

I can't remember dates, but I moved to Polk County Wisconsin, on the St Croix river, from the State of New York . I had lived there about two years when the Dakota Land Company created a considerable excitement about S. Dakota, then a territory. I with eleven others caught the Dakota fever and got ready and started for Yanton on the Missouri river, and progressed finely until we reached Cotton Wood Lake. Our party had picked up a family consisting of a widow, two daughters, a son in law, and two sons; and we also got in company with a party from Mantorville, Minn., who were going to Yanton also. If I remember rightly, there were eighteen persons in their party, making thirty-six in all. We camped at the lake for the night, that was about ten miles from Madaria on the Big Sioux River where the Dakota Land Company had put up a black house and kept a man or two there to hold the claim. In the meantime, most of their men from Sioux Falls and other points, met at Madaria, about thirty in all, Pres De Witt being the number, and as the Indians claimed the land where Madaria was located, they came in a large body to drive the whites off their territory, and had camped on a ridge about two miles west of Madaria, the night that we camped at Cotton Wood Lake.

De Witt hearing from an Indian who had passed us the day before, that a large party were on their way to Madaria, sent him back with a line telling us that if we wanted to get in we must be in haste, for the Indians would probably come down to the house soon, so we counselled together and made up our minds to go ahead. The Mantorville boys had a ten gallon keg of gin which they sunk in the head of the lake before we left, but the Indians did not molest us, only told us to go back, and gave the Madaria boys enough to last until they got back to the agency. We went back to the head of the Big Cotton Wood river where the Dakota Land Company had stationed a man to hold a County Town site, our party, or most of them, took claims, while the Mantorville crowd struck south for Sioux City.

I broke some ground and put in a garden and some potatoes, and left two young men on my claim, and went back after my family on the 18th day of Sept. We started for Saratoga, at the head of the Cotton Wood River, having one wagon, two pair of horses, a team of cows, which I had broken to draw a light spring wagon, also my family, wife and four children, bedding, tent

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and cooking utensils. We got through about the last part of October and found the boys very anxious, as their supplies were nearly gone. The families I had left had got discouraged and were going to move down near New Ulm so all the neighbors we had was Mr. Ingals from Wisconsin, with four children; but we concluded to make the best of it, and stayed. The man which lived on the County Town site came to live with us, and we got along nicely, and sent one team to work on the pinery, but we never saw the team or driver as he sold out and joined the army. The following spring we got out of flour, and the water was so high we couldn't get any, so we lived on milk and fish and greens, for two weeks, and then I started below on foot swimming the streams. There I found Charles Homes the mail carrier with some mules. I bought some flour and corn meal from a farmer near Leavenworth, as I could not get down to New Ulm. I got two clothes lines and tied the two sacks to the mules and homes and I started for Saratoga. We swam the mules across four streams, pulling the flour and meal across. We got home on the third night and had no more trouble in that direction for I kept a supply on hand.

When we had lived there about two years, the Indians began killing a white man now and then, about forty-five miles below on the Cotton, but did not disturb us, but we had plenty of them around us, and in the timber and sometimes one or two would sleep on the floor in our house. In the winter the Indians got into a drunk over at Lake Shetek and one Indian by the name of Tene-epa-kah would not drink, and after the other Indians shot through the teepee supposing they were shooting him, but instead, they shot his daughter, Wenona, he being hidden in the woods. The lake was ten miles from our house, but the mother pulled down the teepee, and packed up and made for our house, Wenona following with a charge of Buck shot in her hip and side, reaching our house about daylight. We took them in and I took thirty-seven shot out of her side and hip, and kept her for two weeks, and sent her down to the agency with an ox team, sixty-five miles. About the last of May, John Renaher took my oxen and went down to New Ulm after supplies, and on his way home the Indians killed him, turned the oxen loose, took what they wanted of the supplies, and threw the rest into the river, and we didn't find John for two weeks. He was the man that lived on the town site before we

moved there. Homes was stopping to our house at that time and he got frightened and was going down below, so we would be left alone as Ingals had moved down near the agency.

My wife and I decided to move over to Lake Shetek and the settlers at the lake took hold and helped us move, and I did considerable trading with the Indians. The settlers had mostly on the east side of the lake, and I took a claim on the north end, my nearest neighbor being about three fourths of a mile away. All went well and in perfect harmony, as is usually the case in a new country, and we had many good times together, but in the winter a party of Indians killed an ox for John Wright but that was the only occurrence to molest us.

The second spring I lived at the lake, two young men, Wm. Clark and Chas Wamban, came to the lake, and were among us more or less until the first of June I hired Charley to dig a cellar under my house, and while he was there I thought I would go to New Ulm for supplies, so Mr. Jones, one of my nearest neighbors, and I went below. The second day after I left, Clark came up to my house, he had been drinking, and he says to Charley, "I want a settlement on them goods." It seemed that they had stole some ammunition and trinkets at Peters. They got into a quarrel and Clark said he would kill Charley; but my wife begged him to home and settle it some other time, and he went away. After Clark had gone away, Charley went down to Lamb's to get some clean clothes, and he took my rifle with him and said he might get a chance to kill a goose. Clark saw him as he was going, followed him and tried to kill him while he was in Lamb's house. Mr Lamb went out and after a hard struggle succeeded in taking Clark's gun from him. Clark then went to Mr. Smith's house and took his gun, Smith and Joel Parmalee sat in the house, but did not dare interfere. Clark had taken off all his clothes and tied his shirt on for a breech cloth. He went back to Lamb's and tried to get another shot at Charley. Lamb went out and succeeded in getting the second gun from him, then Clark said he would go over to Red Wood and get the Indians to come back and kill all the whites at the lake, but he went up to Mr. Cook's and the men shadowed him, and after dark they went u

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up to Cook's house in a body, and Charley and John Wright went to the back of the house, the window was raised, and Clark sat there before the stove. Wright told Charley to give it to him and he did, and Clark fell dead to the floor. The party made a box and buried him that night, and as Jones and I were coming home from New Ulm we met John Wright, Mr Smith, a Mr. Amadon from Souda Falls, and Charley with an article which they had drawn up stating the facts in regard to the killing of Clark, stating why they did so, presented it to me and Jones and wanted us to sign it as all the other settlers had done. Neither of us would confess ~~with them~~ to a murder we had had nothing to do with, and they blamed us and made some very sarcastic remarks, as they said they had done it in the defence of the settlers, and were going to have Charley go before the Judge of Brown County with the statement which they thought would clear him, and so it did.

