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I am the daughter of Territorial Pioneers - and a member of the Territorial Pioneers Organization.

We came to the state early in the year of 1857 when I was about three years old, and have lived here ever since.

During the Indian uprising in 1862 we lived in South Bend, about four and a half miles west of Mankato. On main street which was the thoroughfare from Mankato to the Southwest. There was a Chippewa ^{Winnebago} Reservation just south of Mankato.

This tribe was friendly to Little Crow band of the Sioux to the north west and also with the White settlers in the community. There was always considerable travel between the two tribes passing through South Bend on "Main Street".

The Sioux Indians were always treacherous and not so friendly with the White population. It was always interesting to watch them passing along in front of our house with their ponies and the contraption made by fastening two poles to their ponies sides that dragging behind on the ground midway between the two poles was sort of basket

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arrangement fastened that carried their meager belongings.

The squaw carrying her Papoose on her back in her blanket. The braver carrying his gun and perhaps his bow and a bundle of arrows.

One Sunday in August while we were in Sunday school, a ^{Winnipeg} ~~Chippewa~~ spokesman came to the door and beckoned to the superintendent, Mr Edmund Coffin who lived on a farm adjoining the reservation. And a friend of the tribe, to come out. He went out. They told him that the bad Sioux were going to burn New Ulm that night, and kill all the white people. The ~~Chippewas~~ were not in sympathy with them so had broken friendship with them. The church men began immediately to notify the towns folk, who began to pack up to leave, some left for Mankato, others decided to stay, some that the Indians would attack Mankato also.

That very night it was discovered New Ulm was on fire.

I remember seeing our neighbors and everybody out in the street looking at the reflection in the sky.

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Some thought they would join the Sioux But they did not however. We were between two fires so to speak. The towns folk thought the grist mill was the safest place. It was a two story building our folks decided to go there. The windows were all nailed down. It was terribly hot. There were not even a light which were candles at best. Father carried a feather bed and other bedding there. My sister and I slept on a pile of grain sacks as high as our heads. I well remember how it felt lying in the hollow between two sacks of grain or flour. The men took the wagons and made a barricade around the building. And stood guard all night. Nothing happened except a night of discomfort and anxiety. At daylight every one went home. We had ~~at~~ relations at Madelia 17 miles south of New Ulm. Father said we should not leave until we heard from them. To our surprise they came in time for breakfast, having traveled all night twenty five miles behind ~~of~~ teams there was a constant stream of travel all day long. Our folks ~~talked it over~~ ~~over~~ talked it over and decided not to go to the mill again so they stayed with us.

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Our house was small. There were twenty of us. My aunt had brought her straw ticks empty, which the men took to a near by straw stack and filled them. When night came the women took inventory of the space, and divided us up. The men took to the summer kitchen. The women took the bedroom, which was large enough for two beds, and a Trundle bed that rolled under one of the beds.

The rest, all cousins of various ages and sizes slept on a big bed on the floor in the living room. It was hot, we did not need much covering. As I look back on those days, I don't know which was worse the night in the mill or the one at home again nothing happened, to us.

We were always thankful we escaped, while many of ~~us~~ in the Country side suffered such terrible things in the vicinity of the Little Cottonwood, and the terrible

destruction of life in Birch coulee battle. The Indians kept up their depredations for 3 or 4 years, but never got nearer than

Judson or Garden City. Our folks knew the Jewett family that was murdered there. It was all done so suddenly and secretly

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when we only had mail once a week it took a long time to reach the outside world. But the news traveled like wild fire. People were panic stricken.

For example

We knew a family in after years who lived at that time at Young America who told me when her husband heard of what had happened, hurried home and told his wife to hurry and get the next boat for St Paul. She had a young babe in her haste she discovered when the boat was launched she did not ^{have} a thing for the baby but what it had on. She laughed when she told me.

My parents witnessed the execution of the thirty eight Sioux Indians in the Public Square in Mankato, Dec 6, 1862.

Presented in Competition to the State Historical for the Itasca Park celebration
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Respectfully yours.

Christiana Hudson nee
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Minn.