

man frequently. He had been running about the country boasting of this feat, and I determined to arrest him, if possible, as it appeared to me highly important that all Indians should be made to know that the horses of the government, on service in the Indian country, are inviolable, and that they cannot be touched by them without the certainty of punishment at the time, or afterwards. I arrested this Indian at Traverse des Sioux; but as there was no testimony against him, that would convict him before a court, I thought it unadvisable to turn him over to the civil authority. I sent him down to Fort Snelling, requesting CAPTAIN BACKUS to keep him in close confinement until he heard from division headquarters on the subject. I would respectfully refer this case to the commanding general of division. The Indian will not be released till orders to that effect are received at Fort Snelling.

"I broke up the squadron at Traverse des Sioux on the 11th inst., ordering CAPTAIN ALLEN, with his company, to proceed to Fort Des Moines, and I reached this post with my own company on the 19th inst.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. V. SUMNER,
Captain 1st dragoons.

The Acting Assistant Adjutant General,
Third Military Department, St. Louis, Mo.

REMARKS

"The Secretary of War, to whom this interesting report is submitted, will, no doubt, be pleased with the firm and judicious conduct of CAPTAIN SUMNER towards the Indians and half-breeds, mentioned within. The expedition has been made in conformity with a report submitted by me to the Secretary of War some ten or twelve months ago.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

November 10, 1845.

HUGGINS DESCRIBES FIRST STEAMBOAT.

In June and July, 1850, occurred the four noted steamboat excursions up the Minnesota, which proved the river to be a navigable stream. Two of these steamers, the *Anthony Wayne* and *Yankee*, ascended the river beyond Traverse. GENERAL ELI L. HUGGINS, now living in San Diego, California, gives this interesting description of the arrival of the "*Wayne*" which as a boy he witnessed: "She arrived on July 19th, 1850, and was the first boat ever seen at Traverse des Sioux. She was a fine side-wheel boat and she was literally crowded with passengers, all in holiday attire. She came unheralded and her arrival naturally created intense excitement among the Indians and few white residents. Among the passengers were MR. and MRS. RICHARD H. CHUTE. The steamboat landed a few hundred yards from the mission houses and the captain and the CHUTES came and introduced themselves and invited the HUGGINS, MRS. HOPKINS and the children to take a trip up the river. The children of the two mission families were hurried into their best 'duds' and went on board to experience what was to them a stupendous and almost incredible adventure. Soon after leaving, the steamer made

a short stop and four deck hands (one of whom was a negro and the first these children had ever seen) worked furiously with axes to replenish the fuel supply. They went to near where Mankato stands and posted a shingle with date and statement that the *Anthony Wayne* was the first seamer to reach that point. This honor was short lived, however, for the *Yankee*, leaving St. Paul, July 22nd, 1850, touched at Traverse des Sioux and ascended to a point a little above the present village of Judson."

THE YANKEE'S TRIP.

The editor of the ST. PAUL PIONEER was of the party on board the *Yankee* during this trip, and describes Traverse des Sioux as follows: "At length we came in sight of the missionary station, Traverse des Sioux (The Sioux Crossing), on the north side of the river situated upon a wide slope of prairie which rose gradually from the banks of the river and extended far back, covered with luxuriant grass. Three neat white buildings belonging to the Mission, and several Indian tents and lodges were distant a few rods from the bank, 'midst fields of well cultivated corn, beans and potatoes—as promising crops as we ever saw. Also a patch of wheat just reaped looked plump and heavy. Ascending the river from here, we passed Turtle Bend (about 15 miles below Blue Earth River) passing the *Wayne* Shingle. Above there we saw tracks of buffalo on the banks. The weather was very hot, 104 degrees that day at Traverse des Sioux. The third night, July 24-25, we were near the mouth of the Cottonwood River, nearly 300 miles from St. Paul. Could have possibly gone 80 miles further, but the boat was too long for sharp bends and the mosquitoes were very bad. July 25th, at 7 A. M., we determined to return. We had on board three musicians of the Sixth Infantry and aided by a violinist, we had cotillions, etc., on the banks of the river. Ran a few rods up the Blue Earth, intending to visit the spot where LE SUEUR had his mine in 1700-02, but there was not water enough for our boat. Proceeding down the river, we stopped again for the night at Traverse des Sioux and got fine cold water from the well of REV. HOPKINS. The 5th day we returned to St. Paul. The trip cost about \$2,000.00."



FATHER RAVOUX GREETES THE SAVAGES.

However, the evil that proved the most disastrous of all to the whites was the concentration of so many savages at one point, for thus, not only were their evil propensities fostered and cultivated by idleness, contamination and constant agitation of their grievances, and better opportunity was afforded them to plot mischief, but thus also were they enabled when, owing to the exigencies of the Civil War there was a distressing delay in the payment of their annuities, and when the necessary restraining military force was prematurely withdrawn, to sweep down with the power of an avalanche upon the helpless frontier in the horrible massacre of 1862.

