

MEMORIES OF THE EARLY LIFE AND DEVELOPMENT OF MINNESOTA.*

BY THOMAS B. WALKER.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon and the greatest war of history was launched by the Southern Confederacy, it aroused determined opposition over the northern states and created a patriotic warlike feeling that perhaps has never been equalled in history, for defense of the American Republic against impending division and destruction.* At the same time, it created also a feeling of depression and disappointment that might be likened to the appearance of the sun in time of a total eclipse.

As the war progressed and vast armies were called out on both sides, nearly every family in the north was filled with apprehension as to some member of the family or relatives or friends that were in the army and subject to more than even chances of being killed or severely wounded. It clouded every household. The wheels of industry, trade and commerce, in fact all occupations, seemed almost entirely to stand still, excepting the routine work of the farmer. The call for 75,000 men brought out one or two hundred thousand volunteers more than were called for; and it took so many men from the colleges of the country, and caused so much discouragement, that some of the colleges were closed.


I joined two Ohio military companies, and, as a representative of them, used up a month or two trying to get either one of them into camp at Cleveland. But all the time, when promised the next vacancy, companies would come in from different parts of the state without permission and would more than fill all vacant quarters.

I had shipped to Grand Rapids and Chicago several carloads of grindstones, which constituted all the capital that I

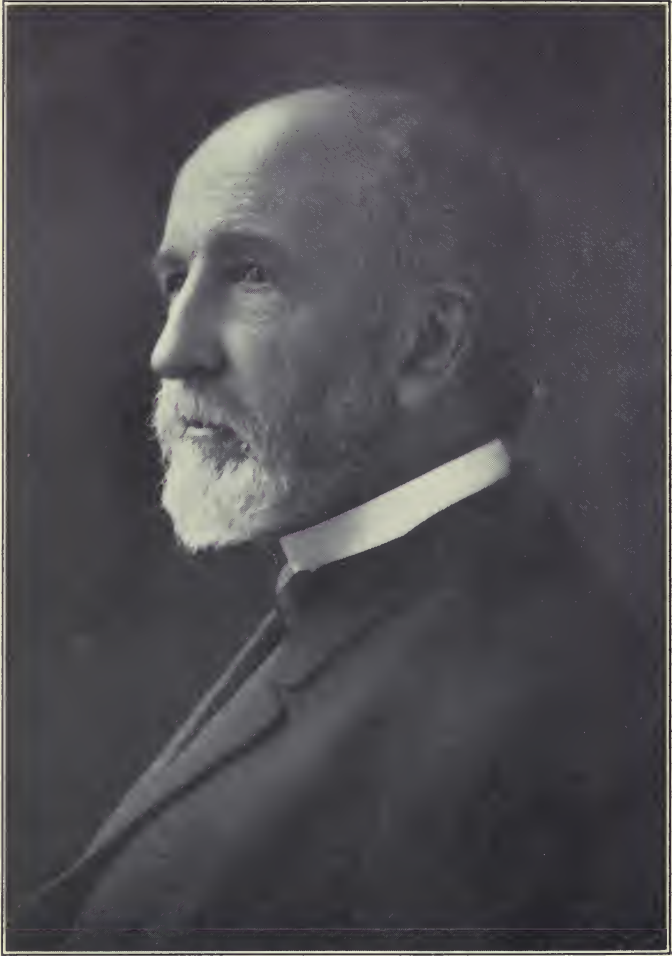
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possessed, mostly earned by work in the hardwood forests of northeastern Ohio. Finding that the feeling of disappointment and destruction of trade, during the first year of the war, had led those to whom the grindstones were sold to refuse to take them, I started West to look after them. First I went to Michigan, and finding that the men who had bought the grindstones at Grand Rapids would not receive them, and that no others would take them at any price, I was compelled to retail them to the farmers through western and central Michigan, taking them by team through the country and selling them singly at reduced prices. Then going westward to Chicago, I found it impossible to sell the grindstones there, located on the wharf, to anyone at any price, so I went to Milwaukee, hoping that the big firm of Nazro would purchase them. But neither he nor any other hardware dealer could see any object in purchasing them, as trade was almost entirely dead. I then went westward to Madison, and found it as impossible there to sell as it had been in the other places; and as I could not sell the grindstones, it became necessary to seek employment to gain a livelihood.

Having spent a number of years in the study of the sciences, particularly of mathematics, mostly outside of school but carried on to a knowledge of the higher branches, I thought teaching along that line would be of interest to me, both in pursuing my studies further and in securing a livelihood. I therefore went to the home of the president of the University of Wisconsin and called to see him. His very pleasant and queenly appearing wife told me to be seated in the library and she would bring the president from down in the grove, in which the house was situated. He had quite a considerable collection of books on his library shelves, and among them I was surprised to find Newton's Principia, which I had never found in any library before, with one exception. I had taken down this book and was looking it over, when the president came in, in his slippers and dressing gown, and without my knowing of his coming. He looked over my shoulder and saw the book I had in my hand, and wanted to know what I was doing with that. I said to him that I wanted to find out if he had studied



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it, and how far he had succeeded in getting. Having told me how far he had gone, he questioned me about a problem or scholium that he, and even those who had for several years studied the Principia in Yale or Harvard, had never been able to solve. Upon my showing him that I had succeeded and had proved it to Professor Schuyler of Baldwin University, he then inquired what I knew about Schuyler. I told him that I was from Berea, where Dr. Schuyler was professor of mathematics in Baldwin University. To this he said that Professor Schuyler had written a very admirable series of textbooks on mathematics.

