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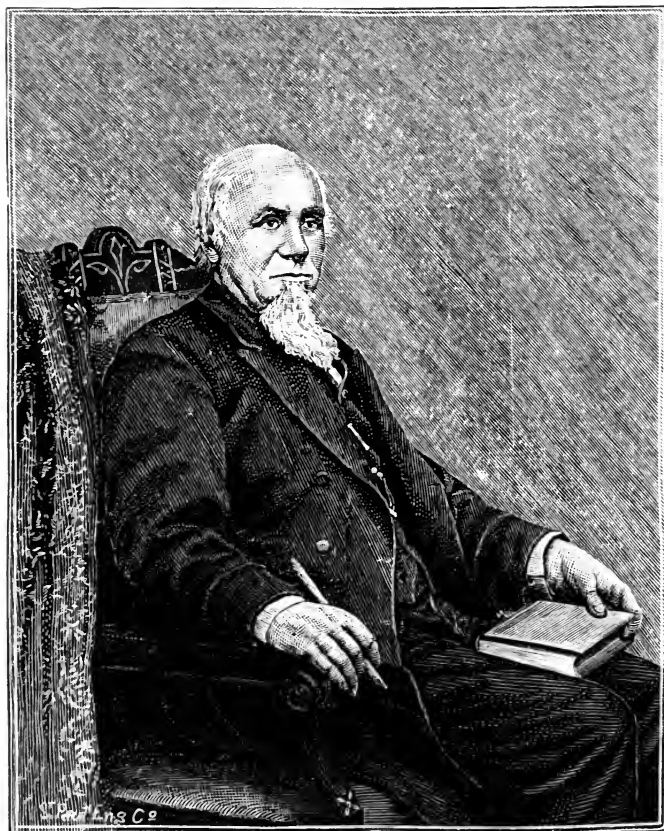


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LUCAS, PHOTO.

Very Truly Yours,
J. W. Newson.

PEN PICTURES

OF

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

OLD SETTLERS,

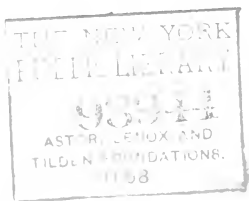
FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY, UP TO AND
INCLUDING THE YEAR 1857.

By T. M. NEWSON,

Author of "Life in the Black Hills," "He-le-o-pa," "Indian Legends," "Thrilling Scenes Among
the Indians," "Recollections of Eminent Men," Etc.

VOLUME I.

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1886.



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P R E F A C E .

The grave levels all distinctions. So do PEN PICTURES. Each name appears in its individual capacity but in the body of the articles the merits and titles of the persons mentioned are fully set forth. So too as regards engravings. None appear but that of the author for the simple reason that some can afford a steel engraving while others equally as meritorious cannot, and hence all are placed on a common level. It is possible that I may issue a special edition containing portraits, if the demand should warrant, and in that case none but steel or the very best photographic engravings will be used.

And thus I submit to posterity this work. Writing in the day in which the majority of the people described lived, has enabled me to group together a vast amount of reliable information and to procure a better conception of the peculiarities of character than could have been obtained after the parties now living have passed off the stage of life. The work embraces a period of twenty years, commencing at 1838 and ending with 1857 inclusive, and treats exclusively of the old settlers of SAINT PAUL and not of the State at large. It has been my purpose to record impartially every prominent fact and every event transpiring in this period, as well as to obtain all accurate dates and other correct information respecting the subjects about which I have written and who have either lived or died during the period covered by my book. In delineating character I have avoided anything which savored of extravagance in my laudations; and the best evidence that I have been successful in my labors is the commendation of over one hundred citizens of SAINT PAUL whose verdict can be found at the end of this volume. Hoping that my work will not only meet the approbation of the old settlers themselves and their children, but of the people at large, I submit it to an intelligent and discriminating public.

T. M. N.

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[I am indebted to Rev. E. D. Neill for courtesies extended during the preparation of this work.]

DEDICATION.



TO THE OLD SETTLERS OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,
THIS VOLUME IS KINDLY DEDICATED
BY ONE WHO KNEW MOST OF THEM WHEN LIVING
AND RESPECTED THE MEMORIES
OF THOSE DEAD.

PEN PICTURES.

CHAPTER I.

1838.

FIRST WHITE SETTLER—FIRST HOUSE IN WHAT IS NOW ST. PAUL.

ST. PAUL—ITS ORIGIN AND ITS EARLY HISTORY.

In rapid growth and in material progress St. PAUL may be classed among the most remarkable cities of the Northwest. In 1849—or thirty-six years ago—when the bill giving Minnesota an existence was first introduced into Congress and by which bill ST. PAUL became the Capital of the Territory, even then men well posted in geography were utterly ignorant of its whereabouts. It was delineated on no map, known in no history, only recognized as somewhere near the Falls of St. Anthony, away off in an indefinable country known only to the savages. In the march of little over a quarter of a century it now takes rank among the leading cities of the Union, and in solid growth and prosperity astonishes even the most sanguine.

History, however complimentary, can never adequately compensate the early settlers of ST. PAUL for their earnest efforts and struggles to establish at the head of navigation on the Mississippi River, the foundation for a city, which, in the brief period of the next twenty coming years will rival in commercial greatness and in population any other metropolis in the West, not excepting either Chicago or St. Louis. Its past history and its growth; its present prospective outlook; the grand empire beyond it yet to be developed; the opening up of the trade of Japan and China; the artery of commerce which cleaves its way to the Pacific coast in the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the great wheat fields tributary to it; its gridiron of railroad tracks; its grand wholesale trade reaching into nearly one hundred millions per year; its increasing manufacturing interests; its large banking capital—all attest the causes silently operating to produce results which will astonish the longest head and the most sagacious brain. Coupled with this is a strong probability of the union of the two cities (SAINT PAUL and Minneapolis,) not far in the distance, and with these combined elements a power will spring into existence here that will challenge the admiration of the world; for, at about this point in the dim future, midway of the two oceans, geographically in the center of this great continent, may yet sit in solemn grandeur the Capitol of the American Nation. Congress will some day clean up the Mississippi River from this point to the gulf; millions of bushels of wheat brought here by hundreds of railroad trains will be transported on its bosom to ocean steamers; raw cotton from the plantations of the south will in turn find its way into our mills, and fabrics manufactured therefrom will go forth to supply the wants of the future empire which will spring up between this city and the Pacific ocean. Iron ore from our mines will enter our blast furnaces and supply the great demands of hundreds of yet unborn cities, while our mineral resources will bring into existence reducing, smelting and refining factories that will employ thousands of men.

