Reminiscences of Thomas A. Robertson

My father was born in Dunfries, Scotland, in 1797. Both his parents died within two months of one another, when he was only two years old, and he was the only child. After graduating from some college and attaining his majority, he went on a whaling voyage and was gone three years. After that he landed in South America, where he and another man bought a plantation, but for some reason he had a restlessness that he could not overcome or perhaps it might have been something else. He left the plantation in charge of his partner and went somewhere else. Some time after he went back there and found that his partner had sold out and skipped to parts unknown. Sometime after that he came to the United States and landed in New York. He left the bulk of his belongings in some large hotel and taking only a few things with him went to Canada. While he was gone a fire in the city of New York burnt up this hotel and he lost all he had left there.

There was some mystery about his life that we have never been able to solve, the key to which I have always believed was a seal or signet ring in which a peculiar stone was set and on which something was engraved that we could never make out. This seal ring was lost during the Sioux Outbreak in Minnesota in 1862. This is about all we know of father's early life. He died of heart failure at Red Wood Agency, Renville County, Minnesota, in 1859, aged 62 years.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, was Captain Thomas C. Anderson, also a Scotchman and Canadian. My grandmother, on my mother's side, was half Sioux and half Scotch; her father's name was Ayrd, also a Scotchman.

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Angus Malcom Anderson. In 1810, my grandfather was sent to conduct a trading post on Lake Traverse, on the east side, now the Minnesota side of the lake. On their way up there from Prairie du Chien, my mother was born, at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine river about three miles from where the town of Yellow Medicine now is, and formerly the Yellow Medicine or Upper Agency. At this time these trading posts were under the Hudson Bay Fur Company. After the war of 1812, my grandfather Anderson, went back to Canada, and as my grandmother would not consent to leave her people and go with him, he left his family and went alone, but afterwards sent for my mother (Jane) and Uncle (Angus) and educated them in Canada. After he got his education, uncle Angus came back to Mendota, Minnesota, and was clerk under H. H. Sibley, who was in charge of the post at Mendota, at that time the headquarters of the American Fur Company.

In 1841 or 1842, my uncle Angus, while in St. Louis buying a stock of goods to commence trading on his own hook, died. My mother stayed in Canada with grandfather, where she and father met, and after an acquaintance of about three years and with the full consent and approval of grandfather they were married, but not until mother had made father promise that they would go at once to seek grandmother, which they started to do shortly afterwards. On this voyage they had some thrilling experiences, such as crossing Lake Michigan in a storm, on account of which, dreading the big water, mother would never consent to go back to Scotland with father; another was going down the Fox River in a birch bark canoe in a thunder storm, the canoe handled by a lot of drunken Winnebago Indians. They finally landed at Prairie du Chien, and from there on it was comparatively easy going, though they were,as it was in those days, far from the end of their hunt for grandmother. At that time the travel up and down the Mississippi River was practically all by Mackinaw boats propelled by the sturdy arms of the Canadian voyagers, so the nearer they

got to the end of their hunt, the slower they seemed to go. After many weary days they finally reached Mendota, where they learned that grandmother was at a place called Little Rock, about 100 miles up the Minnesota river, and about three miles from where Fort Ridgely is now. After a rest, they got passage again by boat up the Minnesota river and landed at Little Rock, where they got to my grandmother's home. She was not there, but they were told she was out with the other women of the village, playing a game of Lacrosse, but a messenger soon brought her in, and mother's hunt for her mother finally ended.

I may state here, grandfather's Indian name was Midday or Noon (Wi-yo-tan-han). After grandfather went back to Canada, grandmother married Hazen Moores, who was at the time of my mother's arrival at Little Rock, in charge of a trading post there. Mr. Moores' Indian name was Ista-sko-kpa, or Hollow Eyes; he was an American, but I don't remember what state he was from, but I think it was New York. To this marriage three children were born, all girls; one died when only a few years old; one, an epiletic from childhood, died at Crow Creek Agency, S. D. in 1864-- this was Jane Ann; Mary, the oldest, married John Brown, a brother of the noted Major Joseph R. Brown. They raised a large family of boys and girls; some of them are still living in or about St. Paul and Minneapolis. Soon after Father and Mother arrived at Little Rock, Mr. Moores gave up his charge of the trading post there, and he and father moved to Grey Cloud Island, settled on land and started to farm, mostly in raising blooded stock and hogs, and dairied, shipping their produce, cattle, hogs, butter, and cheese to St. Louis. This was where I was born on the 24th of October, 1839. There were nine children in our family; the oldest died when two years old, I was the next, then sister Marion, Angus Malcom, Gustavous Alexander, Francis, Anderson Andrew, Mary Sophia, William Marshall, Martha Catherine. I will state here that Grey Cloud Island was

named after my Grandmother, whose Indian name was "Mah-pi-ya-hota-win" or Grey Cloud woman. Sometime after this, about 1846-47, father took a claim just off the Island, which he named Cave Spring. We also lived for a year or two at a place called Cottage Grove, near Stillwater. My grandfather married again in Canada, from which four children were born; two boys and two girls, Gustavius, Frank, Sophia and Martha. Gustavius was a priest in the English Church. My grandfather died at the age of 96. My mother died at Browns Valley, Minnesota, at the age of 93.

I will now come more particularly to my own wanderings. After living at Grey Cloud Island, Cottage Grove, and Cave Spring, my father was appointed Government Farmer for Little Crow's band, and we moved to his village, Kaposia, about three miles down the river from St. Paul Stock Yards. This, if I remember right, was in 1849. Here after following the plow all day behind a yoke of oxen, one of which was balky, and caused me lots of trouble, my father taught evenings what little I can read and write. I went one term of three months to Dr. T. S. Williamson's school, which was about one half a mile from where we lived. In the spring of 1853, father, myself and a crew of men went by steamboat to establish an Agency on the Redwood Reservation, where by treaty of 1851, the Lower or Mde-wa-kanton Sioux were to be moved to. This spring was the highest water I have ever seen in the Minnesota Valley, the water was literally from bluff to bluff of the valley, and except through timber, we did not follow the river proper but cut across the flats. The boat we were on was the Clarion. A little side wheel boat called the Tiger had gone up about a week ahead of us. About a mile from the Redwood River we spied the Tiger waiting for us. We went on to the place we were headed for, and landing, we unloaded, the Tiger following us and came to where we were. We found after the water subsided, that the Tiger had anchored about half way up the Minnesota bluff and a mile from the river. The water left a small

pond there which we named Tiger Lake, and is called Tiger Lake to this day. After the water subsided, the crew of men we had with us cut and hauled logs and built two temporary buildings, in which, with the tents we had, we lived in during the summer of 1853; but when the flood had entirely subsided we found this was no place for an agency, as we had literally landed on a rock. Finally a site was chosen eight miles down the river across the Minnesota river where the town of Morton is now, and eight miles from Redwood Falls. Thus Redwood Agency was established, but as it was too late in the season, nothing was done there except to put up some hay. After getting the work somewhat started, father and the carpenters we had with us, built a boat in which father went down the Minnesota river to St. Paul, leaving Mr. Moores, whom I have mentioned before, in charge, and myself as cook for the crew. In August, Agent Murphy and my father, with their crew of helpers, came to make a payment to the Indians, who had by appointment congregated there. After the payment Major Murphy, father, myself and John Moores, who, by the way, was a son of Hazen Moores by a former wife, went back to our homes; Murphy and John Moores to Shakopee, father and I to Crow Village.

The next spring, in May, 1854, I was put in charge of a crew of three men, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a German, and some breaking teams, and sent to Yellow Medicine, where an agency was to be established for the so-called Upper or Sisseton Sioux, and to break land for I-yang-mani (Running Walkers) band whose village was at that place. Dr. T. S. Williamson had already established a mission there two or three years before. Near his house the village was, where we set up our tents and went at our breaking. In August we moved our outfit back to our first landing at Redwood, where John Moores had established his home, and where he lived up to the time of the "outbreak" of 1862, leaving the oxen and outfit there in

in charge of an old Scotchman McKillip. We three younger men started on foot for St. Paul, but met at Shakopee the Agent and his outfit, and father and the family, and with them returned to Yellow Medicine, and before winter set in put up several comfortable log buildings and shelter for the stock. Major Murphy went back to Shakopee, and father was left in charge.

These two agencies, Redwood and Yellow Medicine, were under the supervision of one Agent, and father was superintendent of schools on these two reservations up to the time of his death. In 1857 we moved from Yellow Medicine to the Redwood Agency.

In February 1858, Major Joseph R. Brown, father, and I came to Big Stone Lake, getting together a delegation of the Upper or Sisseton Sioux to go to Washington. The snow was very deep, but we made the trip all right, and got at Big Stone Lake, old O-zu-pi, or Sweet Corn, as he was called by the Whites, and Wamdi-upi-duta, or Red Feather, and others on our way back to the Agency; also a delegation of Lower Sioux from Redwood. With these two delegations we left Redwood Agency by sleigh for Washington on the second day of March, 1858. After going to some point in Iowa, the snow went off, and trading our sleighing outfit for wagons we made the rest of our way on wheels to McGregor, Iowa. There crossing the Mississippi River, we took the train for Washington. While passing through Iowa, I remember we stopped one night at a town called Decorah where I first saw and heard a piano. The daughter of the hotel keeper played and sang a song called the "Blue Junietta," I thought it very beautiful. I never knew what became of our traveling outfit, but I suppose Major Brown sold it for what he could get. We had some humorous experiences on the train with some of our older Indians, such as passing through a tunnel while crossing the Allegheny Mountains, and going down grade into Pittsburg. I remember, one whole blessed night, old Medicine

Bottle and old Shakopee, who were sitting in the seat next to me, sang their Medicine and Death songs. I remember when we were approaching this tunnel that we passed through, I went to the door at the hind end of the car—we were in the hind car--to watch the hole we came in at, "Old Whale" came to the door panting hard and tried to open the door, so he could jump out, but, of course, the door had been locked as a precautionary measure. We were in Washington about three months, and in June came home by the way of New York City. We were in New York City about a week. We got back to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, the night of the fourth of July, where we saw some beautiful fire works. Taking a boat at LaCrosse we got to St. Paul, and from there up the Minnesota river partially by boat and partially by team, we arrived at Redwood Agency the early part of July.

