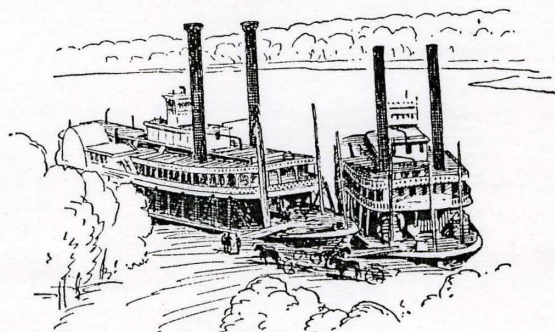


cut a large quantity of logs one winter in the woods at Scandian Grove. They hauled the logs to the Traverse and intended to set up a sawmill there. When they tried to buy a lot the price was so high that they refused to pay it, dumped their logs into the river, floated them to Ottawa and there built their mill, even going to the expense of sinking a flowing well there. He recalls that his father offered \$500 in gold to Von Glanz of St. Paul, for a lot in the village, which the latter refused to accept. "The same lot isn't worth 15 cents today," Mr. Gault states.

It was in 1854 that Traverse des Sioux property reached its peak, and immediately that year the townsite of St. Peter was opened up by an enterprising company, headed by Willis Gorman of St. Paul, to bid for settlers and industries. This group offered a free lot to any settler who would build a home on it. Among the first to settle at St. Peter were the Irish immigrants, Dennis O'Brien, Mike Brady and Dan Mulvehill. The tide of immigration passed right through the high priced Traverse village and got their free lots in St. Peter. By 1858, St. Peter had become fully as populous as Traverse and many of the merchants from the lower town started locating their stores in the more enterprising city. That year witnessed the court house fight in which St. Peter won. This completed the dissolution of Traverse and thereafter at intervals homes and stores were moved bodily to the new town. Here is distinct proof that the most promising venture can be killed by a shortsighted policy of limiting expansion by too conservative a stand.

Mr. Gault came to St. Peter in 1858 to accept employment in the store of Jerry Wakefield. He was weighing grain for the Wolf threshing crew and went to St. Peter to purchase a pair of suspenders. Mr. Wakefield offered him a position in the store while he went east to purchase goods. Ever since that time, Mr. Gault has been prominently affiliated with the business interests of St. Peter until his retirement in 1926 from the cashiership of the Nicollet County bank.

Speaking of St. Peter as a trading center, in the late 50's, Mr. Gault says that he has seen as many as five steamboats tied up at the levee at one time, all loaded with goods for the settlers. There were many boats that stopped at Traverse during its heyday but he never saw as many at one time there. He states that one boat, the Albany, ascended the river nearly as far as Redwood Falls.



MINNESOTA RIVER NAVIGATION

## ADDENDUM

In order to complete effectually this history, the editors have secured true copies of the famous treaties consummated at Traverse des Sioux both by Governor James Duane Doty of Wisconsin on July 31st, 1841, and by Colonel Luke Lea and Governor Alexander Ramsey on July 23rd, 1851. These treaties form the most interesting chapters of this history, and should therefore be a part of it. The copies herein reproduced were supplied the editor through the courtesy of the United States Department of Indian Affairs, in the form of photostat copies taken from the originals on file there. The editors are indebted to the department for this courtesy.

### The Treaties of 1841

Governor James Duane Doty of Wisconsin was sent to Traverse des Sioux or "Oeyowarha" in July, 1841, to effect a treaty with the Sioux for the purchase of the territory included in the watershed of the Minnesota River. With the aid of the traders, the three important bands of the Sioux resident in this section of the state, were brought together at the Crossing. On July 31st, a treaty with the Seeseeahito, Wofpato and Wofpakoota bands was consummated and signed. On the same day, a companion treaty was signed there by the half breeds of the territory. Governor Doty then went to Mendota where he negotiated a treaty with the Mindawaukanto band of the Dakota on August 11th, 1841.