FATHER LOUIS HENNEPIN.

This earnest missionary was no doubt the first white man to visit the site where now stands ST. PAUL. He ascended the Mississippi River in 1680—or 205 years ago—but before reaching the

ground now occupied by the city, was taken prisoner by the Sioux Indians, and in April of that year reached a little bay a short distance below the city, which must have been, from his description, the mouth of Phelan Creek.

JONATHAN CARVER.

In 1766—119 years ago, and 86 years after the first visit of Hennepin—Capt. Jonathan Carver, a man of distinction and who had served as an officer in the French and Indian wars, conceived the idea of exploring this then little known and undeveloped region. In the fall of 1766 he reached this locality and describes “a great cave about thirty miles below the Falls of St. Anthony,” in the following accurate manner: “The entrance into it is about ten feet wide; the height of it five feet; the arch within is near fifteen feet high and about thirty feet broad. The bottom of it consists of fine, clear sand. About twenty feet from the entrance of it begins a lake.” The distance from the Falls of St. Anthony is not thirty miles as stated by Carver, but about ten; by river about twenty.

CARVER'S CAVE.

In this cave Carver held a grand council with the Indians and he claims they gave him a deed of a large tract of land embracing the present site of ST. PAUL, and many acres above the Falls on the east side of the river, in the aggregate one hundred square miles. Above this cave, on the bluff, was the burial-place of the savages, and here to-day can be found many mounds. It was also in this cave where the Indians held their great gatherings, composed of various tribes who congregated here to talk over the “affairs of state” and enjoy their huge pow-wows. Those were happy days for the Aborigines, but now the red men are rarely seen upon our streets, or rarely heard of, except on the extreme frontier.

INCIDENTS OF CARVER'S CAVE—LYMAN DAYTON.

The cave alluded to is at the foot of what is now known as Dayton's bluff, about one-half mile below our present levee, within the city limits, and on the east bank of the Mississippi River. The bluff derives its name from Mr. Lyman Dayton, who former-

ly owned all the property on the plateau above and much of that in the swamp below, now occupied by the various railroad companies. He was an energetic, stirring, liberal, kind-hearted man, and had he lived he would have been immensely rich. He was portly in person, quick in speech and action, rugged in looks, performed many good acts when living, and now when dead his memory is kindly cherished by all the old settlers who knew him well and appreciated his worth. He left a widow and an only son, the former living at a place called Dayton, on the upper Mississippi, and the latter now a resident of Minneapolis.

THE OWNERS OF THE DEED.

Nearly thirty years ago I traveled with a lady and gentleman on their way East who had visited ST. PAUL to claim their possession as transferred to them by the heirs of Jonathan Carver, to the immense tract of land already alluded to, having in their keeping a deed of this then and now immensely valuable property, and who were greatly disappointed on searching the records to find that while such a deed was given to Carver by the Indians, yet when the land was ceded to the United States no mention was made of the transaction; that is, the deed was not confirmed, and hence the title was not perfect. The gentleman was then sick and subsequently died, but for courtesies extended to him by myself on the journey, his widow years afterwards gave me a copy of the alleged deed, and I presented it to the Academy of Science. That institution united with the Historical Society, and when this was burned out in the old Capitol building the deed went up in smoke as many other grand schemes of men have disappeared in the black clouds of disappointment. What would have been the result if these parties had succeeded in perfecting their title nobody can tell, but this little incident is interesting as connected with the early growth and history of ST. PAUL. In 1848 Dr. Carver, grandson of Jonathan, visited our city in search of his property, but Congress would not recognize his claim and the matter quietly dropped.

THEN AND NOW.

Over twenty-five years ago Carver's cave was a place of rural beauty and attractiveness. Many traditionary legends of the red

men lingered around its peculiar history, and tourists entered its cavernous mouth, dallied with its clear water, wrote their names upon its transitory sand walls, and sometimes penetrated its winding, hidden rivulet as it laughingly gurgled its way on to the Mississippi river. Then nature was dressed in her gayest attire. Then I could pick my way along the bank of the river amid the flowers that bloomed on every side. Now the whole plateau or swampy land, embracing several acres over which I then passed, is one solid network of rails on which 9,226 trains or 45,636 cars pass per month, or over 250 trains of cars daily come and go into the saintly city of ST. PAUL. (This includes freight as well as passenger trains; of the latter there are about 188 daily.) The entrance to the cave is at present blocked by a railroad track. Its capacious chamber is filled with beer barrels. Its pearly stream has ceased to flow. It is slowly dying of civilization, and in a few years will be known only in history, and yet to those who remember it in its palmiest days, it brings up many memories of by gone hours and recalls many features of old friends who sleep the silent sleep of death. And so the years go by, the tread of population increases, and the landmarks of the past are obliterated by the swelling wave of the human race which pushes barbarism to the mountains, crowds the Indians beyond the plains and harnesses nature to do the bidding of dominant man.

FIRST ACTUAL SETTLEMENT IN THIS REGION.

In the year 1805—eighty years ago—a treaty was made with the Sioux Indians, who at that time owned all the land on the west side of the Mississippi River, by Lieut. Z. M. Pike, (after whom Pike Island, at the base of Fort Snelling is named, and which island can be plainly seen from the cars on the left coming from the fort, or on the right going to the fort,) whereby they ceded to the United States a reservation at the mouth of the Minnesota River; and in 1819—or sixty-six years ago—the present Fort Snelling was commenced, and this is really the first actual settlement in this region, antedating that at ST. PAUL or “Pig’s Eye.” This year, or in 1819, Mackinaw boats loaded with government supplies, were poled up the Mississippi River 900 miles from St. Louis to Fort Snelling, the time thus occupied

being three months. Now palatial steamers can bring the same kind of goods from the same points to Fort Snelling inside of five days. We really do not comprehend the march of events and the progress of the age in which we live, until we dig up the past and place it side by side with the present, and then we begin to realize what Galileo many years ago said, that "the world *does* move," and surrounding events demonstrate that it is moving now faster than at any other period in its history.

TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS FOR PORTIONS OF THEIR LAND—
"PIG'S EYE."

Thirty-two years after the first treaty, or about 1837, the Chippewas ceded a portion of their land east of the Mississippi River—they claiming all the land on the east side of the river and the Sioux all the land on the west side, the river being the boundary line—and part of this land ceded by the Chippewas is the present site of ST. PAUL. Settlers of the Red River of the North mostly of French extraction, who had been driven off the Fort Snelling reservation ceded by the Sioux, settled upon this ceded land from the Chippewas, and hence commenced the nucleus from which a great city sprang into being and a greater city is yet to be in the march of years. A Canadian voyageur, with a bad reputation and sinister features, by the name of Pierre Parrant, has the honor of being the first settler of our Saintly City. From all accounts he was an ugly looking fellow but no doubt brave. He had an eye that resembled that of a pig, and hence the place was early called "Pig's Eye," which euphonious name it bore for several years.

FIRST HOUSE IN ST. PAUL IN 1838, OR 47 YEARS AGO.

Parrant built the first log house in ST. PAUL in 1838, or forty-seven years ago, and at the close of that year nine cabins graced the future city, composed of a motley group of Canadians and Swiss French. Of course Parrant had to live, so he opened up a trade with the soldiers and Indians of poisonous whisky, and no doubt for a time both he and his fellow traders did a thriving business. I believe he subsequently moved down the river about three miles to a place now called "Pig's Eye," but what finally became of him nobody seems to know. All great men have

histories of their early struggles and poverty, but in the end they get the better of them, so if this law applies to cities as no doubt it does, ST. PAUL is in the direct line of promotion. But what a hodge-podge of concatenating episodes! A Canadian Frenchman! Bad man! Pig's Eye! Whisky! First log house! First settler! Indians! Finally, ST. PAUL. If a sinner gets to heaven at last ST. PAUL is bound to be at the top of the ladder! When a boy I used to hear the quotation—

“Honor and shame from no condition rise,—
Act well *your* part, there all the honor lies.”

ST. PAUL is acting well her part now no matter what may have been her early history. Beecher says it is not from whence we come but what we are and where we are going, and ST. PAUL is all right at the present time, and is pressing forward to a growth unprecedented in her history, or in the history of any other city in the Northwest.

JOHN B. GAUTHIER.

I am trying to pick up the old stragglers so as to get them all in line at the muster call, and away back on the road side, sitting on the green grass and under the shade of an aged tree, is a somewhat bent form whose hair is gray and whose eyes are dim, and who ever and anon mutters to himself, “Yes, yes; it is a long time ago, forty-eight years, near half a century, since I came here. Then there was no ST. PAUL; no, no; no whites; no, no; Indians, elm trees thickly skirting the river; teepees, war songs and war dances; hark! I hear them now! No, no; only a passing thought! Oh, dear, how the years have fled, and so my children tell me I'm getting old; I guess I am.” The breeze comes up from the river, the old man drops his head upon his staff, stray locks of long, gray hair float out from under his faded hat, he clutches his cane with his bony hands and dreamily wanders off into the silent chambers of memory—and sleep! He starts, rubs his eyes, looks around him, arouses up and feebly says: “I guess I've been dreaming; yes, yes, I'll go home; I'm growing old;” and hobbling off slowly his form fades away and is lost in the mists of eternity—he's dead!

Mr. Gauthier was born in New York state in 1803 and was one of the original contractors of the Erie canal; went to Texas

in 1833 and to St. Louis in 1835, where he married; was one of the first settlers in Dubuque in 1837, and removed to ST. PAUL in 1838. He was an active and prominent man in ST. PAUL, especially in WEST ST. PAUL, where he platted an addition which will ever remain as a monument to his memory. He died in our city in 1884.

CHAPTER II.

1839.

First Marriage—First Birth—First Death—First Murder—First Steamboat—With all the Events and all the Old Settlers of this Year.

REMINISCENCES.

People will marry, will kill, will die; children will be born; so it was in the past, so it will be in the future. Basil Gervais is acknowledged to be the first white child born in ST. PAUL, which event occurred September 4, 1839, or forty-six years ago. He is still living. The first legal marriage was in April, 1839, or forty-six years ago—J. R. Clewett to Rose Perry. The first death and the first murder was Hays, by the Indian Do-wau, as herein noted. The crime was committed sometime in the month of September, 1839, and for many years Phelan had been falsely charged with the murder. The first steamboat arrived at Fort Snelling in 1823, or sixty-two years ago. Mrs. Jackson, widow of Henry Jackson, now the wife of John S. Hinkley, of Mankato, brought the first clock to Minnesota, in the year 1842, and has it with her yet. It has out-ticked the life of many an old settler

and has continued ticking all these long years of various changes. It is different from "Grandfather's Old Clock,"

"Which stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died,—

but continues on in the even tenor of its way with its everlasting tick, tick, tick, tick !

JAMES THOMPSON, A FORMER SLAVE, ONCE A RESIDENT OF ST. PAUL.

Lying upon a couch at the residence of Mrs. Odell in WEST ST. PAUL, in the year 1884, was the emaciated form of a mulatto man about five feet six inches in height and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. He was formerly a stout, healthy person, turning the scales above two hundred, but sickness and old age had conspired to leave but a semblance of what was once a hale and vigorous organization. His name was James Thompson ; in previous years a slave ; then a free man, but poor and dependent. From his lips I learned the following facts :

WHERE AND WHEN A SLAVE.

He started out on a journey when a mere lad, with George Monroe, nephew of the President of the United States, and on arriving at Lexington, Kentucky, Monroe became involved in debt and was obliged to part with six of his slaves, among them was Thompson, his brother and sister, and several aunts and cousins. He was then conveyed to St. Louis and from thence moved to Fort Snelling as the property of John Culbertson, sutler, in 1827, or fifty-eight years ago, and was roaming about where ST. PAUL now is in 1839. He was purchased by Capt. Day, of the fort, and from this point went to Prairie du Chien, Wis., where he became the chattel of Rev. Mr. Bronson, who paid \$1,200 for him out of money collected at the East, and at this time he received his free papers and became a free man, having been sold four times. He was immediately employed as an interpreter of the Sioux, and did a great deal to advance the religion of the Methodist church in the early days, as not only Mr. Bronson was the minister of the church, but he (Thompson) was a member of the First Methodist Church, as well as a member of the Old Settlers' association in this city at the time of his death. He spoke in the highest praise of Mr. Bronson as a man who

had many good qualities and whose kindness of heart and generous acts he never could forget.