Charley came back to the lake, but soon left for parts unknown, but the settlers had it in for Jones and Mord and myself for a while but all passed off and nothing disturbed us until the next spring, when John Wright commenced selling liquor to the Indians. We called a meeting of the settlers, Wright was present, passed resolutions prohibiting all persons from selling or bringing malt liquors to the lake except for private use, and had them published. Wright immediately went below, bought a barrel and packed it in a hoghead. On his way home, he stopped at Dutch Charley's over night, an Indian was there also. Charley's wife was taken sick in the night, and expressed a wish for some spirits, and Wright says if you will swear eternal secrecy, I will give you some. The pledge was given and Wright went to his wagon uncovered the barrel, drew out the precious stuff, and paid his bill, in the mean time the Indian ~~taking~~ items all the time. The Indian would not use the liquor, but started for the agency, and after getting getting through the woods, made for the lake which was twenty miles, but he distanced Wright by ten miles, told Mr. Everts what Wright was doing, and Evert notified the committee, and they started and met Wright five miles out, parleyed with him a while, he denying the whole business but the committee made a search, found the report correct, rolled the barrel out, knocked in

the head, and started home, Wright following, laughingly saying it was a good joke on the whiskey.

Nothing of interest took place from that time until the 20th of August, 1862. On the night of the 19th I heard guns at a small lake north of my place, but it was so common that I thought nothing of it. My wife was sick in bed with a severe cold she had caught from being out in a storm, and I had sat up all night with. At 6 o'clock I called my children, and as the oldest (at home) came down stairs she said, "Pa there is a whole lot of Indians riding through our corn field, and two of them are taking down our fence." I went down to the field, and when within speaking distance said, "What are you riding through my corn field for?" They said, "Just for fun." "I will" I walked up towards them and said "I ~~will~~ knock some of your fun out of you". They both laughed and said, "You go to the house and get some breakfast and you will feel better after you get your stomach filled." They then rode on and joined the main body, who had ridden around the field. I went to my house and told my wife that they were probably going off on a hunt after ~~getting~~ their pay, and were feeling funny.

I stayed in the house with my wife until about 10 o'clock, she thought she could eat a piece of toast. We had no light bread, so I sent my boy Arthur, he was then in his tenth year, over to Mrs. Mord's for some bread, about three fourths of a mile away, and after a little I saw Arthur coming on a run, and said to my wife, "Arthur is terribly frightened over something. When Arthur came in he said the Indians had killed Folk and had torn the feather beds to pieces and broke everything in the house. I told my wife that I would go down to Cook's and tell him, and he could let the folks know at the lower end of the lake. Folk had had some trouble with some of the Indians before but I had been there at that time in time enough to save him. I went down to Cook's, and as I was going up to the house, I found Cook lying on his face, shot through the heart, a pail of water was standing on either side of his feet, as he had gone after some water for the Indians to drink. I then went on up to the house and found everything torn to pieces and while taking items I heard the Indians give their war Whoop and the firing of a great many shots, so I ran for home, and sent Arthur after my oxen they being up on the inlet of the lake, but where no Indians

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were apt to be. I had a load of hay on the wagon, and I picked that off, and got what supplies, bedding, and cooking utensils I thought I would need all ready to load up, I then hurried 30 lbs. of butter in the cellar, and left 21 cheese on the shelves. The boy came with the oxen and I loaded up and got my wife on the bed on the wagon and four children (the oldest being away at school) and then started north and took a circuitous route and struck the road 12 miles from home. It had rained all the time until about sundown when it slackened a little, and I looked back at dusk and saw three persons coming on the ridge, one of them waving something at me, but supposing them to be Indians I drove on and got to Dutch Charley's at 10 o'clock. I had to go through some heavy timber to get up to the house, and it was so dark that I couldn't see my hand before my face; but I took the ropes which were on my oxen in one hand and my gourd stick in the other and kept swinging that and finally reached the house all right. I found the house empty, they had left in the afternoon. The fire in the stove was still going and I got my wife and effects into the house, tied my cattle to the wagon, got my wife and children to bed, and then went up stairs and tore up the upper floor, breaking the boards in two and sealing up the windows of which there were four. I then examined my guns, of which I had 3 rifles and 2 shot guns, got them ready for use and was listening for the Indians to arrive, which I supposed were following me, when there was some one wrapped at the door, and I says, "Who is there?" and a voice which I did not recognize says, "Bently". I took my double barrel shot gun, stepped to the door, my boy Arthur at my back with his shot gun, unbolted the door, and swung it open, gun in position. There stood poor Bently, and throwing his arms up said "Myers, for God sake don't shoot." I got him into the house and he said Everts and Hatch were with him on the way but he did not think Everts would live to get there, but Hatch might get there some time in the night, he said that the Indians had killed all of the folks and had left them for dead (they had killed 14 and taken 9 prisoners). I got him some supper and put him to bed and then I stood guard all night, but nothing occurred. It had rained all night, and in the morning I went out to the hay racks, after getting breakfast, to get some dry hay for my folks to ride on, when I got part way down there, I saw some one dodge his head back behind a hay

stack, and I went to the house and got my gun and went round the old claim shanty and there was Hatch and Everts. They had come in the night, saw the lights, but dare not venture to come in, and so had to crawl in the hay stack.

Everts could hardly move, having been shot in the ankle and on elbow all shot to pieces, and a shot in the hip joint. Hatch had been shot in the wrist, cutting off all the chords and Bently had a flesh wound in the fore arm. I got them into the house and dressed their wounds as best I could got them some breakfast, loaded up and started for Leavenworth, on the Big Cotton river, and got as far as Burns Bros. but no one was there, and then I went on to Browns and found no one there either. There was a ford at Brown's, but the hill was so steep that I thought I would go down to middle ford, and on getting down there I stopped, and told them I would go through the timber and see if I could get across. When I got down on the bottom I found Brown's waggon, and lying there within ten feet of each other were Old Mr. Brown, 82 years old, his son about 40, and a German that lived up above them on the river, on one side on the wagon and on the other side lay the daughter about 30 years old, horribly mutilated. I went back to my folks, told them we could not get across there and would have to go to lower ford. So we went on to lower ford and crossed over and got to Leavenworth about sundown. There were three houses, Kelly Bros. on the north side of the road, and Brink on the south side of the road, and I drove my load to the back of Brink's house, unloaded and carried all into the house. We had a babe 15 months old that fretting for some milk, so I took a pail and went down the road to where one of Brink's cows stood and sat down to milk her. Directly Arthur says, "Pa I hear somebody talking down towards the river" and I looked and saw two teams coming up the road. I listened, and discovered that they were Indians, nine in one team and seven in the other. I shoved the pail through the fence and crawled through myself. It was a rail fence with a heavy growth of wild sunflower growing by the side of it. I curled up in the corner among the weeds and lay still, and the Indians came up to where I was lying, and stopped and two jumped out of each wagon. At first I feared that they had seen me, two of them jumped over the fence on either side of me, took out their knives and each cut an armful of corn for the teams, threw it on the wagon and drove over to Kelley's house.

