



*With the Compliments of
Harvey Ingham*

Old Indian Days

Des Moines
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A Story of White Man
Beginnings

These stories of old Indian days in north central Iowa were written for the UPPER DES MOINES of Algona, later joined with the Republican in the UPPER DES MOINES-REPUBLICAN, some over thirty years ago in the later 90's. While there will always be confusion as to some of the minor incidents of the Indian days, because few records were kept and the long after memories of the pioneers were not always to be relied upon, it will be found that in the main these stories give a dependable picture of the background against which white settlement began.

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THE SIOUX IN IOWA

It is not particularly flattering to local pride to learn that the tribe of Sioux Indians which inhabited the Des Moines valley were the meanest and most worthless of all the Dakotas. They were known as the Wahpecoute tribe, or "shooters at leaves." Even the name seems to have been a mark of their inferiority, for it was variously interpreted as "people of the leaves detached," "people that shoot at leaves," "shooters at leaves, which they mistake for deer."

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Zebulon Pike made his memorable trip up the Mississippi in 1805-6-7. He tells about the Sioux, or Dakotas as they called themselves. Sioux is a shortening of various French names dating back to Nadowe-ssi-wag, which means "snake like ones," and which was given to the Dakotas by their enemies. They never called themselves Sioux. Pike enumerates the various tribes and says: "The sixth, last, and smallest band of Sioux are the Warhpecoute, (Waqpekirte or Wahkpakotoan), who reside generally on the lands west of the Mississippi, between that river and the Missouri. They hunt generally on the head of the De Moyen. They appeared to me to be the most stupid and inactive of the Sioux." Elliot Coues, who has edited a magnificent edition of Pike's journal, adds a foot note in which he says of the Wahpecoute: "This is merely a band of vagabonds formed by refugees from all other bands, which they left for some bad deed."

Major Long visited the Sioux later than Pike, and he agrees in giving this tribe a bad name. He says they have no fixed abode, rove near the head of the Blue Earth river, which would be in and north of Kossuth county, and are a lawless set. Lewis and Clarke, however, in their journal of their trip up the Missouri, made in 1804-5-6, say of the Teton Sioux, "these are the vilest miscreants of the savage race," which gives the Wahpecoute a show for themselves, although it is not likely that Lewis and Clarke met any of their number and therefore, perhaps could not make a fair comparison.

Inkpadutah and the Sioux Indians who were known to the pioneer settlers of northwestern Iowa belonged to this Wahpecoute band of outlaws. It is possible that members of other tribes came occasionally to these parts. Lewis and Clarke say of the Yanktons: "These are the best disposed Sioux who rove on the banks of the Missouri," and add, "They sometimes visit the river Demoin." Gen. Sibley in a memoir of Jean Baptiste Fairibault, a pioneer fur trader, says that in 1808 he "concluded that it would be more profitable to pass the winter among his old friends, the Yankton Sioux, on the Des Moines river."

But it was the Wahpecoute Sioux who caused all the turmoil and

85

committed all the outrages of pioneer days. It was the Wahpecoute band which was in perpetual warfare with the Sacs and Foxes to the south, and it was part of its members who were effectually wiped out by the remnants of the latter tribe on the battle ground six miles up the river from Algona. They were so lawless that they could not even hold together. Before Inkpadutah's time the tribe had two chiefs, Wam-di-sapa, or Black Eagle, and Tasagi. Black Eagle's band was so much worse than the other Wahpecoute that in the end it became separated and moved to the west. The separation became so complete that in 1851, when the Sioux ceded all of their Iowa possessions and most of southern Minnesota, it was not considered part of the Wahpecoute at all, and took no part in the treaty. Charles E. Flandrau, who was Indian agent in 1856, says: "In 1857 all that remained of Wam-di-sapa's straggling band was about 10 or 15 lodges under the chieftainship of Inkpadutah, or the Scarlet Point, sometimes called Red End. They had planted in the neighborhood of Spirit Lake prior to 1857 and ranged the country from there to the Missouri and were considered a bad lot of vagabonds."

Inkpadutah, however, still had an eye to the advantage of being part of the Wahpecoute tribe, and in 1854 and 1856 he and his outfit appeared at the agency in Minnesota to demand a share of the money of the Wahpecoute paid by the government. They made a good deal of trouble, but Agent Flandrau was firm and they were forced to return to their haunts on the Big Sioux without accomplishing their purpose. This was one of the aggravating circumstances which brought on the Spirit Lake massacre.

There is one bright spot in the record of this Wahpecoute band. It is suggested by one editor of Pike's journal that Wabashaw, at one time chief of all the Sioux and the greatest of them all, was a Wahpecoute. Wabashaw was known as The Leaf, sometimes as the Falling Leaf. This writer says in discussing his name: "It is more likely that the name originated from the chieftainship of the Warpekutes, one of the principal bands of the Dakotas, meaning leaf shooters—but why so called has never been known. There were three Wabashas known to white men since the northwest began to be settled by the latter. The first was well known during the revolutionary period. The one referred to by Pike was a son of his. The present Wabashaw is a grandson."

The story of the first and greatest Wabashaw's ascendancy is curious. E. D. Neill, who wrote in 1853 entertainingly of Sioux life and customs, tells it: "After the cession of Canada to the British by the French there was an English trading post in the vicinity of St. Paul. The trader, whom the Indians called Mallard Duck, was shot by an Indian who disliked him. In consequence of this they had no trader the following winter, and in the spring a council was held and it was resolved that the braves of the band should take and deliver up to the authorities at Quebec the murderer. About 100 men and women embarked on the embassy. By the time they had paddled to Green bay many grew faint hearted and de-

served, and before they left there only a half dozen, including women were left. Wabashaw was the man who infused courage into the little remnant. After danger by land and water he reached Quebec, assumed the guilt of the murderer, and delivered himself as an atonement for his suffering tribe. The English were favorably impressed by his bravery, and learning that the Dakotas lived in seven bands, they hung a medal around his neck and gave him six more to be delivered to the bravest men of the other bands. Wabashaw returned, 'the father of his country.' "

The other nations or tribes of the Sioux, as classified by Pike, were the Minowa Kantongs, "people of the lakes;" Wahpetongs, "people of the leaves;" Sissitongs; Yanctongs, "people of the ferns;" and Titongs, "the braggarts." The names are variously spelled. Thus the first nation is generally referred to as the Mdawakontowans, while in common use now the other tribes are known as the Sisseton, Yancton, etc. The Yanctons, or Ihanktonwans, and Tetons or Titionwans, were the Missouri river and western Indians, and called the eastern tribes Isanties. The Wahpetons and Sissitons were the northern Minnesota Indians, and the others ranged south and east along the Mississippi. These are the tribes that recognized themselves as Dakotas, although the Winnebagoes, Iowas, Omahas, and others were of Sioux lineage. But these six tribes made the greatest of all the Indian nations. Pike said: "From my knowledge of the Sioux nation I do not hesitate to pronounce them the most warlike and independent nation of Indians within the boundaries of the United States, every passion being subservient to that of war." Pike and Long agreed substantially in numbering all the Sioux at 28,000, of whom 3,835 were warriors. The Teton numbered fully half of these. They were "the braggarts," and as Lewis and Clarke said, the vilest miscreants, given to war wholly. The Wahpecoute numbered only 450, according to Pike, with 90 warriors. Gen. Sibley, however, credits 150 warriors to them.

The Sioux claimed all of Iowa as belonging to them, although they never occupied the southern or eastern portion of the state, held by the Sacs and Foxes. They ceded all of their Iowa possessions by treaty in 1851. In 1863 they ceded all but a few reservations in Minnesota and were forced west of the Missouri.

Father Hennepin, the first white man to enter Sioux Territory, found these Indians celebrated for hospitality and goodness. He held them up as patterns to the civilized part of creation. The Northwest Fur company testified to the uniform friendship of the Missouri river Sioux for the whites. They say it was the boast of the Sioux in every council for 35 years that their hands had not been stained by the blood of the white man. Maj. Forsyth, who as agent visited them in 1819, said: "I am sorry to say that at the present day they are much altered. How this alteration has taken place or what has occasioned it can be attributed only to their too great intercourse with those whom we called civilized people; for I can now safely say that whatever the Sioux might have been they are now actually a poor, indolent, beggarly drunken set of Indians and

cowards." Whiskey, dishonest agents, and broken treaties, but whiskey chiefly, tell the story of the demoralization of the Sioux. When the boundary treaty of 1825 was made at Prairie Du Chien, by which the "neutral line" was fixed, the commissioners avoided the appearance of a bribe and gave out no whiskey. But to show that they did not withhold it because of the expense they took two casks out before the Indians and spilled the contents on the ground. "It was a great pity," said old Wakhpakootay, "it was a great pity. There was enough to have kept me drunk all the days of my life."

In 1834 a christian mission was established at Lake Calhoun by some plucky Presbyterians for work among the Sioux. The good results showed years later, for the Indian who assisted in the rescue of the captives taken at Spirit Lake was John Other Day, a converted Wahpeton; and the Indian who was mainly instrumental in keeping the northern Sioux from joining in the massacre of 1862 was Paul Mazakootemane, a converted Sisseton. One of the founders of this mission was Rev. Thos. S. Williamson. For 40 years he labored and lived among the Sioux. In 1877, after the fall of Custer, he wrote a review of the dealings of the government with the Sioux, in which he denounced in the strongest terms the outrageous bad faith, rascality and dishonesty they had suffered from. Quoting the famous remark of Jefferson about the enslavement of the Negroes, "I tremble when I remember that God is just," he asked in concluding his truthful arraignment: "Have we no reason to tremble on account of our treatment of the Indians?"

THE PUANTS OR BAD SMELLERS

The Winnebago Indians are associated with Kossuth county history only through the raid made upon them at Clear Lake by the Sioux in 1854. They never, in early days, ventured as far west as the Des Moines. Their western outpost where they camped, hunted and fished, was Clear Lake. In later years they have often passed through this county going and coming between their present home in Nebraska and their old home in Wisconsin and eastern Iowa. In October of 1872, a large band of Winnebagoes camped in the woods south of Algona for some weeks.

No one speaks a good word for the Winnebagoes. And yet they were once a very big, warlike, and powerful nation, assisting the Sacs and Foxes in exterminating the great nation of the Illinois. They were known to the French Canadian trappers as Puants or Puants, "bad smellers." McKenney and Hall say the name came from their filthy habits. They say the Winnebagoes were the most filthy and slovenly of all the Indians. But other writers say these people are called Puants not because of any bad odor peculiar to them, but because they claimed to have come from the shores of a far distant lake, toward the north, whose waters are salt. They called themselves the people of the putrid, or bad waters. The Indian name of the tribe was Ho-Tchun-Graws. The name Winnebago is said by S. G. Drake to be that of a duck, which inhabits the

lake of the same name. They were a race of big men and women, fleshy, indolent and improvident. Major Forsythe records in 1819, "These fellows are scientific beggars." Gen. Sibley said in his reminiscences: "The Winnebagoes were regarded as among the most turbulent and dangerous of northwestern savages." Geo. Catlin, one of the best known of the writers about the Indians, said in 1837: "The Winnebagoes are the remnants of a once powerful and warlike tribe, but are now left in a country where they have neither beasts nor men to war with and are in a most miserable and impoverished condition. The members of this tribe do not exceed 4,000 and most of them have sold even their guns and ammunition for whiskey."

Gen. Sibley tells a characteristic story: "Having referred to Indian etiquette I may as well narrate what was told of the performances of the Winnebagoes, of all Indians the most impudent. Twenty or thirty of them, on their way to Washington before the era of railways, under the direction of their agent or interpreter, discovered or suspected a conspiracy between the landlords along the route and the stage drivers by which their rations were materially curtailed, inasmuch as before they had half finished their meals the horn would be blown as a signal for their immediate departure. Becoming disgusted at such proceedings, after two or three untimely interruptions of this sort, they made it a rule when they were repeated to empty all the dishes on the table into their dirty blankets, then resume their seats in the stages and discuss matters at their leisure. Fish, flesh, vegetables, sugar and everything they could lay their hands on shared a common fate in spite of the remonstrances of the angry Bonifaces, the Indians coolly claiming that what had been placed before them had been paid for and therefore belonged to them."

The band which frequented Clear Lake was no exception to the general reputation of their tribe. Will. Ed. Tucker of Mason City in his reminiscences of them says: "Large numbers of Winnebagoes were camped much of the time at Clear Lake—hunting by day and making night hideous with 'music' and dancing. During the winters of 1855-56 and '56-'57 the supply of 'pagainena' was obtained from some enterprising dealers at Mason City. The name of the beverage was derived from two Winnebago words, 'pageda,' fire and 'nena,' water; firewater, which had the most remarkable effect on the noble red men of the forest. They would often fall to beating their squaws, till the better halves were compelled to seek refuge among the trees, with the whites, and elsewhere until the frenzy had passed away from their noble lords. At the breaking up of winter, with new canoes just dug out, they would usually start with their plunder, at the head of the west fork of the Cedar, just a little south of the lake, (Clear Lake) and follow that stream to its confluence with the Cedar, catching otter, beaver, and smaller fur. Arriving at the Cedar, the fur season over, they sold their furs and canoes, then returned overland, the same dirty, destitute, vagabond noble 'Injuns' they ever were."

T. H. Parker of Mason City adds an incident illustrating the character of this band: "One day in 1856 we were visited by an Indian squaw who wanted to trade us her papoose for a bushel of potatoes because the little thing was sick and she didn't want to take care of it; but we didn't care about dealing in that kind of goods and so didn't make a trade." In 1858, Editor Hildreth of the Charles City Intelligencer visited a camp of Winnebagoes located near that village, Wapinicon, or "Capt. Jim," in command. He said that the tribe had then been reduced to 2,000 people, the majority of them on their Minnesota reservation. Mr. Hildreth records of them: "There are 19 chiefs in the tribe, each of whom is in the habit of visiting the white settlements on a trading or begging tour three or four times a year. During these expeditions they seldom if ever commit depredation of any kind, which fact secures to them many favors from the whites."

The Winnebagoes were unknown to Iowa until 1832, when by treaty they agreed to occupy the "neutral ground" for their future home. From time immemorial they had centered about Winnebago lake in Wisconsin. But the advancing white tide overwhelmed them. By 1838 they were all but a few stragglers west of the Mississippi. The Sioux regarded giving them the neutral ground as a violation of their rights, and the government was compelled to erect a fort in Winnesheik county, Fort Atkinson, to protect the Winnebagoes, who now centered in that county. Here they got \$10,000 a year for surrendering their Wisconsin lands. Only straggling bands ventured west over their reservation for hunting and fishing, and when they did often met the fate that the Clear Lake band did in 1854.

During the years in Iowa the Winnebagoes had two chiefs of renown, Winneshiek and Decorah or Waukon—Decorah, known to the whites as "one eyed Decorie." Winneshiek was a great Indian. Judge Murdock, father of Rev. Marion Murdock late of Humboldt, knew him and often heard him speak. He was impressed with his ability and oratorical genius. His face would light up with the fires of excitement; tone and gesture would add to the force of his words; and the effect on his hearers was thrilling and powerful.

Drake said of Decorah: "One-eyed Decorie is one of the most conspicuous chiefs. He appeared about 50 years old in 1826." W. J. Snelling saw him in that year, accompanied by a wife of 15 years. He also was a great orator, and he, to gain favor with the whites, helped to suppress the Blackhawk war, himself assisting in the capture of Blackhawk, whom he delivered to the government commissioners. At that time he made a speech that was quite memorable, complaining of the lack of appreciation the whites had shown for his services. Decorah's remains are buried in the court yard of the town named for him.

The Winnebagoes were not legally long in Iowa. In 1848 they were removed to Minnesota, by a treaty signed two years previously. In 1855 they were given a new Minnesota reservation, on the Blue Earth river in what is now Blue Earth county, the second county north from Kossuth. The bands which came south into

the old hunting grounds, later, came without warrant, as a rule, but sometimes protected by their agents. After the Sioux massacre of 1862 they were again removed, this time west of the Missouri, "dumped," as the missionary said, "in the desert 100 miles above Fort Randall." At present the small remnant of the tribe has a reservation in Nebraska.

The receipt of the \$10,000 annuity while in Iowa did not improve the moral or physical condition of the Winnebagoes. Shaw in his history of Winneshiek county says: "The Winnebagoes were not brave and chivalrous, but vindictive and treacherous. Instead of facing a foe and braving danger they would stealthily steal upon him and in an unguarded moment wreak their vengeance. But these are not the worst features in this tribe. They possessed vices of a meaner and more degraded nature. They united the art of stealing to that of lying. Anything on which they could lay their pilfering fingers they appropriated to their own use. Their lying propensities were proverbial."

Whiskey had done its work for a tribe of naturally brave and warlike men. The white man brought a higher civilization and whiskey. When Rev. David Lowrey came in 1832 to Prairie Du Chien to begin a life work among the Winnebagoes as missionary, old Waukon said to him at the council of chiefs he called together: "The Winnebagoes are asleep, and it will be wrong to wake them; they are red men and all the white man's soap and water cannot make them white." But when one Jones in 1840 opened a trading post at Monona, and Thorn one near by, which they themselves named "Sodom" and "Gomorrhah," the Indian succumbed. The first Indian murder in Iowa by a Winnebago was committed by a young boy who found his father frozen to death. The old man had been kicked out of "Sodom" on a bitter night after he had traded everything he had, even to his blanket, for whiskey. The boy went to the saloon and shot into the crowd, killing unfortunately an unoffending bystander.

THE OLD INDIAN BATTLE GROUND

The only visit of the Sacs and Foxes to Kossuth county, that is known, was in April, 1852, or earlier, when they descended upon the Sioux camped on what is now the Gottlieb Bohn farm in Plum Creek township. In the letter written by Dr. Collins to A. L. Seeley in 1860, already before published by *The Upper Des Moines*, the date is given as the year before Fort Dodge was established, which would be 1849. But Hewitt and Dickerson had not located at Clear Lake until 1851, and it is one of the traditions of early days that Ko-kow-ah's band first came from Tama to Clear Lake to hunt, and there learned of the presence of the Sioux, and with some of the Winnebagoes camping with Hewitt, came over decked in their war paint.

The date 1852 is adopted by Alice B. Busbey who in her book entitled, "Two Summers Among the Musquakies" has the following

item about the battle: "A fight occurred between the Musquakie band, located in Tama county, and the Sioux, in 1852. This took place on the west side of the Des Moines river. A party of Musquakies, under a sub-chief Ko-ko-wah, secreted themselves near the Sioux camp, and when a number of the braves had gone out on hunting and trapping expeditions, fell upon the camp, who thus taken by surprise, though they fought desperately, could not overcome their assailants. Sixteen were killed, and a boy of fourteen taken captive. Three Sacs who were with the party were killed, and one Musquakie, who was shot by a Sioux squaw. Crowned with glory, the victors hurriedly buried their dead and took the homeward trail, well satisfied with the result of the expedition. Upon their arrival at the camp there was great rejoicing, and the victory was celebrated by a feast and dance, and round the camp-fire the braves flourished their war clubs, and their hideous war cry rang out into the night, as they described the way in which their victims had fallen."

Johnnie Green's band was often in the country south of Kossuth along the Des Moines. Johnnie Green, or Chemeuse, was a Pottawattamie, and many of the stragglers who came back to Iowa and joined in the settlement, which still exists in Tama county, were Pottawattamies. But in the main they were remnants of the Sacs and Foxes, calling themselves Musquakies, the Indian name of the Foxes. It was Johnnie Green's band which came up with Henry Lott to avenge him against the Sioux who had driven him out of Webster county in 1846. Lott had a barrel of whiskey hidden, which the Sioux had not found, and Green's band did not get much beyond the neighborhood of the whiskey. But it is related of them that they would not drink it until they got back to Elk Point in Boone county where they were camped, and that they travelled 36 miles carrying their powder horns and tin cups filled to the brim. During 1846 and succeeding years several hundred of these Indians were along the Des Moines in Boone. They had learned to make maple sugar and the pioneers bought their appliances of them when they finally left. Their sugar troughs were made of the bark of elm trees, and so well constructed that they lasted several years. A large walnut trough was used for collecting sap, and was kept in Boone county many years. In the early fifties these Indians had all congregated in and about Tama county.

