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### McManus (McNally) Margaret (1854 - )

Dean Nelson

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Margaret (McNally) Manus was born in Barhead, Scotland, Jan. 1, 1854 daughter of Joseph and Mary Ann(Quinn) McNally.

Joseph and Mary Ann (Quinn McNally were both Natives of Barhead, Scotland and during this interview the original marriage certificate was brought to view and read as follows:

Joseph Mc Nally united in holy bonds of Matrimony to Mary Ann Quinn, St. John's Church, Barhead, Scotland.

January 7, 1851

Witnesses:

Alen Nellis

John Sheedy

Mary Ann Farley

Thomas Calvin-priest

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In the year of 1854 John Mc Nally brought his family to United States and settled in Minnesota. He enlisted in the standing army and was sent to Fort Ridgley. During the period of service in the Army there were no outbreaks with the Indians nor disturbances. They seemed quite friendly and were good friends of the Mc Nally family. It was also during their period of army service that John purchased a farm near Fort Ridgley from a half breed Indian. This was a forethought to his release from the army and when ~~he~~ received his discharge he occupied this land and opened it for cultivation.

In the year 1861 when the news reached Minnesota concerning the enlisting and possibilities of war, Joh Mc Nally enlisted again and was sent to the 2nd Minnesota Infantry. Being an experienced soldier he was immediately promoted to drill sargeant and started training recruits. When the war was officially under way he went with his regiment and the first engagement was fought at Mills Springs, Kentucky.

Note"(From this point we will relate in Margaret (McNally) Mc Manus own words the story of her most exciting and grewsome tales of her girlhood.

When father left for the war my mother, one brother Peter and a hired man sixty years old were left to take care and watch the farm and home. This was a very dangerous undertaking because we never knew when the Indians would turn hostile and attack us."

" One morning in the year 1862 I was riding my horse, ( I always had a pony) I rode to the Fort twice a week for our Mail) to the Fort. Along my route I always stopped at one of our neighbors to have lunch and carry any news that might be of interest in these exciting times. The neighbors were excited and told me I should ride home immediately and tell my mother to pack all our necessary belongings and leave for St. Peter because the Indians were coming and were hostile. They had rumored at capturing the commissary at the fort. I proceeded to the Fort and received the same news. On the way back home I was very excited and just as I entered the dense clump of brush an Indian stepped out. He was all painted up and a very horrible sight/ This only added to my fright and then I remember the soldiers saying that when the Indians were painted it meant war. The Indian grabbed the bridle of my pony and asked him why he was painted up. He said, " all palefaces must die." Go tell your mother that". With this warning he released the bridle and disappeared as quickly as he had emerged. I rode as fast as possible toward home, flight lending me wings: as I rode into the yard one of the neighbors came running over the knoll and shouted " Hurry up and leave, the Indians have already started their massacre." We could hear screams from distant homes and our hired man got so excited he was unable to help at all. My mother harnessed the horses and hitched them to the wagon. We all jumped in and started after the neighbors. After having gone some distance from the house mother happened to think of the poor livestock and decided they should be let loose. It would be cruel to leave them in the barn if it would catch fire so she sneaked back through the woods. Several Indians were already in the house and she quietly slipped into the barn and untied