The government had in mind the creation of an Indian territory in the watershed of the Minnesota River to which to retire the various tribes and bands east of the Mississippi who had ceded their lands in previous treaties. After concluding the necessary agreements with the Sioux, Governor Doty brought them to Secretary of War Bell for presentation and ratification by the Congress. They arrived at an inopportune time, and were ultimately killed by the Senate, thus blasting a utopian scheme to convert this rich region into an Indian territory. No tears have been shed because of their defeat, unless it were by traders who stood a chance to receive \$150,000 by the stipulations of the treaty to wipe out their bad Indian debts, and the fruitful valley was spared for a grander destiny. Had the treaty been ratified, the whites would have been barred from this region for many years and its development would have been greatly retarded even unto this day.

Nevertheless, these documents form an important part of the history of Traverse des Sioux and are deserving of publication in this volume if for no other reason than to preserve for posterity a plan that would have made Southern Minnesota instead of Oklahoma the Indian Territory of the United States.



Pearl (Owsley) Huggins,  
Pearl was the wife of Charles Loyal Huggins;  
Gail was Mary Abigail (Hatchley) Huggins,  
wife of Amos Williamson Huggins. Amos  
and Charles were sons of Amos William  
Huggins who was killed by Indians at Lac qui  
Parle August 19, 1862, and his wife, Sophia Josephine  
(Marsh) Huggins, who took refuge with friendly  
Indians for several weeks.

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## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF AMOS WILLIAMSON HUGGINS

By Himself

### Part I

NOW in my seventieth year (1933), I am starting to write from memory a brief sketch of my experiences during an eventful period, not with the thought that these lines will be of interest or value to anyone, but more from selfish motives.

My life has been a busy one. I have been forced to make it so from the necessity of making a living. You might say I never learned to play. I do not play golf or tennis or ride horseback, and on account of a busy business life know little outside the one line that has been my life work. And now, during this year of depression, when I have been denied my hope of continuing actively in the harness as long as I am physically and mentally able to do so, my mind turns to retrospection and I find pleasure in living over the events that have thus far made up my life. The recording of those events occupies my mind and counteracts a tendency to become moody or depressed.

As I trace the events that have made up my personal history, I cannot but be convinced that, although we seem to drift through life, there is an unseen power that directs our actions: "This is the way. Walk ye in it."

The thought tempts me that I might be employing my time to better advantage, but from selfish motives I proceed.

### Forebears

Alexander G. Huggins, originally from Ohio, married Lydia Pettijohn of Illinois. [Lydia, a daughter of Abraham and Jane (Sloan) Pettijohn, was born near Mowrystown, Ohio, on September 2, 1812, was married to Alexander Gilliland Huggins on May 3, 1832, and died in Berkeley, California, on November 28, 1890. They lived on a farm near Buford, Ohio, and] moved to Minnesota when its inhabitants consisted of the native



Indians and a few sturdy pioneers, trappers and French traders. [See Samuel W. Pond, The Dakotas or Sioux in Minnesota as They Were in 1834, Minneapolis, 1906.] They accompanied Dr. Williamson and his family, sent by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions as missionaries to the Sioux (or Dakota) Indians. [The Williamson and Huggins families reached Fort Snelling on May 16, 1835, and there Alexander and Dr. Williamson assisted in founding the first Presbyterian church in Minnesota. Early in July they went on to found the little Indian mission at Lac-qui-parle. (See Stephen R. Riggs, Mary and I; Forty Years with the Sioux, Boston, 1887, p. 52, and Thomas Hughes, Old Traverse des Sioux, St. Peter, Minn: Herald Publishing Co., n.d. p.141.)]