Johnnie Green was well known to Mr. Samuel Reed, the Irvington pioneer. Mr. Reed came to Albion, in Marshall county just north of the Tama settlement on the Iowa river, in 1853 and there built a mill. Green's band camped one summer near the mill, and Green was a frequent visitor at Mr. Reed's home. He was then quite advanced in years, could talk English intelligibly, and was well liked by the whites. Mr. Reed relates one incident of him. He was asking Green why he had not joined in the Blackhawk war, and suggested that possibly he was afraid. Green drew out a big butcher knife he carried in his belt and pointed it at his own heart as he solemnly assured Mr. Reed that he had rather it would

be driven in to the hilt than that anyone should call him a coward. Green, when he died, was buried in the white peoples' cemetery in Albion.

The Sacs and Foxes are the best known of the western Indians. They produced some great leaders, whose names have become part of the geographical nomenclature of the state, Poweshiek, Appanoose, Wapello, etc. At the beginning of the century they held the Mississippi valley from Prairie Du Chien nearly to St. Louis. Treaty by treaty they relinquished their rights to Iowa soil until in 1846 the remnants of the tribes were removed to a reservation in Kansas. Homesick stragglers came back by hundreds and congregated in Tama county on the Iowa river. Here the legislature finally allowed them to buy land, and here they still remain.

Keokuk was the great orator of the Sacs and Foxes and Blackhawk the great warrior. Keokuk had a keen wit. When the Mormons were at Nauvoo, Joseph Smith, in an elaborate address, told Keokuk and his assembled followers that he had been divinely appointed to inform them that their tribe was part of the lost tribes of Israel, and that he had been commissioned to remove them to a new land—a land flowing with milk and honey. Keokuk arose gravely to reply and said his people were not fond of milk and that they got all the honey they wanted where they were. Would the government annuities be greater in this new land, and would there be a plentiful supply of whiskey? Keokuk opposed the Blackhawk war and Blackhawk never forgave him. His band nearly broke away to join Blackhawk once, but Keokuk held them by a shrewd as well as eloquent appeal. He told them if they wanted to go to war he would lead them. This was enthusiastically received. Then by degrees he enlarged upon the power of the white people, and concluded: "If you are determined to go upon the war path I will lead you on one condition—that before we go we kill all our old men and our wives and our children to save them from a lingering death by starvation, and that each of us determine to leave his bones on the other side of the Mississippi." Keokuk visited Washington in 1837 and made a great speech in answer to the charges of the Sioux. In manner, appearance, voice, gesture, and argument he was compared favorably at that time with the great orators of congress.

Blackhawk was the greatest Indian of the west. Keokuk was charged with taking bribes, was vain, and had all the vices of his people. Blackhawk married but one wife, to whom he was faithful till death, he was honest, temperate, and bold. Before he died he wrote an autobiography giving a full history of his life, and of his war against the whites, adding many observations and opinions which indicate that he was a man of great intelligence. Blackhawk was a great orator, but inferior to Keokuk. When he was buried he wore a military suit presented by Jackson's cabinet, a sword presented by Jackson himself, a cane presented by Henry Clay, and three silver medals presented by Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and the citizens of Boston.

Whiskey was the bane of the Sacs and Foxes as of all the other Indians. Keokuk became a drunkard and died in a debauch in Kansas. Even Blackhawk was in his old age intoxicated in Burlington at a Fourth of July celebration, where he made one of the addresses. A curious incident is related of Wapello. His son was killed by a Sioux in 1834. When the chief heard of it he was on the Skunk river. He swam across the stream and arriving at the trading post gave his best pony for a barrel of whiskey, which he rolled out, inviting the crowd to partake to drown their grief. It was out of a treaty which Blackhawk did not approve of and which he said was signed by chieftains who were drunk when they returned, that the Blackhawk war arose. The Sacs and Foxes had a novel cure for drunkenness. The unlucky victim was tied neck and heels like a hoop and rolled over and over until he was sober.

The hatred of the Sacs and Foxes towards the Sioux was bitter. Blackhawk, while drunk in Burlington, kept boasting, "nesso Sioux, a heap." No such bitter feud existed between any other two nations. All dreaded the Sioux, but the Sacs and Foxes bore a vindictive and active grudge against them, which the Sioux had given ample occasion for, and most cordially reciprocated.

After Blackhawk was captured at the end of his war in 1832, he was taken to Washington. He made a speech to the president. "We did not expect to conquer the whites," he said. "They have too many houses, too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking my people would have said: 'Blackhawk is a woman, he is too old to be a chief, he is no Sac.' These reflections caused me to raise the warwhoop." It was removing Blackhawk and his band from Rock Island in the Mississippi to the Davenport side that brought on the war. In his autobiography Blackhawk showed himself the first Henry Georgeite, for in discussing this removal he philosophically observed: "My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The great spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate as far as necessary for their subsistence, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have a right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it other people have a right to the soil. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

Blackhawk in his old age, deserted and lonely, observed as many a great man before and since: "The pathway to glory is rough, and many gloomy hours obscure it."

FORT DODGE

Fort Dodge was established as the frontier outpost of northern Iowa in 1850, just four years after Fort Des Moines was abandoned. Fort Des Moines was located in 1843 and occupied by troops until 1846, the years during which the Sacs and Foxes were removed from the state. Between the occupancy of the two forts the Sioux came conspicuously into notice, driving out every white man who at-

tempted to push into their territory, and trying to stem the tide of immigration to the northwest.

The event which more than any other had to do with the establishment of a new fort was old Sidominadotah's attack upon Marsh, the surveyor, in 1848. Sidominadotah is one of the conspicuous figures in our pioneer history. He was a brother of Inkpadutah, and leader of a band of the Wahpecoute outlaws. He was commonly called Chief Two Fingers, having lost the remainder of his right hand in battle. Major Williams knew him well and has left an accurate description of him: "Sidominadotah was a man about five feet ten in height, stout and well formed, very active, had a piercing eye, broad face and high cheek bones." The major adds an item to the description which certainly entitles Sidominadotah to be called the man with the iron jaw, "both rows of teeth were double all around in both jaws, and united, forming solid rows in both upper and lower jaws." A dentist could have paid off all of the old scores of the white race in one sitting. When killed he was 45 or 50 years of age. He evidently was the leader of all the bands of the northern Iowa Sioux at that time, or at least held a prominent place among the leaders, for nearly all the attacks upon the whites who began to invade the territory north and west of Des Moines were led by him.

Marsh was engaged in running the United States survey and had come from Dubuque. He was working north of the Raccoon forks of the Des Moines, within a few miles of Fort Dodge, on the west side, when Sidominadotah told him to "puckachee," which in Shakesperian English meant to go, and stand not on the order of his going. But Marsh was not alarmed and proceeded with the survey. At that Sidominadotah broke all his instruments, robbed him and his party, and smashed the wagons. Marsh was then glad to retire, although it is recorded that Mrs. Marsh favored a fight—the only one of the entire party with any nerve. Marsh made a report to the government, which taken with reports of other outrages caused the order to bring troops into the northwest. This was two years after Sidominadotah drove Lott out of Webster county. In the same year he made a raid on the Merrick families at the Boone forks.

Brig. Gen. Mason was ordered in 1849 to locate the new fort as nearly as possible at the northwest corner of the neutral ground. He chose the site where the city of Fort Dodge now stands, and named the new post Fort Clarke. In 1851 Gen. Winfield Scott changed the name to Fort Dodge in honor of Gen. Henry Dodge. Company E of the Sixth infantry, U. S. A., came from Fort Snelling to occupy it. With the company Major Wm. Williams came as sutler.

When the pioneer history of northwestern Iowa is written Major Williams will be the central figure. Every early settler recalls him. He was part of all that happened in the early years. The first store in Algona was established by him and his son James B. Williams, H. F. Watson coming later from Fort Dodge to take charge of it. When after three years and a half Fort Dodge was abandoned

and the troops were ordered north to build Fort Ridgely, he remained, and buying the ground and buildings of the dismantled fortification, founded the city which perpetuates its name. Fort Dodge was then and afterwards the central point in the Upper Des Moines region. Major Williams was associated intimately with all the stirring events along the entire frontier, and the only accurate record that remains of many of them is to be found in the pages of his beautifully written manuscript and in the columns of the pioneer newspapers, for which he liberally contributed. He died in 1874.

During the years of occupancy of the fort Major Williams became acquainted with the various Sioux bands and their leaders. He has left very interesting descriptions of the latter. His estimate of the character of the outfit tallies with that before given of the Wahpe-coute: "The Sioux Indians," he says, "who inhabited this district of the country were the most desperate characters, made up of renegades from all the bands. They were generally very active, stout Indians, great horsemen. The majority of them were well armed with guns. They always had in their possession horses and mules with white men's brands. They generally encamped on high ground where they couldn't be easily surprised, and when any number of them were together they encamped in a circle. They were very expert hunters. Their famous leaders, Sidominadotah and Inkpadutah were very stout active men, also Titonka, and Umpashotah, indeed all of them."

Of Inkpadutah, who led in the Spirit Lake massacre, and who was present in person at the raid on Mr. Call and the settlers south of Algona in 1855, he says: "Inkpadutah is about 55 years old, about five feet eleven in height, stoutly built, broad shoulders, large head and broad face, high cheek bones, sunken very black sparkling eyes, big mouth, light copper color, and pock marked in the face."

Umpashotah is of scarcely less interest, as he is the Indian who visited with W. H. Ingham three days on the upper Des Moines, when each one was figuring on who was in charge of the expedition, and his name also is associated with the legend of Spirit Lake. Of him Major Williams records:

"Umpashotah, or Umpaga, (Smoky Day) is a very good looking Indian, about five feet ten in height, complexion light yellow, a good forehead, high cheek bones, large dark eyes, aquiline nose and well formed mouth. He had a fine set of teeth, which he shows to good advantage, has an exceedingly cunning expression of the eyes, professes to be a doctor, age about 45 to 50, and very fond of trading."

Another chief of the Sioux outlaws was Titonka. Of him he says: "Titonka, Big Buffalo, is over six feet high, very well made and very active. His walk is very erect and elastic, long face, aquiline nose, very dark complexion, eye sparkling when aroused, looks very demure when not excited, wears his hair long, cheek bones painted. When excited he is a hard looking customer."

These chiefs belonged to the outlaw Sioux. Ish-ta-ha-bah, or Young Sleepy Eyes, was connected by marriage only, but had brought a band from the Little Rock Sioux and was living along

the Des Moines with them. Ish-ta-ha-bah was 50 years old, with pleasant face, boasting 500 warriors, and called himself "Tonka Captain," or the great captain.

Besides these there were Cos-o-me-nah, dark, silent, stealthy; Wakon-sa, Umpashotah's son, a dude, painting his cheeks, forehead and chin with stars; Mo-koc-a-que-mon, Inkpadutah's oldest son, who was shot for his part in the Spirit Lake massacre, with low forehead, scowling face and thick lips; Mo-co-po-co, Inkpadutah's second son, sullen and ill favored.

The company at the fort had supervision of the entire territory from the head of the Cedar River to the Missouri. The first call upon them was in the fall of 1851, on the occasion of the robbing of a trapper named Green, who was caught in Sac county and stripped of everything. In 1852 five families living on the Boyer river, 50 miles southwest of the fort were raided. A young man and young woman, and all the horses and property were taken by the Indians, who fled to the north. The troops caught Inkpadutah and Umpashotah at Granger's Point near the Minnesota line, and brought them to the fort to be held as hostages until everything was returned. In ten days the young people and property were back, the "good Indians," who were caught, telling about the chase they had had after the "bad Indians" who had committed the depredation.

The soldiers were ordered to leave the fort in September, 1853. Major Williams, his son James and John Heffley remained. It was after the abandonment of the fort that the outrages most intimately associated with our early history were perpetrated. Of these by far the most important in its after effects was the murder of Sidominadotah by Henry Lott at Blood Run in Humboldt county in January, 1854.

Major Williams records one fact in connection with the Sioux which is very singular. In all the raids made by them a very large Negro was a prominent participant. The soldiers tried often to capture him, but failed. He was one of the boldest and most reckless of the savages in every outrage which was perpetrated during these years.

HENRY LOTT

Henry Lott, after whom Lotts creek is named, was an outlaw. Major Williams refers to him as a "fugitive from justice." He belonged to that band of border ruffians, which keeping well in advance of white settlement in its westward march to escape the clutches of the law, prepared for such settlement when it came the bitterly hostile reception it received, by rascality and treachery in dealing with the savages. Lott was first known in Marion county, as a whiskey seller among the Sacs and Foxes, and as a horse thief. Tom Saylor, who still resides at Saylorville in Polk county, knew Lott well. In a recent letter he says: "My first acquaintance with Lott was in 1844. My father was a government contractor, and had the contract of furnishing the Indians (Sacs and

Foxes) with beef and flour. At the time of the treaty when this county was bought from them he had a permit to come before it was opened to settlement. After the treaty he furnished them every fall with beef and flour and the garrison with beef and hay. I was a boy 12 years old. Lott followed stealing horses from the Indians. He was caught several times and whipped by my father and other white men dressed as Indians, to try and break him.

In another place Mr. Saylor has written of Lott's horse stealing propensities: "I was well acquainted with this man, Lott. He first settled this side of the Red Rock, before the white people were allowed to live there, and his business was robbing and stealing Indian horses. A few settlers had settled around Fort Des Moines, and they would disguise themselves as Indians and catch Lott, tie him to a tree, whip him nearly to death, and make him promise to leave the country never to return; but he always came back."

In 1846, after the Sacs and Foxes had gone, Lott moved into Boone county to deal with the Sioux, locating at Pea's Point. In the same year he came north into Webster county at the mouth of the Boone river. Here, Sidominadotah found him and ordered him to leave, giving him "a moon" in which to puckachee. It is said that the Sioux traced stolen horses to his cabin. As to this as to every incident connected with Lott's career so many varying stories have been told that it is now difficult to determine exactly what the facts were. But Major Williams suggests the horse stealing theory of Sidominadotah's action. Some writers say that Lott was at home, others that he had gone to Boonesboro for more whiskey. One story is that the Indians came in his absence and demanded whiskey, which Mrs. Lott could not or would not give, and that this was the occasion of the hostilities. The generally accepted version is, however, that the Indian ordered Lott to leave, and on his refusal treated him as they did all the other intruders, killing his stock, upsetting his beehives, driving him out and maltreating his family. Lott and a stepson escaped and went to Pea's Point, where they spread the alarm, telling the people that the Indians had murdered the whole family. A little boy attempted to follow them, and walked 20 miles on the ice when he could go no further and was frozen. Mr. Saylor says he crawled into a hollow log to die, but others say he was found on the ice. Lott raised a party of whites and Johnnie Green's Indian band, and returned to find his family alive, although Mrs. Lott died shortly after as the results of exposure and brutal treatment. Three young children were left, two girls and a little boy, who were given out to families in Boone county. The girls grew up to womanhood and married prominent citizens of Boone.

Lott devoted his time henceforth to plans for revenging himself upon Sidominadotah. Mr. Saylor writes: "I heard him say myself that he meant to stay in that country till he got revenge." One story, which seems to lack foundation in fact is that his first plan was to take a barrel of poisoned whiskey and another of poisoned meat into Sioux territory. After making a camp he departed leaving

the appearance of hasty desertion. Seventy Indians died suddenly of some mysterious disorder. No authentic record, however, of any such occurrence exists.

In any event the distemper did not catch Sidominadotah, and in 1853 Lott moved up into Humboldt county to be near the "old head devil," as he styled the chief. Until then the troops at Fort Dodge had kept an eye on him. With their departure his plans developed. In January following, 1854, Sidominadotah was in winter quarters living on the creek in Humboldt county, called now Bloody Run, in memory of the massacre, with his mother, wife and two children, a younger squaw also with two children, in all nine of them. Lott had gotten into the old chief's good graces by pretending friendship and dispensing whiskey, and one fine January morning after packing his own goods, he persuaded the chief to go out and hunt some buffalo he pretended to have seen. When out of sight of the tepees he shot him. There are several versions of the affair. One is that Sidominadotah was attended by three young Indians and that Lott arranged a ring hunt by which they went off in different directions and that after killing the old chief he pursued and killed the young men in turn, but this likewise seems to be imaginary. Mr. Saylor's version is that Lott waited till the warriors had gone hunting and that he then rushed in and killed the women and children in camp, with the old chief. In any event Lott went to the tepees and massacred the women and children, a boy of 12 escaping with a scalp wound and a younger girl lying in the grass unnoticed. Lott killed the other children by dashing their brains out against a tree. The aged mother of Sidominadotah and Inkpadutah ran in the snow 100 yards, but was caught and tomahawked.

Lott and his stepson made a wide circle about Fort Dodge in their flight south. They stopped at the Saylor home in Polk county for breakfast, stating there that they had traveled all night, and then left immediately, advising the Saylor to look out for the Indians as there would be an outbreak. Mr. Saylor says Lott went to Red Rock and from there to California, where the report was that he was hung by vigilants, adding that the story is likely as he deserved hanging in any country.

The rage of the Indians when they found the camp at Bloody Run was very great, Inkpadutah, especially threatening trouble. The settlers made every effort to trace Lott, without success, and then to pacify Inkpadutah, although there is something ludicrous in the proceedings that followed. A coroner's inquest was held on the remains of Sidominadotah, which the Indians attended, thinking it was to be a big "pow wow" preceding the turning of Lott over to them. They also brought the bones of the old chief, delivering them under the impression that that ceremony was in some way important. The Indians announced many times to the coroner's jury: "Ho wasecha nepo Dakota, Sidominadotah nepo," (White man kill Dakotah, kill Sidominadotah), whereupon, Major Williams records, part of the jury thought that an Indian named Wasecha Nepo had done the killing. This led to an animated debate and finally to a

row, one member of the jury insisting that "nepo" was a Greek word. The proceedings turned into a farce and the jury quit in a quarrel, one member stamping his feet and denouncing the whole affair as a "d— proposition" (imposition). The skull of old Sidominadotah was taken to Homer, then the county seat of Webster county, and nailed to a house where it was left for over a year. Charles Aldrich saw the skull in 1857 in the office of Granville Berkley, a pioneer lawyer, and says it showed many fractures, as though it had been beaten with a heavy club, and portions of the integuments were still adhering to it. Mr. Berkley told Mr. Aldrich that he kept the relic because the murdered Indian had been his friend.

The Indians, when they found that they were being trifled with, and that Lott was not forthcoming, left more offended than ever. This was the immediate occasion of all the subsequent raids along the Des Moines, and the direct cause of the Spirit Lake massacre three years later. Every unprotected settler from that time forward was in a state of alarm. Trappers, surveyors and pioneers were stripped and abused, and no one's life was safe, although no one was killed until the hardships of the spring of 1857 were added to the aggravations of the Bloody Run massacre. The delay in taking revenge was doubtless in part due to the rapid influx of white settlement, and in part to the vigorous admonition of Col. Woods, of the Fort Ridgely forces, who immediately upon hearing of the massacre called the chiefs together, and after assuring them that everything possible would be done to capture and punish Lott, told them in his own peculiar way that if they caused any trouble to the whites he would "blow them all to hell."

Lott undoubtedly had some provocation against the Sioux. But considering his well known character the presumption is the Sioux had at least equal provocation against him. His act at Bloody Run was inexcusably cowardly and atrocious. Major Williams in a sentence pronounces what must be the final judgment: "Never was a more brutal murder committed than that of these poor helpless squaws and their children."

CLEAR LAKE THE MEETING PLACE

The first settler north of Fort Dodge and east of Chickasaw county was Joseph Hewitt. He came to Clear Lake in July, 1851. He had been an Indian trader among the Winnebagoes in Clayton county and was a typical frontiersman. As a pioneer he was the exact antipodes of Henry Lott. He was brave, rough, kindhearted, honest and unreserved. If his association with the Indians did not elevate them it did not, at least, make the pathway of oncoming civilization more difficult than it necessarily was. He lived to a ripe old age and his remains lie now on the claim he first took by the lake—laid to rest by pioneers whose respect and friendship he had won and held.