The most of these evils were due not so much to the treaty as to the untoward circumstances in carrying it out, and to the unavoidable necessity, since it was impossible for the Indian and his land to remain as they were and since civilization and savagery cannot long remain in contact without irritation as they are naturally antagonistic. But these evils, even though they were directly attributable to the treaty, pale before the splendor of its good results when seen in the light of today. Had the treaty been faithfully kept, and had its provisions been allowed their natural fruition, the evils, doubtless would have been mostly averted and the results might have been still more glorious.

Be that as it may, even the terrible massacre was not an unmitigated evil. The rude shock broke the thick crust of heathendom about many a Dakota heart and in the great prison revivals at Mankato and Fort Snelling in the winter of 1862-3, the seeds of a new life planted by the faithful missionaries, began to be manifested, which by today in a large measure has transformed the miserable savage of that time into an intelligent thrifty citizen, a noble Christian character. In view therefore of all these beneficent results, this treaty is an event second to none in the history of the northwest.

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But returning to the village of Traverse des Sioux, there were many things happening for the spot became the debarkation point for that vast stream of settlers. Its growth was miraculous and its adventures were many.

In January, 1852, the Missionaries, S. R. RIGGS, A. G. HUGGINS and MRS. A. C. I. HOPKINS, sold and conveyed for the alleged sum of \$2,000 the 320 acres, on part of which the Townsite of Traverse des Sioux was laid out that summer. Later, JOE ROBINETTE and LOUIS ROBERTS laid out a townsite on the second bench, which they called "Sioux City" and H. H. SIBLEY laid out another townsite by the River.

These plats were executed before the Government Survey and before the land had been formally thrown open to white settlements and were therefore abandoned and on March 2nd, 1855, GEORGE H. SPENCER, NATHAN MYRICK and A. J. MYRICK filed a plat for part of the land, which they designated as "Washington" and on the 6th of same month, R. B. PIERCE filed a plat which he called "Sioux City", this was followed next by another plat made by JOSEPH H. DAY named "Traverse" and on December 22nd, 1855, H. H. SIBLEY executed a plat covering the main townsite under the name of "Traverse des Sioux."

In May, 1852, a post office was established at Traverse des Sioux with REV. A. G. HUGGINS as postmaster. By December, 1852, we learn from a correspondent to a St. Paul paper that the village had half a dozen stores, a number of residences, a Union church, Sunday school and a lyceum. Captain Dodd under date of December 18, 1852, states that Traverse des Sioux has 18 stores. The first boat to arrive at Traverse in 1853, was the "Greek Slave", on April 7th. The "Clarion" reached there on April 22nd, the "Tiger" on the 23rd, and the "West Newton", with two barges in tow, on the 27th, carrying two companies of soldiers and their baggage bound for Fort Ridgely, the new Government post just established. As many as 23 buildings were then in process of construction at Traverse. The village had an efficient temperance society, mission church, day school and lyceum. REV. MOSES N. ADAMS was an active agent in founding and carrying on these institutions and in the upbuilding of the young community in a moral way.

On April 7th, 1853, the governor appointed as officers for the new county of Nicollet, GEORGE H. SPENCER, register of deeds; JONAS PETTIJOHN, treasurer; WM. HUEY, sheriff; and D. R. KENNEDY, A. J. MYRICK and JONAS PETTIJOHN, commissioners, with Traverse des Sioux as county seat. On June 27th, 1853, was held the first meeting of the County Commissioners and quarters provided for county offices and jurors drawn for the first term of court, which was held in the Riggs' Mission school building, October 3rd, 1853, when JUDGE CHATFIELD presided.

A correspondent in THE MINNESOTAN states April 29, 1853: "Sibley's new warehouse at T. D. S. is being constructed by D. R. Kennedy. The Fur Company's agent, GEO. MCLEOD, is also having timber ready for warehouse 40x20 and dwelling. Twenty-three buildings now started. Spencer is building a hotel, Myrick a livery stable, BENJAMIN THOMPSON is constructing a tenement house 105x24. JACK FRAZER is erecting a trading house and dwelling 40x32. J. W. BABCOCK has a sawmill four miles above, an overshot wheel and muley saw which turns out 8,000 to 9,000 feet of lumber a day which he sells at \$14 per thousand. Mile and half above this mill the new town of "Kah-so-tah" has just been laid out and is liable to become a town second to Traverse des Sioux in importance. Good place for the railroad from Dubuque to cross the river. Just below us is another saw mill operated by ANTOINE YOUNG. Both mills only started two weeks ago. Last winter was very severe and snow very deep. Indians are gathering at their Village from the sugar bush. Many of them sick from gorging themselves on the maple sugar. 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. The "Tiger" unloaded her freight near the old Missionary houses on what is marked "Canal" on Plat and passed through it to main river above. MR. CUMMINGS of St. Anthony, who has contract to break 600 acres of land at New Agency landed 10 yokes of oxen from "Tiger" with one or two wagons, preferring to make a land portage of 40 miles than steam 140 miles to reach same point. The next day after "Tiger" left, the "West Newton" arrived about noon—herself and barges heavily loaded with troops and supplies for the new Fort (Ft. Ridgely).

married he would not tell me any more of father's people. Understood he died on his way back to Pennsylvania.

