

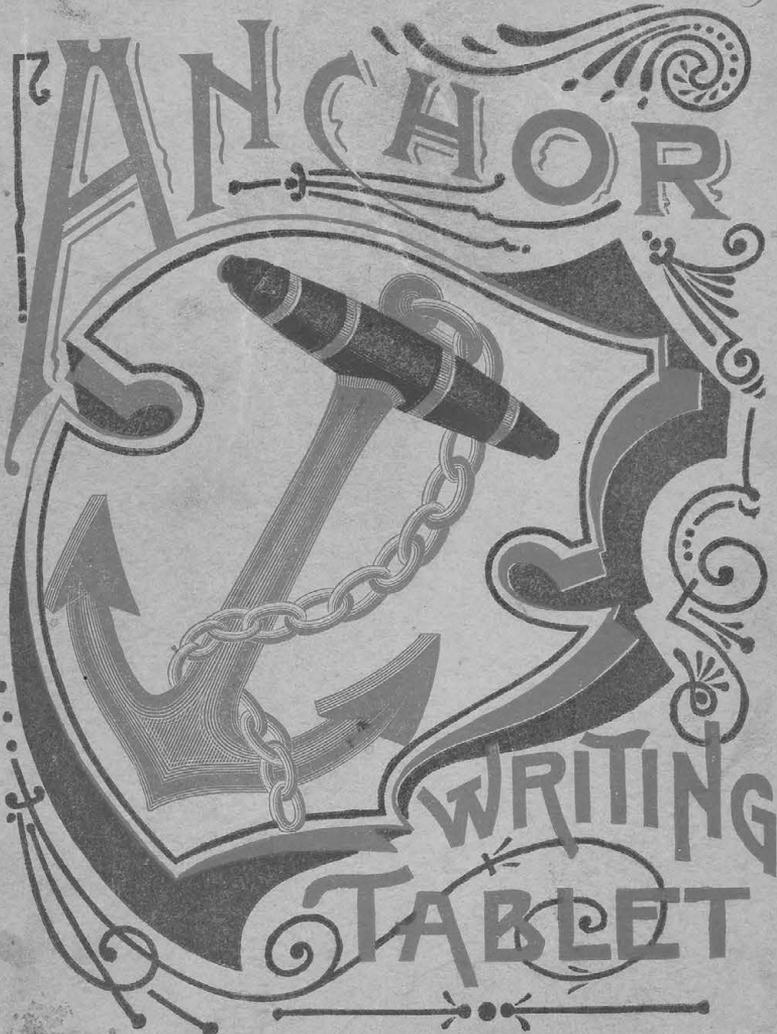


[Return I. Holcombe Papers.](#)

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*Here is your story*



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\*  
11225  
Volume 2

[Carrigan, Nellie. 1862  
Sioux Uprising.]

*ad*

Wie lang und tief wird  
die Zeit, wenn gar so lang  
sich für die Blumen und Vögel  
ist Freund, verlieren ihr  
zu mir,

Wie lang und schwer  
wird die Zeit, wenn ganz  
so lang nicht hier,  
die Blumen und Vögel  
ist Freund, verlieren ihr  
Schönheit - zu mir,

How tedious and restless  
the hours, when gems or  
longer I see, sweet prospects  
sweet birds & sweet flowers have  
all lost their sweetness to me)

## The Story 1

In 1858 my father Benno the  
Godfread & Wilhelmina  
Buee or ~~Buss~~ <sup>with the 3 children</sup> came from  
Germany and settled in  
Wisconsin I do not know  
where we lived in germ  
any or in wis I was too  
young to remember either  
place In 1860 My father  
in company with ~~four~~  
families started for  
Minn The names of the  
other families <sup>was</sup> Lentz and  
Ketzman the 3 name  
<sup>of the other family</sup>  
I have forgotten for they  
staid at Cannon Falls

We all move with ox team  
and covered wagons, had  
cows and chickens with us  
and Mr Lentz drove up a pig  
with his cattle

my father was 33 years  
old and my mother thirty at

1882

We always rested Sundays  
for the party were all church  
members of the Evangelical  
Society We went as far as  
Cannon Falls without mis-  
haps. There my mother met  
with an accident she went  
to get out of the wagon and  
fell the wheel passed over  
her foot and broke some of  
her toes she took very sick  
The whole party stopped  
Father got a place as quick  
as possible We moved in  
an old house He rented the  
farm and intended to  
stay there a year The  
others also rented farms  
and put in corn and oats  
it was too late for wheat

I do not know whether  
 my mother sicknes caused  
 them to stop there as if  
 it was the intention  
 of the party to do so

One of my little sisters  
 was born there named  
 Caroline. I had also a  
 sister born in Wis, <sup>named</sup> this  
<sup>Amelia</sup> made 5 children in our  
 family August Charles  
 born in Germany Mimie  
 myself born in Ger August  
 to born in Ger and others  
 mentioned. We staid there  
 6 weeks My mothers health  
 had recovered. Mr Lantz  
 I think did not put in  
 any grain. He had a son  
 in law who had moved

up to Beaver Creek the  
 year before named Man-  
 weiler and he wanted to  
 go there. He and father  
 talked it over they made  
 up their minds to leave  
 the farms they had rented  
 and go to Beaver Creek after  
 6 weeks of rest Mr Lantz  
 and my father were again  
 on our way I do not know  
 how long we were traveling  
 but one evening <sup>we</sup> landed  
 at Mr Manweilers We ~~staid~~  
 there 2 days Then a Mr  
 Smith came to see my  
 father and wanted us  
 to move in with his  
 family for he wanted  
 to go to work out and

his wife was afraid to  
 stay alone He told father  
 where he could get a good  
 piece of land with 5 acres  
 broke an acre on old house  
 put up. The next day we  
 moved to Mr Smiths  
 and father sold at the  
 land It suited him He  
 bought out the mans  
 right that claimed it  
 Mr Smith and father put  
 up hay for our cattle on  
 our farm Then they both  
 went to Yellow Medicine  
 and worked a month  
 putting up hay When  
 they got through working  
 we moved in our own  
 house all the neighbors

which amounted to 5 families

turned out a day and helped us fix up the house put on the roof and mud it up with clay. The first night we lived there we slept in a house without a roof I think we made

9 families in all that lived there that winter.

The next spring 20 families came there in one party and settled. Mr. Keitsman came up from Cannon Falls whose we left him the year before and was the first settler at Sacred Heart creek.

They made arrangements the spring of 1861. to have a German minister come and preach to us once a

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as soon as Mr. Brill was our first minister. We had no public schools (a thing that my father regretted very much). Our parents used to teach us german winter evenings and we learned a little reading a sabbath school. The indians used to visit us nearly every day and were very friendly. The children could not talk a word of english but quite a little indian and our parent could talk indian quite well. In the spring of 1862 so many people came we did not <sup>know</sup> half of our neighbors. They divided the society into 2 divisions.

