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Folder: Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers:
Copies of correspondence, 1862-1880.

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Many of the original letters from which these extracts were made have been presented to the Society. Those which were not presented were written on the following dates:

December 16, 1864.

February 29, March 2, 1868.

July 21, 1869.

June 7, 9, 10, 13, August 16, 19, 1870.

July 16, August 9, 16, December 26, 1873.

February 21, April 8, 20, September 12, 1874.

February 8, October 11, November 12, 1875.

April 25, May 5, 1876.

February 24, April 5, 1877.

November 25, 1878.

June 1, 1880.

April 5, May 6, 27, August 19, 25, October 29, November 9,

December 2, 16, 22, 1881.

January 29, 1883.

CB

July 7, 1942.

Sa JPW^{ms}
Chaplin

Camp Sibley, Minn.
Oct. 27. 1862.

We had a beautiful Sabbath yesterday, but there was entirely too much work going on, more I think than necessary. The commanding officers and others think the necessities of the case require work right along. Not much is gained thereby, certainly. We held meetings in the public square. Dr. Crary preached in the morning, and I preached in the afternoon. Col. Miller was the only staff officer present - some captains and lieutenants out also, but fewer than on former Sabbaths. There were no companies marched in.

As yet there is no certainty what will be done with the Indians who are in our hands, this winter. Those who are, or will be condemned, will be executed, but where is not yet determined. Mankato, South Bend and Fort Snelling are the places named. I should think it better to have the whole thing done here. The desire of white people to witness such things should not be gratified, I think. The findings and sentence of the court will have to be.

sent on to President Lincoln for his approval before being executed. That will cause a delay of several weeks.

The women and children, and the few men who are not found guilty will be placed somewhere for the winter. One day an order comes up to have them taken to Fort Snelling. In a day or two the order is changed to South Bend or Mankato. I shall use my influence to have them kept at Fort Ridgely. But if that cannot succeed I shall go in for Fort Snelling, as a much better place than Mankato. On account of the feeling that exists among the white people, I am decidedly of the opinion that the annoyance both to Indians and white people will be greater nearer the frontier than further down. Do the best we can, it will be a sad winter for them. I expect all kinds of annoyances, and all kinds of wickedness will be committed upon them. And their presence will (or may) work out a curse to the white people, not much exceeded by the barbarities of the past ten weeks.

The day before we left Camp Release

they are tried, and the trials reported to Gen. Sibley.

I hope I shall be at home, or rather at your "hired house", in a few weeks, for I have really no liking for this business of trying Indians.

Camp Sibley Minn.
Nov. 4, 1862.

The Indian trials are about through with, but as yet I don't know what day we will start down. Wednesday or Thursday of this week has been talked of, but to-morrow is Wednesday, and there is no preparation made yet. In fact we have not half teams enough, for it will require thirty five wagons to take down the prisoners alone. I trust we shall work our way down in the course of ten days or two weeks. The order now is that the Indian camp is to go to Fort Snelling, and the prisoners to Mankato.

I am sitting here quite alone in our sleeping tent. All the rest are in the office a few rods off, which is made of the lumber John P. Williamson had procured for his house. When

tatos beats they will gather in to go to bed. We have to get up quite early for this time of year, reveille usually beats about five o'clock. Some of our company would like to sleep longer, and I among the rest.

Missouri Coteau, Camp Williston

August 5. 1863.

I have just learned that Col. Marshall is making his arrangements to leave us day after to-morrow, intending to go directly to St. Paul. He will probably reach there in twenty days, or less. I will therefore write and send by him. I cannot say certainly when I shall probably be at home, but I hope to be there, if I live, and the Lord will, on or before the fifteenth of September.

We are obliged to lie over to day, to pay for travelling last Sabbath. I told the General it would be so, and that we should not be so far on next Saturday night by travelling on the Sabbath, as we should if we rested on that day.

Your mother asks if I take care of my own horse, and put up my own tent. I take care of my horse myself.

I should rather do it than have the first
 Gen. Sibley and some ^{of the officers} ~~others~~ have about
 their horses. But I do not take down
 nor put up my tent. The Head Quarters
 tents are all put up and taken down
 by the Pioneers, Capt Chasis Company.
 I would oftentimes rather put up mine
 myself than wait to have them put
 it up, but the tents are all put up
 by rule, and any one putting his own
 hands to it would only create confusion.
 In the morning at half past three
 the bugler calls us up. By the time
 I get up, tie up my bed and put
 every thing out at the tent door, break-
 fast is ready. Before that is fairly
 through the Pioneer guards have com-
 menced pulling down the tents. I then
 saddle my horse and prepare to move.
 The Head quarters baggage train come
 along and put every thing aboard, and
 one part of the train is in motion
 at five o'clock. We go out a mile or
 so to give the trains room to form,
 sometimes in three parallel lines,
 and sometimes more. When we
 expected battle they formed six
 abreast, now they come down to three.

a fellow pulled at me, and asked if I had a ticket to go in there. I had no ticket, and so had to back out. But I got a place by a window, the upper part of which was down, and from there watched the movements, and listened to the yells, in the "gold room". I stood there an hour or more during which time gold went from 199 to 196, and then commenced going up again. It was a boiling, seething caldron of human beings, perhaps a near approach to pandemonium. Such gesticulating and yelling I never heard even among Indians. I could not live in such excitement.

Now
New York City.

Dec. 16. 1864.

We are now half through Genesis, and with ordinary prosperity this day week will see both Genesis and Proverbs completed.

I shall try to be at home as soon as possible after New Year's. In the mean time I hope that you will get along comfortably as the head of the house. Providence has shaped our course. It has not been of our choosing that

we left the Indian country and stopped in St. Anthony. I have been necessarily away from home a great deal for more than two years past. The boys have suffered on this account. But I have faith to believe that they will grow up to be noble men. Still I observe that in this world the best and noblest characters are worked out and perfected through suffering. Sometimes it is suffering that the individual bears. Sometimes it is suffering that is done by others. Think of the long-suffering of God! What a wonderful idea! How it leadeth to repentance!

Davenport, Iowa,

Jan. 23. 1886.

I have just come down from camp where I held a meeting in the sick ward. There are a number of men who are going to the grave. One could not speak, but gave me his hand, and when I asked him if he trusted in Jesus still he nodded his head. You have died already since this year commenced. Poor people, I pity them.

Washington City, D.C.

Feb. 29, 1868.

I do not know how long I shall stay here, probably not more than a couple of weeks longer. What I can do in behalf of the Indians now, I think I shall be able to accomplish by that time. The impeachment of the President is likely to occupy Congress for some time to come, and the Indian matters will of course be postponed. I have seen and talked with several members of the Indian Committee, and I shall try and see them all.

March 2, 1868

Yesterday I did a hard day's work for me. In the morning I preached by invitation in the Assembly's Church, in the afternoon in the 4th Presbyterian, Dr. Smith's church, and talked about half an hour at the monthly Concert ^{these} in the evening.