Stories had come in 1850, to his eastern Iowa home, of plenty

of buffalo calves and elk to be had by a beautiful lake to the west. With the breaking of the spring of the following year he and James Dickerson set forth to investigate, spending 56 days on the trip from Strawberry Point, now a journey of 11 hours, and arriving in mid-summer at the spot which was to be their future home.

Hewitt, Capt. Hewitt he was called, was well known to all Kosuth pioneers. In 1857 he moved from Clear Lake to the then flourishing town of Irvington, living two years in a house between Dr. Armstrong's and the Kinzey Carlon farm, which burned later, and then a year or more south of the creek on the Sample farm. He owned a house in Algona, where Dr. Stull's home now is, part, we believe, of the present residence. He was stage driver in those days from Irvington to Clear Lake, a shrewd, and rather popular old man. His route lay north by Purcell's Point and so off east by Sexton to near Forest City and then down to the lake. Nothing but Bailey's web footed bulls could stand on Hancock county soil in those days, which caused the wide detour in the old stage route, but Irvington being Algona's chief competitor, the detour did not come as far west as the present metropolis, which had to be satisfied with a stub. Hewitt moved east again to the lake in 1860 or 1861.

John Brainerd, who in 1857 founded the Clear Lake Independent, and who is now editor of the Boone Standard, has given a pleasing picture of Hewitt on his mail route: "He was 63 years of age, but strong as a man of 40, with ruddy face, bluff hearty manners and physically tough as a pine knot. In preparation for his winter journeyings it was his custom to set up in the fall oak poles at intervals of 300 yards, their leafy tops being retained; and these were his guides when the storm howled across his path. His mail cart was canvas covered on all sides, with small portholes for the reins to pass through, sockets for candles on the wooden supports, and plenty of fatty provisions. Thus armed, if his team gave out after nightfall, it was sheltered on the lee side of the canvas, he lit his candles for warmth, ate his provisions and wrapped in buffalo robes stood out the siege till morning."

Hewitt had been popular with the Winnebago Indians in Clayton county, who called him Nock-a-shooka, talked their language, and soon drew some of his old friends out to camp and fish with him in his new home. Toshanaga, a Winnebago brave, was with him with two families during 1854. In June of that year a strolling band of Sioux appeared on the scene, killed a Winnebago lad of 16 years, Toshanaga's son, Patchoka, and occasioned the biggest scare among the white settlers that occurred in pioneer days. Not even the Spirit Lake massacre occasioned such wide spread alarm.

How great the scare was may be judged from the fact that the historians still report that 500 Sioux were on the ground. Major Williams gives the exact facts. Upon hearing of the raid he started for the south branch of the Iowa, where the Indians were said to be, and came upon four of them dashing along on their ponies, dressed in full war costume. Of his interview he records:

“Amongst the number was Cos-o-me-nah, whom I knew well. I made him believe the whites were in pursuit of them in great force. He said they ‘no hurt white man,’ that they were hunting Sacs. I found their force to be 70 men although reported at from 500 to 1,200. The further I went down the Iowa the number reported increased.” This was the first row following the killing of Sidominatoh. Immediately after the tragedy at Bloody Run all the Sioux had been called southwest for a war with the Omahas. It was on the return from that expedition that these 70 had filed off to Clear Lake, prepared for any kind of mischief.

The alarm occasioned by the killing of this one Winnebago boy was so great that all the settlers north of Marshall county, along the Iowa and Cedar rivers, fled and left their homes, while general panic spread to the east. Rumors of a widespread Indian war prevailed, Fort Dodge was reported burned, and men came from as far south as Iowa county to investigate.

The settlers suffered more from the raid made by their rescuers than they ever had from the Indians. A company of 100 came from the south, unprovided with provisions, and ate up and drank up everything they could find. It was only when Hewitt and Dickerson and the Clear Lake band had nothing left that they straggled back. H. G. Parker of Mason City speaks of the loss of crops the settlers suffered by their untimely flight and adds: “Slowly and sadly they returned to their homes after weeks of absence, to find them robbed of all that could be made useful by a lawless crew of soldiers and roughs.”

Of the details of the killing of Patchoka many stories have been written. The following follows in the main that of Judge M. P. Rosencrans of Clear Lake, one of the pioneer editors of northern Iowa, a settler in Hancock county in 1857. It furnishes an excellent illustration of the methods of Indian warfare.

In June of 1854, seven Sioux Indians came to Clear Lake, apparently in the most peaceable frame of mind and stayed at Hewitt's over night. They professed to be afraid of the Winnebagoes and wanted Hewitt to protect them. They treated the Winnebagoes with kindness, smoked with them and made them presents. The following day they went away. The second day after two other Sioux came and stayed over night, also appearing well disposed. But the Winnebagoes knew what it all meant and Toshanaga was in such alarm that Hewitt locked the two Sioux up over night to quiet his fears. Next morning he let them loose and after breakfast they went to the Winnebagoes and bade them a friendly farewell, saying that they were about to leave the neighborhood. Instead of doing so, however, they went to the lake shore and sat down, remaining about two hours. They then went to the house of R. O. Serrine, about a half mile up the lake shore, and ground their knives and loaded their guns, remaining about until the middle of the afternoon. About this time the Winnebago boy, Patchoka, had been sent out to look for some horses, and passed Mr. Serrine's house. He was no sooner gone than the Sioux started out. On his return

the boy again passed the house, but a few rods further a gun shot was heard and he fell from his horse. Hewitt and a Winnebago set out upon hearing the report and found the boy's body. The Sioux had cut off the head and taken it with them.

Hewitt at once put the remaining Winnebagoes into his wagon and sent them away with his hired man, the covers being fastened down. They were driven to where Marble Rock now is and there met Dickerson's team, which had been to Dyersville, 150 miles away, for provisions, and that turned back and took them to Clarks-ville, where a man was hired to carry them further south. Major Williams overtook them at Iowa City and there had them taken to Muscatine where they were put aboard a boat and taken north to the Winnebago reservation.

The occurrence had filled the little Clear Lake settlement with alarm. Dickerson had at that time built a cabin a mile out in the prairie, and there Hewitt, the Surrines, and Collender gathered because of the unobstructed view in all directions. For four days the Indians did not appear, but the scouts found fresh tracks made each night and knew that they were hovering about. On the fourth day 30 of them came within 80 rods, and riding back and forth brandished their guns, which were scoured and shone brightly in the sun. They spent half a day in this threatening manner, when Hewitt decided on a bold move. He could speak enough of their language to be understood, and telling his friends to remain and to look out for themselves if he was killed, he set forth to parley with the band. Without a tremor he walked up to where they stood sullen and silent, and asked them what they wanted. They answered that the whites had the Winnebagoes concealed, and dead or alive they proposed to have them. Hewitt told them that the Winnebagoes had gone within an hour after the boy was killed. The Sioux did not believe him. He then told them that if they would stack their guns in the prairie they could come to the house and examine for themselves. They agreed to this upon condition the whites would also stack their guns at the house and meet them half way. Hewitt went to the house to notify his friends, and the Sioux, leaving their guns, came half way and stopped. Here they were met and all together returned to the cabin. After satisfying themselves that the Winnebagoes were gone the Sioux laughed at the settlers and to show them how they had been outwitted they raised their blankets and showed shining revolvers with which they intended to do business if there had been any deception. As it was they bullied the whites awhile before leaving, professing friendship, however, at the last.

When they had gone the alarm did not subside. The settlers knew the Indians and feared them. Next day the rescuing company from the south arrived. After everything in the way of provisions had been disposed of Dickerson proposed a retreat to the settlements, and his suggestion was agreed to. The first night out they camped where Mason City now stands. The day following they reached Marble Rock. Here Hewitt and Dickerson decided

to halt. From here, after a time, they returned with their families to the lake. But very far east and south of them many settlers fled never to return. This was the last big Indian scare along the rivers east of the Des Moines. Henceforth the Indian history of Iowa was moved west to the Des Moines valley.

But once after that did the Sioux venture so far east as Clear Lake.

THE BROTHER RIVER

The Sioux called the east branch of the Des Moines Sun-ka-kee, which meant Brother River. This would indicate that the savages regarded the east branch as inferior to the west branch. Congressman Dolliver says that, after casting a bass fly in both streams several times in Humboldt county, he is satisfied the Indians were right. Fulton says the full name was Inyan-sha-sha-watpa-sunka-kee, the other branch being Inyan-sha-sha-watpa, or Redstone River, and the east branch, Brother of the Redstone river. Major Williams, who took down the names from the Indians, has their name for the Des Moines Eah-sha-sha-wah-pa-tah, River of the Red Stone. The two names sound somewhat alike, and the difference in spelling is no greater than is found everywhere, where different writers have attempted to express Indian sounds in our alphabet.

The Sioux had musical names for many of the streams. They called the Missouri Minne-so-si-ah, and the Iowa Eah-kon-ka. On the Skunk, especially, they improved on their white brethren with Gum-pa-ca-ca. The name of the Skunk with the Sacs and Foxes was Che-cau-que, Chicago being another form of the same word and meaning the same thing—a more appropriate title for the river that sewers the western metropolis than for our clean and sweet smelling Iowa stream. Some of the other names are not so musical. The Boone was Cha-sis-si-a-seh-wa-pa-tah. The Cedar was Ze-zick-a-ota-wa-pa-tah, the St. Peter Minne-so-tah and the Mississippi Ha-ham-a-do-tah.

The Sacs and Foxes who held the lower end of the Des Moines called the river the Ke-sauk-kee-sepo. The junction between the Ke-sauk-kee-sepo of the Sacs and the Inyan-sha-sha-watpa of the Sioux was not clearly defined, and suggests a story Major Williams tells of the later history of the stream. In early days, he relates, the river was known as the Des Moines only to the Raccoon forks and above that was on the maps as the River of the Sioux. After the Des Moines land grant was made, ending naturally at the Raccoon, some enterprising settlers further north got out new maps in which the whole river appeared as the Des Moines and the land grant was thereby extended into Webster county. Inasmuch as Pike and Lewis and Clarke refer to the upper river as the De Moyen and Demoin, this story would seem to need verification.

The first white man who ever ascended the Sunkakee, or Brother river, in an official capacity was Nathan Boone, son of the great Daniel Boone. He was a captain of United States dragoons, sta-

tioned at the time at old Fort Des Moines on the Mississippi river, now Montrose. Boone was one of the most noted rangers of the west, resembled his father in appearance, and was repeatedly promoted for his services. Boone county and Boone river commemorate his name. Major Williams had the story of his excursion up the Des Moines from Judge Washburn, one of Boone's sergeants. The company crossed the east branch in Humboldt county coming up the divide between the two streams, traversing what is now Kossuth county to the state line. "On reaching the point near the state line," Major Williams records, "and now in Kossuth county, the Indians attacked him after watching his movements for some time. He then found them with considerable force determined to check his progress, and had a sharp fight with them. From that point he moved eastward to what is now called Lake Albert Lea, which was so named for Lieut. Albert Lea, acting adjutant of Capt. Boone's squadron." This was the first Indian battle known to have happened in Kossuth.

The second trouble between the whites and the Sioux in the boundaries of the present county occurred in 1852. Major Williams' report of it was taken down by him from the stories brought to Fort Dodge by the participants immediately after. He says: "In 1852 Capt. Galcott with his party were engaged in running the state line, the Indians watching them very closely and annoying them by begging and hanging around in small parties. Finally some of the captain's men killed two buffalo, which caused Ish-ta-habah with a party of his warriors to make a dash at the captain, demanding two cattle in place of the two buffalo killed, claiming the buffalo as their cattle. The Indians surrounded the captain and a few of his men, who were in advance of the main body about two miles. He managed to amuse or keep the Indians at bay until his rear forces came up, who were generally armed, and disposed to fire on the Indians. The captain's force in all was about 80 men, prepared to meet any interference on the part of the Indians. Seeing what they had to contend with the Indians withdrew, threatening what they would do if any more of 'their cattle' were killed. The captain had some difficulty in keeping his men from firing on them. He informed them through an interpreter who he was and what he was doing, stating to them that if they again attempted to molest him he would fire on them. Sleepy Eyes, with his warriors about 30 in number, withdrew still threatening if 'their cattle' were again disturbed. This occurrence took place in Kossuth county near the state line a short distance east of the Emmet county line, as laid down on the map by Capt. Galcott, who immediately after came to Fort Dodge for supplies."

Capt. Galcott's "supplies" are still a matter of amusement to the first comers. The state line for many years was well defined by an almost unbroken trail of empty beer and champagne bottles, and the traveller traced it better by the unofficial glass remains than he did by the big official oak section posts. At Spirit Lake the surveyors must have had a special celebration. It is doubtful if in later

years the state line has been more intimately associated with beer at our popular summer resort than it was back in 1852.

Major Williams made his first visit to Kossuth county in 1850, shortly after the buildings at Fort Dodge had been sufficiently completed to afford shelter. "We found a number of small parties of Indians," he records, "encamped along the east fork of the Des Moines both on the south of where Algona stands and north of that point. Quite a number were located along the stream now called Black Cat (I have been unable to learn how or by whom this stream was so named)." The Indians seemed to be chiefly of Ishtahabah's band, mixed up with some of the Red Top band, Inkpadutah's, and with Yanktons from the Missouri. Their trapping and fishing grounds were along the East Des Moines and at Chain Lakes and O-kam-am-pa-do or Tuttle's Lake.

Ish-ta-ha-bah, Major Williams has already explained, did not belong to the outlaw Sioux. He was related only by marriage, and was a more peaceably inclined chief than Sidominadotah, Inkpadutah, Umpashotah and Titonka. Of his conduct following the murder of Sidominadotah by Lott, Major Williams records: "Ish-tahabah was a chief who had great influence with the Indians. I believe he exerted himself to keep them back from retaliating on the whites for the murders committed by Lott. He knew the United States troops 300 to 400 strong were posted north of him building Fort Ridgely." The unpleasant suggestion which Major Woods had made as to the place into which he would blow them all if any trouble ensued, had also evidently impressed his mind.

It was at this time that Ishtahabah with some of his principal followers came to Fort Dodge, and showed to the major some old papers signed by Major Day of the regular army and by Quinn, Indian agent, in which his good character had been certified to. He gave assurances of his own and of his people's friendship for the white men, boasted 500 warriors, and made the claim that they had never yet been guilty of shedding the blood of a white man.

"Notwithstanding these professions," Major Williams says, "parties of them continued to rove about the country robbing and annoying the settlers."

Ishtahabah came to Major Williams, after the troops had left Fort Dodge, because the major held a commission from Gov. Grimes to raise men if necessary to protect the frontier. Gov. Hempstead had issued the commission in the first instance in 1853 soon after the troops left, and Gov. Grimes renewed it after the Clear Lake scare. The issuance of the first commission followed an amusing incident which shows how pluck and mother wit saved many of the pioneers. The story Major Williams relates as follows: "Late in the fall of 1853 a party under Inkpadutah went over to the Cedar river and took prisoners an old gentleman by the name of James Chambers of Linn county and a Mr. Madden of Muscatine, who ventured up to the head waters of the Cedar river to hunt. Mr. Chambers being a very early settler and well acquainted with the Indian character, induced the Indians to believe that he and Mad-

den had gone up to see them and trade with them, telling them that they had some miles from them a wagon loaded with flour, bacon and whiskey, which they would bring up to them if they would let them go for them. This story took the ears of the Indians and they consented to let them go, but were unwilling to let them take their horses with them. Chambers satisfied them that they must have the horses to bring up the wagon, when they consented to let them take the horses along, provided that four Indians armed should accompany them. For the purpose of throwing the Indians off their guard Chambers took off the saddle, blankets and other matters, a hatchet, etc., and handed them to the Indians to keep till they would return. They mounted their horses barebacked and started professedly for the wagon, guarded by four Indians. They talked to and amused the Indians, hoping to put them off their guard, but failed in doing so until they had travelled about six miles. On approaching a grove they pointed out about where the wagon and the balance of their party were and told the Indians they had better stay back a short distance until they would go forward and tell their friends how matters stood, professing to fear their friends would fire on the Indians. The Indians agreed to the arrangement. As soon as Chambers and Madden reached between one and two hundred yards from them they put the whip to their horses and fled. Having good horses the Indians were unable to reach them. In this way they escaped from captivity and saved their horses."

THE CALL SETTLEMENT

Asa C. and Ambrose A. Call came to what is now Algona in July, 1854, six months after Lott had killed Sidominadotah at Bloody Run and a few weeks after the Sioux had gone east to make their raid on Hewitt and the Winnebagoes at Clear Lake. They were the first settlers north of Fort Dodge and west of the Hewitt and Dickerson settlement. A man by the name of Miller had located nine miles above Fort Dodge, but following Sidominadotah's murder the Indians had driven him in. To the great west there was nothing. It was not until the December following that any but Indian traders located at Sioux City.

Major Williams, in his voluminous record, notes: "The very first settlers in Kossuth, and indeed north of Fort Dodge, were A. C. Call and his brother Ambrose A. Call. On the 4th day of July they came to me at Fort Dodge (Mr. Call thinks it was on their second visit to the fort that they met the major, his son being the only one at home at the time the major refers to) when I was comparatively alone, and the judge stated to me that they were on an exploration tour in search of a point in this new country that would please them for a home and that they proposed going up the Des Moines river—at that time a very dangerous experiment, as the Indians were very much excited. I apprised them of the danger and risk they would run. His reply was that he had considerable knowledge of the Indian character, having crossed the plains. They

concluded to risk it and started up the river. They returned, having selected the present site of Algona. On the 9th day of July they again reached the point selected and made a beginning, having hired a team and succeeded, after some trouble in getting one man who would accompany them."

Both brothers had had previous experience in frontier life. Judge Call, as he was always known in later years, had gone across to California in 1850. He had been Indian commissioner there, and in various ways had been thrown into close contact with the savages of the Pacific slope. The younger brother had spent a year at the head waters of the St. Croix among the Chippewas. Upon the judge's return from the coast the two decided to go into Iowa to secure land. They came to Iowa City, and ascended the Iowa river, then turned to the west towards Homer, about which much was said in those days, and then came to Fort Dodge, where they arrived as Major Williams notes, on the evening of July 4, 1854.

At Fort Dodge they met the surveyors Leech and Bell, who had been routed in what is now section 15 of Cresco township by the Sioux band which went to Clear Lake. These surveyors had the contract to survey in Kossuth, Humboldt, and Pocahontas counties, and according to Major Williams had gone out heavily armed, although it is Mr. Call's recollection that they were not well equipped for Indian warfare. The Indians had begun by begging of the surveyors, grew troublesome and gradually frightened them so they could not sleep nights and had quit the job. At the fort they told the brothers of their troubles, but Judge Call instead of being deterred said that now was the time to go into the north country, as the Indians having committed an outrage would vacate and not be seen for some time. Accordingly they set forth. They came up the east branch of the river because it had the heaviest timber. They camped on what is now King's creek south of Algona and then crossed the present town site. Near where the old college stood in the south part of town, was the recently vacated camp of the Indians, whose broad trail led to the east, toward Clear Lake. They crossed the river north of town and turned south to the camping ground of the surveyors in Cresco, where the Indians had routed them. Here also they found the recent traces of the Indian camp. Taking their noon meal they set out on the return trip to Fort Dodge, fully determined to cast their fortunes with the upper Des Moines valley. Thus on the Fourth of July that witnessed the big scare and retreat along the Iowa and Cedar rivers, a new settlement was established far to the westward, for two years to be the frontier outpost.

In the spring of 1854 a party from east of Mason City consisting of Anthony Overacker, Wm. J. Argabrite and J. M. Hunt crossed the Des Moines near where Algona stands and on returning marked out a claim that would include part of the present townsite. Mr. Hunt has written a description of the trip. A night was spent with Hewitt at Clear Lake. "Next morning," he says, "we left civilization behind us, and with a map and pocket compass, took a west-

ernly course for Kossuth county, in which we struck the Des Moines river. A heavy rain had fallen and had swollen the river banks full. We followed up the stream to a little above the forks, where we made a raft of dry red elm logs and ferried our wagons with our baggage across. We camped here a little over two days to get some meat, as signs of elk were plenty. I killed three the next morning, the meat of which we cured over a slow fire, after salting. There was a fine body of timber here with good prairie all around. As we returned some two weeks later we took some claims here, but never went back to them."