In August, 1858, a special agent, by the name of Pritchette, arrived from Washington to go out to the James River to see the Drifting Goose band or Pute temine (Sweet Lip) as they were called, who were located somewhere between where Aberdeen and Redfield now are, to make some kind of treaty or arrangement for their lands on the James River. This agent, father and myself, and several others, with Wm. L. Quinn, as interpreter, and two Indians (He-sa-zu and Wa-su-ho-waste) Branching Horns and Good Voice Hail, as guides, started on this trip. After several days travel we came to Lake Kampeska where we came across some of the Sissetons hunting buffalo, and were told by them that the Indians we were looking for were camped about a half a day's journey from there, which would be about fifteen miles. Before we broke camp in the morning a runner came in from the Drifting Goose camp, saying he was sent to guide us out to that camp. If I remember right, this runner's name was Ta-mi-na-we-we, or Bloody Knife. We broke camp and went with him, as guide. I will note here, that

at this camp about six miles from Lake Kampeska was where I shot my first buffalo. When we got to the Drifting Goose camp we found about fifteen or twenty lodges quietly hunting buffalo.

The next morning a council was called and the object of his visit was explained by the special agent. The Indians answered that they were not ready at that time to make any deal, and that they must have more time to consider the matter before they could give an answer, which would be at some future meeting. This special agent was quick tempered and of an arbitrary turn of mind and figured that he could bulldoze this small band into whatever he wanted to have done. He did not know that you could lead an Indian, but you could not drive him. This angered the younger element of the band, and several of them jumped up and grabbed our horses. This, of course, knocked him all out; he saw he had got his foot in it and was half scared to death, and he thought that we were all going to be killed. While this was going on, father seeing the way matters were drifting, and knowing well the disposition of the Indian, kept away from the council and sat on a large rock several rods away from the council grounds. The agent went to his interpreter and asked him to do what he could to get the teams back and get away from there. Interpreter Quinn, who was pretty badly scared too, said he could do nothing. Then he went to father who told him he could do nothing; "go and talk to the boy" meaning me. Then he came to me. I told him to keep away and I would see what I could do. We had with us a number of boxes of crackers, tobacco, butcher knives, sugar, tea, etc. The old chief Drifting Goose, and his sub-chiefs or soldiers as they were called in those times, were still sitting in council. I took some of the crackers, tobacco, etc., and carried them over to where they were sitting; then I opened some of the tobacco, and knives and gave to each of the young men that were still standing there holding the horses a plug of tobacco and a knife. All this time I was

thinking hard. I then sent back to the Chief and head men and told them that they must not mind what the agent said; that in taking the horses, they were not injuring him or the Government; that the horses belonged to myself and my father, that big man sitting over on the rock, and that the teams were only hired to bring the agent out there; that I was part Sioux myself, and that they ought not to feel towards me as they did towards the agent; that I thought he did not talk to them just right, but as no harm had been done, they should have the young men stop at that, release the horses and let the agent and his party go home, and they could talk this land matter up when they got ready. Then they wanted to know how I came to be part Sioux. I told them my grandmother's name was Mah pi ya hote win, Gray cloud woman, and that at one time she was married to an Englishman who kept a trading post on the east side of Lake Traverse, at a point called Wi-ta-hu-ti-ya-hde. They knew her right away and said that she had fed many of them the winter of the great famine when so many of them starved to death getting back from their winter hunt, and some of them even claimed relationship. The old Chief then told the young men to let the horses go, which the young men at once did, as everything was all right. The agent and his helpers were not long in hitching up and getting away from there. Long before father was ready the others had hitched up and gone. While all this was going on, the Indians had struck tent and were ready to move, all but the council tent, which was still standing. While father was hitching up one of the Indians came over from the tent and said they were having a feast and they would like to have two of us stay and eat with them. There were only three of us left, father, one of the guides and myself. Wa-su-ho-wa-ste, guides and myself were on horseback. Father said we could stay if we wanted to, and he would follow on after those who had gone. So we two stayed and went over to the tent, and this is where I had my first dog feast. It was getting dark when the feast ended, but as it was bright

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moonlight, we easily followed the trail made by the teams and overtook father about midnight, where he and I made camp. The guide went on, hoping to catch up with the others before morning. On our return from this trip, I took charge of Alexander Bailley's store at Redwood Agency, and was in charge of it about a year and a half. Then for six months I was teacher in one of the Indian district schools as they were called at that time. In 1860 I with mother and some of the other children moved onto a quarter of land near the mouth of Beaver Creek, that belonged to one of my sisters. This same year I was confirmed by Bishop Whipple, and was interpreter for Rev. S. D. Hinman, the priest in charge of that mission (Redwood) up to the time of the Outbreak of 1862, and for two years after. I also in 1864 worked on translating the Prayer book and some school books. My translation was only a part of the Prayer book. Since that time the whole of the Prayer book has been translated by a committee appointed by Bishop Hare.

At sunrise the morning of the eighteenth of August, 1862, my mother called and said for me to get up, that there was something strange going on in the flat below our house. I got up and looking out, saw Indians driving cattle about and catching horses but could not imagine what it was all about. Perhaps it might have been half an hour after, an old Indian by the name of Ka-kpan-kpan-u, who lived just across the river from us, and who was at our house nearly every day, came and said it was reported that a party of Chippewa were somewhere up Beaver Creek. A party of Sioux had gone to investigate, and he was going too. Would I let him take my gun? (He had had the loan of my gun many times before). I let him have the gun and he went. Not long after this, perhaps a half hour, he came back and said that about the Chippewa was not true. But it was now reported that some of the Upper or Sisseton Sioux were stealing horses from the Whites up the creek, but that he was not sure that this was true, and that he would go up again and find out. When

he came back the next time, I could see by his countenance, before he spoke, that there was something wrong, something unusual happening. In the meantime his old woman had come and he said to her, "You take my niece, meaning my mother, and the children across the river and keep them in the house and we will stay here and try and find out what is being done." So mother and the children went with the old woman. After they had gone he told me that it was these Indians, the Lower Sioux, that were taking the horses and cattle and that they were going to kill all the Whites. That a party of hunters had already killed some Whites over in the big woods, that a large party had gone to kill all the people at the Agency, that a party of young Indians were now on the hill standing with some of our white neighbors, ready to kill them, All they were waiting for was a signal for the attack on the agency. He wanted me to go up on the hill with him and tell these Whites to get out of the country as fast as they could. In the meantime he would try and hold back these young men. So I went up with him and found David Carrothers and several others of our white neighbors standing with these young Indians, and I noticed at once that there was with the party a young Winnebago that could talk good english and that it would not be safe for me to say, in his hearing, what I wanted to say to David Carrothers. I think the old Indian, Ka-kpan-kpan-u, too, saw the situation for he at once commenced talking to the young men and edging them away from the Whites, while Dave Carrothers and I edged away in the other direction until we got out of ear shot of this Winnebago, when I told Dave C. what I wanted to in a very few words. I first asked Dave if the Indians had got all their horses. He said they had three teams in Henderson's barn all harnessed and ready to be hitched on, and that the neighbors near there were altogether at that one house (Hendersons). I told him to get back there as quickly as he could, hitch on the teams

and save no horse flesh, but get away from there and out of the country as fast as possible. In the meantime, the old Indian, Ka-kpan-kpan-u, had got the young Indians started off in another direction.

The events of this morning, the 18th day of August, 1862, was the first intimation I had of an outbreak of the Sioux of Minnesota. Many theories have been given as to the cause of this outbreak and perhaps I could give mine, but I don't suppose it would be of any interest to you children as your interest will be more in knowing something of my own personal life and experiences. After leaving Dave Carrothers and on the way returning to our house we heard the firing of the attack on the agency. This was the signal for the commencement of the outbreak in which over 800 Whites were killed and over 150 men, women, and children were taken prisoners. After getting back to our home the old Indian said, "There is nothing for us to stay here for. We will go to my place and see what is best to do." I might as well state here, that what stock we had had all been taken. The old Indian had two canoes, One had been taken by the old woman in taking mother and the children over to their house. The other was at the bank on our side of the river. We got in and were just shoving off when I heard a rustling in the bushes and looking back saw my brother Frank standing on the bank. Returning we took him in and took him with us over to the old Indian's where we found mother and the children safe in the care of the old woman. We stayed with them that night. The next day a camp was formed about a mile from there, on the bank of the Redwood river. All were ordered to move to that camp, and of course we had to go with the others, as this was an order of the soldier's lodge of the hostiles. During this time Captain Marsh's command had been practically wiped out at the agency ferry. Fort Ridgely had been attacked, also the town of New Ulm. Another attack of the fort and New Ulm was ordered and all able-bodied

men, young and old, full bloods and mixed bloods were ordered to go. I went and was at the second battle of Fort Ridgely and also the second battle of New Ulm. I suppose I might have slunked out of going, but I wanted to go. I wanted to see what chance there was for getting away from the hostiles, not for myself but for the rest of our family, and the other prisoners in the hostile camp. If I had been alone in the hostile camp, knowing the country so well, I could have got away any night. But under the circumstances, if I had done so, it would have been almost certain death for the rest of my family, and perhaps others. On our return from the two battles mentioned above, the camp was ordered to move to Yellow Medicine. On this move to Yellow Medicine, John Moores, who was stepbrother to mother, took charge of her and the rest of the family, and as he had many friends and relatives among the Indians, I felt comparatively safe for the time being. So when some young men of old Red Iron's band wanted me to go with them, I consented and went with them to their village about twelve or fifteen miles up the Minnesota from Yellow Medicine. While at Red Iron's, my brother Frank and another young man were sent as messengers to have me appear before Little Crow, at the camp at Yellow Medicine. I at once went with them, and on arriving at the camp found that a council was being held, discussing a note that had been brought in, that was found posted on the battle ground of Birch Coulie. This note was from General Sibley, and had been read and interpreted by Joseph Campbell, David Faribault and other mixed bloods that could read English. When I got to the council grounds, Little Crow beckoned me to sit beside him, which I did. Then he handed me the note, which was only a few lines, and said, "I have had this letter read and interpreted by several, but I want to be sure what is in the letter, so I sent for you, now read it and tell me what it says." So I read the note and interpreted it to him, after which he said, "Now I know because

