

New Settler Stories

The following stories were submitted to us after our first booklet was printed in 2012. Most are on our website, www.dakotavictims1862.com, and the submitters have allowed us to print them in this edition.

The Balthasar Eisenrich (Eisenreich) Family submitted by Brian Eisenrich, Great Great-Grandson

The Eisenreich name goes back in record as far as 1389 in Lower Austria where Hans Eisenreich was registered as the owner of the Eisenreich estate in county Waidhofen on the Thaya River. The first name Balthasar or Balthazar was used through many generations. A splinter of the family is known to have moved on to become barons of Bavaria the early 1600s.

Jump to the 1850's - Balthasar (b. ???) and Theresa (b. about 1833) were married in Bavaria and immigrated to the US via New York in 1854 and initially settled in Mankato. In 1862 they moved to a homestead along the Minnesota River between Beaver Creek and Birch Coulee (as shown in Gregory Michno's *Dakota Dawn* Based on information I have this would have been early 1862 since their son Joseph is recorded to have been born in Renville County on April 30. (I suspect that family information might be wrong, as moving to and settling-in during the middle of winter would have been extremely difficult. It is possible, the move was in 1861.)

On, August 18, 1862 a band of Indians moved through this area ransacking and burning homes. The Eisenreich family and one of the Hayden families attempted to flee to Fort Ridgely but were overtaken by the Indians. (At this point I have a blank in the history but I assume what you have written about them being taken to the Faribault house is probably correct.)

The following portion of the story has been handed down by word of mouth. I have a tendency to believe it has some credence because the modern day Eisenrich family split up to various portions of the US in the early 1900s and never really talked to each other. As I have approached each of the splinters of the family to build the family tree, the same story keeps re-appearing. Also, in talking to a distant relation on the Bliven line of the family (related to Joseph M. by marriage), the same story appears. Lastly, all the members (men, women, and children) of this last party were killed EXCEPT Theresa and the children. But I still take it with a grain of salt. . .

As the group was moving from the Faribault house toward the Fort, they were again attacked by Indians. Theresa, with her children huddled around her, managed to wrestle a tomahawk away from one of the Indians and split his skull with it. The Indians admired her for her bravery, spared her, and took her and her children to Camp Release.

The children saved would have been Sophie (b. 4/30/1855 / d. 1/24/1873), Peter Henry (b. ??/??/1857 / d. unknown), Mary (or Marie b. 4/21/1858 / d. 3/28/1944), John (b. 10/??/1859 / d. 7/19/1912), and Joseph M. [my great grandfather] (b. 4/30/1862 / d. 7/28/1915).

A note from my great aunt says that Mary never married but my research shows she probably did marry George Panter and I have not had time to follow that line of the family tree in any detail either. Sophie died as a teenager and never had any children. There is a note from my great aunt that there was

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another child, Emily, who died young but I cannot find any records. If this is correct, I suspect she would probably have been born around late 1860 or early 1861 due to the gap in births noted above.

After being released, Theresa married Albert Dagen (in late 1862) in Kittson County and went on to bear 5 more children with him. She died on 6/5/1909 in Kittson and is buried at the Springbrook Cemetery in Karlstad.

The Story of the Frohrip-Bahlke Family, Submitted by Kathy Brown, second great-grand niece

The Dakota Uprising of 1862, Revised June 2013

Our family's story begins in the Mecklenburg area of Germany where Maria Bahlke married Johann Frohriep. They had five daughters, Maria (Mary), Dorothea, Wilhelmina, Frederica, Louisa and one son, Johann (John).

Father, Johann, died prior to 1854, and Maria made the decision that she and her children would travel to America to find a new life along with her brother, Andreas (Andrew) Bahlke.

In April of 1854, the two oldest daughters, Maria (Mary) and Dorothea left Hamburg Germany aboard the barque Oldenburg setting out for a new beginning. On this passenger list their last name was spelled Frohrieb, another of the derivations we have seen of this surname. Also aboard this ship there sailed a Felix Bahlke family. Was this a relative of their Mother's? Perhaps. We are still looking for the answer to this. They arrived in New York on 18 May 1854. At this time, there was no receiving place, so immigrants would simply disembark and go on their way; no questions asked.

On the 10th of September 1855, Andreas (Andrew) Bahlke along with his sister Maria Frohriep and the remainder of her young adult children left Hamburg aboard the Nord Amerika owned by the Hamburg America Line. It was a 3-masted barque vessel of 419 tons built in 1848 of wooden construction. It had accommodations for 20 first class passengers, 200 steerage and crew of 16. We do know that the family traveled in steerage and arrived on 23 Oct 1855, at Castle Garden which was the newly opened receiving place in New York. On the passenger lists of both of these ships it designates in the "village code" column the village of Oberhof in Germany. We will continue to pursue that designation as well as the possibility of the village of Lublow which we have found in the 1819 Census as we work our way back into Germany and the history there.

We have found that in 1856, eldest daughter, Maria (Mary) married Lambert Dresselhaus and settled on their farm in Locust Lane, Winneshiek County, Iowa, where they raised their family of three daughters. There was also a baby son who died. They lived out the rest of their lives on this farm. We do have a family history that has been passed along through one of the Frohrip lines stating that Mary, Dorothea and Frederica settled in Iowa. At this time we are still searching for Dorothea and Frederica.

The next documentation that we have is the 1860 US Census showing Wilhelmina and Maria (Mary) each living with her husband, in their respective home. Wilhelmina was married to Anton Schipple in 1860 and they lived near Mankato, MN. But we also have a July 5, 1860 US Census listing the entire

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family, including Andreas Bahlke, living together near New Ulm in Cottonwood Township, Brown County, Minnesota. What I believe may have happened in this instance is that the census taker and Maria did not understand each other very well and she listed all of her children as living with her here. At this time in Minnesota history, county and township lines went through several changes and so we are looking at whether the place they were living at the time of this Census was the same piece of land as in 1862.

When the Homestead Act was signed in March of 1862, Andrew Bahlke and Maria Frohrip with her grown children, John and Louisa, claimed their land and lived “on the hill in the southeast quarter of section 25, Beaver.” They were midway between Beaver Creek and Birch Coulee which was originally called La Croix Creek. They must have thought that this was the most beautiful place on earth as they overlooked the entire Minnesota River Valley. I, myself, have stood on this piece of ground, looked around and thought what a lovely place to live; that they couldn’t have chosen a better place. Were they told or did they understand that this land had been promised to the Dakota and had only recently been taken from them? Part of the land they lived on is, today, the Morton City Cemetery.

So here, on this lovely piece of land, the family began their new life. Many accounts that have been written about this time period talk about the relationship between the Dakota people and the settlers. They came to know the nearby Dakota people as did all the neighbors in that area. After all, they lived just across the Minnesota River from the villages of Little Crow, Big Eagle, Mankato, Traveling Hail and Wacouta. It has been said that some of the German settlers didn’t like the Indians habit of looking into windows and just coming into their homes. Some considered many of them as beggars. It has also been said that many of the Dakota did not care for some of the German people or as they referred to them, “bad talkers”. But it is also passed down by many of the immigrant families that their children played together with the Dakota children and that they would share meals and do trading.

Louisa Frohrip, about 18, and Maria’s youngest daughter, got a job at the Redwood or Lower Agency which was about five miles from their home. The Agency head carpenter, John Nairn, a Scotsman, his wife Magdalene, along with their four young children lived at the Agency. Connection has been made with a descendant of John Nairn and I asked her why Louisa would have worked for them. She told me that Magdalene had a disability perhaps something like a neuro-muscular disease, at times was very weak and would have needed help with the housework and the children. And so, Louisa, being a young, strong girl, was there much of the time. She also came to know Joseph and Valencia Reynolds and their two children. The Reynolds ran the government agricultural school that was located between the Lower and Upper agencies in Shakopee’s village. Louisa Frohrip’s Great Grandson, Carl Frederick Wolf, has stated that the family story passed down is that Louisa stayed with the Nairn family for some time after the Uprising.

On the morning of Monday, August 18, 1862, at 6:45, the sunrise attack began on the Lower Agency. As Dakota were busy plundering and burning buildings, many people had opportunity to make their escape. John Nairn, having secured friendships with many of the Dakota tribe had received a tip from them and escaped in their wagon with his wife and children. Based on his account as well as that of Valencia Reynolds, I believe that Louisa Frohrip was with them. From time to time later in life, Louisa would tell

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stories connected with that day. She talked about “getting the little children out the window”. Would this be the Nairn children? Probably. John Nairn related the story of one of his youngest, 2 and one-half-year-old Maggie, being carried in a kerchief on a neighbor’s back. This was probably Louisa. The group started for the Redwood Ferry but saw Indians blocking their escape route. It was then that they were met by Little Crow’s half-brother, White Spider, who often went by the name John Wakeman. He told them not to cross here and that they should go only by night to New Ulm. Little Crow had given orders to White Spider to save some of the white women and children. John Nairn relates that his wife tried to give him her wedding ring in thanks for this but he refused the gesture saying, “Look at my face and if anything happens, remember it”.

The first major attack had been on the Lower Agency but as this was happening, small groups of Indians continued the killing spree across the swath of land on the north side of the river; the land that had so recently been taken from them. They went up onto the bluff and into the yard of Andreas (Andrew) Bahlke and his older sister, the widow, Maria Frohrip. The family dog came out barking at the Dakotas as they approached the cabin. They shot him. Upon hearing the shot, Andreas came out to scold them and he was immediately shot and killed. Maria Frohrip began to run away and didn’t get far when the Indians began to shoot at her. She was seriously wounded and fell after being shot in the back several times. Another story told by daughter Louisa later in her life was that “the Indians nailed Mama’s hands to the door”. Was Louisa’s version what actually happened rather than the account of her trying to run away? Perhaps that is the true story since Louisa and Maria reunited at Fort Ridgely and would have talked about what had happened. Either version would have accounted for the multiple wounds she suffered in her back.