I have made arrangements to go out home with Mr. Taylor to-morrow evening, and spend the night. He is Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and lives at Laurel, on the way to Baltimore. He gives me this invitation to

talks over Indian matters leisurely.

Beloit, Wis, May 23. 1868

My plan now is to start sometime in the latter part of next month, and make a trip up the Missouri with John P. Williamson, perhaps as far as Fort Rice, and from thence to Fort Wadsworth.

Feb 17. 1869.

You know I have written a good deal for the press, at one time and another. Some good may have been accomplished in this work, but aside from bringing to me some papers free, it has been of no pecuniary profit to me. Last week I received my first money for writing, from the Little Capital.

April 8. 1869.

We had been looking for a letter from you for several days, and wondering why one did not come. It seemed so long since we wrote you of the departure of your dear mother that we longed to hear that you knew it. And now the letter came but you had not heard that she had gone up higher.

We keep things here at home just as they were. Your mother's little works

basket stands just where it used to do. Her trunks and other things stand just as they did. I like to have them so. Sometimes I look around to see if she is not here. I feel real lonely, at night especially. I wake up at four o'clock, and cannot go to sleep again. But we shall go to her, she will not come back to us. And indeed, as our hopes of the other life are true, we should not desire her return. Rather should we desire that we may be perfected, and, when the Father's good time comes, taken up higher also. So comfort your heart.

New York City

May 20. 1869

It was nine o'clock this morning when I crossed the North River into the city. I called at the Bible House, and then came on up to the church, handed in my credentials and listened to the sermon, when we had recess. Then I hunted up Mr. Dodge (Wm. E. Dodge), and found them at lunch. Mrs. Dodge says they will take dinner at six o'clock to-day. Dr. Patterson of Chicago, and several others, are stopping here.

After lunch the colored man brought me up to my room, and told me I should find everything here.

Thursday evening.

This is a very palace of a house, and every thing is here that wealth can put here. I recognize a few in the Assembly, Mr. Ingersoll of St. Paul, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Shaw from Ohio, but the great mass of the commissioners are strangers to me.

At the Bible House I received a letter from Mr. Treat saying that the proofs of my books would be here for me to read before the last of next week. I am also to have the proofs of Leviticus to read for Dr. Williamson. Busy as I may be I shall still think of you all at home every day and every hour of the day, and my prayer will be that God will keep and bless you; and my hope will be that each one will do all that can be done to make it comfortable and pleasant for every other one.

The evening until ten o'clock I spent in the parlour. Mr. & Mrs. Leonard, returned missionaries from Turkey

were there.

Greenwood, D. T.

July 19. 1869

During last week we discussed mission matters, and decided to ask the Am. Board to extend their operations at the Santee Agency by establishing a Training School. We asked the appropriation of \$2800.00 for buildings, and recommended the appointment of Alfred (Rev. A. L. Riggs) to take charge of the school. It will not however be practicable to put up the buildings this fall.

Here we are among the Yanktons with abundant evidences of their heathenism. Saturday morning a young man got angry at his father and went up on the hill, and shot himself. He was brought down quite dead. A little while after about thirty women filed down to the Agency buildings, all gaily dressed, some with bows and arrows, and some with swords, and danced a begging war dance. It was the first dance of the kind I had ever seen.

Saturday evening the new Agent arrived. Yesterday the Indians had

a big talk with him. When it was over flour and bacon were given out to them. Two men had a quarrel over a piece of bacon, in which one stabbed the other. This morning it is reported that he is dead. So they go up to the judgment. We must ^{needs} ^{events} if we would save them.

Ben J. L. Randall, D. T.

Wednesday morn. July 21. 1869

We made a start this morning, not getting off very early. We have stopped and taken our lunch under an elm tree. The flag at the Fort is visible from here. There are five in our company, viz; the two Williamsons and myself on the white side, and Pastor Titus and Blue Bird on the Indian side.

Thursday morning

Opp. Whitstone Settlement

We came up the river road thinking to visit the Half Breed Settlement on the other side of the river. But the exorbitant prices demanded for ferryage, \$1.50 for over and back, and the long walls on the other side as well as the short time we would have to stop there have decided us not to go over. The settlement is

said to contain over one hundred families but they are chiefly Catholics as far as they are anything.

Friday even, July 23.

Near Red Lake.

Yesterday afternoon we travelled about sixteen miles, and went into camp late, at a little ravine where we found water. We had brought some wood with which we boiled our coffee, and Mr. Williamson baked bread. He did not get through until after ten o'clock. The Bijou Hills, which have been in sight all the morning, are elevations of about 150 feet above the prairie, rugged and somewhat rocky, several miles long. There seems to be a series of arch hills part on this side of the Missouri, and part on the other.

Opposite the Baulé Village

Sat. morn, July 24.

We reached the river here in good time to camp last evening. The half breed interpreter and a white man came over and said they would bring a canoe for us this morning, and we were welcome to the hospitalities of the place. Last night and this

morning we have talked over the programme for the coming weeks. If we try to visit Devil's Lake we shall find it necessary not to spend much time here or at Fort Thompson. John P. W. proposes to walk on to Crow Creek today, so that we may all go to Fort Sully next week. This is hurrying matters a little more than is desirable. But if we do not attempt that we shall stay at Thompson all next week, which does not seem desirable either.

Beule Agency, S. Dak.

Dr. Williamson and I, with Blue Bird came over yesterday morning, leaving Titus to keep camp. We waded to the sand bar and walked across it, where we met two white men who brought us over in a boat. We spent the day in visiting the camp, talking with the chiefs and principal men, and making arrangements for holding meetings with them to day. Some of the chiefs seemed to be afraid of us, but we got Alick the interpreter to go with us a second time, and then they seemed to be assured. Alick is a half breed and a Catholic, and we can hardly expect him to

help us sincerely. This morning we were waked up at day light by the firing of guns. I counted up to thirty six. It was more day, as they call it. Nine teen beef cattle were killed for the Indians. They are now at six o'clock about finishing the work of cutting up and dividing. It is a motley, savage looking crowd of men, women and children, that is gathered around the slaughter pen. When, oh when, shall these three thousand Bomles become civilized and christianized, and remember the Sabbath day!

Sabbath evening.

We are back in our camp again. This has been a very busy day, and we are all tired. After breakfast all the white men were gathered in our room for worship. Irving the charge de affairs and Daniels the blacksmith, and Emerson the cook, and Alick the interpreter, and Jack Killisly from American creek. We sang several hymns out of a soldier's hymn book, after prayer. Then we went to the camp and found the Indians feasting. We waited some time and then Iron Nations gathered the men into his tent.

