

[Copy - See Original in Correspondence Files]

Montevideo Minn.

July 6, 1925.

To

Grace L. Nute

Curator of Manuscripts

Dear Madam

Yours dated 25<sup>th</sup> Ult. received Many thanks to Mr Hummel of New Ulm for referring to me. I am the grand daughter of Scott Campbell and great grand daughter of Colin Campbell both Interpreters Scott Campbell was United State Interpreter in the treaty of 1837 to 1851 His death occurred early in 1851. His oldest son that is my father (A.J.) or Antoine Joseph Campbell was appointed his successor same year and acted up to his death here in Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> 1913. Buried in Montevideo in St. Joseph's Catholic Cemetery. I am too poor to put a monument there. There is a lot to say and write about these two men I believe grand father died on St. Anthony Hill and buried at St. Paul. Colin Campbell 6 children. John Campbell by a Scotch or Irish wife after her death he married Hi-Hu-ti-na's daughter of Lac qui Parle village as he was a fur buyer of one of the Hudson Bay Companies, he was called Sir Colin. His oldest son also called Sir Colin, he died at Yankton at 80 yrs old no issue With his second wife there were five children this Colin, Nancy or Mrs John Bourke of St. James Manitoba, Pelagi or Mrs Dousman Stillwater, Scott with 10 children

Duncan I suppose was the father of Duncan Campbell- fathers cousin Germain who was raised in Scotts family because we were

learned to call him Uncle. The descendants of Aunt Nancy Bourke live in Winnipeg , St. James & Brandon

Please excuse my writing as I am almost totally blind. I have a few choice relics I have written much but it seems some is afraid of the truth so not published I have an appointment by Gov. Gorman as U. S. Intrepreter and his picture taken in Washington D. C. in April 28, 1858. father came back after Minnesota was entered as a State &c. &c. John Mooere use to live at Lake Benton he had a son & two daughter after the out break most grown up all three died near Lower Sioux Agency. Hazen Mooere I saw the last time late 1857 with his Irish wife and little daughter Helen or Ellen his widow married a german they lived at West Newton, near Fort Ridgely. Ellen married a frenchman Louis Bushard -- I think Mr Hummel knows him -- whether his address is West Newton now or not or whether Ellen left children or not. Ellen was dead and he married again was when we attended Fort Ridgely Picnic. Richard Pfeferle would know. Please excuse me. I am so tired until further

Gov. Theo. Christianson knows us God Bless him. You may tell him my husband still lives. Cant get no increase of Pension He is looking forward to celebrating the last lap of 88 years the 10<sup>th</sup> of July that is friday if he is not tired speaking he has one more chance left if he will come.

I will write some time later after the 10<sup>th</sup>.

Thanks

Always Yours for Minn. History.

Mrs Frank Stay, Sr.

I was born at St. Paul Oct 10, 1848

Father at Mendota Nov. 25, 1825.

Mother Feb. 14, 1828 at Shawnee town Indiana

Name Mary Ann Dolton Chum of Mrs A. L. Larpentuer.

Married at St. Paul Oct. 1845, at Henry Jacksons.

[COPY]

2 Sutherland St.

St. James

Manitoba

Canada

12:IV:1940

Dear Miss Nute.

You may remember Mrs. Harris and I called on you Dec: 18th. 1939. which visit we enjoyed very much. Our conversation centred round the "Campbell Family". We promised to keep in touch with you and report about any historical records we might be able to obtain. I am enclosing an article written by Mrs. Stay, a granddaughter of Scott Campbell, it may interest you, perhaps you would like to take a copy, so there is no hurry to return it, which can be done at your convenience.

After leaving you we went to see Mr. John Young 521 Humboldt Ave: St. Paul. he is a grandson of Scott Campbell, his mother was Harriett Campbell who married -- Young. He knew very little of Archibald Campbell but knew there were family records. (these I have not located yet) Mr. Young left home when he was 13 years. Archibald Campbell had three sons. Scott, Duncan & Colin. In connection with Duncan, he said "at Mendota there was a lake called Duncan's Lake, named after said Duncan. who was a trader first, then had a store or was a frontier merchant, he was father of four children, Joe, John. Victoria and one other, he forgot the name.

We were unable to go & see Mrs. Van Dyke at Granite



Falls. we had to get home, but we hope to visit her sometime and hope to see some records and will not forget you.

