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valley where he hoped we might not be seen by passing Indians.

Next morning, about sunrise, I heard Father, who had left the tent,
say in a low, hoarse voice:

"Oh, Winona, look out here." Of course I was wide awake at once, sprang up and looked out. At a distance of only a few yards stood a buffalo cow and calf. I remember well what they looked like; the calf, much like the domestic calf, ~~w~~ith incipient hump and short tail. Years afterward, when I spoke to Mother of this, she was surprised that I remembered it. She said the cow had been badly wounded by the Indians and could hardly walk, which was why she did not run away.

The journey was made in October, 1845. It was through a region, the beauty of which I do not think has ever been surpassed-- not grand, unless mere space can be called grand. Of course I could not realize the charm of the scenery nor the romantic journey at the time, but I passed over the same trail repeatedly in later years while the region was still in its virgin beauty.

We followed a trail which had been made by a fur trader, up the Minnesota River, sometimes out of sight of it. Rolling prairies stretched on every hand of the horizon, sprinkled with flowers, and with groves frequently in sight. There was always a gem of a lake at the grove, *sometimes not more than a hundred acres or so,* sometimes several miles in extent. Part of the shores were marshy, sometimes with wild rice gathered by the Indians. The sand on some of the lakes was pure white, on others yellow with beautiful agate. Nearly all the larger lakes had islands covered with trees, sometimes maple, where the Indians made sugar. One peculiarity of these lakes was that the grove was always on the east side. On the west the prairie came down to the water's edge. This was because in the Fall, when prairie fires were frequent, the wind was always from the west. The lake region of Minnesota was, when in its virgin freshness, a paradise for hunters, explorers and Indians. The *i*magination of the traveler was kept upon the stretch expecting new beauties to come to view.

The lakes abound with fish; the prairies were grazed on by deer, elk and antelope, and, some years, immense herds of buffaloes. Occasionally the Indians suffered from famine at the close of a hard winter when the fall hunt had not been successful and the waterfowl had not arrived. But actual starvation was rare and ordinarily they had plenty of good and wholesome food, and not so exclusively a game diet as is often said. Some years they raised a good deal of corn, none of which was made into whiskey or fed to hogs. Some years they harvested a good deal of wild rice, which I used to like much better than our rice. Until a few years ago sister got a few pounds nearly every fall from a woman who died last year. It was always a treat to both of us, partly because it was so reminiscent of our childhood which is fading into the past. The phase of life which we became so familiar has almost completely faded away also.

The Indians we knew used a large number of different roots, some of which I was very fond of. No wonder that civilized Indians sometimes look back with regret to the days of their ancestors. Time throws a glamour over the beauties and glories of the past, and blurs beyond recognition the uglier features. The Lake Region of Minnesota is now a waving wheat-field, thickly dotted with towns and farmhouses. I suppose the change is in the interest of humanity, but can we be sure of this? Sometimes I think.....? And after all, "What is Truth?"

We lived at Lacqui Parle a year or so, then Father was transferred to the mission station near the present town of St. Peter. I have only the vaguest recollections of my life at Lac qui Parle, and none whatever of the journey back over the trail already described. But in August, 1849, I made a journey with my parents which was extremely interesting and of which I have a vivid recollection. I have never had to be told much about it.

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The Mission owned what was in the trader's parlance known as a "keel boat". It had eight rowlocks, a rather flat keel and a mast. The name "Winona" was stencilled on each side. The latter [mast] was rarely used in the narrow Minnesota. Its capacity was, I think, about thirty tons. Father, with a crew of French Canadian voyagers took this boat down the Minnesota about 150 miles to its mouth, then down the Mississippi twelve miles to a mission station called Kaposia. Here the boat was loaded with a year's supplies for the other two mission stations and taken back up the Mississippi and Minnesota. Mother and I were with him on this round trip. It was for me a delightful experience from beginning to end, a delight which has not lost its savor.

We were only three days going to Kaposia, rowing in the daytime and floating at night, down the swift current, with one man at the rudder. At the house of Dr. Williamson, the missionary at Kaposia, we found my brother Amos, and sisters Jane and Eliza. They had been in Ohio for some years, and I had no recollection of ever having seen them. Eliza was sick in bed, but Amos and Jane met us at the landing. Jane ran up to me, stooped down and looked at me, then put her arms around me and kissed me. I felt timid but my heart went out to her and has stayed there ever since.