To Mr. and Mrs. Huggins were born:

Amos Williamson Huggins (my father) [Feb. 24, 1833]  
 Jane Sloan [Dec. 26, 1834]  
 Eliza Wilson, March 7, 1837]  
 [Mary Ann Longley, Sept. 18, 1839]  
 Eli Lundy [Aug. 1, 1842]  
 Rufus [Anderson, March 26, 1846]  
 Frances Gilliland [Aug. 15, 1848]  
 Harriet Cordelia [March 6, 1851]

Amos Williamson Huggins, my father, and his sister Jane attended Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois. While there he worked his way through college and then taught school and [through his teaching] became acquainted with Sophia Josephine Marsh, a very beautiful young woman, whom he afterward married. She was a daughter of [Thomas DeWitt Marsh] a farmer who lived about twenty miles from Galesburg and five miles from Abingdon, Illinois, and was a direct descendant of John Alden who came over in the Mayflower. I have often thought that Priscilla must have been very much like her. Amos Huggins and his wife moved to Minnesota, where his parents still lived, and took up farming and also assisted in the Mission. He had a sweet tenor voice and taught songs to the Indians. My Aunt Jane often spoke of her delight in hearing his tenor voice in the song "Nearer My God to Thee."



To Amos and Josephine were born, on April 5, 1858, Eletta J. [Sophronia] . . . and, on April 19, 1861, Charles Loyal.

In the year 1862 the Civil War was in progress, and Eli Lundy and Rufus, brothers of my father, enlisted in that war. In the same year, what is known as the Indian Outbreak occurred. My father was killed [on Aug. 19, 1862] and my mother and her two children were taken captive [actually, they took refuge with friendly Indians and were cared for by them until contact could be made with the U.S. forces]. (An account of this experience can be found in my tin box and also in the volume entitled [Old] Traverse des Sioux [or rather, in Isaac V. D. Heard's History of the Sioux War and Massacres of 1862 and 1863, pp. 209-28].) Three or four [seven] months after the death of my father I was born, on March 24, 1863, at my grandparents' home on a farm three miles from St. Peter and five miles from Traverse. I was given my father's name, Amos Williamson Huggins.

As I was destined to be thrown into close association with the family of Alexander Huggins (my grandfather), it might be well for me at this time to comment briefly on this family. They were of good American stock, extremely religious, led sincere lives and were endowed with the thought of the superiority of the Huggins tribe, culturally, morally and spiritually. They were surrounded by hardships and, from what I have been told, were poorly nourished during the winter season, with the result that the women, especially, were not endowed with physical vigor. All four of the women were small and very light in weight. My grandfather I never knew, as he passed away soon after my birth.

My grandmother was a wonderful woman. She was normal physically, had a good mind and took a great interest in current events, even up to the time of her death at the age of eighty-four [seventy-eight] in Berkeley, California, in 1890. My father, their firstborn child, of course I never



knew, but from many of his letters to his sister Jane which I have read I have gained the impression that he had a very serious mind and, because of the hardships he and his family experienced, was somewhat cast over by a spirit of sadness. His pictures that I have seen seem to indicate that characteristic. His brothers and sisters looked upon him as a noble character, and my mother always spoke of him with the utmost reverence.

Of my Aunt Jane I cannot speak without a feeling of reverence. She was the one who poured out upon me a mother's love and was responsible for planting the seeds of good in my young life. Many a time when she seemed to be in a brown study I would say, "What are you thinking about, Aunt Jane?" And she would reply, "I was just hoping and praying that my little boy would grow up to be a good and noble man like his father." It was always "My little boy" when she thought of me. Responsibility - "A charge to keep I have." She was small, slight, delicate - never weighed over one hundred pounds, but she possessed a wonderful character and was called upon to shoulder a weight of responsibility alone with God's help. She had married a farmer, James Holtsclaw, who was killed in the Civil War (his body was never found). She never remarried. She had no children of her own but adopted a Scandinavian girl named Kate, whom she raised until she married a man named Benton Stahl. Benton and Kate had a large family, some of whom are now living in Oakland. He himself is living there with one of his boys.

