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Mpls. July, 18-33

Mr Wm. H. Bradley

Dear Sir:

In the Public Journal I
noticed that you wish in-
formation regarding the Sioux
Indian Outbreak of 1862. I am
a territorial citizen - came here in
1857 - about 83 years of age. (Am
too old to work for the day) but
I can still write some. I
am one of the few now left
of those who were here then
that experienced. I was then
living with my parents in
Greenleaf, near Mr. Temple
mills N.W. of Forest City -
then the County Seat and
the principal town in the
County. I at your service,

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reliable, I can refer you to
A. W. Skog - Reg. of Deeds, or to
E. Roy Vansant, both old
friends or to Gen. E. H. Wilhem
of St Paul another old friend.
So here it is. -

On a hot Sunday in July 62
some forty men were together
at Forest City ready to start
for Ft Snelling to be taken
in to the Seventh Minn Regt.
to go south. At about six P.M.
a frightened tired man came
in with the news that a
party of Sioux - were drunken
and had murdered all the
Jones family and neighbors
at Acton, 12 miles west.
My father Geo. W. Whitcomb
at that time Sec. Treas. of Mac-
Kenzie Co, and who was getting

up the company, advised his
men gathered there to go to their
homes. He at once went on
foot to our home 12 miles S.
took his own horse and rode
on that night to Shakopee on
the Minnesota river, then
caught a steamboat down to
St Paul and carried the first
word of the outbreak to Sec.
Sibley. The Governor gave him
a bounty of \$5000 and 5000
rounds of cartridges with 100
Enfield Rifles. He hired men
and team to carry grain &
ammunition to Forest City.
Mean time a neighbor of our
original Brown came to our place
with his family and took us
- my brother A. J. & Brother
and myself to Forest City.

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Having told Mother to go there
and wait, til he returned.
It took some several days
for him to return, as they
did not dare to leave their
the county in daytime.
Meantime all settlers were
going out to the mission
at St. Cloud, Bemidji and
Monticello - many to hills
and St. Paul. All but fifteen
men had gone from Tule
Lake and were insisting that
Mother & we children go, but
she said my husband has
always kept his word - he
told me to wait here for
him, and I shall do so.
The men were scared and dis-
hearted, concluded to wait one
more day, then take me by

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force out to safety.
At two a.m. that night, he
came with the gun &c.
Mother was the only white
woman who stayed what of
the "Big Wood" in Breckenridge.
In his way with the gun
and gun. Father came thru that time
he had friends there who
begged him to leave them
a part of the gun and
ammunition, so he changed
and left them half of what
he had. He at once went
out word that he had arms
and cartridges, and soon had
about fifty good men with
him. He went out dark &
buried what bodies he could
find - about fifteen; and
also brought in some few

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Scattered folk who had been
hidden, too scared to travel.
On the third day that they
were out they were attacked
and driven into town by
some 300 Indian. The next
day he had a stockade up
around a house on the
highest point in town, and
advised every one to come
inside as he was sure the Indian
would attack that night. Many
did come in, but most of
his conclusions I never went
to bed at Otterden Hall about
eight rods from the fort, but
left all their horses at the
Hotel barn. About 2 a.m.
the Indian came began shooting
and foolishly let loose the horses
and drove them at edge of town.

What enabled us to see them
- I was only a boy, but saw them
was a good marksman, and
had my gun ready to kill
them off, if they attacked.
But our village were too much
for them, at daylight they
left taking away some good
head of horses and cattle.
They left a trail of dead
stock for some mile west. The
next day the remnant of
the Third Regt. who
had been surrounded at
Munich, Minn. and sent
home by Carle, came into
town to our aid. But too late
as the Red Devils had come.
We lived at Fort Otterden
Fall of 63, when we came
to White, and Father accounted
a co of 100 men, marched in

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Minneapolis, Minnesota.

July 18, 1933.

