ah, I never thought of
the Indian as an inferior
being. They were so dignified
the young men often pompous
They were however for me
divided into two classes
The Christian and the
heathen. There were from

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influential men among them who looked with displeasure up on the new religion and some considerable persecution of those who forsook the old customs. One of the earliest ^{converts} (baptized Catheran) was a notable woman. She was a medicine woman and been inducted into all the mysteries of the sacred dance. Dr. W. preached no smooth doctrine. The wrath of God and future punishment. The Dakotas were living in the Old Testament and many of his themes were taken from patriarchal times. Catherine became deeply convicted and felt herself too wicked for pardon but at last

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came joyfully into the light and honored her profession to a long life.

I must condense my story more as it will require volumes to finish, but I must relate a few things never elsewhere recorded. Rachel was converted when near sixty years old, and wished very much to read the Bible for herself.

Considerable portions were translated. Dr. W. tried and probably others for a while but she made such slow progress Dr. said "No, are you are too old to learn." Jane then about six years old said "I can teach Rachel to read," and she did. Rachel in gratitude gave her

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a string of beautiful beads
 Aunt Fanny taught
 Catherine to read after she
 was forty years and she
 read so happy. She soon
 read every word printed
 in the language. Spectacles
 were gotten for those who
 needed them. "Oh, said one
 I have new eyes"

The converts received new
 names when baptized

One man asked what he
 would like for a name said
 he could not remember
 the name but he wished
 to be called for the poor
 man who was laid at the
 rich mans gate.

So they called him Lazarus.

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Fathers Ohio relations were
 very helpful. Sometimes
 sending a box of clothing
 dried fruit - etc I have a quilt
 now made for him by the
 ladies of Ripley Ohio.

Offering to take boys to teach
 two boys I think some
 14 years old were sent to
 Ohio. Uncle Amzi took
 one and Uncle Emus
 one and they learned to
 read and speak English
 quite well.

One of the tragedies of the
 mission occured on their
 home coming I heard my
 Father tell it and think
 he had gone down to Traverse
 to meet them There was a
 party of missionaries coming
 up Mrs. Riggs with a babe

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in arms (Martha) about 3 years
younger than I and
Mrs. Hopkins one but a
few weeks old.

As they came within a
few miles of home they
met a war party of Chippewa
with a fresh scalp on a
pole. I do not know how
they talked to the white
men probably by signs.

The Dakota boys sprang
up to wagon and being
dressed like white boys
were not molested. The
savages gleefully displayed
their trophy and passed
on. One of the boys
said 'That was my brother's
scalp, I know?' It proved
true. Hearing his brother
was coming he had run

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some five miles to meet
him. Near a small river
were hiding a small war
party who killed and scalped
him. News flies fast in an
Indian country. Very soon
some 50 painted almost
naked men were ^{there} so
insane with fury were they
the missionaries feared for
their lives. They seemed
to hold them responsible
for tragedy. After threatening
and storming they shot and
killed the horse that had
been drawing the women.
The ladies half fainting
with terror set out to
walk to the mission.
They soon met women,
wailing no doubt, but who
had some milk of human
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kindness in their breasts
They took the babies and
when Mrs. Hopkins who was
but-18 years old was almost
fainting took her arms
and supported her to the
Mission.

An angry Indian is danger
ous. Dr. W. usually so kind
was a very uncompromising
man and would not yield
when he thought himself
in the right. Father was
very mild and persuasive
and doubtless saved the Dr's
life at one time possibly see

The Dr had refused a
favor to an Indian which
so angered him he took ~~him~~
his gun and planted himself
where the Dr. would have
to pass, intending to kill

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him. Father hearing about
it went to the angry man
and promised the favor
should be granted. He
cooled down and went
home saying without that
promise the Dr would
have been a dead man.

Again when a war party
was starting out some
young men came to get
their corn ground for the
journey but the Dr. said
the Chipways are my brothers
I cannot help you on your war
party. The men were furious
and Father opened the mill
and ground the corn.

Dr. W. was one of the least-
self seeking men I ever
knew His whole mind was
on his work He spared
not himself

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Mission work has both dark and light sides. Mr. Riggs in writing is some what humorous and the little annoyances do not show so plainly.

Mr. Pond I think experienced more of them and dwells on the filth the arrogances etc. Here they flatten their noses and look in the window scrawl on the walls steal all they can lay their hands on and beg beg. These things were daily annoyances.

More serious was the killing of horses and cows.

So many horses were killed they gave up keeping them and worked with oxen.

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Slow and often discouraging as the war the first years there was joy in fact of a church many of whose members were faithful willing to endure much of for their faith.

But there came a change. Mr. Revville was now an old feeble man. His sons were not all worthy of such a Father.

It was believed the traders were displeased to have the Indians adopt civilized habits. Their profits were made by trapping and hunting of furs by the Indians. And being Catholics they did not care for the preaching and teaching. Very seldom came to Church.