I crawled out through the corn field to the back side of the house where my folks were and took my wife (the rest following) out back into a little Jack Oak Grove, about 15 rods from where the house stood then I carried the bedding and other stuff out there, put all my folks to bed, on a cold lunch,

All was still at Kelley's house, but there was a bright light, and I crawled out into the corn, crossed the road and crawled up to the back window of Kelley's house, the sash being broken out I listened to them, and watched them. There were two of them down cellar handing up pork to two others that were on the floor, and some more were up stairs getting flour. While listening to their talk, I learned that the country between us and town was alive with Indians, getting supplies for the warriors. I crawled back to my family, and about 12 o'clock they came out and shot a two year old heifer, cooked what they wanted, caroused a while and then lay down on the ground and went to sleep. I stood guard until daylight or break of day, and then twisted a hay rope, wound it around the tongue of the wagon, got a fence nail and stuck through each pair of wheels, loaded up, and was about to start, when I discovered that Bently had taken a quilt and skinned out to another grove. I started south, hauling the load with the wheels locked for 2 1/2 miles, and went into a chain of sloughs running into the Little Cotton Wood river, having to make about 1 1/2 miles in plain sight of the Indians; but we were not discovered, as they were ~~asleep~~ asleep. We went over into the slough and stopped, and I got our breakfast, and while doing so, I looked up and saw Bently with the quilt coming down the ridge. My first impulse was to shoot him, and I picked up my rifle, but my wife laid her hand on my arm and said, "Do not do anything you will be sorry for." I laid down the gun, and when he came up I asked him where he had been, and he said that he was afraid that the babe would cry, or the dog would bark and call the attention of the Indians to us. I was so provoked that I could hardly contain myself, as he was about the only one that could do anything except myself, in the party. After breakfast we started and traveled on, and about 11 o'clock we saw some Indians. They had taken Dutch Charley's folks prisoners, had the stock, team, wife and four children. Charley had gone to a settlers to find out if he could get into New Ulm and the Indians, 10 of

them, had taken his family. There were some 20 or 30 white men out burying the dead and the Indians saw them and left the family as fast as their ponies could carry them, but neither party saw us and we did not see the white men. My cattle were very fleshy, and the bows being too small the off ones neck began to get very sore and it was hard work to get him along. We got within 12 miles of New Ulm and could go no further, for the off ox had lain down about 15 rods from a little white ash grove, on the Little Cotton Wood river. I chained back the near ox, held the other end of the yoke myself, and in this way drew the wagon down into the grove. We talked the matter over and concluded that I had better go into New Ulm for help, so I baked enough bread to last until I could get back, and in the morning as soon as it was light enough, I started and went straight across the country, passing several houses, and at one place I saw four dead bodies, the father, the mother, the son, and the 6 year old daughter, the latter having been nailed up to the side of the house, naked, arms and limbs extended, and large nails driven through hands and feet. I hastened on, had to swim the Big Cotton Wood river, but got across all right, went through the timber on the bluffs back of New Ulm, and from there I saw some buildings burning and a large body of Indians making for New Ulm. I went across the road, and stood on a large mound, and was looking at them. I was about 15 rods from the dug way running down into New Ulm when I heard some yells behind me, and on looking round saw about 75 Indians not more than 65 rods off, coming out of the ravine. Two of them started for me and I ran for the dugway. Just as I turned the corner two shots were fired, and were rather too close to be comfortable, but being sheltered by the timber I succeeded in gaining the picketts. They drove the picketts into the town and in less than ten minutes the town was surrounded by the fiends, and there was no way for me to get back to my family and wounded men. I was compelled to stay in town.

The citizens and the people from the surrounding country, all got into the business part of the town, and baracaded it the best they could with loose material; but the Indians killed and wounded a great many. There was a common inside of the town which was packed full of horses and wagons, and oxen, and the people were in more danger from these than from the Indians, as they all stampeded when the attack was made, and went up

Main St., in many cases taking the wagons with them. The dogs partook of the pantidimonium, biting everything they came within reach of, and there were men were detailed to shoot all the dogs in the town. There was the best chance to see the different temperments of the human race, than any circumstance in my life of 70 years. There was a brick building owned and occupied by a Mr. Fuller, who was in the mercantile business, and run a general store, in the brick building. I had worn a pair of moccasins from home, and the prairie grass had cut them all to pieces, and Mr. Fuller noticing them, asked me to come over to the store and put on a pair of shoes. I went with him, the store was crowded with women looking for safe places, and while we were elbowing our way to the back of the store he called my attention to some women behind the counter, skirts raised, putting whole pieces of factory, and calico under them, others were praying, some laughing as if frenzied, some wearing, and others sitting as if stupified. Out on the street, some were running as if crazed, calling for some loved one, and there were others who had to be locked up to keep them from running among the indians. I made myself as useful as I could, not having any of my guns with me. The commander of the town had placed 30 men in a grist-mill on a bench of land running parallel to the town, and just back of the town. These men all had the best guns, but at about 2 o'clock and one of them made his way down to the town after some more, but on his way back, the indians knowing very well what he was carrying, shot and killed him. Another man was wounded in the attempt to carry ammunition up there, and Judge Flendew ask me to try it. He said that the men would all be killed if they could not get some more ammunition up there. I told him I would try to get there if he would place some men to protect me. The men were placed and I took a peck basket on my arm and started, keeping as unsteady a gait as I could, and yet make headway. When I was about 2/3 of the way up the indians sent some shots after me, one going through my hair, which I wore long, and another passing through my sleeve; but I got up all right, and was not hindered on the way down. At dark the indians stopped their firing, except a single shot now and then.

In the morning, just at day break, a Mr. Tuttle, John Wright, and myself were sent to the north west of the town to fire some buildings which the indians had used to fire from, and as we got part of the way they saw us and cut us off, and we made for a little ravine running to the river. We got there, and Wright could not swim so I waded into the water until I could not touch bottom, then swam until I could touch, then went back and told Wright to put his hand on my shoulders and I would tow him across, but he got frightened when he could no longer touch bottom, and began to struggle and we both went to the bottom when we went down the second time I managed to kick him off and get to the surface just in time to watch hold of his hair and Mr Tuttle came to the rescue, and we towed Wright to the shore and took him under a high bank. The indians firing at us from the big mound on the other side of the big slough that emptied into the river below, the balls hitting the bank over us. We rolled Wright about until we brought we brought him to consciousness, and left him lying with his head down hill while we went up stream to a ravine, crawled up on the ridge and watched the indians until they went back, then we went back to Wright and found him sitting up wondering how we could leave him. We got him up in the timber and lay there until about 10 o'clock, then we started for St. Peters. When we had gone about 5 miles we found a german who was almost a raving maniac. He was from New Ulm, but it was not without a good deal of urging and pulling that we got him to go with us, and finally struck the road running from Fort Ridgely, and went on as far as Swan Lake, but there was a band of Indians ahead of us, burning the settler's houses, so we got out into a slough west of the settlement. We had to watch the german all the time to keep him from leaving us, and in going so far to avoid the indians, we had got below where we had ought to have struck for St. Peters, and here Wright gave out and said he could not go further, so we concluded that I had better go in after a team, and I started, and got about two miles on the way when I saw some horsemen. They were going parallel with me, and I pulled off my shirt and signalled them. Seeing me they came to meet me, and on getting nearer, I discovered that it was a scouting party, ahead of a

regular company from the fort . Three of them went back with me, and three of them went back to the company, got a team and came after us, and took us into St. Peters. The committee for looking after the comfort of the reffugees, took us to a hotel and ordered suppers for us. It soon speard about of our arrival, and Mrs. Lamb, the woman that had been boarding my oldest girl while she was away from school, had come to St. Peters on the previous Wednesday taking my daughter with her, and on hearing of our arrival in town by one of our old neighbors, George Smith, they sent Lamb after me.