Beaver Creek and Sacret  
Heart and had preaching  
once in 2 weeks They had  
no church but held service  
in the houses nearest the  
center of the district I re-  
member when M. Schwandt's  
family came, they stopped  
at Mr Lentz. a few days and  
I saw them there. The Spring  
of 1862 The indians became  
cross They did not visit us  
as much as they used to do  
before and when they met  
us would not speak I remem-  
ber that Spring the indians  
were living in our woods and  
chopping down all the young  
timber and leaving it on  
the ground Father told

9  
them they could have all  
the timber and teepe poles  
they wanted to use but  
let the rest stand One  
of the squass pulled out  
a big butcher knife and  
chased him out of his  
own woods He came home  
and told mothes about  
it she laughed at him  
for lettin an old squa  
chase him Father said  
she would not have laugh  
ed if she had nothing with  
her to defend herself with  
About a week before the  
massacre, my father sent  
my brother over to Mr Lent  
for something He came home  
badly frightened He said

10  
Mr Lantz had been fishing  
in the Minnesota river  
and caught a nice mess of  
fish. While my brother  
was there an indian  
came in and asked Mr L-  
to give him some fish.  
Mr L told him to catch  
his own fish. The indi-  
an said you talk smart.  
Wait a while and we will  
shoot you with your  
own gun. Mr L was  
the only man that owned  
a gun in the neighborhood  
and the indians knew  
how possibly the whites  
were armed. When my bro-  
ther told my father I natu-  
rally it affected him very

much. For a while he said nothing than he looked at my brother and said Well boy we have all once to die, and there is only one death <sup>and went out of doors</sup> strange to say Mr L- and his whole family escaped one of his daughters (Augusta Leaty) was taken prisoner. The story of the L- Mrs Mann weiler their married daughter came over at Pebockan, told them that the indians were killing every body for them to leave as quick as possible her husband was already packing up she went back to side with her husband and

dged 14

her sister Augustas went  
 with her, just as they came  
 out of the woods Mr M was  
 climbing into the wagon  
 the indians came from  
 the opposite side and  
 shot him Mrs M saw  
 him fall and ran back  
 home Her sister was  
 a little ahead of her The  
 indians saw her and cap-  
 tured her Mrs M got back  
 to her people They started  
 East into the open <sup>prairie</sup>  
 on team How they  
 escaped is a miracle They  
 are the only family  
 where none were lost  
 I do not how Mrs M<sup>th</sup> heard the  
 news This was told me by a  
 friend of the L's where told it

The Sunday before the massacre I can remember so well I have often wondered at it myself Church was that Sunday at Mr Lettours <sup>1 1/2 mile from Ball's</sup> in the afternoon Mr ——— reached, Sunday school was before preaching Mr Mannweiler was superintendent of S. C. He had always given us blue cards and he told us that he had got a nice lot of red cards and showed them to us <sup>and said</sup> if each of us knew our verse on the blue he would give us red cards next Sunday We were much pleased He closed S. C. just as the people were coming for church He told us those that

14  
staid over to preaching  
had better go out for there  
was such a crowd of people  
coming there would not  
be room for us in the house  
There was not room for  
~~apart of~~ the crowd most of  
of the men fixed up boards  
for benches at <sup>the</sup> South side  
of the house and listened  
through the open doors and  
window I thin there were  
nearly a 100 old people and  
some 30 children There  
were not thirty left to tell  
the story the next night

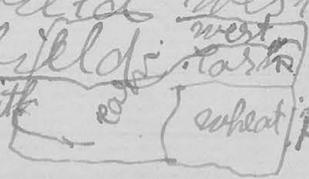
The minister that preached  
was murdered the next day

Please look up the ministers  
name that was murdered at ~~the~~ Creek  
I think it was ~~James~~ <sup>James</sup> If it was  
not was Mr Seder both used to preach

Monday<sup>15</sup> of the <sup>day of the</sup> massacre  
everything went on as usual  
at our home until noon  
My father was putting  
up hay a mile east of our  
house mother had dinner  
a little late Father grumbled  
and said he thought she might  
have dinner ready in time  
when he was in Bucha hur-  
ry. The minute he finished  
his dinner, he took his pitch  
fork and started off again  
When he had gone mother  
washed her dishes and told  
my brother to go to Mr Kessler  
and borrow some sewing  
needles for her she had come  
she was going to sew that  
after noon. We did all our tra-  
ding at New Ulm and

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often used get out of things  
my brother was gone but  
a little while when he came  
running back and said not  
there they are all asleep Mrs  
K. and the children The  
oldest boy is lying in the  
clay pit the little boys  
ear is bleeding and is  
lying by Mrs K. on the  
floor. My mother was stan-  
ding by the table and Char-  
ley spoke my God the im-  
dians have killed them  
We must flee for our lives.  
You children stay here  
she said and I will go and  
call father and we will leave  
My brother and I refused  
to stay in the house while

She was gone and told her  
 if Mr Kölers were killed  $\frac{1}{2}$   
 mile N.E. of us the indians  
 would be there before she  
 got back with father a mile  
 away She said we were right  
 to go and hide in the corn  
 field and she and father  
 would meet us at the south  
 side My brother took the  
 baby Bertha aged 3 months  
 I took the sister barn at Can  
 non Falls while August aged  
 $6\frac{1}{2}$  and Amelia  $4\frac{1}{2}$  walked  
 along with us we left the  
 house we passed a stubble  
 field of 5 acres Then came  
 a 15 acre corn field west of  
 the wheat fields <sup>west</sup> <sub>east</sub>  
 and south — south  wheat house

we had! Sharly passed the  
wheat field and got in  
to the corn. When the in-  
dians came screaming  
and yelling like so man-  
y devils around west  
side of the corn field from  
Mr Bealters. We sat down  
they passed us by so close  
I do not know how they  
escaped seeing us. They  
rushed pell-mell into  
the door we had forgot  
to shut in our haste.  
As soon as they got to  
the ~~the~~ house we started  
on as we were going <sup>we</sup> could  
see them taking the  
fether beds out of doors  
ripping them open and

scattering the feathers  
 to the wind, throwing  
 dishes out of ~~hand~~ scream-  
 ing and yelling as they  
 did so. We reached the  
 south end of the corn  
 field at last. Father and  
 mother were already there  
~~When we got to waiting for us~~  
 Instead of staying where  
 we were Father took the ba-  
 by from my brother and  
 started out on the open  
 prairie. Mother took  
 Caroline from me and  
 tried to stop father  
 It was perfectly useless  
 The sudden fright had  
 made him crazy. He  
 was natural nervous

When Mother saw there was  
20  
no use talking she fol-  
lowed him. The Indians  
had already cleaned  
house and were return-  
ing to B. Just as they  
were passing a little  
corner of timber. One  
of the Indians saw  
my father he gave  
out wicket yell and  
turned back. It was  
but a moment before  
the whole war party  
of about 20 men and ~~skins~~  
were upon us. The first  
Indian that came father  
talked to him. My brother  
told me father said for  
them to take all he had

and let him and his  
family go The indian  
said (Sioux cheche) Sioux had  
and then fired both bar-  
rels of his gun at father  
He dropped the baby (I suppose  
she was killed with him)  
and ran down the hill  
and dropped on his face  
The same indian that  
killed father went to  
<sup>mother</sup> where she had sat down  
looked both barrels of his  
gun right before her  
Then fired at her  
She never spoke nor groaned  
but fell over dead I stood  
not 10 feet from my moth-  
er perfectly paralysed  
I could not move if any

life had depended on  
 it. The indian went on  
 loading his gun again  
 and was looking at me  
 my sister Amelia was sit-  
 ting beside me. All at once  
 my scattered senses came back  
 to me. I thought I would  
 be the next victim. I started  
 to run in any direction  
 and accidentally came to  
 father he had a blue and white  
 checked shirt on and the  
 back <sup>of it</sup> was all covered with blood.  
 I remember nothing beyond  
 that until a big indian  
 was holding me in his  
 arms and looking at me  
 I screamed He put me  
 down. The next thing I