Mr. Call (A. A.) says that on returning with supplies, and tools to build his cabin, he found the first cutting on the trees to mark out this claim, which was just south of Algona, the name Overacker being written on most of them. He has the date still preserved in his diary, Aug. 13, 1854. Not proposing to lose Algona, after having been to the trouble and expense of two trips, he made it his business as soon as he was housed to take an ax and chop off the name and eliminate Overacker from our pioneer history.

Immigration was not long in coming. Levi Maxwell, Malachi Clark, the Craws, Dick Parrott, and others followed up in the fall of the year; Aug. Zahlten and Christian Hackman came to Dakota with Ed. McKnight. One of the first of the "Call Settlement" was Billy Hill and his outfit. Hill was one of the Henry Lott pioneers, an outlaw. He was not fitted for the company he soon found himself in, and after a year or two departed, the rumor being that in the end he was hung to the end of a wagon tongue for a murder committed on the Boone river. In a poem on the dear departed in the number of the "Bee" edited by Judge Call, was this reference to Billy:

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First old Billy Hill if tradition be true,
Came on with a bold and adventurous crew,
And they waged a fierce war with varied success
Against two whiskey barrels which daily grew less,
They conquered the whiskey, then what did they do,
When the whiskey was gone, why then—Billy went too.
They're gone and Ben Hensley still weeps at the haste
Of this hero so brave and his matron so chaste.

It was in the fall of 1854 that D. A. Haggard came with his father to run the United States survey in the northwest six townships of Kossuth. They came from Clear Lake, crossing Union slough at the lower end. On Buffalo Fork they met two trappers. The tradition is that these trappers were caught in the early winter by the Indians, stripped and tied to their horses, and driven about a ring all night, and let go in the morning nearly naked. Who they were is not known, nor are the facts comeatable, now. It is believed, however, that it was their traps which were left in the Buffalo, which were found a few years ago. Mr. Haggard's father ran a few lines that fall, but next season went north into Minnesota, and the survey in Kossuth was completed by C. C. Carpenter

of Fort Dodge and Lewis H. Smith, both of whom came to Kossuth for that purpose in 1855.

In November of 1854, W. H. Ingham came to the Call cabin. He returned to Cedar Rapids, but the following January was back again to remain. In the early spring he set out alone to look for the heavy pine timber they had told about at Fort Dodge and which was marked on his maps, making one of the early trips of exploration along the upper Des Moines.

Of these pioneers all are living but Judge Call. In the old Algona Bee is preserved a description written by him of a night in the mountains on his return from California. It is a thrilling story and has never been published. It affords a suggestion of the sketches of pioneer history in Kossuth he might have written if death had not cut him down in the very prime of his mature years. The judge was a man of education and of considerable wealth when he came to Kossuth. He was a man of boundless ambition for the new settlement. When the history of the upper Des Moines valley is written he will occupy a large place in its pages.

Some years after the pioneer settlements of northern Iowa had been made and after the Indian scares had gone out of the reckoning Major Williams jotted down some recollections. Among them he pays a deserved tribute to the two brothers who founded Algona. Referring to the fact that for some time they and Mrs. Call were alone in this north country, and that their claims were settled when the hostile Indians were all around them, he says "no men in this northern part of the state have risked more and displayed more firmness than Judge Call and Ambrose A. Call."

Reminiscences of the
Pioneers

Most of the stories of the first comers to Kossuth were published in the UPPER DES MOINES in the order in which they appear here, and give a first hand account of the beginnings of white settlement. With them are one or two later letters brought out by the discovery of Mrs. Call's manuscript in which she started to tell of her first experience with the Indians.

Wm. H. Ingham came to the county on a hunting trip in 1854, and settled in 1855, but his story of his Indian experiences has been put in print in another connection and need not be repeated here.

Of these pioneers but one is living, David A. Haggard, who came as a boy with his father's surveying party in 1854. It was after the Civil War that he located in Kossuth county in the later 60's where he early won a wide and friendly acquaintance and where he is enjoying a vigorous old age surrounded by family and friends.

It is worth thinking about within the lifetime of one man the enormous changes have come these verbatim reports of the old days make more real to us than anything else can. What may happen within the fourscore of the Kossuth boys of today (1929) only a very imaginative man would venture to forecast.

MR. CALL'S FIRST INDIAN

By Ambrose A. Call in THE UPPER DES MOINES

As *The Upper Des Moines* is just now entertaining its readers with Indian history and reminiscences of pioneer days, in compliance with my promise I will give a brief account of my first interview with the noble aborigine of the prairies, which fortunately for us both proved of a harmless nature, each retaining his scalp in the usual position. It was about the middle of August, 1854. I had my cabin raised and covered with a shake roof, and after much tribulation we had a fireplace built. A hole was cut in the end of the cabin and small logs split in halves and notched into the house logs and lined on the inside with stones, and mortar made of yellow clay. This completed the fireplace. After its completion the chimney above was a simple matter, small split sticks built up cob-house fashion and covered with mortar. One man could do this, so I concluded to leave Will, my companion, whose name was Wm. T. Smith, a man I had hired to come up and help me for a month or two, to finish the chimney and I would put in the day exploring the groves of timber up the river, which I had only seen at a distance. My cabin, as old settlers will remember, was located near the Chubb brothers' residence south of town. When I came to the river I pulled my boots and waded it at the old Indian ford just above the Call bridge.

I had gotten up near the north grove, intending to pass around on the east side, when I heard the report of a gun behind me on the river. This was somewhat startling as the only gun I knew of nearer than Fort Dodge, except the one on my shoulder, was the old shot gun at the cabin, so I concluded to retrace my steps and extend my investigations in another direction.

I had gotten to the edge of the timber near where my house now stands when I heard another shot further down the river, and as I wished to keep out of sight, I went into the woods and kept under cover until I came near the soft water pond, when I crouched down and was soon concealed by the tall grass. The wild redtop grew at that time nearly as high as a man's head all over the river bottoms.

I was anxious to reach the river before the Indian or Indians who had done the shooting should discover my tracks, as I knew that if the presence of a white man was suspected before I had interviewed them, the chances were that I would not see them at all, unless greatly to my disadvantage. As I approached the ford I got down and carefully crawled up to the bank, as a hunter does when he stalks game. My caution was rewarded by the discovery of an Indian not 50 feet away. He had just found my tracks and seemed much interested in the discovery. His gun and bow were

lying right under my feet on the bank of the river. After I had carefully looked around to assure myself there were no others, I raised up out of the grass with my gun in my hand and said "How!" Mr. Indian made one spring towards his gun and then stopped. Again I said "How! How!" but he stood motionless and failed to respond to my salutation. I then walked down to the edge of the water, passing over his weapons, and held out my hand and repeated, "How!" This seemed to reassure him. He grasped my hand and said, "How! How!" at the same time patting his stomach with his other hand, he said: "Good Injun, Yanktona." I repeated Yanktona good Injun. By signs I inquired how many Indians. He held up one finger and patted his breast. One Injun, one squaw, two papooses, one pony. I asked, where tepee? He pointed up the river. He wanted to know how many warriors. I held up six fingers. Where tepee? I pointed down river. I am sorry to say I was less truthful than my aborigine friend, but as I thought it quite likely he was deceiving me I didn't propose to give anything away.

He proceeded to explain to me that he was shooting turtles. He had just shot one through the neck with an arrow, of which he seemed quite proud, and while he was retrieving it he discovered my tracks. He motioned that he had two more up the river, staked down, which he would get as he returned. His shot gun was an old English piece, the kind used by the Hudson Bay company, ornamented with brass nails driven in the stock. I picked up and handed him his gun and bow, which he slung over his back. We then walked up the river to the bend, where I left him, motioning him on, and telling him puckachee. After he was out of sight I hastened to the cabin and told Smith of my find. We hurriedly hunted up our oxen and pony and tied them up near the house, after which we scouted for other Indians, but found none.

The next day we found where my Indian's tepee had been pitched on the bank of the river above the Blackford bridge, and we saw by the trail left by his totem poles he had puckacheed in a northwesternly direction. This fellow was doubtless of the party that had been making trouble over on the head waters of the Cedar, and straggled off from the band as they were returning to the upper Missouri. He evidently had pulled up and left immediately after my interview with him. I have frequently, in thinking of my success in stalking this Indian, congratulated myself upon for once beating an Indian at his own game.

GOVERNOR CARPENTER'S SURVEY

By Gov. C. C. Carpenter in THE UPPER DES MOINES

In 1854 a man by the name of Haggard of Dubuque (D. A. Haggard's father) had taken a contract to subdivide eight townships in Emmet, and the northern part of Kossuth counties. He made preparation for the work, with camping outfit, team, tent, etc., and somewhat late in the fall he went upon the ground he was

to survey. The fall rains had filled the sloughs, so that the work was difficult and confusing. For some days he worked and figured among the sloughs and ponds to get a start. In the meantime a large party of Indians came down from Minnesota and camped in the vicinity, and parties of them were daily visitors at his camp. They begged provisions and were a general annoyance, until between the sloughs, mosquitoes and the Indians, he became utterly disgusted with his contract, and finally left, and returning to Dubuque told the surveyor general he desired to surrender the contract. Before the surrender of the contract was finally determined Mr. Wm. J. Neely, inspector of United States surveys, who the summer before had visited Mr. Berry's camp while I was at work for him, advised him to hire me to go up and do the work for him. But he feared it might not be done right and he would have trouble. Mr. Neely, however, gave him such assurance as led him to determine to do so. Accordingly Mr. Neely wrote me inquiring if I would do the work for Mr. Haggard, provided he would send his outfit to Fort Dodge with three or four hands, leaving me to fill up the force. I answered agreeing to do so.

In compliance with this understanding, about the 1st of May, 1855, the team and camping outfit with three hands arrived at Fort Dodge. Mr. Lewis H. Smith, now an honored citizen of Algona, who had just come to Fort Dodge, and a younger brother of mine, R. E. Carpenter, also a recent arrival, were hired to make up the party. We moved upon the ground and began the work. We, of course, had the usual experiences of frontier surveyors. The country was a wet and sloughy region. It seems to me now, as I have ridden over the country since its improvement, that there has been a great change in its entire physical structure. The sloughs are not half so large and there are not as many of them. One of the annoyances of the surveyor, as it was a sore annoyance in every frontier home, were the mosquitoes. We would generally work until nearly dark and then find our way around the sloughs and through them to our camp. You can neither imagine, nor can I describe, the torment of the mosquito. The air would be literally thick with them. If we talked they would get into our mouths; they would fly into our eyes and ears; would cover our faces and hands, and not an inch of our bodies, unprotected by clothing, would escape them. In going to and from camp one of the chainmen would carry the chain and the other the pins, the mound builder would lead the pony, upon which was strapped the stakes, our lunch basket, a spade, and any clothing we did not need for the time being, so each of these people had one hand with which to fight mosquitoes. But the surveyor carried his compass on one arm and his Jacob-staff on his shoulder, held in place by the other hand, so he had no hand to fight these little torments and had to resolve to let them bite, and march on. At night we would close the tent air tight to prevent being annoyed by them all night.

Well, things went on without much change until one day we were at work in the vicinity of the point now known as Armstrong's

grove, in the northern part of Kossuth county, when, it seemed instantaneously, the atmosphere became thick with smoke. The prairie, which had not been burned the fall before, all seemed to be on fire. The smoke absolutely prevented running a line more than a few steps at a time. In the midst of this an Indian came up to me and began to "pow-wow," and motion with his hands and fingers, I suppose to give me the idea of the number and location of the Indians. While he was going through with his gesticulations, Smith, now Judge Smith of Algona, came up leading the pony, upon which were strapped the stakes, our coats, dinner pail, etc. The instant the pony caught sight of the Indian he reared back, jerked the strap from Smith's hand, and disappeared in the smoke. We found him the next day, however, and recovered our goods. The Indian, after vain efforts to talk with us, wrapped his blanket around his gun and strode away.

It was now quite late in the afternoon and we started for camp. We knew that our cook and camp-keeper would move during the day, with the purpose of pitching the tent near the center of the next township south, as we had hoped to finish the one upon which we were at work that day. We therefore walked in the direction of the point to which we supposed the camp would be moved, but knew we would not be able to see it in the smoke, unless we should come very near it. Night finally came on, and the horizon on every side was lurid with burning grass. We knew if our camp-keeper should build a fire to guide us into camp we could not distinguish it from the other fires on every hand. To add to our difficulties, Mr. Smith and my brother were both quite unwell. We travelled, however, until near 12 o'clock, when we found ourselves in low ground and concluded we might have passed our camp and instead of getting nearer to it might be going away from it. So we lay down in the grass and smoke to rest until daylight. Our coats were strapped to the pony and the night was chilly. It was a hard night.

The next morning we found ourselves in a bottom near the Des Moines and on looking off to the south, about three-fourths of a mile, we saw our tent. Our cook fairly leaped for joy when we came into camp. He had known the night before we would be confused by the fires, so he had built a fire on a knoll and ran around it for hours hoping we would see him. He was a noble, faithful young man. Well, this was Sunday, and of course we spent the day in camp. Before night we found it a fortunate circumstance that we were all there. About 10 o'clock we discovered coming from the northwest and steering southwest, in the direction of the west fork of the Des Moines, a long procession of Indians. The squaws were leading ponies to which were attached tents, tent-poles, papoose and all the paraphernalia of an Indian camp. They passed about half a mile west of us. When opposite our camp some 30 or 40 of the Indian men turned off and came up to our tent. They gathered around the tent, some of them went inside, and others peered into it and around it from the outside. They asked for food.

I motioned to them that we had to stay three or four moons, and had only enough to last, and that we could not get more nearer than Mankato, Minn., or Fort Dodge. Then they asked for tobacco and we had a pretty good supply and gave them enough to fill their pipes. They sat for a while and smoked and talked among themselves. Finally they got up and began to walk around and through the tent and handle various things. We had a couple of sacks of flour and two of the boys had spread a blanket over them and taken a seat on them. One of the boys spread a blanket over our sack of beans and our sugar and coffee and had taken a seat upon them. On the outside of the tent we had a barrel about half full of pickled pork. They gathered around this, took off the cover, looked in, and finally one reached down and took out of the brine a good sized piece of pork and put it under his blanket. I knew if we permitted him to keep it that it would be a signal for them to take more, and all. We could talk among ourselves without their understanding what we said; and we agreed that the only way to protect our camp from robbery was to put on a bold front, and if necessary defend ourselves as best we could. So when the Indian had put the pork under his blanket, I walked up to him, took it out, threw it into the barrel and put the lid on. Another one picked up a tin cup and acted as if he proposed to keep it. I took it away from him and threw it into the tent. Then a young buck picked up a bell which we had to put on one of the horses when they were out grazing. He buckled the strap around his leg and walked slowly away, while the whole contingent set up a loud guffaw. We agreed that they were testing our patience and courage. I therefore seized a section stake and followed him a few rods from the tent, confronted him with the stake in hand, pushed him back towards the tent, and motioned him to unbuckle the strap. He looked at me with a most surly scowl for half a minute, and I looked him in the eye. He finally unbuckled it and threw the bell toward the tent, and I gave him a push after it. I then walked back to the tent and stood among them, assuming as much as possible an air of indifference in regard to them. They finally began to talk among themselves, and then asked for tobacco. We gave them tobacco to fill their pipes and, after they had lighted them and taken a few whiffs, they marched off.

During all this performance with the red scoundrels it never occurred to me that our lives were in danger. My only anxiety was to protect our food and property, as I thought they intended to rob us. But two years after this when I learned of the Indian massacre at Spirit Lake, in which undoubtedly a part of these savages were engaged, I thought of that Sunday on the prairie and was thoroughly scared.

LEWIS H. SMITH'S ARRIVAL

By Lewis H. Smith in THE UPPER DES MOINES

In the winter of 1854-5, after the engineering work on the old M. & M. railway (now the C. R. I. & P. railway) was closed for the season, I taught school and "boarded around" at Snooke Grove in Poweshiek county. This is about half way between Victor and Brooklyn. I stayed Saturdays and Sundays with a blacksmith by the name of Ross, a great hunter for those days, and the deer and turkeys and other smaller game were there in great numbers, and with the poor guns that were in use we managed to get our share.

I well remember one morning in March, I think it was, that I saw a man driving west with two yoke of cattle and a wagon loaded with breaking plows. The cattle I knew well as having belonged to a Mr. Switzer, and that was my first sight of the man who was the pioneer of Kossuth county, Judge Asa C. Call. I did not then know who he was or where he was going, but during the Methodist quarterly meeting, held soon afterward at the school house where I taught, the presiding elder stayed with my friend Ross and told us of the fine country north of Fort Dodge, where he said a man by the name of Call and his brother had gone and found a grove of the finest timber in northern Iowa, about the center of what was then named as Kossuth county by the last legislature.

No maps that we had access to had any counties laid out in northwest Iowa as yet. The country was marked on the maps as the "Couteau Des Prairies," meaning the height of the land or highest elevation of the prairies. My thoughts from his description of the country turned in that direction and as it was then uncertain when engineering work would commence again on the railway, after my term of school was finished, I packed up my compass and levelling instrument and other baggage and started for the country where all the excellences of a new place were supposed to be centered.

I came west to what was then Fort Des Moines and from there to Fort Dodge, as that was the traveled road. On coming to Fort Dodge I made the acquaintance, among others, of C. C. Carpenter, who has since honorably filled all offices in the state from constable to governor and member of congress, and of whom no man can say that he ever forgot a friend or persecuted an enemy, when I say enemy I mean political, for personally he never had one.

While at Fort Dodge W. J. Neeley, who was an inspector of government surveys and who had known Gov. Carpenter as a surveyor the year before, came out and wished him to go out and complete an unfinished contract. The governor had no compass and he wished me to go out with him, saying that if I would his brother would also go; that the wages would not be so much of an object, but we would form a good party and could get a good deal of experience. So I said: "Use my compass and chain and we will go together and I will be mound man."

Our party consisted of six in all, one of whom was a brother-in-law of Mr. Neeley and acted as cook and campkeeper, a "cookee"

named Johnny and a chainman by the name of Warren (their last names I forget). Four of us were compass men, so we could not be stopped in work if Carpenter should fall ill, and we had a good party indeed. Gov. Carpenter has in a former issue of your paper given you an account of our meeting with a band of Indians headed by Ishtahabah, or Sleepy Eye. The band after leaving us (being then about five miles southwest of where Armstrong is situated) came down to the settlements at Algona. Doubtless our friend, A. A. Call, who was here at that time will give you an interesting account of their visit.

A description of how surveys were done might not be out of place here. A camp usually consisted of six persons, the compass man, a mound man, two chain men, a cook and a "cookee." The compass man took all the courses and wrote up all the field notes, the chain men following behind him measuring the distance, and the mound man, who was usually furnished with a pony to carry his stakes and spade, dug the pits and made the mounds, setting a stake in each mound marked with the proper numbers, which were cut in with a steel gouge. The township and range lines were always run before the sectionizing was commenced, generally the year before, and were always done with a solar compass and could only be done when the sun shone. Sectionizing was done by commencing at the southwest corner of Sec. 36 on the township line and running thence one mile north and one mile east closing on the range line at the northeast corner of the section. At that time the surveyors were allowed 100 links to close in, so that if the compass man came within that distance the stakes on the north and west sides were set down to correspond and then mounded. The party then went back to the northwest corner of 36 and ran a mile north and a mile east as before, and thus till they came to the southwest corner of Sec. 1, when they ran a mile north and closed on the township line. They then traveled south to the township line and ran up another tier of sections in the same manner. On the west side of the township was what was known as the double tier, ie; when they commenced at the southeast corner of Sec. 31 they ran a mile north and a mile east and then went back to the northeast corner of 31 and ran a mile west to the range line and closed on that line. A tier each day of 11 miles was considered a fair day's work, but generally the party made the double tier in the same time, working a little longer or camping, if possible, where they would not go so far to commence work. The camp keeper got his wood, moved camp, did the cooking, and the "cookee" helped him and washed the dishes.