When I told him that I would like a position to teach mathematics, it struck him more than favorably, as he said that that was his line of work, and that it did not give him any time to run the university and he wanted some one to handle the classes. We went around with his horse and buggy among the members of the Board, and I found that the general scare which everywhere existed made them hesitate about making any arrangements for the future running of the school, not knowing whether or not it would ever open again. The president, whose name I have forgotten, said that when school would open again, which he hoped would be in the fall, he felt quite certain that I would be offered a position as assistant teacher in mathematics. A majority of the board were really in favor of engaging me, and the other members were not opposed, excepting only their apprehension as to future prospects of the university in such calamitous times. This came to pass in the fall, when I was on the government surveys in the northern part of Minnesota and could not accept. If this opening had occurred or had been decided upon before I came to this state, it would without doubt have changed the course of my whole life.

I then went westward to McGregor Landing. On the way I stopped at several places, but could find no market for my grindstones as far as Prairie du Chien. As McGregor was the liveliest little town in the West, the farmers coming in for fifty or a hundred miles with their grain and to buy their goods, I went there with more hope of selling. I stayed there one day but could sell no grindstones.

In the evening, in front of the hotel, a very plain but friendly appearing man sat down beside me and explained that he was in charge of lumber rafts, coming down the river from the city of Minneapolis. Upon inquiring of him where Minneapolis was, he was perfectly astonished that I, an American citizen, did not know where the great town of Minneapolis was located. But after excusing and explaining, I learned a great many other things of importance pertaining to this Northwest and particularly Minneapolis. I learned that Mr. George B. Wright, the principal government surveyor of this region, was going with a party to survey a large tract of land for the government. Upon inquiring about it, I concluded to go to Minneapolis to see him, as my health was somewhat out and I was in need of employment, particularly because I could not sell my grindstones that were piled up in Chicago. Upon learning from the landlord, who sat on the other side of me, that the steamer, "Diamond Joe," the best steamer on the river, was due about this time, on the way to St. Paul, and hearing, while he was explaining this, the old bull whistle of Diamond Joe, that rolled up and down the river for thirty miles in favorable weather, begin bellowing about five miles below, and upon being informed that the boat sometimes did not even throw the gangplank unless passengers or freight appeared on the dock, I settled with the landlord for my hotel bill, for which I had previously arranged rates, and when the boat landed, which it did for an hour or so, I secured my passage in a good, airy, pleasant state room. On the upper deck I found a very capable business man going through to Minnesota, with whom I had a very pleasant acquaintance and from whom I gained many points of interest and value in practical life.

In St. Paul I tried again to sell my grindstones. I then went to Minneapolis, and not wishing to get rid of the extra quarter of bus fare, I carried my satchel from the east side station over to Minneapolis, across the suspension bridge, for which I had to pay five cents toll. I tried there to sell the grindstones, but none were wanted. Mr. Curtis H. Pettit, who kept the hardware store nearest to the bridge, remembers my coming and often speaks of it, as I carried my hand satchel

with me and presented myself to him at his front door, where he was standing without a single customer in his store, and perhaps not one had been there that day.

The war had paralyzed everything in the way of business and industry, except that of the farmer, who used his old tools and machinery without purchasing anything more to work with. I arranged with Mr. Wright to go on the surveys with him, and then having made a sale, deal or trade with D. C. Jones, the agricultural dealer of St. Paul, for the two earloads of grindstones in Chicago, I went back to arrange for this shipment and to arrange some matters in Michigan, and came back to Minnesota in time to deliver and settle for the grindstones before the surveying party was to start.

When my stock of grindstones, which I had sold or traded to Mr. Jones, arrived at the wharf in St. Paul, I was present, and Mr. Jones brought his contract to the wharf and directed the clerk to supervise the handling of the grindstones and to take out of the lot the nicked and spalled ones. When they were being unloaded I was there and met the clerk, who seemed to be a very pleasant, capable and straightforward young man, who showed me his directions for sorting out the nicked and spalled ones. After he got through with the sorting and had not had occasion to take out any of them on account of their being damaged, he said that several had some little nicks but not one was damaged so much that it was not worth more than any other grindstones of their size which he had ever seen come into St. Paul; and hence there was no dockage, as he said the lot was freer from shot or hard spots than any he had ever seen. I was somewhat interested in his frank appearance, activity, and apparent ability, and asked him what wages he was receiving. He informed me that he was getting \$75 a month, and upon inquiry as to whether that represented the current wages here, he informed me that it was not by any means the case, but that when he came three years before, he worked for only \$20 a month to begin with, and that they had granted freely an advance to this point, and he explained that it was because he had made himself so useful that they could not get along without him. Upon my wanting to get more of his name

than "Jim," I was informed that the more complete title that he was known by was Jim Hill.

Twenty-eight years afterwards, I went with Bierstadt, the painter, at the time of the exposition in Minneapolis, to see Mr. Hill's art gallery. He took us in person up to his house, and went so far as to give us prices and history of the pictures; and at lunch, which we took at his house, he asked me if I remembered the circumstances of our first meeting down on the wharf, when he was clerk for Borup & Oakes, and when I shipped those grindstones that he was assigned to sort out. I told him I certainly did, and he thereupon said that it was the finest lot of grindstones, the freest from nicks and spalls, the best in shape, freest from shot, with the truest eyes and smoothest surfaces, that he had ever seen, and told me who had purchased them.