Some women and childrens came to the door. We sang a hymn and prayed, and then each one talked a short time, closing our service with another hymn. We then went to Medicine Bull's camp, and had another meeting. They could not get any women to come near. After dinner we went to hold meeting in Little Pheasant's camp, and found them feasting. But by and by we got another assembly all of men. They listened to the story of Jesus, and an hour after one of the men asked Titus what the name was, he had forgotten it. In many respects we succeeded better than we feared. It was much better than we could do twenty five years ago when we used to visit Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake. Mr. Irving then brought us over to the sand bar, and we waded home to camp. We have eaten supper, and thanked our Father for the day's work, and now we lie down to sleep.

Hot Thompson, July 26.

Monday noon.

We drove up here in four hours this morning, found J. P. W. here. There are about forty lodges of Indians

1869
25
1844
M. lived on here
Lake then

here. Their corn looks as if it would not amount to any thing. I went out to the camp, and went into a tepee where they were crying. They said the woman of the tent was dying. I felt of her pulse, and did not think she would die immediately. I proposed to call the Doctor for them, and he has been to see her.

Tuesday morning.

Last evening we held a meeting within the stockade, about fifty men, women and children were present. The woman I spoke of died this morning. Her husband has given away his horses on account of his sorrow.

We start on this afternoon.

Hazelwood, Minn.,

June 7. 1870.

I cannot resist the temptation of writing a few lines to you from this consecrated spot, consecrated as the birth place of Robbie and Correlia, consecrated by the years of toil and of joy, of the living and the departed. We might have gone farther before camping but I had a desire to pitch our tents here.

Things look so as to remind me very strongly of the place eight years ago. The ruins are here, and patches of wild roses are growing around and over them. The plum thicket is nice in the garden, which has almost all gone to plums and red raspberries. The popple grove looks nicely, and so do the big cottonwoods that grew in the field. I will put in a rose bud plucked from the ruins of our house.

We left St. Peter on Wednesday of last week, and stayed over the Sabbath at Red Wood Falls. The roads are pretty bad. Lawrence and Mr. Hunter have stuck their teams both yesterday and today. The lumber I am to take up is at Red Wood yet, but I have arranged with men to bring it up next week. It is going to cost more than I expected, owing to the bad roads and high waters. The yellow medicine we found too high to ford comfortably, and used a skiff to cross part of our things. They say the Inkpa is swimming. So with all these hindrances we shall expect to move along slowly, travelling not more than twenty miles a day.

Lacguiparle River, (The Intopa)

Thursday eve. June 9. 1870.

Twenty six miles in two days is not great travelling. Yesterday we came twenty two, and only four to day. This morning one of the wagons got fast in the mud in trying to cross a stream that ordinarily is no stream, but now is quite a river coming into the wagons. We had to unload and put on two teams to pull out the empty wagon. Then we have had to work eight hours in getting over the Intopa. We swam the animals over and then crossed the goods and wagons on a raft of logs which Dr. Daniels' men made. They crossed yesterday and left here this morning. It is terribly hard travelling now. But we pray daily for prosperity, and work and patience will be crowned with success, I think.

June 10. Friday morn.

We have come from the Intopa ten or twelve miles, and stopped to lunch on the prairie. Last night I went over to Mills' home and preached to the neighbors gathered in. The meeting was to be at early candle lighting, but it was nine o'clock before we commenced. Fifteen

or twenty persons gathered in. At the close a young man came up and introduced himself to me as Mr. Donaldson, the son of an old college acquaintance, himself also a graduate of Jefferson College, last year. He has set up a store at the Lacquiporte river.

Saturday noon.

We are three miles above the "Yellow Banks", as the white people call the stream. We found it fordable, but almost swimming for our ponies. So we unloaded and placed one wagon bed on top of another, and by going and returning, in three hours, we had passed over our things safely. But our work there was made unpleasant by a constant rain.

Monday eve, June 13.

We have travelled about twenty four miles to day, and have gone into camp on a little stream which is a branch of the Minnesota above Big Stone Lake. We are in sight of the settlement on the Coteau, and hope to reach the Agency to morrow morning.

Camp Good Will, Dakota Terr.

June, 1870.

This camp I have named "Good Will", from the words of the Angel who first told of the birth of Jesus—"Peace on earth, good will towards men". We first stopped near the Agency, and on Thursday I decided to come here. It is a nice place. Just to the north of us runs a little brook, down from the mountain side. Several Dakota houses are not far off, two above us, three or four below, and one across the stream. We look out the north-east and see the water of Lake Traverse fifteen miles off. Some smaller lakes can be seen to the south east. The Agency is in sight, a little east of south. To the west rises the mountain, stretching along to the north and south. So we have a good outlook. We have a board shanty, and our two tents stand near by. Right before last a strong wind came up and blew our tents down.

August 16. 1870

We are progressing finely with our buildings. The school house we had enclosed and moved into it on the

20th of July. It seemed nice to get out of our tents and shanty, and be under a roof again. The living house is now up, and will be roofed and sided in before the end of this week. I hope to be through with my work here in about four weeks, or a little more.

My prospective workers for this place have failed me. What I shall do I know not. I do not like to come back here and live alone this coming winter, and yet that may be the best I can do. I am not so well fitted to carry on a school as a younger man would be, and besides I have other and more important work to do. But I try not to trouble myself about it. The Lord's way may be different from mine, and he will make it appear in due time.

August 19. 1870

As the women say "my girl is gone and I am doing my own work now." However it is not very great. I cook the meals and spread the table and take care of the house. Billy, one of my men, washes the dishes and bakes the bread. We are having quite a cold spell now. Last night I could not

keep warm. You see we are living in the school house, which is large and not yet finished in the inside. The living house is nearly enclosed, one floor is laid also. We are prospering finely.
Saturday snow.

I have been roasting coffee and making mush since breakfast. Billy has been having a general cleaning up of the pots and dishes. They needed it.

Beloit, Wis, Nov. 25, 1872.

We went down and called on Mr. and Mrs. Clary, and had a nice talk. Mr. Clary told about his father living until he was over ninety years old, and forgetting almost every thing. Some one asked him if he could repeat the Lord's Prayer. He said, "No I cannot repeat it but I can swim in it."

When I told Sammy and Eli (two Indian boys) that we would not have dinner until two o'clock they looked ^{strange} as if they thought they would starve to death in about two minutes.

[Copy of extracts from letters by Stephen R. Riggs]

[Camp Good Will, Dakota Ter.]

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Saturday morn.

I have been wasting coffee and making mush since breakfast. Billy has been having a general cleaning up of the pots and dishes. They needed it.

Sisseton Agency D. S.

July 16. 1873

The other day I had a letter from Pres. Chapin saying that Beloit College had conferred the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology upon me. That seemed a heavy enough burden. To day I have a letter from the President of Washington and Jefferson College, saying that they have piled an "L. L. D." on me. Poor me! What shall I do? Can I run away and hide myself? Can I possibly bear such a burden as all that? Must I be something different, something greater, nobler, better in the future than I have been in the past? Will not S. R. Riggs, pure and simple, mean as much as it will with all those amendments?