DUEL OVER A PIG—FIRST AND ONLY FIGHT.

Mr. Thompson said that during his long residence in this section he never had but one fight and that was over a pig, whom the notorious Phelan (after whom Phelan, not Phalan lake, was named,) had stolen. As soon as the fact was discovered by him, he repaired to the residence of the thief, which stood near Seven Corners, and finding his pig in a pen he knocked off the boards and the favorite quadruped trotted out and along home after him like a little dog, really glad to once more find his own master. Phelan was absent at the time, but learning that the pig was gone he became terribly enraged, and sought out Jackson and told him some one had stolen his pig. "Oh, I guess not," said Jackson; "the owner has got his pig, and I guess you will have to fight to get it back." "Well, I will fight," said Phelan, and down he went to where Thompson lived and charged him with stealing his pig.

"It isn't your pig," said Thompson.

"It is my pig," said Phelan, "and if you don't give it up I will lick you."

"You can't do it," said Thompson.

"Well, I will do it," replied the thief.

"Now see here," said Phelan, "I will meet you here to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, and if you lick me the pig is yours, and if I lick you the pig is mine."

"Agreed," said Thompson, and the two parted. And sure enough, the next morning at 9 o'clock Phelan was on hand and so was Thompson. Phelan was a long-legged and long-armed man, and so when the parties met he went for Thompson with his legs and feet, but Thompson dodged his many kicks, when, all of a sudden he siezed him by his nether extremity and immediately the brute and bully was upon the ground and Thompson pummeled him with his fists so thoroughly that he called for mercy. On gaining his feet he acknowledged that the pig belonged to his antagonist and invited "the boys" to his shanty, (Thompson among the rest,) and treated them to five gallons of wine, and ever after that Thompson and Phelan were good friends.

HELPED BUILD THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN ST. PAUL.

Though a poor colored man, once a slave, yet he not only aided with his own hands to build the little Methodist church on Market street, but furnished 2,000 feet of lumber, and made out of the logs taken from the river, 1,500 shingles for the roof, and then gave a lot which he owned towards paying for the church. If the widow's mite was considered by the Saviour of the world a valuable gift, how much more so was the gift of this once poor slave, and yet he pined with sickness on a lowly couch, and finally partially recovering, removed to Nebraska, where Oct. 15th, 1884, he died, as also did his wife four days previously.

AIDED IN BUILDING THE FIRST HOUSE—RUN THE FIRST FERRY.

Mr. Thompson also aided in erecting and constructing the first house in St. PAUL, which was owned by Phelan and Hays, and stood near the Seven Corners. He also ran the first ferry boat.

PHELAN DID NOT KILL HAYS—THE FIRST MURDER.

It has been generally believed that Phelan killed Hays, his partner, but Mr. Thompson sets this matter to rest very decidedly, by stating unequivocally, that an Indian by the name of Do-wau, the Singer, killed him, and when fatally shot at the battle of Kaposia this Indian, just before he died, admitted the deed. This is an important item of history, as it relieves Phelan of one of the many crimes charged to his account and verifies the old saying "that murder will out." Hays' death was the first murder in the city. Phelan was arrested for the crime but never tried, as no positive evidence could be brought against him.

SOMETHING TO THINK OVER.

Mr. Thompson said that the ground this side of the Capitol was not only marshy years ago, but that where the Church Hospital now stands, on Eighth street, near the property of Mrs. Robinson, there existed quite a large lake, whose outlet was down the ravine formerly where "Moffett's Castle" stood, but now occupied by the beautiful and imposing edifice of the First National Bank. Out of this lake he had drawn many beautiful

fish. The verification of this fact by a living witness would lead one to believe—looking upon the property now—that Donnelly's able and interesting Atlantis is true.

HIS RELATIONS—WHEN BORN—WHEN MARRIED.

Mr. Thompson must have been born in 1799 as he was 86 years old when he died. He came to Fort Snelling in 1827, or 58 years ago. His father, he thinks, must have been white or nearly so, while he has good reasons for the belief that he kept a noted hotel. Thompson married the mother of Mrs. Odell, (a hale old lady also dead,) in the year 1848, or thirty-seven years ago, by whom he had nine children, only one of whom (George, thirty-four years old,) survives.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In personal appearance Mr. Thompson resembled Morton S. Wilkinson. He had a large, aquiline nose; a high forehead; small, round eyes; a well-set mouth; with a peculiar movement incident to the late senator. Beside he was tall, slender, somewhat angular in his movements, and yet closely knit in his physical organization, showing that with proper care he might have lived at least ten years longer. His complexion was quite light, indicating Anglo Saxon blood; and his whole make-up clearly showed that he was away above the ordinary when a southern slave, and fully equal both to the white or the Indian when a free man. He had played an important part in the history of our city and state, and during the fifty-seven years that he had trod our soil, I find nothing to mar a well-earned and excellent reputation, except, perhaps, the duel over that pig! But as that was in defense of the weak and the helpless, so it only adds to his glory as a true man and benefactor of his race, for it taught the rough and bad Phelan to respect thereafter the rights of others. Once a slave! A good man! A brave pioneer! Life's measure full! Going! Good bye!

“I'm coming! I'm coming!
My hair is white as snow;
I hear the angels calling—
Poor old Joe!”

And poor old Joe has been gathered to his fathers.

ANOTHER NOTED CHARACTER—TA-TI, WIFE OF CHASKA.