Mention was made of a Miss Isabella McLeod. I have just got news of her. she died five or six years ago, her brother died about eighteen or twenty years ago. he had valuable books, papers etc. (so our father told us he was a personal friend of his). Mr. McLeod acted as Indian Interpreter to General Sibley there are three nephews living at Bloomington Minn: they are Victor, Arthur & Martin Baillif, the address is: C. Victor Baillif. R 1. Minneapolis. (which is the same as Bloomington) Personally I do not know them, but it would be interesting to know where the books etc are.

You were kind enough to give me names of persons from whom I might obtain information I wrote Register House Edinburgh regarding Archibald Campbell, but I would have to look myself & sent the law of it etc in printed pamphlet.

Miss Clapp Sault Ste Marie, was interested but got no information, but would like to hear when I got anything.

Burton Collections, Detroit, sent a nice reply their information, verified what I already had.

Got nothing from National Archives. U.S.A. but reply. Miss S. Drumm said to write Mr. J. Nangle St. Louis & a Mrs. Daniel Carson, Toronto. but the latter's address was not sufficient, as I wrote to her & it was returned, & as Mr. Nangle is the Special Master in this Hazlett K. Campbell Estate Claim, could not write to him. You know we are trying to prove Archibald Campbell was a half brother to Robert Campbell, his son died in testate & they are calling for the heirs to a for-

tune of nearly two million dollars. we only have to May 15th. to file claim\* if we are unable to do this I will still try to trace our connections. I have a copy of his will made in 1802 at St. Peters. he declares himself as. "I, Archibald Campbell of Muff, Co. Londonderry. Ireland, at present an Indian trader known as John Campbell, from Mackinac to Mississippi." we also have a copy of the probate in which it states he was known as John Campbell of Prairie du Chien, and came with his son John to trade there in 1787. I believe under the British. Do you think he was in the Northwest Co. or the Michillimackinac Company or the American Fur Company. or what Company would he be under? In 1807 he was appointed Indian Agent by the War Dept: (USA) I wrote Dept: Indian Affairs Washington D.C. for news of him, but their report says, what they have is indefinite.

What I really want to know is how to prove he was a half brother of Robert Campbell. St. Louis. he also had a brother Hugh who lived with Robert and another brother Andrew in Ireland.

Please forgive this mix up of a letter, but I want to assure you of my cooperation, with my sincere good wishes and thanks I am

Yours very sincerely.

E. L. Bourke.

(Mrs. A. H. Bourke)



CAMP RELIEF IN 1862

By Mrs. Frank Stay, Sr.,  
Celia M. Campbell -- daughter of  
A. J. Campbell.

Letters had been sent back and forth, between the Indians and Gen. Sibley. Big Tom Robertson and Little Tom Robertson, son of Jane and Andrew Robertson, were sent with the letters to the fort.

They would not let Father go, thinking he would post the army on the Indian position. I don't know how many times they went. I am quite certain they went twice. There was a tripp made to Hutchinson vicinity. Flour was wanted. Flour the camp had to have. So the camp had not so many men some days. The camp would be very quiet, just old men, women and children. The Little Chief and his nearer relatives, Spencer's comrads were always on their guard for there was no telling, just when our turn came to die. We moved to Stony Run, I don't know the exact date, we must have been all of a week at Hazelwood, and another week at Stony Run. From there we moved to Camp Relief, our last western stand.

The plan made and carried out, the friendly Indians should camp by themselves whatever the hostiles did, even if they had to fight them. Gen. Sibley was coming toward Wood Lake, and we were camped away from the hostiles. One night father came in looking pleased. He says to mother, "Old Woman, We are going to have a council in our tent to-night," "Are you," said she, "What about?" He said, "The friendly chiefs were going to have a council then he was going to write letters to Gen. Sibley, and he was selected to carry them too.

Mother says, "They will kill you if they catch you." He said, he expected they would try. But he would go around them. He expected every route would be guarded to prevent anyone passing the enemies lines. We youngsters laid down on our hard beds (the ground). ~~THE~~ and slept so sound we heard nothing.

Next morning father was gone to Wood Lake with Joseph La Frambois and Joseph (Rooyer) Rouilliard (how strange that all three should be named Joseph). The Indians were watching to prevent his reaching the army.