Two years after my marriage I went to St. Louis with my husband. He was going to buy a stock of goods. We went to St. Paul and there took a steamboat belonging to Louis Roberts and Mrs. Roberts went with us and we had a delightful time. On the boat going down and coming back were many fine ladies and men. We stayed at Shakopee two years, at Le Sueur one year, and at Faribault four years, then we removed to a farm of 400 acres near the Lower Agency, North of the river, where we were when Indian Outbreak occurred. The hostile Indians stole all we had and took us as prisoners. We were released at Camp Release and went to Faribault to live for some years. My husband enlisted as a scout under General Sibley. After the war, we settled at the Sisseton Agency in the Northeast corner of South Dakota, where my first husband died.

We never got a cent of damages from the Government for any of the property the Indians stole or destroyed. We had good buildings and many horses and cattle. The buildings were all burned and all the stock taken. We thought ourselves worth \$15,000 to \$20,000, and lost it all. The Government rejected our claim for damages because my husband and I were halfbreeds.



PEACE PIPE



INDIAN
GIRL



INDIAN BOY HUNTING

Old Traverse Memories

CHAPTER XI

MRS. JENNIE PETTIJOHN TYLER, UNDER DATE OF AUGUST 9, 1927, WRITES REMINISCENCES OF HER GIRLHOOD SPENT AT TRAVERSE DES SIOUX VILLAGE.

My father, Thomas Pettijohn, with his wife and two small sons, came by boat from near Quincy, Illinois, to Traverse des Sioux, the summer of 1853. Father's brother, Uncle Jonas, and his wife, nee Fanny Huggins, had gone on west with the mission when it was removed to Yellow Medicine, "Pah-zhuta zee". Mr. and Mrs. Alexander G. Huggins had left the mission, built them a comfortable frame house, and were farming on what is now the Hartley Nutter place, as long ago as I can remember. The remains of this home were standing until a few years ago. Mrs. Huggins was my father's cousin, loved by us all as "Aunt Lydia." Letters from these two, were, no doubt, factors in my father's making this his journey's end.

A daughter was added to our family in May 1854, and my advent occurred in November 1855 on what was afterward the McMaster place. The first home I remember was a story and a half log house on what is now the Fred Powers place near Traverse Siding, the west some distance from the Powers' home. "The road" ran straight west from the top of the hill, where Aloise Hergert now lives, was then and for many years the home of my father's cousin, John, generally "Squire" Pettijohn. Above the hill was the home of James P. Holtsclaw and his lovely wife, formerly Jane Huggins. The "Sweet Williams" and "butter and eggs", a yellow flower of two distinct shades, still bloom every spring near his once happy home, planted by the young wife nearly 70 years ago.

One of my earliest memories is of seeing the Indian women flatten their noses against the window panes to peer inside as they passed by. We were never instilled with fear of the Indians, but were trained to come to the house if we saw strangers—Whites or Indians—opening our gate, and we little girls must not go outside the fence without one of our brothers along. "The road" was our chief attraction, always someone passing, teamsters, movers, in their covered wagons, while at the semiyearly issue-days at Shakopee, when the Indians received blankets and clothing in addition to their yearly payments, they would be stringing along for days, on foot, on pony back, on what I've since heard called a "travois"; this being two long poles suspended by straps from the pony's shoulders, like buggy shafts, the other ends dragging on the ground, some distance behind. At a safe distance from the pony's heels, a platform of bark was woven across, and on this their provender was roped securely, occasionally a papoose or two in the collection; the pony often having a rider or other load on its back.

ing west, and the ladies naturally were "Southern sympathizers", sitting down in church when our good old minister, Rev. John Peck, prayed for the President and his advisers, and the success of our Armies! Well, a band of us children had learned from "Hardee's Tactics" to "Ground Arms"; "Present, Arms"; "Right Shoulder, Arms"; "Carry, Arms"; and, oh, yes, "Charge Bayonet." We drilled almost daily; so one day unknown to our mothers, we decided to serenade our teacher and her mother. One of the mothers had shown us how to make three-pointed hats of newspapers, this being our only article of "uniform", so topped by these, each and everyone armed with a club about as long as a cane, our band a couple of old tin pans—drums of course—we marched around the lovely Cullen block, singing somewhat timidly at first, then as loudly as we could yell, to the tune of "John Brown's Body" this truly warlike song:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on."