I went over there and found them in a large building where there were 70 persons, all the cooking was done in a number 8 stove. I hardly know which was the most pleased, myself or the girl at our meeting. They had supposed that we were all killed, as that was the news that Smith had brought in on his coming. In the morning I went before Gen'l Sibly for a pass so I could go and look for my family, but he utterly refused me. There were six other men who had left their families outside and wanted to go after them. I staid until the next ~~morning~~ morning and then the people of my acquaintance, and they were not a few, gathered around me and we went to his office adn I demanded a pass. He said he could not let an able bodied man leave thh he was sure the indians had moved west. I told him that I would force my way out then, and the crowd cheered, and even forced the guard back in the hall. Finally the General ordered the clerk to write passes for me and the seven other, and we started for Mankato. There I learned from an acquaintance, that my family had just been brought in by some souldiers, and I found them in a hospital. My wife was unconscious and died the next morning at 3 o'clock, and was burried in the cemetry at Mankato.

The ladies of the vicinity were very good to me and my children, but I among thirty others started the next morning for Ryota, Olmstead County, Minnesota.

This is the plain facts, and if under the current of my life, I have written nothing of the five nights without a moments sleep, of my home broken up, of my wife, the darling of my life, dead. Amid all the wild froght and hurry of battle came in cruel distinctness, th my tortured mind

the means of my suffering wife, and the most pitiful cry of my baby girl.

Oh! You who stand by your loved ones as they taste pain on soft pillows, with every appliance of help and home comfort, think of my wife, alone in the woods, with three wounded men, and four small children, no doctor, and no nurse. How could I save her, how could I reach her, was the ever prevailing thought of my mind, as the cry of the officers urging their men, the wailing of women, and the swearing of men, mingled with the fierce shout of the Indians. For years and years I have dreamed of that time, of our home, so pleasant, and seemingly secure, the yard full of flowers which my wife had planted, the June sun shining so bright as my baby girl came to meet me, and the sight of my sweet wife's smiling face at the door to greet me, and then to awake and realize that I had been robbed of my wife and home, and was left with five children, the oldest only 12 years, and without a dollar or a change of clothes. But through the help of an all merciful God, I have raised all my children except one boy, who died the year after his mother, to noble manhood and womanhood, to be the stay of my declining years, and I truly believe that under neath all pain and wrong there is a power to make all things right and just, in Gods good time. Some summer morning I shall meet the wife of my youth, and in the joy of that meeting, all pain and parting will be forgotten and the summer morning cannot be far away, THANK GOD.

The name of my suffering wife, and the most faithful of my baby girl.
 But you who read by your loved ones as they sleep, think of my wife,
 always, with every expression of hope and love, think of my wife,
 alone in the world, with three wounded men, and four small children,
 doctor, and no nurse. How could I have been, how could I have been,
 even preserving thoughts of my mind, while of the suffering wife,
 and the children of home, and the suffering of men, thinking of the time
 spent at the Indian. The years and years I have spent at that time,
 of our home, no pleasure, and something more, the year till of love,
 which my wife had planned, the time and again to think of my baby girl,
 come to meet me, and the sight of my sweet wife's smiling face at the door
 to greet me, and then to know and realize that I had been wronged of my
 wife and home, and was left with three children, the oldest only 12 years,
 and without a dollar or a change of clothes. But through the help of an old
 minister, Mr. I have raised all my children, and now I am old and
 poor after all my years, so much money and so much of the day of
 my suffering wife, and I never believe that order needs all pain and wrong
 that is a power to love all things right and just, in that good time. God
 bless my wife and children, and all who are dear to me, and all who are
 dear to me, and all who are dear to me, and all who are dear to me.
 In the name of God, Amen.

written by Aaron Myers ca 1895

Narrative dictated by Aaron Myers
 telling of his experiences in the
 Sioux Massacre. For further details
 see Ms. Div. correspondence, 1922,
 under the name of Fred Myers.

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Written ca. 1885

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

0716

1866 2048

I can't remember dates, but I moved to Polk County Wisconsin, on the St. Croix River, from the State of New York. I had lived there about two years when the Dakota Land Company created a considerable excitement about S. Dakota, then a territory. I, with eleven others caught the Dakota fever and got ready and started for Yanton on the Missouri River, and progressed finely until we reached Cotton Wood Lake. Our party had picked up a family consisting of a widow, daughter, a son in law, and two sons; and we also got in company with a party from Mantorville, Minn., who were going to Yanton also. If I remember rightly there were eighteen persons in their party, making thirty-six in all. We camped at the lake for the night. That was about ten miles from Madaria on the Big Souix River where the Dakota Land Company had put up a black house and kept a man or two there to hold the claim. In the meantime, most of their men from Souix Falls and other points, not at Madaria, about thirty in all, Pres De Witt being the number, and as the Indians claimed the land where Madaria was located, they came in a large body to drive the Whites off their territory, and had camped on a ridge about two miles west of Madaria, the night that we camped at Cotton Wood Lake.

DeWitt hearing from an Indian who had passed us the day before, that a large party were on their way to Madaria, sent him back with a line telling us that if we wanted to get in we must be in haste, for the Indians would probably come down to the house soon, so we counselled together and made up our minds to go ahead. The Mantorville boys had a ten gallon keg of gin which they sunk in the head of the lake before we left, but the Indians did not molest us, only told us to go back, and gave the Madaria boys enough to last until they got back to the agency. We went back to the head of the Big Cotton Wood river where the Dakota Land Company had stationed men to hold a County Town site, our party, or most of them, took claims, while the Mantorville crowd struck south for Souix City.

I broke some ground and put in a garden and some potatoes, and left two young men on my claim, and went back after my family on the 18th day of September. We started for Saratogo, at the head of the Cotton Wood River, having one wagon, two pair of horses, a team of cows, which I had broken to draw a light spring wagon, also my family, wife and four children, bedding, tent and cooking utensils. We got through the last part of October and found the boys very anxious, as their supplies were nearly gone. The families I had left had got discouraged and were going to move down near New Ulm so all the neighbors we had was Mr. Ingels from Wisconsin, with four children, but we concluded to make the best of it, and stayed. The man which lived on the County Town Site came to live with us, and we got along nicely, and sent one team to work on the pinery, but we never saw the team or driver as he sold out and joined the army. The following spring we got out of flour, and the water was so high we couldn't get any, so we lived on milk, fish and greens, for two weeks, and then I started below on foot swimming the streams. There I found Charles Homes, the mail carrier with some mules. I bought some flour and corn meal from a farmer near Leavenworth, as I could not get down to New Ulm. I got two clothes lines and tied the two sacks to the mules and homes and I started for Saratoga. We swam the mules across four streams, pulling the flour and meal across. We got home on the third night and had no more trouble in that direction for I kept a supply on hand.

