

Monticello Minn July 25th 38

To the Judges in the contest
for facts concerning the Sioux Indian
outbreak of 1862. I being a son of Mr
James B Blanchard of Monticello Minn
who came to Minneapolis in the Spring of
1858 from Oldtown Falls on the Penobscot
River 12 miles below Bangor State of Maine
where he worked on the Falls Dam under
Bill Washburn Manager and his side Partner
and Chum was later Capt Danday and he
Boarded with Allen Harmon, whose Wife was
Father's Cousin Mr Harmon having taken
a Homestead on Hennepin Ave in the Fall of
that year. Father came to Monticello with Mr
Woodruff & Fenderson and built a 60 horse
Powers Saw Mill above Rigo Bros Ferry then
the following Spring he sent for our Family
we came to Monticello that was to be our

home that ② Well was destroyed by
fire then he rented the upper mill from
Z M Brown and Freeman and operated that
until 1868 on 9 he built our nice home
on River St on 8 the same now being
owned by C A French Editor of the Montana
Times Governor Ramsey appointed Father
Territorial Sheriff in 1860 the County Seat then
being here and ^{and county Courthouse} Father built the jail and
the first murder was when Jackson killed
Walton his neighbor bet Rockford and
Buffalo his Teyas was held in the Hall of
the then New Academy tried but not convicted
his wife then lived on the farm but his Atty
advised him not to go home for fear of mob
violence so he went to St Paul for a time but
finally went home under cover of darkness
Exultant & on high the settlers soon formed a
mob and took him away from County Sheriff
Bertram and hanged him in the presence of
his wife sometime later there was a bathing
at Minnehaha Falls and Mrs Jackson and

her Brothers ③ Recognised Amer
Moose as having been one of the leaders of
the mob and had him arrested and
brought to Monticello for Teyas and turned him
over to Father as Territorial Sheriff there
was no jail so Father kept him at our
house on River St opposite the old Buffalo Road
and one night nearly dark a mob of 50 or
more men with faces all blacked came
marching up to our house and demanded
the release of the prisoner whereupon at Father's
refusal a lot of them jumped against the
door broke the lock overpowered Father and
took Moose away and that went down
in history as the Wright County War
& for got to state that two squads of
Militia was sent up one to Rockford and
one here to try to capture some of the
Parties but they kept in hiding so nothing
was ever done further and so now
as I was raised right here and am thoroughly
rooted as to most of the happenings of the

Sioux Indian ⁽⁴⁾ uprising about here
and therefore take great pleasure in
relating to you a story of the Great
Facts as they occurred and I don't think
there is a Person in this part of the country
that can dispute any statement that
I am about to make. The civil war began
in 61 I was then 10 years of age my oldest
Brother was 14 but a large robust Boy he
went to Fort Snelling and Enlisted in Company
B of the 6th Minnesota Infantry and later on
his Company with another was sent to Fort
Ridgely to Battle the Indians and he was in
the Wood Lake and Birch Coulee fights
the winter before the outbreak there was two or three
hundred Sioux came across the country and
camped a week at Silver Creek in the timber in
front of the old Dunkley Hotel on the old
River Stage Road and Father took a yoke of steers
and an ox sled and he and my Boys went up
there and tended the steers for a fine maple gray
Pony there were lots of deer in the timber so the

Indians would ⁽⁵⁾ form a great circle of
perhaps two miles and then close in and
and finally get a lot of them in the circle
and then shoot them all then they moved
up west of Bertrams Lake for a week and
Father took steers up there and tended
for a fine Mule. After that about the
middle of August they broke out and the
Great Massacre began between Forest City
and the Minnesota River so the Farmers around
Forest City began making a fort and they
didn't get it built any too quick. Henry
Brasie of Monticello was carrying the Mule
to Forest City on horseback the Farmers and every
one slept in the fort but the night the Indians
attacked the fort. Henry stayed in the Barn
with his horse it was a large Barn not far
from the fort a large door in front and a
small one back he used the back stall
next to the door and left the saddle and
Bridle on the horse and before daylight
he heard the Indians war Hoop he opened the