So, young as we were, we bore arms in defense of our country's honor, though truth compels me to state that not the slightest attention was paid to our vocal attack.

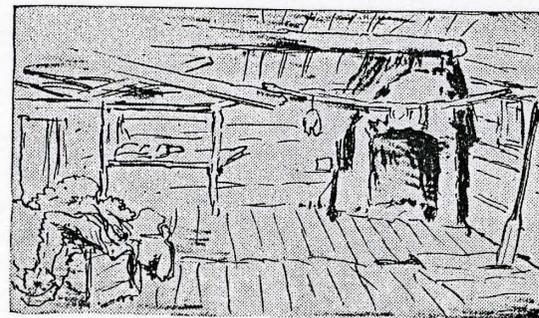
I have been asked to name the soldiers who never came back, but shall mention first the death of our cousin, Amos W. Huggins, August 18, 1862. Mr. Huggins, was shot down before his young wife, Josephine, who, with her two young sons, was made a captive by the Indians at Lac qui Parle. Then a younger brother, Rufus A. Huggins, died, December 16, 1862, from a wound received at the battle of New Ulm. James P. Holtzclaw, a son-in-law, was killed in battle in the Civil War, his body never recovered, at least to be recognizable. His tombstone in the old Traverse Cemetery bears these pathetic words: "And I know not where they have laid him." Another Traverse boy killed in action was John Penryth, a brother of Mrs. John Snyder; another who died of sickness was Mr. Shotwell, a renter on the Baker, now Pell, farm, before enlisting. He was on his way home on a furlough, but died and was buried south. The spring of 1863, I think it was, John Mattice, a brother-in-law of George McLeod, died in the latter's home in Traverse des Sioux, from typhoid fever, his son, John, and daughter, Maggie, soon following him.

An incident relative to the escape of the mission parties from Yellow Medicine may not be amiss here. The Mission party hid on an island in the river over night, where some friendly squaws brought them a grain-sack of bread which had been left only partly baked in the oven, when the alarm came that fateful August day. These women told them not to be afraid, the Indians would not follow them. A thick fog hid the party from view when they climbed the hill before dawn next morning, and behind them true friends were conniving at their escape. Peter Ta-pa-ta Tonka, (His-Big-Fire) led a band of 12 or 15 Sioux warriors in an entirely different direction from that which he knew the missionaries had taken. After following a trail a day and a half, Peter became footsore and limped back to the Indian camp, the rest of the party still in pursuit. Peter, among several hundred others, was taken prisoner, was held at Mankato,

and condemned to death on the charge of leading a war-party against the whites but was not among the forty selected by Lincoln to hang. So Aunt Jane Williamson of sacred memory, wrote the whole circumstances to President Lincoln, and Peter's pardon, and that of his friend and co-worker, Robert Hopkins Chaskay, signed by the President, was received at the prison in Fort Leavenworth a year or two later.

In 1871 my father was appointed Indian Farmer at the Sisseton and Wahpeton agency in Dakota, by Dr. Jared Daniels, then Indian agent at that place. We also kept the cook-house at the brick-yards at Dreywood Lake, six miles west of the agency. This was located on Peter-His-Big-Fire's farm, and on mentioning this to Aunt Jane, some years later, she told me the incident just related. Aunt Jane was one of my Sunday school teachers in the old concrete church in Traverse, so long desecrated as a slaughter-house. Here I remember hearing Revs. John Peck, M. N. Adams, Dr. Williamson, Mr. Riggs and Lyman Marshall, some resident, others visiting ministers. This paper would not be complete without mentioning Dr. Asa W. Daniels, that grand pioneer, a friend to everyone in the country, who never refused a call, however hazardous it might have been. When we saw a covered buggy, it was Dr. Daniels, and he surely was one of God's chosen archangels with his skill, his mellow voice, and cheering, uplifting presence, in those strenuous days. God keep his memory green!

But away with wars and suffering! Who was it said "The boy is father to the man?" One long ago day, when sand-burs were ripe, a lanky boy was seen coming over the hill from his home west of Traverse. The observer was another lad, on his father's buckskin pony, herding sheep. Riding up to the footman, he inquired, boy-like, his destination, his errand, etc., and on learning that the chap was going to Gus Stempel's store, after ammunition to go hunting, the rider said, "Tell you what I'll do, you give me a couple of charges of powder and shot, and I'll give you a ride down there, and back this far, on Selim." The bargain was carried out to the entire satisfaction of both parties thereto. The lanky boy shall be nameless, but the boy who was storing up ammunition and was going to have a gun "some day" is known to the reader of these pages as Brigadier General William C. Brown, U. S. A., now retired.



INTERIOR OF PROVENCALLE'S CABIN

received his appointment as missionary to the Dakotas, among whom or for whom he devoted a long and useful life.