The prairies were at that time covered with beautiful flowers and game. Elk were sometimes seen in great numbers. I remember one time we were in sight of them nearly all day. The only white men we saw while on the survey were Capt. W. H. Ingham and a party of friends hunting elk calves. As I was away at the time from the others I did not speak to them and they passed on after their game.

During this survey I came first into Kossuth county on July 4, 1855. We finished the survey in August and after eating our last biscuit in the morning started southeast for the settlements that we supposed were somewhere on the east fork, but were not sure about it. We got down at night west of where Algona now is and saw a small smoke, which came from the log cabin on the site where Geo. C. Call now lives. Carpenter and myself came over and the boys went south and camped in the edge of the timber south of S. A. Thompson's place. I got some flour, sugar and coffee and went over to them, while Carpenter stayed with Judge Call over night. Think of this all you who talk of hardships. To eat your last mouthful and start for a settlement supposed to be somewhere within 40 miles where you can get another bite. But we got there.

In the morning we started south for Fort Dodge, arriving there the second day. Our party disbanded and I made ready to come back to Algona. I found a man by the name of Crouse coming up with a load of bacon, corn meal, etc., to sell to the few new settlers, and he said I was welcome to come up with him and he would bring up my baggage and surveying instruments. Among other things he brought up to sell were some cats. He was a typical specimen of a "corn cracker." He said: "Dats a prime cat. You may have him for two bits (25 cents), but dat dar odder cat is a she cat, a durn good cat, and I must have four bits (50 cents) for her." So he sold his cats. He peddled his bacon, corn meal and cats on the way and on the second day we got to where Algona now is, and my home has since been on the townsite of Algona, where I hope to live and have fun with the boys quite awhile yet.

In the winter of 1856 while alone keeping "bachelors' hall" in the log home of J. W. Moore, which stood across the alley in block 70 in Algona, Josh, who was one of the survivors of the Sidomina-dotah massacre on Bloody Run by old Lott, visited me and stayed two days. He also visited D. W. King, who was living down southeast of town. He was a young Indian of mild manners and could talk fair English. In those days Indians were not particularly inviting visitors and to use the words of old Dr. Cogley, one of our early settlers, it was thought best "to discourage their visits as much as possible."

In the spring of 1857, while Major Williams and his command were at Spirit Lake after the massacre, a party of six of us, headed by Capt. W. H. Ingham, went with old man Tuttle to see if his family was saved. He lived on the north side of the Okamampado or Tuttle's lake and was caught down here by the snow. If you can get Capt. Ingham to write up an account of that expedition it will be interesting to your readers. At least it seems so to me, seeing that we got out of it with whole skins and didn't freeze to death in the deal. While I have seen and endured my share of cold weather I never was so cold as on one night of that expedition.

THE HAGGARD SURVEYING PARTY

By David A. Haggard in THE UPPER DES MOINES

“Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight.”

When listening to these few lines, recited some time since by my daughter, little did I realize how forcibly they would one day be recalled to my memory by a newspaper reporter in the person of my old friend, Harvey Ingham of *The Upper Des Moines*, with to him the modest request for a short account of my first experiences in Kossuth county, Iowa. No doubt to him, long accustomed to the use of the pen, this seemed a trifling task, but to myself it is far different; I long to be excused, or to be granted the privilege to roll back the years that have since accumulated, and once more view Kossuth county a boy of fifteen as I did August 25, 1854, when after a journey of some 225 miles from our fitting-out point, I first viewed what was afterwards to me the promised land.

I was one of the party of seven brought out by my father, Dr. John Haggard, a government contractor, who had the contract to subdivide what is now known as Eagle, Grant, Swea, Harrison, Seneca, and Greenwood townships. We left Dubuque August 10, 1854, with two covered wagons, one of which was drawn by horses, and the other by one yoke of oxen; the wagons were loaded light, not to exceed 1400 pounds to the oxen and 1200 pounds to the other rig. Our provisions consisted, as nearly as I can remember, of something like the following: Two barrels of pork, a quantity of flour, beans, sugar, molasses by the keg, tea, coffee, dried apples, etc.; the pork barrel I well remember, as I several times watched a member of our party, when we were stuck in a slough, lift the barrels which weighed no less than 300 pounds, to and from the wagon. After passing Dyersville, located on the western edge of Dubuque county, the settlement was very thin for something over fifty miles, when we crossed the Wapsie river, at what was known as the “Frink” settlement, consisting of three or four log houses; from there to Janesville on Cedar river it was a wilderness; at that point a few pioneers had located. After a brief halt there we headed northwest, and upon reaching what is now Mason City we found three young men who had taken Horace Greeley’s advice and, not only gone west, but had very nearly reached the limit of what was then the western edge of civilization, there being but one lone cabin located on Clear lake, twelve miles to the westward, Hewitt; (this is the Hewitt of which previous mention has been made in pioneer history;) we reached his cabin some two weeks after the killing of the Winnebago boy (a member of his family), by the Sioux.

At that time the Sioux and Winnebagoes were at war; a party of the Sioux had been camped north of Clear Lake on Lime Creek, and after decoying the boy from home, and killing him, they headed north and no more was heard from them; this was our first report of Indians, and I can not say that it caused very much comment, as our party was made up of “Hawkeyes” who had been familiar with

Indians many long years previous, and had come to regard them with very little fear and much in the same light that the tramp nuisance is viewed by the farmers of today. Headed northwestward we soon reached Lime Creek, and which we followed almost to the present location of Forest City; up to this point we had met with very few difficulties; the weather was fine; men in good spirits; but upon passing Crystal lake our troubles began. From here we encountered creeks and sloughs that by their unfordable condition constantly forced us to take a northerly direction; when some five or six miles northwest of the lake, not far from the present town of Thompson, we were suddenly introduced to some of the earliest settlers of this county; a series of yells and whoops called our attention to a party of what afterwards proved to be a hunting party of 16 young Sioux bucks, who came dashing down upon us at the full speed of their ponies; we were at that time passing over some low land on which the grass grew from four to five feet in height; at once my father ordered a halt and drawing the teams and party up in as nearly a circle as possible awaited the outcome; upon reaching us they whirled to one side and rode rapidly around our little band, yelling at the full extent of their lungs; after some time spent in this performance they drew up in a circle and quietly sat on their ponies, while one, who seemed to be the leader, jumping from his horse advanced toward our circle; my father, who was familiar with the Indian tongue, advanced to meet him, while we stood a much interested group.

The Sioux were armed with single barrelled shot guns and hunting knives, while we, on the other hand, possessed only three revolvers and one double barrelled gun, with one barrel rifled and the other for shot. Having been born and raised in Iowa, and being familiar with the Indian language, together with my age, one can readily imagine my interest in the "bluffing" match which took place. After some time spent in boasting and loud talk by each party, the young Sioux who were well fitted to have easily and in very short time wiped out our very modest crew, turned and rode at full speed to the east.

After this interruption, we turned to the southwest and on August 25, 1854, entered Kossuth county between the two forks of the Buffalo creek, which we crossed at about the place where German Valley postoffice is now located, the wet and swampy condition of the country we had encountered at Crystal Lake continued. Every slough or low piece of ground resembled a swamp, covered with a rank growth of vegetation from five to seven feet in height and seemingly without bottom. Under these discouraging conditions the party floundered on westward, frequently making no more than three miles per day, a large portion of the time being spent in carrying the load to shore or lifting on the wheels of the wagon; upon crossing the little Buffalo we camped on the west bank; the following morning, while the cook was preparing breakfast, one of the party with a musical turn of mind amused himself, if not the balance of the crowd, by a performance upon a horn some three and

one-half feet in length; suddenly attracted by the noise, or pursuing their regular course, a drove of what the men first pronounced to be cattle made their appearance on some high ground about sixty rods to the northeast. My father, however, soon informed me I was looking upon my first buffaloes. There was a rush for the gun and the few revolvers carried by the party, but before any damage could be inflicted upon the herd they made off to the north, not, however, before we had ascertained by actual count that the drove consisted of 47. These were the only buffaloes we saw in any numbers, but frequently during the trip stragglers of one and two would pass quite close to us. Resuming our journey we continued in bad going, and during that day only made three or four miles, camping at night at about where the John O'Hare place now is. We broke camp early the next morning, which was the 29th of August, and had only moved a short distance west when we noticed a high mound off to the right, seemingly covered with boulders, the extreme point crowned by a large stumpy tree with broken branches. As we approached nearer, to our amazement the supposed boulders suddenly became imbued with life, and rapidly one after another arose to an erect position, presenting, to our amazement, a drove of fully two hundred elk. The supposed tree which we had noticed upon first view proved to be a magnificent old buck, who was evidently standing sentinel. It may perhaps have been because I was only a boy at the time, but I feel now after a long life spent in varied scenes, that never have I witnessed a grander sight than that knoll crowned with a forest of wide-spreading antlers; of course our first thought was elk meat for dinner. The best shot in the party, George Upson, was presented with our only gun and disappeared in the high grass to endeavor to sneak near enough for a shot, while the party awaited results. Luck favored him to the extent of wounding one, upon which the herd made off directly north, turning neither to the right nor left and leaving a trail from six to ten rods wide where the grass was beaten flat through low land where it was difficult for a horse to follow. Our horses were unharnessed as rapidly as straps could be unbuckled, by fingers trembling with excitement, and Upson and one other of the party took up the chase, which they continued for three or four miles, but although the wounded elk remained behind the herd about a mile, they could never get near enough for another shot, and finally abandoning the chase returned to the wagons with the information that we would have the usual bill of fare for dinner.

Continuing west, at about 10 o'clock we struck Union slough, near the present west line of section three, Portland township. As I have mentioned before, we had accumulated quite a list of experiences in bad roads, sloughs and hard traveling, but here we viewed this extensive swamp seemingly the climax, and wondered if this was the end or only the beginning of our hard luck. A person watching the breaking teams going up and down this slough, as I did last summer, could hardly realize that only 40 years before it resembled the everglades of Florida, with very nearly a

solid cane break from eight to twelve feet in height. As there was no hope of effecting a crossing we turned to the south and soon struck an Indian trail, which led us to a crossing at the place where the slough emptied into the Buffalo. We camped for the night upon the west bank, with signs of a camp that had been occupied not long previous by a large party of Indians. The following day I had my first view of the Des Moines river, which we reached at the point north of Sheldon's in Burt township, where the old ford now is. Here all hands were set at work with spades and shovels to level the bank so that the wagon might be taken down to the stream; the same process was gone through on the west bank. We were now near our destination, and made our first camp on the work, on the land afterwards homesteaded by one of our old settlers, Dr. Garfield of this place. At this point we lay two days in camp, resting the men and horses, cleaning up and cutting posts to be used in the work. Now followed some weeks of hard labor, during which time we finished Greenwood and a part of Seneca township. The men were each day wading water, a part of the time to their waists, drinking from the sloughs and complaining of sickness at night; finally matters became so bad that upon the discovery, by my father, of a spring of good water on section 14, Seneca township, we abandoned work and made our camp almost where the Batterson house now stands; after spending some two weeks in idleness and the men making no improvement it was decided to abandon the work altogether and return to Dubuque, for which place the teams were now headed. We made the crossing of the upper Des Moines at the place we had prepared on our journey out and camped on our old grounds on the Buffalo. While we lay in camp that night the beaver made so much noise that most of the boys went down to the stream to watch them work by moon-light. Continuing east, with most of the party too sick to more than drive the team, near Clear lake we met a party under a man by the name of Lyon, who informed us he was going in to work located east of my father's contract. The rest of our party continued east, but after hiring out to this contractor I took the back trail and once more entered Kossuth county, to carry chain through what is now Greenwood, Lincoln, Hebron, Ramsay, and a part of Ledyard townships.

At this time the weather became so inclement work was abandoned and we camped in the timber where the iron bridge now is on the Buffalo in Portland township. While here two young men from 27 to 30 years of age came into our camp. They told us they had been engaged in trapping along the Des Moines river and most of its tributaries, and there were no white men on the south nearer than Fort Dodge. From this camp, sheltered by the timber, we pulled out for Dubuque county, from which point, in 1865, after the close of the war and I had been discharged from the service, I returned to Kossuth county and located on northeast quarter of 7, 94, 28, and have ever since made my home in this county.

CAPT. PUTNAM'S THREE YEARS

By Capt. Charles E. Putnam in THE UPPER DES MOINES

Since receiving your letter of recent date, asking about the movement of Indians in your county in the summer of 1855, I have endeavored to recall some of the incidents of my life as a pioneer of Kossuth county. While I have an indistinct recollection of a party of Indians camping on, or near Plum creek during the fall of 1855, the event is not clear enough in my mind to give any particulars, for which you asked.

I think it was that fall that a band of Sioux came down from Minnesota, and deploying to cover as much territory as possible, made a wide detour through Kossuth county, driving all the large game ahead of them, expecting to round it up in southern Minnesota that they might have game all winter. They went around Algona, and about three or four miles southeast of town killed a buffalo. That night they built a large bonfire, and called in all the braves; feasting, dancing and pow-wowing being indulged in the greatest part of the night. I think that they remained the next day to give the squaws time to "jerk" the meat. If Mr. King (David King) is still with you he can tell who the parties were that visited the Indians and ordered them to leave the county, and let the game remain; and he can also tell how near he came to being a charge upon the county, when, the next day, he came upon two Indians carrying off all the provisions in his cabin.

It will be forty-two years on May 8 since I landed at the little old cabin, built by your father and Mr. Seeley, (A. L. Seeley) on the Black Cat. And while my life has seen many varied years since, I think those three on the frontier were the happiest, because of youth, and the absence of all care and responsibility. When I recall the years so long ago, the memory of the incidents of that life so fills my mind that it would, with elaboration, fill a book. But it is the memory of the home-life in that little cabin which remains most distinctly in my mind. And while, of course, I remember in general the movements of the Indians and the events which transpired, I was too young to appreciate the fact that we were making history.

The winter of '55 Covell came to Cedar Rapids for provisions, and when he returned with the supply of winter stores there was a banquet at the Ingham cabin. Covers were laid for four: Ingham, Seeley, Covell, and myself. Delmonico never spread such a feast; oysters and crackers, sardines and cheese, corn bread with butter, and after all cigars. Could mortal man want more, especially after having tasted nothing for three weeks but parched corn, ground in a coffee mill, and made into something we called bread? About midnight, while the meal was still in progress, being the kid, I was requested to go for a pail of water. As I approached the well—a hole in the ground a few rods from the cabin—my hair bristled at the sounds of distress which came from the well. I rushed back to the cabin with the news that somebody was drowning. An adjournment

was quickly declared, four would-be heroes going forth to the rescue. After an hour of very damp and slippery labor, strong arms had raised Nellie, the pet elk—and the baby of our household—from what might have been a watery grave. She was taken to the cabin fire, and, by vigorous rubbing, her life was saved, only to end in a violent death the next fall.

Although Seeley was the acknowledged chef of the Ingham hostelry, by a flash of culinary inspiration I made a gooseberry pie that spring which was the beginning of Seeley's downfall. After that triumph my wits turned kitchenward and I was forever seeking new dishes in that land of wild meat and cornbread. One day I went down to the settlement and discovered Smith (Lewis H. Smith) making doughnuts. Could it be another Richard had come onto the field! I beheld my new laurels tremble—I must make doughnuts. I started home formulating a recipe in my mind; it was certain that flour was the basis; then the fat in which they were fried would make them short; then something to make them light; molasses would furnish the sweetening; and a little cream of tartar coming in contact with the molasses would create an effervescence, and surely the deed was done. Luckily, no one was in the cabin when I got home, and I set at once to work on my doughy problem. It was the work of a few minutes to have the twisted beauties in the skillet of hot lard, but they never grew light nor brown. They were still pure and white and tough when in despair I buried them in the ravine behind the hill. I found out the next day that saleratus or yeast was the missing quantity that would have made them light, and all that could be desired. The remains of that first batch, I have no doubt, may still be found in the deep ravine back of the old cabin. And when the future scientist explores the hills and valleys of old Black Cat he will undoubtedly discover fragmentary ore that will trouble him to classify, or to tell whether it belongs to the Paleozoic or to the Tertiary period.

Craw and Linderman, who had built a cabin over on the East Fork, about two miles from the Ingham claim, occasionally made us a call, when we would send them home laden with game or fish to enrich their scanty larder. It was early in June when we told them if they would come over some night we would give them all the fish that they could carry home. They responded one moonlight evening when the fish were "running" well. We all went down to the ford a few rods above the mouth of the creek. The water at the ford was shallow, and it was difficult for the larger fish to pass over it. Craw and Linderman were told to take off their boots, roll their pants, and wade to the middle of the creek at the ford, while Seeley and myself went below to drive the fish up stream. Armed with sticks we went where the water was deep, and started toward the expectant fishermen, striking the water with our sticks, driving everything before us. When the school of fish, many of them so large that they were half out of the water, came to the ford, Craw and Linderman began the slaughter. Grabbing them with their hands they excitedly threw them to the banks, Ingham, who laughed

from a safe shelter, afterwards declaring that they threw the fish eighty feet in the air. We continued to thrash the water until we had nearly drowned the poor fellows. Then with their fish strung on withes and hanging from a pole, the happy fishermen, drenched to the skin started home. And I was afterwards told that they had fresh fish, and fish not so fresh, all summer.

Poor Craw, I wonder in what vineyard he is working now. He was of a very religious turn of mind, guileless and innocent of the world as a child. Once when he complained of the unreliability of the weather prognostications of Ayer's almanac, and was told that he must not expect correct predictions of the weather in a country that had not been surveyed, he accepted the explanation as good logic, and was never heard to criticise the weather man again.

THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN

To the Editor: In The Advance a few weeks ago was printed an article that was written by Mrs. Asa C. Call. I remember well the drunken Mrs. Persons and was sent for to go over in the night to stay with her, which I did. But I was surprised to read in your paper about Mrs. Call being the first white woman ever in this county. That story has been told for years, but it is all a mistake and I do not know who is to blame. I was over twenty-two years old when my father's family landed in this county on the 27th day of August, 1854, and have been here ever since. I am one of the five full grown women who came to this county on that day and we were the first white women here, and I am the only one of them now living in the county.

During the month of May, 1852, my brother, William, and a man by the name of Benson came up as far as the Ambrose Call ford, but did not take claims and went back. William, a few weeks later, came up again and took a claim for himself and one for father at the Mark Parsons grove and then returned for us. On the 25th day of August, 1854, six teams, drawing wagons with families, left Fort Dodge for claims in this county. One was a horse team and the others were oxen, one yoke on each wagon. The horses drew Levi Maxwell, his wife, Eliza, baby daughter, Leodica, and son, Henry. Another team drew Solomon Hand, Ben Hensley and Frank Swearingen, but they had no women along. The third team carried Malachi Clark and Rachel Clark, who were my parents, my brother, Thomas J. and myself. One wagon brought my brother, William G. Clark, wife and son. The Hill crowd had two teams, one of them drawing barrels and kegs of intoxicating liquors and various other like articles. Along with that crowd were Billy Hill, a widower, his brother, Daniel, who was an invalid, his son, young Daniel, his daughter, Martha, his nephew, Elisha Hill, Mrs. Samantha Persons, who did their cooking, her son, Thomas, and her two daughters, Emily and Abigail.

These were the persons, who came here on the 27th of August, 1854, and the women along were the first white women who were

ever in the county. I remember when Mr. Asa C. Call first brought his wife to her little cabin home. It was about three months after we came. In a few months as claims were taken other women came.

Maxwell first took for his claim the old Cogley place which Huntley afterwards owned. Billy Hill took his on what is now a part of S. A. Thompson's and a part of what is now owned by Mr. Chubb. My father and my brother, William, had their claims where Mark Parsons lives and we sold and moved to the grove north of Irvington where Mr. Gaffney lives and William moved to the farm where Mr. Mann now lives. Solomon Hand took his claim on the farm owned now by Robert Wright and Ben Hensley located near by. I believe I have given you a true account of those who came August 27 and hope this will help to correct the mistake as to who were the first white women.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hackman.