Back down jumped ⁽⁶⁾ into his saddle and
made his escape came into town and
said he thought the fort was taken the
bellers all through came into town nights
and the town was filled every night with
people and the scene was out our house
was full all the floors full of sleepers and
to cap the climax Old Mr. Covert from
Polaska Lake heard some deer running along
the shore and could just see their white
tails bobbing up and thought them Indians
with fathers in the lead he jumped on a
horse and ran into town Uncle Calvin
who lived 3 miles above town with his
wife and little girl had gone to bed in
the front corner of stairs and his 3 boys
next room Father and Mother were up in
the kitchen the same house now owned
by Mr. Tremak and his boys had not gone
to sleep but had just been talking and
wondering if the Indians would come and
kill us all before morning when all at

once a horse came ⁽⁷⁾ running up and stopped
right under our window and Holard
Blanchard Blanchard get up quick Run
for your lives the Indians are coming
sweeping every thing before them run
for your lives we boys jumped out grabbed
our clothes ran down stairs a gallop
Indians Father said get back to bed what
the matter then Uncle came boots in his hand
wife clinging to him galloping ^{in the dark} the Indians
are coming what shall we do Father said
do the best we can he had an old musket
loading rifle he got a spoon and pieces of
lead vstrass in in front of the stove and
began making bullets the neighbors began
coming in Aunt Ran to the Partry got some
Biscuits and fried cakes stufed them in her
Bosom Mother said what are you doing with
them she said if we hide in the brush about
we want to eat them Father said you women
and children go down over the River Bank
and hide in the brush keep still and we
men will go up town and see what can be done

We Boys followed them up to the Jefferson Hotel the street was full of teams horses and oxen Hotel full of people women and children crying 1 Block further up a Mrs Bruce had a Hardware Store and 7 Muzzle Loading shot Guns for sale so Father too men and us Boys went to her House on the back End of the lot and found her alone washing the floor and ringing her hands Father said why dont you go to the Hotel no Mr. Blanchard she said if I must die it will be here in my own Home her Sisters and two little Girls had gone to the Hotel Father said give me the Store Key I want the shot guns she gave it to him we got the 7 Guns Powder shot and caps took them to the Hotel handed each one to the most responsible man and formed a Guard line out around the Hotel and stayed until morning Brother and I stayed a while and then went back to the River Bank to see Mother in the bushes we

called Mother but no answer came so then we started back and when passing a neighbors House met Egbert Brown at the Gate with a Gun he said your Mother is in the House go in we did the large living room was full of women and children customs down tight and just a glimmering candle burning not a word spoken and at day light Mr Brown the Methodist Minister came to the door and said Ladies its a false alarm so go to your Homes and kneel down and thank God for saving your lives get a good Breakfast and be happy - so we did and while eating Father said Mother pack your Trunk and you and the little Girls will go to Minneapolis to the Harmon Home and there stay until I call you and then you go and tell the stage driver to call for Mother I will ride to Governor Ramsey to send me an order to Press Horses for a small Cavalry company Guns saddles and ammunition which he did

and in a few ¹⁰ days we had gathered
16 good horses into our yard and father
appointed a Mr. Nelson Captain himself
Frederick and Henry Bradford Flag bearers
and they started for Forest City and on
arrival there found that Captain Whitcomb
had left there too on 3 days before with a
company but after the fight at Forest City
the Indians had fell back across the
Minnesota River they scourged the country
for two weeks but engaged with no Indians
so finally returned and disbanded father's
company was not mustered in or mustered
out so it is not mentioned in the Govt
Registers ⁱⁿ the morning of the attack on Forest
City the Indians took all of the horses out
of the stable and drove them away and
^{I set fire to the stable} too Indians took down the flag from the
staff Raped it around one of them and
ran with it so two men over a Norwegian
ran after them and exchanged shots
killing or wounding the Norwegian the

Indians dropped ¹¹ the flag and made him
get away * Uncle Henry Beaver of
Saint Center sent his wife and 4 children
down to our house to stay while he and
Charles Harmon from Minneapolis stayed
to help build a stockade or fort so Aunt
Feba was our housekeeper until Mother's
return father was running the saw mill at
the time of the outbreak so we had a large
amount of provisions on hand including a
full barrel of brown sugar also a cow so
us boys would take slices of bread cover
with sugar and decorate it with thick cream
for our lunches when the Indians were
camped at Silver Creek my brother stayed
there at the hotel and traded cheap jewelry
with the chief for moccasins and bead work
and later when the 3 of us were being hung at
Mankato they recognised each other he
being one of their number we were not
only in fear of the Sioux on this side
of the River but there were also five