I know I can depend upon you to tell the truth, you can go now where you please." After hunting about for a while I finally found mother and the rest of the family, who were still with Uncle John Moores. I stayed with them up to the time of the release of the prisoners at Camp Release. I will state here that in this note General Sibley said, "Send two mixed bloods under a white flag, and they will be protected from harm and returned to you." The council that was being held finally decided to send an answer to the note of General Sibley and chose two mixed bloods, one of whom was Thomas Robinson, who was willing and ready to make the trip, but no other mixed blood was willing to take the chances and go with him. Tom came to me and told me this, I said, "I will go with you if you can get Little Crow's consent." He said, "I will go to him and see what he says." Some time after this he came back and said,"Little Crow does not want you to go on this trip, but told me to go and find somebody else. I have looked about but can find nobody. They are all afraid." I have known Little Crow since I could remember, and knew he was friendly towards me and our family, so after thinking the matter over a few minutes, I concluded that he, Little Crow, did not want me to take the chances, so I said to Tom, "Lets you and I go together and see him again." So we went and found him alone in his tent. When we went in and he saw me he said, "Ton-ska ya-hi," and told me to sit down beside him. Then Tom told him that he had been to every one of the mixed bloods, but none of them would consent to go except me, that this note of Sibley's should be answered, but that he did not like to try to make the trip alone. Then Little Crow, laughing, said, "Are you not afraid?" I said no, that I was not afraid to go anywhere he told me to. Then he, Little Crow, said, "You two can go then," and handed Tom the answer to General Sibley's note. Tom then said ,"It is a long walk. We will get back as soon as we can." Then he, Little

Crow, said, "You wont have to walk. I will get you a rig." We went back to our tent. Soon after, a small mule and single buggy was brought to us and told that that was our rig, and, by the way, this little mule, before we got back, proved to be much more than she looked. She was the best mule of her size I ever saw in my life. She was not much on the trot, but she would lope from sunrise to sundown, and then some. We started and on our way, just before we got to the Yellow Medicine river, we came to an Indian grave over which was stuck a pole with a yard square of sheeting fastened onto it, and painted blue in the center. As we did not have even a white handkerchief we took this along with us, hoping to make it work as a flag of truce, but somewhat in doubt as to how the blue center would work for that purpose. Just before we came to the Redwood River we came to a house that had been occupied by the Covernment farmer for Little Six's band who were located on and about the Redwood. We stopped to give the mule a breath, and went into the house. Everything had been taken or destroyed, but on going into the cellar we found a part of a keg of soft soap. Having still our blue center flag in mind, we took this along, and stopping at the river we spent a half hour washing this out, which when we got done would, at a distance, do fairly well, but in close quarters was still somewhat bluish. However, it was the best we had. Continuing on, about four or five P. M. we came to the creek, about one and a half miles from Fort Ridgely. Up to this time we had not yet come in sight of the Fort. Here, hiding our arms we again started on our way and getting on top of the bank of the creek we came in plain sight of the Fort, where we could see there was quite a commotion and that a man from the Fort had started out on the road to meet us. About half way between the creek, above mentioned, and the Fort was the picket line inside of which cattle were being butchered. Just before we got to this picket line, I got out and met this man that was coming outside

of the picket line. After saluting, he asked me where we were from. I told him fron Little Crow's camp. He then asked me what we were there for. I told him we had amessage for General, at that time Colonel, Sibley to be delivered to him and no one else. He said, "That's right. You stick to that till you get to Sibley." And by the way this man was Colonel McPhaile, the officer of the day, whom I became well acquainted with after these troublous times were over, and with whom I have played many a game of billiards. He died several years ago, somewhere near Redwood Falls. To continue. He then told Tom, who was still sitting in the rig, to come on, but as Tom did not seem to understand what was wanted, I went back and led the mule up to where the Colonel stood. He told me to get in, and he himself getting in and sitting on our laps, drove the mule into camp. A detachment of soldiers had been sent out and surrounding us, guarded us into the lines and to Colonel Sibley's tent. Up to this time it looked a little squeamish for us, as any one from the hostile camp, red, white or black was considered by many a hostile and a murderer. After giving us our supper, we were separated. I was taken to another tent, and questioned as to the conditions in the hostile camp, the conditions of the prisoners, etc. This was done by some officer appointed for that purpose. Tom was questioned by Colonel Sibley himself. Anticipating that something of this kind would be done, we on our way had talked these matters over and had agreed on what answers we would give to the main questions that we were liable to be asked. This turned out to be a happy forethought, as, though separated our answers agreed on all of the main points asked us. No one can realize the situation in which we were placed, for while we were ostensibly messengers from Little Crow and the hostiles, I was in secret a messenger in the interest of the friendly element and the release of over one hundred and fifty prisoners in the hostile camp. We stayed at Fort Ridgely that night. Early next morning an escort took us outside the lines and

taking up our arms where we had left them we wended our way back to the hostile camp, which we reached without further adventure, which would be of interest to you children.

On reaching camp we found the friendlies had not been idle. They had formed a separate camp, composed mostly of the mission Indians and their friends with Little Paul, as he was called, as their leader. (Indian name Ma-za ku-te ma-ni), and a few whites and some mixed bloods that had been taken under their protection during the first days of the outbreak.

A great ado has been made over the acts of John Otherday, old man Simons and Lorenzo Lawrence. I happen to know the early history of at least two of these men, John Otherday and Lorenzo Lawrence. John Otherday was a desperate character among his own people, and was both feared and hated. On the trip to Washington in 1858, Otherday was one of the delegates. On our return from Washington he brought back with him a white woman that he took out of a house of ill-fame, whom he married after he got back to the reservation. Aside of what friendly feelings he might have had towards the whites he was interested in getting his wife away and among her own people, as well as getting himself away from his own people, some of whom were liable to shoot him at any time under cover of these troublous times. For this Otherday received from the Government one thousand dollars, which was all right enough. Perhaps he ought to have got more. Lawrence (Ton-wan-ite-ton) also was, among his own people, a tough character. He and another man (Sunkasistina) at one time shot and killed two of Little Crow's brothers. Lawrence afterwards married one of the widows, and lived with her up to the time of her death. So he had other things in view when he put himself under the protection of the whites. As to Simons (Anawangmani) I have nothing except, I think he was all right. But Little Paul (Ma-za

Ku-te-ma-ni was really the man of the hour. He bearded the lion in his den as it were. He told Little Crow and his people in open council, "You think you are brave because you have in the last few days killed a lot of defenseless women and children. You are cowards. You think to get me and my people to help you in this work! No never. These prisoners will have to be given back to their people, and the sooner you do it the better it will be for you. You are figuring now to leave this country and get under the protection of the English, but you must remember the Chief of the English is a woman, and she can never be friendly to a people who kill and butcher and otherwise abuse such as she is; as well as killing innocent little children. No you will never get my help." This council broke up with this so called friendly party taking a firm stand to work for the release of all prisoners. I tell this to show that Little Paul (Ma-za ku-te ma-ni) really did more than those that guided small parties out of the hostile country. Little Paul was a member of the Presbyterian Church, a Christian as well as a good brave man. One more incident I will relate of this Little Paul. The summer after the Ink-pa-du-ta outbreak at Spirit Lake, it was reported that three prisoners were in his hands, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Marbel and a Miss Gardner, a young girl about fifteen years old. It was learned afterward, that Mrs. Noble was shot in the water, while crossing the Sioux River. Jacob Greyfoot (Si-ha ho-ta) and his brother went out somewhere between the Jim River and the Missouri and brought in Mrs. Marbel, and reported they could not get Miss Gardner, as she was in the hands of the notorious White Lodge (Wa-ke-ya Ska) and he would not give her up. Little Paul, learning of this said, "I will go and get her." So he, in company of some other Indians, I forget now who, went out and found White Lodge somewhere on the Missouri river, and after some dickering and wrangling he finally got Miss Gardner and started home with her. A runner came into Yellow Medicine and reported that little

Paul's ponies had played out and that he wanted help. Father sent me out with a rig and I met Little Paul with Miss Gardner at Lac qui Parle and brought them into the Yellow Medicine Agency, where we were then living. After Miss Gardner, under mother's care, got rested up, father, myself, Little Paul and, if I remember right, one or two others took her to St. Paul and delivered her to the authorities there. I met this same Miss Gardner only a few years ago at Browns Valley. She is still living and is at Okoboge near Spirit Lake, where the rest of her family of six were killed.

