

July

MONDAY 3

1911

commanding air of the man had much to do with the admiration he gained. I had a chance to meet him later in Amos' house. Such a lofty self important feeling is never met except in an Indian chief or great soldier.

I enjoyed my stay at the Mission. Brother Amos was near by engaged as a government teacher of Indians. He was a good singer and had a class of boys. One evening after much preparation and coaxing for the Indian youth is very reluctant to try new things, he set out with his class to serenade the boarding school. All ready on the steps

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The violin started Mr. C. probably not understanding the plan opened the door when every boy ran and left the teacher alone.

Uncle Jonas Pettigrew was stationed as government teacher 13 miles above Eagle wood and he made me an offer to spend the winter with him teaching his 5 children. One of these was an Indian boy, they had since babyhood. The location was called Red iron's village. He who so had disapproved of the treaty, was so reluctant to move he had pitched his tent on Father's land more than

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one winter. At one time a number of tents were there and they held what they called a "Sacred dance".

This dance lasts all day and night and much it screened from all prying eyes. At last on some pretense men with guns drove them all off. One woman gave birth to a child the night she was waded a lake in the terrified flight.

Red iron was a provident man would have probably been rich if he had a chance. The government offered any man who would cut off his hair and don white man's dress, oven, plow and garden tools and seeds. Red iron although he knew it would

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be very displeasing to his band who had always been hard to win to any effort towards civilization met the conditions and now looked quite the gentleman in his new clothes. He also lived in a house he probably had help to build. His people all around him. Not more than 20 or 25 tents I think.

There was no school house. All teaching must be done in the sitting room where the lady of the house and the children came in and out. I taught in the bed room and Uncle and Aunt taught out of old Noah Webster's spelling books. They and one juvenile

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History of Rome and a few
 slates were all the equipment
 I ever saw. Whenever one or
 two young Indians came in
 the books were brought out
 and a lesson taught. Had there
 been a small school house
 with a bell a warm room
 pictures and charts in
 the walls some little prize
 for attendance a teacher
 who spoke Dakota could
 perhaps accomplish
 something even teaching
 a foreign language.

I believe a school in their
 one language at least until
 they understood why they
 must learn those strange
 characters would have saved
 time. The older Indians
 especially when Christians

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were very anxious to learn to
 read God's book.

I went home in the spring
 and returned from the
 next year. Dear angel
 little Alice my youngest
 pupil down in the fall
 with her mother was
 exposed to hoopings cough
 and left at our house.

The month of February
 I think her father came
 down for help and
 wished to come again
 bringing Alice. It was
 quite an undertaking at
 that time of year. Much
 thought was bestowed
 on preparations for the
 trip we might encounter
 a Minnesota blizzard.
 About half the contents

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of a feather bed was made into a feather cover a comfortable bed was fixed in the sled a large block of wood heated for our feet a buffalo robe and several comforters and we were very snug.

The feather cover we put over our head pushing the feathers away overhead until only the muslin was left it was light enough to read.

We were on the way four nights being some what delayed by one of the sleds overturning and spilling the cargo in the snow. We were two ^{two} horse sleds loaded with supplies for the missions.

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and teachers possibly the far Agency. There were no railroads every thing had to be transported in wagon or sled.

Uncle John's brother drove a sled ahead of us and his it was that overturned by one runner getting a few inches off the beaten road into soft snow. Houses were few on the road but we came to the cabin of a German bachelor who did the best he could for us. Offered the only bed in his room. I think he must have slept at the barn or at a neighbors. The bed with its two more too clean feather beds looked so inviting Alice and I decided to take

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the floor with our own covers Alice was the least trouble of any child I ever saw.

She never made a complaint never hungry never thirsty never displeased with any thing always ready with her sweet little smile.

You may think she must have been stupid. Not so she made more than average progress in her books.

Next night we put up at a little German stopping place. At bed time the girl came to me and said, "I will have to put you in the same room with the men we have no other." "All right," I said "they are my uncles." Alice and I went first. She enjoyed

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inspecting the beds to make a choice. We chose the cleaner one real clean it was with gingham slips on each of the upper and lower feather beds and one blanket between.

These brave home steaders in a new world, pioneers were doubtless well rewarded for their leaving home and country. The children now Americans.