Remember was my brother  
sitting by my side  
saying "don't be afraid  
Minnie The Indians  
are not going to kill you  
They are going to take us  
with them See here is  
Amelia and brought up  
Amelia where I could see  
her As soon as I could gather  
my scattered senses  
I asked where is Gersta  
Charley said Why I have not  
thought of her We all three  
got up then and looked ar-  
round we could not see any-  
thing of her My brother told  
Indians <sup>he</sup> wanted the other  
sisters They told him ~~nope~~  
I knew the word merit

killed or dead but I was  
 not satisfied I wanted  
 to see her I spoke to the  
 indian then as best I could  
 He saw what I wanted and  
 took my hand and led  
 me to her my brother and  
 sister followed we came  
 to her she was lying on  
 her face I could see no  
 blood on her I thought may  
 be she was not dead I  
 stooped down and turned  
 her over, but when I looked  
 that ghastly little face <sup>which</sup> ~~turn~~  
~~was once so rosy~~  
 ed up to the ~~hat~~ <sup>hat</sup> against sun  
~~which was once so rosy~~  
 I knew too well that death  
 had claimed I wanted to  
 see more and was ready

to go with the indians  
who were already waiting  
We went back to Mr Bealters  
As we turned <sup>the</sup> corner of the  
woods I turned and took the  
last look at <sup>my</sup> home and left  
it forever I have never seen  
the place since I do not want  
to see it again. When we came  
to Mr B's They had already  
murdered the family and  
plundered the house. We  
saw Mr B's three little chil-  
dren lying between some  
logs half way between the  
house and the well. The oldest  
girl's right cheek was gone clear  
to the bone the second girl  
they had thrown some clothes  
over I could not see her hat.

my brother<sup>6</sup> went to remove  
the cloth and they called him  
back. The youngest girl I  
think they had taken her  
by the feet and beat her over  
a log for her little dress was  
all unbuttoned, but the top  
button, Her little back was  
bare and all black and blue.  
They were all three breathing  
yet but unconscious, Grand  
ma B was lying in the  
house and chopped to pieces.  
Mike Beatter was away from  
home and was saved. Grand  
pa B and young Mrs B I did  
not see. These were all the  
people I saw murdered  
and I dare say it was enough.

We crossed the river in  
a canoe

Four or five of the Squaws  
started with us and their  
boodle on foot for the camp  
across the river about 2 miles  
from our house The rest of  
the party started for Mr. Lents

We reached camp I think 8 or 9  
o'clock P.M. They offered us something  
to eat but we did not feel  
like eating My sister went  
to playing about in tent  
I called her back I could not  
bear to see her play I  
asked her where she was  
when the Indians were  
killing mother Why she  
said I was sitting a little  
way from mother play-  
ing with my flowers  
They shot and shot back

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of me was all smoke but  
no ball hit me. That was  
her baby story of the whole  
affair. I have often been  
glad she knew no more  
of it. The next morning one  
one of the Indian girls  
came in with Mrs Smith's  
blue silk wedding dress  
an I was mad enough to  
tear it off from her  
Mr S. was such a nice  
looking woman and to  
see her dress an that girl  
wata a contrast

I hardly tasted breakfast  
<sup>the next morning</sup>  
None of the food was salted  
They never salted an-  
y food. After breakfast  
I heard a great noise

Tuesday morning

out side. We all three stepped  
out side the tent to see  
what it was all at once.  
we saw a whole train of  
teams. They were bring-  
ing in all the cattle of  
the people that had been  
killed. The cows had not  
been milked the night be-  
fore nor that morning  
and were perfectly ead-  
y to be milked. The in-  
dians that drove were  
brandishing their whips  
and yelling like mad  
men. Such a noise I  
never heard. The very  
earth seemed to tremble  
as the cattle went past  
it was enough to deafen any one.  
After the cows had gone

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The ox teams drove up  
one by one and stopped  
in front of the tents.

They had bark houses and  
not tents where we staid  
the first night.

My brother said here  
comes our oxen hitched  
+ Mr Köster's wagon they  
were too lary to unload  
our load of hay and put  
the hay on. The next  
thing we saw was an  
black ox Billy & his children  
pet harnessed up drawing  
a buggy. He seemed very  
proud of the honor he  
drew that buggy every  
time we arrived.

while we were waiting  
the teams the indians  
were loading the wagons  
all at once some one ~~stood~~  
stepped up behind me  
threw a blanket over  
my head Grabbled around  
the waist and ran off  
with me and placed me on  
one of the wagons and  
held me there After the  
teams were in motion  
a while they took the  
blanket off my head  
I looked in every direction  
for my brother and sister  
but could see nothing  
of them and did not  
see them again until  
after we crossed that

Savolben river that Mrs  
 DeCamp. Sweet speaks of  
 June rode all the for  
 noon in the hot august  
 sun they would not al-  
 low us even a sunban-  
 net but made us all eye-  
 bear headed My brains  
 were nearly baked At  
 noon we stopped about  
 2 hours While we were  
 stopping The Syria made  
 me sit under the wagon  
 and threw a blanket over  
 my head and told me  
 to stay there or they ind  
 would ~~kill me~~ <sup>kill me</sup> they saw me  
 It was the longest 2 hours  
 I ever spent. We traveled  
 either South or Southwest

I think we stopped some-  
 where in the neighborhood  
 of Red wood. The party I  
 was with were not with  
 the main camp. There  
 were about 10 families of  
 us. I was asleep when we  
 stopped, I do not know  
 what time it was.  
 We staid here one week.  
 The family I lived with  
 consisted four persons.  
 The indian I should think  
 was 45 or 50 years old an old  
 Squa and a boy of 18 or 20 a  
 young Squa and a boy of abo-  
 10 years. I think both squas  
 were his wives <sup>I think</sup> and both  
 boys his sons. I did not  
 know their names. The in-

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dians looked all alike  
to me The young Squaw  
and her boy were good to  
me The old Squaw and her  
boy always abused me when  
the young Squaw was  
out The man always used  
me well Though when any  
my brother saw him  
afterwards he said that  
he was the very Indian  
who killed both father and  
mother and I think he was  
right for they had all of  
our clothing in their tent  
carried to my fathers gun  
back and shot her best  
dress. One time the young  
Squaw put it on I looked  
at her so pitiably and went

crying over it she took it  
 off and never wore it again  
 while I lived with her

Wednesday mor-  
 ning the old squa woke  
 me up early and gave  
 me a tin pail and poin-  
 ted to a mud lake west  
 of the tent and wan-  
 ted me to get some water  
 I felt awfully sleepy and  
 did not want to go I took  
 the pail to two indian  
 girls about my size <sup>that</sup>  
 saw play ing gave them  
 the pail and pointed  
 to the lake for them to  
 get the water They shook  
 their heads and sat  
 the pail down,

The old squaw happened  
to look around while  
she was building her  
fire, and saw what I  
was up to and started  
after me I run, away  
but the young squaw  
just came out of the  
tent and took in the  
whole affair, she got a  
big corn stalk whipped  
the old squaw then  
another young squaw  
interfered, but the young  
squaw that I was living  
came out victorious  
and took me back to the  
tent and made the  
old squaw get her own  
water I felt very bad to

think that the poor old  
 Squaw got a whipping  
<sup>on my account</sup>  
 But the same time  
 mad up my mind  
 to stand by the young  
 Squaw <sup>who had taken my part</sup> before I ate break-  
 fast that some morning  
 I took my first wash  
 since I left home The old  
 Squaw called me out pour  
 d water in my hands out  
 of a passin and went  
 through the motions  
 of washing to me  
 I saw what was want  
 ed and fixed my  
 hands scop passin  
 to hold the water and  
 went to wash <sup>in good</sup> shape  
 When I got through I

called for a towel but found out that the Indians only washed and not wiped. Breakfast consisted always of boiled beef hash, saw, pancakes and coffee. I never saw any bread from the time I left home until we reached St Peter's. None can have any idea what would not have given for a bowl of bread and milk. After breakfast I took a walk examining pit I found that there was a large white house on a little hill about 10 rods toward the south west of it was a long building with a porch on the west side of it.