The explanation to his key to success, expressed by making himself so useful that they could not get along without him, represents characteristic features, which, added to his commanding abilities and matchless energy, have made his life-work most useful and helpful, from a material, industrial, and economic point of view, and quite comparable to that of any person in this country.

Sir William Van Horne, the American-born citizen, who performed valuable services in building railways in Canada, for which he was honored and credited for services to his country, which were much less than Mr. James J. Hill's contribution to this country, said to me a couple of years ago in New York city, and repeated subsequently the same last year here at my home, that Mr. Hill's services in the development and settlement of the Northwest are not to any worthy extent appreciated and cannot be estimated, that his integrity and reliability as to all trusts and confidence placed in his hands cause him to be more relied upon than anyone with whom he ever became sufficiently acquainted to make a definite comparison.

He said, "Perhaps you are better acquainted with Mr. Hill and know his character and history better, and he has perhaps more confidence and good will toward you than to any of us, yet I know him from a railroad and transportation point

of view better than anyone else." He illustrated his views by saying, "If I were suddenly called upon to select an administrator, and Hill were present, and I should ask him to act for my estate, he would not care to undertake that additional trust, but would do so if I asked him; and when he had accepted, I will say that there would not be the slightest scruple about leaving my affairs in his hands. I should know that even the benefit of doubts would go to my estate, and that a complete and satisfactory business method would be used in the adjustment of all affairs. All the millions of money that have been placed in his hands to build railways with have been most faithfully and conscientiously used to carry forward to a successful termination the object in view. In pursuing his railway affairs, whoever or whatever gets in his way must get out. If he comes to mountains, he goes around them, over them, or through them, the best way to get there. His life-work in this Northwest has been invaluable to the people, far beyond their appreciation of his services." But Sir William Van Horne further said, "When it comes to competition with Mr. Hill in the railway business, well, the last time I met him in New York city, on Wall Street, we took luncheon together and we passed a very pleasant hour of time; but, I pledge you, we never passed a word regarding railroads, or traffic arrangements, or anything pertaining to them."

On the 15th of August, 1862, I was in Minneapolis and helped Mr. Wright in his outfitting, and started on the 20th of August for the government surveys. We were met, just as we arrived opposite St. Cloud, with the news of the fearful outbreak of the Sioux Indians and the murder and massacre of so many of the settlers, which was even exaggerated beyond its actual and fearful proportions. We continued on our journey to Fort Ripley and stayed there, standing guard with a view to defend the fort against an army of Sioux that were reported coming from the New Ulm country, the region of the outbreak, and also against an additional force of Chippewas who were reported as coming down from Leech lake to attack the fort.

On our way from St. Cloud to Little Falls, we met the Chippewa agent, Lucius C. Walker, coming down in a buggy with

his driver, and he seemed not so much excited as instead to have a rather apprehensive look, saying that the Indians were trailing him down and were then going down parallel to the road that we were on, but two or three miles farther east, on the old Indian trail from Crow Wing to St. Cloud. He waited a little and told us about this, and then proceeded on to St. Cloud, where he left his buggy and took a saddle horse, and, with his revolver for defense, continued his travel down the road. About three miles below Big Lake, his body was afterward found by the roadside, with a bullet through his head and from such direction and evident distance that John Armstrong, the wood dealer, who found him, said the shot came from a more distant place than would be possible if he had shot himself.

The real facts of the death of Agent Walker were never definitely known, but there were two theories, one that he shot himself, as one barrel of his revolver was emptied, and from a reported bad record in his Indian Agency affairs. This record was afterward found to be perfectly straight, and no reason whatever was found in his family or business affairs that would have the slightest tendency to lead him to commit suicide. The other theory was that the Indians killed him.

After our surveying crew had remained at Fort Ripley for some time, we came away and the party disbanded. George B. Wright and myself took the job of examining land grants for the St. Paul and Pacific railroad company, north of Minneapolis and St. Paul and extending above St. Cloud on the east and west side of the river.

After returning from the work on the railway lands, I went into the office of Levi M. Stewart, in the Dayton Block, on Washington avenue and Helen street (now Second avenue south), to continue my studies that I had been pursuing during my spare time for three or four years. While there, I became acquainted with W. S. Chapman and Henry T. Welles, the two most prominent capitalists and business men then in Minneapolis. Mr. Stewart was attorney for Mr. Chapman, who came there almost every day about land matters, and I became quite well acquainted with him, and having heard considerable about

the pine timber, although I had not seen any of it, I advised him to secure land scrip and let me locate timber on joint account, with payments of principal and interest on my part to be made from the sale of the timber or logs. Mr. Chapman readily agreed to this, and he began purchasing Sioux half-breed scrip, which he was obtaining at the very modest price of 50 cents to 75 cents an acre. Thereupon I prevailed on Mr. George B. Wright to go into the woods in the winter to carry on the government surveys in the timber, with the intention on my part to keep records of the best tracts of pine timber for location with Mr. Chapman. Although Mr. Wright said it was unprecedented and impractical to work in northern Minnesota woods in the winter, yet I persuaded him that it could be done and got him to outfit and start for the country northeast of the site of Brainerd, which town did not exist for a number of years later, and to survey several townships in which was some good pine timber. When we left Crow Wing on our way, it was 22 degrees below zero,—cold, clear weather, with about one foot of snow. The snow got to be two or three feet deep before we got through, but we surveyed two townships and a portion of a third one, when the ugly appearance of the Indians, who had not quieted down since the Indian war had begun, induced us to leave a little earlier than we should have done otherwise.