In April, 1835, he began his journey westward with his wife and one child, accompanied by his wife's sister, Mrs. Sarah Poage, also Alexander G. Huggins and family, and on the 16th of May arrived at Ft. Snelling. While stopping at the Fort for a few weeks Dr. Williamson presided at the organization of the First Presbyterian Church, the first Christian church organized within the present limits of Minnesota.

From the Fort the Doctor's party, accompanied by Joseph Renville, embarked on the Fur Company's boat, *Mackinaw*, June 22, reaching Traverse des Sioux on the 30th where they took wagons and arrived at Lac qui Parle on July 9th. Here began his life work, teaching the Indians, studying their language, reducing it to a written form as it was mastered with the assistance of Mr. Renville, who translated through the French into English. Later the Doctor mastered the French language, and in less than two years time he was preaching to the Indians in their own language. He found abundant opportunity to practice medicine among the Indians, who were very poor, receiving no annuities from the government. He encountered much opposition both as to the practice of medicine and to his teaching of the gospel. As the Indian women were on their way to church, their blankets were snatched from them and cut to pieces by the Dakota braves, the mission's cattle were killed and eaten, petty persecutions were common so that in 1837 there were only seven native members. In 1842 the membership numbered 49. In 1837 Mr. Riggs joined the mission and he and Mr. Williamson were co-laborers in the Dakota field until the Doctor was called home.

In 1846 Dr. Williamson established a mission at Little Crow's Village, a few miles below where St. Paul has grown up, where he remained five or six years. Here a small native church was established, the Doctor also preaching to the white people of the vicinity, who were gathering into the capital of Minnesota, Dr. Williamson preaching the first sermon in that city.

In 1851, when, after the treaties, the Indians were removed farther west Dr. Williamson went with them to his last station at Pay-zhe-hoo-taze, Yellow Medicine, where he remained with his family until the outbreak of 1862. After the outbreak he usually walked from his home at St. Peter to Mankato every Sunday to labor among the Indians imprisoned there. He endured many reproaches for his sympathies for the red men, but bore all silently, and for many years after the Sioux were removed from Minnesota he visited the different missions every year as long as his health would permit.

During his many years as missionary, and up to the time of his death, his sister, Aunt Jane, was his most able helper, both in his home and teacher in his various stations. Mrs. Williamson was an invalid for several years before her death, so Aunt Jane assumed the household cares, taught the Indian girls in the home, the arts of housekeeping as well as their daily lessons and also taught in the local Sunday Schools. These two were devoted to each other in every way, always using the terms, "Brother" or "Sister" in the kindest of tones.

Lives such as these need no comment; their stories are sufficient.

Aunt Jane came to the mission in 1843. Prior to that time she had taught in colored schools in Ohio, where it was very unpopular, even though a free state, to educate the blacks. Her interest in the Indians continued until the time of her death some years after that of her brother.

NANCY JANE WILLIAMSON.

NANCY JANE WILLIAMSON, daughter of Dr. Thos. S. Williamson, and wife, was born at Lac qui Parle, on the 28th of July, 1840 and died November 18, 1877, at her brother's home at Yankton Agency. She was afflicted with disease of the spine from her birth, a sufferer all her life, but was unusually bright mentally, and a most devoted Christian. She received her education at the W. F. Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, after years of careful instruction at home. After the outbreak she assisted in the care of her invalid mother and in the local Sabbath School. In 1873 she joined her brother at Yankton, where she was greatly loved by the Indian women and children and the few white people in the community.

ALEXANDER HUGGIN'S FAMILY.

ALEXANDER G. HUGGINS was born in North Carolina and died at his home near St. Peter, aged 65 years. He was a blacksmith by trade; was of a very devout nature and came west with his family as assistant to Dr. Williamson in 1835. He was connected with the missions until a few years before the outbreak of 1862, having settled upon a quarter section of land three miles west of St. Peter. Here he built a roomy, comfortable house the remains of which stood until a few years ago, making a one time home of culture and refinement. Here Miss Julia La-Framboise and later her sister, Hortense, were trained in every Christian grace and virtue until ready for more advanced work in the schools of Ohio. The Huggins family was of Huguenot descent, the great grandfather of "Uncle Huggins" was born at sea in the flight from France to England. Like the Williamsons, the Huggins ancestors removed from the environment of slavery, North Carolina, to Ohio, because they thought slavery wrong and did not wish their children exposed to its influences. Mrs. Huggins, wife, of Alexander G. Huggins, was a wonderful woman of of great ability, a beautiful, cultivated lady, in the best sense of the word. In her own home, in the mission, in the church and community she was always an inspiring example of lovely Christian womanhood. Her maiden name was Lydia Pettijohn. She was called to her reward many years ago from the family home in Berkeley, California.