I do not believe that John Frohrip was at home during the time of this attack. The story of his whereabouts is still being studied. Since it was harvest season, he could have been out in the field as many of the neighbors had been, but at this point, we don’t know. Had he been at the home, he most certainly would have been killed. There are some histories that say he was captured but a young man of his age would only have been killed. He, with his oxen and wagon, arrived at this scene some time later to find his Uncle killed and his Mother gravely wounded. John loaded his Mother Maria into the wagon and started the flight to Fort Ridgely and safety.

As the confusion and hostilities were growing, Joseph and Valencia Reynolds with their children were on the road to New Ulm in their horse and buggy. They met the John Nairn family and Louisa Frohrip along with other refugees. Nairn asked the Reynolds if they would take their two oldest children to Fort Ridgely with them in their buggy. The Nairns with Louisa helping them could now carry their youngest children and get to the Fort more quickly. The Reynolds drove to a thick wooded area opposite the Fort where Joseph had his wife and the children hide with the buggy. He then unhitched the horse and rode to the Fort where he and John Nairn along with a few soldiers took a wagon and went back to the wooded area. Together they brought the children and Mrs. Reynolds safely back to Fort Ridgely. After the Fort was relieved, the Nairns and Louisa went to St. Peter with many other refugees.

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We find both Maria Frohrip and Louisa Frohrip listed as refugees at Fort Ridgely. Nowhere is John mentioned. With all the confusion during the days of that week it would not be surprising that not all of the men would be listed.

The Frohrip family legend has always been that Maria died from her injuries shortly after the Uprising at the home of her daughter Wilhelmina Schippel at Eagle Lake, Minnesota, which is near Mankato. It was even specifically due to infection of a wound in her ankle. It was only in August of 2011, that we learned that not to be the case. Maria was brought by her son, John, to Locust Lane, Winneshiek County, Iowa, to the home of daughter Mary. They very likely stopped on their way to Iowa and stayed for some time to recuperate at the Schippel home. Daughter, Wilhelmina, had become the second wife of Anton Schippel in March of 1860 and they lived on their farm where they raised twelve children. Wilhelmina died in 1921 and is buried next to her husband in Pilgrim's Rest Cemetery in Mankato.

Maria lived the rest of her life in the Dresselhaus home in Iowa. She died in 1887, and is buried in the Locust Lane Salem Cemetery beside Mary, who died in 1907. I have connected with descendants of Lambert and Mary Dresselhaus and am hoping to find out more about the time that Maria and John spent with them.

It was from Locust Lane, Iowa, that John wrote the following letter to Governor Alexander Ramsey. I do not know whose handwriting it was. I doubt that it is John's since he hadn't been in this country very long. The signature looks to be of a different hand and perhaps may be his. This letter was found in the archives of the Minnesota Historical Society after much searching since there are many boxes of documents that have not yet been catalogued. I have transcribed it exactly as it was written.

November the 14th 1862

To His Excellency Governor Ramsey Dear Sir

I Understand that there is Twenty five Thousand Dollars Appropriated to the Relief of those That Suffered by the Indians in the Late Outbreak I lived in Raneville County and I lost Nearly Every Thing I Had I saved My Oxen and Waggon and the Clothes on My Back and that is All The Indians Killed one of My Family and Wounded My Mother and I am Here in the State of Iowa in Very Destitute Circumstances Now if the State of Minnesota Has Appropriated that Sum of Money to the Sufferers Please Write to Me and let Me know What Course to Pursue to Avail Myself of the Benefit of it Direct Your letter to Locust Lane Winneshiek Co State of Iowa and I will Ever Remain Your Humble Servant John Frohrip

There is a handwritten note on the back of this letter saying: Letter John Frohrip Ans: Dec 11 by PB cannot help him (Note: PB is Capt. Peter Berkley who was put in charge of the Depredation Claims by Governor Ramsey. I have not yet found the letter referred to here.)

We also have a record listing depredation claims that have been compiled by Mary Bakeman in her Index to Claimants for Depredation following the Dakota War of 1862. Here it lists that John Frohrip filed a formal claim #472, File location: not known. Total claimed \$600.00; Full payment of claimant for relief of depredation damages.

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We don't know at this point, how long John stayed in Iowa, but do know that he was at Louisa Frohrip's marriage to Valentine Bott on September 14, 1864, in St Peter, Minnesota, at the North Western Hotel. He was listed as a witness along with Valencia Reynolds. Louisa and Valentine settled in the Redwood Falls, Minnesota, area where they raised their twelve children. Louisa took her own life in 1921, and is buried next to her husband and son, Willie, in Lamberton City Cemetery.

John married Carolina Maria "Mary" Sundermann on April 18, 1866, in LeSueur County, Minnesota. They raised their seven children and farmed in the area near Fort Ridgely. John died in 1881, and is buried next to his wife in Fort Ridgely Cemetery.

And still, in order to more complete our story, the search continues for Maria's daughters, Dorothea and Frederica.

Resources used in this story:

Outbreak and Massacre by the Dakota Indians in Minnesota in 1862 as edited by Don Heinrich Tolzmann, 2001

The Dakota War of 1862, Minnesota's Other Civil War by Kenneth Carley, 1976

Dakota Dawn, The Decisive First Week of the Sioux Uprising, August 17-24, 1862 by Gregory F. Michno, 2011

North Country, The Making of Minnesota by Mary Lethert Wingerd, 2010

The History of the Wichmann, Schippel, and Burginger Families in America by Katherine Dokken, 2003

John Nairn recollection, Microfilm Reel 3, Dakota Conflict, Minnesota Historical Society

History of Renville County, I & II, Curtiss-Wedge, 1916

Great Massacre, Bryant and Murch

Index to Claimants for Depredations following the Dakota War of 1862, Mary Hawker Bakeman. I also thank Mary for her personal help in finding the letter written by John Frohrip.

The Dakota Uprising, A Pictorial History, Curtis A. Dahlin, 2009. I also thank Curt for personally helping as I researched my family.

Great assistance by cousins, Carl F Wolf, Emmett R Smith, Carolyn Knuth Gupta.

Brown Historical Society, New Ulm, MN

Renville Historical Society, Morton, MN

Winneshiek County Historical Society, Decorah, Iowa

Minnesota Historical Society, St Paul, MN

Nicollet County Courthouse, St Peter, MN

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Decorah Chamber of Commerce, Decorah, Iowa

Nairn, John and Magdalene (Nisbet) by Peggy Troy, from *The History of Woodbury County, Iowa*, compiled by the Woodbury County Genealogical Society and National ShareGr

Mary Hayden Story

Mary Hayden wrote a narrative that appeared in *The History of Renville County: Mrs. Hayden's Escape*. Patrick, Mary and their family lived about one and a half miles from the home of J. W. Earle, near Beaver creek. The widow, Mrs. Mary Hayden, after the Outbreak, told the following story:

"On the morning of August 18, Mr. Hayden started to go over to the house of J. B. Reynolds, at the Redwood river, on the reservation, and met Thomas Robinson, a half-breed, who told him to go home, get his family, and leave as soon as possible, for the Indians were coming over to kill all the whites. He came immediately home, and we commenced to make preparations to leave, but in a few minutes we saw some three or four Indians coming on horseback. We then went over to the house of a neighbor, Benedict Eune (Juni), and found them all ready to leave. I started off with Eune's people, and my husband went back home, still thinking the Indians would not kill any one, and intending to give them some food if they wanted it. I never saw him again.

We had gone about four miles, when we saw a man lying dead in the road and his faithful dog watching by his side. We drove on till we came to the house of David Faribault, at the foot of the hill, about one and a half miles from the Agency ferry. When we got here two Indians came out of Faribault's house, and stopping the teams, shot Mr. Zimmerman, who was driving, and his two boys. I sprang out of the wagon, and, with my child, one year old, in my arms, ran into the bushes, and went up the hill toward the fort. When I came near the house of Mr. Magner, I saw Indians throwing furniture out of the door, and I went down into the bushes again, on the lower side of the road, and stayed there until sundown.

While I lay here concealed, I saw the Indians taking the roof off the warehouse, and saw the buildings burning at the Agency. I also heard the firing during the battle at the ferry, when Marsh and his men were killed.

I then went up near the fort road, and sitting down under a tree, waited till dark, and then started for Fort Ridgely, carrying my child all the way. I arrived at the fort at about 1 o'clock a. m. The distance from our place to Ridgely was seventeen miles.

On Tuesday morning I saw John Magner, who told me that, when the soldiers went up to the Agency the day before, he saw my husband lying in the road, near David Faribault's house, dead. John Hayden, his brother, who lived with us, was found dead near ? creek. They had got up the oxen, and were bringing the family of Mr. Eisenrich to the fort, when they were overtaken by Indians. Eisenrich was killed and his wife and five children were taken prisoners.

Mrs. Zimmerman, who was blind, and her remaining children, and Mrs. Eune (Juni) and her children, five in number, were captured and taken to the house of David Faribault, where they were kept till night, the savages torturing them by telling them that they were going to fasten them in the house and

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burn them alive, but for some inexplicable reason let them go, and they, too, reached the fort in safety. Mr. Eune, who with one of his boys, eleven years old, remained behind to drive in his cattle, was met by them on the road and killed. The boy was captured, and, with the other prisoners, recovered at Camp Release.

The neighborhoods in the vicinity of La Croix Creek, and between that and Fort Ridgely, were visited on Monday forenoon, and the people either massacred, driven away or made prisoners. Edward Magner, living eight miles above the fort, was killed. His wife and children had gone to the fort. He had returned to look after his cattle when he was shot. Patrick Kelly and David O'Connor, both single men, were killed near Magner's."

Kearn Horan Story

Here is Kearn's story found in *The History of Renville County: Horan's Tale*. The Horan family lived in what is now Renville county, on the Fort Ridgely road, four miles below the Lower Agency. Kearn Horan, after the outbreak, made the following statement:

On August 15. Patrick Horan, my brother, came early from the Agency and told us that the Indians were murdering the whites. He had escaped alone and crossed the ferry, and with some Frenchmen was on his way to the fort. My brothers and William and Thomas Smith went with me. We saw Indians in the road near Magner's. Thomas Smith went to them, thinking they were white men, and I saw them kill him. We then turned to flee, and saw men escaping with teams along the road. All fled towards the fort together, the Indians firing upon us as we ran. The teams were oxen, and the Indians were gaining upon us, when one of the men in his excitement dropped his gun. The savages came up to it and picked it up. All stopped to examine it, and the men in the wagons whipped the oxen into a run. This delay enabled us to elude them.