MRS. JUDGE CALL'S INTRODUCTION

From THE ALGONA ADVANCE

The following heretofore unpublished narrative of the early settlement of this county recently came to light while Geo. C. Call was sorting over a lot of papers preparatory to moving. The manuscript is neatly written in the handwriting of his mother and is faded with age. For what purpose or for what occasion it was written is not known. The abrupt ending at a most interesting point indicates that the hand that laid aside the pen for the time being never again found time to record the remainder of the events that the writer had started to disclose:

In the spring of 1854 Mr. Call determined to go west and find a good location and build a city; not a bogus town such as is often laid out, but a place where we might make our home. I remember well his plans. He and his brother started for the west about the first of June. I went as far as Iowa City and remained till Mr. Call returned after about four weeks, he having found a location here.

He came up once or twice during the summer and autumn, but I did not come till the first of November. When I came there was not a house this side of Fort Dodge and only a few old Fort buildings. Major Williams thought it best for me to remain at the Fort awhile. He thought it rather unsafe up here, as the Indians were quite hostile, and had been here but a short time before, but I preferred to go on with my husband. I thought if it were safe for him it could not be very dangerous for me.

After we left Fort Dodge the country seemed so wild and still. A feeling of sadness came over me for a while, but the newness and freshness of the prairies soon dispelled all such thoughts. When we got about six miles out from the Fort we met some hunters and bought some elk meat of them. We then made a fire and boiled some, and made some coffee, which we drank out of a new tin wash basin. Before we left the Fort we had bought some pies of Mrs. Miller, so we made out to have a very good dinner.

There was no road, but sometimes we would get on a wagon track for a short distance. That first day we traveled till after dark and camped near where Eber Stone now lives. The night was cold and very uncomfortable, but with early morning we were again on our way. In crossing the river where Mr. Wright now lives our team got stalled and we had to leave our wagon in the river and come the rest of the way on the horses.

Our little cabin was built on the farm now occupied by Mr. Chubb. It was made of poles, a stick chimney and a little clap board door about four feet high. When we first came it had no windows nor door, but we soon fixed it comfortably. I often think of that little cabin with its great fire place and if I should travel the world over I could find no place where I could enjoy myself better than I did there. While we lived in Iowa City we had always boarded at the hotel, so in that little cabin I took my first lessons in housekeeping. The room was so small that when strangers came in the country and stopped with us, as they usually did, we were obliged to set our table and chairs out of doors and make beds on the floor. Our bags of flour, coffee, beans, etc., were pitched under the beds, and our meat which was mostly elk and venison lay on the roof of the house well frozen.

A family by the name of Hill moved in and lived half a mile from us in the house now known as the Osgood house. I never visited there but once. One cold night about midnight Old Charley Easton, a renegade old Englishman, awakened us and told us that Mrs. Persons, a woman that lived in the family, was dying. Mr. Call and I went over as soon as we could and found her lying on the ground beside the fire. They had their fire place in the center of the cabin with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape. She seemed to be in great distress and perfectly insane. Mr. Call said she had the delirium tremens. Mr. Hill had gone off to Fort Dodge and she had gone in for her rights. We tried to make her comfortable, but there was little we could do for her, but unfortunately she recovered in a few days. They only lived there a few months and then left the country.

Early next spring we opened a sugar camp which is now in Ambrose Call's grove. We invited all our neighbors, three families, to help us sugar off. Some one got up on a stump and made a speech. I remember only one remark: He predicted a bright future for Algona. After great tribulations our town was then already located and named and in April we moved over in town in our new log house, the first and only building in Algona. It stood just a few steps north of our present house (just east of the Dawson home).

I remember in moving over there that just as we got in the middle of the river where the water was quite deep "Old Bawley," one of our oxen, made up his mind to go no farther; coaxing nor whipping did no good. So Mr. Call jumped in the river in about three feet of water. I took a seat on his back and we landed safe on shore. I went on foot the rest of the way, while Mr. Call unloaded the

wagon and got old Bawley out but I never knew how. I have often wondered if he was taken out in the same way that I was.

We were visited by Indians that spring and the next winter. I remember one day as I was standing in the door I saw two Indians coming to the house who were armed with guns and about a dozen dogs were following them. I was alone in the house as Mr. Call had gone for a pail of water at some distance—.

MRS. BLACKFORD'S MEMORIES

From THE ALGONA ADVANCE

To the Editor: With your permission I will add the sequel to the unfinished story published in *The Advance* two weeks ago, written by Mrs. Asa C. Call, for she has often told me of her experiences at that time. No doubt the paper was written to be read at our Citizens' club, or at our Reading circle. To a person used to frontier life, the incidents related would not seem unusual or thrilling, but to a young girl, whose life had been spent in an eastern city, and who was not accustomed to Indians and Indian ways, they were very exciting.

The time was in the summer of 1855, when the place was visited by a large party of Sioux Indians, who encamped on the bluff overlooking the north bottom, near where the Adventist church now stands. Some of their tepee poles were still standing in the fall of that year when we arrived. The spring at which Mr. Call was getting water, was located in a ravine, near where Mr. D. A. Haggard now lives. If it was not better than slough water it was at least cooler, for it was in the grove, and shaded. It was shallow, and at the time spoken of by Mrs. Call, her husband was stooping down, dipping up the water very carefully, so as not to roil it. The two Indians that she mentioned, were only the advance guard of a large party, some on ponies and some on foot. Mrs. Call was much alarmed and ran toward the spring, the Indians passing the house and following her. With her fright and haste she was so nearly exhausted by the time she reached the spring, that she could only gasp his name and whisper, "Indians." But he heard and saw her, and jumping from the gully, caught her in his arms, and so prevented her falling. By this time the Indians were almost upon them, and seating her on the ground, he threw up his arms and motioned to them to stop, which they did, so suddenly that the ponies were forced back on their haunches. Pointing to his trembling wife, he tried to make them understand that she was frightened, and that they must not make so much noise, or come so close. They seemed to understand and kept at a respectful distance, but followed them to the house, which they attempted to enter, but were prevented by Mr. Call.

She said they seemed willing to be friendly, and by signs consulted as to a camping place. Mr. Call, using the sign language and some Chinook he had learned in Oregon, made them understand that the ponies must be kept out of the patches of corn be-

longing to the settlers, and they promised to do so, and be "good Indians." Mrs. Call said they often came to the house, especially the chief, whose name I do not recollect. They were at that time friendly, though very inquisitive, and made themselves nuisances by their propensity to beg or steal anything they could lay their hands on.

Mrs. Call told me that she and Mr. Call often visited the camp, where Mr. Call and the Chief, by signs and Chinook, had long talks. The chief was an old and very intelligent Indian from whom Mr. Call obtained much valuable information. He often traced on the dusty ground, maps showing the location of both branches of the river, and every creek, lake, pond, trapper's camp or settler's hut, from Fort Dodge northward into Minnesota. These maps Mr. Call afterward found to be very accurate.

They saw many curious and interesting sights at the camp, among them being the manner of preserving the fish and game, which was laid on a rack of poles driven into the ground, under which a fire was built, the smoke and heat curing and drying the game. Mrs. Call said the camp was not noted for its cleanliness or savory smells, and related a ludicrous incident illustrating it. The mosquitoes were very troublesome in the camp, and she was much annoyed by them, which caused the squaws much merriment. She showed them the blotches on her hands, and by signs, asked if they did also bite them. They shook their heads and laughed, and one old squaw brought out a bark box of some vile smelling burnt grease, which she liberally smeared over her own hands and face, at which Mrs. Call involuntarily exclaimed, "you horrid, nasty thing," and was immediately alarmed lest they had understood her and would be offended.

After a time the Indians became so careless and troublesome, that Mr. Call told the chief that his braves were bad, and that they must "puckachee." But later on they became more insolent, and threatened to "nepo" the children of Mr. Maxwell, and to take his provisions from him by force, when a delegation composed of the half-dozen white settlers, called on the chief and gave him to understand that he must go, all of which is now a matter of history, having been written up by Mr. A. A. Call and others.

Mrs. J. E. Blackford.

CAME IN 1854

From THE UPPER DES MOINES, November, 1896

Shortly after the old settlers' meeting last month *The Upper Des Moines* asked Levi Maxwell, who now lives at Carlisle, and who built the oldest log cabin left in the county, to tell our readers something of his experiences as a pioneer. The letter which follows is in reply. It will recall many amusing and serious experiences to the remaining members of the little band who came to Kossuth before the war. The cabin he refers to is the one now standing on the Isaac Fry farm south of town. The first Indian

scare he tells about is the one described at the old settlers' meeting. The young Indian the cat did not like is undoubtedly Josh, the son of Sidominadotah, who was not killed by Lott at Bloody Run, and who frequented these parts for some years. Mr. Maxwell is still hale and hearty and on the back of his letter writes in bold hand, "Hurrah for McKinley. He is the man."

Carlisle, Iowa, Oct. 21, 1896.—Your very welcome missive was gladly received and read with pleasure a few days ago. You ask for a history of our lives. I now proceed to do the best I can. I will inform you at the commencement that I am no historian.

We arrived in Kossuth county in the fall of 1854, with a team and a cow, and 50 cents in my pocket. Built a hay shanty and lived in it with another family for several weeks. You may imagine we experienced some hard times there. We hear the people of today talking of hard times, but they know nothing about hard times. With all that, we enjoyed ourselves. The neighbors were all very sociable and friendly.

In the following spring we built our first cabin and moved into it. We had some hard struggles to get along, although we had some fine times. We used to go to church with Dr. Lathrop behind an ox team. The first winter we were there was quite warm and pleasant. Some of the neighbors and myself went out on Christmas day in our shirt sleeves and killed several steers. The second and third winters were very cold and the snow was deep. Several froze and lost their limbs.

If my memory is correct it was the third winter, that the Indian massacre took place at Spirit Lake. We heard that the Indians were coming down the west branch of the Des Moines river, killing everyone as they came. Mr. A. A. Call, Mr. Benson and I went across to the west branch of the Des Moines river, but didn't find any Indians there. We came home the next day and found the people scared and building a fort. We told them there were no Indians, and all went home and went to bed. Just as I was getting into bed the report came that the Indians were twelve miles below and that there were hundreds of them, for they had been seen. We gathered up the women and children in cabins and stood guard around them that night. The next morning Mr. A. A. Call, Mr. Benson and I went again to look for them, but found no Indians again. Many people were scared and left home, left their supper tables standing and rode on hayracks to Fort Dodge. Some never returned. One man said he didn't want any better fun than to whip five Indians in the morning before breakfast, but before midnight he had his family loaded in a wagon and leaving. He never came back.

I guess we have the cart before the horse. We have another Indian story that took place before this one we have just spoken of. The second winter we were there 150 Indians came and camped about a half mile from our house. One evening five of them came to our house for a meal. The next morning 11 big Indians came and wanted all of the provisions we had. They threatened to "nepo"

the cow, the squaw and papooses. A. A. Call was there and we wouldn't let them have it. I began to get frightened and sent my wife and children away and also sent a man for help to drive them away. They stole several things while they were there. When they saw the men gathering in they left and did not give us further trouble.

We have another little story to tell about an Indian and a cat. One night a young Indian came and wanted to stay all night with us. He slept on the bed where our little girl, Dicy, always slept. We had a nice large cat that always slept with Dicy. He came in and got in bed with the Indian, supposing she was there. He found out the difference and commenced biting and scratching him. He yelled dreadfully. We struck a light and found the cat fighting him. Put it out doors and he was not disturbed any more. That cat became so cross it would run out to the road at any one passing just as a dog would.

The first winter we were there a very poor family came there. The man took sick and died. I helped nurse him and sat up with him. We went to the timber and cut and hewed out lumber and made a coffin for him and buried him. That was the first burial that took place there.

There is a great deal more I would like to write if I could remember better. If you want to ask me any questions I will try to answer. We haven't forgotten all of the old settlers and would love to see them all. I remember your father well and would like to see him. We left there the fall of 1861. We took nothing there with us, and kept it and brought it away with us.

If there is anything in this letter worth printing you are welcome to it. If not, just put it in the waste basket. We will be glad to hear from you at any time. Yours truly,

Levi Maxwell.

CROSSING THE ROCKIES

By Asa C. Call in THE ALGONA BEE, Dec. 13, 1858

On Sunday about 2 o'clock p. m., I came up with Smith and Bray's train. They were encamped at a spring about two miles west of the Molad. It was about the first of April and the weather was cool and pleasant and as I ascended the hill and got a fair view of their large corral of white-covered wagons, dotted all round with tents, and their 1,600 herd of cattle spread out over the green valley, I thought I never saw anything so beautifully romantic. I found them all well and in the highest spirits, and was scarcely done receiving their congratulations upon my escape from "Purgatory," as they call the modern "Canaan," when a company came in from the advance train, which they reported at Hensel Springs thirty miles ahead, to lie by two or three days. This was the train to which I belonged and the next morning bright and early I started for their encampment in company with Mr. Slater of whom I have before spoken as being on the committee with Mr. Goodell and myself

to draw up a memorial to congress. The wind which had been in the south, had now veered round to the south west and the weather was evidently becoming cooler, yet the day was not very cold and we jogged along quite comfortably till we reached Poison or Blue Springs. And there being a little grass we thought we would eat our lunch and let our animals graze a little. But no sooner had we turned them out than for some strange and unaccountable freak of fancy, Mr. S's filly started back full tilt. It was in vain that we tried to stop her, for with head and tail up, and ears stuck forward she shot by us like an arrow and before I could remount she was one-half mile on her way back to Mormondom. I had to ride back about ten miles before I could catch her. This I finally accomplished by passing her and concealing myself close to the road and catching her lariat after she had passed me. When I got back to Blue Springs it was about 5 o'clock, the clouds had thickened up and it was freezing rapidly. We had now 16 miles to travel across a mountain which was covered with snow, and the wind which had shifted to the northwest was directly in our faces and blowing almost a gale. Anticipating a storm we mounted and pushed forward as fast as possible, but our animals were now somewhat jaded and we had scarcely reached the summit of the mountain when night closed in around us, dense, dark and terrible. The cold was now *intense* and the wind howled through the canyons and swept over the summit of the mountain in a fearful tornado. Unable longer to see our way, we were obliged to dismount and feel for the road with our feet, as the advance train had passed when it was thawing, which left the track deep and rough. Even then we were in constant danger of losing our way, as the road was in many places filled with drifts, through which, tired, chilled, blinded, and almost suffocated as we were by the drifting snows, we were scarcely able to force our way. So fierce was the wind at times that we were utterly unable to withstand it. While it seemed that the snows of fifty winters had been torn from their places and were whirling and dashing around our heads. Yet for four long hours we struggled on over that terrible mountain, till we reached a deep ravine in which Mr. Slater said our train was encamped about 200 yards from the road. More dead than alive, we turned down it and proceeded as near as we could guess to their place of encampment, but no signs of life could we discern. We stopped and looked for their camp fires, but could see nothing to indicate their whereabouts. We turned around and looked in every direction but all was dark and desolate. Their fires must have been totally extinguished by the storm. We called to the sentinel. No response. We strained our lungs to the utmost and called again and listened for the welcome reply. The wind roared and shrieked as it passed through the gorge, but all else was silent. Could they have gone to sleep without a sentinel? No, that was impossible. Fearful as the night was, they could not *all* sleep. We groped our way along a little farther and Mr. Slater stumbled over something which upon examination proved to be an embankment of earth thrown up for a chimney and to break off the wind.

This was their camping ground and they were gone. Why, when, or where, we knew not, but we knew they were gone. Oh! how our hearts died within us. And so we had struggled over that awful mountain to perish at last. We had but the faintest hope of being able to strike a fire, as the snow was deep and everything was covered with snow and ice. Even our clothes were frozen stiff around us. We had no shelter and but one buffalo robe for both of us. We had but one more effort to make and then lie down and die. We commenced shoveling off the snow and digging in the ashes where the camp fires had been to find, if possible, some stick or brand that was dry. We had searched one or two places and had found nothing, when—Joy! Ecstasy! Heaven!—we found some fire. Mrs. Slater had carefully covered it, thinking perhaps Mr. Slater might need it. We found also a few sticks of wood, with which we started fire, by which we spent the remainder of the night, one being constantly engaged in cutting wild sage with a bowie knife for fuel, while the other wrapped in the robe hovered over the fire. In the morning we found on a pole in a little sack some frozen biscuit and a line from Mrs. Slater that the train had moved on 12 miles to the sink of Deep Creek to find a more sheltered situation, and more fuel, which place we reached about 8 o'clock. The mercury was down to zero.



Henry Lott and Inkpadutah

By far the most tragic event of Indian days was the massacre at the Okobojis, preceded by the murder of old Chief Sidominadotah at Bloody Run in Humboldt county. The stories reprinted here are from most dependable witnesses, each of them familiar with what happened and capable of reporting accurately. In minor details there will be variations, but in the main what is told of Henry Lott pictures to us the sort of man he was known to be, the sort of pioneer who invited the revenges of the Indian.

The story of Inkpadutah is from the official history of South Dakota, published and sent out by the historical department on state authority. It shows an exceedingly alert, remorseless and revengeful Indian. The pioneers of Kossuth and the adjoining counties were face to face with as serious a situation as confronted any pioneer settlement in the west.

Already we are getting far enough away from the frontier to begin to take a romantic interest in the rugged, venturesome life of pioneer days. What that interest may grow into as the frontier recedes further and further would be hard to say. In the older parts of the world where the beginnings have been more clouded in mystery the past has been magnified into most beautiful romance.

In the whole record of the Iowa settlement there is nothing to compare with the tragedy at the Dickinson county lakes, or in our association with the Indian anything more dastardly than the killing of old Sidominadotah.

BLOODY RUN AND LOTT'S CREEK

By A. D. Bicknell, Humboldt, Iowa.

Humboldt county has a direct and very close connection with the Indian war of 1862 and the massacre at Spirit Lake in March, 1857. One of the leading causes of those outbreaks, is directly traceable to the murder of the Sioux Chief, Sidominadotah and most of his family, by Henry Lott, in January, 1854, on the banks of Bloody Run in Humboldt county.

From a mass of conflicting printed stories and as conflicting individual memories, I have sorted such statements as seem most probable. I have given preference to the version told me thirty-five years ago by Major Williams and John Hefley, of Fort Dodge.

Lott was a rough, daring, wily frontiersman. When the soldiers located at Fort Dodge in the summer of 1850, Lott had preceded them several years, and was then located at the mouth of Boone river where he had been two or three years, trading to the Indians whiskey and trinkets in exchange for furs and gold. He had a masterful will and a genius for command. As a rule he did not have much trouble in handling his wicked wares and his savage customers. But before this time, and probably in 1846, the Indians came in force to his cabin and accused him of having stolen their ponies. This time he failed to pacify them. They filled themselves with his whiskey, had a very high old time, became vicious, drove Lott and his family out into the snow and a zero atmosphere, looted and burned his house, and Lott's little boy got lost and perished in the snow.

Lott charged his ruin to the chief, Sidominadotah. He did not parade his grief, but he quietly swore vengeance.

The Indians moved a little north of Fort Dodge when the troops came, and so did Lott, and in 1851 he squatted near Fort Dodge in the region of the gypsum beds. While there he made a few fraudulent deals in land claims, and still traded with the Indians on most friendly terms.

The next year he moved his barrels and his beads into Humboldt county, girdled a couple of acres of timber on the north-west corner of section sixteen in Humboldt township east of the river and opposite to the mouth of Lott's Creek, built a cabin and kept his eye on Sidominadotah.

His clearing and his cabin were a great resort for the thirsty braves. His first invoice included three barrels of wet goods; and yet the supply soon ran dry.

Thus he established unlimited confidence in his friendship and integrity, and thus he watched and waited till January, 1854. The entire band under Sidominadotah had then just broken camp on Bloody Run and moved away to winter quarters. But Sidominado-

tah still lovingly lingered with his friend and his jugs. He had with him his own squaw, his very old mother, his two or three children and a young squaw with her two children. They occupied a couple of tepees on the right bank of Bloody Run, about half a mile southwest of its mouth on the farm now owned by A. B. Miner and about eighty rods northwest of his house.