August 9. 1873.

For a week past I have not felt strong. Yesterday I went out into the wheat field and worked for half an hour shocking up. I came in wearied out, and did not feel like getting up this morning.

See Humphrey has done large

justice to our Mission, in the last Advance. I think he has furnished the best popular article on the Dakota work that has ever been written. By his attendance at our meeting he became thoroughly interested in the field.

August 16. 1873

We hoped to hear some cheering words in regard to the baby, but your letters do not contain them. The Heavenly Father will not do anything wrong about it. You may feel sure of that. So that whether the baby lives or goes to the higher life, it will be all well.

As to writing anything about my own boyhood, I do not know whether I could tell anything interesting. I did not do any great feats. This morning I was thinking of one marvellous thing that brother Joseph did, as I have heard my father tell. I had just finished stacking the wheat, a small stack, only about fifty dozen in it. But it took the wakan-diotā and Caste nearly three days to cut and shock it up. The story about

your uncle Joseph was that he cut with a sickle, and bound sixty dozens, in one day. Father shocked it. But the wheat stood very thick.

Beloit Wis, Dec. 26. 1873.

Before we left Good Will you expressed the wish that I would write out some thing in regard to my early days. The thing stayed in my mind. So when I came to look over the field of possibility for material suitable for the English page of the Iapi Oage for 1874 I could think of no way by which I could fill up my part other than that. You will see the first chapter of "Return's Story" in the number for January. Be kind enough to step out of yourself, and give me the opinion of a stranger in regard to the propriety of continuing it.

March 24. 1874.

I remember that it is five years ago to day since we buried your mother. Oh, if we could only get a telegram from there! But we must wait.

Last night a mass Temperance meeting was held in Mr. Bushnell's church. The house was pretty well crowded. Mr. B— a Baptist min-

ister from Joliet, made a speech of an hour and a half. He is a ~~preacher~~ who became a drunkard through the Doctor's prescription, but is now reformed and is preaching again.

Feb. 21. 1874.

Last Sabbath afternoon I preached to the students in the College Chapel, which is the second time I have preached there this winter. Mr. B. is quite feeble. Mr. D. - also is confined to his house for the present. Mr. Clary is also feeble, but goes out to meetings and elsewhere, and sometimes is able to make an effective speech as of old. So the old folks are getting nearer the margin.

To day I was working in the fiftieth chapter of Jeremiah. But as the last three chapters are long, and difficult as well, I shall not more than finish next week. Perhaps I shall add Lamentations to it, and stop for the winter in that line. Of ~~the~~^{my} last winter's translations I have Zechariah and Malachi to copy. My English - Dakota Reader is not yet commenced.

What a wonderful work seems to be going on in Scotland just now! And what a mighty revolution the women are working in Ohio and elsewhere! We seem to be living in times of great results. So may it be, and still more abundant.

April 8. 1874.

This morning the Temperance men of Beloit are feeling pretty sore. Yesterday was Election day. The question was "License" or "No License". The Rum ticket is ahead - and ahead by the votes of professed temperance and Christian men. There is need for the Women's Praying Brigade to work here.

I expect now to leave home about the first Monday in May, and go directly to Bismarck, and up to Fort Berthold, unless I receive different instructions from the A. M. A.

April 20. 1874.

Perhaps you will all think me too conservative, and too much afraid of saying things that will hurt other people's feelings. I acknowledge this fault, if it be a fault. As I come near to life's margin, I feel more

aversion to saying and doing things that will cause pain.

The other day I received a letter of instructions from Leey Whipple of the A. M. A., which permits me to carry out my plan of going up to Fort Berthold first, and doing up the work on the Mission before the ~~annual~~ meeting. After that I shall hope to go to Pisecton.

Brainerd, Minn.,

Sept 12. 1874.

This week has been a hard week of travelling. We left Red Lake on Monday and came to Leech Lake Wednesday after dark. I wrote all day Thursday. Yesterday morning we started for this place, and reached here in good time for supper. The roads we have passed over have been terribly bad. I never traveled on such roads. But we only turned the buggy once, and that did no damage. We found friends every where. The Lord went before us and camped with us every night. Ed. P. Wheeler has decided to go to the Ojibwa field, and will at first go to Red Lake. I am exceedingly

rejoiced over it. If I have some crossing this summer but introduce Wheeler to the missionary work among the people where he was born, I shall think my summer well spent.

We spent the Sabbath here in Brainerd. Monday morning early we start on to Duluth, Bayfield and Odanah.

Be joyful in the house of your pilgrimage.

Beloit, Wis., Feby 8. 1873.

A week ago to day I sent on a couple of articles which I wrote at the request of the Editor of the Christian Weekly, on the Indian question. I presume they will come out in that paper.

Oct. 11. 1873:

We have been to the meeting of the Am. Board in Chicago. Thursday night I made a little talk. I had not expected to do it. But the Indian question had been so worked up that there came a great pressure on the Committee to occupy Fort Berthold and to appoint a Field Secretary for Indian work. Some unpleasant

feelings were being produced. So I poured oil on the surging waves, and there was a calm. Thereupon Mr. Treat arose and praised the Riggs family, said it was a missionary family like the Senneler family. And then after \$30,000.00 had been raised for the debt, Mr. Treat announced that Fort Berthold would be occupied. Mr. Hall of Springfield D.T., and Miss Calhoun of Yankton Agency will be ready to go.

Nov. 12. 1875.

This week the appropriations for our mission came. Mr. Treat writes that they have never had such a sorrowful time in the Prudential Committee. Dr. Clark had not slept for several nights. They had to "cut down" the estimate fifty thousand dollars. Other missions suffer very much more than ours.

Yesterday I put up Ezekiel to send to the Bible House. The package represents almost an entire year of my work.

April 23. 1876.

It was gratifying to me to see Brother Joseph's attempt to write to me. But oh, how that hand, that has written

so beautifully for more than threescore years, has lost its cunning. I am so glad to learn that the apprehensions in regard to dying, which he had some weeks ago, have gone. The Bible says, "He hath abolished death." That ought to mean something. You will see a little statement in the Sapi Oage for May of a Dakota young man, when he was going to die, asking for Bunyan's Pilgrimage. Opening to the picture of the lions, he said, "I can meet them."

May 5. 1876.

Mistakes are singular things. In Takos Wakan I wrote that "Simon and his son put Mrs. Newnan and her children in a little wagon, and brought them down to Ft. Ridgely" Dr. Bartlett in his "Sketches of Missions" has added "with their own hands". There was a horse hitched to the wagon, but because I did not say there was, he says there was not.

Feb. 24. 1877.