As we passed the house of Ole Sampson, Mrs. Sampson was crying at the door for help. Her three children were with her. We told her to go into the bush and hide, for we could not help her. We ran into a ravine and hid in the grass. After the Indians had hunted some time for us, they came along the side of the ravine, and called to us in good English, saying, "Come out, boys; what are you afraid of? We don't want to hurt you." After they left us we crawled out and made our way to the fort, where we arrived at about 4 o'clock p. m. My family had gone there before me.

Mrs. Sampson did not go to the bush, but hid in the wagon from which they had recently come from Waseca County. It was what we call a prairie schooner, covered with cloth, a genuine emigrant wagon. They took her babe from her, and throwing it down upon the grass, put hay under the wagon, set fire to it and went away. Mrs. Sampson got out of the wagon, badly burned, and taking her infant from the ground made her way to the fort. Two of her children were burned to death in the wagon. Mr. Sampson had been previously killed about eighty rods from the house."

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George Washington Ingalls, submitted by Rochelle Sjolseth, 2nd great-granddaughter of Jedidiah Ingalls and great-granddaughter of George Washington Ingalls

In the early morning of August 19th, Peter Boulliard, (Ed. Note: Rouillard) who'd escaped the attacks on the stores at Yellow Medicine, fled along the river calling out, "Indians, Indians killing everybody at Yellow Medicine!"

Jedediah Hibbard Ingalls (b. Vermont 1823) heard the warning, roused his four children— Elizabeth (Jennie) 14, Amanda 12, George 9, and Lavina/ Melvina 8, got his horses hitched to the wagon, loaded his children into it and headed for Fort Ridgely. They didn't get far before being overtaken by warring Dakota men.

The two older daughters managed to escape, presumably while Mr. Ingalls was struggling with the attackers, and made it to the Brown's house just in time to join in their flight, but were again overtaken by hostile warriors.

Mrs. Brown's family was fortunate to be taken to Little Crow's camp and later rescued by her step-father-Chief Akipa, but Jenny and Amanda Ingalls along with Frances Wohler, were taken away by Cut Nose and his men. Jenny, Amanda, and Mrs. Wohler were freed six weeks later at Camp Release.

The two younger Ingalls children, George and Lavina (in some records Lavina is recorded as Melvina or Louvina), witnessed their father being killed and scalped before they were separated and held captive by two different bands. Lavina was taken south, eventually ending up in Missouri where she was held for nearly one year.

On June 5th 1863, an Indian named Crazy Dog rode into Fort Pierre, South Dakota with Lavina, saying he'd stolen her away from her captors whose camp was hundreds of miles away. Coincidentally, her brother George was freed on nearly the same day, though hundreds of miles north from where she'd been captive.

He'd been held by Little Crow's band as they fled into the Dakotas' following the defeat at Wood Lake. They'd traveled west and north, staying for a time near Stone Lake and were at Devils Lake by mid-winter as Little Crow looked for support and supplies from other Sioux along the way.

George, two other captive boys (Jimmy Scott and John Schmerch (Ed. Note: Schurch) and Little Crow's entire band, struggled to survive a very cold, very hungry winter and spring on the run, eventually reaching Fort St. Joseph near the Canadian border.

By early summer, the priests at the fort became aware of the captive boys and began working for their freedom. Apparently acting independently of that group, a Father Germaine was successful at bargaining for their release. A letter from Father Germaine to a friend announcing his success at freeing the boys was dated June 3, only 2 days before Lavina's appearance at Fort Pierre. It was also exactly 30 days from the day Little Crow would be murdered (July 3, 1863) in front of his own son, and later scalped, just as Jedidiah had been.

George, who like most captives was told by his captors he was the only person in his family they hadn't killed, believed he had no one to look for and nowhere to go. He was kept by Father Germaine for over a year, but once he'd relearned English and was able to earn enough for a horse, gun, and knife from a

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nearby farmer; he lit out on his own. He was 12 years old. It was several years before the siblings learned they'd all survived the attack, but its aftermath and their experiences as captives left a permanent pall between them. Communication and visits were rare, but their affection for each other is evident in the names of their own children.

Amanda married Leander Sheldon. They lived in Metomen, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin as of 1900 and at some later point moved to Brandon, Wisc. They had three children; Benjamin, George and Julia.

The youngest child, Lavina, eventually married a man surnamed Clymer, possibly Virgil, and lived in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, with their one son.

The oldest child, Elizabeth, nicknamed Jenny, apparently died very young, possibly within a year of her captivity. The family has a few troubling stories about what happened to her, but nothing that can be substantiated.

For 10 or more years George had wandered the Midwest, working a variety of jobs in Minnesota, South Dakota, and Wisconsin where by at least one account his mother still lived. In 1876 he moved to Iowa and by 1883 (age 31), George had saved enough to buy a small farm near Aurelia, Iowa. He married Florence Shorey that same year. They had eight children, two named for his sisters; Amanda and Lavina, though Lavina died as an infant. [In order of birth: Eva May, Lavina, (Jed) Judson Herbert, Amanda Alma, George Harrison (Harry), Ernest Lee, Edna Julia, and Ida Alice.]

George, who separated from Florence around 1915, lived his later years at the Terril, Iowa home of his youngest son, Ernest Lee Ingalls- with extended visits to his oldest son, Jed, who lived in South Dakota. He died after a brief illness (having chased Dr. Gusey - who his concerned son Ernest had fetched from town in the middle of a blizzard- down the stairs and out of the house the day before.) He died in his sleep in the home of Ernest, Ellen and their six living children on October 22, 1936. He was 84 years old.

Intriguing Ingalls Information:

- ❖ Jedidiah and Charles (Laura's 'Pa') were 1st cousins.
- ❖ George credited his red hair for saving his life due to his captors' fascination with it, and because red was a sacred color to them. He believed red-hair was lucky (even after learning his sisters hadn't actually been killed) for the rest of his life.
- ❖ The Mysterious Mrs. Ingalls: Family records show Jedidiah's wife's name was Sadie Halmers, but no account of the events in 1862 mention her by her first name, and there are conflicting accounts about where or if she was there. She is listed as out of town visiting relatives in both the 1860 census and at least one written account of August 19th 1862, while other writings say Jedidiah and his wife were both killed that day, and adding further confusion there are also documents that show Jedidiah as a widower.

George told some family members he'd eventually gone to Wisconsin to find the woman he'd been told was his mother. He found her. She was remarried and rebuked him, saying she'd never had a red-haired son. Years later, when he received notice she was dying, he refused to go her deathbed or funeral.

To add yet another twist, he told at least one grandchild, Helen, his red-haired granddaughter (Ernest's daughter) whose family he lived with, a very different story. One night as they played his favorite game, "Old Maid" (he couldn't keep a straight face when he picked up the old maid so the grandkids always knew when he had her,) that his mother had just given birth to a baby boy when they got the warning to flee. She told Jedidiah to take the older children and get to

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the Fort leaving her there; that since she was Indian, they wouldn't hurt her or the baby. (As stated earlier, this settlement was primarily one of mixed blood families.)

Since George liked to take a tippie or two in his later years, as he had that night, we will never know if the drink brought out the truth, or just a liquor inspired tall-tale. But we do know that when Ernest was asked if the family had Indian blood, first by his own children, two of which were often made fun of for looking like Indians (Ruth and Marcella), and later by his favorite grandson Dick, Ernest would just walk away, refusing to either acknowledge or deny it. Included in this account is a picture of Ernest as a young man, so the reader can judge for themselves the possibility of mixed blood in the Ingalls' family.

References Include

"A Detailed Account of Massacre by the Dakota Indians of Minnesota in 1862", pg. 35

"A Fate Worse than Death: Indian Captivities in the West, 1830-1885" Michno, pg. 226-30

"South Dakota Historical Collections", Volume 5 South Dakota State Historical Society, pg. 304-5 footnotes

"Dakota War Whoop" Harriet E bishop McConkey, pg. 308-309 and 316-320

"A history of the Great Massacre by the Sioux Indians, in Minnesota, Bryant and Murch

"Captured by the Indians; 15 firsthand Accounts of, 1750-1870, Drimmer

Oral and Written History of the George Washington Ingalls Family, specifically through his son Ernest and decedents, especially red-haired Helen (d. 1998) and her still driving & thriving 93 year old sister, Ruth.

John Kochendorfer, Jr. Story

As told in the *History of Renville County*: "August 18, 1862, came the terrible events which robbed so many families of parents or children and in some instances wiped out entire families. My father was in the field, haying, when called into the log claim house to partake of the lunch which my mother had prepared. He had stepped into the bedroom when an Indian, as was customary in that locality in those days, called at the cabin and asked for my father. The Indian had a gun in his hand, which he stood near the corner of the house outside. My father then opened the door of the room, greeting with his usual cordiality the Indian, who seemed friendly.

The redskin then took the family axe that stood at the corner of the house, and threw it in the brush, a short distance from the house. Although I was a boy of but eleven years, I noticed that something was wrong and called my father's attention to what the Indian had done. My father then went out and brought back the axe.

In the mean-time I noticed that the Indians were gathering in groups in the distance. My father then took up his position in front of the cabin, with one foot on tin- bench, ready to protect my mother and us helpless children, of whom I was the oldest. A shot rang out on the air and my father fell backward, the victim of the treachery of a race to which he had always shown the greatest kindness.

Prior to his death he had warned us children to flee for our lives. My mother was washing at the time and while running we heard the screams which showed she too had fallen victim to savage cruelty. My youngest sister, Sarah, was in hiding under the bed. She, too, was dragged forth and cruelly slaughtered.

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I took my sisters, named Rose, Katie and Maggie, aged at that time nine, seven and five, respectively, and ran for the woods, running seven miles before we met anyone. Our neighbor, Michael Belter (Boelter), came down the road, and at first we were afraid that he was another Indian. But we were finally reassured and after he overtook us we told him our terrible story. We were informed by him that a party was on its way with wagons following us. Later as we continued our way we were overtaken by them.