The time for which Lott had so long and so patiently waited had come.

He laid his plans with cunning care and careful detail.

First he selected such of his own property as would not impede rapid flight—his furs, his guns and his ammunition, his knives and his blankets, and placed them where they could be quickly tossed into his camp wagon in case his plans should work as he hoped down at the tepee by the run.

Next he took his step-son—his wife had died some years before—and they two went down to Bloody Run to the big bend on the $W\frac{1}{2}$ $SW\frac{1}{4}$ sec. 32, on the farm now owned by Theodore McGee, and selected the place where they thought it would be convenient for Sidominadotah to die.

Here the son secreted himself in the brush while Lott went down to the tepees and enticed the fated chief to ride up to his own execution. He rode maudlin and happy, expecting great sport killing elk; a great herd of which Lott had told him was on the bottom in the bend. Lott led the way. Soon after they had left the tepees two shots were heard in quick succession, by the squaws at the camp and at the same time Sidominadotah rolled off from his pony with two bloody holes through his body.

The sun was just going down. The expectant squaws and the hungry children waited for their venison and their lord, while Lott and his son waited for night and the greater carnage.

Meantime, fearing that some victim might escape and witness against them, they bedaubed and dedecked themselves in imitation of the savage on the war path.

When darkness came they crept up to the tepees, and falling upon the unsuspecting inmates they butchered them all but two.

During the confusion of the first part of the slaughter, the aged squaw and a little boy and a little girl, children of Sidominadotah, escaped into the darkness, but Lott overtook them, killed the old squaw, and supposed he had killed the boy. While Lott was at work with these two, the little girl got away and hid in the brush. The boy recovered from the blows he had received and with the little girl he skulked in the grass where they were found by the Indians a few days later. This little boy was Jos-pa-do-ta, or Jos, as the whites afterwards called him.

When Lott had made certain that all the others were dead, he made diligent search for the little girl and, not finding her, he thought best to get away from there as soon as possible. He destroyed all the belongings of his victims except some furs and the pony that Sidominadotah had ridden, all of which he took with him.

In like manner he destroyed his own household goods, and set fire to his cabin and fled southward.

In all this work of ruin and death he had tried to imitate the style of the savage, and so make it appear that hostile Indians had done all the mischief and had murdered him and his son as well.

The two children so reported and for a short time the Indians so believed. But the absence of the dead bodies of white men, and Lott's oversight in leaving bright tin utensils behind, disputed the theory that it was the work of Indians. For, at that time, tin was not as plenty as now, and the Indian rated it next to silver for ornamental purposes, and he never failed to take it along. Lott's trail was also plain to be seen, and it told the story of a white man's flight.

Lott was traced south as far as Saylorville, just north of Des Moines, where he was last seen by Mr. Saylor. He still had in his possession, old Sidominadotah's pony and other of his property. The next news of him came from California where he had his son send word to Fort Dodge that he had been killed in some kind of a quarrel. As he has not advertised his death for the last thirty years, it is supposed that he is now, possibly, quite dead.

Inkpadutah was a brother of Sidominadotah, and after the death of the latter, he rallied the band that had been led by his brother and demanded that Lott be delivered up. The whites would have gladly complied, but it was impossible. Several councils were held between the Indians and the settlers at points along the Des Moines at and between Dakota City and Fort Dodge, but they failed to satisfy the Indians and they kept this part of the state in fear of their vengeance for the three years that followed and up to the massacre at Spirit Lake.

Inkpadutah was a very familiar figure during these three years, and the lodges of his band were pitched all about here at times, and especially at Glen Farm and "up the Indian trail" across from the mill dam. Drunk or sober he talked of his murdered brother; and in his indiscreetest moods he hinted of sure revenge, and he headed frequent parties that went out to plunder, but they did not murder.

Jospadota had been cared for by Bent Carter who still resides at West Bend. Little Jos. warned the whites, just before the Spirit Lake massacre, that trouble was close at hand; but it did no good. Jos. knew that if he stayed and the place was sacked he would be killed as a renegade, and he did not think his chance much better at the hands of the whites, in the hurly burly of a hand to hand fight between the reds and the whites. So he fled to his kindred and was known no more to history.

Then followed the massacre at Spirit Lake. Inkpadutah led the assault.

LOTT KNOWN TO FORT DODGE

By E. G. Morgan in the Centennial History of Fort Dodge

Henry Lott, the first settler in the County of Webster, erected the first cabin near the mouth of the Boone river, on land now owned by Loudowic Maricle, in section 24, township 87, range 27. The date of his settlement is unknown. He was found there in 1846, by the pioneers, engaged in the laudable enterprise of selling whisky to the Indians, stealing their ponies and running them off to the south. He cultivated but little land. Lott was a slim, dark eyed, shrewd man, with a fair education, and claimed to have been born in the New England States. His first wife, who was a daughter of one of the early Governors of Ohio or Pennsylvania, died in the winter of 1846 and was buried without a coffin, puncheons being placed at the bottom, sides and ends of the grave, the body lowered and others laid over the remains. Her grave is in the cemetery on the Vigors' farm, section 25, township 87, range 27.

Lott in his dealings with the Indians was so unfair, that they finally became suspicious of him, threatened his life and in the winter of 1846, drove him from his cabin, but did not meddle with his family. His two sons, fearing for the safety of their father, followed him, became lost and separated, and one was frozen to death near Elk Rapids. His remains were subsequently found, placed for protection from the wolves in a pile of drift-wood, and against the wishes of Lott, who desired to cremate the body, was buried in the spring near where it was found.

After the death of his first wife, Lott married the daughter of Francis McGuire, one of the first settlers in Yell township, subsequently built a cabin on the bank of the Des Moines river, on the farm now owned by Clark Fuller, near the spot where in later days stood the steam saw-mill of Samuel Tod, and spent his time trading with the Indians, hunting and fishing. Here his second wife died on the 10th day of December, 1851, and is buried on section 27, township 88, range 28, but all traces of the grave are now obliterated.

In November, 1853, Lott made a claim near Lott's creek, in Humboldt county, which he and his son occupied, and laid in as a winter's supply—three or four barrels of whisky and some goods, as he said, "with a view of trading with the Indians."

In January, 1854, Lott and his son went to the camp of the old chief, Sidominadotah who was then living on the creek, a mile west of Lott's cabin, and telling him that there was a drove of elk feeding on the bottom lands, induced the old Indian to mount his pony and go with them. Lott and his son followed, shot and killed him, and that night disguised as Indians, attacked the chief's wife, mother and six children and murdered all but two, a little girl aged ten, who hid in the bushes, and a boy about twelve years old whom they thought they had killed and left for dead. He recovered and escaped. Some ten days elapsed before the murder was discovered. Then his cabin was found to have been burned and his wagon

tracked to Holiday creek, he avoiding Fort Dodge. At Mr. Thos. Holliday's the first intelligence was had of him. He passed there with his old covered carriage, containing his household goods, while his son led the Indian's pony heavily packed with furs. At the house of Mrs. I. Garmoe, then near the mouth of the Boone river, Lott and his son stayed over night and offered for sale furs and other articles. Here his actions attracted the attention of other guests who were spending the night at Mrs. Garmoe's. Major Williams, who was among the number, made the remark that something was wrong with Lott. His son refused to go to the barn and feed the horses after dark. He had the Indian's pony with him then, but knowing his mode of "raising ponies," no one suspected the great crime he had committed.

After the troops had been ordered from Fort Dodge, Gov. Hempstead issued a commission to Major William Williams, granting him authority, if necessary, to raise men, and keep the Indians in check, and as far as possible, keep peace between them and the settlers. The roving bands who inhabited this portion of Iowa were very friendly to the Major. His word to them was law, and to prevent an Indian war, which was threatened, he promised that Lott should be captured, and worked faithfully to fulfill that promise. The civil authorities of the county assisted him with the strong arm of the law. A subscription was circulated throughout the country, funds raised, and every settler took an interest in his capture. While Lott had traits of character that were admired, many of the settlers were afraid of him.

Sidominadotah was the leader of the band that drove Lott from his home in the winter of 1846, and it is said that he then swore he would have revenge. After the death of his second wife he gave away his little twin daughters and his infant son, taking with him to Humboldt county, the son before mentioned, who was about fifteen years old. After leaving Mrs. Garmoe's, nothing definite is known of Lott. It was reported that he fled to Council Bluffs, joined an overland train bound for California, and was killed in a quarrel on the plains. But it is thought by those who knew him best, that this was a ruse to keep the officers in search from following him. After search for Lott had been abandoned, the skeleton of the old Indian was found, and the fact reported to the county officers at Homer, who decided that under law, it was necessary to hold an inquest over the murdered chief.

Father John Johns, the then acting Coroner, summoned a jury and went up to examine the remains. They collected a few Indians together and examined the boy and girl who had escaped the massacre. None of the Indians present could understand English. Granville Berkley, Prosecuting Attorney for the county, took the testimony of the Indians and pretended to interpret it. The interpretation was disputed by Wm. R. Miller, an old frontiersman, and a laughable scene ensued. Berkley quoted authors which Miller could not answer. The former obtained from the Indians the skull of the dead chief, which he took to Homer. The records in the

Coroner's office of the County of Webster, contain no account of the verdict of this jury.

HENRY LOTT

Recollections of Major Brassfield, first settler of what is now Hamilton county, as given by Harriet Bonebright-Closz in "Reminiscences of New Castle."

The shack of Henry Lott was only a short distance from my first cabin. He was a good, but not an intimate neighbor; and we, of course, exchanged the usual favors of pioneer life.

Whatever the peculiarities or propensities of Lott may have been, no one could accuse him of being a personal coward. He was daringly reckless and often venturesome to the point of foolhardiness. He did not qualify the assertion that his purpose in coming west was to accumulate property, so he did not emigrate for the love of hardship or with the hope to help humanity. He declared, however, that a dead Indian told no tales and harmed nobody, and in that faith he was willing to serve.

Henry Lott was not a man to inspire confidence; and his careless, often aggressive methods with the Indians were a constant source of anxiety to my family and to the settlers to the south and west. His besetting sin found expression in furnishing fire-water to the natives and while their brains were muddled with liquor he readily gained an advantage in trading with them. Such sharp practices, many times, strained their relations to the breaking point; although the Indians were simple minded and did not know the value of their possessions. Fur and ponies were their only trading stock, and on various occasions numbers of their ponies disappeared, some of which were located with Lott and forcibly taken from him. Other bunches of the animals, supposedly, were driven by him to the settlements south and east and sold. At one time the Indians located a number of their ponies on the premises of Lott and claimed them. He flatly refused to surrender the horses, asserting that he had bought them while the braves were drunk. On this occasion several white men, whose appearance was not prepossessing, were present at the conference—envoys for the transfer of the ponies—and the Indians did not press their claim. A second depredation of the same kind followed immediately, and very soon a third one was reported.

On the heels of these losses a young squaw, White Fawn, took up her abode at Lott's cabin for the purpose of nursing his wife whose health was precarious. Saving the lives of palefaces was not the mission of redskins, so the already enraged Indians called upon Lott. Chief Two Fingers (Sidominadotah) demanded that he leave the country or suffer the consequence. Lott, however, stood his ground until part of the stock had been killed and the stable burned. He finally was forced to flee for his life and leave his family behind. Meanwhile, White Fawn mounted one of the ponies and came to my cabin for assistance. With my two sons, George

and Tollman, I at once repaired to Lott's shack, reaching there after his enforced and hurried departure.

Mrs. Lott, a frail, nervous woman, wholly unfitted for frontier life, we found in a state of utter collapse from excitement and fright. The chief and older warriors stoically were smoking their pipes. Two lithe and sinewy bucks were searching the cabin for articles of adornment and eatables, while a lad of 15 had bared himself to the waist and was preparing a meal. White Fawn finished the cooking and we all partook of the repast.

My family always had been on friendly terms with the Indians, and for the time, I succeeded in allaying their anger and inducing them to leave. Although they had fired Lott's stables, killed his stock and destroyed his provisions the Indians had made no attempt to inflict punishment upon his wife or violate her person; and during the intervals of calmness she spoke very gratefully of their conduct toward her.

A storm of some severity arose and for several days we remained with the family hoping for the arrival of the white fugitive, but he did not come. Finally, with the return of moderate weather we yielded to the frenzied entreaties of the almost demented wife and took up the trail to the southland, having improvised a sled upon which we transported the stricken invalid. We, however, had made but a very short distance toward Mineral Ridge when the poor woman died. With great difficulty we dug a shallow grave and buried Mrs. Lott at an angle in the trail near a large boulder.

A day or two later Lott, who had aroused the settlers at Pea's Point and Mineral Ridge and enlisted the services of the friendly Johny Green band of Indians and the neighbors, Pea, Crooks and Sparks, returned to find his home deserted. In company with Lott and his party we retraced our steps to the place where we had buried the body of his wife. Over her grave the husband voiced a terrible threat to the effect that: although it might take years to accomplish his purpose he would finally "get even" with the Indians for what he, in his unreasoning anger, was pleased to call the killing of his wife. He did not, however, immediately seek to execute his vengeance.

Henry Lott abandoned his demolished abode and moved restlessly about the country. He, a little later, located in Des Moines and remarried. In 1849 he traversed again the old trail and with his family, returned to the site of his former misfortunes.

Lott's relations with the Indians while he lived with his second wife were comparatively neutral and friendly. Mrs. Lott exercised a strong restraining influence upon her husband and the fact that only small numbers of friendly Indians appeared at intervals gave an added assurance to the settlers that Lott's feeling of hatred toward the natives was diminished or outgrown.

The death of Mrs. Lott in 1853 was a severe loss to the neighbors as well as to her family. She was a strong, capable and sympathetic personality who made and retained friends without apparent effort. During her last illness her husband said, many times: "If she dies

my inspiration will be gone; I cannot go on creditably without her."

The home of Henry Lott again was broken and he decided to move forward along the river into Humboldt county where, in company with another white man, he trapped and traded with the Indians on the Des Moines. One of the trading staples found on his provision wagon was whiskey, and the demand never seemed to exceed the supply.

Henry Lott renewed his acquaintance with me after I had settled in his neck-o'-the-woods, and occasionally I crossed his trail while in the pursuit of game. His distressing and regrettable domestic experiences had changed his appearance, but had made him entirely heedless of personal safety. His aversion for the Indians, after having slumbered for a season, seemed to have taken on a new intensity.

The roving band of Two Fingers had stretched their teepees and built their wickups on the bank of Bloody Run and with reckless bravado Lott visited their camp, smoked the pipe of peace and freely dispensed fire-water until the bucks were stupefied with liquor. The chief did not indulge freely in the revelry, but accompanied the venturesome trader to a near-by gulch to hunt.

A study of the surroundings made it apparent that immediately after discharging his gun at the game—and before the old chieftain could rise from his crouching position and reload his musket—Lott stole upon the unsuspecting Indian, dealt him a terrific blow from behind, splitting his head with the tomahawk of Two Fingers which the assailant evidently had borrowed from his victim for the purpose.

Lott, evidently assuming that the bucks in their tepees still were "dead drunk" and the squaws sleeping, he revisited the camp after nightfall; murderously assailed and left for dead—supposedly—every member of the little Indian band. Among the victims were the squaw and papooses of Chief Two Fingers. The papooses, Hawk-eye and Flying Wind, were twin braves of about fifteen years, whose comeliness, fleetness and alertness were sources of great joy and pride to the old chieftain.

Two of the number in camp, however, escaped death. Although severely mutilated, a young brave, Deer-Foot, and a young squaw, Evening Shadow, made their way to the camping-ground of Scarlet Point (Inkpaduta).

The Indians were buried near the scene of the massacre. Scarlet Point's band made no demonstration of disapproval, and stoically waived the right of tribal burial. The chief, however, insistently asked that, when located, Lott should be turned over to his braves for punishment according to the code of Indian ethics. He assured the Fort Dodge authorities and the posse who accompanied him to camp that if this were done no more trouble would ensue—he would break camp and vamoose to distant hunting-grounds.

The summer following I received a message through the mail. Like the former one, it was written on a square of buckskin, but with pen and ink. It was rolled carefully about a smooth, round

stick and securely tied with a rawhide thong, and said: "To my neighbor, Major Brassfield. I am on my way toward the setting sun. Several more Indians have been bitten by my good shooting-iron since I last saw you. I have a fine scalp-lock decoration now, and intend to add to it occasionally. That is what I am here for."—Signed—"Lott."

MR. SMALLEY'S STORY OF LOTT

By C. L. Lucas, Madrid, Iowa, 1897

Any one who is looking for reliable history of pioneer times, or for interesting reminiscences of the early settlements along the upper Des Moines, would do well to call upon O. D. Smalley of Dallas county and gather up some of the interesting facts and information concerning those times which he has in store. Mr. Smalley is now in his eightieth year, and has lived fifty-one years of that time on his present homestead, two miles west of High Bridge, where he settled April 18, 1846. For over a year Mr. Smalley was further north, along the line of timber on the west side of the Des Moines river than any other citizen of the state. He has held the offices of county commissioner and county surveyor, each for a number of terms, and is now the assessor of his own township. He was well acquainted with Henry Lott, whose troubles with the Sioux Indians made him a notorious character in the early settlement and history of the upper Des Moines valley. He says that Lott moved from Red Rock in Marion county to the mouth of Boone river early in the summer of 1846. After locating there he frequently made trips to Fort Des Moines and Red Rock, during which he sometimes stopped over night with Mr. Smalley.

There were no roads laid out at that time, and in passing back and forth Lott followed the old dragoon trail. This trail was made while the dragoons were located at Fort Des Moines. In their hunting and exploring expeditions the dragoons would leave Fort Des Moines and follow up the divide between Walnut and Beaver creeks about fifteen miles, then turned north and crossed the Beaver near where the bridge of the D. M. N. & W. now spans that little stream, passed over the site of the present town of Granger and from thence north along the timber, touching at each prominent point, and thus in their goings and comings made a trail that was used as a public highway by the pioneers in those early times. Mr. Smalley's house stood within a few rods of this dragoon trail.

Lott had been engaged in selling whiskey and other non-essentials to the Sac and Fox Indians in the vicinity of Red Rock, and his object in going to the mouth of Boone river was to engage in a similar business with the Sioux Indians. But in his efforts to build up a trade with the ferocious Sioux he found a wide difference between them and the Sac and Fox Indians.

Late one evening Lott and young Huntington, his step son, called at Smalley's and asked the privilege of stopping for the night,

which was granted. Behind the wagon was tied a valuable cream colored horse which Lott talked much about and which he seemed to prize very highly. The next morning they went on their way home, but the next day the horse returned to Smalley's and took up his quarters there. In a few hours Lott came on foot in pursuit of the horse, and finding him there, decided to go back to Red Rock on horseback before returning home. A few evenings after this he called at Smalley's again in a very sorry plight. Some person or persons down at Red Rock had given him an unmerciful pounding. He was beaten and bruised in many spots, and his right arm was so disabled that he had to carry it in a sling. The next morning he was unable to go and so had to remain another twenty-four hours before he was able to take up his journey for the mouth of Boone river. A day or two after he had gone a man came up from the lower settlements, making inquiry for the whereabouts of Lott, and for the cream colored horse above mentioned. Mr. Smalley told him where to find Lott and assured him that a horse much like the one he had described was in Lott's possession when he left them. With this information the man went on his way and at the end of three days returned, suffering from the pangs of hunger, but had the horse in his possession. When food was placed before him he ate like a hungry wolf, and took his departure without giving any history of himself or any explanation about the way in which he recovered the horse. So it could not be determined whether he was an honest man or a fraud.

Mr. Smalley heard no more of Lott until the Sioux Indians broke up his home at the mouth of Boone river. When Lott came to Elk Rapids to persuade Johnny Green and his warriors to join him and go to the rescue of his family against the Sioux Indians, Dr. Spears, who lived on a claim near the Chestnut ford, took his gun, all the ammunition he had, and mounted his best horse and went with them. From him Mr. Smalley learned much about this historic affair. Johnny Green was the chief of the Musquaquee and Pottawattamie Indians, who occupied the "neutral strip" and were at the time camped in the Des Moines river bottoms between Elk Rapids and the Chestnut ford. This was a favorite place with these Indians, for in the winter it was a good place for them to kill game, and in the spring they made large quantities of maple sugar.