AMOS W. HUGGINS, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Huggins, was born in Ohio, and was 29 years, 6 months old when he was killed by the Indians at Lac qui Parle, Aug. 19, 1862. He had remained in the mission after his father removed to Traverse, and had a wife and two children, who were taken captive by the Indians. Another child was born soon after his wife was released from captivity.

RUFUS A. HUGGINS was 16 years, 9 months of age when he died, December 16, 1862, from the effect of a wound received at the battle of New Ulm. During the long months of suffering following he bore up

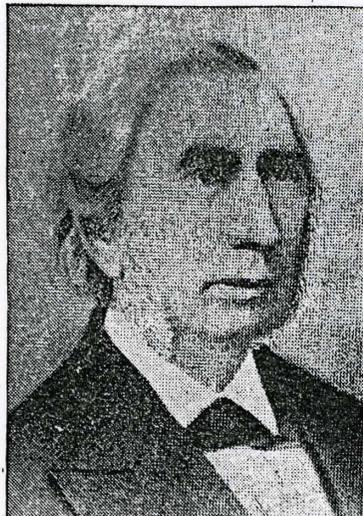
PIONEER MISSIONARIES OF TRAVERSE DES SIOUX



REV. MOSES N. ADAMS



MRS. M. N. ADAMS



REV. STEPHEN R. RIGGS



MRS. S. R. RIGGS

with the greatest fortitude, always mindful of the comfort of his mother and sisters, who were his devoted nurses until the end.

ELIZA W. HUGGINS, third child was born, March 7, 1837, and died June 22, 1873. Mr. Riggs writes of her, "She early gave herself to Jesus and her lovely life was like a strain of sacred music, albeit its years of suffering brought out chords of minor harmony." She taught for a time in mission schools, where she and Nannie Williamson wrote a text from the Bible for every day in the year, which was published as a tiny booklet in both Dakota and English. Afterwards she taught for at least one term in the schools of the village of Traverse des Sioux, and several years in Mankato. She was much beloved by her pupils and the entire community wherever she was known.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Edward Eggleston, a Methodist clergyman, born April 10, 1837, in Vevay, Indiana came to Traverse des Sioux in 1856. His professional income was so meagre that he supplemented it by farming, surveying and photography. The sympathetic townsmen took up a subscription and bought him a suit of clothes, making the presentation at a "donation party." While at Traverse des Sioux he married Miss McGraw. After leaving Minnesota he became quite successful in literary work. Among his numerous novels are: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, (1871) and *Mysteries of Metropolisville*, (1873) the latter based on his experiences at Traverse des Sioux. He was editor of several papers, among which was (1870) the *New York Independent*.

JAMES P. HOLTSCLAW.

JAMES P. HOLTSCLAW was born in Illinois in 1829, and was killed June 10, 1864, at the battle of Guntown, Miss. He married Jane Huggins a few years before the Civil War and their home life was ideal. Mr. Holsclaw taught school in the neighborhood, was active also in both church and Sunday school. He was an all around athlete in those days, running, jumping, wrestling and swimming. His wife, beautiful alike in person and character, remained faithful to his memory until her death a few years ago at the home of her brother, Brigadier General Eli L. Huggins, U. S. A., Retired, in San Diego, Cal.

WILLIAM P. MC MASTERS.

WILLIAM P. MCMASTERS and wife, with the Ellis family, came from Massachusetts to Traverse des Sioux in 1853. Though not residents of the village, unless possibly for a short time, they were constant and consistent members of the Presbyterian church at that place, contributing generously to its support. It will be remembered by a few who were then children, that on more than one occasion Mr. McMasters led the services, reading a sermon, either his own or from one of the many theological works which he owned and studied. He was a man of keen intelligence, "good at an argument," ready of repartee, both he and his excellent wife were most useful and worthy members of the community.

lived. In this connection, it is said that he not only wrote a number of historical pamphlets himself, which found a place in the archives of the Minnesota Historical Society, of which he was a member, but he also collaborated with Dr. W. W. Folwell, the state's leading historian, in the gathering of certain data which the latter used in one of the volumes of his valued History of Minnesota.

The doctor's wife having preceded him in death in March of the year 1900, he felt that weariness and advancing years necessitated some easing of the professional burdens he had carried, and in that year he purchased himself a home in Pomona, California, where he thereafter resided, with the exception that for the next five years or thereabouts he made a practice of returning to St. Peter in the summers, for a few months of labor among his former haunts and his old-time friends. At the conclusion of this period he formally retired, and passed his final years in a degree of quietude, though retaining his mental vigor and his wide interest in human affairs to the last. From his Pomona home late in February, 1923, he wrote to his son, Dr. Jared W. Daniels of St. Peter a characteristically vigorous and thoughtful letter in which, among other things, he observed that "all states have their advantages but Minnesota is one of the best." Seven days later on February 27, he passed away after but a brief illness, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, thus terminating a career of lifelong vigor and good health.