Home again. I came home yesterday morning in time to get a sleep before getting up time. I had a very pleasant visit, about which you

will like to hear. I left home on Thursday noon, did some business at the Advance office, and left that night for Cincinnati, which I reached Friday. I took passage on a boat and reached Portsmouth Saturday afternoon. I found brother Joseph more comfortable than I supposed but a good deal helpless. On good days he walks out a little way, and goes in his carriage more frequently, some one always with him. Soon after I arrived he had the carriage up, and we rode out. We saw N - who is perfectly helpless - nervous prostration the result of tobacco using. Before we left there Dr. Pratt came in and insisted that I should occupy his pulpit Sabbath, he was sick. And in the evening Mr. Ketchum came to brother J's and insisted that I should occupy his pulpit. So I was booked for week. Sabbath morning brother Joseph went with me. He wanted to go out at night ^{also} but they persuaded him not to.

I left by the boat on Friday, and was in Cincinnati Saturday morning. I spent a few hours in the city, and

then went up to Lane Seminary, where I was the guest of Dr. Morris, until Monday. At night there was a gathering of Professors and students and ladies, at Dr. Morris', and I was on the witness stand for awhile. Sabbath morning I talked about the Dakota work in the Unit. ch. (Mr. Wright's). On going back to Dr. Morris' house I found Dr. Maxwell. They two had been holding Communion service at Fulton. We had quite a talk on boys. Dr. Maxwell has a lot of them, one out in the Black Hills. Dr. Morris said that boys don't want to go in the way they think you want them to go. His oldest son grew up with the feeling that he was expected to become a minister. The feeling became an intolerable burden. The father saw it, and formally released him. Now the son is writing to his father to know if he had not better become a minister!

Monday morning I left for Greensburg, where I was entertained by Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Worcester. Tuesday Rev. Mr. Alden called and insisted that I should stay another day and talk to his

people about the Dakotā. His wife is "Pansy". Wednesday I drove Mrs. Worcester out to see a Mrs. Holby, who has had a grudge against me all these forty years for taking your mother away from the school at Bethlehem. I begged of her not to keep the grudge any longer. And she promised.

April 5. 1877.

Have you heard the sad news of Seely Treat's death? It took place very suddenly on the 28th of March. To me it seems as if I had lost an over brother. Who will take up his mantle?

If Mr. Renville goes into the General Assembly, I have promised to go into Chicago with him and introduce him. That will be on the 17th of May. I shall arrange if possible to start up early the following week.

Feb. 2. 1878.

I undertook at the beginning of the winter to translate Ezra and Nehemiah. I shall finish my first copy in two or three days of next week. I suppose from what Dr. Williamson wrote me some time ago that he has the two Books of Chronicles well in

hand. So that God willing, the work of translating the Bible will soon be completed.

Feb. 8. 1878.

I suppose you have heard of Mr. G. H. Pond's departure. When I was with him in St. Paul, during Synod, we talked of the probability of Dr. Williams and S. W. Pond's going, but hardly thought that one of us would be the first to go. So it is - "at an hour ye think not." This morning I sat down and wrote, as Alfred requested, about a column in Dakota in regard to Mr. Pond.

March 13, 1878.

On Tuesday of this week the Beloit Ministers Meeting was held at Mr. Higley's. There was a very large gathering. After nine o'clock, my name was reached in the Programme, and I was to open the discussion on the Bible doctrine of Hell. When I was through the discussion was arrested, as it was time respectable people should go home. I was very tired and excited that night and could not sleep until almost morning.

March 23. 1878.

So the years go around, and I have reached the three score and six. Not many more years surely, will be my earthly life. Well.

Thursday night I went down to the Red Ribbon Temperance meeting in the Presbyterian church. The house filled slowly, but the meeting closed up pretty well. Last night I expected to go to the meeting in the Opera House. But instead I attended a caucus of a lot of men, not exactly temperance, but who are willing now to go against License. Licensing grog shops was declared to be a fraud, and a mischief-making the selling and drinking respectable. They think that we can carry the City Council against License. I hope we shall.

March 23. 1878.

Yesterday afternoon I spoke in the Opera House on the Temperance and especially the License, question. Last night I went to the overflow meeting meeting in the Methodist church, which was well filled. They say the Opera house was crowded. The Red

Ribbon wave is sweeping on. Nearly a thousand have taken it in Beloit. No other movement has ever swept over the city as this is doing.

Nov. 2. 1878.

Lately I have consented to take a class of young folks in Sabbath School. a half dozen College Seniors and ten or a dozen young women. To morrow Prof. Emerson takes it for me, as I am to go to Rockton and give a mission-ary discourse. I think I shall like this class - they seem to be quite alive.

Nov. 4.

I don't feel worth much this very nice morning. Perhaps I worked a little too hard yesterday. They got more out of me at Rockton than I bargained for.

Some time ago Joseph Tzipomaza wrote me that his wheat had all been burned up. In consequence of this, I wish Mr. M - to hand him for me, five dollars.

Nov. 13.

You must learn not to be greatly disturbed by the sighs and groans around you. Gather the roses, and

let the thorns be. To day I have finished writing an article on "Two old men" - whose combined ages I find to be one hundred and forty four. Since writing it I feel as weak as Moses.

Nov. 25. 1878

Last week I sent off my Dakota translations - Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther and Job - to the Bible House. Dr. Williams now has sent on his Second Chronicles. That makes the whole.

I am going to begin ~~to arrange~~^{to} the new Dictionary. I want to make it as perfect as possible. Maj. Powell wants to supplement the work, in another volume, with a lot of Dakota Legends, fables, ^{and} stories, to show the forms of Dakota thought. I do not quite understand his plan as yet.

Jan. 3. 1880.

How do you like the new Sapi Oage? I feel quite proud of it. To get it out required a good deal of work. There was some delay on account of new type. But I think if our Dakota friends are not satisfied with it they are hard to please.

Feb. 25. 1880.

Some ten days ago I commenced writing my paper on "Protestant Missions" for the next 3rd of July. I have asked the Committee to appoint some one else to write up the Home Missions part, and leave me only the Indian part. It is quite a pleasure to me to hunt up the records in regard to missions work among the Ojibwas.

A wave of spiritual influence is going over the College. James Garvie thinks he is a Christian now, and doubts if he was before.

Occasionally when I am writing a palsied feeling comes over my hand, and it refuses to do its duty. I must not push it too hard.

May 13. 1880.

Dr. Alden in writing to Alfred says they have been disappointed in three or four men failing them recently because their wives, or intended ones, were unwilling to go. At the same time there is an uncommonly large number of young women offering themselves.

I have about completed my paper on Protestant Missions, and will send it up

to St. Paul before I go away.

May 31. 1880.

I have just received a Telegram calling me up to Madison to ^{meet} ~~confer~~ ^a with Committee (of which I am one, they say) appointed by the Assembly to confer with the President and Congress on the Indian question. Chumamani is here. He did not reach Madison until Thursday night of last week. But I got him a hearing in the Assembly. He made the Capitol of Wisconsin ring.