Next night we reached the Lower Agency and stayed over Sunday with Mr. Prescott, Aunt Lacey's

Father. We went to hear John Williamson preach. I can't remember which language he uses English. There were white people

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half breeds and Indians
I think nearly all under-
stands both languages
I confess I heard but little
of that sermon. The motley
crowd and unconvention-
al costumes drew my attention.
One gentleman from the
Agency wore a pair of a
moccasins of a
pattern I had not seen
before. Instead of the 4 in
top of buckskin to be tied
around the ankle a black
velvet was turned down
and heavily embroidered
with white beads. The
result very showy.
The gentleman propped
himself in a corner and
stretched his feet out
on the bench before him.

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This was in the early part
of March 1862 I must go
back to record some
things forgotten in 91.
When I came down from
my school about early
part of May I visited
a while at Brother Ames
and saw my new nephew
Charles Loyal Kiggins.
The civil war had then
begun Ames called his
boy born on the day he
heard of the firing of our
fort Sumpter Loyal
saying "I hope he will
be loyal to his parents
his country and his God".
I came down that time with
Mr Cunningham manager
of the boys boarding school.
I must say here I do not

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think a more able pair for that work could have been found than he and his wife. They loved the children and exercised a wise and kindly discipline and the children loved them and improved rapidly.

When I reached our Hickory Hill home I found much talk of the war. Brother Eli ~~now~~ (Gen. Huggins now) had been to Fort Snelling to enlist in the 1st Minn. but was too late. Was told they were the 17th Company recruited for that Regiment. A good providence for huff the Regt. were killed at Bull Run.

The boys Eli and Rufus had been fishing and

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were cleaning fish down at a little stream net-yet Mrs. Mother's eyes were very sore still. She had not been able to sew all winter.

Sister Fannie but 13 years old had cut and ^{made} dresses for herself and Fattie to wear to church. I felt that I had been needed.

Mother was better so I felt that I could go again to care my little cousins was needed to take Alice home this was 1862.

We reached Hazelwood Mrs. Riggs station, about March 1st. Sister Eliza was there teaching the boarding house children. She had been a semi-invalid for years but

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being a natural Missionary and a person of great energy she taught now and then At this time she had taught some months and completely exhausted was very low I had to stay with her some time I have no records to refer to for dates birth days some time help I was caring for her on her 25th birth day March 7th 1892 Soon after on going up to Red Cross village it snowed and the wind came up and the snow filled the air so we feared we should be caught in a Minnesota blizzard Uncle prodded up his team I saw he was

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anxious, before we were blinded we saw the brick house and soon Aunt looking anxiously out of the door Again I took up my little bed room school

When a few Indians came in Sundays Aunt used to read a portion of scripture in their own language and we would sing some songs in the same Once Sunday Red Cross daughter and two or three other girls came in. We were quite surprised to see her trigged out in large hoops and nothing over them except a pink calico dress We had never seen her in any except her native dress

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When the girls started home Laura & my eldest pupil and I stepped out to see them go. The keen spring wind caught Miss Red iron's voluminous skirt and threw them almost over her head displaying a clean muslin undergarment and her native leggings all she had on this chilly day. We laughed (Cruel)

The poor girl frantically tried to control her flying garments and ran for home. We never saw that pink dress or hood again. Red iron had 10 children all had died except this youngest girl about 15. She was the idol of his heart. He was a

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modest husband always said "Our young lady" when speaking of her. When I passed him once he felt my heavy wooden dress and turning to his wife, she was nearly always with him, said "That is the kind of cloth Our young lady ought to have." The brick house was more of a settlement house than a school house. The Indians came with their wants and troubles and always got relief if possible.

One day some one came in saying Red iron was hurt in falling a tree it had fallen on him. Aunt and Uncle went

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at once found him in bed
painfully but not dangerous
ly hurt and all they could
do to make him comfortable.

A day or two later they
went again and found
his room full of the
chief men. They said
they had come to break
his chieftanship. Since
he was no longer a Dakota
but had his hair cut off
and put on white man's
clothes Red Iron spoke
from his bed, "Yes you
were too cowardly to
come when I was well
but now on my sick
bed when I can't answer
you, you come to break
my chieftan ship.
But you can not do it."

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I will still be chief
The white men at the
Agency have endorsed my
chieftancy and ^{they} love
me. I think he kept his
nominal place but doubt
if he attended their council.

During the year I had
been gone another station
18 miles from Red Iron ^{was started}
and Ames moved from
Hagle woods to the new
station. It was a few miles
from Loquibable park
the old first Mission where
I was born.

As warm weather came
on I felt tired of school
and longed to go home.

But first I wanted to
visit my brother and
see the site of the old

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Mission where I was born To see again the sun go go down in Splendor in the Lake To walk up the brook to the big stone the longest journey of my childhood.