Fittingly, it was decided that the state he loved and in which he so long had lived should furnish his final resting place; and the doctor's remains were lovingly returned to St. Peter, where in the presence of many hundreds of his friends, they were laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery on March 7, 1923.

OLD TRAVERSE SCHOOL HOUSE BY W. C. BROWN

An old newspaper file tells us that Miss Allison opened a school here August 2, 1855, followed by Miss Minerva Lincoln, November 19, 1856.

Our acquaintance with this hall of learning began in the winter of 1862-3 with ZURIEL S. GAULT as teacher. Prior to this some years the building had been erected, dedicated and used as a Baptist church, but the membership had dwindled so that it had fallen into disuse as a house of worship. It stood on a rise of ground west and slightly north of the widow Ellis' house, and here in succession taught FISHER BILLINGSLEY, MR. COLTON, MARY COWAN, ELIZA HUGGINS, GRACE L. WHITE and EMMA JANE KELSEY.

Then for some reason it was not used as a schoolhouse for several years, the school was held in an upper room in Myrick's Big Brick Store. Here taught one winter BRUCE PIERCE, followed by beautiful and beloved LIZZE CULLEN, then HIRAM METCALF, who afterward became principal of the St. Peter schools.

Here also J. WESLEY (DR.) ANDREWS, now a prominent physician in Mankato, began his public career; the following amusing incident in connection with his school discipline has often been repeated. His little sister, Florence, had several times been reproved for some childish misdemeanor with no avail, so "J. Wesley" took her by the arm to lead her up to the front seat. At this dire punishment she pulled back, yelling,

"You let go my arm, or I'll tell Maw on you!" thereby rather upsetting the gravity of the occasion, though not the dignity of the young pedagogue. Mr. Andrews was a fine, conscientious teacher, serving in that capacity several terms in the then new central high of St. Peter, with Mr. Metcalf as principal.

But to return to Traverse City, some time after 1864 the old frame building was moved from its original site to where it now stands, and has been used continuously as a school house ever since. It was fully repaired, equipped with modern seats, a long wooden blackboard and a teacher's desk on the platform where formerly had stood the pulpit. Here SAMUEL WARNER BENNETT held sway for a number of years, having previously taught a term or two in the old brick store. A rigid disciplinarian and most successful teacher, through his efforts the Traverse School became "a name to conjure by," especially in the occasional spelling bouts with other schools of the vicinity, as well as in declamation, or "speaking pieces." To the honor of old Traverse be it recorded our school was never "spelled down." Mr. Bennett was afterward superintendent of schools of Sibley county, residing in Henderson for a number of years. To him and to our old school a leaf in this chaplet of memory is herein dedicated by one of his loving and grateful pupils.

REMINISCENSES OF HENRY SIBLEY KENNEDY

My father, D. R. KENNEDY, came to Minnesota in 1849 and at St. Paul met Gen. H. H. Sibley, then head of the American Fur Company at Mendota and was sent by him to Traverse des Sioux. He was there at the Signing of the Treaty in 1851 and was connected with the American Fur Company for a time, afterward, with GEN. SIBLEY, he established trading posts at Yellow Medicine and a point farther West.

I think it was in 1853 when a payment was to be made to the Indians at Traverse des Sioux. The money was to be sent by boat from St. Paul. My father was to take the boat at St. Paul but missed it and started out on foot to overtake it. He got to Shakopee before the arrival of the boat and lay down on a couch in the tavern telling the woman who ran the place to call him when she heard the boat whistle. Of course the boat whistle was a signal for everyone in the village to rush to the landing but she failed to call my father and when she got back the boat had gone on up the river so there was nothing to do but follow it on foot, which he did and got to Traverse des Sioux ahead of the boat. The distance was, by Indian trail, 75 miles and it was done between sunrise and sunset. I think it was George McLeod who told me that he knew of my father's making the same trip three times.

At another time he carried important mail for the government from St. Paul to Fort Garry, a distance of between 500 and 600 miles, on foot, and in the dead of winter.

My father was postmaster at Traverse des Sioux in 1855 but when JOHN DONNELLY arrived from Canada he resigned and Donnelly was appointed postmaster. John Donnelly together with his two brothers, William and Charles, left Traverse des Sioux in 1856 for California, driving horses.

sacks of buffalo hide, made with the hairside out. This sack was placed into a hole in the ground, and its contents was then pounded into the sack as tightly as possible. Hot buffalo tallow was poured over the meat, making it impervious to the atmosphere and keeping it unspoiled indefinitely. Pemmican was high in food value and formed a staple article of diet for the traders, trappers and voyageurs.