When we had lived there about two years, the Indians began killing a white man now and then, about forty-five miles below on the Cotton, but did not disturb us, but we had plenty of them around us, and in the timber and sometimes one or two would sleep on the floor in our house. In the winter the Indians got into a drunk over at Lake Shetek and one Indian by the name of Tene-epa-kah would not drink and after the other Indians shot through the teepee supposing they were shooting him, but instead, they shot his daughter Wenona, he being hidden in the woods. The Lake was ten miles from our house, but the mother pulled down the teepee and packed up and made for our house, Wenona following with a charge of Buck shot in her hip and side, reaching our house about daylight. We took them in and I took thirtyseven shot out of her side and hip, and kept her for two weeks, and sent her down to the agency with an ox team sixty-five miles. About the last of May John Renaher took my oxen and went down to New Ulm after supplies, and on his way home the Indians killed him turned the oxen loose, took what they wanted of the supplies, and threw the rest into the river, and we did not find John for two weeks. He was the man who lived on the town site before we moved there. Homes was stopping to our house at that time and he got frightened and was going down below, so we would be left alone as Ingels had moved down near the agency.

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

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My wife and I decided to move over to Lake Shetek and the settlers at the lake took hold and helped us move, and I did considerable trading with the Indians. The settlers had mostly on the East side of the lake, and I took a claim on the north end, my nearest neighbor being about three fourths of a mile away. All went well and in perfect harmony, as is usually the case in a new country, and we had many good times together, but in the winter a party of Indians killed an ox for John Wright but that was the only occurrence to molest us.

The second spring I lived at the lake, two young men, Wm. Clark and Chas. Wamban, came to the lake, and were among us more less until the first of June I hired Charley to dig a cellar under my house, and while he was there I thought I would go to New Ulm for supplies. So Mr. Jones, one of my nearest neighbors and I went below. The second day after I left, Clark came up to my house, he had been drinking, and he says to Charley, "I want a settlement on then goods." It seemed that they had stolen some ammunition and trinkets at Peters. They got into a quarrel and Clark said that he would kill Charley; but my wife begged him to go home and settle it some other time and he went away. After Clark had gone away, Charley went down to Lamb's to get some clean clothes, and he took my rifle with him and said he might get a chance to kill a goose. Clark saw him as he was going, followed him and tried to kill him while he was in Lamb's house. Mr. Lamb went out and after a hard struggle succeeded in taking Clark's gun from him. Clark then went to Mr. Smith's house and took his gun, Smith and Joel Parmalee sat in the house, but did not dare interfere. Clark had taken off his clothes and tied his shirt on for a breech cloth. He went back to Lamb's and tried to get another shot at Charley. Lamb went out and succeeded in getting the second gun from him, then Clark said he would go over to Red Wood and the Indians to come back and kill all the whites at the Lake, but he went up to Mr. Cook's and the men shadowed him, and after dark they went away up to Cook's house in a body, and Charley and John Wright went to the back of the house, the window was raised, and Clark sat there before the stove. Wright told Charley to give it to him and he did, and Clark fell down to the floor. The party made a box and buried him that night, and as Jones and I were coming home from New Ulm we met John Wright, Mr. Smith, a Mr. Amadon from Souix Falls, and Charley with an article which they had drawn up stating the facts in regard to killing of Clark, stating why they did so, presented it to me and Jones and wanted us to sign it as all the other settlers had done. Neither of us would vouch for a murder we had had nothing to do with, and they blamed us and made some very sarcastic remarks, as they said they had done it in the defence of the settlers, and were going to Charley go before the Judge of Brown County with the statement which they thought would clear him, and so it did.

Charley came back to the lake but soon left for parts unknown, but the settlers had it in for Jones and Hurd and myself for a while but all passed off and nothing disturbed us until the next spring, when John Wright commenced selling liquor to the Indians. We called a meeting of the settlers, Wright was present, passed resolutions prohibiting all persons from selling or bringing malt liquors to the lake except for private use, and had then published. Wright immediately went below bought a barrel and packed it in a hoghead. On his way home, he stopped at Dutch Charley's over night, an Indian was there also. Charley's wife was taken sick in the night and expressed a wish for some spirits, and Wright says if you will swear eternal secrecy I will give you some. The pledge was given and Wright went to his wagon, uncovered the barrel, drew out the precious stuff, and paid his bill. In the meantime the Indians taking items all the time. The Indian would not use the liquor, but started for the agency and after getting through the woods, made for the lake which was twenty miles, but he distanced Wright by ten miles, told Mr. Everts what Wright was doing and Evert notified the committee and they started and met Wright five miles out parleyed with him a while, he denying the whole business but the committee made a search and found the report correct, rolled the barrel out, knocked in the head, and started home, Wright following, laughingly saying it was a good joke on the whiskey.

Nothing of interest took place from that time until the 20th of August 1862. On the night of the 19th I heard guns at small lake north of my place, but it was so common that I thought nothing of it. My wife was sick in bed with a severe cold she had caught from being out in a storm, and I had sat up all night with her. At six o'clock I called my children and as the oldest (at home) came down stairs she said, "Pa there is a whole lot of Indians riding through our corn field, and two of them are taking down our fence." I went down to the field and when within speaking distance said, "What you riding through my corn field for?" They said, "Just for fun." I walked up towards them and said, "I will knock some of your fun out of you."

They both laughed and said, "You go to the house and get some breakfast and you will feel better after you get your stomach filled." They then rode on and joined the main body who had ridden around the field. I went to my house and told my wife that they were probably going off on a hunt after getting their pay and were feeling funny.