Some incidents occurred while we were at Kaposia which seem very trivial, but everything was so new to me that they made a deep impression on my memory. I think we were at Kaposia ten or twelve days, waiting partly for sister Eliza to recover sufficiently to travel. For the first time in my life I saw an orange. A girl about my own age had it and gave me a piece. It had come from New Orleans on a steamer. We lived hundreds of miles from a railroad and more than a hundred from a navigable river. I think I was more than sixteen years old before I saw another orange. Only two or three steamers a year passed Kaposia. One came while we were there and passed by a few yards from shore. Several hundred Indians

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gathered to see it.. Some of them did not live at Kaposia; perhaps some of them had never seen a "fir e boat", as they called it, and it was an interesting sight to all of them. I was in the crowd with two of Dr. Williamson's boys.. A little Indian stood near us, who could not have been more than three years old. I noticed him because his hair was cut so differently from that of a Sioux boy. I learned afterward that he had been captured from a hostile tribe; that the Sioux had killed his parents and that he had been adopted by a Sioux woman who had lost a son about the same age. Such adoptions are not unusual among the Indians..

Just as the steamboat came opposite to us, and an athletic young warrior suddenly seized the little fellow, raised him above his head, and hurled him, with all his force, into the river. The boy plunged out of sight, head foremost. He came up in a moment and struck out for shore. I think there was great danger of his drowning, but his adopted mother quickly waded in to her hips and called to him encouragingly and grabbed him, sputtering and crying. She wrapped him in her blanket and hurried away, denouncing in vigorous Sioux, which I understood, the warrior. Some of the Indians had shown a little amusement at the struggle of the boy, but they all laughed loudly at the scolding the warrior got from the squaw..

We were at last ready to start back. The "Winona" was, to use nautical parlance, "lloaded to the gunwales". Our crew was increased by an American named Ellison---not a common laborer, and intelligent man of good family.. I don't know just why he went along but he helped to manage the boat. Brother Amos also helped, which made a crew of six besides Father, who was not called captain, though he acted as such. With Mother and her children, this made ten on the boat, crew and passengers.

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The ores were hardly used after we entered the Minnesota, narrower than the Mississippi, also more crooked and shallow. The boat was propelled by the crew pushing or punting as the men called it, with long poles on the bottom, with Father steering at the stern with another pole, the boat being kept as near the shore as possible without running aground. The men would go to the stem of the boat, push down their poles, push and walk back to the stern; then pull out the poles, walk back to the stem, and repeat the operation. There were two running boards on each side of the boat so the men could pass each other going and coming. One day Ellison's pole stuck so fast in the mud that in trying to pull it out with the boat in motion, he was pulled overboard. The water was hardly waist deep and it was a very warm day, so everyone laughed, but it was no laughing matter to him; he was very near-sighted and lost his glasses and could not replace them soon.

In going up-stream we did not travel at night but tied the boat to a tree and all the men except Father (including Amos) slept on shore. The Canadians did their own cooking on shore. Mother cooked on shore for the rest of us. Every day about noon the boat stopped for a while-- usually on a sandbar-- and the Canadians went on shore, built a fire, smoke and ate. They seemed happy and good-natured. At one of the noon stops they found a turtle with a nest full of eggs. They brought them on board and that evening made turtle soup and boiled the eggs. I watched them curiously and one gave me an egg. I did not like it but they were looking at me and I managed to swallow it. The Canadians sang a good deal at the noon stops and at other times. I had picked up a few words of Canadian patois but did not understand any of the songs. They sang one tune so often that I remembered it a long time. Many years afterwards in Montana I heard some Canadian Metis sing a tune which I am nearly sure was the same one. I had one of them repeat the words and wrote them down. I could not understand all he said and did not preserve

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the words I had written in pencil, but I have since seen them in print and recognized them. The first line is "Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot". I think the Canadians were pretty fresh from a settlement just north of Minnesota. They could not speak much English.

The first camp we made was near an Indian village. An Indian woman brought two large beautiful ducks to the boat to sell. I think mother gave her two or three spoonfuls of salt and a few potatoes for them. The Indians in Minnesota lived far from any salt mines or salt water and sometimes went for months without tasting salt. They were greedy for it.