After the council mentioned above in which Little Paul defied Little Crow and his cohorts, Little Crow decided to send again, a messenger to Colonel Sibley, in answer to one we had brought back on our first trip. Tom Robinson and I were again chosen to take this message. In the meantime the friendlies or peace party had not been idle. We were to start on this second trip the next morning. That night, Good Thunder (Wa-kinya wa-ste) came to me and told me some of the friendlies wanted to send a letter to Colonel Sibley and wanted me to write it for them. I had in my pocket a short piece of pencil and an old memorandum book, but we had no light, so Good Thunder went out and found somewhere, a short piece of candle. He split a stick and sticking the candle in the split and covering this and myself with a blanket, he lit the candle. In as few words as possible, I wrote what he told me they wanted to say. I then asked him who was sending this letter. He said put Wabashaw and Ta-o-pi's name to it, and this I delivered to Colonel Sibley on our second trip. The reason for my hiding the light when I wrote this was that some of the hostiles were becoming suspicious of us two messengers, especially myself, and I had to be very careful about what I did. The original of this note, I am told, is somewhere among the historical records in St. Paul. On this second trip we had part way with us, my brother Angus

and Uncle John Moores. They went with us to get a wagon that we had seen near the road on our first trip. They got the wagon and returned to Beaver Creek to wait for our return. This was some time after the battle of Birch Coulie. On this second trip we did not stay over night at Fort Ridgely, but started on our return the same day, quite late in the afternoon. When about two miles off the battle ground of Birch Coulie, on a little rise ahead of us near the road, we saw something pop up and drop out of sight again. We, of course, at once took it to be an Indian or some one else that was waylaying us. In a second our guns were ready. we turned out of the road a little to circle around this mound or rise in the ground. When we got opposite to it, a hawk rose and flew away. This was just after sundown. Perhaps some of you recall having seen hawks do this same thing. We, of course, had a laugh over our scare, but it goes to show that we had to be, and were on the alert all the time. It got dark before we got to the battle ground of Birch Coulie. The night was moonless, still and soggy, and circling round and past the battle grounds, the stench was terrible. I thought we would never get away from it, but we finally did, and came to the top of the bluff back of our old house. Somewhere in this vicinity we expected to meet my brother and Uncle John Moores, but when no particular place had been agreed upon, for a few minutes we were in a quandry what to do. Tom Robinson, who as you know was with me, said we could not halloo as that would arouse any Indians that might be lurking about here. After thinking a few minutes, it came to my mind that in our boyhood days, when my brother and I were out in the woods in the evening, hunting the cows, in order to keep in touch with one another, one of us would imitate the note of the quail or bob-white, and the other would answer in the same note. Putting my fingers in my mouth, I did this and we waited a minute but no answer. I repeated it and immediately came an answer from away down

in the woods, below our old house. I knew at once it must be them. We went on down the hill and met them about half way to where they had made camp in the woods. Arriving in camp we found that they had dug up potatoes in some settler's garden, and finding some chickens, somewhere, they had a large pot on boiling. So taking care of our mule that we had unhitched at the foot of the hill, we filled up on chicken, potatoes and soup, and as we had got some tobacco at the Fort, we had our smoke, and laying down our blankets we were soon in our righteous slumber. My brother told me afterwards that they had heard my first call, but wanted to be sure. When the second call came he knew it must be I, as the same thought came into his mind that had into mine, suggesting this call to get us out of our dilema. The next morning we were up early, and by daylight were on our way again. After crossing the Minnesota, a short distance from where we had made our camp, we met a small bunch of sheep, of which we killed three, and loaded them onto Moore's new wagon and took them along. About half way between Redwood and Yellow Medicine we met a small party of our friends, of the so-called peace party, and soon after that again a party of the hostiles, headed by Little Crow's brother, On-kto-mi-ska, White Spider, who a few years ago died at Flandreau. This looked suspicious to us, but as about an equal number of our friends had joined us we were not much alarmed. Soon after White Spider and his party left us, claiming they were hunting cattle. Those of our own friendly party soon followed them, I think to keep in touch with them, and to see that they did us no harm. We saw nothing more of either party during the rest of our trip. During the day a steady rain came up and lasted all day and the following night, so by the time we reached (I-yang-ma-ni) Runningwalker's(the father of Little Crow's four wives) abandoned village, about sundown, we were thoroughly soaked to the skin. We found the old chief Runningwalker's house still standing. This was

built of logs with a mud chimney for a fire-place, and a rough pine board table for furniture. Glad to get under any shelter, we soon unhitched our team and mule. Securing them, we secured a liberal supply of wood and soon had a roaring fire going in the old mud fire-place. By this time it was getting dark. Taking in our belongings and stripping off our clothes and hanging them about the fire-place to dry, we were as we thought prepared for a night of comparative comfort. But soon to our sorrow found that we had counted without our host, or hosts, as when the place began to get warmed up, it was literally swarming with fleas, fleas, fleas, and then some more. After taking off my clothes, I had taken possession of the one pine board table. On this I lay and sat, mostly sat, the whole blessed night, and was surely glad when morning came, and we were once more on our way.

We found on getting back, that the camp's both hostile and friendly had been moved to within a short distance from Red Iron's village, now Camp Release. As we neared camp we saw Little Crow, on a knoll, singing and dancing and as we got nearer we heard him saying, "The British are coming to help me and they are bringing Little Dakota." This Little Dakota was a small canon or howitzer at some time left by some exploring party near where Jimtown now is, and so named by the Indians. It was thrown into the Jim river by the Indians, and I presume lays there yet.

Our message from Colonel Sibley to the friendlies or peace party was, "If possible to get possession of all the prisoners and form a separate camp and hold the prisoners, that he was now thoroughly prepared and would be on the move against the hostiles the next day, that all those that had committed murders and other outrages against the Whites would be punished, and all those who had been friendly and acted as such would be duly considered, and protected as such." Soon after this, runners came reporting that Sibley was on his way. In fact, runners were

coming in every few hours. The hostiles at once made preparations to meet him, and as runners again came in with word that Sibley was making his camp at Wood Lake or Lone Tree Lake, as the Indians called it, they decided to attack the camp that night, or early in the morning, and everybody was ordered to go that night. These orders were not given by Little Crow, as is usually supposed, but by the Soldier Lodge of whom the notorious Cut Nose (Mahpiy a o Kin!) who was one of the thirty-eight who were hung at Mankato, was the head and who was virtually in command at all the battles. This battle ground of Wood Lake is about twelve or fifteen miles from where we were then camped. As soon as it got dark, nearly all the men, both hostile and friendly, started, but on the way and in the dark most of the friendlies dropped out and came back to camp. After the battle, when the hostiles came back defeated and discouraged, they found that in their absence the friendlies had formed a separate camp, had secured all of the prisoners, had dug pits inside the tents for the protection of prisoners and were prepared to meet them on any grounds they wished to take, but being beaten and on the run. By the next morning no hostile camp was in sight, and so practically ended, for that year, the Indian outbreak of 1862. I was one of those who stayed behind and helped form the separate camp, and dug pits for the security of the prisoners. To some who may read this, I may seem too egotistical, but my only desire is to state the facts as I now remember them, and some at which I was not present as they were related to me by those who were and whom I could rely on for truthfulness. By the next morning, after the Battle of Wood Lake, there was no hostile camp in sight, as during the night they had left and scattered out through the country farther west. As the details of the Battle of Wood Lake are a matter of official record, and I was not present, I will leave them to be looked up elsewhere. The next day Colonel Sibley and his command came in sight. So a few of us went out and met him and reported to him the situation as it then was and

conducted him to what has ever since been called Camp Release. Some detachments of cavalry were at once sent out after the hostiles, and in a few days brought in a few families that had been overtaken somewhere on the Jim River. During the next few days quite a number of the hostiles, whose families had remained with us, came into our camp, but were at once reported and put under guard with the others. I suppose you will at once think what others? Which I will explain by stating all, including friendlies, were disarmed, and excepting in a few cases, the whole camp put under guard. No one could leave this camp without a special permit from Colonel Sibley. Any Indian could come into this camp but none ever got out. We were near the timber on the Minnesota river. So in a few days log pens were put up and as fast as they were apprehended, the men were put into these log pens and strongly guarded. While this was going on a military court had been appointed by Colonel Sibley, with Colonel Crook at the head, but as the doings of this Court are also of official record, I will omit relating all except what concerns myself. On complaint of my sister Marion the first one tried by this Court was a young man who had shot and killed her husband (Alexander Hunter) on the morning of the nineteenth day of August. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. In a few days more log pens were put up and all suspects put under guard in these pens. The women and children and a few trusted men were then sent under guard to the Yellow Medicine Agency, there to await further orders. The next tried was Ta-ju-ska, one of the worst ones. He was soon tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. When told that he would be hung, he at once made complaint against me, saying I was with those that were fighting the Whites and that I had shot a man inside the Fort, meaning Fort Ridgely. On this complaint I was arrested and put under guard, and the next day was set for my trial. But here I must first relate what happened at Fort Ridgely. During the attack I with a few others, one

a member of the Soldier's Lodge, were standing in the barn, some way outside of the Fort grounds. One member of this party had a bow and quiver of steel headed arrows, and this member of the Soldier's Lodge proposed that a piece of punk be tied to the head of one of the arrows, the punk lighted and the arrow shot onto the roof of one of the buildings inside the Fort. When the preparing of the arrow and punk were finished, there came the question of who was going to shoot this arrow. The buildings on this side the Fort were too far away to be reached with an arrow shot from where we were, and whoever did the shooting had to get outside this barn, and by some means get nearer to some building inside the Fort. This would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking, as the person would be exposed to some mighty good shots inside that fort, as had been proven by some of their work done that day. Knowing this, none volunteered to do the shooting. At this time one of the Indian men and myself were standing close to one of the windows. This Indian was a particular friend of mine and had stayed right with me ever since we left camp. As none seemed anxious to do the shooting of the arrow, this member of the soldier's lodge stepped up to me and handing me the bow and arrow said, "You will have to shoot this." I realized at once that this was the same as an order from hostile headquarters, and trusting in providence to guide, I unhesitatingly took them. At this junction my friend nudged me and pointing out of the window said, "There goes a man shoot and I will say you killed him." I saw no reason for not doing what he said, and it flashed across my mind that he had some reason, and putting my gun through the window, fired. My friend at once turned to the other members of the party and said, "He shot him down. He shot him down." Just then a cannon shot went through the roof of the barn in which we were, and in a minute or two another shot passed through between the two floors. We all, of course, got out of there and this ended my shooting of the lighted arrow, but not my trouble in connection with the episode. Now to go back to my arrest and trial. It

is not necessary to go into details, but only to state that by good witnesses, one of whom was Lieutenant James Gorman, the officer of the day in the fort, and others that no one was killed that day inside the fort, as stated in the complaint made by the convicted Indian (Ta-ju-) and I was at once released. About this time the surrendered camp, mostly women and children was moved to Yellow Medicine. Mother and the family had been taken away with the other released prisoners. Mother and family through the kindness of Dr. J. W. Daniels, were sent to Faribault, Minnesota, where they were taken care of by kind friends. I still remained at Camp Release with Colonel Sibley's command. As the old Indian who had got my gun the morning of the first day of the outbreak was one of those who had surrendered, it came to my mind that my gun might be among those that had been given up by the Indians. So getting a permit from Colonel Sibley, I went into the tent where those guns were stored. There were several hundred of them, and after going over about half of the pile, I came across my old gun. Some years afterwards I let my brother Gustavius have the gun. He has since died, but I presume the family still has the gun. Soon after this order was issued to move the camp to Redwood Agency. Taking in on our way, the women and children that were at Yellow Medicine and also a considerable number of Indian prisoners that were held there, we in due time arrived at the Redwood Agency, where camp was made, and the Military Court continued. On our way down when we got to the Redwood River, which was about two miles from our old home, I got permit to leave the train and visit it. Having procured some ammunition, I took the old gun along, and luckily finding one of the canoes and also a paddle, I crossed over and went to the old home, but there was nothing there but ruins. It was late in the season, and the smaller lakes or ponds were coated over with ice. Hundreds of ducks were congregated in the river. Assuming this was so and also to get a ride, at least part way to camp,

I got into the canoe again and went down the river, and getting some good pot shots at ducks, sitting on the sandbars, had on coming into camp thirty mallard ducks, which I thought pretty good for about three hours hunting. Here the Court finished its work in which some three hundred were convicted and sentenced to be hung, but President Lincoln commuted the sentences of all but thirty-nine to various periods of imprisonment, and one other, and old man, by the name of Roundwind (Ta-te-mi-ma) was pardoned by telegram after he had been put in the death pen with the other thirty-eight. This old man was sentenced to be hung because he had acted as cryer for the Soldier Lodge, heretofore mentioned.

