



HENRY SIBLEY KENNEDY
791 ORIZABA AVENUE
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Dec. 4, 1936

My dear General:

In response to your good letter of Oct. 26th, which, by the way, should have been answered before but for Old Man Influenza.

Yes, Father did travel afoot from St. Paul to Traverse between sunrise and sunset of the same day. I have heard this talked over with Father when I was old enough to understand what it meant, It happened sometime in the Fifties and happened in this way; -

Brig. Gen. H. C. Brown
The steam boat, carrying the gold for the annuities to the Indians, left St. Paul early in the morning, and, as Father was connected at that time, under Gen. Sibley with the American Fur Company, he had to be there, at Traverse, on the arrival of the boat. When he got to the levee, the boat had left, so he started out expecting to overtake it at Shakopee. He arrived at S- before the boat, and went into the small tavern to wait for the boat, telling the woman who ran the Inn to wake him, should the boat whistle while he took a nap.

Feb. 37
The arrival of a steam boat in those days was a signal for everybody to run to the landing. This they did, including the woman who was to wake him. When

[Kennedy]



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she got back to the Inn and he found that the boat had gone and left him, he again took the trail and beat the boat into Traverse.

When I was about fifteen or sixteen, I was in Henry Jones' Drug Store one evening, Dr. J. W. Daniels, who was U.S. Indian Com. and his brother, Dr. A. W. Daniels, Tom Downs and others were talking over feats of endurance among the pioneers and someone spoke of this race of Father's with Louis Roberts Packet, and Dr. Daniels said "Yes, I know of his having made that trip three times, afoot, each time taking no time to stop."

The first trip, between sunrise and sunset was in June, when the days were at their longest. They also spoke of a George Studley, who came from the same place in Canada that Father did, having felled the trees, cut into cord-wood lengths, split and piled eight cords of wood in a single day. I knew Studley and knew the men who witnessed him do this.

I heard many people speak of Father's making the distance between sunrise and sunset as he had the very swift gate that was much faster than the heel and toe of the regular pedestrian. The old settlers around there used to tell me of a bet made in front of Myrick's store between, I think, Gov. Ramsey and Myrick. Myrick said that a man could shoulder, with out help, a barrel of flour and carry it a hundred yards and set it down without starting hoops or staves. Ramsey said it couldn't be done, but when Father got there, Myrick asked him



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if he could do it and he said he didn't know until he'd try. He picked up the barrel of flour, put it on his shoulder and carried it the hundred yards, setting it down without starting hoop or stave. The difficulty was not so much the weight as the awkward shape of the package.

I do not know if this is anything like what you wanted but is the best that I can do.

Speaking of walking, Father walked from St. Paul to Fort Garry in the dead of winter. Some of the old timers seemed to think that that was a greater feat than walking from St. Paul to Traverse in a day.

Yours very truly,

Harry

P.S. We were sorry to hear of the illness of your sister and hope she is improved. Harry keeps very well and takes a long walk every day - eats three meals a day, keeps up with the times and in every way a great comfort and joy in his home. We hope you may find your way out this way again sometime. With kind regards from us both,
Sincerely Mary E. Kennedy

TRANSCRIPTION FOLLOWS

791 Columbia Ave.,
Long Beach, Calif.
Jan. 6, 1929

Brigadier General William C. Brown
873 Marion St.,
Denver, Colo.

Dear General:

*Sorry to send you
a blue print - my typist
is ill - WCB*

Referring to our recent conversation concerning what I remember of Traverse des Sioux, I have to say that my father, D.B. Kennedy, came to Minnesota in 1848 and at St. Paul met Sen. H.R. Bibb, then head of the American Fur Company at St. Paul and was sent by him to Traverse des Sioux. He was there at the signing of the Treaty in 1851 and was connected with the American Fur Company for a time, afterward, with Sen. Bibb, he established trading posts at Yellow Medicine and a point farther west. I think it was in 1858 when a payment was to be made to the Indians at Traverse des Sioux. The money was to be sent by boat from St. Paul. My father was to take the boat at St. Paul but missed it and started out on foot to overtake it. He got to Shakopee before the arrival of the boat and lay down on a couch in the tavern telling the woman who ran the place to call him when she heard the boat whistle. Of course the boat whistle was a signal for everyone in the village to rush to the landing but she failed to call my father and when she got back the boat had gone on up the river so there was nothing to do but follow it on foot, which he did and got to Traverse des Sioux ahead of the boat. The distance was, by Indian trail, seventy-five miles and it was done between sundown and sunset. I think it was George Nelson who told me that he knew of my father's making the same trip three times.

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

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

I was born at Traverdes Sioux, May 11, 1858. The same day the State was admitted to the Union and we were living there in August 1862 at the time of the Indian outbreak. My father was at Yellow Medicine. We were taken to St. Peter and were at Dr. A.V. Daniel's house until the arrival of my father, who had earlier dispatched out of Fort Ridgely to Sen. Bibb who was then at St. Peter. Before going to St. Peter, a half breed had stopped at our house and told my mother that he had stumbled over the body of my father who had been scalped. Father's arrival at St. Peter was the first information we had that he was alive.

My father, with his clerk, a man by the name of Hutchinson was in his store when the Indians started for Fort Ridgely and down the valley. At about four o'clock in the morning someone rapped on the door and when he awakened my father, told him the Indians were on the rampart and to get out at once. Father began leisurely to pick up his equipment to go when the half breed, who had given the

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alarm pushed him out of the door and said, "For God's sake, go, they are coming." The store had wooden shutters fastened on the inside, so Father turned the key in the door and ran with Hutchinson to the river. He threw the key in the river. This same half breed had gone to meet the Indian and told them that "Tatoma, Shokshacha" (my father's Indian name) was in the store and had emptied fifty bags of powder onto the floor and he would shoot into the powder and blow them all up together. This served to keep them from breaking in from four o'clock in the morning until about two in the afternoon when one of the leaders came up and said "What are you stopping here for?" When they told him what the half breed had told them, he said "You fools, he is in Fort Ridgely by this time." It took but a few minutes for them to chop down the shutters and take everything out of the store that they could carry. By keeping close to the river bank, and while the Indians were around the store, my father and his clerk succeeded in getting away.

(An account book showing the accounts with the different Indians we had in our possession until the house we lived in at St. Peter was sold by my mother, with the book with a knapsack full of letters covering the ten or fifteen years previous to the outbreak was accidentally left in the house. An article in the Minneapolis Journal about three years ago described this book and said it was in the possession of a man by the name of Languth who lived on Washington Ave. in Southeast Minneapolis. My mother told the house to Chris. Languth, so that we know it was the account book kept by my father at his Yellow Medicine store.)

Father left Hutchinson in a warehouse with other refugees while he went on to Fort Ridgely. He got into the Fort before the arrival of the Indians. When they arrived they surrounded the Fort. I do not remember just how many days he remained there, - one, two or three days when it appeared that word had to be got to Deadwood who was supposed to be coming down valley with an expedition. That was the Fort who seemed willing to go with despatches to Sibley so my father said he would take them out. Major B.H. Randall was at Fort Snider and offered father a buckskin horse but he would not take it as the Indians would know a horse from an Indian pony. He left the Fort about ten o'clock at night and he got into the Indian lines he touched an Indian with his foot. The Indian started but father gave the name of an Indian he knew was in the band and got away without an alarm. He walked and crawled the forty-five miles between Fort Ridgely and St. Peter between ten o'clock that night and eight o'clock the next morning.

Father was afterwards one of Sibley's scouts on the expedition against the Sioux. In 1887 I met Dr. Mueller, at New Ulm. He was Post Physician at Fort Ridgely at the time and he told me that the medical stores were very low and that he wanted my father to take half the supply of brandy, about six ounces. But that father said he would not do so as their need would be greater than his. Father afterwards enlisted in the Second Minnesota Mounted Rangers and was commissioned Second Lieutenant.