We were carried to Fort Ridgely that night and there our whole party remained until reinforcements arrived from St. Paul, two weeks later, when a provision train with a company of cavalry as an escort, took us to St. Peter, from where we were started on a boat for the city of St. Paul.

Editor's Note: Some years ago while excavations were being conducted on the farm of Henry Timms, the bones of a man, woman and child were found. These were claimed by John Kochendorfer, Jr., as those of his father and mother and sister."

The Rose Kochendorfer Story, Submitted by Bob Keller, Great-Grandson

In March of 1862 my great-great grandparents, Johann and Kathryn Kochendorfer with their five children, John, 11, Rose (my great grandmother) 9, Kate 7, Margaret 5 and Sarah 3, to a homestead located in Flora Township in the southwest corner of Renville County, Minnesota, just upstream and on the other side of the Minnesota River from Redwood Falls. The farm sat at the edge of the prairie, where it began sloping down to the river valley. It's a beautiful spot for a farm, with fertile fields in front, and the backyard dropping off into a wooded hillside. They had spent the spring and early summer living in a tent while they broke the ground for farming and built a log house to shelter them for the winter.

Around noon on August 18th of that year, Johann and John had returned to the house from the fields for lunch, Kathryn was in the kitchen cooking, and the girls were doing laundry when a group of Indians armed with rifles appeared. After a short conversation, one of the Indians took an axe that was leaning against the woodpile and threw it down the hill into the woods. Johann told John to get the axe and return it. As he stood speaking with the intruders, he had his hands on Rose's shoulders as she stood in front of him. Suddenly one of the Indians shot him.

Kathryn ran to the door of the house and was also shot. The girls ran into the house and hid under the beds but they heard John yelling for them to run for the woods. They all ran from the house except for little Sarah who would not come.

There is a steep ravine right behind where the cabin was. It's easy to conceive of young children playing hide and seek in that dark wooded gulch to pass away the summer. The knowledge they gained would save their lives. As they ran into the woods, their dying father motioned to them to go to the Schwandt farm, their closest neighbor, below them in the valley. As the girls ran through the woods they were reunited with John and then started to make their way to the neighbors.

When they cleared the woods and looked down, they saw that the Schwandt farm was also under attack and they witnessed the murders of the entire Schwandt family. A pregnant woman was cut open, the fetus pulled from her body and nailed to the barn door. What they didn't know was attacks like these

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were occurring up and down the valley. It is estimated that as many as a thousand settlers were killed in the next few weeks.

John remembered that his father had told him that Fort Ridgley was downstream from them, but they weren't sure how far. But they decided that they had no choice other than trying to walk there. For the next several hours they made their way toward the fort, hiding in the tall prairie grass and stopping at stream beds to rest and drink. When the little girls were too tired to walk any farther, Rose and John carried them on their backs.

Late that afternoon they joined several other settlers who were headed to the fort in ox carts. By nightfall they reached the fort, eighteen miles away, only to be told that they could not come through the barricades, for fear that the Indians would rush through with them. They spent the night hiding under the wagons and in the morning they were allowed to enter the fort.

The fort was manned by 180 soldiers, with 250 civilians who had escaped the massacre. The fort was not in a good defensive position, sitting on high ground surrounded on three sides by ravines that allowed attackers to get unseen into rifle range. But it did have six artillery pieces, which were stationed on the four corners of the fort with the two lighter 12-pounders in the central parade ground to be moved quickly where they were most needed.

On the 20th around noon they were attacked by a force of about four hundred Indians led by Little Crow, the commanding chief of the Indian forces. After a fierce battle they drove the attackers off. But Little Crow returned again two days later with 800 men. Outnumbered four to one and facing wave after wave of Indians attacking from the ravine, the soldiers fought for six hours using the cannon to break the charge after charge. A final assault came at the northwest corner of the fort, right where the biggest gun was waiting with a double load of canister shot.

As the attackers came up from the ravine the big gun and both the twelves fired simultaneously, ripping huge holes into the advancing line. At that point the fighting stopped and the Indians never returned to the fort. Casualties in the fort were three dead and thirteen wounded. There are many stories to be told about the Dakota Conflict, stories of bravery, cowardice, brutality and sacrifice, on both sides. There were two other major battles, in New Ulm and at Birch Coulee.

After Henry Sibley arrived at the fort with reinforcements, parties were sent out to bury the dead. Johann, Kathryn and little Sarah were buried in unmarked graves near the house. In 1891 the man who had taken over the homestead found them while digging a post hole. John, by then an adult, returned to the farm and brought the bodies back to St. Paul where they are now buried.

The children made their way to St. Paul and stayed with relatives. A year later they were returning from a visit to St. Louis when the steamboat they were on caught fire and sank. Rose ended up going to stay at the Keller farm near Ellsworth, Wisconsin. She took a shine to one of the Keller boys, Ted, and they were married. They moved to South St. Paul where they owned an orchard. Rose lived into her eighties, long enough for my brother and sister to know her. I come from tough stock.

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The Frederick Krause Family, Submitted by Lynette Buchanan, Great-Granddaughter of Pauline Wallner, and Gayle Coyer, Great-Great Niece of Pauline Wallner

Sacred Heart Settlement, Renville County

In the spring of 1862, our German immigrant family with a group of extended families settled in the Sacred Heart Creek area in Renville County. The Krause family and niece Pauline were from Posen Province, Prussia, and had immigrated first to Marquette County, Wisconsin in 1857.

Our family members were Frederick Krause ("T. Krause" or "T. Krus" in most accounts), his wife Dorothea, son Fred Jr., 4, daughter Emma, 2, and their niece and foster-daughter Pauline Wallner, 12 (mis-noted as Frederick's sister-in-law in most accounts). The Krause family were members of the German Evangelical Association church. In Wisconsin, they converted from Lutheran to Evangelical Association and often large groups of related families moved to new areas to settle and to start new congregations.

There was a congregation of the church in the Sacred Heart Creek area and a congregation in the Middle Creek area. On Sunday, August 17th, they held a joint service at one of the member's homes and there were 130 people in attendance. By August 19th, almost 100 of these people had been killed and most of the rest had been taken captive. About 11 close family members of the Roesler and Henning families (called Horning in most accounts) were all killed. The wives of these families were sisters to Dorothea.

Our family was with what was known as the "Kitzman party" of the Sacred Heart settlement who were 13 families in 11 wagons who decided to travel east onto the prairie to escape, before turning southwest to Fort Ridgely. They were found by the Dakota and most of them were killed. Frederick Krause escaped to Fort Ridgely and Dorothea, Fred Jr., Emma and Pauline were taken captive. Dorothea, Fred Jr, and Emma were released at Camp Release. However, Pauline and another girl, Henrietta Nichols (who was also 12 years old), were still missing.

Dorothea said she wouldn't leave the camp until Pauline was found. She and Henrietta were finally found about two weeks later in another Dakota camp. It's unclear but it seems that they were found by soldiers who were looking for additional Dakota camps. This story is told in *Captured by the Indians* by Minnie Buce [Busse] Carrigan, p. 34. We are still trying to locate information about where they were during this two-week time period.

A dispatch of Colonel Sibley in the St. Paul Pioneer October 5, 1862, stated there were still 12-15 captives with the Indians. He stated they were being retained as the wives of Dakota men. Where this is accurate or not, we don't know. The family was reunited at Fort Ridgely in October. Along with other refugees, they went to Fort Snelling for the winter. Frederick cut firewood for 25 cents a cord to make a living. Two-year old Emma died there in November.

The Krause family moved to Waseca County where they had five more children. Frederick suffered from mental illness after the tragic events, and in 1885 he was committed to the Rochester Insane Asylum where he lived for the rest of his life. Pauline married Frederick Roeske and they had ten children. This next generation was mostly all farming families and they continued as members of the Evangelical

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Association church (which merged with the United Brethren church which merged with the Methodist Church.

Kietzmann, Krueger, and Meyer Stories Submitted by Sheri Kennedy, Great-great Granddaughter

John Jacob Meyer and Justina Augusta (Kietzmann) Krueger Meyer

My name is Sheri (Hernden) Kennedy and proud to be a Great-Great Granddaughter of John Jacob and Justina (Kietzmann) Meyer.

I owe a tremendous amount of gratitude to Darla Gebhard at BCHS (Brown County Historical Society). She deserves full credit for starting me on this path of obsession with the Uprising of 1862 and the discovery of my ancestral roots. I had never even heard of this historical event, much less my ancestors' involvement in it, until in the process of researching my family genealogy I met Darla. She was the one who made the connection between my Great-Great Grandmother "Augusta Meyer" and the Uprising survivor "Justina (Kietzmann) Krueger".

We had always known her as Augusta since that is what she went by after the Uprising. My mother had always heard stories about her from her Grandmother (Florence Augusta Meyer – Youngest child of John & Justina (Kietzmann) Meyer). My mother was deserted by her mother at the age of two and my Grandfather sent for his mother, Florence, to come live with them and help out with his two children. So, all while growing up she would hear about her Great Grandmother that survived the Indian Massacre in Minnesota, somewhere near "Browns Town" she thought.

My mother had done some research tracing our roots and when I became interested in 2004, she handed over the reins to me. I decided to start with this Great-Great Grandmother named Augusta that had been in the Indian Massacre.

After a little investigating I realized the area was Brown County and the event was probably the Sioux Uprising of 1862. Next we planned a trip to Brown County in 2005 and that is when we met Darla at the BCHS. We started telling her the story of Augusta and she kept saying "That sounds like Justina Krueger". We had never heard the name "Justina", but Darla went and got her file anyway. Sure enough, it was the same person and my Mother and I spent the day with Darla learning about Justina Augusta Kietzmann Krueger. Then to top things off, Darla also told us the story of John Meyer and his first family. That was one of the best days of my life. It is so amazing to find out you are related to such an incredible people.