I stayed in the house with my wife until about ten o'clock and she thought she could eat a piece of toast. We had no light bread, so I sent my boy Arthur, he was then in his tenth year, over to Mrs. Hurd's for some bread, about three-fourths a mile away, and after a little I saw Arthur coming on a run and said to my wife, "Arthur is terribly frightened over something. When Arthur came in he said that the Indians had killed Folk and had torn the feather beds to pieces and broke everything in the house. I told my wife that I would go down to Cook's and tell him, and he could let the folks know at the lower end of the lake. Folk had had some trouble with some of the Indians before but I had been there at that time in time enough to save him. I went down to Cook's and as I was going up to the house, I found Cook lying on his face, shot through the heart, a pail of water was standing on either side of his feet, as he had gone after some water for the Indians to drink. I then went up to the house and found everything torn to pieces and while taking items I heard the Indians give their war whoop and the firing of a great many shots, so I ran for home, and sent Arthur after my oxen they being up on the inlet of the lake, but where no Indians were apt to be. I had a load of hay on the wagon and I picked that off, and got what supplies, bedding and cooking utensils I thought I would need all ready to load up. I then hurried 30wt of butter in the cellar, and left 21 cheese on the shelves. The boy came with the oxen and I loaded up and got my wife on the bed on the wagon and four children (the oldest being away at school) and then started north and took a circuitous route and struck the road 12 miles from home. It had rained all the time until about sundown when it slackened a little and I looked back at dusk and saw three persons coming on the ridge one of them waving something at me, but supposing them to be Indians I drove on and got to Dutch Charley's at ten o'clock. I had to go through some heavy timber to get up to the house, and it was so dark I could not see my hand before my face, but I took the ropes which were on my oxen in one hand and my gourd stick in the other and kept swinging that finally reached the house all right. I found the house empty, they had left in the afternoon. The fire in the stove was still going and I got my wife and effects into the house, tied my cattle to the wagon, got my wife and children to bed, and then went up stairs and tore up the upper floor, breaking the boards in two and sealing up the windows of which there were four. I then examined my guns of which I had three rifles and two shot guns, got them ready for use and was listening for the Indians to arrive, which I supposed were following me, when there was someone wrapped at the door, my boy Arthur at my back with his shot gun, unbolted the door, and swung it open, gun in position. There stood poor Bently, and throwing up his arms said, "Myers, for God sake don't shoot." I got him into the house and he said Everts and Harch were with him on the way but he did not think Everts would live to get there, but Hatch might get there sometime in the night, he said that the Indians had killed all of the folks and had left then for dead (they had killed 14 and taken 9 prisoners.) I got him some supper and put him to bed and then I stood guard all night but nothing occurred. It had rained all night, and in the morning I went out to the hay racks after getting breakfast, to get some dry hay for my folks to ride on, when I got part way down there, I saw some one dodge his head back behind a hay stack, and I went to the house and got my gun and went around the old claim shanty and there was Hatch and Everts. They had come in the night and saw the lights, but dare not venture to come in, and so had to crawl in the hay stack.

Everts could hardly move, having been shot in the ankle and on elbow, all shot to pieces and a shot in the hip joint. Hatch had been shot in the wrist, cutting off all the cords and Bently had a flesh wound in the fore arm. I took them into the house and dressed their wounds the best I could, got them some breakfast, loaded up and started for Leavenworth, on the Big Cotton river and got as far as Burns Bors. but no one was there, and then I went on to Browns and found no one there either. There was a ford at Brown's but the hill was so steep that I thought I would go down to middle ford, and on getting there I stopped, and told them I would go through the timber and see if I could get across. When I got down on the bottom I found Brown's wagon, and lying there within ten feet of each other were Old Mr. Brown, 82 years old, his son about 40, and a German who lived up above on the river, on one side of the wagon and on the other side lay the daughter about thirty years old horribly mutilated. I went back to my folks, told what we would get across there and would have to go to lower ford.

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So we went to lower ford and crossed over and got to Leavenworth about sundown. There were three houses, Kelly Bros. on the north side of the road, and Brink on the south side of the road, and I drove my load to the back of Brink's house, unloaded and carried all into the house. We had a babe 15 months old that fretted for some milk, so I took a pail and went down the road to where one of Brink's cows stood and sat down to milk her. Directly Arthur says, "Pa, I hear somebody talking down towards the river." and I looked and saw two teams coming up the road. I listened, and discovered that they were Indians, nine in one team and seven in the other. I shoved the pail through the fence and crawled through myself. It was a rail fence with a heavy growth of wild sunflower growing by the side of it. I curled up to where I was lying, and stopped and two jumped out of each wagon. At first I feared that they had seen me, two of them jumped over the fence on either side of me, took out their knives and each cut an armful of corn for the teams, threw it on the wagon and drove over to Kelly's house. I crawled out through the corn field to the back side of the house where my folks were and took my wife (the rest following) out back into a little Jack Oak Grove, about 15 rods from where the house stood, then I carried the bedding and other stuff out there, put all my folks to bed, on a cold lunch.

All was still at Kelly's house, but there was a bright light, and I crawled out into the corn, the sash being broken out I listened to them, and watched them. There were two of them down cellar handing pork to two others that were on the floor, and some were up stairs getting flour. While listening to their talk I learned that the country between us and town was alive with Indians getting supplies for the warriors. I crawled back to my family, and about 12 o'clock they came out and shot a two year old heifer, cooked what they wanted, caroused a while and then lay down on the ground and went to sleep. I stood guard until daylight or break of day, and then twisted a hay rope, wound it around the tongue of the wagon, got a fence nail and stuck through each pair of wheels, loaded up, and was about to start, when I discovered that Bently had taken a quilt and skinned out to another grove. I started south, hauling the load with the wheels locked for 2 1/2 miles, and went into a chain of sloughs running into the Little Cotton Wood river, having to make about 1 1/2 miles in plain sight of the Indians; but we were not discovered as they were asleep. We went over into the slough and stopped, and I got our breakfast, and while doing so, I looked up and saw Bently with the quilt coming down the ridge. My first impulse was to shoot him, and I picked up my rifle, but my wife laid her hand on my arm and said, "Do not do anything you will be sorry for." I laid down the gun, and when he came up I asked him where he had been, and he said that he was afraid that the baby would cry, or the dog would bark and call the attention of the Indians to us. I was so provoked that I could hardly contain myself, as he was about the only one that could do anything except myself, in the party. After breakfast we started and traveled on and about 11 o'clock we saw some Indians. They had taken Dutch Charley's folks prisoners, had the stock, team, wife and four children. Charley had gone to a settlers to find out if he could get into New Ulm and the Indians, ten of them, had taken his family. There were some 20 or 30 white men out burying the dead and the Indians saw them and left the family as fast as their ponies could carry them, but neither party saw us and we did not see the white men. My cattle were very fleshy, and the bows being too small the off ones neck began to get very sore and to was hard work to get him along. We got within 12 miles of New Ulm and could go no further, for the off ox had lain down about 15 rods from a little white ash grove, on the Little Cotton Wood river. I chained back the near ox, held the other end of the yoke myself, and in this way drew the wagon down into the grove. We talked the matter over and concluded that I had better go into New Ulm for help, so I baked enough bread to last until I could get back, and in the morning as soon as it was light enough, I started and went straight across the country, passing several houses, and at one place I saw four dead bodies, the father, mother, son and the 6 year old daughter, the latter having been nailed up to the side of the house, naked, arms and limbs extended, and large nails driven through hands and feet. I hastened on, had to swim the Big Cotton Wood river, but got across all right, went through the timber on the bluffs back of New Ulm, and from there I saw some buildings burning and a large body of Indians making for New Ulm. I went across the road, and stood on a large mound, and was looking at them. I was about 15 rods from the dug way running down into New Ulm when I heard some yells behind me, and on looking around saw about 75 Indians not more than 65 rods off, coming out of the ravine. Two of them started for me and I ran for the dugway. Just as I turned the corner two shots were fired, and were rather too close to be comfortable, but being sheltered by the timber I succeeded in gaining the picketts. The drove the picketts into the town and in less than ten minutes the town was surrounded with fiends and there was no way for me to get back to my family and wounded men. I was com-