The thirty-eight were hung at one drop at Mankato, but this being history can be found elsewhere. Speaking of history, owing to my personal knowledge of events occuring during my life and especially during the times that I am writing of, my faith in history has been somewhat shaken, as for instance: It was reported that some fifteen Indians were killed at the fights at New Ulm, and officially reported that at least fifty Indians were killed at Fort Ridgely. There were only four killed at the Fort, two at each one of the battles, and four at New Ulm, two at the ferry at Redwood Agency, two at the battle of Birch Coulie and two somewhere in the Big Woods, I think at St. Cloud, Glenco, or near there. Sixteen were killed at the Battle of Wood Lake, and two at Fort Abercrombie; in all during 1862, thirty-two.

As the Military Court had got through with their work, and nothing more to be done then, orders were issued to break camp, and some of the troop took charge of the, something over three hundred condemned men, who went by way of New Ulm to Mankato. Other troops took charge of the prisoner's camp, as it was called, consisting of women and children and a few men. With these last I went. Colonel Marshall, afterwards Governor

of Minnesota, was in charge of these, with several companies of soldiers. We encountered nothing of importance, until we got to Henderson where a large crowd had collected for the purpose, we were told, of massacreing the whole outfit. We had a hot time getting through the town, but finally made it all right without anyone being killed, though a number of women and children were hurt with bricks and stones thrown but no shots were fired. We made camp several miles beyond the town. Without anything more of importance happening, we reached Fort Snelling. An enclosure of boards was put up within which these people, in their tents, passed the winter. I stayed with them, as Lieutenant McKusick, an old acquaintance and in charge of the camp or bull pen, as it was called, asked me to stay with him and do the work of issuing rations, wood, etc. and also the Rev. Hinman, for whom I had interpreted before, wished me to do his interpreting in teaching and other missionary work among them through that winter.

The Reverend S. D. Hinman of Protestant Episcopal Church, Reverend John P. Williamson of the Presbyterian Church, and Father Ravou of the Roman Catholic Church, all did much good work in teaching them to read and write in their own tongue, especially Mr. Hinman and Mr. Williamson. Father Ravou divided his time between this camp, at Fort Snelling and the prison at Mankato. The Reverend Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, and the Reverend S. R. Riggs who had for many years previous to this been missionaries among some of these people had reduced the Sioux tongue to writing, and the New Testament, a part of the Old Testament, some school and other books had been printed, As this work of teaching had been going on in the prison at Mankato, under the guidance of Reverend Dr. T. S. Williamson, with the assistance of some who had learned before, wonderful progress was made. Before Spring the men in prison were writing to their families at Fort Snelling and the women to their husbands and relatives in prison. Many were, by those faithful missionaries, converted to the Christian faith, which to me seemed perfectly natural, as I knew them to be religious-

ly inclined, or if I may use the term, a worshipful people. They prayed and sacrificed to a stone, a tree, or what not, but as they had told me many times this or that only represented an unseen power that controlled the destinies of people as well as individuals, and as all other Gods, in the last few months had failed, it to me, was perfectly natural that they should turn to the unseen God of the white man. Of course, there were back-slidings, as is the case among other people, but in the majority they have been true to their new faith, sometimes under very trying circumstances. A year or more previous to the outbreak many societies or lodges had been reëstablished, such as the Bear Dance Society, the Buffalo Dance, the Elk Lodge, the Raw Fish Eaters Lodge, the Dog Liver Eaters Lodge and one new one that I had never seen or heard of before, called by the originators of the lodge the Monkey Society. Each one of these had their particular songs and peculiar steps in their dances, such as the Buffalo step, the Elk step, the Monkey step, etc. But over and above all, there was the Sacred Lodge (Wa-ken wa-ci-pi) which had been handed down from time unknown. This society or lodge was very strict in their rules and it was not every one that could get admittance into this society. It was also, in a way, a secret society in which secrets were divulged to the initiated, under oath, never to be revealed to any person not a member of the society, and this oath was ever faithfully kept. Uncle John Moores and Chief Gabriel Renville were both born among the Indians, and until they were fifteen or sixteen years old, lived with them, and raised as Indians, during which time they were admitted into this society. Neither of them could ever be got to tell what these secrets were. If asked they would laugh it off, or in some way evade answering the question. One of their rules was, if any woman, a member of this society was known to be unchaste or committed any overt and unwomanly act should be expelled from the society. I know of two cases

where this was done. My father used to think that this society was in some way connected with the Free Masons. He also firmly believed that the Indians on this continent were descendents of the lost tribes of Israel, as many of their customs and rules of living were very much alike, as for instance: A woman at certain periods was considered unclean and not allowed to stay in the same tent with their own family or to go into any other tent, except a small tent provided and kept for that special purpose by most every family. She was not admitted into her own home until she had purified herself. I think Ignatious Donnelly, once Governor of Minnesota, was of the same belief and wrote a book on the subject.

Another thing in connection with this Sacred Lodge, or whatever it may be called, was that this same thing was in other tribes, such as the Chippewa, the Winnebago, the Sax and Fox, and the Omahas. Some of these tribes were deadly enemies to one another, which would go to indicate, it seems to me, that in the long ago, perhaps hundreds of years, these many tribes were of one common origin; another thing in favor of the theory of argument that they are descendents of the Lost Tribes of Israel. The elder men of this lodge were eventually the doctors of this tribe and while conjuring was very much resorted to, many herbs and roots were used, many of which, I think, were good. The sweat bath was also used in many cures.

In cases of tuberculosis, which in former years were very few, no one was allowed to eat from the same dish or smoke from the same pipe used by the afflicted ones. But they carried this to a rather ridiculous extent, as a murderer for a certain length of time had his individual dish and pipe. One incident that has just come to my mind I will relate here, as it may be of some historical interest to Veblenites. About two miles from the town of Veblen, where my brother Angus is now living, commonly known as Short Foot Grove, was an old camping ground of Standing

Buffalo's people, the Sissetons. Here they would come together from their several villages on Lake Traverse, Big Stone Lake, Buffalo Lake, Pickerel Lake, Enemy Swim and other places. Here again some time during the month of November 1862, they again came together to consult and decide as to the best place to winter. They decided on Devils Lake, as they deemed it unsafe, at least for some time to come, to remain in this part of the country.

After the battle of Wood Lake and the defeat of the hostiles and their immediate flight, they scattered out in small groups, thinking, I presume, in that way to more easily escape any troup that might be sent out in pursuit. But learning, by some means, that Sibley was not making any further move, and concluding from this, I presume, that Sibley, after securing the release of the prisoners had concluded to halt for that season. At the same time hearing of this, Standing Buffalo's camp at what was called by them Ma-ka-san-oze (the Creek of procuring of White Clay), Little Crow and his followers, also, came together there, and in one grand feast and council, Little Crow made his last appeal to Standing Buffalo (Ta-tan-ka na-jin) to help him in his efforts against the Whites. But Standing Buffalo refused to have anything to do with it, and said to Little Crow, "You have already made much trouble for my people. Go to Canada or where you please, but go away from me and off the lands of my people." This was told me by my father-in-law (Ma-rpi-ya ho tan-ka) known among the whites as Short Foot. On this old camping ground he selected his allotment, where he lived until his death in 1890, and where his widow, now eighty-seven years old, still lives and cultivates her half acre or so of so-called squaw corn, and other garden truck.

As previously decided upon, Standing Buffalo and his people wintered at Devils Lake, 1862-63. Some of the hostiles went to Canada that winter. Others scattered out on the plains further west in pursuit of buffalo, confident, as they had secured from the Whites plenty of guns, ammunition

and horses, that it would be an easy matter getting a living. But in this also they had miscalculated. Their horses, taken from the whites, not being accustomed to the outdoor life as the Indian ponies were, before winter was very far advanced, all died, leaving them without horses to hunt the buffalo, or means of trans ortation, and only such of their camp equipments as they could carry on their backs were taken in their moves. Many of them came into Standing Buffalo's camp at Devils Lake entirely destitute and in a state of starvation.

During my lifetime I have not known of a violently insane Indian man or woman, but some that were more on the simpleton or idiotic order. Some whose names I remember, one Ha-ke-wa-ste (The Last Good One) an old man, who died many years ago, another Ho-tan-in-yan-ku (Voice returning), another Wa-si-cun-na (the Little White man), at the time of the outbreak a youth about eighteen years old. These two last were among the thirty-eight hung at Mankato. The first on account of some slip of the tongue at his trial by the Military Court. The last through some mistake inadvertantly, or otherwise, made at the time of calling out of those who were to be hung. There were two of this name, Wa-si-cun-na, in the prison. This boy, about eighteen years old, I firmly believe was innocent. The other, a man perhaps thirty or thirty-five years old, whom I think, likely, was justly condemned. When the person for that purpose appointed stood in the door of the prison calling the names of the condemned came to the name Wa-si-cun-na, the man sitting next to him nudged him and said, "Your name is called." He, the boy, in his simplicity at once got up and went out, and with the others was put into the death house. The other man, who I believe was really the guilty party, afterwards died in prison.