My Aunt Mary was the next younger. She married late in life [at age thirty-one] John Kerlinger, a man with a fine beard and a bald head. I thought he was awfully old (I think he was about 40). Like her sisters, she had a frail body, but, like her mother, had an active mind. She was interested in church life, politics and temperance and did some writing for farm papers.



Aunt Eliza was bedridden for ten years, but had a sweet, patient disposition.

My Uncle Eli, named Eli after his mother's brother, joined the [Co. E, 2d Minn.] Volunteers in 1862; was wounded twice, and after the war enlisted in the regular Army as a second lieutenant in the Second Artillery; he served at Sitka [Kodiak], Alaska, in [1868 and] 1869, [and on Saint Paul Island in 1870]; was Professor of Military Tactics [and Instructor in French] in the University of Minnesota, 1872-1875; was in the Indian wars [in Montana] under General Nelson A. Miles, and was General Miles' Aide at Chicago; served in China [in 1900, just after the] Boxer Rebellion; and in the Philippines [1900-1901] where he made an honorable record; and lived twenty [twenty-six] years after his retirement as a brigadier general.

Aunt Fannie never married. She was delicate, had a literary mind, was fond of reading and was a somewhat independent thinker along philosophical and religious lines. She was a graduate of Rockford Female Seminary in Rockford, Illinois, and for a while taught school.

Rufus died at the age of sixteen from wounds received in the Civil War. I never knew him.

Aunt Hattie, the youngest, never married. She went to school at Hedding Seminary in Abingdon, Illinois, and later taught school.

I was born at a time when the male members of the Huggins family were not looked upon as channels through which the name could be perpetuated, for the following reasons:

Uncle Rufus had been wounded and was not expected to live [he had already died] and my elder brother Charlie, just out of "captivity", was undernourished and emaciated and not expected to grow to manhood. In these gloomy days, however, the birth of a male child brought renewed hope that the Huggins name, of which the family was very proud, could be perpetuated.



My Aunt Jane, who had longed for a child of her own, said to my mother, "How much will you take for him?" My mother replied in jest, "That gold dollar that you have." That same gold dollar is now in my tin box. So fates decreed that I should be welcome, born in the bosom of love. [As I remember the story, the incident of the gold dollar took place later, when Jane took Amos to live with her (see p.10--D.H.).]

### Illinois

My mother, left a young widow with three small children, her house burned, and having no means of support . . . returned to her father's home. This home was on a farm four miles from Abingdon, Illinois, and twenty miles from Galesburg. The household consisted of her father, two sisters [Hannah and Frances Ella] and a brother [N. Leroy]. The two sisters were then married, or were married soon afterward. The brother was not yet married. They lived in an old farmhouse, and my earliest recollection was of standing in a doorway of this house wearing a checked gingham dress. I think I was then between three and four years of age. When my mother's brother, Uncle Leroy Marsh, became engaged to be married, a new house was built within a stone's throw of the old house. This new house was a typical farmhouse, but built with a lean-to of one room, which was to be the home of my mother and her three young children. It was kitchen-bedroom-livingroom all in one. We children slept at times in a trundle bed - a low bed on casters that could be trundled under the larger bed, which at that time stood up much higher than beds of the present day. When the children became a little older we had a room upstairs where we slept.

My memory is quite clear about everything that occurred after I was four. I remember the building of the new house. I remember following the wagon that went after gravel from Brush Creek and got lost - causing great consternation. I remember a big row of maple trees near the house, and the grindstone that I helped pour water on when the men sharpened



East San Diego, Cal.,

March 20, 1918.

To my nephews Charles and Amos Huggins:

I am sending you some reminiscences. They are for you, Pearl and Gail only. For reasons which might seem whimsical I would rather that at present they should not be seen by anyone else, but keep this and a copy of this letter. Some day they may be interesting to your children and grandchildren. I shall preserve a copy and the original draft. Possibly I may write more of these reminiscences, but this is very doubtful. I am a feeble old man and am not much longer for this world, though I know men much older in years who are better preserved. I am one of the stragglers referred to in the couplet,

"A few belated stragglers feebly hail,  
Along the banks of Styx, the boatman pale."