They were going to give him a slow death even if they had to stick needles all over him if caught going. But they did not get him and he did get to General Sibley. Thanks to the Renville Rangers, those brave boys, and some of the 3rd Regiment (Minnesota). They rushed for him shouting, "Kill the damned Traiter". Kill Him. While history tells today they had not stood the ground nor duty like he had done. Perhaps they will think more of him when they read this little volume, and feel, "What if they had been in his place, standing between two fires as it were, Indians watching to kill him, the 3rd Regiment wanting to hill him." Supposing they had killed him. Do you think they would have got the prisoners alive then? I think not. It was well understood that if the army crowded them they would kill every drop of white blood in their hands. Those three men who went with the flag of Truce to meet Gen. Sibley have all the chance of a reward in heaven. For the beatitudes say -- "Blessed are the peace-

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makers - for they shall be called the children of God."

Gen. Sibley gave his instructions to father. We had long before camped away from the hostiles and called the friendly camp. Before Father left us they dug a large round hole in the middle of our tent where we were to crawl in, and another long trench outside for the Indians to sand in, to fight in, to fight defending us, if it came to battle between them and the Hostiles. They promised Father whatever happened, they would fight defending his family, as long as there was a drop of hearts blood alive within him. There we waited in suspense. Cannot tell what our plight was, only those who understood the language, they alone could feel the ominous of the hour in which our lives hung suspended by a thread.

During one moonlight night before that, a woman came running across the prairie, from the Hostile Camp, thru our camp. We stood out and she told mother the hostiles were coming to kill our family, as they suspected father had gone to meet the soldiers, with letters, and he was apt to give Gen. Sibley information, that would defeat them. Father asked them soon after about their threats. To give him a slow death, but they denied having said anything, as they held him in too high regard. Father was gone more than one night. For the first night they dug the trenches and held the council, next night Iron Elk's sister Ha Fana (second Daughter), came to mother, and whispered in her ear that they had talked of taking the two oldest off. She wanted us to go with her until father came back. So Mother ordered us to follow the woman. We did not want to go, and leave them out she said it was on account of the trench. There was no room for us to sleep, which sounded strange as we had slept there the night before.

We went without asking any questions. We came to Blue Eyes Tent, her sister was there, we were told where to sleep. Emily slept near Blue Eyes daughter, and I slept with the one who came after us. She moved her bundles, then I lay down, and she put her bundles all up against me, so no one could see there was anyone lying there. Before daylight I heard Father's voice in our tent, which was close by. It did not take us long to go back. Father's voice always had a charm for his daughter Celia, and so, I shall always drop a word, which shall always bloom as roses around his pathway, and he shall know that while friends have turned fickle, and enemies dangerous, his daughter has watched and prayed, that all will yet come right. Now carefully that noble man's name has been kept from history. When he did so much to alleviate the wrongs of the Red Man. How he soothed wounded feelings, by kind words, and wise counsels and material aid. He could not see one come to him for naught, and risking his own life and welfare for these prisoners. How they promised of their own accord to help him by a good word, when back to civilization, without asking. Where are those good words?

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DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS  
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#3.

They have been carefully plotted out, even Gen. Sibley had to come in for his share of sneering criticism. Gen. Sibley had done just what all level heads thought best at the time. He took time and coolly did his duty to save lives. If he had taken Gen. Custer's rush he would have ended the same way, and accomplished nothing. Gen. Sibley is not praised for saving lives but Gen. Custer is lauded for losing his life and army when it was not necessary. Frontier men are cautious, at the same time brave, and the knowing how and accomplishing, is a trait, not to be sneered at. Indians are not drilled like an army. They are wily foe, full of schemes and plans to waylay and ambush. So a soldier drilled for civilized warfare is not the one to send to meet the Indians. Take our Renville Rangers for instance. They will always take the honor. Why not drill in that manner for the Frontier. Well here we come to Camp Release and Camp Relief as the Soldiers camp and Friendly Camp were called by us while talking with some of our soldier friends.

Gen. Sibley had told father as they were short of rations he could not force any marches, but on the 3rd morning he would be in sight about ten o'clock, and if he did not come to meet him with a flag of truce, at that point after he saw the bayonets shining at that distance he would fire the cannons into our camp, as by not meeting him with a flag of truce at that time he would know that father was a traitor, so would serve us accordingly.