While I was at work, I received a letter from Mr. Chapman, asking me to come to Minneapolis and go with him to California, where he said the Sioux scrip was worth from \$5 to \$10 an acre to locate on redwood timber, which was very valuable and the land enormously heavily timbered. I could not leave, so he went without me, taking with him the scrip. This made my extra efforts to secure timber land notes fruitless, and so I turned them over to Mr. Wright, and he got some profit from them through lumbermen who located claims on some of the lands.

The next year I went with Mr. Wright and finished up his quite large contract of surveying. The next year after that, I went on the St. Paul and Duluth railroad survey, and remained during the early part of the year in laying out the road

ready for grading, from St. Paul up to Wyoming; and then moved on up to Duluth, to begin a return survey to meet the one running up from St. Paul. At Duluth, Mr. Dayton, president of the road, Mr. Banning, Mr. Saxton, and two others of the directors, came there to look over the situation, and as far as they could see following up the river where the road was to run, to the Falls of the St. Louis.

While at Duluth, Mr. Thornton, the chief assistant, and Mr. Gates A. Johnson, the chief engineer, were trying to locate a true meridian line by means of a solar compass, when they found themselves unable to secure the declination of the sun. They had the latitude exactly marked where Minnesota Point joins the main land, and where General Meade had laid off the four-mile base and built a level table the whole length in order to secure an accurate base to work from. He had it measured about a hundred times with rods adjusted to temperature, and took the average of all the nearest measures. From this base line he had measured the shores of the whole of Lake Superior by trigonometric surveys, without laying out any other base. Having found a Tribune Almanac, giving the length of the day, they wondered whether or not I could find the declination from those figures. I was catching trout a couple of miles farther up the shore, there being nothing for me to do in the work of laying out a meridian, as my instrument was only the level. Having been summoned, I had to leave two large trout that I had not been able to catch, for they would not look at my bait nor condescend even to smell of it.

I went back to the U. S. district land office, where the directors and officials were located, and found a formula, which, as I remember it now, was that the sine of the ascensional difference is equal to the tangent of the latitude into the tangent of the declination of the sun, from which, having the latitude and the ascensional difference, or the difference between six o'clock and the time of the setting of the sun, it is sufficient to find the declination. From this I made a table of hourly difference, and gave it to them about ten o'clock. They had secured a solar compass from Mr. George R. Stuntz, the government surveyor at Superior City, and, having made use of

my table, they laid out a line at that hour through the central portion of what is now the city of Duluth, about one-half mile in length. Having laid it out then and set up their picket, they waited until an equal time after twelve o'clock at noon, and upon testing it again, there was but two or three feet difference given for the picket at the end of a half mile distance. As this error was as much to the right after dinner as it had been to the left before dinner, the hub was put in halfway between the two, and the nail for the center. This was used in starting the transit survey from there to the connection with the line from St. Paul up to about Chengwatana, on the Snake river, some sixty or seventy miles from St. Paul. The survey starting from Duluth was followed down, and it was far into the winter, the later part of December, when we connected with the survey from the south and returned home, where I found my wife very sick and anxiously waiting for me.

The next year I secured quite a large contract in the southwestern part of the state, to subdivide a portion of Rock and Nobles counties, where General Bishop had some time before run the township lines for these and some other counties. Before going, I arranged with one of the prominent lumber firms of Minneapolis to go into the northern pine forests and survey a number of townships in the Pokegama region, and to cruise the timber lands and locate a lot of land scrip on lands for use by this firm for lumbering purposes. I was authorized to secure a lot of scrip at the price of \$3.50 per acre, and anything that I could get as a commission on this price I would be entitled to. I secured from Mr. Oakes, private banker in St. Paul, who in some way through the agency of Bishop Whipple had much to do with the Indians, a quantity of Chippewa scrip to the extent of something over four thousand acres, on which Mr. Oakes finally reduced the price to me, allowing me a commission of 25 cents per acre. Having arranged for the purchase of the scrip, it came to St. Paul from Chicago. The firm did not take it then, but said they would take it later, and, as I had to go to my surveys in southwestern Minnesota early in June, I had to leave the timber surveying and land scrip matters for this firm to settle and arrange.

When I came back, a couple of months later, and sometime before the southwestern survey was completed, I found to my surprise that the scrip had been taken up and I was not credited, a statement being made that a certain Mr. Brown had purchased this scrip for his own use; and I also found that George R. Stuntz had been engaged to do the government surveying for which I had been engaged, in the quite noted timber lands around Lake Pokegama and on the Mississippi river below.

My intention was at this time to follow railroad surveying, and afterwards to be a contractor and builder of railroads, and finally, perhaps, as Mr. James J. Hill afterward did, to become interested as a stockholder in the roads. But this disappointment of not receiving my commissions on the scrip, which would have amounted to a little over \$1,000, and the loss of the work in doing the surveying, led me to abandon the railroads and join Dr. Levi Butler in a pine timber enterprise, whereby I should secure the land notes and locate and look after the affairs in the pine timber region. I then put in the latter part of the winter in attending to some of Dr. Butler's previously arranged timber enterprises, and in the spring made my way to Pokegama in a large dug-out boat that I made at Pine Knoll, which carried me and the spring and summer's supply of provisions, wherewith I examined the whole timber region that Mr. Stuntz had surveyed.