In writing of the different societies and lodges, the Buffalo Lodge, the Bear Lodge, the Monkey Society, etc. I forgot to mention the War Dance, the Peace Dance and the Scalp Dance. Each had their special songs and particular kind of step in their dances. To a white person, I sup-

pose they seem to be all the same, the same beating of the drum, the same He-yay-yay in their songs, the same hopping up and down in their dances. But this is not so, as I know. But it is the same with the Indian in regard to white dances, the Waltz, the Two Step, the Tango, the Fox Trot. The hugging, as it were, is all alike to them, mostly the hugging. (Of course, I am not now speaking of the Indians of the Carlisle, Haskel and other non-reservation schools. They have now learned the difference between the Tango and a Fox Trot). But here I wish to more particularly mention some things in connection with the Scalp Dance, many of which I have seen. In some I have seen as many as twelve scalps. These scalps were stretched on hoops, dried, and then the flesh side painted red, and the hair decorated with ribbons, feathers, etc. In cases where the ears were included in the scalping, ear-rings were in the ears. All of the many scalps that I have seen were Chippewa scalps. These scalps were kept for four months, and at each new moon these scalps were repainted, redecorated, and a feast and grand dance was held. At the end of the fourth moon, and after the grand dance, which sometimes lasted several days, a grave was dug and the scalps buried.

These monthly renewing of the scalps, if I may be permitted to call it such, were by them called the painting of the scalps. From the time of the taking of a scalp up to the time of the burial of the same, the one taking the scalp and three others that were in a way connected with it, which I will explain further on, were not allowed to use any flashy paint or personal decorations of any kind, except to wear on top of his head a tuft of swans down, about the size of an apple. His blanket was usually an old one, daubed with mud, and his face was painted black. The tuft of swans down was to designate him as one "coup men" as the French Canadians used to call them. In the killing of an enemy, the one who did the actual killing was granted a separate honor. Then came the "coup" mentioned above.

This coup was the touching of the dead enemy's body, which in most cases would be lying within or near the enemy's lines. There were four of these coups, 1-2-3-4, on the bodies of each enemy killed, and it was looked upon as more of an honor than the actual killing. In some cases the man who did the killing would make the first coup, in which case he was conceeded a double honor, which was the wearing of an eagle feather, on the white part of which was painted a red spot. This would deprive others of taking more than three more coups on that body. Each person was allowed to wear one eagle feather for each coup performed whether it was the first, second, third or fourth.

During the seven weeks that I was in the Hostile and Friendly camp I did not see a whole white scalp. I saw some that were said to be small parts of scalps. During my several trips to Fort Ridgely, in which I saw many dead bodies lying by the side of the road, only one was mutilated. This was the body of Philander Prescott, whose head was cut off. This man Prescott I had known all my life. He was a fairly good interpreter and was married to a full blood Indian woman.. His oldest daughter, Lucy, I think was married to Pettijohn the breakfast food man, of Minneapolis, who died two or three years ago. One of my sisters married a son of his. They had two children, one of whom, E. D. Prescott, is now living in Seattle, Washington. In May 1863 the prisoners at Mankato were removed to Rock Island, there to serve out their several terms of imprisonment, some one year, some two years. At the end of the fourth year they were all released and sent to their respective reservations.

Shortly after the removal of the prisoners from Mankato, the women and children and a few of the men in the Fort Snelling camp were put on boats and taken down the river. One boat went as far as St. Louis and then back up the Missouri river to what was called by the Indians Can-ki-ca-kse, English, Parting of the Woods, now Crow Creek Agency. I was

employed by the government as interpreter and went with the last lot that left Fort Snelling. It was the boat on which I was on that made the entire trip by river, the first boat sending its passengers across Iowa to St. Joseph, Missouri by rail, where our boat picked them up and took them the rest of the way.

In due time we arrived at our destination, and at once commenced the work of establishing what is still known as the Crow Creek Agency. During my stay at this agency, besides my duties as government employee, I assisted the Reverend Mr. Hinman in his teaching and other missionary work. During the summer some Winnebago were also brought to that agency, and a part of my work was to issue beef and other rations twice a week to both Sioux and Winnebago. During the summer of 1863 nothing of importance happened, but one incident I will relate. A young Indian from somewhere further west had come into our camp (we were still in tents) looking for his wife. He had by some means learned she was there. He found her and tried to persuade her to go away with him. She refused to do so. He then took his knife and cut off a part of her nose, and slashed her face in many places so that it disfigured her for life. After he had done this he left her. This happened in the brush, some distance away from the tents. The woman then went some little distance further into the woods, and using her sash or something else hung herself. Missing her from her tent a search was made, finding her hung and dead. The few faithful Indian men we had with us, immediately started a hunt, and in some other tent found the young man asleep, and securing him turned him over the military guard that were with us. This all happened during the one night. The next day he was tried and convicted and sentenced to be shot. For some reason Military did not want to do this shooting and a brother of the dead woman, a mere boy about fifteen years old, was chosen to do the shooting. On the way out to the place chosen for the execution, the boy's

sand gave out, and he refused to do the shooting. A relative of the dead woman Wa-hin-kpe (Arrow) volunteered, and after the third shot, finally killed the man. I was not an eye witness of the execution but as it was at a small creek, only a few rods from where I was at work on the agency grounds, I heard the executed man give the war-whoop when the first shot was fired and then singing his death song up to the time of the third shot. This young Indian was the last of a family of six brothers, all of whom died violent deaths at the hands of some of their own people.

In February, 1864, in company with the Reverend S. D. Hinman, I left Crow Creek Agency, and by the way of Yankton and Sioux City, I went back to Faribault, where mother and the rest of the family were. Mr. Hinman stopped at Sioux City, but came to Faribault later on. In Faribault, for four months, I worked in Bishop Whipple's studio, translating a part of the prayer book and other work in that line. In December, 1864, at the request of Bishop Whipple, I made a trip to Crow Creek Agency, again by way of Sioux City and Yankton by stage. At that time this was the only route open, and the stage the only means of travel available. Though in the dead of winter, I made the trip all right, and within the month was back to Faribault again. This trip was made in the interests of some of Bishop Whipple and Mr. Hinman's missionary work among the Indians there at Crow Creek Agency. A year or two after this, a Reservation was set aside in Nebraska, and an Agency established just across the River from Springfield, South Dakota, called Santee Agency. The Indians that had been taken to Crow Creek, from Minnesota, were moved down the river to that Agency and are still living there. The Crow Creek Agency was kept for the use of other Indians, living along the Missouri river. The Winnebago, that were at Crow Creek were taken to the Omaha reservation in Nebraska. In February, 1865, I and my brother Gustavius enlisted in the First Minnesota Heavy Artillery and went South and were stationed at Chattanooga, Tennessee, where we served the most

of our time, and in October were mustered out at Fort Snelling. After spending a few days with the family at Faribault, I in company with Lewis Walker, an Indian boy who had served his full time in the sixth Minnesota Infantry, struck out, on foot, for the Scouts Camp somewhere in the vicinity of Yellow Medicine. We found the camp at Wood Lake, near the Battle Ground of that name; there we wintered. Towards spring, word came from Fort Ridgely that Alexis La Frambois and I were appointed Chief of Scouts. I with fifteen scouts under me, to be stationed at what was at that time Lake Hendricks, Alexis to be stationed at a lake, by the Indians called the lake where the Cheyenne was staked down.

Early in the spring, having received orders to that effect, we moved out to the two lakes named above. Here I served as Chief of Scouts during the summer of 1866. But as no war parties from the hostiles came that far south that summer, nothing of importance happened, except the excitement of the hunting of the buffalo, thousands of which were in that country during the summer. In October we were paid off and relieved of our duties for that season. We broke camp and moved to the head waters of the Redwood River, where we established our winter quarters. Some built log huts, others lived in tents, and with slight assistance from the fort and by hunting and trapping, we managed to get through the winter.

In the spring of 1867, after the trapping season was over, all scattered off. Some went to Santee Agency, some to Redwood Falls and other places, some as far away as Shakopee, Minnesota. Only uncle John Moores and Tom Robinson remained in that section. They taking homesteads near Lake Benton, their lands bordering on a lake called by the Indians U-ta-pa-hi-pi, Lake of the Gathering of Acorns. There they lived up to the time of their deaths. During the winter of 1866-67, a delegation from here went to Washington, and a treaty was made, in which the Lake Traverse Reservation was set aside for the friendly Indians and mixed-bloods, and in this same treaty another reservation was established at

Devils Lake for the Cuthead band of Yanktonais and other Sissetons and Wahpetons that might wish to come in. Knowing of this, Joseph La Frombois and myself in the month of September, came to Browns Valley. He in a few days went on to Fort Abercrombie where he had got the appointment as interpreter for that post. I remained at Browns Valley where I was at once enrolled as a member of the reservation here. I remained at Browns Valley through the winter and part of the next summer, but having been offered a fairly good position, I went to Fort Sisseton, at that time Fort Wadsworth. During this year an appropriation had been made for the support of those Indians during the coming winter. Bishop Whipple was asked by the Indian Department to use this money to buy clothing, provisions, etc. and if possible to make the issue. He very kindly consented and with Dr. J. W. Daniels as agent under him, came to Fort Wadsworth in the early part of the winter and personally made the issue of clothing and the first issue of rations, Dr. Daniels then, having got his appointment as agent, at once employed me as his assistant and interpreter. The issue of rations was made monthly. After the first issue Agent Daniels returned to Faribault, Minnesota, and left me in charge to make these issues during the winter.

In the spring he returned and we at once made preparations for the establishment of an agency somewhere on the reservation. After consulting with the Indians, the present site of Sisseton agency was finally decided upon. At first only log buildings were put up, as the nearest point to secure lumber was St. Peter, Minnesota, and had to be hauled that distance by ox teams. But a portable saw mill was bought and the lumber used for flooring and roofing and even shingles were sawed at the agency.