John and Justina met in St. Paul where the refugees from the Uprising had been sent, and on November 3, 1862 were married. Only three weeks later, on November 25, 1862, John enlisted with the 1st Minnesota Mounted Rangers in Company L (merged with Co K) and served until December 2, 1863, under H.H. Sibley. I don't know how involved he was in Sibley's Expedition against the Indians, but have to wonder if he enlisted to somehow avenge the deaths of his family.

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Justina gave birth to their first child, a boy they named Daniel, on October 14, 1863, in Minnesota, while John was still enlisted. He was home with his new family for nearly a year before being drafted to serve in the 4th Minnesota Infantry, Company A, on November 17, 1864. He arrived in Savannah, Georgia, by train, to join the rest of his regiment, after the burning of Atlanta, on January 9, 1865. From there he accompanied his regiment in joining Sherman's March to the Sea.

On April 19, 1865, John was stricken with "fits of epilepsy" during roll call and sent to the hospital in Newbern, North Carolina. After two weeks in the hospital he was sent to a "Convalescent Camp" in Alexandria, Virginia, and never did become fit to return to his unit. On July 19, 1865 John was honorably discharged from Louisville, Kentucky, and sent back to Minnesota.

With the end of the Civil War and John's military career over, the couple was finally able to live a simple life of farming without the threat of being separated. They had only been married for less than three years and separated for a large portion of it. Now was there time to enjoy their life together and with their growing family.

John and Justina settled in Sharon Township, Le Sueur County, Minnesota. They lived here for about fifteen years and had six more children, all girls, one dying from Scarlet Fever at the age of three. Justina's children from her previous marriages also remained with them until they married. Their youngest daughter, Florence Augusta Meyer, was my great grandmother and the one who is responsible for keeping her parents memory alive in our family.

In the late 1870's the family moved to Oronoco Township, Olmsted County, Minnesota, and remained for a few years before moving on to Grand Forks County in the Dakota Territory. Justina's son, John Lane was the only one of all the children that did not move with them, instead he moved back to Wisconsin settling in Eau Claire County.

John and Justina settled on the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 30 in Union Township, Grand Forks County, North Dakota, next to Justina's oldest son Gottlieb Lane. Gottlieb always remained close to his mother, seeming to be a very devoted son. Their life in North Dakota must have suited them because it was here that they remained and raised their family.

Justina was a well-known mid-wife in Hatton and the surrounding area. She would also travel about in the summer and fall selling their surplus vegetables. At times she would travel as far as the North Dakota and Minnesota border. As she traveled about she would tell the story of her tale of survival in the Sioux Uprising of 1862. She was much loved by the people of her community.

John Meyer was also a prominent figure in the Hatton community. He was instrumental in the organization of the Holmes Evangelical Church. Most everything in their life revolved around the church.

John was also the person responsible for the naming of Union Township where they lived. As the story goes, during a meeting for the organization of the township one of the men said that the township should be named Wymanville after his family. John was known to have a temper and to this suggestion

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he supposedly hit the table with his fist and exclaimed "To hell with Wymanville, we'll call it Union!", and Union it was.

John and Justina were devastated by the untimely death of their only son Daniel. He died on September 8, 1887, one month before his 24th birthday and only six months after being married, thus leaving no one to carry on the Meyer name.

Five years after losing Daniel, Justina suffered another major loss, that of her beloved husband John. He too had an untimely and tragic death. He died from injuries received from being crushed by the collapse of a grain storage building on their farm. After the accident he suffered for twelve days and died on October 8, 1892 leaving Justina a widow once again.

Whether it was out of necessity or simply loneliness, since all her children were married and gone raising their own families, Justina married for a fourth time on February 7, 1896. His name was August Yonke (Jahnke), also a widower, ten years her junior with three children still living at home. They lived in a house that belonged to Justina in Thief River Falls, Minnesota. Justina also owned a farm in Sanders Township, Pennington County, where they lived during the growing season.

This marriage was not a happy one and it makes me very sad to think that Justina lived out her final years with such unhappiness. Yonke was known as the "Town Drunk", lazy and worst of all was abusive towards Justina. This incredible woman, who lived through so much devastation and endured it all, surely did not deserve an end such as this.

There are letters that have been passed down in our family that were written by Justina in her final years. They were addressed to my Great Grandmother Florence (Justina's youngest daughter) in German and therefore we never knew what they were about. In 2005 Darla Gebhard aided us in finding a translator and we finally knew what the letters said. It was a bitter sweet moment. It was so wonderful to finally know what the letters said, yet it was also very sad to find out the hell her life had become.

We had always heard that Yonke was not the greatest person, but didn't know the extent of his mistreatment of Justina until the letters were translated. The letters were written by the suggestion of Justina's daughter Minnie (Lane) Schrepel. Minnie lived next to Justina in Thief River Falls and kept watch over her. She saw the abuse and wanted Justina to write her other children so they would have in writing what was going on in case something happened to her.

Justina attempted to leave Yonke on several occasions, but he always managed to convince her to come back. I don't know if she was ever really free of him, although he was not the informant on the death certificate.

She died at her home in Thief River Falls on September 9, 1908. I have the telegram that Minnie sent Florence when she passed. Her body was sent back to North Dakota to be buried next to her true love, John Jacob Meyer.

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I was surprised to find that Justina had filed a will before she died. She did this to try to prevent Yonke from getting what little she owned. She wanted the house and land divided amongst her seven remaining children with Gottlieb being the executor. Even in death Yonke got the best of her. He contested the will and got everything. A Great Grandson of Yonke's still lived in Justina's house in the 1990's when my Mother visited the area. He remembered hearing stories of what a kind and compassionate woman Justina was.

There's not a day that goes by I don't think of my Great-Great Grandparent's, John Jacob and Justina (Kietzmann) Meyer. They had witnessed and lived through such tragic events in August of 1862 that few could ever imagine and even less could survive. Justina's most descriptive and accurate narrative was published in the "History of the Great Massacre by the Sioux Indians in Minnesota" by Charles S. Bryant and Abel B. Murch. In conclusion to my thoughts, I always come back to what Justina said at the end of this narrative:

"In St. Paul I became acquainted with John Jacob Meyer, a countryman of mine, who had lost all his family by the late Indian massacre. On the relation of our mutual sufferings, we soon became attached to each other, and on the 3rd day of November, A.D. 1862, we were married. My present husband is in the service of H. H. Sibley. I was twenty-eight years of age on the 17th day of July, 1863. My experience is a sad one thus far. I hope never to witness another Indian massacre"

Justina Augusta (Kietzmann) Meyer – June 1863

Justina Augusta (Kietzmann) and Friedrich Christoph Krueger – Sacred Heart Massacre Submitted by Sheri Kennedy

Justina was married a total of four times. She married her first husband, Daniel Lehn, in Germany and had two boys, (1) Gottlieb J. and (2) John G., before coming to America. They arrived in New York on July 22, 1856 and went directly to Marquette County, Wisconsin, where Justina's brother Paul Kietzmann had settled.

They had only been in Wisconsin for less than a year when Daniel Lehn died in early 1857. Justina was pregnant with their third child when he died. She married Friedrich Krueger in July of 1857, before giving birth to this child. On January 6, 1858, (3) Wilhelmine "Minnie" Lehn was born.

Friedrich was also a widower and brought to the union six children. He had four biological: (7) Augusta, (8) Louise, (9) Caroline and (10) Delia and two stepchildren (or nieces and nephews since his first marriage was to his widowed sister-in-law whose name was also Justine Auguste): (11) Wilhelmine and (12) August. So, the total number of children between the two, at the time of their marriage, would have been eight and one on the way. It's all very confusing and probably more information than you want or need, but I am compelled to tell you anyway.

On the 1860 US Census the Krueger family consisted of all nine children mentioned above plus (4)-Henriette who was born on January 1, 1859, bringing the total to 10 children. They were still living in Neshkoro Township, Marquette County, WI. Justina was likely pregnant with their second (5)-daughter since I approximate her birth to have been between August of 1860 and April of 1861.

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In the spring of 1860 Justina's brother Paul Kietzmann with a group of local Germans (including the Busse and Lenz families) started for Minnesota. They stayed in Cannon Falls (listed on 1860 Census in Holden Township, Goodhue County, MN) for about a year and then moved on to Renville County in the spring of 1861. Paul Kietzmann is referred to as one of the first, if not the first, to set claim in the Sacred Heart Settlement.

In the spring of 1862, only eleven weeks before the Uprising, Justina and her family came to Sacred Heart. Friedrich set claim to a quarter section of land adjacent to Justina's brother Paul, in Flora Township, Renville County, MN. He proceeded to build a cabin large enough to accommodate their growing family and had recently completed it when the Uprising broke out.

Since Friedrich's two stepchildren, (11)-Wilhelmine and (12)-August, remained in Wisconsin and Justina had given birth to a third (6)-Baby girl in February, Justina and Friedrich traveled to Minnesota with the following ten children:

- Justina's three Lehn children: (1)-Gottlieb, (2)-John, (3)-Minnie
- Friedrich's four daughters: (7)-Augusta, (8)-Louise "Lizzie", (9)-Caroline, (10)-Delia "Tillie"
- Justina & Friedrich's three daughters: (4)-Henriette, (5)-Girl age 2 years, (6)-Baby age 2 months

Even though they came with ten children, at the time of the Uprising the Krueger's had nine children in their household. Friedrich's oldest daughter, (7)-Augusta, had come to Minnesota with the family but was working away from home at the time. It is said that "kind neighbors made room for her in their crowded buggy in which they safely reached Fort Ridgely".

The following is a list of the children and stepchildren that were with Justina and Friedrich Krueger during the Uprising. After each of their names I have added a little information as to their age and what happened to them during the Uprising. I have also numbered each child and if I have any additional photos or information on them it is also enclosed and labeled with their name and corresponding number. I would assume that when Justina talks of the "eight children in the bed of the wagon and one in a shawl" (Bryant's "MN Indian Massacre" pg. 307) they would also be the following.

(5) – Girl Krueger – Age: 2 years (estimate) – Killed during massacre.