Hundred Chipewags ⁽¹²⁾ camped at Crow Wing waiting to join in the massacre and sweep down on the East Side of the River and only for Jim Whitehead who had previously been Govt Agent and 1 or 2 other wise men who commenced with him in the Day the head chief finally persuading him to quit. at that time the Indian Agent Name was Walker who lived at the old Chipewag Agency 5 Miles Above Crow Wing on the Crow Wing River. he got scared took his Team and a saddle horse crossed the Crow Wing Ferry down to St Cloud and put up at the old Central Hotel he got up Early in the Morning saddled his horse crossed the River and rode down to what was called Pleasant Valley now on Elk River East of Becker where 3 families had settled one the Jordan Family of Monticello he rode to their house and told them to run for their lives for five hundred Chipewags had

gone on the ⁽¹³⁾ war path they hitched their Team threw in a few things and started for Monticello Walker hitched his horse behind their wagon and rode in under the back seat and when they reached the Galow Ferry he got into his saddle and rode down 3 miles below here turned out of the Road a few Rods to a little meadow and shot himself and two days later he was found lying in the grass and his horse feeding near by - so now I have taken up more of your town than the Law allows so will say that every word I have stated is absolutely true and I challenge any one to disprove my statements

Very Respectfully yours

Dick E Blanchard

P S In Dec 1872 I went from Brainerd with 2 four Ox Teams to Log near Stanchfield logging Camp on Red Lake via Lake Jackson

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I forgot to ~~it~~ say that they started to build a Fort here around the School House and dug a trench two ft deep and about 18 inches wide on the East Side and around the North East corner and hauled and stood up about 25 logs but logs being hard to get they finally gave up the job but a little incident I will relate our old friend Joseph Perkins who lived on a farm about two miles out on the prairie got the alarm their horses being in pasture they hustled the Grand Parents into a farm wagon and the family with the help of Liza Badner, and Andrew Covert pulled and pushed them into town.

I am 83 years of age but hale and hearty
and shall anxiously wait for that free
transportation offered by the Russ Company
to the Pagrat at Alaska - both Summers
of 61 and 62 I as a Boy used to trot over to
Big Lake Every day and meet the stage Coaches
at Uncle Joe Brown's Stage Coaches at Uncle Joe Brown's
^(giving acct^y of the mission)
and get the Paul Revere horses for Monticello,

One other incident I forgot to mention. Mrs. Bartum who lived at the upper end of town early one morning saw an Indian speaking over their Pig Pen he ran to the River and followed the shore up some men tracked him up to the Island where they lost the trail but two days later a team of horses was stolen from a Mr. Ferguson of I remember rightly ^{of Wilson Creek} a party was formed of 4 or 5 men and their trail was followed to a certain Lake some distance beyond Fare Haven they found the horses tied in the timber near the Lake the Indians concealed over the bank they fired on their pursuers and killed one man a Lieutenant from Annapolis who I don't remember putting him on a horse they took the horses and returned the Indians setting away

Monticello, Minnesota

July 25th, 1933.

To the Judges in the contest for facts concerning the Sioux Indian outbreak of 1862- I, being a son of Mr. James B. Blanchard of Monticello, Minnesota who came to Minneapolis in the spring of 1855 from Oldtown Falls on the Penobscot River 12 miles below Bangor, Maine where he worked on the Falls Dam under Bill Washburn, Manager, and his side partner and chum was later Capt. Dan Day and he boarded with Alen Harmon, whose wife was father's cousin, Mr. Harmon having taken a homestead on Hennepin Avenue in the fall of that year. Father came to Monticello with woodsmen and Fenderson and built a 60 horse power saw mill above Rigs Bros., Ferry. Then the following spring he sent for our family. We came to Monticello, that was to be our home. That mill was destroyed by fire then he rented the upper mill from L. M. Brown and Freeman and operated that until 1868 or nine. He built our nice home on River Street in 58, the same now being owned by C. A. French, Editor of the Monticello Times.

Governor Ramsey appointed father Territorial Sheriff in 1860 and County Commissioner, the county seat then being here and father built the jail. The first murder was when Jackson killed Wallace, his neighbor, between Rockford and Buffalo. His trial was held in the hall of the then new academy, tried but not convicted. His wife then lived on the farm but his attorney advised him not to go home for fear of mob violence so he went to St. Paul for a time but finally went home under cover of darkness. Excitement ran high. The settlers soon formed a mob and took him away from County Sheriff Bertram and hung him in the presence of his wife. Some time later there was a gathering at Minnehaha Falls and Mrs. Jackson and her brothers recognized Amer Moose as having been one of the leaders of the mob and had him arrested and brought to Monticello for trial and turned him over to father as Territorial Sheriff. There was no jail so father kept him at our house on River Street opposite the old Buffalo road and one night when it was nearly dark a mob of 50 or more men with faces all blacked came marching up to our house and demanded

the release of the prisoner whereupon after father's refusal a number of them jumped against the door, broke the lock, overpowered father and took Moore away and that went down in history as the Wright County war. I forgot to state that two squads of militia was sent up, one to Rockford and one here to try to capture some of the parties but they kept in hiding so nothing was ever done further and so now as I was raised right here I am thoroughly posted as to most of the happenings of the Sioux Indian uprising about here and I therefore take great pleasure in relating to you a story of the exact facts as they occurred and I don't think there is a person in this part of the country that can dispute any statement that I am about to make.