A little south of the  
 the long building stood  
 a small house with a gar-  
 den fence around it. There  
 was a long mud lake  
 west of us. There were 2  
 dead indian bodies plac-  
 ed on a scaffolding about  
<sup>5 or 6 feet high</sup> ~~the air~~ which  
~~we stand there~~ they buried while we  
 staid there. The houses  
 were all occupied by indian  
 families. 5 or 6 families live  
 in tents the family I lived  
 with lived in a tent & at  
 the house with the fence  
 around it there used to  
 be a white woman looking  
 over the fence hands at the  
 time I never saw her outside  
 I suppose she was a white  
 captive

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Thursday morning they brought a little white girl to our tent I do not know where they got her I suppose from the main camp which was about 3 miles away. She was crying poor thing. She looked to be about 4 or 5-years old I asked her what her name was she said Henrietta she was german beyond that name she could tell me nothing. She often played together for she lived with the family in the tent next to us I was so glad of white company.

Friday and Saturday  
nothing in particular  
happened Henrietta and  
I played together and  
were fast friends

Sunday was the most  
lonesome Sunday I ever  
spent in my life Little  
Henrietta did not come  
to see me that morning  
I sat down and got to  
thinking of the Sun-  
day before. Where were  
all the people of the  
Sunday were they  
all in heaven? Had they  
all got wings by this  
time? Could God fur-  
nish so many wings at  
once? Would Mrs. Har-  
weiler hold Sunday school

and give them the  
 red cards? All at once  
 I thought of my fathers  
 hymnbook which I had  
 seen in the tent, I hun-  
 ted it out and turned  
 the leaves over, all at  
 once my eyes happened  
 to rest on the hymn  
 How ~~so~~ tedious and taste-  
 less the hours I knew  
 the hymn by heart  
 in German and sang  
 Wie lange und schwer  
 wirt die Zeit Wenn Jesu  
 so lange nicht hier.  
 Die blumen und vö-  
 gel ier freud verlieren  
 ier Schönheit zu-  
 mien, How tedious

and tasteless the hours  
 When Jesus no longer  
 see sweet prospects  
 sweet birds and sweet  
 flowers have all lost  
 their sweetness to me  
 Then that song corres-  
 ponded with my feel-  
 ings that day I did  
 not know until af-  
 terwards, I sang the  
 hymn half way through  
 then threw the book  
 down and had the  
 worst crying spell I  
 had had since my  
 parents were killed  
 I remember nothing  
 of interest until the  
 next Tuesday when

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we moved and crossed  
the <sup>swollen</sup> river which Mrs  
De Camp spoke of The water  
was up to my waist  
The young squadw. held  
me by the arm If it  
had not been for her I  
should not be here to tell  
the story. <sup>Just</sup> after I  
crossed I passed Mrs  
Gomenfeldt carrying her  
baby She was the first  
white prisoner I saw to  
know I turned and  
spoke to her She rec-  
ognised me at once and  
smiled and said poor  
Minnie How many are  
dead of your family  
I told her I thought I  
was the only one living

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for the indians had told me while we were living at the other place that my brother and sister had cryed and they had cut their throats, and I believed them. The next day I saw my little sister and my brother I was so surprised and delighted for I thought they were dead. That same day I also ~~by~~ dug up <sup>several</sup> and Mary Schwanck standing by a wagon, and met Mrs W. Band and her five children. The next time we moved little Henrietta and I

got on to a wagon and  
 rode. The indians did  
 not happen to interfere.  
 While we were talking  
 someone called out behind  
 us. <sup>in german</sup> Say you have got Lit-  
 tons oxen hitched to Mann-  
 weilers wagon. I looked a-  
 round and there was  
 Ludovic Kitzman. Little  
 Henrietta said Why it  
 is Ludovic I knew. I had  
 a ~~clue~~ to her identity.  
 I called back I knew the  
 oxen but did not know  
 the wagon; but here is  
 a little girl that knows  
 you and I have been a  
 week trying to find out  
<sup>who she is</sup> He jumped off his wagon

and ran to the side  
of our wagon Why Henri  
etta Krieger he said my  
own little cousin, I thoug  
ht it was one of your sis  
ters He said to me, He  
promised to come and  
see us at noon Little  
H- would say to me ev  
ry little while is it  
prety near noon? When  
noon came Ludovic came  
also and we had a big vis  
it I asked if we would al  
ways have to live with  
the indians He told me  
not to worry there were  
enough white folks left  
to shoot every miserable  
indians head off. I told

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him I wanted to run a way But did not know which way to go to get home. Don't you try to run away said Ludwig or they will shoot you The best thing we can do is to stay until the white, come and take us he said I asked where will they take us to our folks are all gone well said I have an aunt in Wis who will take me I think and I am going there I told him he was better off than I was for my mother and fathers people were all in Germany and

I did not know in what place they lived. Soon after this move I took sick with a bad cold and after that I was not out much I lost track of the days of the week and could never keep account after that. While I was sick the indian that belonged to our tent was gone. 4 or 5 day One morning the big boy of the tent came in and brought me my breakfast, just as I went to eat he took it away again and said, now you need no breakfast in a little, while a man with a new gun is com—

mung to shoot you  
 The young squaw was  
 out and he could act as  
 as he <sup>mean</sup> pleased. After break  
 fast an indian with  
 a new gun did come in  
 I was so frightened I did  
 not recognize him  
 I shut my eyes and laid  
 down I was hardly alive  
 I did not want to see him  
 shoot, He came up to me  
 said Handa you do a  
 half dozen of times be  
 fore I dared to open my  
 eyes Then I found out  
 it was the man of  
 tent and I suppose he  
 knew nothing about  
 what <sup>the story</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>was</sup>

I suppose the new gun was some dead sal  
 tier property. The morn  
 ing after this affair there  
 was a great carnation in  
 camp. All at once while I  
 was trying to find out  
 what was up I saw a  
 sight that fair by sickens  
 me for not ten feet from  
 hard side by side with  
 their feet turned up <sup>were</sup> about  
 40 or 50 dogs with their throats  
 cut they were all dead,  
 and their legs stuck up so  
 straight I went back to  
 the tent sick and disgust  
 ed after I had been in  
 the tent an hour or more  
 curiarity got the better

of me I went out again to see what they were going to do with them. They had got a load of hay and were singeing them. Among them I recognized our little white poodle they had taken from our home. They had 8 or 10 big iron kettles put on poles with boiling water in them as fast as they would get a dog singed they would throw him into the boiling water. I made up my mind they were going to cook and eat them. I went away again hastily by resolving not to eat any of them if I starved.