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I never heard any names but Indians said some traders had told them the the missionaries were not working for nothing they designed to secure their land They were raising cattle without paying for hay and water Angry men came to demand pay or the missionaries must leave They surrounded the house and at times threatened death

Dakotas were forbidden to come to church or school and those who ventured over the river had their blankets and tents cut to pieces by the so called soldiers

Cattle were stolen school stopped and dark indeed was the prospect for a time

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The sheep were all killed and the loom idle

The Christian Indians most of them remained true and by degrees the persecution became less

When I was six years old and Father and Mother had been in the mission ten years they took a trip back to Ohio Besides with them went Aunt Fanny Ames myself and brother Eli Lundy three. My sixth birth day and his third were spent on this trip Eli had been born in Ill. where Mother had gone on a visit to her Father I saw many great sights and every where my folks had to tell their experience

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The sisters Jane and Eliza were proud to show the little sister and Brother.

How well I remember the smell of the sweet-pinks in Aunt-Jane Millers garden.

Years after the scent of a pink brought back the scene as even now the perfume of a plum tree brings back the hour when I first-

remember that scent standing on the old stone door step. Under the thicket were many little birds singing and white petals falling on the ground.

When we started home we found a genial young man was going with us and were told he was our new Uncle Aunt-Fanny

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had become Mrs. Pettijohn. Uncle Jonas was a cousin of Mothers thus making their children almost-double cousins.

Aunt told me she had admired him years before; but when he asked her to marry him she said "Not unless you go with us to the Mission for I can't give up my work." Father found his money so low we took deck passage on a boat, not at all pleasant.

The missionaries were very strict Sabbath keepers. Would not travel on the Sabbath so we stopped off at Navro and found lodging with a Merman.

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family, two women each with children living in a double house.

At Ft Snelling we stayed with Dr. Turner who had two children about Brothers and my age. They were very kind and gave each a toy we prized and kept many years.

Here they took a canoe for Traver~~ter~~ river.

The river was low and so crooked it took more time than expected and we ran out of provisions. Seeing some Indians Aunt Fanny hailed them and standing up in the boat waved a calico dress offering it for something to eat.

They gave us some wild

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rice and I believe a duck. Hoping to reach Mrs S. Ponds before one night we rowed late but found no landing. It grew dusk when we reached an Indian bark village and knew the station could not be far off. We landed.

How good it seemed to escape from our cramped position and run on the bank. Father set out for Mr Ponds and we little ones were so cold we began to cry. They wrapped some quilts around us and waited for Father's return. At last he came saying he could not find the house and we must spend the night where we were.

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The Indians were all gone but their houses were quite securely fastened. At last we broke into one of the very poorest and made a fire. Mother opened her stores and took out some seedy beans and we had a little supper hovering over the fire. There was a large hole in one end of the shack and the wind blew in strong. I believe ice frozen during the night.

Next day we reached Mr. Pond's about a mile away. Aunt found me crying when she came to bed but I would not tell why. Next day she tried again and I said "My pillow was so black" It seems they were

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and prepared for camping out and she had rolled up a pair of black pants for my pillow. I remember it very well. The cold wind howled around. We had had but little to eat.

The bed on the floor was ^{not} comfortable and I cried from the general misery.

We ^{repacked} the Travers and from there set out in a wagon and had a tent. No doubt left there. I only remember little of the journey.

One evening a large Terrapin, or land turtle, came along to camp and some one turned a bushel measure over it. The youngsters heard them saying they were often eaten and began to look

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forward to a delicious dinner
next day. Little Lundy said
to me Oh and we will
give Uncle Jonas the gizzard.
The gizzard was our favorite
morsel and should there be
but one it was often divided.
Nothing was too good for
our new Uncle.

Alas! the next morning
the turtle was gone-gizzard
and all.

It rained the last day.
Aunt Fanny was quite
sick. There were two wagons
one covered and one open.
We hastened on to reach
the mission before night-
fall. There Aunt was carried
in and we all enjoyed
the big fire from the
stove on the big stone in
the living room.

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I suppose the winter
passed like others.

In the spring March
brother Rufus was born.
He was a large fair blue
eyed baby and when

Father told me they
were going to call him
Rufus I said "O what
a pretty name" I think
so yet.

About this time I began
to go to school to Aunt
Jane Williamson. She was
the Dr's sister and had
come out from Ohio a few
years ago. She was a good
teacher for little children,
and as a nurse always at
the bedside of the sick
a great help to her brother.
A most unselfish woman.

May

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I could already read some having learned at-home. All the Mission children I believe learned to read early at-home. Father taught brother Amos all his letters both capital and small before he was two years old and Jane I am told read her Bible through at-six. I suppose that is before seven. Brother Eli could read quite well at-four. I believe he and I read our Bibles through before we were eleven.

We were two or three years doing it and at-least the first half of the book an older person read verse about and told us the hard words.

May

WEDNESDAY 3

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A new home

In the fall of 1846 when I was seven years old quite a change in my life occurred. At a meeting of the Missionaries it was decided that Dr. Williamson should begin a new Mission near where St. Paul now stands and Mr. Riggs should come up from Traverse to Lacqui-parle. Mr. Riggs had settled at Traverse without permission from the Indians. He feared them and the traders there as well very unfriendly.

Once a man shot an arrow at Mr. Riggs that very nearly hit him. Mrs. Riggs was afraid I don't know



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