I think it will please you to know I have not the faintest superstitious dread of the future. I do not know, nor does anyone else, whether or not, "Death is a dreamless and eternal sleep". I know that the "pale boatman" is on the way for me and will soon reach the hither shore. Thank God, I shall greet him with a smile as I step into his bark.

With earnest wishes for the happiness of you and  
yours,

*E. L. Huggins*



For Dr. Upham: Biographical paragraphs. *[Eli L. Huggins]*

Alexander Gilliland Huggins was born in N. C. February 22, 1802. His father was William Huggins, a revolutionary soldier. He was a slaveholder, but being *abolitionist* also an original *Aberigine*, he came with his family to Ohio when my father, Alexander, was five years old, and Father was raised there. in 1833 he married Lydia Pettijohn, of a Virginia family. In 1833 he came with Dr. Thos. Williamson, both with their families, to Minnesota as missionaries to the Sioux. At Fort Snelling they were guests for some days of the Post surgeon, Dr. Turner, and Mother and her children Amos and ~~James~~ *Jane* caught the measles from a colored servant of Dr. Turner, who was the wife of Dred Scott of the famous Dred Scott decision. Dr. Williamson and Father went to Lac Qui Parle where they established a mission. Father soon learned to speak Sioux and organized a class and very soon several Sioux could read in their own language. Father erected there the first grist mill in Minnesota, a very small one, operated by ox power. Father was a good horse-shoer and burned the first charcoal pit in the Minnesota valley above ~~Shakopee~~ *at Snelling*. In a few years he was transferred to the station at Traverse where he built the first frame house above Shakopee. In 1852 he left the Mission and took up a homestead near St. Peter, where he died in September 1866.

Amos Williamson Huggins was born in Ohio in 1833 and went with his parents to Minnesota. Educated at Knox College and married Josephine Marsh in 1856. In 1861 became principal of a school for Sioux at Lac Qui Parle, where he was killed by Sioux, August 19, 1862.

Gen. Eli Lundy Huggins was born August 1, 1842, in Illinois, but he calls himself the oldest living white Minnesotan, with one possible exception. His mother left Minnesota in May 1842 and went to her father's home in Illinois, where Eli was born August 1st. Late in September his mother with the infant returned to Minnesota. For further biographical notes, see "Who's Who In America".

1805



The typewritten copy of this narrative  
originally received from Dr. Folwell  
was returned to General Huggins at his  
request. This copy was typed and collated  
by Elsie Holt, July, 1918.



## Boyhood Reminiscences of General Huggins.

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

I am the oldest white native of Minnesota that I know of, with one exception, having been raised at a missionary station at a time when there were not one hundred white people in the state, leaving out garrisons and fur traders. My oldest distinct recollection is of seeing a buffalo cow and calf on the prairie when I was just three years old. I made a journey in a one ox cart, with my parents, from a mission station at Traverse des Sioux to Lac qui Parle, about 120 miles. The cart was what was known as a Hudson Bay Company cart; it had a canvas cover and contained a small tent, two or three cooking utensils, an axe, etc. We camped out on the way. The journey, I think, occupied eleven days. We did not see a white man during the entire journey, nor a house, except a small house occupied by a half-breed fur trader. About two days before reaching Lac qui Parle, when Father was about to camp for the night, we found Indians there who had been hunting buffalo. The women were drying the meat. The Indians were friendly but some of them had been drinking, and savages with whiskey are always dangerous. Father spoke to them in Sioux, but Mother was greatly alarmed, and he drove on. Mother urged him to put as much distance as possible between us and the Indians, and we traveled until late at night, instead of halting by the middle of the afternoon. Finally, Father said the oxen were too tired and hungry to go any farther. We turned off the trail into a little

1805 23 May 18 Eli Lundy Huggins Jr.





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