Group A

(1) – Gottlieb "G.J." Lehn – Age: 9 yrs 4 mo

(2) – John "J.G." Lehn – Age: 7 yrs

Group A hid in the woods with neighbor boy August Yess, witnessed massacre and fled to Fort Ridgely. See "Story of J.G. Lane"

Group B

(3) – Wilhelmine "Minnie" Lehn – Age: 4 yrs 7 mo

(8) – Louise "Lizzie" Krueger – Age: 13 yrs 4 mo

(9) – Caroline Krueger – Age: 10 yrs 8 mo

(10) – Delia "Tillie" Krueger – Age: 8 yrs 7 mo

Group B escaped and traveled 12 days and 27 miles to Fort Ridgely. See "The Story of Minnie Krieger-Half Sister of J.G. Lane".

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(6) – “Baby” Krueger – Age: 6 mo

The “Baby” was taken off the “field of slaughter” by her siblings in group B and left in the “Tille” house where she is believed to have starved to death.

See “The Story of Minnie Krieger-Half Sister of J.G. Lane”.

(4) – Henrietta “Hattie” Krueger – Age: 3 yrs 7 mo

Captured during the massacre and taken prisoner and surrendered at Camp Release. See enclosed copy of chapter IV-Henrietta of “Captured by The Indians” by Minnie Bruce Carrigan.

John Jacob and Caroline (Zitzlaff) Meyer – Middle Creek Massacre

Submitted by Sheri Kennedy

John Jacob Meyer was born in Kuppingen, Wuerttemberg, Germany, on May 1, 1829 to Johann and Maria Elisabeth (Roken) Maier. He was educated in Germany to be a teacher, but instead of remaining in his Homeland living the life he was prepared for, he decided to go to America and try his hand at farming. He arrived in New York on May 21, 1853 and in September of 1857 he was listed as living in West Newton Township, Nicollet County, Minnesota.

John Meyer and Caroline Zitzlaff were married in Brown County, Minnesota, on September 19, 1857. They were both listed on the marriage record as residents of Nicollet County. A witness for this marriage was Caroline’s brother-in-law, John Sieg, who was killed in the Uprising at the Meyer house, along with his entire family.

Shortly after their marriage, John and Caroline Meyer laid claim to the SE ¼ of Section 7 in Beaver Falls Township. The other three quarter sections were claimed by Caroline’s family, consisting of: brother and wife Michael and Mary (Juni) Zitzlaff and father John living with them, sister and husband Anna (Zitzlaff) and John Sieg, sister and husband Wilhelmina (Zitzlaff) and William Ienenfeldt.

John Meyer had recently been elected Renville County Commissioner and on the 18th of August, 1862, was away from home recruiting men to work on the county roads. Even after reading all accounts of the Meyer/Zitzlaff massacre, I still cannot definitively know that John Meyer made it home before the massacre took place. I wonder if maybe he had arrived home, saw his family butchered and then fled to Fort Ridgely. I wish I knew for sure, but I probably never will since John did not give an account of the events that I know of.

Whichever the case may be, shortly after arriving at Fort Ridgely it was attacked by the Sioux and John was one of the armed citizens that helped in its defense. His name is misspelled on the monument listing the defenders as “John Moyer”.

In November of 1862 in the German Evangelical newspaper “Der Christliche Botschafter” (lists) John Meyer as the author of nearly 70 obituaries for the members of the Church that were victims of the Uprising, including his own family and that of Justina’s. I have obtained an original printing of this newspaper and would like to eventually have them all of the obituaries translated.

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I believe John Meyer chose not to talk of the horrible events of the Uprising of 1862, unlike Justina who always talked openly about her experiences. Even in my family the stories were always about Justina being in the Indian massacre and John being a Civil War Soldier. It was not known by my family until 2005 that John had a first family and that they were killed in the Uprising. I also think there must have been some shame in his not being able to protect his family and that he survived and they perished.

Pierre Perreault Family submitted by Colleen Hanson-Harvey, 4th great-granddaughter

Pierre Perreault was born May 13, 1818 in Lavaltrie, Berthier Co., Quebec Canada, the son of Pierre Perreault and Marguerite Latour-DuFour. Pierre was the great-great-great grandson of Nicolas Perrot famed fur trader, French explorer and interpreter of the Native tribes around the Great Lakes Region. Nicholas had migrated from France to New France (Quebec) in the company of Jesuit priests at the age of 16 in 1660. Nicolas eventually returned to Quebec where generations of the Perrot/Perreault family lived until his 3rd great-grandson Pierre migrated to Minnesota with his family.

On November 25, 1839 Pierre Perreault married Louisa/Elise Marguerite Tellier-LaFortune also known as Marie-Elizabeth. She was born September 9, 1815 in St. Sulpice, Assumption County, Quebec Canada, daughter of Joseph Tellier-La Fortune and Marie-Louise Valliant. Pierre and Marie-Elizabeth left for Minnesota with seven of their children in 1857. These children were Elizabeth, Marguerite, Pierre Jr., Genevieve (my 3rd great grandmother), Melina, Joseph and George. Three children had passed away prior: daughters Felonise at age 1 in April 1845 and Eloise age 1 in July 1849 and a son Peter died at age 8 in April 1854.

In the 1860 census Pierre is listed as Peter Paro with his wife Lisette, township 111, range 26 in Nicollet County north of St. Peter, Minnesota. After the 1858 Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, they moved to property bought and paid for from Francois LaBathe, a fellow French Canadian. I was told by a direct descendant of Francois', historian John LaBatt, that there was only one name on the deed, that of Clement Cardinal, husband of Pierre's daughter Marguerite. It is believed the 3 families, Pierre Perreault, Clement Cardinal and Eusebi Picard bought the property as a whole then chose their plot of land. Eusebi was the husband of the Perreault's daughter Elizabeth. According to historical descriptions, Pierre chose to build his cabin 1/2 mile up the coolie from what would become known as the Birch Coolie Battlefield. The cabin site was on the Birch Coolie Creek then known as the LaCroix, which flows into the Minnesota River. The LaCroix was and still is lined on both sides by trees. A beautiful, peaceful area.

The site Pierre had chosen to build, though flat and even, had a gentle slope down to the creek. An ideal place sheltered from the harsh winter winds of the open prairie just beyond the trees yet close enough to the creek to access water and at the top of the slope away from any spring flooding. . . A fine place for a home after an area had been cleared. In 1859 the last child was born to Pierre and Marie-Elizabeth. A daughter named Philomene.

The morning of August 18, 1862 was a bright sunny day after several days of rain. Pierre had just brought in a cart load of hay pulled by his oxen. According to daughter Genevieve, the Sioux advanced wearing war paint. They attacked an unarmed Pierre. After a struggle he lay dead at the base of a hay stack with an arrow in his chest. They had also run him through with his own pitchfork, and then set the

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hay stack on fire. They then killed the oxen, the family's only transportation. They proceeded to ransack the home taking anything of value. Her mother's rings, food and clothing before setting the cabin ablaze. It is not known what happened to Pierre's body. It is presumed he is still on the homestead buried in an unmarked grave by soldiers sent in later.

A story handed down in the Picard family was that Pierre's body was dragged into the burning cabin to prevent the Natives from knowing the head of the family was indeed dead. With the oxen dead, Marie-Elizabeth and her younger children, Genevieve 11, Melina 10, Joseph 8, George 6 and Philomene age 3 likely had to flee by foot. They probably followed the LaCroix thru the safety of the trees to the Minnesota River and on to Fort Ridgley, a trip by foot of almost 20 miles. The terrain along the Minnesota is very difficult to traverse with gullies, ridges and fallen trees. Massive Burr Oaks line the river. With small children travel would be slow and very difficult at best. They would have likely spent the night with the massive oaks blocking any moonlight there may have been. Terrifying in the least with the night sounds around them. Once at Fort Ridgley the family along with other refugees of the massacre endured 2 attacks by the Sioux on the fort which wasn't surrounded by an enclosure but a cluster of buildings. The refugees and small number of soldiers at the fort were outnumbered. Genevieve's daughter, Adele Luce, was told the women in the fort melted lye soap to be thrown at the natives for defense if need be.

Married daughter Elizabeth's family suffered the same fate. Her husband Eusebi Picard was killed in the same manner as her father Pierre. Their home ransacked and torched. It was said that Elizabeth and her children Elisabeth (Elisa) age 2 and Eusebi Jr. 4 were captured by Little Crow. Elizabeth fell from the horse of her captors. Thinking her dead they left her and Eusebi, Jr. behind, riding off with daughter Elisa. Elizabeth made her way to Fort Ridgley. A neighbor Carl Witt came upon Eusebi Picard's body and buried him. Carl had just buried his own wife killed by the Sioux. The remaining Witt family which included Carl's wounded son were fleeing to the safety of the fort.

The other married daughter of the Perreaults, Marguerite Cardinal along with her son, 4 mo. old Clement Jr. was visiting Charles and Carolina Clasen at their farm the morning of August 18. This is according to testimony at the trial of Te-he-hdo-ne-cha, one of the natives who took part in the massacre. Charles Clasen and son Friedrich were killed. Carolina Clasen and son Johan escaped to the fort. The Clasens daughter-in-law Martha and 2 granddaughters were taken hostage. Marguerite Cardinal and her young son were taken hostage by Te-he-hdo-ne-cha. He raped Marguerite during the six weeks they were held, dirty and nearly starved to death at the native encampment now known as Camp Release. The camp was 50 miles away near present day Montevideo. Te-he-hdo-ne-cha confessed at his trial and was one of those hung for his crimes.

Marguerite's husband Clement though seriously wounded dragged himself to a hiding place during the attack. After the Sioux left he made his way to Fort Ridgley. Most of the victims of the Sioux uprising lost all but the clothes on their backs. The surviving members of the Perreault, Cardinal and Picard families lived at Fort Ridgley for 2 months after the massacre. Marie-Elizabeth, her daughter Elizabeth Picard and her son-in-law Clement Cardinal have their names engraved on the Fort Ridgely Monument for their bravery in assisting the soldiers during the Sioux onslaught on the fort.

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After their stay at the fort, the families traveled to the St. Paul Landing, then by road to Centerville without daughter Genevieve then 12 yrs. old. Marie-Elizabeth Perreault never remarried. She passed away from tuberculosis October 14, 1872 in Centerville, Minnesota where she was living with her daughter Marguerite's family. Daughter Elizabeth Perreault-Picard married April 6, 1863 Joseph Renaud (Reno) and had 11 more children. She passed February 27, 1919 in Centerville.