Within the next two years, Agent Daniels was transferred to Pine Ridge agency, and the Rev. M. N. Adams appointed for here. On Daniel's

departure, I resigned my position as interpreter and located on the land on which I now live, and to which, under the provisions of the treaty of 1867, I received a patent. This patent, on the face of it, showed to be a patent in fee, but there were provisions in it in which it seemed to me to make it only a trust patent. So through Senator Gamble I had it cancelled and a patent in fee issued to me. I have lived here almost continuously for forty-eight years. Six of my children, now living, were born here.

Some time during the eighties the people on this Reservation were granted by the Interior Department the privilege of having a Code of Laws under which they could conduct their own tribal affairs. A committee of five members was appointed to get up this code. Chief Gabriel Renville, Rev. Edward Ashley, Chief Two Stars, Good Boy, Joseph R. Brown and myself. Securing a copy of the Cherokee code, in the Indian territory, which was in English, we took that as a basis, and translating much of it into the Sioux language and making some additions of ours, it was sent to Washington, and at once approved and returned to us. Under this code was a legislative body, a president, secretary, treasurer, sheriff, a supreme court composed of five members, township justices, and constables. I was elected for two terms and served under this code as chief justice for four years and up to the time of passage of the Daws Severalty Bill; under which lands in severalty were allotted, and this code was done away with, and we were told that we were now under the Federal and State laws.

My reminiscences are about ended, as from the time of the opening of the reservation in 1892 up to the present time, all know of what may have transpired. But there are two or three matters that I wish to touch upon. It is a generally accepted belief that the Indians were cruel to their captives, which I will presume to say, in a large majority of cases at least, was not so, At least among the tribes with whom I was well acquanited and whose customs I have known from childhood. In the earlier

days I have seen quite a number of captives, all Chippewa, and in their captivity they were treated as one of themselves (as if they were visitors, W.D.H.). They were dressed in the best blankets and clothes that could be procured and given the best of what they had to eat, and it seemed to me to be considered a sacred and public trust. They were never abused or in any way mutilated. The most of these, either by the captor or some other member of the tribe, were taken as wives. Subsequently the most of these returned to their own people, but some preferred to remain with their captors, and did so up to the time of their deaths. There are now, on this reservation, descendents of Sioux and Chippewa mixed bloods, and I think the same will be found among the Chippewa located on the White Earth reservation in Minnesota. In the case of the captives in the Outbreak of 1862, many of the women were outraged, but not in any other way abused, and during the several weeks that I was in the Indian camps, these women and children fared the same as the women and children of their own people. Only in one case can I recall where a young woman was treated beyond the limit usually accorded to a captor. And only in one case was a captive killed. There was a boy about fourteen or fifteen years old who was brought out of one of the tents to run a race with one of the Indian boys of about the same age. The white boy beat the Indian boy in the race. At the outcome was standing a young Indian with his gun who, I believe, was either a brother or relative of the Indian boy, who shot the white boy and killed him. This wanton act was discountenanced by even the hostiles, as he was perfectly harmless. The young Indian could not waar an eagle feather for the act as all coups had been taken when the boy had been captured. I did not see this killing as it was done during one of our trips to Fort Ridgely. The Indian boy that ran in the race was William Wa-pa-ha, or William Day as he called himself. A few years ago he was sent to prison for bootlegging and died there.

Many things have been advanced and statements made as to the cause of this Outbreak of 1862. The immediate cause was the killing at Acton by a small party of hunters. This hunting party stopped near a farm house for the purpose of cooking a meal. In their gathering of wood for a fire, one of the party ran onto a hen's nest. Taking the eggs he brought them to where the others were starting a fire. They had procured some game, during the day, and having no suitable vessel to cook it in, one of them went to the house to get the loan of a kettle. By some means the woman of the house knew of the robbing of her hen's nest, and when the Indian went into the house she ordered him out, and finally took hold of him and put him out, and he did not get the kettle. This he laughingly told of when he got back to where the others were. But some of the others tauntingly ridiculed him for allowing himself to be treated so by a woman. He was a good natured, jolly kind of a fellow and for a while did not seem to care much what they were saying. But finally they got him angered with their taunts and ridicule, and picking up his gun said to one who had been most persistent in his taunts, "You brave man come with me and show some of your bravery," and walked toward the house. The other one followed him. When they got to the house, the man of the house opened the door and he was shot and killed, and the whole family massacred. They at once returned to the reservation and reported what they had done. That night a council was called to consider and decide on what was best to do in the matter. Some were in favor of taking the murderers and delivering them over to the military authorities, among which was the afterwards notorious Little Crow. Many arguments were used in favor of this. But the other side said, "No, we have done so before, and remember the treatment we got. At one time some of our young men killed a Chippewa, one of our hereditary enemies, and the commander at Ft. Snelling said to us, 'You must take these young men, and bring them to me,' We did so, and never again saw them, but we were

that they were bound hand and foot and thrown down the high bluff at the fort into the river. No. We want no more of our young men killed like women. If we have to die, we will die like men." Another argument was that the Great father had a hard fight on his hands, with some of his own people and he is getting short of men, only old men and boys are left, and a few days ago the agent took all of his working men, meaning the employees, and some of the mixed-bloods to be soldiers. This was a company formed by Agent Galbraith, called the Renville Rangers. "We have been treated badly by our agents, they have not made the payments, that should have been made long ago, maybe the Great fathers money is all gone too." Many arguments were used on both sides, but it was finally decided to go on with the killing of the whites, as now was a good time to kill and drive them out of the country, and regain the lands of which they had been robbed. This was told me by some who were present at the council. While much dissatisfaction and unrest had been brewing for several years, I am confident this outbreak was not premeditated or preconcerted. It was as it were, a spark thrown into a pile of highly combustible matter, caused by the tardiness of -- to put it mildly -- government officials in carrying out solemnly pledged treaty stipulations and frauds perpetrated in connivance with some of the Indian traders. This last, by some, may be considered a pretty strong statement to make, but it is neverless a fact. This killing of the whites was as much of a surprise to a majority of the Indians as it was to any of us. If it had been premeditated, the Sissetons would have been consulted in the matter, as they are as much Sioux as Little Crow's people, and affiliated with them by marriage and other strong ties, and would surely have leaked out, if such had been the case. The Indians to this day call it "the war of the Hen's nest, or hens eggs." Three or four who committed the murders at Acton, and all of them died at the hands of their own people, somewhere in Manitoba.

As there were no survivors of the boat ofminers killed on the Missouri river (near Bismarck) in 1863, perhaps it will not be amiss to give the Indians statement of that affair. A few days after General Sibley had given up the chase for that year and had started on his return, and the hostiles were on the west side of the Missouri, a boat was seen coming down the river. The Indians at once prepared for an attack. The miners instead of going on down the river landed on a sand bar in the middle of the river and commenced firing a small howitzer they had on the boat, probably thinking this would scare the Indians. Apparently it did not, as by tying bundles of poles together they shoved or rolled them ahead of them and kept getting nearer the boat, and finally making a rush reached the boat, but found all in the boat dead, among which were three women. There must have been, at least one crack shot on the boat, as twelve Indians were killed, every one shot in the forehead. Many little leather sacks were found on the boat filled with yellow looking stuff like sand. Some of this was thrown into the water. Others were kept and traded off in Manitoba. The Indians claim that if the whites instead of stopping on the sand bar, had kept right on down the river would have got off scot free, as they had no way of following them on the water. This is the Indian's side of that affair. As there were no white survivors of this occurrance, it may be interesting to know at least this much. Some of this I got from an old Indian who was there. He is now 86 years old and still quite spry.

Of our own family only one got away in 1862. This was my sister Sophia, now Mrs. Weatherstone. She was at the time thirteen years old, and going to the Mission School near Yellow Medicine. She escaped with the Riggs and Williamson families and some others, among whom was a photographer by the name of Whitney, if I remember right, who in one of the stops in their flight took a photograph of them, of which, through the kindness of Mr. Satterlee of Minneapolis, I have a very good copy. In

that they were bound hand and foot and thrown down the high bluff at the fort into the river. No. We want no more of our young men killed like women. If we have to die, we will die like men." Another argument was that the Great father had a hard fight on his hands, with some of his own people and he is getting short of men, only old men and boys are left, and a few days ago the agent took all of his working men, meaning the employees, and some of the mixed-bloods to be soldiers. This was a company formed by Agent Galbraith, called the Renville Rangers. "We have been treated badly by our agents, they have not made the payments, that should have been made long ago, maybe the Great fathers money is all gone too." Many arguments were used on both sides, but it was finally decided to go on with the killing of the whites, as now was a good time to kill and drive them out of the country, and regain the lands of which they had been robbed. This was told me by some who were present at the council. While much dissatisfaction and unrest had been brewing for several years, I am confident this outbreak was not premeditated or preconcerted. It was as it were, a spark thrown into a pile of highly combustible matter, caused by the tardiness of -- to put it mildly -- government officials in carrying out solemnly pledged treaty stipulations and frauds perpetrated in connivance with some of the Indian traders. This last, by some, may be considered a pretty strong statement to make, but it is neverless a fact. This killing of the whites was as much of a surprise to a majority of the Indians as it was to any of us. If it had been premeditated, the Sissetons would have been consulted in the matter, as they are as much Sioux as Little Crow's people, and affiliated with them by marriage and other strong ties, and would surely have leaked out, if such had been the case. The Indians to this day call it "the war of the Hen's nest, or hens eggs." Three or four who committed the murders at Acton, and all of them died at the hands of their own people, somewhere in Manitoba.

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this flight, Little Paul, mentioned elsewhere, carried my sister on his back across the Minnesota river and landed her safely with the rest of the party who had, under the guidance of some of the mission Indians collected on the opposite shore.

I have mentioned elsewhere the Indian's treatment of their captives. If theirs was cruel, what of the so-called Christian Hun and the Kultured German of the present day? If half the reports we get are true there is no comparison.