One day we saw a canoe following us and gaining on us. The Canadian pretended to be anxious that the canoe should not overtake us. They seemed to be making great efforts; talked rapidly and pointed at the canoe. I did not understand that this was only jocular pretense and was much excited. The light canoe, propelled by two vigorous paddles, gained rapidly and soon passed us. An Indian whom I knew--a convert--with his wife, was in the canoe. They smiled as they went by. The Canadians pretended to be greatly disappointed, but I finally saw through the pretense. The Canadians evidently considered me an interesting curiosity, and more than once amused themselves at my expense, but, of course, never in an unpleasant way.

After more than half of the journey had been completed, we came to a rapids where the current was too strong for the boat to be poled up-stream, though we had easily passed over it going down. A long rope was fastened to the stem, and the crew left the boat and towed it up-stream like mules on the tow-path of a canal. In one place it was all they could do to make any headway. Mother and the children left the boat when the towing began and walked along the shore until the rapids were passed. Father remained in the boat with the pole to steer. I think we walked about a third of a mile through a dense forest, but within sight

of the boat. We reached Father's mission after a journey up-stream lasting, if I am not mistaken, a little more than ten days. We had gone down in three.

I have occupied more ~~time~~ and paper than I expected to with these unimportant anecdotes of my early boyhood. To me at the time they seemed of thrilling interest and of prime importance. Possibly I may add something later. Probably Jane remembers more than I do about this journey, but I have depended on my own memory without drawing on hers. A good story-teller could write an interesting booklet from these pages, with a few other incidents which I might add, without undue padding or false embellishment--not a sensational or thrilling story, but one dealing with such quaint and interesting people, scenes and methods of travel, all of which have vanished never to reappear unless our civilization should be wiped out by some cataclysm and have to be evolved anew from the cave man to the "highbrow". "The Cruise of and Ox-cart and of the Winona" would be a suitable title for the booklet suggested.

Winona was the Sioux name of my mother, a name given always to the first-born if a girl. Afterwards, when a marriageable age arrived, if not ^{or} sooner, another name was given, usually. But as a delicate form of flattery she was often still called Winona. The first-born was supposed to be endowed with more than a common share of courage, generosity and all the highest attributes of womanhood. The Sioux never gave Mother any other name. As a rule they gave a white person some name based upon some physical or other peculiarity. Jonas Pettijohn, who married Father's sister, was a cripple and when walking in the snow left a peculiar track. They named him "The Trail Maker". His wife was a good singer. They called her "Dowanstewin", which means good singer, the last syllable being a feminine suffix. Father has marked peculiarities, but they never gave him a name, which was unusual, though I knew of other such cases. Sometimes the name given seemed to be purely fanciful. They called me "mahpeeah".

ska"---white cloud. Brother was "Chaskay", the name given to a first-born if a boy. The boy had another name later, usually, or might assume one of his own selection if he won renown in the war or in the chase. The secone-born was "Hapi" for a boy; "Hapun" for a girl; the third "Hahkay" for a boy; "Hahpustina" for a girl. That was as far as names of sequence went. They tried to pronounce Father's name and called him "Hokinis".

I was seven years old when I first saw Amos and Jane, to my recollection. They were with the family at the mission a few weeks, then went to Knox College; Jane was at college a year; Amos, two years. I think he would have graduated if he had not lost his health. He had studied very hard and made good progress, but was advised to live an active out-door life. He married Josephine Marsh and they came to Minnesota where Father had then taken a homestead, having left the mission. Amos took a homestead adjoining Father's. During the next few years he also taught school part of the time. In June, 1861, I enlisted under Lincoln's first class for troops, and joined my regiment at Fort Ridgely, forty miles from home. The regiment was drilled here three months before starting south. I was there a month or so, when I received a letter from Amos saying he had accepted a position of principal of an Indian school to be started at Lac qui Parle. Only one teacher besides Amos was to be employed at first, but when there were more advanced pupils the school was to be enlarged.