Marguerite Perreault-Cardinal was reunited with her family after her capture by the Sioux and died in a tragic wagon accident July 15, 1893 in Centerville. As for the rest of the Perreault children, Melina's whereabouts is unknown after the 1870 census. Joseph married Rosilda Cardinal, niece of his brother-in-law, Clement Cardinal. Joseph died July 16, 1957, a resident of St. Paul, Minnesota. George married Josephine Lambert. His trail is lost after the 1920 census. He lived for a time in the township of White Bear Lake, Minnesota.

The youngest, Philomene, married Edward Bell (LaBelle). They raised a family in Bayport, Minnesota where she passed away October 14, 1942. We do not know why daughter Genevieve stayed behind in Shakopee. Being the oldest of Pierre and Marie-Elizabeth's unmarried daughters, she may have stayed to work for a family. Two years after being separated from her family, she married Theaulon Luce on the 19th of April 1865 in St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Shakopee. Theaulon was the son of emigrants from the Alsace-Lorraine region of France where he was born. She was little more than 14 yrs. old when she married. Genevieve and Theaulon had thirteen children they raised on the original Luce farm started by his grandparents Isidor and Marie-Constance Paillet outside Shakopee, Minnesota. The heading of Genevieve's obituary in the St. Paul Pioneer Press on November 3, 1939 was "Mrs. Genevieve Luce, 92, Indian Fight Survivor Dies." She was my 3rd great grandmother.... "Part ie mais as juble". Gone but not forgotten.

THE STORY OF EMANUEL REYFF submitted by Bob Reyff, great-great grandson of Eusebius Reyff, nephew of Emmanuel

We moved from Helenville, Jefferson County, Wis., in the spring of 1862 and settled at Middle Creek, Minn. We filed on our claim and went to breaking up the sod. We had settled at Forest City, Minn. [this is near Atwater where he is buried], two years previous.

Monday, August 18, [1862] I was working on the Minnesota River, driving rafting logs down to New Ulm for the sawmill. The boss said the river was too low so we could not go down. So he paid us off and I started to go to my brother, Eusebius, with whom I then lived. A friend of mine named Bill Laur went with me. We went together as far as the hill at Beaver Creek and then parted. He went to New Ulm, where his folks lived and I went to my brother's.

Just as I was coming to the cow yard the Indians were coming from the opposite direction to the house. My brother and his son Ben, a boy about 10 years of age, were stacking hay near the house. One of the Indians shot at my brother with an arrow. It struck him under the jawbone near the ear. As he fell from the load the Indians grabbed him, cut off both his hands and scalped him before he was dead.

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Ben jumped off the stack and tried to escape, but there were about forty Indians and poor little Ben had no show. One of the Indians grabbed him by the hair and held him while the other Indian dumped off the hay rack, which was nearly empty, turned up the wagon tongue and tied Ben's feet together with a rope and hung him to the wagon tongue by his heels. Then they cut his pants off with a butcher knife and slashed up his body as only an Indian knows how. Then they poured powder over his body and set it on fire. He died quickly. I thanked God when he was dead. They scalped him, also. He was such a fat little fellow and they seemed to like the job.

My sister-in-law came out of the house and begged on her knees for her life. An Indian rudely seized her by the hair and held her while the other Indians drove four stakes into the ground and then tied her to them; then they mutilated her body with butcher knives. After she was dead they scalped her, too. Little Annie rushed out of the house screaming with fright. Two squaws grabbed her by the arms and cut her to pieces with butcher knives on the doorstep.

When the first shooting commenced I climbed a tree that was covered with a grape vine near the cow yard. From my hiding place I could see all that was passing, but dared not move. Twice I drew my revolver to shoot, once when they tied my sister-in-law to the stake, and when they cut up little Ben. But it was only one against forty Indians, and it would have given them another victim if I had revealed my hiding place.

As soon as the killing was all done the Indians passed right under the tree I was hiding in and went to the Kochendurfer place, our next neighbors. I climbed out of the tree and ran as fast as I could to the Smith (Note: William Schmidt) place. Here I saw one of the most horrible sights I ever witnessed in my life. Mrs. Smith's head was lying on the table with a knife and fork stuck in it. They had cut off one of her breasts and laid it on the table beside the head and put her baby nursing the other breast. The child was still alive. The dog they had killed on the doorstep.

I ran out of the house as quick as I ran into it and ran down to the Minnesota River, right below Smith's house, for there were a whole lot of Indians coming over the bluff and they had not discovered me yet. I swam the river and started for Fort Ridgely, but there were so many Indians around the fort I changed my course and went to New Ulm and got there just before it was attacked by the Indians and helped to defend the town during the siege.

My nephew, Eusebius, was working near New Ulm and my nieces, Mary and Emma, were both away at work. I found all and told them all the sad story of their parents' and Annie's death. My nephew and I both enlisted in Company K, the Seventh Minnesota. We were sent out to help bury the dead. We commenced near New Ulm and it took us three weeks before we got to my brother's place. We found the bones of the four bodies and buried them in one grave near the garden. Our lieutenant was with us.

Afterwards we were detailed to guard the thirty-eight Indians at the hanging at Mankato. There were nine names called to place the ropes around the Indians' necks. My name was among them and I performed the task with pleasure. Afterwards we were sent south and I helped fight thirty-two battles including the Indian war.

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[The following part was written by Minnie Buce Carrigan.] The Reyff family lived about one mile and a half from our home. They had not lived there very long. We used to meet at Sunday School. Before the outbreak we met at Sunday School and walked part way home together. When we parted that day we did not know that that day was the last time we would ever meet; that the next day three of us six would be killed, and that my sister, Ben and Annie, would be the victims.

While I was a prisoner with the Indians and they were moving, I saw a little girl riding on a wagon with Annie Reyff's dress on. I followed her all the afternoon, thinking it was my little friend Annie. When I caught up with her I found it was a quarter-blood Indian girl with Annie's dress on. I knew then that Annie must be dead or they would not have her dress. I felt so sorry and disappointed I sat down and cried.

Written by Minnie Buce Carrigan and told by Emanuel Reyff

Schweer/Lammers/Rieke Stories, submitted by Dorothy Busch, Great-Granddaughter of Sophia Schweer and George Rieke, and Great-Grandniece of Anna Marie Rieke

Sophia Schweer (born February 4, 1837, in the south of Germany) was married to Wilhelm Lammers in 1855. Because I'm uncertain about when they came to the U.S., I don't know if they were married in Germany or in Ohio.

Many of their friends and relatives sailed to America in the mid-1850s, settling first in Ohio (where they were able to find employment) and heading west to Minnesota soon after. I have learned that Wilhelm and Sophia were in Ohio by 1860, and came to Minnesota in 1862 where, in the month of May, they homesteaded in the northwest quarter of section 19, Flora Township, Renville County. This piece of land was near the Minnesota River, about 24 miles above Fort Ridgely. By this time they had two sons, Fred (born March 7, 1856) and Charles (born April 8, 1861).

Wilhelm built a log cabin for his family and was considered a good provider. In early August, he went alone to make hay for the military at Fort Ridgely. He returned to his homestead to fetch Sophia, (then a few months pregnant), Fred and Charles on August 18 when he heard that the Indians were attacking settlers. He thought he could get his family to the safety of the Fort before trouble erupted in his area. They gathered some of their neighbors together and all started south.

They were waylaid by Indians who demanded food, which they gave them. Shortly things turned ugly and the Indians began killing the white folks. Sophia was spared (perhaps because of her condition) along with Fred and Charley. All the others were killed.

What remained of Wilhelm's family was taken prisoner. Sophia and her two boys were kept on the move by a small group of Indians who didn't seem to want to harm them. (The blood thirsty braves were on their way.) Sophia was made to do chores like carrying water and collecting wood for their cooking fires. Charley was quite young and cried a lot because they had no cow for milk. This annoyed the captors and when Sophia was away doing chores, one of them threw Charley in the fire. Fred saw this and pulled him out.

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Another time, they tried to shoot the boys; Sophia put herself in front of them and when the guns didn't fire (these folks didn't know much about guns!) they must have decided the family was being protected by the Great Spirit and they didn't try to get rid of them again. They took a shine to Fred and gave him Indian clothes to wear. (Fred wrote about these things as an adult).

Sophia and her boys were prisoners for about six weeks and were released in late September at Camp Release. Sophia was cared for by friends and other Lammers family members, giving birth to her third son in the early spring of 1863. She named him William in honor of his father.

Sophia married George Rieke on September 26, 1864, and they made their home at the Rieke Homestead near Mud Lake in Cairo Township, where George, his parents, and other family members had been living. Sophia and George had a family of seven children, four boys and three girls. The first-born was August Victor, known as A.V., the first white child born in Cairo Township. He later became a state legislator and prominent attorney in Minneapolis. Their second child was Gustav Adolph, my grandfather, who was known as G.A. He lived his entire adult life in Fairfax, MN, where he was a business and community leader.

This letter was written by my great grandfather to his brother, William, who still lived in Ohio at the time, coming to MN in 1864. The original was in German.

Fort Ridgely

October 5, 1862

Dear Brother William:

Your letter of the 20th of September was received on October 1st, with 5 dollars gold enclosed. We notice that you are greatly concerned about us. There was no necessity for the money. We still have some and we have 173 dollars coming from the Government which we are supposed to receive in a few days for hay [contracted for by the Government]. Thank God, we are all reasonably well. Henry would not have died as yet if it had not been for the battle. He believed, when he saw someone fall at our cannon, that it was one of us. He was, to be sure, somewhat ill, but he had still worked the week before. He was just as tall as I am. He is buried at the Fort, but we expect to remove the body at an early date. Aside from this, none of the rest of us was injured.