Mr. George H. Bradley,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:-

In the Minneapolis Journal I notice that you wish information regarding the Sioux Indian outbreak of '62. I am a territorial pioneer. I came here in 1857 - now 83 years of age, am too old to work, (so they say) but I can still write some. I am one of the few now left of those who were here through that experience. I was then living with my parents in Greenleaf, Meeker County, twelve miles southwest of Forest City - then the county seat and the principal town in the county. That you may know I am reliable I can refer you to A.W. Skog, Register of Deeds or to Ex-Governor Van Sant, both old friends or to Col. E.H. Milham of St. Paul, another old friend. So here it is:

On a hot Sunday in July 62 some forty men were together at Forest City ready to start for Fort Snelling to be taken in to the Seventh Minnesota Regiment to go south. At about six P.M. a frightened, tired man came in with the news that a party of Sioux were drunk and had murdered all the Jones family and neighbors at Acton, 12 miles west. My father, Geo. C. Whitcomb, at that time County Treasurer of Meeker County and who was getting up the company, advised his men gathered there to go to their homes. He at once went on foot to our home twelve miles south, took his own horse and rode that night to Shoope (?) on the Minnesota river, then caught a steamboat down to St. Paul and carried the first word of the outbreak to Governor Sibley. The Governor gave him a captain's commission and 5000 rounds of cartridges with 100 Enfield rifles. He hired men and teams to carry guns and ammunition to Forest City, meantime a neighbor of ours named Brown came to our place with his family and took us - my mother, sister, brother and myself to Forest City, having told mother to go there and wait til he returned. It took some several days for him to return as they did not dare to drive through the country in daytime. Meantime all settlers were going out to the Mississippi river at St. Cloud, Clearwater and Monticello - many to Minneapolis and St. Paul. All but fifteen men had gone

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

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

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from Forest City and were insisting that mother and we children go but she said my husband has always kept his word,- he told me to wait here for him and I shall do so. The men were scared and desperate, concluded to wait one more day, then take us by force out to safety. At two A.M. that night he came with the guns and mother was the only white woman who stayed west of the "Big Woods" in Meeker County. On his way with the guns my father came through Hutchinson, he had friends there who begged him to leave them a part of the guns and ammunition so he left them half of what he had. He at once sent out word that he had arms and cartridges and soon had fifty good men with him. He went out daily and buried what bodies he could find - about fifteen, and also brought in some few scattered folks who had been hidden, too scared to travel.

On the third day that they were out they were attacked and driven into town by some 300 Indians. The next day he had a stockade up around a house on the highest point in town, and advised every one to come inside as he was sure the Indians would attack that night. Many did come in, but most of his company of men went to bed at Atkinson Hotel, about eighty rods from the Fort, but left all their horses at the hotel barn. About 2:00 A.M. the Indians came, began shooting and foolishly set fire to houses and barns at edges of town. That enabled us to see them. I was only a boy but even then was a good marksman and had my gun ready to help beat them off, if they attacked, but our rifles were too much for them. At daylight they left taking away some 100 head of horses and cattle. They left a trail of dead stock for miles west. The next day the remnant of the Minnesota Third Regiment, who had been surrendered at Murphysboro Town and sent home on parole, came into town to our aid- but too late as the Red devils had gone.

We lived at Forest City until fall of '63 when we came to Minneapolis and father recruited a company of 100 men, marched in at Ft. Snelling as Co. B.

of Hatches Ind. Batt. Minn. Vol. Cavalry. Of that Battalion four companies, A, B, C, and D wintered at Pembina, the coldest winter known in the U.S. Men froze to death on picket duty in Tenn. It was cold here. I myself saw a thermometer at - 60°. The boys at Pembina were in tents until they built log huts, which was slow work in the cold and only one officer had experience at logging a building. That one was Capt. Whitcomb of Co. B. The men lived through but the horses all, or nearly all, starved or froze to death. All this is truth and records exist to prove it.

Yours truly,

(signed)

Geo. F. Whitcomb.

5100 Dupont Avenue South,
Minneapolis, Minn.