Fort Ridgely was on the road, and Amos told me what day to expect him there at eleven o'clock. At the appointed time I went half a mile to meet him. He had stopped to water his horse at a little brook; had his little family in a one-horse wagon. The wagon was pretty heavily loaded with camping outfit, household goods, etc. There was a steep hill to climb. Josephine, a beautiful young woman, left the wagon with Lettie, and walked up the hill with me, a

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ed up the hill with me, I carrying Charley, who I think was about five months old. They stopped a few minutes at the fort to shake hands with a few of my comrades. I took them into the barracks; showed them my bunk, the dining room and kitchen, all of which was interesting to them. They went on their way and I never saw Amos again. His height and weight were about like mine; a mobile and attractive face, though scarred by burns received in infancy. His disposition was usually rather jovial, but he sometimes had spells of profound melancholy. I think these spells became less frequent with advancing years. His natural refinement and his two years' hard study at college imparted a tone of high culture to his conversation and manners. He had a keen sense of humour as well as of logic and under favorable circumstances would have succeeded in either a forensic or a literary career. He wrote some hymns in Sioux, which are still used by missionaries and published in their books. The Indians thought much of him and none of those who knew him would have harmed him. If the spirits of the departed know what is going on in this world, his never harbored any revengeful feeling against the Indians. They had real grievances and held all white people responsible for them. Whites deal with Indians the same way. Indians--whole villages of them--have been slain in retaliation for deeds of which they were entirely innocent.

I heard of the death of my two brothers nearly at the same time, while I was a soldier in Tennessee. Less than two years afterwards I heard of the death of another beloved brother, James Holtsclaw. It was some years before I could bear to mention them or to hear them mentioned. Time mercifully heals the deepest wounds. The scars remain, but even they grow comparatively dim.

In September, 1861, I made a short visit home before going South with my regiment. I then saw my brother Rufus for the last time. He was mortally wounded at the battle of New Ulm. I was nineteen years old; he was three years and four months younger. He was strong---muscular

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beyond his years. In spite of the difference in our ages, he could very nearly hold his own with me in our wrestling bouts. In appearance, physique, and I think mentally, he resembled Father more than any of his other sons. Much more courageous and fearless than I, he resembled Father in this. Father was known far and wide for his dauntless courage physically. His moral courage was also unsurpassed where it was a case of conscience, otherwise he allowed himself to be imposed upon rather than to have any contention. What I have said about Father and brothers is not the partial judgment of a son and brother, all of whose "geese are swans". It was the judgment of highly cultured missionaries, officials of the Indian Bureau, and all who knew them well. I have seen Father when he knew that he and his little family were in deadly peril. With the intuitive instinct of a boy I felt that his every nerve and muscle were on the alert, but his manner and voice were unchanged. More than once, a weaker man in his position would have precipitated a terrible tragedy. The Indians were fond of him and fully recognized his courage. The journey of Amos with his little family from Traverse to Lac qui Parle was very similar to the ox-cart journey I have described.

Father, like his paternal and maternal ancestors, for some generations at least, was a Presbyterian of the Scotch type. The type is a narrow one, but intensely sincere and conscientious--"Salt of the earth which did not lose its savor". The catechism taught that it was quite as essential to salvation to believe the legends of the "inspired word" as to follow the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. For instance, there was no hope for the man who did not believe implicitly the grotesque story of Samson tying together 150 couples of foxes by the tails with a firebrand between each pair, to run through the fields of grain and burn them up. The man who could not believe this would go to hell as he deserved. Father would have gone to the stake for his religion. I could not do so even if my belief were as strong as his. I would burn a little incense if necessary, or "eat meat offered to idols" and

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would find some salve for my conscience and I would hope to repent and be forgiven for my apostasy. The catechisms are still retained by the churches, but are not taught to children with the thoroughness of sixty years ago, and the churches are full of people whose belief is purely perfunctory and formal. Many who make no secret of their incredulity are still tolerated in the church as they would not have been when I was a boy. Everything changes. Someone has said, "change is the only changeless thing in the universe." A paradox, but one hard to unravel. No tree is the same this year that it was last year; each has its period of growth, maturity and decay. It is so with every language, every religion and fad--Swedenborgianism, Theosophy, New Thought, Mormonism--every cult, new and old.

I have written much more than I expected to and have meandered into digressions which have no bearing on my narrative and which I fear are neither instructive nor interesting. By re-writing it I might perhaps improve a little the style and group more systematically the incidents, but cui bono ---"such as I have, give I thee".

I am going to add a postscript, after all. The journey of Amos to Lac qui Parle was quite similar to the cruise of the ox-cart which I have described. The route followed was exactly the same and the last two thirds of it was still in its virgin wildness as it was on an Indian Reservation. Along the first third of the road were scattered a few new farms. In the ox-cart journey there were a father, a mother and an infant. In the other journey there were two infants, the vehicle had four wheels instead of two, and the draught animal was equine instead of bovine. Amos made his first camp where we did ~~on~~ the shore of the beautiful Swan Lake.



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