One Saturday wheels stopped at our door and I was delighted to see my old friends Miss. Isabella Riggs, Sister of Chino, and Julia Laframboise.

They were going to the upper station I went with them and was at Ames two days Sunday he preached in Dakota on the text I am the vine ye are the branches There were not more than a dozen present all I think under

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TUESDAY 1

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Stud. most of the sermon Amos knew how I longed to see our old home, and dear kind brother that he was, borrowed a canoe for I was sorry to learn that he was six miles from the old station and on the other side of the ^{wind} river Next morning the breeze until it was not safe to venture.

Charley was now a fine brown eyed baby more than a year old but had not been very well and could not walk.

Before I went home Amos begged me to stay, said Sister Josephine was not well and felt always

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WEDNESDAY 2

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afraid of the Indians
 Julia was there as assistant
 teacher and mostly busy
 Mrs Cunningham had
 sent word they wanted
 me in the boarding house
 but nothing but home
 would do me

While there the Supt-
 of Agriculture came up
 with seeds and tools for
 the Indians The teachers
 were to direct their planting

Eliza at Hazelwood
 was not up and around
 but not able to resume
 her school and we planned
 to return together.

Arriving at Hazelwood
 Mrs Riggs came to meet-
 me saying, "I really think
 it is your duty to stay and

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THURSDAY 3

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for help at the boarding
 house. It was hard to get
 any help and one who
 spoke the language and
 had a missionary spirit
 preferred but I only said
 I think Mother needs me

This was about June 1st
 1862 the war going on
 The Indians were much
 interested They kept
 coming to the Mission
 saying How goes the war?
 Will the Grand Father
 beat or the men of the
 South? How any American
 could act the part some
 of the Traders and Clerks
 did I can not imagine
 Indians told what they
 said to the Missionaries
 Christian Indians always

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believing what they said but there were those that knew not what to believe when told, "The government will go down and you will never get your money."

See all the men are going to war and being killed. A company was formed of Indians who could speak English and many half breeds. "Now," said a clerk, "see the white men are so scarce they even take you to help them out."

Eliza and I reached home safely. The sixth time over that road for me in two years and the last.

Brother Eli was at the front. How anxiously we looked for the weekly

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mail. No railroads, No telegraph we waited in suspense a whole week.

The Indians came down from the north for their yearly payment but it was delayed and soon they were reduced to a starving condition.

So far I have only told what I had seen and heard. I find this account in the life of John Williamson.

Soon after we reached home the Indians became desperate and called for a conference with the Agent and white folk.

They met under a large booth made for the purpose and told of their starving condition. There were warehouses

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owned by traders full of flour and meat which the owners hoped to sell at a good price when the Indians receive their money.

They belonged to Myrie Bros. I knew those men, the same that had first built in Tanagera failing there. They had loaded at the upper Agency.

When the Indians had spoken the Agent said "Myrie it is up to you" as there were no other supplies to be had. Myrie said nothing and soon got up to leave the council. "Here Myrie come back and tell us what you are going to do about it."

Myrie turned and said "Far as I am concerned they may eat grass."

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WEDNESDAY 9

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The Indians leaned forward with the anxious question

What did he say? What did he say? The Interpreter soon trembling afraid to say a word. The Agent said "I think you will half to depend on you again Mr. Williamson," again.

John stood up and with a voice that all could hear repeated. The Indians gave one, silent howl, some even whoops and dispersed at once.

Then soon after this I do not know but soon we received letters from our Mission friends that told of the Indians breaking the doors of the warehouses and rolling barrels out. There were a few soldiers

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there and the officer said he was on the point of saying fire. The Agent sent in a letter for Mr. Riggs, the Missionary, saying, "If there is any thing between the lids of the Bible to control these Indians bring it." Mr. Riggs came and gave both sides advice. Rations were issued and the Northern Indians told to go home and plant their corn and they would be sent for when the gold came. The Government had sent paper money which the Indians refused to accept. They were within their rights for the treaty said gold and the Indians could not use paper.

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It placed the Government in a delicate position as gold was at such a high premium. Standing Buffalo and his band cheerfully went home. I think they trusted the agent Mr. Galbreath. Now and then for years we had heard from some Indians that some day the Indians would rise up and kill all the whites and take back their land but no one believed it. Julia's old Grandfather a noble old Chieftain, told her with tears running down his face they surely would and then they (the Indians) would be exterminated.



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