Having made full preparations for locating the timber when the plats were received at the local land office, I succeeded in what the newspapers call a "scoop," securing almost every fine forty acres of timber that was near and most valuable, around Pokegama lake and the river below. That lumber firm failed to get one single quarter section that was good. They did locate one quarter that was in a swamp, from a wrong description of the land which they intended to locate, and the scrip was afterward removed. The breach of faith on the part of the lumber firm changed my whole course of life into that which I had not intended to follow, lumbering. Having located these lands, it became necessary for me to continue in the firm of Butler, Mills and Walker; and when the logs which Dr. Butler and Mr. Mills had secured in the winter's logging

that I had no financial interest in, only to look after it for them, came into the booms, they were taken into ownership of our new firm. Some of the east side mills were engaged and rebuilt, and through Mr. Ed. Brown, the east side lumberman, the logs were manufactured into lumber; and this work marked the beginning of the lumber firm then incorporated, of Butler, Mills and Walker.

Later in the summer, I went up by way of Leech lake with a haying crew, and went through the temporary, noisy Indian disturbance that came tolerably near ending in our being killed by the Indians; but, having finally gotten there, by way of Leech lake and Leech river and down the Mississippi to Pokegama, I secured an abundant supply of hay from the extended hay meadows running along the river, and prepared for logging that winter. I met there two very industrious Chipewas, by the name of Naugonup and Chechegum, who had locations at the outlet of Trout lake, a mile or so from where the town of Coleraine and the Walker-Hill iron mines are now located.

Finding that I intended to begin lumbering and bring in some crews of lumbermen that winter, they set to work to raise a crop of potatoes to sell to the contractors during the fall and winter. Their experience and that of Joseph Tuttle, who embarked in a civilizing enterprise at Waukenauboo lake, which I will refer to later, gave me the first real view of the calamity of socialism. These two men, Naugonup and Chechegum, raised about thirty-five bushels of potatoes on a little tract of very rich land that is now occupied by Gilbert Hartley as a summer home, in a very beautiful and attractive situation. It was covered with hardwood timber, mostly maple, and in a storm all the timber on this tract was swept down in so much of a heap that afterwards it burned off clean the great mass of wood, fuel, and brush that was available, thus completing the clearing. These potatoes were stored in holes under the houses, and some rough poles and boards were put over them for a floor. There being no road from Mr. Haney's lumber camp, six or seven miles distant, the potatoes could not be moved until the swamps froze, when they could be hauled over a summer trail that a team could go over to bring them.

The Indians at Oak Point, twenty-five miles away, heard of this horrible conspiracy on the part of these two Indians with Mr. Haney, to deprive the band to which they belonged of their natural rights to appropriate all the surplus above the day's supply and to transfer it to a lot of white men in the lumber camps. This was so repugnant to their ideas, of the rights of one fellow in the product of the other fellow's labor, that they went in force with their canoes down the Mississippi, past the Pokegama falls, and up the Prairie river and past its falls, and thence on a portage across to Trout lake, thence across the lake to the two little log houses under which the potatoes were stored, and took away across the lake and over the river and thence down, retracing their way, every potato that the enterprising two Indians had raised for their own benefit, to buy provisions and carry them through the winter. Afterward these two Indians were always at a discount and somewhat ostracized by the band, because of their attempt at robbing the band of its interest in the produce of their labor.

Naugonup and Chechegum were at that time up on Swan river above Swan lake, when the Indians came to take the potatoes. If they had been at home, very probably the invaders might have meted out to them greater punishment, even more than the confiscation of their supply of potatoes.

Several years before this, a very enterprising and capable young Chippewa Indian, named Joseph Tuttle, was sent to Albion, Michigan, by his friends in St. Paul, or by the Indian missionary association, to be educated. He went through the school course and graduated and returned to his native heath, which was at Waukenauboo or Hill lake, about ten miles south of Pokegama. He then married a young woman whom he had known before he left, perhaps being engaged to her, and started out to establish a nucleus of civilization and progressive life among his native people. He built a two-story house down by the junction of Willow river and the outlet of Hill lake, cleared up a piece of ground, put in some fish traps, was the owner of a good Winchester rifle, was a good hunter, and altogether was an industrious fellow. His house was not very large, but sufficient for himself and his family, if he could have been pro-

tected from the multitudes of relatives and friends who saw no reason why, if he caught more fish than he needed for his family for that day, they should not take the remainder. When his corn was ripe or ready to eat, or his potatoes ready to dig, there was not the slightest reason or good citizenship in his raising any objections to his friends, relatives, and members of the band, taking the remainder above the immediate needs. Nor was there any reason why, when it came night and any of them were short of blankets or wigwam room, to sleep in, they should not occupy the floor of his house, and sometimes even the second floor where he and his family were sleeping. All the game that he secured, any rice that he had left over, or sugar from his maple trees, must be subject to division, from the natural rights of the others to share the product of his labor.

Two years later I met him at Pokegama, living in a wigwam. He spoke perhaps the best English of any one around the lake. He told me that the customs of the Chippewas were absolutely a bar to progress and resulted in complete paralysis of any ambition or industry being pursued by any members of his band and race, that he had been compelled to abandon his homestead where he had located, and that he had changed his residence to Pokegama lake.