At the close of the war father made wooden puns in the

old warehouse and I think it was the last use to which that warehouse was put. Like most Canadians, he was an expert woodsman and he sent the puns made out of hard maple logs which he squared with a broadaxe and bored with hand augers.

Dr. Williamson and his family had come to Mendota from Kentucky as missionaries in 1844. They afterwards came to Traverse des Sioux and their farm was west of the town. Aunt Jane Williamson, my first Sunday School teacher, was a most wonderful woman and her sacrifices on behalf of the Indians were almost unbelievable. Norman Tolson said he had heard of the "crime of human kindness" but Aunt Jane Williamson was the "crime of human kindness." Andrew Williamson was in Fort Ridgely at the time of the siege and when it became necessary to go to the ammunition stores, he was the only one who would volunteer for the service and many shots were fired at him and many arrows fell close to him but he was not injured. He was a graduate of Marietta College and later Professor of Mathematics at Gustavus Adolphus College at St. Peter, afterwards going to Augustana College at Rock Island, Ill. where he died. His brother, John Williamson, was in the first graduating class of two at the University of Minnesota. Dr. Williamson had three daughters, one of them married a man by the name of Hunter and his grand daughter, Emily Hunter was or is a teacher at Greenwood, S.Dak. Another daughter married a man by the name of Stout and Nancy Williamson never married.

The McIntyres came from Canada with the Donnellis and Ben McIntyre with his sisters. Eliza and Jane lived in Traverse des Sioux until after the outbreak when they moved to St. Peter, after that going to California.

R.B. Pierce was Postmaster at St. Peter in the early sixties and he also gave music lessons and held singing schools.

Edward Eggleston, a Methodist preacher also used to make soap and sell it to help out his income. He was the author of "The Robber School Master" and "The Mystery of Metropolisville." He wrote to my father, D.R. Kennedy, two letters in which he asked father to meet him in Minn. for the purpose of getting the incidents in father's life to incorporate in a book he proposed to write.

If there is any way in which I can be of assistance to you, please command me.

Sincerely yours,

H.S.M.

Henry Sibley, Kenne

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TRANSCRIPTION FOLLOWS

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0179

TRANSCRIPTION

Brigadier General William C. Brown
875 Marion St.,
Denver, Colo.

791 Orizaba Ave.
Long Beach, Calif.
Jan. 8, 1929

Sorry to send you
a blue print -- my typist
is ill -- WCB

Dear General:

Referring to our recent conversation concerning what I remember of Traverse des Sioux, I have to say that my father, D.R. Kennedy, came to Minnesota in 1849 and at St. Paul met Gen. H.H. Sibley, then head of the American Fur Company at St. Paul and was sent by him to Traverse des Sioux. He was there at the Signing of the Treaty in 1851 and was connected with the American Fur Company for a time afterward, with Gen. Sibley he established trading posts at Yellow Medicine and a point farther West. I think it was in 1852 when a payment was to be made to the Indians at Traverse des Sioux. The money was to be sent by boat from St. Paul. My father was to take the boat at St. Paul but missed it and started out on foot to overtake it. He got to Shakopee before the arrival of the boat and lay down on a couch in the tavern telling the woman who ran the place to call him when she heard the boat whistle. Of course the boat whistle was a signal for everyone in the village to rush to the landing but she failed to call my father and when she got back the boat had gone on up the river so there was nothing to do but follow it on foot, which he did and got to Traverse des Sioux ahead of the boat. The distance was, by Indian trail, seventy-five miles and it was done between sunrise and sunset. I think it was George McLeod who told me that he knew of my fathers making the same trip three times.

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

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My father, with his clerk, a man by the name of Hutchinson was in his store when the Indians started for Fort Ridgley and down the valley. At about four o'clock in the morning someone rapped on the door and when he wakened my father, told him the Indians were on the warpath and to get out at once. Father began leisurely to pick up his equipment to go when the half breed, who had given the

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