June 1. 1880.

I went up to Madison and met the members of the Indian Committee. Only four of us were there. I reached home this morning at four o'clock. Of course the night was not one of rest. Mr. T. M. Sinclair of Cedar Rapids is here with us.

We are to have a meeting to night on the Indians. Chumamani will speak and probably Mr. Sinclair, and may be others.

Santee Agency Neb.

June 10. 1880.

Tuesday evening of last week I had a meeting arranged in Beloit, so that

Ehnamani might be heard. I had asked T. M. Sinclair to come down with me from Madison. He was there and made the first speech. He was so pleased with Ehnamani's presentation of the Dakota work that on our way back to the house that night Mr. Sinclair told me that I might draw on him for five hundred dollars for use in mission work.

Provia Bottoms, Ft. Sully, D.T.

June 19. 1880.

Whether I can write a letter on this very warm day is not manifest. But I will try and put down some things. A week ago this morning I left Alfred's. Mr. Burton brought us up, the two Indian boys and myself to his barabara, opposite Running Water, in the carriage. The Steamer Benton had passed up before we knew of it, and was lying at the ware house at Running Water. So we went on board. One of the boys was sick, and Alfred was very desirous of getting him up from. He was not supposed to be so sick but what he could travel with only a little extra care. But it was not so. He grew worse rapidly. Sabbath evening

The Captain wanted me to put him ashore
 at Fort Randall. I declined to do that, as
 it would require me to go with him and
 stay while he lived. The Captain said his
 boat was not a hospital, and a sick boy
 would annoy the passengers. I had a
 berth in a state room for myself, but
 only a cot in the cabin for Russell.
 After Sabbath night some one had to be
 up with him all the time. And poor
 boy, after that he could not lie down; but
 sat up for four days and nights. Wednes-
 day morning we were at Crow Creek and
 the Captain and Clerk both came to me
 to have the boy taken off. I was in doubt
 what to do. But I learned that it was quite
 difficult to reach the Agency from that
 point on account of water. When we had
 reached a point above Ft. Thompson the
 Captain said he would land for that pur-
 pose if I would take him off. I said I
 had started to take the boy up to his
 friends, and I wanted to do it if he
 did not die on the way. At the same
 time I said I would keep him aft of
 the cabin, where the annoyance would
 be the least possible to others. Then the
 chamber maid proved to be quite a help.

When I asked her for a basin and towel, she got them and said "Allow me." So she washed his face and combed his hair, and did many good services to him in the days that followed.

From the starting I had given him a little whiskey two or three times a day. Thursday morning I thought the boy was dying, and felt quite discouraged. But Mr. Felt, formerly of Sioux City, came to see him, and said he should not die. So he went and made some "egg-nog" which brightened the boy up, and he seemed somewhat cheered by the thought that he might reach home by another morning. That was my prayer all the way up, that he might live to see his friends. But I had my doubts, and every little while I would find myself asking the question, "what shall I do if he dies?" The Lord granted my request. Thursday night at sundown we left Pierre, and at midnight we were opposite this mission. The Captain thought he could not get his boat to this shore on account of sand bars, but he concluded to try and he succeeded. Having heard the boat

whistle Thomas, the boy's father and others, were on the shore to receive us. I never expect to be gladder, until I reach the "father's shore", than I was that night, when I delivered the sick boy to his father and mother, still alive and able to converse. My prayer was answered, but I was worn out entirely. I would not have believed that I could have borne the terrible strains and constant service of those five days and nights. There was not much sympathy manifested on the boat, but there was some.

After reaching home the boy only lived twelve hours. We buried him this morning. Last night I slept well. But yesterday morning I felt that I was ten years older than I was six days before. Thanks God it is over. The officers of the boat might have made the burden lighter. But I do not complain.

July 3. 1880.

This is a great day in Minnesota, the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the St. Anthony Falls by Hennepin. They have been making great preparations. Doubtless there will be a very large gathering.

July 21, 1880.

I have been reading Harris's Life of Christ. It is a wonderful story of a marvellous life. A couple of weeks ago I read "The Light of Asia". It does not compare with "The Light of the World."

Beloit, Wis. Dec 1, 1880.

Work has been accumulating upon me of late. I have two or three letters asking me to give facts on the question "What can we do for the Indians?" or facts to show that Indians can be educated by the Gospel - &c.

I have really gotten started in preparing copy for the new Grammar and Dictionary. To save all the writing I can I cut up two books. In four days' work I have completed twenty pages. At that rate it will require some time.

April 5, 1881.

Nothing has come so suddenly upon us as the death of Mr. Sinclair. Anna writes "What will the world do without him?" So we go - one by one - one by one.

May 6, 1881.

Within a few days I have received a good letter from Dr. Cyrus Hamlin of Middlebury College, formerly of Robert

College, Constantinople. He was enamored with "Mary & I", and apocryph of "Light on the Dark River", which I had never read. I have now obtained it, and am reading the account of Mrs. Hamlin.

Have I written you that Mrs. Gen. Stanley has invited me to her house when I go to the General Assembly? I had forgotten that she lived in Buffalo. She also has been reading "Mary & I".

Buffalo, N. Y.

May 27, 1881.

I am stopping with Mrs. Stanley, formerly of Fort Sully. Dr. John Hall of New York is their guest also. They treat us with great attention. Mrs. Stanley has ordered a carriage for us several times, and and sometimes against our protest. It is not natural to me however to have "dinner" at 6 P. M. or after. Last night they had an elaborate dinner, ending with little cups of coffee, after ice cream.

We are moving along in the General Assembly, but I don't know yet when we

will adjourn.

Last Saturday afternoon I went down with the rest to Niagara. I was there before when you were a very little baby. In some respects ^{many} things are changed. But the everlasting water fall remains much the same.

Beloit Wis, August 19, 1881

I found it more expensive coming down through Big Stone Lake, but I was not sorry that I came that way. The Lake is beautiful. I was quite sure that I recognized the island on which we spent that morning, just nineteen years ago to day. Do you remember it? I saw many things that looked familiar, and brought to mind that long time ago.

August 23, 1881.

I do not allow myself to think much about a last time. True the last time will come. But the times and seasons are in God's hands. Let us leave them there, and not worry about them.

From the papers yesterday it

seemed quite certain that the poor President was approaching "the last of earth." It is very sad to think of his having to pass through so long a valley and shadow, and by such a wicked act. But God knows what is best for this Nation. For I take it that it is not on his own account, but for the people's sake.

Oct. 29. 1881.

Yesterday morning Dr. Blodget of Peking occupied Mr. Bushnell's pulpit. At night we had Mr. Schauffler of Austria as well as Dr. Blodget. So you see we had a good deal of missionary intelligence. Mr. Schauffler is son of old Dr. Schauffler, whom you have seen in the picture with Dr. Goodell and Dr. Elias Riggs as translators of the Bible, in Constantinople.