During the spring and summer and in later years in the logging operations in that region, it was our custom to employ the Indians so far as we could, as a policy, as well as from necessity; but we were quite disappointed by the fact that they worked only a little while, then collected their pay, and went off on a hunt and a resting spell. This was, as we found, because any further earnings that would leave a surplus above their immediate needs must be divided among the neighbors or other members of the band. In gathering rice in the fall, in making sugar in the spring, the custom of the Indians was to use this product to pay off the traders for supplies obtained during the previous winter, and, to very great extent, to buy back piecemeal, on credit at a much higher price, the rice and sugar which they had sold to the traders for the double purpose of settling their account and, if possible, to leave a sur-

plus that could be doled out to them during the winter, instead of having to divide it up with their neighbors.

We found that it was not indolence or lack of willingness to work, which caused the Indians to live in poverty and want, but from the inevitable outcome of the socialistic doctrine that has prevailed in all tribal life, which in the long ages before civilization began has made life a burden and a period of poverty, hardship, and dire want, through the impossibility of any person receiving the benefit of his own labor or enterprise. My observations of these experiences among the Chippewas were nearly duplicated also when carried to a trip of inspection in the South, where I found the same customs and habits to a large extent prevailing, so that they keep the colored race at the bottom and in general poverty, in place of being independent farmers, mechanics, and workmen, living in comfort and with the conveniences and advantages of life as their common inheritance.

In addressing a large school of over 1,200 negro boys and girls in Montgomery, Alabama, not long ago, I said that socialistic customs existing among them are the calamity of their people; the fact that no one could profit by his own industry and build up a home and a fortune, because he was compelled to divide up with his relatives and neighbors to that extent that it became practically impossible to advance from a renter to a landholder and prosperous citizen. Afterward the several colored teachers came to me and in the most emphatic manner expressed the view that I was the first one that had ever seemed to apprehend or understand the real cause underlying the misfortune; poverty, and hard times of the colored people of the South.

The next year but one, after Butler, Mills & Walker began operations at Pokegama, the mills on the St. Anthony side burned down and the firm of L. Butler & Company was organized while I was absent in the woods. They constructed a big mill on the east side, and in this I became interested more particularly in selling stumpage to the new firm; and finally, when it came along toward 1873, I saw the impending twenty-years' panic coming and I withdrew from the business entirely,

refusing to retain any interest in the lumber business, from which I had foreseen that our lumbermen could not stand the competition with Canada, on a free trade basis. My partner, Mr. Butler, at first agreed to join in at least suspending operations until better times, or to withdraw entirely from the further manufacture of lumber. Afterwards he decided to continue, and the result was that the panic wasted almost his entire fortune, which his will indicated to have been about one million dollars.

In anticipation of the panic, for over a year before it came, I used every feature of persuasion to induce Dr. Butler, my then partner in the firm of Butler & Walker, to withdraw and to avoid that which I considered inevitable, under the circumstances existing in the lumber business, which, even at best and in good times, gave but small margin of profit. When reverses came, they more than ate up any surplus profits above the cost of living, that the lumbermen could secure from their lumber business. At first he agreed to withdraw, but afterward made the matter worse by continuing on a less favorable basis than before. He purchased my half interest in a considerable amount of timber we owned jointly, which I let him have at one dollar a thousand less than the amount that J. Dean & Co. had rather urgently offered to pay for it. When the panic came, I had no lumber, logs, nor any interest in any milling plant, but had paid off my debts and was free from all such obligations, which would otherwise have closed out my much smaller capital and property interests.

The panic of 1873 broke down the nervous system of Dr. Butler to that extent that he never rallied from it, and after several months of prostration he died, ending a very strenuous, active life.

In 1877 I joined with Major Camp, who had some surplus capital, and began the Camp & Walker firm of buying timber and selling logs. Sometime after this, Major Camp desired to enter into the lumber manufacturing business, which I reluctantly went into, more on the policy which I have always pursued, of trying to adjust my views and the policy to be pursued, as far as it appeared not too objectionable, to the wishes

and judgment of my partners, of whom I have had quite a number, including Henry T. Welles, Franklin Steele, Levi Butler, Major Camp, Herrick Brothers, Mr. Akeley, and one or two others that I do not now name.

After my joining with Major Camp, it soon came to pass that the J. Dean Pacific Mill was for sale at auction. By a thorough investigation of the value of the mill, machinery, and outfit, for which we secured Mr. Menzel of Milwaukee to examine for us, and which was perhaps the beginning of his interest in Minneapolis, where he located and spent the remainder of his life, it was figured out that the mill and machinery were worth about \$90,000, and the real property \$20,000 or \$30,000. When the auction sale began, there were gathered in the J. Dean lumber office, next to the mill, the Harrisons, Deans, and Mr. Johnson, who owned the big iron works adjoining the mill property, and a considerable number of lumbermen, among whom several had formed little organizations or associate interests to purchase the mill. Major Camp and I concluded that we would bid up to about \$80,000, and I was installed as bidder for Major Camp and myself.