Almost every day in the week can be seen upon our streets a very comely Indian woman somewhat bulky in form, but with a good countenance and pleasant expression, who comes to ST. PAUL from Mendota, where she lives, to traffic with our people in selling game and moccasins, and thereby obtain an honest livelihood. She is one of the aborigines of this country and is known among the whites as Lucy. When a babe in her mother's arms, a Chippewa rushed in upon them and killed her parent, and subsequently she married the brave Chaska, one of Little Crow's leading warriors—indeed his best man. When the Indian outbreak took place in Minnesota in 1862, instigated by Little Crow, Chaska, although then in full Indian power, rushed into the store at Yellow Medicine and finding his friend George Spencer of this city driven up stairs, then wounded and in imminent danger of being killed, placed himself between that of his friend and his Indian comrades, and saved the life of Spencer; hid him in the grass; administered to his wants; placed him out of danger, and then sought to save the lives of other whites, and succeeded. Chaska was commended for these acts, and subsequently was employed by Gen. Sibley to act as a scout with his expedition across the plains. He was either purposely or accidentally poisoned, (I have always thought the former,) while performing excellent duty even against his own people, and his body lies buried out on the plains, while his widow, Ta-ti, or Lucy, passes up and down our streets, scarcely noticed by the thousands who jostle her on the sidewalk. Several years ago I. V. D. Heard, Esq., General Sibley and others, sent a petition to congress to grant this poor widow a pension, but the members turned their backs upon it. Great and glorious country! when the widow of a man like Chaska, who stepped out of his own ranks to save the lives of the whites, and did save them, can get no recognition at the hands of congress! Millions can go into the vortex of illegal pensions, but not one dollar to the struggling wife of one of the noblest Indians that ever lived. I absolutely blush for the great American flag when it is tarnished by such flagrant acts of ingratitude, and this we call the glorious American republic!—the President the Great Father of the

untutored savage. But Chaska's name will live, and his deeds will live, long after small politicians have been swept into oblivion. Ta-ti can have no prouder monument to the memory of her dead husband than the reflection that at the most trying time in our history, "he was the noblest Roman of them all."

BAZILLE GERVAIS—FIRST WHITE CHILD.

Mr. Gervais was born in what is now ST. PAUL, September 4, 1839, or forty-six years ago. Soon after his parents moved to Little Canada, a French settlement about ten miles from ST. PAUL, where he received a common school education. He has never been really a settler of this city having devoted most of his time to farming in White Bear township, where he now lives. He is the father of a large family and is in moderate circumstances.

Mr. Gervais is a man of medium size, of light complexion and quite active in his motions and in his speech. Though the oldest settler in the county—not having lived in the city though born here—yet he has failed to accumulate any property out of the golden opportunities he has had, and still perhaps he is better off on his farm than the possessor of millions, for a vast estate always brings burdens which the poor and humble never know. "Will you take care of all my property for your board and clothes?" asked John Jacob Astor of a complaining friend. "Why no," he replied. "It's all I get," said Astor.

CHAPTER III.

1840—1.

*First Act of the Military—First Priest—First Church—Including all the Events
and all the Old Settlers of these Years.*

DRIVEN OFF.

A few French families from the Red River of the North, who had settled on the Military Reservation of Fort Snelling, were forcibly driven off by the soldiers in the year 1840, the government claiming that they had no rights there and that the reservation was for the military alone, and this was their first act against the whites. These families moved down to within the present limits of ST. PAUL. This same year J. R. Brown was elected to the Wisconsin legislature and in 1840 the settlers had a representation among the law-making powers of our neighboring State of Wisconsin.

TRIAL OF PHELAN.

It was in this same year (1840,) that Phelan was brought up for trial in Crawford county, Wisconsin, for the murder of Hays, but as he never was arraigned, it is presumed that the grand jury could not find evidence to form a bill against him and he was set free. This act would seem to corroborate Thompson in the statement that Hays was killed by the Indian Do-wau, and not by Phelan.

PIERRE PARRANT.

In chapter one I accorded to Pierre Parrant the honor of being the first white man who settled in ST. PAUL. His log house was erected on the banks of the Mississippi river, at the mouth of the small stream which flows from Fountain cave near

the present brewery of Mr. Banholzer in the upper part of the city, and just off the old Fort road, now the property of the Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha Railroad company. Here he sold whisky to the Indians and to the soldiers from Fort Snelling, and here he made his claim. He was followed by one Perry and family, who located near Parrant, and whose shanty stood where the old City Hospital now stands. It must be borne in mind that the treaty with the Indians ceding this property to the government, was made in June, 1837, (Parrant settled in 1838, others in 1839-40-41,) so that the land was then, in 1840, open to settlement; and following Parrant and Perry (both Frenchmen from the Red river region,) came the Gervais brothers, Pierre and Ben, who made claims this side of Perry; and following these came three discharged soldiers, Evans, Hays and Phelan, who also made claims; two of them settling this side of the cave, while Evans took up his abode on Dayton's Bluff. The claims of Hays and Phelan ran from the river to the bluff and took in what is now known as part of Third street in upper town, including Wabasha and Eagle streets, on the first plateau above the river. Then came a stranger by the name of Johnson, who built a house near where the gas works now stand; and then, in 1839, followed an Englishman by the name of James R. Clewett, who married Perry's daughter, and thus commenced the first settlement of St. PAUL, about forty-seven years ago.

PIG'S EYE.

I have already noted the fact, that Pierre Parrant moved to a place called Pig's Eye, (so named after his peculiar optic,) about three miles below St. PAUL. Here settled in 1839 some fifteen Frenchmen then in the employ of the old American Fur company. Pig's Eye is only noted now as the place where a sand bar intercepts the navigation of the Mississippi river. St. PAUL for a time was called Pig's Eye, but this gave way to a more euphonious name which is still cherished by the city. Previous to moving to Pig's Eye Parrant made other claims in the city, of which I shall speak hereafter.

THE EARLY FRENCH—VETAL GUERIN.

It is an indisputable fact that the early settlers of our city

were Canadian French, and most of them came from the North and were a hardy, bold, brave class of men. A French fort was built at Lake Pepin, also at the mouth of the Le Sueur river. They were trappers and voyageurs and inured to frontier life. Among those whose memory is greatly cherished by some of the oldest settlers in this city, is that of the gentleman whose name precedes this paragraph. Mr. Guerin was born in Canada in 1812; entered the service of the American Fur Company in 1832; reached Mendota the same year; served the Company three years and continued about this section for some time afterward, when he settled upon the claim previously made by the discharged soldier Hays, and built his cabin where Ingersoll's block now stands, sometime in the year 1840. Then trees and brush and a good-sized forest greeted his view where now is a busy mart of trade and of commerce. Before his death he lived in a small, one-story and a half house built after the French fashion, which stood on the ground now occupied by a large building owned by the late Dr. Steele, corner of Seventh and Wabasha streets.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF GUERIN.