I propose to go east in about two weeks, if the Lord will.

Nov. 9. 1881.

There is no real start yet made in the Dictionary. More than two weeks ago they promised me proof

but it does not come. This is too far off to punch them up.

Carlisle Barracks, Pa

Dec 2. 1881.

All this forenoon we had Dr. Sheldon Jackson here. He is on our Assembly's Indian Committee. So we three ^{Wesleyan} have been talking up the matter. We decided to ask that the Committee meet here about the tenth of January, and go from here to Washington. I think we shall be able to make a pretty strong appeal, and perhaps ask Congress to appropriate a million and a half of dollars to educate Indian children.

I was ~~in~~ Washington last week, and spent two days. Saw Secretary Kirtland and Commissioner Price.

Last night I had a meeting with the Sioux here, at which we talked and prayed in Dakota. We had no Hymn Books, so had no singing. Between fifty and sixty were present.

Dr. Jackson is full of the wonderful things that are going on among the Alaska Indians.

Dec. 16. 1881.

We are preparing a Memorial for our Assembly's Committee. It is printed tentatively, and I have sent copies to all the members of the Committee asking for their criticism and approval. I think probably the Committee will go to Washington in the second week of January, coming here on the way.

Dec 22. 1881.

You have heard of Miss Juliet Carson, the teacher of cooking in New York. She is here this week giving lessons to the Indian girls. The girls are divided into two classes, one of which she has in the forenoon, and the other in the afternoon. As she is the guest of Capt. Pratt, of course we have cooking under discussion very frequently. She talks a good deal about Miss Carson.

Last Saturday Capt. Pratt and I went over to Bloomfield, a town of about 800 people, nestled among the hills. We were cared for at the mission.

Leto's house, Rev. Mr. Edgar. I occupied
 the morning, and Capt. Pratt the
 evening. So they had Indians all day.
 The days going and coming were not
 cold, and it was a pleasant ride. On
 our way home we came by the
 "Warm Springs", making the journey
 about twenty five miles. It was
 eighteen, going. We stopped to see the
 birth place of two governors, Bigler, one
 of Pa. and one of Cal. They were brothers.
 One of the most distinguished judges
 of the Supreme Court of Pa., Judge
 Gibson, was born in the same room.
 The house is said to have been built
 in 1740. It is quite dilapidated. Coming
 on we climbed to the top of the mountain,
 and should have had a grand view as we
 looked out on this Cumberland Valley,
 with its towns and farms, but the day
 was smoky, and the view was shut
 out.

Thinking that a special religious
 service in Dakota would be of advan-
 tage to the seventy Sioux here, I
 have held such a meeting on Thursday

might for three weeks. This morning Capt. Pratt told me that the big Sioux boys will talk Dakota in the school rooms. The teachers complain of the change. If that is the result I will stop my Dakota meetings.

Jan. 14. 1882.

I came back from Washington this afternoon. I went in on Tuesday. Wednesday morning looked around awhile in the Ethnological museum, and then I went to business with Major Powell. He promises largely, but the printing does not come yet. After that went to the Capitol. I called on Senator McMillan, and he called on Senator Dawes, and while I was there Mr. Dodge of New York, Chairman of our Committee came. So it was arranged that we were to be received the next day by the joint Indian Committee of both houses, in the room of the Senate Committee, at eleven o'clock.

That night at eight o'clock we all went to Judge Strong's, where all of the Committee who were in town had a

Gen. Armstrong's wife is dead. I saw Mrs. Wm. Armstrong. She says her husband is mining the Sandwich Islands. He is Prime Minister to the King, and went around the world with him.

So the day passed. I cannot tell you half. I became weary and lay down. At five the colored man was there with his ponies to bring us to the landing. We had a little time, and Capt. Pratt said he must take me into the Fort, as this was a Fort that was a Fort. So we went through the large parade ground, saw the beautiful live oaks, climbed up on the parapet, and looked out over the water.

We took the Baltimore boat, and this morning were in Baltimore. Capt. Pratt went back to Washington, and I came here, as I had promised to preach in Carlisle to-morrow.

Feb. 1. 1882.

Yesterday I attended the monthly examinations. There are nine different rooms, and as many teachers. I only

got around to seven. On the whole, I think that they are doing good work. The reading of the young men was the most unsatisfactory of all. They do not pronounce ^{English} well. I was the most entertained by Miss Semple's class in History. The six Pueblo men who are here on a visit, were in the schools in the morning. But the only thing they understood was the gymnastics.

Feb. 12. 1882.

The printing in Washington flags. My writer's work is not to be a success. I fear when April comes, I shall have to report not more than half that I had planned, done. I keep urging the printers, and get large promises and small performances. Well.

The health of the school is good, and still there are six or eight in the hospital generally. Two girls have died since we came. Two boys have been sent home because they were sick.

There is a great pressure brought

to bear on them to talk only English. Every Saturday night is what is called an English speaking night.

Last Saturday night the Captain asked the girls how many had spoken Indian for the week. About a dozen hands went up out of eighty. The boys did not have so good a showing. Only about half of them had spoken "only English". Last night a Sioux young man came in to our room. I asked him what the young men did about talking to each other. He said they talked a great deal by signs. Signs are not Indian.

March 8. 1882.

I have scolded some about the slow way printing has gone on at Washington, but that has done no good either. So I have concluded to be as gentle as a lamb, but inside - well, I won't say what is there.

Last Thursday. I went down to Philadelphia with Capt. Pratt and his Indian scholars. He took twenty nine. We were walked around the city for three mortal hours in the afternoon.

I got very tired, and so did others. At night the fair dance came off. There were three thousand people in Horticultural Hall. It went off well. I had eight minutes for a speech. They did not take up a collection, which probably was a mistake.

W^m J P W. mss Miss Lous Beloit, Wis., August 24, 1882

Yes, I know you took a great deal of pains, and I hope pleasure and comfort in fitting up that room for me. It did not need any words to say it. And for fifty one days and nights I had the pleasure and comfort of occupying the room. If the Lord will, I hope to come back and occupy that or some other one again. Be assured that I appreciate the love that prompts to such acts. On my own part however, I find an increasing disability to do even small services in return, and so the feeling of burdensomeness comes over me.

J P W. mss H m ch

Oct 1. 1882.

I am home again, but not in

very good condition. My rheumatism, (if it is rheumatism) in my shoulder, took a severe form last week. Perhaps I took cold in the cars. We had to ride by freight trains from Calmar down to Cedar Rapids. I was at Vinton three days that it hurt me to breathe, and I could not find any way to lie at night.

My shoulder is much better now, but I cannot write long, or do much of any thing else, without its making a protest.

I found here a letter from a woman who has seen the Evangelist. She thinks if I will write an "interesting letter" and urge their Society, they will do something. I shall say to her that I don't undertake to write "interesting letters", nor to urge them to do their duty. "They have Moses and the Prophets."