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In the morning just at day break, a Mr. Tuttle, John Wright and myself were sent to the north west of the town to fire some buildings which the Indians had used to fire from, and as we got part of the way they saw us and cut us off, and we made for a little ravine running to the river. We got there, and Wright could not swim so I waded into the water until I could not touch bottom, then swam until I could touch, then went back and told Wright to put his hand on my shoulders and I would tow him across, but he got frightened when he could not longer touch bottom, and began to struggle and we both went to the bottom and when we went down the second time I managed to kick him off and get to the surface just in time to catch hold of his hair and Mr. Tuttle came to the rescue, and we towed Wright to the shore and took him under a high bank. The Indians firing at us from the big mound on the other side of the big slough and that emptied in to the river below, the balls hitting the bank over us. We rolled Wright about until we brought him to consciousness, and left him lying with his head down while we went up stream to a ravine, crawled up on the ridge and watched the Indians until they went back, then we went back to Wright and found him sitting up wondering how we could leave him. We got him up in the timber and lay there until 10 o'clock, then we started for St. Peters. When we had gone about 5 miles we found a german who was almost a raving maniac. He was from New Ulm, but it was not without a good deal of urging and pulling that we got him to go with us, and finally struck the road running from Fort Ridgely, and went on as far as Swan Lake, but there was a band of Indians ahead of us, burning the settler's homes, so we got out into a slough west of the settlement. We had to watch the german all the time to keep him from leaving us, and in going so far to avoid the Indians we had got below where we had ought to have struck for St. Peters, and here Wright gave out and said he could go no further, so we concluded that I had better go in after a team, and I

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

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started and got about two miles on the way when I saw some horsemen. They were going parallel with me, and I pulled off my shirt and signalled them. Seeing me they came to meet me, and on getting nearer, I discovered that it was a scouting party, ahead of a regular company from the Fort. Three of them went back with me, and three of them went back to the company, got a team and came after us, and took us into St. Peters. The committee for looking after the comfort of the refugees took us to a hotel and ordered supper for us. It soon spread about of our arrival, and Mrs. Lamb, the woman that had been boarding my oldest girl while she was away from school, had come to St. Peters on the previous Wednesday taking my daughter with her, and on hearing of our arrival in town by one of our old neighbors, George Smith, they sent Lamb after me.

I went over there and found them in a large building where there were 70 persons, all the cooking was done on a number 8 stove. I hardly know which was the most pleased, myself or the girl at our meeting. They had supposed that we were all killed, as that was the news that Smith had brought in on his coming. In the morning I went before Gen'l Sibly for a pass so I could go and look for my family, but he utterly refused me. There were six other men who had left their families outside and wanted to go after them. I stayed until the next morning and then the people of my acquaintance and they were not few, gathered around me and we went to his office and I demanded a pass. He said that he could not let an able bodied man leave and that he was sure the Indians had moved West. I told him that I could force my way out then, and the crowd cheered, and even forced the guard back in the hall. Finally, the General ordered the clerk to write passes for me and the seven others, and we started for Mankato. There I learned from an acquaintance, that my family had just been brought in by some shoulders, and I found them in a hospital. My wife was unconscious and died the next morning at 5 o'clock, and was buried in the cemetery at Mankato. The ladies of the vicinity were very good to me and my children, but I among thirty others started the next morning for Eyota, Olmstead County, Minnesota.

This is the plain facts, and if under the current of my life, I have written nothing of the five nights without a moments sleep, of my home broken up, of my wife, the darling of my life, dead. Amid all the wild frogt and hurry of battle came in cruel distinctness, to my tortured mind the means of my suffering wife, and the most pitiful cry of my baby girl.

Oh, You who stand by your loved ones as they taste pain on soft pillows, with every appliance of help and home comfort, think of my wife, alone in the woods, with three wounded men, and four small children, no doctor and no nurse. How could I save her, how could I reach her, was the ever prevailing thought of my mind, as the cry of the officers urging their men, the wailing of women, and the swearing of men, mingled with the fierce shout of the Indians. For years and years I have dreamed of that time, of our home, so pleasant, and seemingly secure, the yard full of flowers which my wife had planted, the June sun shining so bright as my baby girl came to meet me, and the sight of my sweet wife's smiling face at the door to greet me, and then to awake and realize that I had been robbed of my wife, and home, and was left with five children, the oldest only 12 years, and without a dollar of a change of clothes. But through the help of an all merciful God, I have raised all my children except one boy, who died the year after his mother, to noble manhood and womanhood, to be the stay of my declining years, and I truly believe that under neath all pain and wrong there is a power to make all things right and just, in Gods good time. Some summer morning I shall meet the wife of my youth, and in the joy of that meeting all pain and parting will be forgotten and the summer morning can not be far away, THANK GOD.

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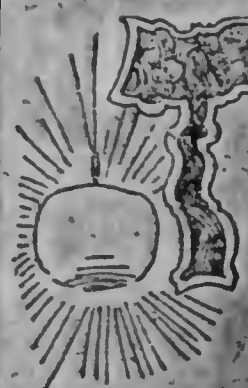
0724

FIRST SETTLER DISCOVERED

DOANE ROBINSON HAS DISCOVERED THE FIRST SETTLER OF LYON CO.

AARON MYRES, A FARMER LIVING NEAR GARRETSON, IS HIS NAME.

MR. MYRES GIVES AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY HISTORY.



HE question as to who was the first settler of Lyon County has probably been solved. Doane Robinson, who is now editing the monthly South

Dakotan, has discovered him. He writes:

Sioux Falls, Feb. 4, 1890. Dear Mr. Case:—It may be of interest to you to know that one of the first, if not the first, settler of Lyon county is still living near Garretson. His name is Aaron Myres. I visited him at his home yesterday and he told me the following story which I believe to be true:

"I was born in Herkimer County New York in 1825. In the spring of 1855, I moved from Polk county Wisconsin to the piece of land now known as the Robinson farm on the Cottonwood river four miles above the present village of Amaret, Lyon County, Minnesota, where with my wife and five children I lived for more than two years. We planted some corn and garden, but in the main we depended on trapping and trade with the Indians. At first everything went well with us and our relations with the Indians were pleasant. In the spring of 1857 the Dakota land company located a townsite at Saratoga, near by my place and built a house and left a German named John Renhicker in charge. Renhicker attempted to turn a penny on the side by selling whiskey to the Indians and in consequence lost his position with the Land Company. He then came to live at my house. That spring I accompanied the Dak Land Company party on its first trip to the Sioux River and Sioux Falls but I soon returned home and sent Renhicker with my oxen and wagon to New Elm for supplies. Contrary to my express instructions he laid in a cask of ten gallons of whiskey. A notorious halfbreed named John Campbell, who is now living at Mankato, saw him buy the liquor and with a party of seven Sioux followed him on the road home and when near Walnut Grove killed him and took possession of the property. After that I felt it

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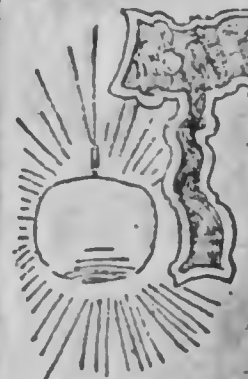
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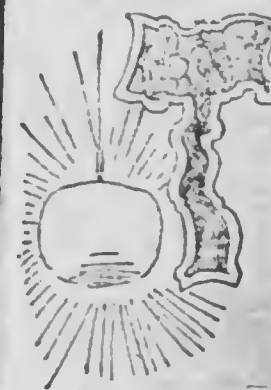
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FIRST SETTLER DISCOVERED

DOANE ROBINSON HAS DISCOVERED THE FIRST SETTLER OF LYON CO.