The property was started off at \$20,000, and then by bids of one thousand it went up to \$25,000 or \$26,000; then by 500's, to about \$30,000 or \$32,000; then by 100's, coming very slowly, it ran up to \$35,000; and then, to my utter astonishment, Major Camp came to me and said he did not care to go higher, although we had agreed to go more than double that. I said, "Very well," and continued on bidding; and as I was in the back part of the house, near to where the owners were sitting, the report was spread that I was just bidding up for the owners, and not in good faith for myself. That seemed to take the starch out of the bidders who had come there with the same intention that Major Camp and I had, of bidding up to \$80,000, and the final outcome was that it was struck off for \$37,500 to me personally.

The next day Major Camp came to me and said that, if I was willing, he would be glad to take a half interest in the mill and make use of it in manufacturing the logs from the timber that we had secured. This established the firm of Camp &

Walker, which continued for eight or ten years, until I became weary of trying to make a sufficiently profitable lumber manufacturing business by cutting only twenty millions of logs in a season, when there was about as much overhead or general expense as there would be in cutting forty or fifty million. As Major Camp refused to go beyond the small cut, we decided to sell the mill. I then embarked in the northwestern enterprise of manufacturing lumber at Crookston and Grand Forks; and Major Camp withdrew or retired on a comfortable fortune and property interests that we had together, including the Central Market and the property around it, together with some timberland interests in the pineries.

The beginning of my lumber manufacturing on the Clearwater river was owing to the fact of my having sold logs to the lumber firm of Jarvis & Barridge of Winnipeg, who failed to meet their payments so that I had to take security on the lumber sawed and piled; and afterward, through the agency of the banks in Winnipeg and Montreal, I closed out and secured most that was due me and canceled off the balance.

As I had continued lumbering on the Clearwater river, I began the construction of a mill at Crookston, in which I manufactured lumber from as many logs as the limited driving facilities of the river would allow, until later when I constructed another mill at Grand Forks, which I ran for several years. After this later mill once burned down, I rebuilt it, and when it was destroyed a second time I did not rebuild it, but gave the millsite and boomage to the city and closed out the business.

The plant at Crookston ran for some time afterward, and then was sold to the Shevlin-Carpenter Company, who have been running it from that time to this.

In 1889 a general agreement to sell my Minnesota timberlands to parties in Michigan was made, with terms, conditions, and estimates arranged; and, presuming that the sale would go through, I turned my attention to the western coast, to secure there a tract of timber to continue lumbering after closing out here, more on account of my sons, who had all decided to go into the lumber business. I began explorations of the

western timber from Montana through Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and California. My many years' superintendent, Mr. Kline, with many assistants, explored all of these states in a general way, at least sufficiently to determine the advantages of each; but as the timber deal that I had arranged here fell through, from serious misfortune in one of the families, I did not follow up the western timber deal until 1894.

While I was in New York about 1890, my superintendent of logging and general business man, Mr. F. J. Kline, who was a graduate of Chicago University and was with me thirty-seven years, telegraphed to me that a man from Michigan, Mr. Healy C. Akeley, was looking for a location for a millsite at St. Cloud, with a view of handling the Itasca Lumber Company's timber that Mr. Turnbull had arranged for in northern Minnesota. I therefore wired Mr. Kline, to ask Mr. Akeley to wait until I got home, as it would be a serious drawback to Minneapolis, and to the whole lumber interests, including himself, if he should locate on the highway of our logs coming to Minneapolis, for which reason I urged him to wait until I could get back home. I started immediately, and came back to Minneapolis. I had never heard of Mr. Akeley before. He lived at Grand Haven, Michigan, and had been extensively engaged in lumbering with parties in Chicago.

When I came, I went over the map with him, showing him the misfortune that would come to all parties if he located on the river where he would not be able to handle the four or five hundred million of logs coming to Minneapolis, from which he should sort out his, whatever amount it would be, which at most would be only a fractional part. After talking this over with him, he turned to me and said, "If I should come here, I do not suppose that you would sell me an interest in your timber?" This was rather a stumper, as I had then not the slightest thought of selling to him or anybody else any interest in the timber that I owned in that great area around Leech lake and extending off beyond Itasca lake.

I did not know what to say, but I had been advising him to come to Minneapolis and manufacture lumber here, so that I said to him, "I have no timber for sale, at least have had no

intention of selling, excepting to sell logs or stumpage; but if you wish to buy a half interest in this large uncut tract, I will sell it to you." Thereupon he asked how much timber there was per acre, and how many acres there were. I had no map, as I did not have any expectation of having to use it, so I explained to him about how much white pine and how much Norway pine there was on the land, and made a general guess only, as to the acreage, which was quite a large tract. He then inquired when I would want him to pay. I told him that could be arranged by making a sufficient cash payment and leaving the remainder on a moderate rate of interest until it was paid off. He then said, "I will see you about this tomorrow."

The next day I went back and carried a map and showed him where the timber lay. The timber that I offered him was in what was then a remote timber region, which my competitors and friends in the lumber business had decided I needed a guardian for locating, as they looked upon it as inaccessible timber that would cost more to log and drive than it would be worth when the logs were in the booms.

I told Mr. Akeley what these reports were, but explained to him that there were practicable ways of handling the timber, and that it would soon be necessary to reach that more distant timber in order to supply the mills with logs. He then said that he would purchase a half interest in this timber at the prices I named, and would pay me a very considerable sum in cash and the balance in deferred payments, running over a couple of years, if that would be satisfactory to me. I informed him that that was entirely satisfactory and that he could have the timber on those terms, and he said: "Very well, I will take it." I then said, "I suppose you mean after you have examined the timber;" and upon this he said, "Well, you know what you are selling." I said, "Yes, but how does that show to you what you are buying?" He then replied, "As you have looked up the timber, I have looked you up, and that satisfies me as to what I am buying."