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I have thought since per-  
haps they were only scald-  
ing them in those kettles  
It seems to me they could  
hardly be beastly dirty e-  
nough to cook the dogs with-  
out deceeting them a little  
I did not go back again to  
look on but they ~~were~~ ~~fold~~  
arranged the kettles all  
day The squaws never  
went near them, ~~at~~ to  
my great relief, the  
women and children  
were all driven out of our  
tent and only men ate  
the dogs. Not even the  
boys were allowed in  
to their great disgust.  
The men all carried butter

bowls and ladles as they  
 went into the tent  
 About 9 or 10 went into our  
 tent The next day they  
 cooked more dogs and  
 the next night the same  
 again Then I changed pla-  
 ces I went to live with  
 a family where there  
 was a young man and  
 2 young girls and an  
 old squaw They made  
 a perfect pet of me  
 The young man would  
 paint my face up and  
 let me look in his hand  
 glass I would rub off the  
 paint as quick as I got out  
 of doors They were so  
 different from the first

family I thought a great  
 deal of them. They lived a  
 great deal better. While I was  
 staying there, there was  
 an Indian dance going  
 on. The young man painted  
 me up in great shape  
 and insisted on my not  
 rubbing it off. He took me  
 and his sisters to the dance.  
 He carried me part of the way.  
 It was not far but he seem-  
 ed to like the fun of carry-  
 ing me. It used to make me  
 mad. He would set me on  
 his shoulder and hold me  
 there. At the dance they  
 had a lot of poles stuck up  
 some with red shawls  
 tied to them. Some with

white bed sheets tied to  
W.S. flags and I suppose  
scalps tied to some of  
them, but I did not notice  
them. The Indians used  
to stand in groups and  
jump up and down  
and then some would  
saddle around on horse  
back I thought they would  
run against one another  
but they did not. The  
young Indian that took  
us there did not dance  
but looked on and held  
me on his shoulder so I  
could see. I stayed  
with them I think a week.  
Then I went to live with  
a family where there was

was a young man a little  
 girl about my size and  
 an old squaw. While I  
 lived with them I nearly  
 starved I was sick nearly  
 all the time anyway <sup>while</sup>  
<sup>I lived with them</sup> for that reason I think I  
 was sent to so many  
 places I used to walk in  
 my sleep and save some  
 all night and they had  
 to watch me. I remem-  
 ber one time I saw an  
 indian girl burying  
 some potatoes in hot  
 ashes and went off to  
 play I made up my mind  
 there was a chance to get  
 a square meal I watched  
 until I thought they were

about done I saw the girl  
 was playing on the other  
 side of the tent I went  
 and got the potatoes, went  
 back of another tent and  
 ate them. Next thing I  
 saw the indian girl  
 go and scratch in the  
 as he and did not find  
 any thing. Then she pounce  
 upon another indian <sup>girl</sup> and  
 gave her a whipping I was  
 glad I could not talk indi-  
 an. just then and tell  
 what because of those po-  
 tatoes. Sometimes while  
 I was staying with them they  
 would sit down evenings  
<sup>in groups</sup> and talk. One after another  
 they would drop off to

sleep and sleep all night  
out of doors just like a lot  
of cattle. I remember well  
the battle of Wood Lake  
I think it was near sup-  
per time when the first  
cannon was fired, at  
any rate. The old squaw  
was building a fire. At  
the first report she  
jumped about three feet  
in the air and screamed  
the word "hi-be-dish-kah"  
and she kept repeating  
the word again and  
again. Then I heard the  
word screamed all over  
the camp. I have never found  
out what the word meant  
we had no supper that

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right The squaw forgot  
all about it When the squaw  
jumped I thought she burn  
ed her self for she had her  
fire lighted and I did not  
connect that report with  
her screams for I thought  
that was distant thunder  
I could not make out  
what the commotion meant  
They kept bonifires bur  
ing all night and I did  
not see a warrior in  
camp The old squaws  
son was gone also Of all  
the screaming and  
howling I ever heard I  
heard that night The  
next morning I changed  
places again The old squaw

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that kept my sister came  
the next evening and got  
~~me~~ This family was composed  
of an old Squaw and a young  
girl of 16 or 18. There was no  
man in the family <sup>to</sup> took  
my sister the first of the  
outbreak and kept her un-  
til she was released I  
do not know whether my  
brother changed places or not  
I do not know how long it  
was after the battle that  
a young indian squaw came  
to our tent in an awful  
hurry They held some kind  
of a consultation The next  
thing they did was to  
~~pack up our~~ my sister's  
belongings for I was a trunk

and had ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> clothes. My clothing had got down to one dress not another garment in the world did I own. I was bear headed and bear footed. My wardrobe has run quite low several times in my life, but that was the nearest I ever got out entirely.

They started with us up on ~~an~~ hill where we could see a whole lot of indians standing in a circle around a white flag put on a pole. I saw a lot of whites going into a place they had left for them to pass in and none came out again. I thought they

were taking them in there  
 to kill them. I did not want  
 to go but 2 Indian girls car-  
 ried me there. When I pass-  
 ed in the first persons I  
 met was my brother August  
 Gault and Lucie Kitzman  
 those three boys were always  
 together when they had a  
 chance. Lucie was the  
 first to see me and was  
 overjoyed. Why Minnie  
 if you ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> here too  
 we had made up our mind  
 you were killed no one  
 had seen you for 2 weeks.  
 I told him I had been sick  
 so much and had staid  
 in the tent most of the  
 time. He said that he and

my brather went to the  
 place where I staid first  
 and found me gone and  
 thought I was killed. I arriv-  
 ed his little brather Gus-  
 tave kitsmen in the  
 crowd and aske Ludovic  
 what had become of his  
 brather he said the have  
 murdered him over a week  
 ago and I am the last one  
 of our family. Poor little  
 angels, howe they could have  
 the heart to murder him I  
 do not know. He was 5 years  
 old. My brather and an-  
 gust Ludt told me that  
 the indians had a fight  
 with the soldiers and  
 that the indians got

whipped. That they were counting us as we came in and we were to be given up to the soldiers.

They told me also that the white flag meant that the Indians got whipped and all the screaming and crying was over the cannon firing. Why I told them that I thought it was a thunder shower somewhere where I could not see it. After they got through with us on the hill they marched us down the other side gave us some tents to occupy until the soldiers came. Here I got acquainted with all the

german prisoners that I did not know before.

The ladies from Saeret Heart Creek were Mrs Krus and 2 children and her husband's sister Mrs Urband and 5 children Mrs Frass I think had 3 children Mrs Lang had 1 or 2 children I think the latter three ladies were sisters Mrs Lammers with 2 children <sup>and Gerrietta</sup> That is all I <sup>know</sup> of S.S.H.

Mrs. Eisenreich and her 5 children I do not know where they were from I think the little <sup>girl</sup> whose head was a cut and bleeding that Mary Schwandt speaks of was Sophy Eisenreich

far when I saw her and Peter Eisenreich after we were counted, the backs of their heads was one mass of scabs I asked them what ailed their heads and their mother told me that the Indians backed them with their tomahawks because they could not walk fast enough when they came to camp.