I remember Mr. Guerin as a slender man, with sharp features, a mobile face, cool and slow in his movements, quiet in his manners, and unostentatious in his dress. He was an unselfish man, kindly disposed, yet decisive in his character, and lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. As an illustration of his generous impulses I state the fact, that he gave part of his claim to an old friend who erected a cabin where Mr. Goodhue's house formerly stood, corner of Third and St. Peter streets, but subsequently this friend sold his part of the claim for \$150.

SUDDEN WEALTH.

In 1849 the rise in the value of Mr. Guerin's property—that is his claim—made him worth \$150,000, but it did not change the quiet, humble citizen, who, out of his newly acquired wealth gave liberally. The land whereon our present Court House stands, and where several churches rear their spires heavenward, was cheerfully given by this really good man. He was generous to his poor countrymen, and many remember him with grateful hearts. He was unlike other Frenchmen; more cool in his

manner; and when surrounded by danger from the Indians, (and he had many narrow escapes in this direction,) he exhibited a calmness, which, in view of his nationality, was truly marvelous.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

Immediately after the marriage of Mr. Guerin to a daughter of Mr. Perry, he lived in his cabin, which, as I have already written, stood just where Ingersoll's block now stands. Williams, in his history, says: "A few rods from Guerin's cabin was Parrant's establishment, and the powerful nature of the Minnewakan he sold the Indians there, used to turn them sometimes into red demons. In one of their crazy sprees the Indians killed Guerin's cow and pig, and destroyed other property. Indeed, the lives of Guerin and his bride were oftentimes in danger, and their honeymoon was somewhat a stormy one, take it all in all. These devilish sprees of the Indians occurred occasionally for several years. Once, when Mrs. Guerin was nursing her first child, about two months old, some nine or ten Indians made an attack on the house and tried to kill Guerin. They broke in the window and attempted to crawl in. Mrs. G. concealed herself under the bed expecting to be murdered. Guerin seized an axe and was about to brain the first pagan whose head appeared through the window. This would have been a very unfortunate affair for Guerin had it happened, but, luckily, before any bloodshed occurred a friendly chief named "Hawk's Bill," came up and remonstrated with the drunken brutes, urging them to leave. While they were parleying Mr. and Mrs. Guerin, with the child, slipped out of the door and fled to Mr. Gervais' house. The Indians then went away, after shooting Guerin's dog with arrows."

"At another time Guerin was leaning on the gate-post of his garden when some drunken Indians coming up Bench street hill fired at him, a ball struck the post making a narrow escape for Guerin. Again, as he opened his door one morning, an iron-headed arrow whizzed past his head and stuck in the door jam."

THEN AND NOW.

I quote these Indian attacks to bring more vividly to the mind of the reader the great changes made in our city inside of forty

years. The imagination can readily picture in the past a few log cabins amidst forest trees, nearly half a mile apart, with Indian teepees and drunken Indians themselves prowling about on our present Bridge Square, where now can be found all the paraphernalia of civilized life. Those humble huts have given place to stately edifices of commerce, and where the infuriated savages sought the innocent lives of Guerin and his family, can now be found silks and satins, and where the forest trees intercepted travel can at present be seen street cars and the glare of the electric light! All the old cabins are gone! The occupants are gone! The trees are gone! The Indians are gone! But still civilization increases and the city grows!

DEAD—BUT HONORED.

Ten years ago I used to see Mr. Guerin walking our streets; interested in our growth; pleasant in speech; aiding every public enterprise; a really noble citizen. And even later along in life when his property was taken from him and he became poor, he still maintained his honor, his manhood, his integrity. He died in 1870, aged 58 years, and the Common Council of St. PAUL, for which city he had done so much in the shape of donations of real estate, very properly and justly erected a monument to his memory, and in the Catholic cemetery repose all that were once the material elements of Vetal Guerin.

PIERRE PARRANT'S NEW CLAIM.

Having been driven by the soldiers from his location near Fountain cave, Parrant took another claim running back from the river and including the present real estate from Minnesota to Jackson streets. He built a cabin on the edge of the bluff near Robert street, where he sold whisky, and finally disposed of this claim to Ben Gervais for ten dollars! This property is now worth several millions of dollars; certainly not less than \$3,000,000, and so goes the world! We can all see better behind than before, and even if we see ahead we very often lack the financial means necessary to secure a good thing, or even hold on to that which we have. If Parrant had drunk a barrel of his own whisky, and it hadn't killed him, and he had gone to bed and slept until the present time, on waking up he would

have found himself a rich man! But he didn't do it, and he didn't hold his claim, and he didn't get rich! And what are you going to do about it? Nothing! It is the old story Who has not told it and who has not heard it over and over again? If—and if—and if—

ABRAM PERRY.

This was one of the old settlers who was driven off the Fort Snelling reservation and who made his home in ST. PAUL in 1840. He had seven children, and there was nothing particularly remarkable about him except that he was a hard-working man and had many misfortunes. He died in 1849 at the age of seventy-five years.

CHARLES PERRY.

This was the only son of Abram Perry (there being six daughters,) and he never resided in the city a great while, but is now living and has a farm on the shores of Lake Johanna, some ten miles from ST. PAUL. Of course he remembers the place as it was, but he never dreamed of its present growth. He is an unsophisticated farmer, living almost outside the limits of civilization and probably enjoying himself better there than amid the dazzling splendor of city life. He is certainly better off than he would have been if he had owned half the land upon which ST. PAUL now stands, for he has escaped a vast amount of vexatious and untiring labor.

JOSEPH RONDO.