AARON MYRES, A FARMER LIVING NEAR GARRETSON, IS HIS NAME.

MR. MYRES GIVES AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY HISTORY.



THE question as to who was the first settler of Lyon County has probably been solved. Doane Robinson, who is now editing the monthly South Dakotan, has discovered him. He writes:

Sioux Falls, Feb. 4, 1900. Dear Mr. Case:—It may be of interest to you to know that one of the first, if not the first, settler of Lyon county is still living near Garretson. His name is Aaron Myres. I visited him at his home yesterday and he told me the following story which I believe to be true:

"I was born in Herkimer County New York in 1825. In the spring of 1855, I moved from Polk county Wisconsin to the piece of land now known as the Robinson farm on the Cottonwood river four miles above the present village of Amiret, Lyon County, Minnesota, where with my wife and five children I lived for more than two years. We planted some corn and garden, but in the main we depended on trapping and trade with the Indians. At first everything went well with us and our relations with the Indians were pleasant. In the spring of 1857 the Dakota land company located a township at Sisseton, near by my place and built a house and left a German named John Renbicker in charge. Renbicker attempted to turn a penny on the side by selling whiskey to the Indians and in consequence lost his position with the Land Company. He then came to live at my house. That spring I accompanied the Dak. Land Company party on its first trip to the Sioux River and Sioux Falls but I soon returned home and sent Renbicker with my oxen and wagon to New Ulm for supplies. Contrary to my express instructions he laid in a cask of ten gallons of whiskey. A notorious halfbreed named John Campbell, who in 1857 was hung at Mankato, saw him, buy the liquor and with a party of seven Sioux followed him on the road home and when near Walnut Grove killed him and took possession of the land."

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE
DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55102

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had ended in disaster. I then returned to my family and we went on to Mankato, but the exposure and the fright had been too much for Mrs. Myers and she died about the time we reached Mankato."

Mr. Myers has remarried and with his wife lives in a cozy little cottage adjoining the home of Mrs. Chas. Millard, his wife's daughter on a farm five miles northwest of the village of Garretson. His five children, who shared with him the terrors and hardships of the outbreak, still live, one of them, Mr. Arthur J. Myers, publisher of the Lake City Sentinel, is a respected citizen of Minnesota. Mr. Myers was a forty-niner in California; his life has been unusually eventful, he possesses a clear recollection and a happy expression and tells of his experience in a lucid but most unassuming manner.

Doane Robinson.

A SON OF MR. MYERS

The Editor of the Lake City Sentinel
Writes Concerning the First
Settler of Lyon Co.

The article in last week's Reporter about the first settler of Lyon County was read by Mr. A. J. Myers, editor of the Lake City Sentinel, and he sent the following communication:

Lake City, Minn., Feb. 20. C. F. Case, Dear Sir and Brother:—When you and I were walking arm in arm going to the farm you doubtless did not dream you were walking with one of the first settlers of your county. You have miss-spelled our name; it should be Myers. I am the one you speak of as the son of Aran Mye and can testify to that and much more for I saw much of the frontier hardships.

A. J. Myers.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

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Copy of Newspaper Clippings loaned by D.B. Campbell,
December, 1928.

Aaron Myers.

"Mr. Myers died early this morning." Such was the message that was passed quickly around the town last Saturday morning -- a message that brought forth expressions of sorrow on every hand.

A few weeks ago his good wife was taken sick and lay in a critical condition for some time. The tender, loving devotion Mr. Myers always showed his wife was intensified during her sickness. His vigilance for her welfare and comfort would have been a heavy tax on a person much younger in years and more robust in health. She hardly recovered fully when he suffered another attack from his old enemy -- Bright's disease. His age and condition of health were both against him and small hopes for his recovery were entertained from the time he was first taken sick. The vitality that sustained him in so many times of hardship and sickness made the struggle a heroic one, yet he sank gradually until the end came.

The death of Mr. Myers comes as a personal sorrow to the writer, as it does to many here in Garretson. He was one of those noble, tender, patient old men whose character was founded on honor and integrity of the highest order. He was always a messenger of good cheer to the homes where he was frequently welcomed. His presence there was like that of a father -- wholesome and inspiring. His simple, unpretentious life was one unique in its quiet influence, one that will be sadly missed.

Obituary.

Aaron Myers, who died at his home in Garretson, S. Dak., at

twenty minutes past four o'clock Saturday morning, March 10, 1906, was born in the state of New York, June 8, 1825. The deceased was eighty years, nine months and two days old at his death, having passed the allotted three score years and ten by more than half a score of years. In early manhood he left his native state and lived in Illinois for a short time afterwards settling in the state of Minnesota about the year 1855. In 1882 he came to South Dakota and settled in Minnehaha county where he lived to the time of his death. Mr. Myers leaves three children, Mrs. E. R. Patrick, Mrs. J. D. Carr and Mr. Arthur Myers, of Lake City, Minn., besides his step son and daughter, Mr. H. Beardsley, of Sioux Falls, and Mrs. C.J. Millard, of Garretson, to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father whose memory will remain with them and with all who knew him, a source of peace, comfort and love. Mr. Myers always lived an active, useful life, taking an active part in all the affairs of the community that promoted the welfare of his fellow men. The last two weeks of his life were spent on a bed of sickness and suffering during which time he bore patiently and without complaint the pain that ended in the stillness of death. Among men he bore an irreproachable character for in all things he was the soul of honor. Everyone in the community knew him and greatly honored him for his stirring character and social qualities. A good man has gone to rest, after the battles of many years, to be at peace with God, the Creator and Father of all Men.**

[Second Clipping]

An Old Warrior

Short Account of Former Minnehaha Co. Citizen

Pierre, March 21. -- (Special to the Argus-Leader.) -- In the death of Aaron Myers^[Myers], at Garretson, on the 10th, one of the last, if not the last of the settlers who located at the Falls of the Sioux in 1857, passed away. Mrs. Myers came as an employ of the Dakota Land company, and was later placed in charge of the business of that company at Saratoga, Minn., on the Cottonwood river, but was frightened away by the Indians and joined the Sisseton^[Shetek] Lake settlement, and escaped massacre there at the time of the Indian raid of 1862, taking his family in an ox wagon and starting for New Ulm, only to find that place surrounded by the Indians. He crawled into the town, and volunteered to go for relief, and succeeded. All this time his family was camped on the prairie, and after the Indians were driven away he rejoined them and started for Mankato, but on the way his wife died from the effects of the exposure and fright. Mr. Myers settled at Garretson in 1882, and resided at that place up to the time of his death.