There were about 50 people living at the settlement when the Gaults arrived. Nathan Myrick had a trading post there, and employed there for a time was Andrew J. Myrick, his brother, who built a home in the village. The Jacob Schmahl family arrived to open up an "eating house" pridefully termed a hotel. Later he started a brewery at the Crossing. Herkelrath opened a store there, as did G. A. Brown. Bernard Bornemann arrived and built a saloon and hotel near the river. George Spencer had a store there. Captain Burke built a three-story brick building on the lower flat for Nathan Myrick's store, the most pretentious of the village. Gus Stempel opened an eating house opposite Myrick's post. George McLeod, a trader, resided there and built a home. Martin McLeod operated a store at the crossing for a time. Tom Cowan built a home and hung out his shingle as the village's first lawyer. Bruno Chenvert, the carpenter, built himself a home nearby for his brood. Charles Mitchell, a Frenchman, had his home in what is now St. Peter but there were no houses there at the time the Gault's arrived. This same Mitchell with his violin was constantly in demand for the dances and frolics held in the pioneer homes in those days. Babcock's sawmill was located on Kasota creek near the present bridge entering the village, where a dam had been built across the creek to furnish the power. In the height of its glory Traverse contained about 80 homes.

There was very little drunkenness at the Crossing in those early days. No youth under 18 years of age was permitted in a saloon. There were well organized temperance groups, and there was no corruption of youth by drink as there is today, Mr. Gault states.

The Indian school on the lower flat next to the river was used for services by the Presbyterians when the Gaults arrived. This was later moved up to the principal street, now Trunk Highway No. 5. "Parson" Adams was in charge. In 1858 the large church which still stands was built. The Methodists subsequently held services in the old school, and it was here that Edward Eggleston held revival meetings almost every night. Itinerant traders, boatmen and the village populace turned out for these old fashioned revivals, and Eggleston was a real spell binder, according to Mr. Gault.

Indian teepees were located all around the village when the family arrived at the crossing. They were made of buffalo hides stretched over poles, built cone-shaped with a narrow entrance and a hole in the top to let out the smoke. In the winter, these rude shelters were banked high with tall grass and rushes, making them quite warm. Mr. Gault remembers one of the settlers asking an Indian if his exposed shoulders and chest did not freeze in winter. The Indian asked the white man if he froze his face in cold weather, and when his inquisitor stated that he did not, the Indian with much dignity, said: "Indian, all face."

When the Gault family sat down to their meals, the face of a squaw was pressed against the pane of every window acting as audience throughout the meal. The natives were possessed of an overpowering curiosity. They molested no one, however, and the white children were allowed to come and go as they pleased among the teepees. The Sioux never forgot a kindness, Mr. Gault claims, and many settlers who survived the massacre owed their lives to some kind deed they had done to a savage. A piece of bread to an Indian when he was hungry was enough to win his undying friendship.

Illustrating his point, Mr. Gault recalled the fact that George H. Spencer, a trader's clerk originally from Traverse, was saved during the massacre by an Indian whom he had befriended in a trivial manner. The savages were about to kill Spencer when this friendly Indian intervened, taking the prisoner to the Indian camp where he was later released, the only man among the women and children spared as a captive. Another trader who often told the begging Indian to go out and eat grass, was found dead during the massacre with his mouth stuffed with grass.

Mr. Gault has a distinct recollection of a scalp dance performed at the Traverse by Shakpay's band. This band had engaged in a battle with the Chippewas, the last one to be held along the Minnesota river, and had taken seven scalps. The entire tribe comprising 40 or 50 braves, and their squaws and children, came up to the Crossing to celebrate the event. The braves gathered around a large tom tom and danced the scalp dance for hours, far into the night, while the squaws gathered nearby and raised their voices in lamentations for their own dead which could be heard for a mile. It kept the settlers awake most of the night.

The greatest number of Indians that ever arrived at the settlement was in 1855 when the entire Winnebago band, enroute to their reservation near Mankato, camped there on their way. During the stop, a game of lacrosse was played with the resident Sioux, which Mr. Gault witnessed. Soon thereafter the Traverse Indians were removed to their reservation.

Mr. Gault has one outstanding recollection of Mazasha, Red Iron, chief of the Traverse Indians. He states that Red Iron came down the street with a rifle, and seeing Mrs. G. A. Brown in the road, he pointed the gun at her. She stopped and gazed unflinchingly at him until he lowered the weapon and went his way. Why Red Iron did this he cannot recall, but he distinctly remembers the bravery of this pioneer woman.

Among the pioneer characters Mr. Gault remembers clearly is Captain Dodd, who built the famous Dodd road between Kasota and St. Paul, via Faribault and Mendota, through the big woods. The road skirted the west shore of Lake Emily, he states and came down into Kasota via the Turriffin corner. Captain Dodd was killed at the battle of New Ulm.

Mr. Gault states that the real reason for the death of the settlement at Traverse des Sioux was the shortsighted policy of the men who had gained control of the townsite property. The owners believed that nothing could stop Traverse from becoming a metropolis, and they placed the value of city property at such a figure that few could buy. One incident in point that he remembers, was in the case of the McIntyres who had



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