The Civil war began in 61. I was then 10 years of age. My oldest brother was 14 but a large robust boy. He went to Fort Snelling and enlisted in Company B of the 6th Minnesota Infantry and later on his company with another was sent to Fort Ridgely to battle the Indians and he was in the Wood Lake and Burch Conley fights. The winter before the outbreak there was two or three hundred Sioux came across the country and camped a week at Silver Creek in the timber in front of the old Dunkley hotel on the old river stage road and father took a yoke of steers and an old sled and he and Roger went up there and traded the steers for a fine dapple gray horse. There were lots of deer in the timber so the Indians would form a great circle of perhaps two miles and then close in and finally get a lot of them in the circle and then shoot them all. Then they moved up west of Bertrum Lake for a week and father took steers up there and traded for a fine mule. After that about the middle of August they broke out and the Great Massacre began between Forest City and the Minnesota River so the farmers around Forest City began making a fort and they didn't get it built any too quick.

Henry Brasie of Monticello was carrying the mail to Forest City on horseback. The farmers and everyone slept in the fort but the night the Indians attacked the fort Henry stayed in the barn with his horse. It was a large barn not far from the fort, a large door in front and a small one back. He used the back

stall next to the door and left the saddle and bridle on the horse and before daylight he heard the Indians war hoop. He opened the back door, jumped into his saddle and made his escape, came into town and said he thought the fort was taken. The settlers all through came into town nights and the town was filled every night with people while the scare was on. Our house was full, all the floors full of sleepers and to cap the climax old Mr. Covert from Pulaski lake heard some deer running above the shore and could just see their white tails bobbing up and thought them Indians with feathers upon their heads. He jumped on a horse and ran into town. Uncle Calvin who lived three miles above town with his wife and little girl had gone to bed in the front corner upstairs and us three boys next room to father and mother were yet up in the kitchen, the same house now owned by Mr. French and us boys had not gone to sleep but had just been talking and wondering if the Indians would come and kill us all before morning when all at once a horse came running up and stopped right under our window and hollared Blanchard, Blanchard get up quick - run for your lives. The Indians are coming sweeping everything before them. Run for your lives. We boys jumped out, grabbed our clothes, ran downstairs a yelling Indians. Father said, "get back to bed, what's the matter? Then uncle came, boots in his hand, wife clinging to him yelling. Uncle said if the Indians are coming what shall we do. Father said, do the best we can. He had an old muscle loading rifle. He got a spoon and pieces of lead, stuck them in front of the stove and began making bullets. The neighbors began coming in. Aunt ran to the pantry, got some biscuits and fried cakes and stuffed them in her bosom. Mother said, what are you doing with them. She said, if we hide in the brush won't we want to eat them. Father said you women and children go down over the river bank and hide in the brush, keep still and we men will go uptown and see what can be done. We boys followed them up to the Jefferson hotel. The street was full of teams, horses and the hotel full of people, women and children crying. One block farther up a Mrs. Bruce had a hardware store and seven muscle loading shot guns for sale so father, two men and us boys went to her house on the back end of the lot and found her alone walking the floor and ringing her hands. Father said, why don't you go to the hotel. No, Mr. Blanchard,

she said, if I must die it will be here in my own home. Her sister and two little girls had gone to the hotel. Father said, give me the store key I want the shot guns. She gave it to him, we got the guns, powder, shot and caps, took them to the hotel, handed each one to the most responsible men and formed a guard line out around the hotel and stayed until morning. Brother and I stayed awhile and then went back to the river bank to see mother in the bushes. We called mother but no answer came so then we started back and when passing a neighbor's house met Egbert Brown at the gate with a gun. He said, your mother is in the house go in and we did. The large living room was full of women and children, curtains down tight and just a glimmering candle burning, not a word spoken and at daylight Mr. Brooks, the Methodist minister came to the door and said, ladies it is a false alarm so go to your homes and kneel down and thank God for saving your lives. Get a good breakfast and be happy so we did and while eating father said, mother pack your trunk and you and the little girls will go to Minneapolis to the Harmon home and there stay until I call you and Dick you go and tell the stage driver to call for mother. I will write to Governor Ramsey to send me an order to press horses for a small cavalry company, guns, saddles and ammunition which he did and in a few days we had gathered 15 good horses into our yard and father appointed a Mr. Nelson Captain, himself Lieutenant and Henry Bradford flag bearer and they started for Forest City and on arrival there found that Captain Whitecomb had left there two or three days before with a company, but after the fight at Forest City the Indians had fallen back across the Minnesota river. They scoured the country for two weeks but engaged with no Indians so finally returned and disbanded. Father's company wasn't mustered in or mustered out so was not mentioned in the Governor's roster in the morning of the attack on Forest city. The Indians took all of the horses out of the stables and drove them away and set fire to the stables. Two Indians took down the flag from the staff, wrapped it around one of them and ran with it so two men, one a Norwegian ran after them and exchanged shots killing or wounding the Norwegian. The Indian dropped the flag and made his get away.