the stock. Leaving the door open she again slipped into the woods unseen and back to the wagon. We then drove on to the fort as fast as possible feeling better for her kindly act. Every house we passed was deserted and I guess <sup>we</sup> were the last ones to leave. We finally came within sight of some of the other wagons and we drove like mad until midnite. We were then near Lafayette so everyone stopped at this village and secured what sleep was possible. The next day every one decided it was probably a mere Indian scare, which was not uncommon in these days. With the rising of the sun everybody's courage seemed to also rise so we decided to go back home. Arriving at a Mr. Albright's home they were ravenously hungry so decided to eat lunch there. Just as lunch was set upon the table a scout came running and exclaimed "Go for your lives. The Indians are coming fast." Our only chance was to go to New Ulm and it was everyone for themselves. Mother dumped us into the wagon and we all started as fast as we could. Everything was fine until we came to a river, then came a question as to how to get across. It was too deep to ford so we had to spend precious minutes making rafts for the wagons to float across while the horses swam and pulled them. When the last wagon was on the other bank the Indians appeared on the one we had just left. We whipped the horses to more speed until they were at their limit. The Indians followed us very closely almost too close at times until we reached the town of New Ulm. Here they had to retreat because the soldiers (what few there were) were at the outskirts and opened fire. The women and children were immediately put into the basement of the Gross Hotel and the men went out to fight. The battle must have waged fiercely because it was just a continuous war whoop and scream. As the fighting grew fiercer some of the women (including my mother) took muskets and found some hole to shoot through. Other women were busy making bullets and caring for the wounded. In the morning as soon as it was light we all looked out to see

if there were many dead. At the same moment we saw what looked like soldiers coming over a hill, one man "shouted" Here comes reinforcements". He ran out to meet them only to be shot down by the reinforcement. They were Indians dressed up in white men's clothes. They thought they could gain entrance to the city this way. One farmer later on in the day managed to get out to his farm and get his children. One was found dead and the other a little girl was scalped. The farmer brought the little girl back and mother took care of her. About noon a priest by the name of Father Sumreitzen came and told us to all go to the Dakota House because it was a stone building and much safer than the one we were in. The little girl that was scalped screamed loudly not to leave her here at the mercy of the Indians and so we consoled her as much as possible say that anywhere we went she would go too.

That afternoon a man called JerryQuan( a friend of mother's) asked us to go to St. Peter with him. He thought it would be safe to go as there seemed to be no Indians left. Mother refused saying she was sure they were still hiding in the woods so Jerry started out. He barely reached the out skirts of the village and he was captured and the Indians cut off his head and turned around on his body. At this time we went out and looked the battle field over and saw many dead, both white and red men. The white men were mostly scalped and left as a horrifying sight long to be remembered. Jerry Quan's remains were later recovered and buried under the sidewalk in front of the hotel. Late that afternoon in receiving word that the militia were coming and everyone was overjoyed, but not to the extent of carelessness. When they arrived the Indians entirely and finally decided to take several barrels of whiskey from the store and poison this and then give it to the Indians. Thus the stage was all set for a mass murder, but the Indians refused to drink any.

During the meantime ~~we~~ were almost starved not having eaten for about forty-eight hours. I think everyone would have killed themselves, eating if the soldiers hadn't kept strict surveillance over us all. We were only allowed a little beef tea and crackers and a few ounces of water. Then came the long march back to St. Peter. With all our ~~horses~~ and supplies gone we had to walk this distance, occasionally munching a soda cracker when our bodies were crying out for a heavier form of nourishment.

From St. Peter we returned to the farm and again began the tedious work of finding or buying new stock and preparing for winter. That winter my mother went south to visit my father and Peter my brother and I with the hired man kept the farm going. We were all very nervous and fearful, and can never forget those eventful, terrifying and horrible days of right is might when the Indians were concerned."

John McManus was born in Richlan, Wisconsin Jan. 20, 1852 son of John and Jane(Colston) Mc Manus. John and Jane Mc Manus were native of Lancaster, England and came to America about 1851. They settled in Wisconsin and later moved to Kandiyohi County, Minnesota. Mary Jane Mc Manus Botzen and Helen Louise (Mc Manus) Franke. There are seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Margaret Mc Manus and brother (Peter) is still living in Minneapolis, Minnesota. John Mc Manus and Marg. Mc Nally had five other children which are Edward, William, Lawrence, and two deceased, by sides Mary Jane and Helen Louise who are married. Her sons are employed by the Northern States Power Co. In later years the Mc Manus family resided in St. Cloud and Margaret Mc Manus is still living.

Inter: Mrs. Margaret Mc Nally Mc Manus  
Inter by: Dean Nelson

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