Mr. Rondo was born in Canada of French parents in 1807, received a slight education when a boy, and at the age of 18 years engaged to the Hudson Bay Company as a voyageur and was sent to the Pacific coast. In 1827 he settled in among the Red river colony near Fort Gary, and married a Koontanais mixed blood and became a farmer. He left Canada as a refugee and came to Fort Snelling in 1835, or forty years ago, near which he opened a farm. Having no possessory rights upon the Fort Snelling military reservation, he with others came to ST. PAUL in 1840, and at first purchased a little tract now in the heart of the city, which he sold and took a claim on land at present embrac-

ing largely Rice street and that reaching out toward Lake Como, and the tract is now called Rondo's addition to ST. PAUL. It was mostly a marsh with a large number of small tamarac trees upon it, but they have all been cut off and the marsh has disappeared. He first built a small wooden house near Carroll street, and then, as he got along financially, erected a peculiar small French brick house with a projecting roof and verandas, which have only given way to improvements within the past few years. This unpretending building has been absorbed now into a large brick house which has been erected on the spot of his dear old home. Although Mr. Rondo at one time owned a good deal of property yet he never was well off but lived humbly and worked hard all his life-time. He has many descendants, some of whom live here now. He was an honest and hard-working man. At the time of his death he was 88 years old, and was the oldest living settler in ST. PAUL in the year 1885.

XAVIER DE MAIR.

Mr. De Mair was born on the Red River of the North in 1813; when a boy his parents moved to Prairie du Chien and he arrived at Mendota in 1838, and was married in 1840 to Josephine Cloquet; took up that year 160 acres in what is now the city of ST. PAUL, where the University avenue car barn stands; traded his claim in 1842 for a horse and wagon; from 1839 to 1842 carried mail from Fort Snelling to about where Winona is at present; after he disposed of his claim he took another where Calvary cemetery now is; remained there about five years; sold that for a team of horses valued at \$300; then took another piece of land about seven miles towards White Bear lake and resided there about five years; sold this land for \$30 and never received the money; went to St. Peter in 1852 and lived there until 1877, when he removed to Wisconsin; then came back to ST. PAUL and at present lives in a small house on Winnipeg avenue. He killed thirty-two deer one fall where part of ST. PAUL now is, and away back in 1837, or forty-eight years ago, he saved the life of Rev. Father Ravoux near where La Crosse now stands.

1841.

ANOTHER OLD SETTLER.

Most if not all the men I have already mentioned, came to ST. PAUL during the year 1840; but in 1841 appeared Pierre Bottineau, who purchased a tract of land known now only in history as Baptist hill, because a Baptist church had been erected thereon but of which no vestige at present remains. Where the church stood can be seen the imposing building of Wilder & Merriam, on Sibley street, occupied by Nicols & Dean. Bottineau's father was a French Canadian and his mother was a Chippewa woman, and with the blood of these two flowing in his veins he was a somewhat remarkable man. He was in the employ of Gen. Sibley as guide and interpreter in 1837, and subsequently became famous in conducting expeditions across the plains, as he spoke all the Indian languages and had traveled over almost every foot of the great Northwest. On leaving ST. PAUL he made a claim at St. Anthony, and then established a settlement at what is now known as "Bottineau's Prairie." He is a large man physically as I remember him, with a prominent face and head, straight black hair and piercing eyes, and a swarthy complexion. An odd contrast to this appearance is his exceeding pleasant smile which nearly always radiates his face. He has the characteristics of the bear and the gentleness of the woman, and if alive, as I think he is, he must be a man 74 years old. He is a noble link of the past, as he combines the French, the Indian and the American, in all his elementary peculiarities. One of the best things which can be said of Bottineau is, he was always true to his trusts, and that of itself is a noble monument to any man.

SLAVERY!—DRED SCOTT.

Don't be startled, reader, but it is a fact that slaves once trod the free soil of Minnesota, and what is more remarkable still, is the fact that the famous Dred Scott, about whom Chief Justice Taney made such a singular decision, viz: "that negroes had no rights which white men were bound to respect," was once the

slave of Surgeon Emerson, stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. At that early day nobody interfered with the slaves owned by the officers, and yet they were really slaves and were treated as such. A young negro by the name of Thompson, was owned by an officer at the fort and was subsequently sold at Prairie du Chien, Wis., to Mr. Bronson, for \$1,200, and he was afterwards used as an interpreter of the Sioux language. To the credit of Minnesota be it said, that no slave was ever bought or sold on our soil, and yet it was a common thing for the officers at the Fort to bring their slaves with them as personal property, as under the law they were. Mr. Thompson formerly lived in ST. PAUL, but moved to Nebraska, where he and his wife died in 1884. (See Chapter II.) In the meantime let us bless God that slavery is dead!

AWAY BACK IN THE PAST.

Among those who came to Minnesota but not to reside permanently in ST. PAUL, between 1830 and 1841, were Joseph R. Brown, dead, in 1825, or 60 years ago; Norman W. Kittson, living, in 1832, or 53 years ago; H. H. Sibley, living, in 1834, or 51 years ago; Wm. H. Forbes, Martin McLeod and Franklin Steele, all dead, in 1837, or 48 years ago; Henry M. Rice, living, Wm. Holcombe, dead, 1839, or 46 years ago. Five of these oldest settlers subsequently moved to ST. PAUL and have played an important part in her progress and in her destiny.

FIRST CHURCH—NAME OF ST. PAUL.

In the year 1841—forty-four years ago—the Catholics of Dubuque, Ia., conscious of the existence of a settlement in this then far off region, sent out Rev. Lucian Galtier to establish a mission at Fort Snelling, and this good man, finding a group of his own nationality and religion where ST. PAUL now is, erected a small church of tamarac poles, “so poor,” he writes, “it would remind one of the stable at Bethlehem.” This simple structure was dedicated on Nov. 1, 1841, or 44 years ago, and named the “Chapel of ST. PAUL.” It stood on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi river, on what is now known as Bench street, and near the rear end of the *Pioneer Press* building. It was a genuine log cabin, with one door for entrance, two windows on

each side, a cross at the front on the cornice, and the old picture of it makes a striking contrast either with the present cathedral or the more modern and more expensive German Catholic Church, which cost in the neighborhood of \$300,000. At the dedication of this chapel the reverend father expressed a wish that the place then known as "Pig's Eye" might be named "ST. PAUL," and from this little incident the city received the name it now bears and which name has become familiar throughout the land.

LUCIAN GALTIER—THE FIRST CATHOLIC PRIEST IN ST. PAUL.