We were divided into the Friendly Camp and Hostile Camp about two weeks before Gen. Sibley's battle at Wood Lake in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota. The morning after the battle of Wood Lake, Little Crow sent word to father to come, he wanted to see him. Our Indians did not want him to go, as it might be to kill him. Father smiled and said, "I'll go, I don't want to show them any cowardice. I think its to kill me, but I'll go." "Well, they said, we will not let you go alone." So eight Indians went along with him. They may have had knives but there were no arms to be seen about them. They walked up to the council tent pitched upon a knoll. The tent belonged to Beausejour, a French Canadian. He had been practicing curcys acts before the outbreak. The lower corner of the door was carried up and fastened back so the end of the tent was open. Little Crow sat inside just to the right of the open door. They spread a robe or blanket in the center for father to sit on. The warriors were all dressed and painted, standing outside next to their chief, all leaning on their guns. Father said, "What a fine lot of men they were." There was a silence, then father spoke "Cousin," he said (they had always called each other cousin) "I heard you wanted to see me so I have come". Little Crow answered and said, "Yes, cousin, I am going away, if there is a last favor you would like to ask of me I would like to grant it to you." Father answered, "Yes, cousin, we are most safe now. Gen. Sibley will be here soon, and I would like that you and your warriors would give yourselves up" Little Crow with a derisive laugh says, "Wo Pa Tun Han Ska." The long merchant Sibley would like to put the rope around my neck but he won't get the chance.

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Father said, "I don't think they will hang anybody they never did before." "No, cousin," he said, "anything else, but to give myself up to hang by the neck like a woman. If they would shoot me like a man I would, but otherwise they will never get my live body."

Father then said, "if you can't do that, then I would like to get the prisoners."

Little Crow said, "Yes, you shall have them" To his warriors he said any of you that have a prisoner or anything that belongs to them, give them back, and fetch them to this man. All answered "No" (Yes). And all turned around and hurriedly left to comply with the request of the only man, as Little Crow said, they could love and respect. He had never turned a deaf ear to them. Had always been like brothers, until the outbreak. So this last favor showed how they called upon the only man they could favor in their last adieu.

There is something holy and impressive to see these warriors who had for a space of five weeks, and three days spurned father's warnings and advice, and at the last moment show him so much regard.

Truly the works of God are indeed mysterious. Father took the names of the prisoners as fast as they were brought to him. There were 107 he got right there ( Record 109)

When he started with them to the Friendly camp, they trotted after him with great bundles tied up in white sheets and table clothes so heavy they would drop them to the ground, then to fling them back over their shoulders. I would swing around and drop to the ground again.

Some carried little children. They asked father many questions about their folks. Father knew they would never see them again. Some might have been saved. He did not know. He hated to shatter their hopes by telling them the sad facts. He gradually distanced them to keep the truth from them awhile longer. He would not be the first to tell them. There might be a shadow of doubt their lives were lost. There were no hope of seeing their loved ones again.

They were all safely put amongst the Friendlies until Gen. Sibley came on the third morning. I am quite sure it was the 26th of Sept. when the army came. The Renville Rangers stood in a row opposite our tent. We girls went and shook hands with those we knew, and Emily gave Dick Hoback, the picture and ten dollar bill Mary Anderson had commissioned her to give him, for her folks.

While looking out for glistening bayonets, the news came in camp that there was a war party going west by prairie trail with three prisoners. Father sent right off for his horse and word to Joseph La Frambois and John Moore to each take a horse and come with him so there would be one to each prisoner if they had to take them by force. He expected trouble with their captors. Mother reasoned and wept, telling father to think of all that camp and his family, if Sibley should come and command them. She came and knelt down clasping her arms around his kneed, but he loosened her hold of him and said, "Old Woman, go into the tent and lie down (she had tooth ache about two weeks then) those prisoners love their lives. Their lives are just as sweet to them as ours to us. It is my duty and may be the only chance they would have to see whites again."

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Mother went into the tent to console herself, weeping quietly, lying on the ground, and away went father, galloping over the prairie for dear life, followed by the other two. They spread apart along the line of marching Indians as he knew the most important is always in the lead, so he took the head one. Talked to the leader. He had a Swede girl 14 years old prisoner, refusing to give her up, it was his squaw. Father put his hand out, the girl grasped it. When asked how she had confidence in a stranger, she said she would trust a white man anytime before an Indian. She knew they were disputing about her each pulled his way to get her from the other.