Oct 28. 1882.

So far as your station is concerned I think the Presbyterians would do better by your school than the A. M. A. will. But I shall not strongly object to its going with the rest. In

regard to the six churches, however, I won't have any con-foolery about them. They are turned over to the Pres. Bd. of Home Missions. I reported them so to Synod. The Am. Board has no property in them, and has nothing further to say about them.

I have just returned from the meeting of the A. M. A. at Cleveland. It was no part of my plan to go on. When I returned home on Saturday last, pretty well worn out, I found a letter from Alfred, asking if I could not represent them. No one else could go, and some body ought to go, under the circumstances. So I went.

Jan. 9. 1883.

We are having a very cold snap. Whether my rheumatism is increased by the cold I know not, but I am almost laid up with my back.

Jan. 18. 1883.

I am glad to be in circumstances where I can do some little things for you, and thus take a wee bit of your load. My rheumatism has

been pretty rampant for some time past, but I am able to be about the house, and to write a part of the day. Some days I venture down town, but more often I don't feel like going at all.

I think quite likely I expect too much of boys. But it seems to me that a life begun within must show itself in the life without. The boys have some very bad faults, as I tell them. Well, if they profess to be Christ's disciples I want to see them making successful efforts to correct such habits. I think I see in both of them a manifest purpose to do it, and some progress. I do hope that they both may come into hearty loyalty to the dear Christ.

Jan. 29. 1883.

Yesterday was a beautiful day. We all went to church in the morning, but my poor lame back did not permit me to go again. I read some chapters in Mrs. Prentiss' Life. I did not know before, or if I did, it did

not make any impression on
me, that Mrs. Prentiss was a
daughter of Dr. Edward Payson. That
accounts for the spirituelle in her
nature.

Zake Wakarusa

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Beloit, Wis.

May 23. 1868.

Gospel Among the D

The Book is going on to its completion. Alfred has finished quite a long and exhaustive chapter on the Religions of the Dakotas, and is I suppose at work on one on Music. Dr. Williamson was here last Sabbath. He came Saturday afternoon, and went on Monday at ten o'clock. He spent what time he could in reading over, and hearing parts of the book. He had a desire to write the chapter on Dakota Religions, but I think was pretty well pleased with Alfred's. I have recently finished a chapter on Dakota Amusements, and am at work on one on Dakota Women. That is the last I purpose to write, if indeed I finish that to my liking.

Last week I wrote to the Sec. of the Pres. Publication Committee a letter of inquiry, and have received his answer, which is that books on missions and operations don't pay

well. He will interest himself in the matter, if I will transmit the copy for the examination of the Committee. I wrote also to Mr. Warren of the Boston Tract Soc., and Mr. Eastman of the New York Tract Soc., but have not yet received replies from them.

Although I wish to finish the manuscript before going out this summer, I shall not try to have it printed before my return.

Feb. 17. 1869.

I am real glad that my book is going to be off my hands so soon. Ten days ago I decided to send it to the Boston Cong. Publishing Society. On Monday of last week I commenced revising the whole, and making various little changes. Alfred has helped me a great deal. I worked very hard and at the end of the week I was quite worn out. I mean to send it off in the morning. Yesterday we went down town to have some

medicine sakes and a flint photographed. I don't know how much they will be disposed to illustrate. I send on about twenty photographs.

Yankton Agency D.T.

July 19. 1869.

A week ago yesterday I received the plate proofs of "Tahoo Wakan". It is going to make a book of 525 pages. The page is smaller than I expected. The book would have suited my ideas better if it had been convenient 12 ms. Now it will be too thick for its length and breadth, but I had no say about that. Alfred and I worked all week until Saturday night, in reading proof, and making an Index. I had not before seen Mr. Treat's Introduction. It is quite to my liking.

The book made quite a sensation in the mission circle here. It was as eagerly read as a new novel. Dr. Williamson became absorbed in it. He said I was very fortunate in having Mr. Treat write the Introduction.

about
mumps!

Beloit Wis, Feb. 8. 1878.

This evening I have received a letter from Dr. Clark in regard to the chapter I sent him of "Mary and I". He says that he and Dr. Alden and Dr. Worcester have all read it. Dr. Worcester and he think much of it, but Dr. Alden thinks it will be too long. Dr. Clark offers to see what he can do about getting a publisher. Then he adds in a P.S. "If the volume should be condensed considerably - say one half. I think it would find a wider sale." That would take terrible pruning!

April 27. 1878.

To day I sent five chapters of "Mary and I" to the Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. In a note received from him yesterday, he did not give much encouragement about their undertaking to publish it, but said they would like

to examine it and may be —

Dec. 20. 1879.

As I am swamping all my extra cash in the book business I shall defer my Christ gifts until the Book is out.

It is hardly started yet. I went to Chicago two weeks ago, and made the arrangements. Last week I had a proof of the first chapter. We shall get well under way I hope, before the first of the year.

Jan. 3. 1880.

The Photographs, which I have been expecting from Boston for a full month past, came on New Years Day. They make a smaller picture than I expected. I shall have it enlarged so that it will fill the page.

Feb. 13. 1880.

To day's mail brought Dr. Bartlett's "Introductory Notes". It is short, ^{will} ^{only} make four pages I think, but very appreciative. It praises the Riggs.

family, and the work among the Indians.
 The printing is going on rapidly.
 Feb. 13. 1880.

So many things came yesterday and filled my poor brain, that I slept poorly. A lot of Book proof came - running almost through the 20th Chapter. Then the proof of the Preface and Dr. Bailett's Introduction came also.

March 10. 1880.

Yesterday the Ministers' Meeting was at Prof. Emerson's. The Japi Daye had come the day before, and Mr. Truettell had made a notice of the forthcoming Book, "Many & I", in his outtools of Saturday. So people were all agog concerning the new book. Prof. Blissell asked what kind of a book it would be. One lady ventured the question, if it was founded on fact. She evidently supposed it was a novel, from its title.

April 10. 1880.

Yesterday I spent in Chicago. I

paid up all my bills, and owe nothing now on the book. The binding was one cent more than I expected, owing, as they said, to "Many & I" on the side, which they did not understand when the bargain was made. The printers also measured their work so as to bring it out about \$15. more than I supposed. But I paid all up, and have 5.00 bound books and about 1460 unbound.

I mailed a copy to you, which is my Christ-gift, as I planned last winter.

So far I find I have given away thirty three copies, and I shall probably give as many more. I should like to give away, give away. But I shall have to make some limit, as I must make it pay back my borrowed money at least.

May 10. 1880.

Thursday last I went to Chicago. I found Mr. Holmes, and arranged with him to order the binding of another

five hundred copies. Owing to the prospective "boom" on the Indian question in the General Assembly Mr. Holmes is expecting quite a sale of the book. He proposes to have a supply at Madison during the meeting of the Assembly.