At this time we are all at home again. We were at the Fort just one month. Frederick fled to St. Peter. The Indians did not burn any of our property. We still have our wheat, rye, and barley. We had not yet stacked our oats and buckwheat. Our beds, tables, chairs, and stove, twenty-two head of cattle, six pigs, five chickens, and a few cooking utensils we saved. The Indians took with them or destroyed our best and worthiest clothes, bed clothes, shirts, towels, sacks, the clock, mirror, razors, pewter ware, porcelain ware, knives and forks, Mother's sewing box, Victor's tobacco box, one bull, 5 pigs, 50 hens, 11 ducks, our trunk and nearly all small things. The bull was shot near the Fort. Victor has kept his carpenter tools, and the wagon, plow, harrow, and hay equipment we still have; and when the army came to the Fort the soldiers took whatever the Indians left behind. They took our hay and one hundred

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bushels of potatoes, and our onions. We made hay for ourselves again. They say everything will be paid for. That they can easily do as the Government had to pay 90,000 dollars to the Indians every year. The 90,000 dollars for this year was the Fort. That was a barrel of money that would take three men to handle. We can figure that altogether we have lost 300 dollars' worth [of our property]. Many of our neighbors have lost considerable more, and how many have been murdered, of that we have no idea yet; there must be over one thousand. In the country around New Ulm they are still burying dead almost daily. Near where Mr. Spellbrink lives, they are nearly all murdered. He and his family were saved. From those living above the Fort, only four families were rescued. Many families were entirely annihilated. The Indians took away many women. Many people hid themselves, but most of them were killed. The whole county of Renville (that's its name) is gone, many of our acquaintances. Our nearest neighbor [meant is John Buehro] was shot near the Fort. He together with an older man, both former soldiers, took a wagon on Wednesday morning, the day on which the afternoon battle occurred, to go home and get bedding and other things, and were already close to the Fort when they were shot. The other one who was with him had run back a short distance. He was found and a dead Indian close by and a revolver between the two. It can hardly be described how horribly people were killed. Children were taken out of their cradles and hung up by their feet. The hands of some of the men were first chopped off, the chest slashed open and the heart ripped from the body. Enough said of these atrocities. The soldiers are now in pursuit of them, and they are moving ever more westward. We have been told that 500 Indians have been captured and also that fifty white women and children have been taken from the Indians. More than probable William Lammers's wife and children are among them. Our former governor is the commander.

[The remaining portion of the letter, surely no more than a page or two, was reportedly lost in a tornado.]

Great Grandpa, George Rieke, had a sister whose given name was Anna Mary but was usually called Mary. She was born on March 8, 1847, so was 15 years old at the time of the Uprising. Along with other family members, Mary had gone to Fort Ridgely for safety.

Mary was considered a defender of the Fort, along with her brothers, Adam, Victor, George, August, and Heinrich. Her name appears on the Defenders Monument at the Fort because of a role she played on August 19, 1862. She had been ordered to watch the women and children, making sure none of them raised their heads above the window sills on the second floor of the stone barracks where they took refuge along with several Indian women. Mary overheard one of these Indian women say to another that this would be a good time to attack the Fort since most of the soldiers were away. This woman started to leave, Mary tried to stop her, but couldn't, so she ran down the stairs to find a soldier. Finding one, she told him what she had heard; he went after the Indian and brought her back upstairs. He told Mary to guard her with her life (drawing his sword to add emphasis) as she was a spy who would have warned the attacking Indians about the weakness of the Fort's defenses. Mary truly helped save the Fort and no doubt changed the progress of the uprising because the Indians held off until August 20th, by which time the group of defenders had increased in numbers. Mary received a pension from the State of Minnesota as long as she lived. She died on March 9, 1942, attaining the age of 95!

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The Adam Rieke Story

This story was found in *The History of Renville County*: "Adam Rieke, a defender of Ft. Ridgely, was born in Hanover, Germany, June, 1840, being one of a family of thirteen children, nine boys and four girls. His father was a miller by trade and rented a mill run by water power. Adam had but little chance for attending school. At the age of fourteen he began work for a farmer, receiving \$6.00 per year and his board.

Fred (his father) was the first one of the family to come to America in 1853 and George came in 1855. The two boys saved their money and sent it home so that the rest of the family could come to the United States.

In 1856 the rest of the family came by sailing vessel and were seven weeks and two days on the water, arriving at Baltimore Sept. 2, 1856. From there they went to Ohio, locating in Jackson county where Adam worked three and a half years as a teamster for the iron furnace. Then he left Ohio and went by boat to St. Louis, going from there to St. Paul by way of the Mississippi river. From St. Paul he went up the Minnesota river to St. Peter and, leaving his goods there, drove to Ft. Ridgely, going on to Mud Lake, where Victor and George Rieke had settled the year before. A house was built on the bank of Mud Lake. It was of logs, 16 by 24, Victor and George having prepared and hauled up the logs previously. All lived in that one house.

In 1861 Adam took a 160-acre homestead which is now in Cairo township in section 35. He had no tools, but went to work with a good will. He broke up part of the prairie land with four yoke of oxen, the plow cutting a twenty-four inch slice. Then he seeded the land by hand to small grain, but had no crop on account of the blackbirds eating the seed. He learned to trap mink and muskrat and sold their pelts at New Ulm, this side line bringing in a little money.

His nearest neighbor on the south, three miles away, was William Mills, and three-quarters of a mile to the northwest was John Buehro. In 1862 the Indian massacre broke out and all fled to Ft. Ridgely, where Adam and his brothers took part in the defense.

After the massacre he returned to his farm. In 1863-64 the grasshoppers destroyed everything, even the grass on the prairie and the leaves on the trees, so trapping again had to be the means of livelihood. In 1865 he harvested a small crop of rye. In 1869 he and his brother, August, bought a ten-horse power threshing machine and engaged in threshing, which they continued for the next twenty-five years. From 1873 to 1876 the grasshoppers again destroyed all the crops. In 1872 he bought a tract of 120 acres land from the Winona & St. Peter Railway Co. in section 35 and, in 1886, a tract of 120 acres in section 27, this latter piece now being owned by his son, Louis. Then he bought another piece of eighty acres in section 35, which is now owned by his second son, Edward. At present he owns 240 acres valued at \$125 per acre, and is still farming at the old age of seventy-five years.

Mr. Rieke was married in 1871 to Ernestina Sander, daughter of a farmer near Henderson. Four children were born to this "union: Louis, Edward, Anna, who died when twelve years of age, of diphtheria, and Adolph.

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**Rev. Christian Lewis Seder, Submitted by Richard Jacobson,
Pastor, Oakwood United Methodist Church, New Ulm, MN
Victims of U.S. Dakota War of 1862**

Two young men met at a revival meeting in Marquette County, Wisconsin, Christian Lewis Seder (age 24), and August Nierens (age 25). They, together responded to a stirring message, and both later felt a call to full time ministry. The denomination was the Evangelical Association; later that denomination would join another to form the United Methodist Church.

Both men later were licensed by the conference association, and felt a call to cross the Mississippi to minister to German-speaking folk then beginning to settle on the frontiers of the Minnesota territory. Officially they received appointments from the Iowa Conference (then responsible for that part of the frontier) and were assigned to budding churches near the city of New Ulm.

Rev. Nierens was assigned to congregations around present-day Nicollet and Courtland (Nicollet County). He settled on a small farm some five miles downriver from the ferry that crossed the Minnesota River into New Ulm. Nierens was a veteran of the Prussian army, and supplemented his meager association income with farming.

Seder married Ursula Saxer in 1857, and he was given an appointment as pastor the following year. Rev. Christian L. Seder was assigned three church starts – a church in Searles and another in New Ulm (Brown County), and a church start in Middle Creek (Flora township, Renville County). The custom for early Methodist ministries was that a pastor would be assigned multiple “charges.” He would go to each charge on a regular basis. When he was unable to be present for a weekend service, the Bible class and worship service was led by a “class leader.” His church in Renville County was 45 miles from his home outside of New Ulm. The lay leader for that church was Gottlieb Mannweiler.

Seder was in Renville County on Sunday, August 17. It was a beautiful summer day, and the members and attenders of that church met at the Lettau farm. More than 120 men, women, and children crowded in and around the simple farm house. Seder preached twice on that Sunday (you didn’t go to church by ox cart for a mere 45 – 60 minutes of worship). Various people present reported that Dakota contacts had warned of an impending outbreak of hostilities.

After the service, family leaders discussed whether they should leave their homes and seek shelter at Fort Ridgley or New Ulm. Few could perceive that their worst nightmares would be realized within twenty-four hours.

The farms in that part of Renville County had been land grants issued by the U.S. government before the actual signing of the treaty. Growing anger and resentment towards the government and towards the settlers who were seen as encroaching on reservation lands fueled the anger expressed the next day towards those who had developed farms on the prairies of Renville County.

On Monday morning, Rev. Seder visited a few families, and then started for home. He had not driven over a couple miles when Dakota warriors overtook him and shot him. They dumped his body from the buggy and stole the rig, his horse, watch, and wallet. The killing took place less than a mile south of the

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present Middle Creek United Methodist Church (Flora Township), where a stone marker commemorates the settlers who lost their lives in the conflict. Within a few days more than 70 of those who attended meetings at the Lettau farm were dead, and a number taken captive.

A few weeks after the outbreak of the war, a company of the Minnesota cavalry scoured the countryside and buried the decomposing bodies next to where they had fallen. Later, leaders of the denomination disinterred the bodies of Rev. Seder and Gottlieb Mannweiler and took them for reburial to the Evangelical Cemetery near Cottonwood (a few miles south of New Ulm).

For the next years very few people lived in and around the area of Renville County. Seder left a wife and three children (two sons and one daughter). Sons Henry and James entered the Christian ministry and were ordained by the same denomination their father had served. Ursula later re-married and moved the family back to Wisconsin where she and her second husband, a Mr. Miller, raised their blended family near Arcadia, Wisconsin.

The church records for the churches in Courtland, Nicollet, New Ulm, Searles, and Flora Township for the years around the 1862 war are kept at Oakwood United Methodist Church in New Ulm. Digital copies are available at the Minnesota Historical Society and the county historical societies for Brown, Nicollet, and Renville Counties. His picture is found at the end of the Flora Township chapter.

This is from Isaac V.D. Heard's *'History of the Sioux War'*, published in 1863, p. 87