The Indian saw he would not get her away from father, so he aimed his gun at father's breast to shoot. When one Indian looking on, stepped up and pushed the gun away, telling the other, more than one would like by him if he was harmed, that Father's brother, Uncle Hypolite, was married to his cousin.

At the same time gave a lift to the girl on his horse, back of father astraddle, that was as good as a signal to the rest, they gave up their prisoners too. A little boy 8 years old. They were taken at Madelia. The girl and her old mother, and the neighbor's boy who was hearing cattle. The old woman came along until she was so foot sore and tired she sat down and refused to go further. They shot her dead, and then went their way with the other two until father got them away. You may be sure it did not take them long to get back to camp. Gen. Sibley and staff stood on an eminence each looking thru a spy glass by turn. Father has seen them too. He hurried the girl off, telling those standing around to help her off she could hardly walk, so helpless and tired. He called for a white handkerchief or cloth but it was hard to find a white cloth after five or six weeks of Indian life. At last some one came out with a cloth that was yellow with wear, and off again he went. He had lost his hat, it had been shot off by the enemies, and he had been going bareheaded since his trip to Wood Lake to meet Gen. Sibley. All eyes watched eagerly toward those shining bayonets. Until Gen. Sibley came up, where father stood with the head men of the Sioux tribe in a circle, where they met the general. Then father and Gen. Sibley went thru the camp side by side. The proudest incident of my life to have seen a duty well performed and well ended so far, and to see those two men neither could have done without the other in that last dark day of trouble of death and devastation.

5023 A Way to Mrs. H. H. Davis - how for giving

### Pioneer Couple Receive Many Congratulatory Messages On Seventy-Fifth Wedding Day

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Thomas, Traverse Bay, celebrated the 75th anniversary of their wedding Wednesday at their home near Victoria Beach where they received congratulations from their family and friends. Among messages received was one from the Hudson's Bay Co. which also sent a gift Mr. Thomas was employed by the Company in the early days. Mr. Thomas celebrated his 101 birthday March 4, and Mrs. Thomas, her 91st birthday the following day.

Mr. Thomas was born at Lac du Brochet, in the North West Territories, where his father was employed as a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. When 14 years of age, he started work for the Company, and continued in its employ 35 years. He married Sophia Light, daughter of a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Ile a la Croise, Nov. 15, 1864, his bride being only 16 years of age.

Last year, on the occasion of his 100th birthday, Mr. Thomas received congratulatory messages from many people, including letters from Senator Thomas Hay, J. M. Turner, M.P., and the mayor of The Pas, who, as a youth recalls Daniel Thomas, even then a colorful figure of the northland.

Of 16 children, nine daughters and seven sons, five survive: Joseph Thomas, Jr., Peter Parisian, Traverse Bay; Daniel Thomas Churchill; Mrs. Gimoude, Fort Alexander; and Mrs. Dennett, Grand Marais. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas claim 113 descendants—67 grandchildren, 39 great grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren.

An interesting point in connection with the location of the Thomas home is that not far distant is the spring where La Verendrye filled his water barrels before proceeding on his way to the mouth of the Red River. Traverse Bay is several miles north from Victoria Beach, and the Thomas home is situated in the bush. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are both enjoying excellent health, and Mr. Thomas thinks nothing of walking an average of two miles daily.

Mr. Thomas' life has been full of adventure, although he has

never left the country of his birth. In winter he carried mail, using husky dogs and sleigh as conveyance, and traveling between Cumberland House and Lac du Brochet. In summer he worked the company's York boats. He tells many stories of the earlier days of his married life, including his desperate race with ice forming on Lake Winnipeg. He was delayed in making his journey home one year, and his young wife was urging him to hurry, as their first baby was expected, and she was anxious to be with her own people for its birth. The weather turned suddenly cold, and the lake began to freeze. Ice formed all around their boat, and Mr. Thomas was compelled to break a way before him. At last they reached shore, and he carried his wife to the nearest cabin, where her child was born within the hour. In 1892 they moved to Traverse Bay, taking up land on the homestead plan, where they are still living.

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When I had Keenon  
Campbell on my  
mind I came  
across a note in  
the Sibley Papers that  
Keenon married  
M. Rennie.  
Letter dated  
Jan 13, 1849