Poor Mrs Minnie Imer felt was from our own neighborhood only one year and a half before she was married to her husband at the age of 17 and now she was

a widow with a little girl only a few months old How that baby ever lived through it all is a miracle Here too I first saw little Minnie Smith the girl that August Sewandt carried she was so weak she could hardly walk she went with us as far as Fort Ridgely and there she died 2 day after she got there. We waited 3 days for the soldiers to come <sup>those were the</sup> and in <sup>largest days we ever saw</sup> the afternoon of the third all at once one of the little girls that were standing on a wagon seat screamed Look at the stars. Look

at the stars and pointed toward southeast  
We all scrambled upon wagons and every thing we could climb and sure enough the sun was shining against the soldiers bayonets and they look like so many bright little stars. What a beautiful emblem of hope they seemed.

The soldiers passed behind a hill out of sight. What an age it seemed before they appeared again.

At last they reached the Indian camp. There was a great deal of hand-shaking between officers and chiefs.

It made me mad to see  
the soldiers talk to the indians

At last we were ordered  
to start We marched between  
two lines of soldier. When  
we reached the soldiers  
camp they cheered us I  
had never heard such a  
thing and thought the  
indians were after us a  
gain and the soldiers  
were swinging their caps  
and hallooing for them to  
go back I was badly fright  
ened I was sent to the  
~~camp~~ with Mrs Hattie Adams  
Mary Schvandt Mrs  
White and her 2 children  
I think she had and Mrs  
Wakefield and her 2 children  
and my sister  
That is all I can remember  
being in our tent

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I do not know how long  
we staid there I thought we  
would never leave While  
we were staying there  
my brother came to me  
and said The indian that  
killed father and mother is  
among the good indians  
They have moved a part  
the good are living by  
them selves and he is a  
mong them He is <sup>not</sup> a prison  
er I asked if he could not  
tell the soldiers He said  
I can talk english so little  
it will do me not good  
But if I ever get big I <sup>will</sup> earn  
money enough to buy a  
gun and I will shoot him  
my self if the soldiers

cant Some of the women went back one day and visited the indians while we stayed but I could not see what they wanted there I was too glad to get away.

Of Mrs Adams I will say she was perfectly heartless and tricky but she had many good points also she served me a mean trick and I cried over it at the time but I have after laughed over it since How ridiculous it seemed to cry I remember just before we started for St Peter. The women of the camp washed their clothes as best they

could Fattie Adams come to me and asked me if I had any clothes to change she wanted to wash my dress ~~to wash~~ I told I had none she took one of my sisters dresses and put it on me of course it was a great deal too small for me, but she said it would do if I would sit down in the tent with her big shawl wrapped around me and not go out till my dress was washed and dried if she caught me out she would cuff my ears I knew she meant business and sat there for three long

hours like statue and  
 thought that dress would  
 never dry At last she  
 came in with ~~it~~ dress  
 all nice and clean How  
 pleased I was. Mary So  
 hwardt was my favor  
 ite in camp. She never  
 was cross to me and I  
 could talk to her and  
 she could understand  
 me. Many time would  
 have gone hungry if it  
 she had not seen to me.  
 Mrs Wake<sup>self</sup> can hardly  
 remember I remember  
 she used to wet a rag in  
 cold water and wear it  
 on her head most of the  
 time. She was always cry  
 ing.

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I remember Mrs Whites  
girl was the first one  
to take sore eyes after  
that we all got them and  
we were nearly blind when  
we left Camp Release I  
cannot remember much  
about the trip quite a  
few prisoners were picked  
up by friends before we  
reached Fort Kidgeby One  
night while were on the  
road we stopped where  
there were 2 or 3 log houses  
and a lot of stables our  
wagan load slept in an old  
log grainery that night  
when my sister saw the  
houses she said we have  
got home. I told her no

we were not going home  
but she could not realize  
it When we got inside  
the building she looked  
all around and said  
where is mother I thought  
she was here I told her we  
would not see mother a-  
gain Then she commenced  
to cry as I never saw a  
child cry I cried too, at  
last one of the teamsters  
took her and carried her to  
sleep That was the night  
after Mary Schwardt  
left us I felt as though  
I had lost the last friend  
on earth. I think it  
was the next morning  
that for 5 - horse teams

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took all <sup>the</sup> sick and the  
women that had little  
children and started  
on alone for St Peter  
while the ox teams  
came on behind with  
the rest of the crowd  
My sister and I went  
with the horse teams  
and Ludvie Kitz man  
while my brother and  
August Gluck staid  
with the ox teams  
~~We~~ The day that we reach  
ed the fort about noon  
we heard shooting over  
the hill a head of us  
The teamsters halted and  
looked scared The next  
thing we saw was aban

20 indians north of us running for the woods, What was over the hill we did not know The head teamster was a german he said we were to start out this way but we may as well eat our dinner here as any where Some of the women cryed some prayed others said if the indians get us this time we will die for they will not spare us While they were taking all at once we saw a cloud of dust to ward the south

west they were men on horse back we could see but whether white or indians we could not tell they were so far off they were coming like a whirl wind down upon us, I thought some of the women would get crazy they turned out to be soldiers and the party over the hill east also turned out to be soldiers, they came also and told us that they met a small band of indians a few shots were exchanged and the indians had killed a white

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horse for the soldiers  
Some of the soldiers  
stayed with us after  
dinner, we started  
on we soon came to  
the white horse lying  
beside the road There  
said the teamster if  
we had been an hour  
sooner we might be  
all lying here. Right  
after we passed the  
horse we saw a man  
coming all alone  
across the prairie to  
wards us Ludwick  
and the rest of us were  
watching him all at  
once Ludwick said  
it is Mr Gludt and

jumped out of the wagon he ran to the man and spoke a few words to him. The next thing <sup>we</sup> saw was Mr. Gludt dropped on his knees, took off his hat and cried and prayed as I never saw a man cry before. The tears of all stopped their teams and tried to get him to go back with them but he would listen to nothing. He acted like a mad man. He started right on through the prairie for the ox teams and his boy August who had been

a prisoner Mr Gludts-  
~~older~~ family lived near  
 New Ulm his oldest son  
 had taken a claim near  
 Mr Kitzmans and had  
 been there breaking up  
 land with ox teams  
 His youngest brother  
 a lad of about 10 years  
 old was driving the ox-  
 en for him. The oldest  
 boy went home over  
 Sunday and left the  
 youngest boy <sup>to watch</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~oxen~~  
 at Mr Kitzmans' place  
 day before the oldest boy  
 got back the index brak  
 out and took the little  
 boy prisoner and his  
 father did not know

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for certain whether he was  
dead or alive until Ludovic  
told him No wonder he was  
wild Soon after Mr G left  
us we came to a brown  
horse lying beside the  
sadd we thought it had  
laid down to rest One of  
the soldiers went up to  
it and tried to make it  
get up but it could not  
it had been wounded  
The soldier shot it and  
then saddle on That night  
we searched Fort Kidgely  
I can hardly remember the  
part before we reached it  
my head commenced  
to ache from the search I got  
at noon and I put in a

terrible night The soldiers  
 kept watch of me for I  
 saved like a marriage  
 In my dreams while I  
 was with the indians  
 I could see them sharp-  
 ening those horrid knives  
 and try to stab me I  
 would jump up and scream  
 in my sleep as though  
 I was really stuck with  
 a knife. The next morn-  
 ing we started for St  
 Peter and got there with-  
 out any mis haps I was  
 sundown when we got  
 there all tired out My sis-  
 ter myself and Lud were hood  
 no one to look af ter us and  
 for that reason we did not