We closed the deal, he paid me the money, and I gave him a list of the lands, but he did not call on me for a deed for twelve or fifteen years. He afterward expressed great regret

that he did not confine his entire operations in Minnesota to his dealings with me, as these have been very satisfactory and profitable in place of the reverse in his other operations.

After several years of experience in the timber industry, I found that the lumbermen on our side of the line could not compete with Canada successfully, to make a reasonable profit, excepting in the favorable years that came around occasionally. The Canadian lumbermen were favored in quality of timber and market facilities, and in special favors from their government, while our lumbermen were handicapped by prejudiced treatment and discrimination, even to persecution for practices that were freely given in Canada. Timber supply, taxation, wages, and freedom of organized business and cooperation, were all strongly in their favor and against us. In seasons when the market had been overstocked by the floods of lumber from Canada, bringing hard times and failure, it made conditions for the lumber industry here the least favorable and the least favored, through adverse laws and their enforcement, and through public prejudice without just cause, that pertained to any industry or occupation.

When from these causes the lumber trade was prostrated and lumbermen largely closed out, then, upon recovery, a number of years later when the demand exceeded the supply for several years and prices went up temporarily, there was a margin of profit in lumber. I watched carefully the signs of the times and the prospective coming of the panics, which prejudiced treatment of the lumbermen aided materially in bringing on and intensifying; and when the panic or depressed years could be foreseen, I got from under, as in 1873, and also in another period of depression about halfway between then and now.

In 1892, I provided for the anticipated panic of '93 by selling logs and stumpage and some tracts of timber and some stocks, bonds, etc., from which proceeds I could see my way through the panic. I cut no logs that winter excepting a small stock on the Clearwater river, and in this way would have been comfortable during the panic, had it not been for others who were satisfied that no serious troubles were in store and re-

fused to make any arrangements to provide for such financial troubles.

In 1894, I began the timber enterprise in California, which had been explored in 1889 but had been laid aside because the sale of my entire tract of Minnesota timber was not completed as I had made agreement for it. I have since then secured a large tract of timber in northeastern California, in Siskiyou, Shasta, Modoc, Lassen, Plumas, and Tehama counties. It is the best and finest tract of pine timber left in the country, and it is being made accessible by branch lines of the Southern Pacific railway, of about one hundred and fifty miles. This railway line is completed and ready for operation to within fifteen or twenty miles of the new town of Westwood, where we are installing one of the largest lumber plants in the United States. We have one preliminary mill built that has furnished lumber for houses for about twelve hundred people, and the superstructure of a very large plant is about completed, for which the machinery will be available in a month or so by means of the completed railroad line.

In 1895, I made a stumpage agreement with several prominent lumber firms for the sale to them of the Walker & Akeley timber, and also, at the same time and terms, to cover the Pillsbury timber in the same territory that I had been engaged in locating for them. This was the largest timber contract that has been made in Minnesota. The logging company, consisting of the lumber firms of the Brainerd Lumber Company, Nelson Tenney, E. W. Backus Co., J. W. Day & Co., and the Carpenter, Lamb Co., was called the Minnesota Logging Company. They built the Brainerd & Northern railway to Leech lake and beyond, and cut several hundred millions of logs, when the continuing depressed prices and hard times led them to an adjustment and cancellation of the contract with Walker & Akeley and the Pillsbury Company.

About 1898, I decided to build a mill on the Upper Crow Wing lake, where I located the town of Akeley and changed the name of the lake to Akeley lake, in honor of my partner, Mr. H. C. Akeley. I had fifteen million feet of logs in the lake, which I had cut for a Michigan firm who had agreed to build

a mill at that point, and I was to supply them with sixty millions of logs for a term of years.

Among the many beautiful regions of northern Minnesota, explored by timber cruisers and first occupied by logging camps and lumbermen's mills, none surpasses the vicinity of the villages of Akeley and Walker, with the very remarkable and unique Crow Wing chain or series of lakes. When nearly all the pine timber has been cut off, after many years the stumps left by the axman will disappear, leaving no reminders of the first great industry of this region; but it then will be not less valuable for the stockman and farmer than formerly for the logger and lumber manufacturer. Pasturage, mowing lands, and cultivated fields, are taking the former place of the pine woods.

About twenty years ago, before the founding of these villages, this chain of lakes was examined by Warren Upham and Prof. J. E. Todd for the Geological Survey of Minnesota. Their descriptions are published in Volume IV of its Final Report (pages 77 and 84-88), which show that many interesting questions connected with the glacial and modified drift deposits, and including the origin of this series of lake basins, await further investigation.

The first sawmills in St. Anthony and Minneapolis marketed their lumber by rafting below the Falls, over which the lumber was carried in sluiceways down to the quiet waters, where the lumber was put in rafts containing one million or two million feet. The rafts were taken down the river sometimes by steam tugs and sometimes being floated with the current and steered by very large rear oars that kept them in the channel. This piloting required very careful work and experienced men to avoid breaking the rafts on the curved banks of the river and on the bars and shallows.

After the coming of the railroad builder in 1862, and with the great extension of railroads during the decade of 1870-80, they have ever since furnished abundant outlet to eager markets for all the lumber manufactured from the once immense but now nearly exhausted Minnesota pineries.

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