In General Sibley's campaign against the Indians in 1862, there was much criticism on account of his apparent tardiness in following up the hostiles. But in the first place he was not prepared. He did not have sufficient force at his command, and even what he had were very poorly armed; some men had only pitchforks, and if he had had sufficient force properly armed, it would have been the worst thing he could have done, as if he had done so, the hostiles with their captives would have struck out for the British possessions where they expected to get protection and assistance. It being late in the season many of the captives, who were mostly women and small children, would have perished on the way. But by the way he took, it gave the friendly Indians the time to work their end of the plan for the release of the captives in Little Crow's hostile camp. General Sibley having lived the best part of his life with these very Indians and and knowing well their traits and characteristics, knew well what he was doing and happily it turned out as he and others, who had been working in coöperation with him in his command and also the friendly element on the Indian side had hoped for. If those who blamed Sibley had had their way and the hostiles rushed, it would have been, as it were, a death warrant to most of the captives. This statement I make because I was at the other end of this plan, and know whereof I write.

I was well acquainted with all the old settlers of Minnesota; General H. H. Sibley, Major William H. Forbes, Major Joseph R. Brown, Governor

Ramsey, the McClouds, Mr. A. L. Larpentur who died only a few weeks ago well onto the century mark, and many others, and later on Judge Flandreau, Governor Marshall, the Doctors J. W. and A. W. Daniels, and many others; and among the Indians I will give the names of the chiefs and the translation of their names: Wa-pa-ha-sa (Red Banner), Wa-ku-te (Shooter), Ta-a-ya-te-du-ta (His scarlet people), commonly known as Little Crow, Wa-mdi-tan-ka (Big Eagle), Ma-ka-to (Blue Earth), Sa-ko-pe (Little six), father of the one hung at Fort Snelling in 1865, and Ma-zo-ma-mi (Walker in iron). These were of the Lower Sioux. Of the Sisseton and Wahpetons, or the upper Sioux, Ta-tan-ka-na-jin (Standing Buffalo), Wa-su-i-ci-ya-pa (Hail striking together), Wan-di-u-pi-du-ta (Scarlet eagle plume), In-kpa (the pinacle), Ma-za-sa (Red Iron), I-yang-ma-ni (Running Walker), I-te-wa-ki-yan (Thunder face), known among the whites as Limping Devil, I-sta-rba (Sleepy Eye), Ta-ham-pi-rda (Rattling Moccasin). Besides these there were a number of sub-chiefs. Chief Gabriel Renville, and his sub-chiefs, Two stars, Goodboy and others were a creation of the treaty of 1867. Chief Renville was the most intelligent and farsighted uneducated Indian or mixed blood that I ever knew, and if his plans for his people, as incorporated in the treaty of 1867 had been by the government carried out to the letter, these people would have been 100 per cent better off now. But no! The whites wanted this little bit of land too, and the government had to get it for them.

In 1889, when the Commission sent here to treat for the surplus lands on this reservation they offered $2.50 per acre for the land, which at that time was worth three or four times that amount. Chief Renville utterly refused to sell at all, claiming that his people needed all the land for themselves and their descendents. The the Commission commenced their scheming. They were sent out here to get this land, and they must get it, and of course used every means they could think of to accomplish this. They did not come right out and in plain words say so, but they

intimated that under some previous law the Government had power to allot one hundred and sixty acres to each adult, and then give for the surplus lands only one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, which would be only half of what they were offering. They used many other arguments such as each man there would be independent of the others, and the large amount of money they would get for the surplus lands would give each one a good start, and in a few years they would be rich. Even with all this sweet talk they hung back. Then they were told that as that was the way the Great father did business they were willing to put it to a vote of the people, and if over half of them voted for the sale at $2.50 it would be a bargain, but if over half of them voted against the sale, then they would go back to the Great father and tell him so, but they would or could not say what the Great father would do next. It was put to a vote and by a very small majority, they voted in favor of a sale. Then an agreement was drawn up and even that was not ratified in full by Congress, as it had been signed by the Indians. Congress, as a rule, has been good about making laws for the benefit of the Indians, but in each act there has always been a loop-hole left, by which the Indian Department could construe those laws to suit themselves, and make rulings for carrying out of the same. But with us here those times are passed now, and as the old saying is, "There is no use crying over spilled milk," and besides that, I am getting away off from my first intentions in writing these reminiscences.

I had intended to mention before that whatever Tom Robinson and I may have been able to do in assisting in the plan for the release of the prisoners in 1862, we received the round sum of one hundred dollars, and to get which we had to go from the head waters of the Red Wood River in Linn County to Faribault, Minnesota, on foot in the dead of winter, to get the same. But what we did, we did for the sake of the poor women and children that were in the hostile camp, and not for money. And also that

I do not wish to take any credit for using my judgment in the matter, but that it seems to me now that I was guided by an unseen hand, that I did not realize at the time. Many of the people on this reservation call me the peace maker, and in one of their songs they eulogize as such

Zi-tka-na-ho-wa-ste.

Written in the winter
of 1918-19.

Copied by W.D.H.
September 1921.

[illegible]

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[W.D. Hyde of Ridgeton, Mn.]

[These four pages sent to Dr. P L Scanlon, Feb 23, 1939]

REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS A. ROBERTSON

My father was born in Dunfries, Scotland, in 1797. Both his parents died within two months of one another, when he was only two years old, and he was the only child. After graduating from some college and attaining his majority, he went on a whaling voyage and was gone three years. After that he landed in South America, where he and another man bought a plantation, but for some reason he had a restlessness that he could not overcome or perhaps it might have been something else. He left the plantation in charge of his partner and went somewhere else. Some time after he went back there and found that his partner had sold out and skipped to parts unknown. Sometime after that he came to the United States and landed in New York. He left the bulk of his belongings in some large hotel and taking only a few things with him went to Canada. While he was gone a fire in the city of New York burnt up this hotel and he lost all he had left there.

There was some mystery about his life that we have never been able to solve, the key to which I have always believed was a seal or signet ring in which a peculiar stone was set and on which something was engraved that we could never make out. This seal ring was lost during the Sioux Outbreak in Minnesota in 1862. This is about all we know of father's early life. He died of heart failure at Red Wood Agency, Renville County, Minnesota, in 1859, aged 68 years.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, was Captain Thomas G. Anderson, also a Scotchman and Canadian. My grandmother, on my mother's side, was half Sioux and half Scotch; her

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father's name was Ayrd, also a Scotchman.

My grandfather Anderson first was at Prairie du Chien, for a while, where he married my grandmother. At this time he was in charge of some trading post at that place, during which time a son was born to them, Angus Malone Anderson. In 1810, my grandfather was sent to conduct a trading post on Lake Traverse, on the east side, now the Minnesota side of the lake. On their way up there from Prairie du Chien, my mother was born, at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine river about three miles from where the town of Yellow Medicine now is, and formerly the Yellow Medicine or Upper Agency. At this time these trading posts were under the Hudson Bay Fur Company. After the war of 1812, my grandfather Anderson, went back to Canada, and as my grandmother would not consent to leave her people and go with him, he left his family and went alone, but after-wards sent for my mother (Jane) and Uncle (Angus) and educated them in Canada. After he got his education, uncle Angus came back to Mendota, Minnesota, and was clerk under H.H. Sibley, who was in charge of the post at Mendota, at that time the headquarters of the American Fur Company.

In 1841 or 1842, my uncle Angus, while in St. Louis buying a stock of goods to commence trading on his own hook, died. My mother stayed in Canada with grandfather, where she and father met, and after an acquaintance of about three years and with the full consent and approval of grandfather they were married, but not until mother had made father promise that they would go at once to seek grandmother, which they started to do shortly afterwards. On this voyage they had

some thrilling experiences, such as crossing Lake Michigan in a storm, on account of which, dreading the big water, mother would never consent to go back to Scotland with father; another was going down the Fox River in a birch bark canoe in a thunder storm, the canoe handled by a lot of drunken Winnebago Indians. They finally landed at Prairie du Chien, and from there on it was comparatively easy going, though they were, as it was in those days, far from the end of their hunt for grandmother. At that time the travel up and down the Mississippi River was practically all by Mackinaw boats propelled by the sturdy arms of the Canadian voyagers, so the nearer they got to the end of their hunt, the slower they seemed to go. After many weary days they finally reached Mendota, where they learned that grandmother was at a place called Little Rock, about 100 miles up the Minnesota river, and about three miles from where Fort Ridgely is now. After a rest, they got passage again by boat up the Minnesota river and landed at Little Rock, where they got to my grandmother's home. She was not there, but they were told she was out with the other women of the village, playing a game of Lacrosse, but a messenger soon brought her in, and mother's hunt for her mother finally ended.

I may state here, grandfather's Indian name was Midday or Noon (Wi-yo-tan-han). After grandfather went back to Canada, grandmother married Hazen Moores, who was at the time of my mother's arrival at Little Rock, in charge of a trading post there. Mr. Moores' Indian name was Ista-sko-kpa, or Hollow Eyes; he was an American, but I don't remember what state he was from, but I think it was New York. To this marriage three children were born, all girls; one died when

only a few years old; one, an epiletic from childhood, died at Crow Creek Agency, S.D. in 1864 -- this was Jane Ann; Mary, the oldest, married John Brown, a brother of the noted Major Joseph R. Brown. They raised a large family of boys and girls; some of them are still living in or about St. Paul and Minneapolis. Soon after Father and Mother arrived at Little Rock, Mr. Moores gave up his charge of the trading post there, and he and father moved to Grey Cloud Island, settled on land and started to farm, mostly in raising boll blooded stock and hogs, and dairied, shipping their produce, cattle, hogs, butter, and cheese to St. Louis. This was where I was born on the 24th of October, 1839. There were nine children in our family; the oldest died when two years old, I was the next, then sister Marion, Angus Malcom, Gustavous Alexander, Francis, Anderson Andrew, Mary Sophia, William Marshall, Martha Catherine. I will state here that Grey Cloud Island was named after my Grandmother, whose Indian name was "Mah-pi-ya-hota-win" or Grey Cloud woman. Sometime after this, about 1846-47, father took a claim just off the Island, which he named Cave Spring. We also lived for a year or two at a place called Cottage Grove, near Stillwater. My grandfather married again in Canada, from which four children were born; two boys and two girls, Gustavius, Frank, Sophia, and Martha. Gustavius was a priest in the English Church. My grandfather died at the age of 96. My mother died at Browns Valley, Minnesota, at the age of 93.