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get any blankets to cover  
our selves for the night  
We two girls laid down on  
the floor behind the coun-  
ter and cried our self to  
sleep while Ludwic laid  
down behind the stove  
The building we staid in  
was an empty store The  
next morning a great many  
who were supposed were  
to dead appeared alive  
and well Mrs. Kruus found  
her husband Henrietta  
Niekles found her father  
How pleased she was to see  
him. Mrs. Lang said she  
saw her husband killed  
He appeared before her  
alive and well she could

not believe her own eyes  
 There was not dry eye in  
 the house when they met.  
 Mrs Urband was looking  
 for her husband but I never  
 heard whether she found  
 him or not After Mr  
 Long came in I could not  
 help watching the door and  
 think perhaps there was  
 a mistake after all. and  
 that maybe my father or  
 mother might come in and  
 claim us but they never  
 came. How utterly lost I  
 felt. At last when most of  
 the excitement was over  
 Rev Frederic Ende a <sup>german</sup> minis-  
 ter of the evangelical society  
 came to me and my sister

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asked me a few questions  
and told us to come with  
him he would take us  
He and his wife marched  
us to the first clothing  
store they could find to  
buy us some clothes The  
store keeper was a kind  
man and gave us a pair  
of shoes and stockings a  
piece Mrs Emde took off  
some of her own wraps  
and put around our  
heads and then started  
for a house where she  
was acquainted and  
got us some dinner  
After that We started  
with them for New  
Ulmer The first night

of our journey we staid  
 all night with a widow  
 by the name of Richter  
 whose husband was killed  
 by the 'indians The next  
 day at noon we reached John  
 Muhs place. 6 miles  
 south of New Wm  
 He was Mrs Emdes brother  
 Their family consisted  
 of grand pa and grand  
 ma Muhs John and Ang-  
 usta his wife and baby <sup>which died</sup>  
<sup>a week after I came there</sup> and a young  
 sister and brother They all  
 lived together then but  
 John and his wife moved  
 into their own house soon  
 after and took me with  
 them. The day we came  
 there we had dinner first

and after dinner the women went to work ripping up dresses and making clothing for us and before night we had a grand old cleaning up that we so badly needed. I was sick a good deal that winter and grandpa Muck would look at me and shake his head and say Minnie, you will never winter. It used to provoke me very much to think that he thought me worth so little. Poor old man, he had been wounded by the Indians they shot him through his mouth part of his tongue was shot

off and I could not understand anything he said when I first came there but I learned after a while. When the indians broke out they were warned by some one in time. The family started for St. Peter and got there safe while Grandpa made up his mind that he would shoulder his gun and start for New U. He said he was a match for any indian. When he was a mile from New U. he met a party of indians and blazed a way at them.

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He said the first thing  
he knew ~~there~~ were bullets  
flying in every direction  
2 or 3 hit him and he  
did not know where  
the rest went. He fell  
they rode on and left  
him for dead a big rain  
came up and he laid  
out in it all night. The  
next day some men  
were out scouting and  
ran across him and  
took him to A.W.

This is grand pas own  
story the way he used  
tell it. Mr Emde's staid  
a few days and then took  
my sister with them  
and went to Wisconsin

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I did not see her again  
for a year and a half.

When Mr Ende told me  
at St Peter that he was  
going to take us I went  
to Ludwicz and bid him  
good by and told him  
where we were going  
if he should see my  
brother, to tell him  
where we went. He told  
me he intended to  
stay until the ox team  
came in and see him.  
Mr Ende told me he  
could not wait for my  
brother but would set  
some one to watch him  
and pick him up. With  
their assurance I was

satisfied and ready to start I did not see my brother again for 2 years. My brother told me afterwards that Ludwieg did wait for him and they both had planned to go back to Wisconsin. They went to St Paul together and there my brother was taken sick with the measles and taken to the hospital or some place he did not know where but a man took care of him until he got well then he let him go. When he got out Ludwieg had gone. Mr Emede had set another

minister to hunt him  
 up I have forgotten the  
 mans name, He found  
 him in St Paul and  
 sent him to a german  
 family near Hutchinson  
 son who had no children  
 of their own, The man  
 that took my brother  
 was appointed our  
 guardian who appoin-  
 ted him do not know  
 the place I should have  
 been filled by Mr Emde  
 The Governmēt paid  
 twelve hundred dollars  
 over to our guardian  
 for my fathers lases  
 Then our guardian wrote  
 to Mr Mays and Mr Emde

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Saying If Mr Mukes and Mr Ende would give each of us one third of their property they could keep us; if not, he would have to take us for he had no children and could divide all he had between us three Mr Mukes and Mr Ende talked it over and thought after all it might be best for us for they had Mr Mukes had one little girl and had last same Mr Ende had last some children They said they were willing we should share with their own but did want to make promises that they were afraid they could

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not keep and besides  
we would all three be  
together again. As for  
my part I did not care  
to them sick and forlorn  
to rob them I should have  
been satisfied with less than  
sharing with his children  
In March 1865 our guardian  
came after us. I must say  
when we left our friends  
we left a good home and  
our new home I have nothing  
to say. We lived together  
five years. At the age  
of 15 I declared my inde-  
pendence on a 4 of July  
and started to out to  
make my own fortune  
I went to a lady I called

my aunt she was a re-  
 lation of our guardians  
 wife she I never found  
 any of our parents re-  
 lation Mrs Boesak- aunty  
 B- as I called her told me  
 where I could get a nice place  
 to work in an American  
 family who had no chil-  
 dren and took me to see  
 them the 5<sup>th</sup> of July they  
 hired me at once when  
 aunty told them my sto-  
 ry and paid me a dollar  
 a week My guardians wife  
 was furious and deman-  
 ded 2 dollars a week I chose  
 a new gardian and asked  
 them to settle They brough  
 in a bill that I owed them

them several hundred  
dollars <sup>beside what they got</sup> but they never  
tried to collect it so I  
think I came off lucky  
I collected my wages and  
as soon as I could went to  
school for I could hardly  
read in the third reader  
and I knew nothing about  
any other study The fam-  
ily's name I was living with  
was Baldwin and a very  
nice family they were  
After I had been with them  
about a week Mrs Baldwin  
told me if I would promise  
to stay with them until  
I was 21 they would adapt  
me and give me a share  
of their property and edu-  
cate me.