Uncle Henry Boober of Sauk Center sent his wife and four children down to our house to stay while he and Chandler Harmon from Minneapolis stayed to help build a stockade or fort so Aunt Feba was our housekeeper until mother returned. Father was running the saw mill at the time of the outbreak so we had a large amount of provisions on hand, including a full barrel of brown sugar, also a cow so us boys would take slices of bread, cover with sugar and decorate them with thick cream for our lunches. When the Indians were camped at Silver Creek my brother stayed there at the hotel and traded cheap jewelry with the chief for moccasins and bead work and later when the 38 were being hung at Mankato they recognized each other, he being one of their number.

We were not only in fear of the Sioux on this side of the river but there were also five hundred Chippewas camped at Crow Wing waiting to join in the massacre and sweep down on the east side of the river and only for Jim Whitehead, who had previously been government agent and one or two other wise men who counseled with, Hole in the Day, the head chief, finally persuading him to quit. At that time the Indian's agent name was Walker who lived at the old Chippewa Agency five miles above Crow Wing on the Crow Wing River. He got scared, took his team and saddle horse, crossed the Crow Wing ferry drove to St. Cloud and put up at the old Central Hotel. He got up early in the morning, saddled his horse, crossed the river and rode down to what was called Pleasant Valley, now on Elk River east of Becker, where three families had settled, one the Jordan family of Monticello. He rode to their house and told them to run for their lives for five hundred Chippewas had gone on the war path. They hitched their team, threw in a few things and started for Monticello. Walker hitched his horse behind their wagon and crawled in under the back seat and when they reached the Gallow Ferry he got into his saddle and rode down three miles below here, turned out of the road a few rods to a little meadow and shot himself and two days later he was found lying in the grass and his horse feeding nearby.

So now I have taken up more of your time than the law allows so will say that

Sioux Indian Outbreak contest

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Dick Blanchard,
Monticello, Minn.

every word I have stated is absolutely true and I challenge anyone to disprove my statements.

Very respectfully yours,

(signed)

Dick E. Blanchard.

P.S.

In December 1872 I went from Brainerd with two- four ox teams to Layman and Stanofields logging camp on Red Lake via Lake Itaska. I forgot to say that they started to build a fort here around the school house and dug a trench two feet deep and about 18 inches wide on the east side and around the northeast corner and hauled and stood up about 25 logs, but logs being hard to get they finally gave up the job but one little incident I will relate. Our old friend Joseph Perkins, who lived on a farm about two miles out on the prairie got the alarm, their horses being in pasture they hustled the grand parents into a farm wagon and the family, with the help of Lizzy Vadner and Andrew Covert, pulled and pushed them into town.

I am 83 years of age but hale and hearty and shall anxiously wait for that free transportation offered by the Bus Company to the pageant at Itasca.

Both summers of 61 and 62 I, as a boy, used to trot over to Big Lake every day and meet the four horse Burbank stage coaches at Uncle Joe Browns and get the St. Paul Pioneer Press from those for Monticello giving accounts of the massacre.

One other incident I forgot to mention Mrs. Bertrum, who lived at the upper end of town, early one morning saw an Indian peeking over their pig pen. He ran to the river and followed up the shore. Some men tracked him up to the island where they lost the trail but two days later a team of horses was stolen from a Mr. Ferguson, if I remember rightly, of Silver Creek. A party was formed of four or five men and their trail was followed to a certain lake some distance beyond Fair Haven. They found the horses tied in the timber near the lake, the Indians concealed over the bank. They fired on their pursuers and killed one man, a lieutenant from Anoka whose name I don't remember. Putting him on a horse they took the horses and returned. The Indians got away.