Lott told Dr. Spears and Johnny Green that the Sioux had tomahawked his wife and the youngest of his two step sons, and begged piteously that they should assist him in recovering their bodies and giving them a decent burial. Dr. Spears was well acquainted with Lott and his family, having been a neighbor to them at Red Rock. At Pea's Point Lott, Dr. Spears and Johnny Green and his twenty-six warriors were reinforced by John Pea and half a dozen other settlers. When they reached the mouth of the Boone river they found Mrs. Lott alone in the cabin and entirely prostrated with fear and the loneliness of her condition. Neither Mrs. Lott nor her son had been tomahawked by the Sioux, as Lott had reported, but

the effect of the raid upon them was equally as disastrous. All the household goods of value had been stolen by the Indians, and three good horses, all of which they had taken away. One of these horses broke through the ice while crossing the river, and being unable to get out was shot and left dead in the river. Mrs. Lott told Dr. Spears that the Indians had ordered her twelve year old son, the only member of the family that remained with her during the raid, to get all the horses on the place in readiness for them, or they would shoot him. The boy was scared nearly to death and left the house without hat or coat and had not been seen since, and she felt sure that he had been killed or had frozen to death. As the poor woman told this her lamentations were piteous in the extreme. Dr. Spears and John Pea went in search of the boy, and found that he had gone down the river with the supposed intention of reaching the settlements by following the course of the stream on the ice. They followed the tracks of the boy with the hope of finding him still alive. In this they were doomed to disappointment, for about twenty miles south, and not far from the nearest settlement they found his body on the ice, stiff and cold in the embrace of the piercing frost. They took the body and put it in a hollow log, and barred the entrance to keep the wolves from it until a time when it could be properly buried.

Mrs. Lott was unable to survive the shock of these events, and after lingering a few days died. Her remains were buried on the Boone river bluff and her grave is prominently marked so that any person visiting the scene of this historic incident can look upon it. Mrs. Lott owned in her own name some valuable household goods, among which were some fine linens, a set of silver spoons and a set of silver knives and forks. In plundering the house Sidominadotah, the Sioux chief, found these articles and, taking a fancy to them, carried them off. These articles Mrs. Lott prized very highly because they were presents from Mr. Huntington, her first husband.

After the death of his wife and step son, Lott gathered up what property the Indians had left him and moved south to the settlements. He built a cabin on Mr. Smalley's claim, where he and his remaining step son lived during the spring and summer of 1847. In the spring of that year the first assessment of Dallas county was made. In the list of property holders appears the name of Henry Lott, to whom was assessed thirteen head of cattle. The records show that he was the largest cattle owner in the country at that time, owning one more than any other man. These were the cattle that the Sioux Indians tried to kill at the mouth of Boone river, by shooting them with arrows. During the spring and summer these cattle grew fat upon the range and in the fall were sold for beef. A man named Ramsey bought one of these beeves and butchered it. Mr. Smalley bought a front quarter of this beef, and while carving it found one of the arrow heads which the Indians had shot into the animal.

While living here Lott often spoke of his dead wife in a very sympathetic manner, but would usually wind up his talk by de-

claring that he would some day wreak vengeance on the old Sioux chief who caused her death. In the fall of 1847 he moved to Fort Des Moines and remained there over a year, during which time he was married to a woman named McGuire. In the spring of 1849 he moved north and took a claim near Fort Dodge. Here he remained until 1853, when he sold his claim and went north thirty-five miles above Fort Dodge and located on a creek that still bears his name. Whether by purpose or by accident he was once more a neighbor to Sidominadotah, the old Sioux chief he so much hated, and his band who were located on a creek near by. By the terms of the treaty with these Indians their stay upon the territory then occupied by them would expire the following spring, at which time they would have to take up their line of march for regions further west. If Lott was bent on having revenge the time was growing short in which to get it. Several times he visited the chief in disguise and made himself very agreeable by giving him presents. The last visit he made to the wigwam of Sidominadotah, the old chief unsuspectingly exhibited to him the silverware which he had taken from Mrs. Lott at the mouth of Boone river. By his actions and expressions it was plain that he regarded them as the trophy of a great victory. The sight of this silverware brought vividly to Lott's mind the memory of his dead wife, and immediately his thirst for vengeance was aroused. It may have been wrong and cowardly, as some say it was, to kill the old chief and the inmates of his wigwam, but under the circumstances it will have to be admitted that it would have taken a very passive Christian to have gone away from there in a forgiving spirit. Be this as it may, the final act in the drama then and there took place. Sidominadotah and his family were killed, the silverware was recaptured, and Lott made good his escape before any of the other Indians were aware of what had transpired.

On his way from the scene of the killing Lott called upon John Pea, William Dickerson, O. D. Smalley and numerous other settlers with whom he was acquainted. He told John Pea that the Sioux chief would rob no more houses nor cause the death of any more innocent women. He exhibited the silverware to William Dickerson and told him that Sidominadotah would rob no more women of their silverware. He told O. D. Smalley he had outgeneraled the old Sioux devil, and had recovered the silverware of the Huntington family.

INKPADUTAH VISITS ALGONA

By Ambrose A. Call in UPPER DES MOINES REPUBLICAN

For the two years prior to my coming to Kossuth county I spent most of my time on the upper Mississippi river around St. Paul and Fort Snelling and on the tributaries of the Saint Croix river; a part of the time among the Indians, Sioux and Chippewas; and I learned a great deal of the Indian sign language and quite a few words both of Chippewa and Sioux. The sign language is identically the same with all the tribes east of the Rocky mountains, but their word language is very different. In the same tribe each individual has his own pronunciation. A buffalo is a "titonka," or "tionka," or "tetonka," as you find your Indian.

"Titonka" also means a cow or ox or most anything big; a big white man is at once saluted as "titonka wasecha"; so with an elk, he is an "humpa" or "umpa" or "impah;" a moccasin or mitten or any other thing leather is also called "umpah." They have no written language to hold them to a uniform pronunciation, and besides have all manner of defects in their speech, with usually a lazy grunt at the end of every word.

In the early part of July, 1855, a large party of Sioux Indians, some forty tepees including the chief, Inkpadutah, came into the settlement, the same party that created the panic and stampede on the head waters of the Cedar, and came near capturing his excellency, Gov. Hempsted, the year before, and who in 1856 terrorized the settlers on the little Sioux, culminating their deviltry by the Spirit Lake massacre in March, 1857. This band of Indians came into the settlement from the west and pitched their tepees on section 24, near Mark Parsons' present residence. My first intimation of their presence was rather startling. My cabin door was open. I had just eaten a bachelor's dinner and was lying down reading the Missouri Republican, which Maxwell had brought me from Ft. Dodge, when a ringing war whoop saluted my ears. I sprang to the middle of the room, seizing my gun, but was met by a big guffaw from a burly Indian who instantly stood his gun against the wall and held out his hand with a "How, how." Of course he considered it only a joke. I was not quite so sure of it, but shook his hand and said "How." A squaw tagged along after him with a few moccasins to trade. My rifle was a large one, carrying an ounce ball, and the Indian, noticing the calibre, pulled a crude ball pounded out of a bar of lead and measured it in my gun. He asked to see one of my bullets, and when he found it just fitted his shot gun he was much pleased and proposed at once: "How swap for umpah?" I found two pairs of moccasins which fitted me, for which I gave him ten bullets. He told me he would return with more, which he did, and I traded for enough to last me a year or more.

I inquired of my visitor how many tepees there were and he opened both hands four times, indicating forty, and then pointed the direction. After he left I visited the village, near Barney Holland's cabin. Some of the neighbors were there and they were

having some contention, as the Indians had turned their ponies in Holland's corn, had taken Holland's large grindstone to the center of their village and set Holland to turning it, and as many as could get around it were grinding their tomahawks and knives. The perspiration was pouring from Holland's face and he seemed very tired. With the others I insisted upon their turning their ponies out of the corn and also made Holland quit turning the grindstone. We came near having an open rupture with them, as they were very surly and stubborn, but finally the squaws turned the ponies out of the corn and the bucks installed one of their own number at the stone. The next day they scattered through the settlement, visiting every cabin. Some they plundered, but where they found white men in sufficient force to resist they merely begged for something to eat. Two tepees were pitched near my brother's cabin, on the hill just west of the power house, and it was the occupants of these tepees who frightened Mrs. Call, the story of which she wrote for the reading circle in 1872, and the sequel to which Mrs. Blackford wrote for the Advance. Of course my brother's family was in no danger from two Indians, as he had four or five hired men boarding with him all the time.

The evening of the second day Mr. Maxwell came to my cabin, seemingly somewhat alarmed, and told me that three Indians had just left his cabin, that they were sullen and saucy, took what they pleased and that he dared not resist them on account of his wife and children, and asked me to come down and stay with him. I had made my home for some time with Mr. Maxwell and knew him to be a courageous man, not to be frightened without cause. He had recently returned from Boonesboro with a large load of provisions and supplies which would naturally tempt the cupidity of the Indians. I promised Maxwell I would come down early in the morning. The Indians made all their raids in the day time. I consequently started early without my breakfast but found the Indians were before me, as they were already swarming inside when I arrived. There were eleven lusty young fellows, each armed with a double barrelled shotgun, cocked and loaded with ball, also tomahawk and knife. They had the house turned inside out, so to speak, when I got inside. Mrs. Maxwell had a boarder named Craw, who was one of those nice, peaceable men, and who believed it an evidence of cowardice to carry a gun or other weapon of defense; he never did. Well I found Craw sitting in a chair, his face as white as a sheet, suffering every imaginable indignity from the young bucks. They had pilfered his pockets and unbuttoned his clothes, were pulling his nose, ears and hair, occasionally slapping him on the side of the head, and nearly knocking him to the floor. He didn't dare to move; he was paralyzed with fear. I said to him: "Craw, for God's sake run if you can't fight," and Maxwell told him to get out of there and make for the brush. After a short time I noticed his chair was empty, so he must have got out in some way. Maxwell told me he had but two chambers of his revolver loaded and asked me to stand in front of him while he loaded the remain-

der. He stepped behind the door and I stood in front and, although his revolver was an old fashioned Colts which loaded with powder and ball he did it very quickly, without being seen. As I came out from behind the door a big young Indian who seemed to be a leader noticed a two-bushel bag of corn meal and started to drag it to the door. I thought the time had come to take a hand, if we intended to resist at all, so I sprang and took hold of the sack, telling him to stop, but with a defiant grunt he jerked it out of my hand. At this I seized the bag with my left hand and with my right caught him under the chin, and as we were standing quite near the doorway, he went out violently, clutching at the door as he went, nearly pulling it shut and striking on the back of his head. I stood the sack up against the wall and stood beside it, Maxwell, with his revolver in his hand, standing beside me. An ominous silence came over the cabin when the Indian went out doors but presently one who if not a chief was spokesman for the crowd, pulled his tomahawk out of his belt and advanced toward me, asking me to feel the edge of it. I snatched it from him and stuck it in his belt. Again he drew it out and held it toward me and again I snatched it from him and stuck it behind his belt. He then in a loud, menacing voice told me they would "nepo squaw and papooses" (kill the women and children). In an equally loud voice and with some emphatic profanity—Indians mostly understand that—I told him as well as I could that if he undertook it we would "nepo" every damned Sioux in the cabin. He then scoffed at the idea and counted two "wasechas." Then holding his hands high over his head he opened them many times, saying: "Sioux! Sioux!"

In those days, when the Indians wished to terrorize the whites they called themselves Sioux, but at other times they were "Yanktonas." Notwithstanding the Indian's loud talk and brave actions he backed off and subsided when he noticed Maxwell's fingers playing nervously around the trigger of his revolver. I think Maxwell understood what the Indian meant when he threatened to "nepo" the squaw and papooses, and Mrs. Maxwell understood a part of it, for Maxwell said that we must get Eliza and the children out if we could, but he was afraid they would follow her. I asked him if he did not think he could get their attention away from the door by giving them something to eat, to which he replied that the day before they had boiled up a mess of corn meal, pork and molasses and that he would try them on that. So he put the stove boiler on the stove, filled it half full of water and gave them a part of a bag of meal, some bacon and a jug of molasses. The young bucks at once began to build a fire and stir in the stuff and soon got to quarreling over it, in which quarrel the others, who had been sulking, took a hand. I told Mrs. Maxwell that when Mr. Maxwell gave the sign to slip out, get into the woods and run for Brown's and tell John to run his horse over and tell Asa and the boys we were having trouble at Maxwell's cabin.

We watched our opportunity, and when the Indians were all busy with their mush Maxwell partly closed the door. He and I

stood between it and the Indians and Mrs. Maxwell slipped out and got away without being noticed. The Indians continued to quarrel and fuss over their mush and Maxwell delayed them as much as possible. They couldn't make the fire burn well and the water refused to boil. They set their guns up beside the door and turned their whole attention to their breakfast, occasionally one of them running and looking out of the door.

After the lapse of about an hour their mush was done satisfactorily but was so hot they could not eat it. One of them looked out of the door towards the west and cried out "Wasecha! Wasecha!" others ran and looked out and returned in much excitement, making a rush.

INKPADUTA

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by the State Historical Society.*

Inkpaduta was the son of Wamdesapa, a Wakpekute chief of violent temper and bad character, who owing to differences with his tribe due to the Sac and Fox wars following the boundary treaty of 1825, seceded from the tribe in 1828 and took up his home on the Vermillion of South Dakota. In the troubles growing out of the tribal division Wamdesapa, in a fit of anger, killed Tasagi, the principal chief of the Wakpekutes, and after that the murderer was no longer esteemed a Wakpekute by the people of his own blood. He was married to a woman of the Lower Sissetons and Inkpaduta was born about 1815, while his family were camping upon the Watonwan River. He inherited his father's fiendish temper and cruel instincts, which were not at all modified by his training, and when he succeeded as chief of the outlaw band, upon the death of Wamdesapa about 1848, he was a post graduate in savage deviltry. His first official exploit as chief of his band which has been preserved to us was the massacre of Wamundeyakapi, the dashing and decent young chief of the Wakpekutes, together with seventeen of his warriors, as they slept in their hunting camp on the headwaters of the Des Moines, not far from Bear Lakes, in Murray county, Minnesota. Inkpaduta crept into the camp of Wamundeyakapi and stabbed the men to death without arousing them, until his work was almost completed, and then escaped without the loss of a man. This was in 1849, during the first year of his chieftainship. He was not summoned to the council of Traverse des Sioux in 1851, nor consulted in the matter of the disposal of the lands in Minnesota, his tribe considering that he had by his conduct forfeited all claim upon them. He looked upon the situation otherwise and when the time for the first payment came he was on hand to claim a share. The agent did not recognize him but Inkpaduta compelled the Indians to pay tribute to him in goods and money and he really got as much in value as the regular annuity Indians. He appeared at each annual payment to 1856 and bulldozed the Indians into sharing with him. Before the next payment he indulged in the awful massacres at Spirit Lake and Springfield, which put an end

to his open appearance at the agencies. In those massacres forty-two white persons first and last lost their lives. During all of this period his band was a refuge and a shelter for the renegade Indians of all the bands. When an Indian had rendered himself obnoxious to the whites or to his tribe so that life was unsafe on the frontier he knew that a welcome ever awaited him in the lodges of the desperado. For a long period his principal camp had been at the lakes near Madison, but after the Spirit Lake massacre he made his headquarters further back and was chiefly with the Yanktonais; indeed for the remainder of his long career he was intimately associated with the "Little Yanktons." He remained chiefly on the James until 1862, occasionally slipping down to communicate with the Santees until the outbreak. It is claimed, but not perfectly established, that Little Crow sent for him some weeks prior to the outbreak and that he remained near the settlements and in frequent communication with Little Crow until hostilities began. It is only certainly known that about the 1st of August Agent Galbraith obtained information that he was encamped on the Yellow Medicine some miles back of the agency and that he sent a detachment under Lieutenant Sheean after him. Sheean made a fruitless scout as far as Lake Benton, but it is pretty certain that the soldiers traveled further than Inkpaduta did, and that instead of fleeing before the military to the wilds of South Dakota, the wily red skulked about near to the Lower agency during the two weeks prior to the outbreak and that when it began his hands were among the bloodiest. From that time forward, during the war of the outbreak his ubiquity was amazing. He was everywhere from the Canadian line and the Bad Lands down to Nebraska and central Minnesota and wherever he appeared, murder and theft marked his trail, yet while carrying on this guerilla work he was the leader in every battle fought with the white troops after Wood Lake, and it is not at all certain that he was not active in that battle and the previous engagements along the Minnesota. He was at the affair at Fort Abercrombie in the very week of the battle of Wood Lake; he met Captain Miner at Sioux Falls in November; he stole horses and picked off an occasional man along the Minnesota frontier during the winter. In May he murdered Mr. Henry Basche near New Ulm, though but two weeks earlier he had murdered Mr. Jacobson at the James River ferry near Yankton. In July he massacred the Wiseman family in Nebraska and had retired to the buffalo country to make his winter's meat just in time to be present and lead the hostiles in the battles at Big Mound, Dead Buffalo and Stony Lake the latter part of July. He was with the Yanktonais at the time and by common consent the leadership fell to him. This was probably the first time that the management of a large number of Indians in battle with the soldiers had been entrusted to him and the superb manner in which he covered that retreat, which was precipitated without a moment's notice, and without any opportunity to plan a line of action, yet which resulted in bringing off their women and children in safety and with the loss of but few men, marked him at once as a soldier

of high executive ability, and won for him the admiration of the Indians who thereafter were glad to fight under his leadership. The affairs at Buffalo Lake and Stony Lake were no more than shows of forces, but his success in diverting Sibley from an attack while they were crossing the women and children over the Missouri still further advanced him in the admiration of the Indians as a war chief. At the battle of Whitestone Hill, a month later, he made the mistake of letting his vanity get the better of his soldierly instincts and put off the attack upon House, after he had him in his power, in order to make a carnival of the massacre, and so waited until Sully arrived with re-enforcements, but the manner in which he got more than 2,000 women and children out of the ravine in which they were entrapped, and spirited them away to safety, was a marvelous piece of management. In the early summer of 1864 he was down to the settlements on a horse-stealing expedition when the mounting of the heads of the men who massacred Fielner, at the little Cheyenne, set all of the tribes aflame, and the Yanktonais sent runners to summon him back. He arrived in the west in time to conduct the allied tribes back to the edge of the Bad Lands and establish them in the camp on the side of the mountain, where they were attacked and driven out by Sully in the battle of Killdeer Mountain on the 28th of July. He led in the running fights in the Bad Lands but as stated he was practically without arms. After that he went into Canada, but made frequent excursions along the frontier and wherever an outrage was committed the tracks of the bloody-handed chief might have been found nearby. After the close of the war of the outbreak, he remained along the Canadian border until the Red Cloud wars came on when he joined in them and after the treaty of 1868 joined the recalcitrants who with Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull and Black Moon roamed through the Montana country, and as we shall learn he took an active part in the war of 1876. After that he went into Canada, where he died about 1879!

It was only as a war chief that he won a place in the admiration of the Indians. In civil life they would have none of him. Except where bloodshedding was the business in hand, they knew by sore experience he was not to be trusted. During all of the time that he was in command of the Indian forces the white men did not realize that he was even present and in all of the writing, there is not a line that gives him credit for any part in those battles. Everything considered, he must be accorded a high place as a military leader. There is little of record and little which the living Indians know of him which indicates much of his mental endowments. He appears never to have resorted to diplomacy to carry a point but invariably depended upon brutal force. If there is one exception to this, it was in the negotiation for the release of Mrs. Marble. Greyfoot, the rescuer, relates that he craftily argued that the taking back of one captive would be sufficient to convince the white men that the annuity Indians had acted in good faith. It is scarcely probable from all of his conduct that he was other than he seemed, a terrible monster.