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I told her I did not want  
a share in any ~~badges~~  
property I was sick of  
shares all I wanted  
was my wages and I  
thought I could do the  
educating but I was asked  
need to go to school be-  
cause I was such a big  
girl and knew nothing  
She told me she had been  
a school teacher her self  
and she would help me  
all she could if I was  
willing to learn I worked  
for them all the fall and  
she taught me at home  
all winter and I worked  
for my board school was  
a mile and a half away

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and I could not walk so  
far for the winter was  
a bad one. The spring  
my brother left our qua-  
drier and went to stay  
with a man named  
Oliver Pierce for whom  
he had worked 2 sum-  
mers he gave him \$15 dollar  
a month and our quar-  
ter had collected every cent  
of it. There was a man  
living near Mr Pierce  
by the name of Mr  
Webber who was going  
to Montana with his  
family. Mr Pierce  
asked him if he did  
not want to take the  
poor boy along for he

are on the age of the pictures  
of the backs of them

felt sorry for him Mr  
Webber said he would take  
him if Mr. Pierce would  
go on my brother's security  
for the money it would  
take. Mr P. went his se-  
curity. and made him  
a present of his rifle and  
ten dollars in money  
and sent him to Mass  
My brother paid Mr W  
and Mr P. was out noth-  
ing but the presents  
It was a kind deed that  
one in a hundred would  
not have thought of do-  
ing and Mr Oliver Pierce  
was not a rich man  
either. We heard from my  
brother about 4 years

and then we heard no  
more For 3 years after  
he went away, he sent  
me \$10 dollars each year  
to help me to go to school  
I staid with Mr Ball that  
summer I went to school  
& months in the spring  
and worked for wages  
the rest of the time In  
the fall I went to Mr  
Pierces to stay because  
their school was only  
5 miles away I went  
to school 3 months in  
the winter, then worked  
a while for them and  
then went to school  
& months in the spring  
I went back to Mr —

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Baldwins again and Mrs Baldwin told me of a private boarding school that had started up at Preston Lake kept by a congregational minister and his wife named Mr and Mrs Kelllogg. She told me if she was in any place she would write to Mrs Kelllogg and ask her if I could not get chance to work for my board and go to school there it would be a better chance than district schools. I wrote Mr Kelllogg a plain simple letter telling her that I wanted to go to school but was

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too poor to pay my board  
if she could give me a  
chance to work I would  
be so glad to come she  
wrote back to me saying  
she had plenty of work  
and if I were willing to  
work she would help  
me all she could in  
the line of education  
I went to school at Mrs  
Kellags all that winter  
worked out the next sum-  
mer and went to school  
again at Mrs Kellags  
and the spring I was  
20 years old Mrs Baldwin  
got me a school to teach  
a mile from their house  
I worked for my board

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at her place so as to  
save all the money to  
go to school I got \$20 dollars  
a month for four months  
that gave me \$80. The  
first big money I earned  
I went <sup>to</sup> school another  
winter to Mrs Kellogg. and  
the quit going My health  
got so poor Mrs Kellogg  
told me I was killing  
my self with over work  
and too much study  
So Mrs Baldwin and  
Mrs Kellogg, those two kind  
ladies I owe my education  
They are both living now  
where in California  
and if they should see  
this story I want them

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to know I have not forgotten their kindnes by any means, I taught school for a few years and in 1879 married Owen Carrigan a farmer who is the present Post Master of Lake Side I am the mother 5 children 2 boys and 3 girls, Thus I will end my story hoping I have done every body justice

Minnie Buee Carrigan

I forgot my sister at the age of 14 she left our guardian and went back to Mrs Endle and

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Staid with them 2  
years then she went to  
years Minneapolis to  
work and there at the  
age of 18 or 19 she marri-  
ed Frank Key solds  
and is now the mother  
of six children 3 girls  
and three boys

Things forgotten  
Mr Thele told me  
years afterwards that  
half-breed Moore burnt  
my parents where they  
fell three weeks after-  
wards. The same man  
also told me that he and  
my father and several other  
men were going  
to Yellow Medicine to  
work on Wednesday the  
week of the outbreak  
to put up hay that was  
the reason why my father  
was in such a hurry.  
I worked a great deal for  
W. W. Pennington's family  
in Hutchinson. They had

Mrs R 109 was such a kind  
person to work for  
a large family of children  
and I felt very much at  
home there Two of their  
daughters ~~or~~ Lizzy and  
Edith were nearly my own  
age and seemed almost  
like sisters to me They  
never called me their hired  
girl (I ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~known~~ that I was  
so foolishly sensitive  
about Sweet pretty Edith  
died of consumption  
the summer after I worked  
there last Had my own  
sister died I could not  
have felt any more sorry

This is all I can say  
 You can take what you  
 Like of this and what  
 does not suit you, can  
 be left out I have asked  
 several persons on what  
 Creek we lived and they  
 say we lived on Middle  
 Creek I ask P. H. Kerwan  
 he knows every foot of land  
 in our neighbors hood  
 and says he can pick out  
 the very spot where my  
 father fell, and he calls  
 the creek Middle C and says

Beaver Creek <sup>!!!</sup> is south of  
us I would prefer that  
my name should be  
spelled Buel because every  
one here knows me by  
that name ~~here~~ and I  
think it is as near  
right as the other for  
there were two syllables  
in my fathers name  
It would be Boosey in  
English I got a pict  
ure of mine of Mrs  
Pendergast It was taken  
when I was 20 years old  
My Sister Mrs Reynolds  
has moved to 2704

Dupont Ave North about  
the time I wrote to you  
I did not know they were  
going to move

I do not suppose I have  
 spelled half the names  
 of the people right but  
 if you get the History  
 you can look them up.  
 I am not a good spell  
 er and I guess you have  
 far outdone me by this time.  
 The man I called Lenta  
 was a brother. As to the  
 man Massy I called  
 Lams or Lems. Of my gods  
 dian I will say he  
 was a good man and  
 would have done right  
 by us had he been al  
 lowed to by his wife  
 but she was all fire  
 and brimstone and  
 her own relation dread

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and feared her as much  
as her husband did.

It was her over-relation  
that helped me away.

~~I hired out as the~~

Our gardener's wife  
hired me out for a  
year when I was 15 and

I worked 9 months

on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July when

I was about 16 I was  
going to town to spend  
the 4<sup>th</sup>. I asked the lady

I was working for,  
for 50% of my wages

I was to get a dollar a week.

She told me she was sor-

ry to say it but she  
had orders to turn my  
wages over every cent of

it to my guardians wife but she would make me a present of 50¢ I thanked her and told her no, if I was a slave I was not a beggar I would not go to town that day she asked me where I was going, I told her to see my aunt.

I made up my mind that day I would sooner die than put in another year of slavery and the day Mr. Ende picked me up in S.P. I was not any more forlorn feeling than I was that 4 of July I 16 years old and had not

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been to school for over  
9 years. The last year  
I lived with her she  
took in washing and  
made me do it and  
she took the pay. She  
used to say there  
was no use sending  
us to school we were  
fools and could learn  
nothing I remember  
once she told the  
school teacher there  
was no use sending  
us to school we would  
learn nothing He re-  
plied well school is  
out and Charly has  
gone 11 days and he says  
he could not get his

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Education in that  
time She always  
had a habit of calling  
us pet names Beggars  
and fools always said  
ed her best No wonder  
I was sensitive

I think I have  
said enough to  
make you under-  
stand what life  
was there and will  
say no more The

old lady is still  
living H— He has  
been dead 15 years

All I know about my  
age is My mother said

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I was 3 years old when  
we left Germany and  
we had been in America  
4 years I do not know.  
my birth day

For my consent to  
write this story you  
may thank Mrs W.W.  
Pendergast and L.L.  
Day of Hutchinson and  
not me I was far from  
giving it I told Mrs  
P. I was willing enough  
to write the story but I  
did not know how to  
dispose of old Mrs Pagels  
Mrs P. laughed at me  
and said Well I would  
not let her spoil a good

Story I told her that I had  
tried to leave her out but  
by doing so I had given  
Mr Pagel's all the blame  
and I did not mean to  
do that at all. Well she  
replied send it to the  
man you are going to  
and leave it to his bet-  
ter judgement I want to  
read the story for I have  
read the other two

If it does not suit  
you send it back and  
I will pay the postage

001

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