My history would be incomplete without a biographical sketch of the first priest who commenced his religious teachings in the city of ST. PAUL. Speaking of him, Rev. John Ireland says: "Galtier was born in France in 1811; was a student of theology in his native diocese, when Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, Iowa, came to Europe in quest of missionaries; that those who were persuaded to follow him to America and do missionary work, were Rev. Joseph Cretin, afterwards Bishop of ST. PAUL; Rev. Joseph Pelamourgues; Rev. A. Ravoux, now vicar general of ST. PAUL, and Rev. L. Galtier. The latter left Dubuque for Fort Snelling on the 26th of April, 1840, and as he himself writes: "There was then no ST. PAUL; there was on the site of the present city but a single log house occupied by a man named Phelan, and steamboats never stopped there." Not finding many settlers above the Fort on the St. Peter river, he continued in an unsettled condition at that place until several families had made locations on the Mississippi river, below Fountain Cave, as described in a previous article. He says: "Already a few parties had opened farms in this vicinity, (that is near the cave,) and added to these the new accessions formed quite a little settlement. Among the occupants of this ground were Rondo, Vetal Guerin, Pierre Bottineau, the Gervais brothers, etc. I deemed it my duty to visit occasionally these families, and set to work to choose a suitable spot for a church." The place of the church was soon selected as hitherto described, and the building erected. Writing to Bishop Grace, of this city, he says: "On the first of November, in the year 1841, I blessed the new *basilica* and dedicated it to ST. PAUL, the apostle of nations. I expressed a wish

at the same time that the settlement should be known thereafter by the same name, and my desire was obtained. The name "ST. PAUL" as applied to a town or city, seemed appropriate. The monosyllable is short, sounds well, and is understood by all denominations of Christians. When Mr. Guerin was married, I published the bans as being those of a resident of ST. PAUL. It was named afterwards "ST. PAUL Landing," and later on ST. PAUL. When some time ago an effort was made to change the name I did all I could to oppose the project."

In 1848 Mr. Galtier went back to France and returning soon after was stationed at Prairie du Chien. He visited ST. PAUL in 1853 and again in 1855, and soon after died. He was never a permanent settler of ST. PAUL, but I place him among the settlers of 1841, at the time he blessed the first church.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF GALTIER.

Those who knew him speak of him as a man of great decision of character, with a rather strong cast of countenance, large mouth and overshadowing eyebrows. His head sat upon his shoulders like a military chieftain, and he was well chosen to mould and control a heterogeneous mass of men whose lives had been spent almost exclusively upon the frontier. He was a well proportioned man, with a fixed determination to accomplish what he undertook, and he succeeded. Years have fled, changes have been made, the first little, crude log church and the first honest, self-sacrificing priest have passed away, but both will ever live in history made doubly dear by the noble achievements of REV. LUCIAN GALTIER.

AUGUSTIN RAVOUX.

Very few of our citizens who notice a tall, spare man, with a long, flowing coat and taking extended strides upon our streets, ever wielding a cane in a peculiar manner, now throwing it out from the arm, and then bringing it down upon the pavement as he moves along, would suppose that this was Very Rev. Father Ravoux, who came to ST. PAUL in 1841, or forty-four years ago; and yet his face is familiar to all the old settlers and his kind voice has been heard in many a lowly hovel. In active missionary work in our city and State, he ranks next to Rev.

Galtier. Indeed, I may say, in his special line of duty he excels him. He was born in France in 1815, and is consequently seventy years old. In 1838 he offered his services to Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, then in Europe, as a missionary in the West, and soon after entered upon his duties, preaching in various parts of the then territory; learning the Sioux language; printing books in the Sioux tongue; unfolding the gospel to the savages by interpreters, and in 1842 returned to Mendota, and for some time thereafter took the place of Mr. Galtier, who was absent at Lake Pepin. Among the books he printed in the Indian language, was one with a very peculiar title, viz: "Wa-Kan-tan-Ka ti Cancu," meaning, "Path to the House of God." He was well adapted to mingle with the Indians, as he readily learned their language and by his mild and gentle disposition won their regard. On the removal of Rev. Galtier from his mission at Mendota, Father Ravoux took his office and preached alternately at the former place and in this city, and had under his charge Mendota, ST. PAUL, Lake Pepin and St. Croix, until the arrival of Bishop Cretin in 1851.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Father Ravoux is a marked character upon the streets, or anywhere else. His dress indicates his calling. With a kind, benevolent face, broad forehead and slender body, he moves along with the aid of his walking stick, with all the agility of a man of forty. He is a strong orthodox upholder of the Catholic Church and believes in the positive punishment of all violators of the law of God; or at least what he honestly thinks to be the law of God. Several years ago he was engaged in arranging some drapery in the church and had his mouth full of pins, when he fell and some of these pins passed down into his wind pipe and some stuck in his throat, and he has suffered more or less from this accident ever since. It has affected his preaching somewhat, but still he has performed great labors in the field and in the church, and is yet a grand, venerable specimen of an old-time Catholic priest. My religion is broad enough to accept good from any church, no matter what its denomination may be, and as the Catholic church early moulded the morals of the young ST. PAUL, so it is a source

of great pleasure to record the meritorious claims it has upon the public sympathy. At least the earliest religious teachers and the earliest religious pioneers were of the Catholic Church, and history demands nothing less than this recognition.

CHAPTER IV.

1842.

First Name of St. Paul—First Shingled Roof Building—First American Flag—Incidents and Old Settlers.

THE NAME OF ST. PAUL.

The man who proposed the name of ST. PAUL in lieu of "Pig's Eye" for our city, ought to be canonized in history and his name handed down, as it will be, to many generations yet unborn. Just think of the "Grand Pig's Eye Opera House!" or the sweet, charming ladies of "Pig's Eye!" or the "State Capital at Pig's Eye!" or the "\$100,000 mansion on one of the broad avenues of Pig's Eye!" or the "head of navigation at Pig's Eye!" But then it might have been had not the good Catholic priest Galtier gallantly come to the rescue, and proposed and insisted that the name should be—ST. PAUL. He did not think that the future of the then embryo city would end—"in a Pig's Eye!"—and so he gave it the name of the great Apostle after whose teachings he himself followed. I accord to Galtier great praise for suggesting the name, and greater praise still for the utter obliteration of that horrid expression, "Pig's Eye!" as in any way applied to our present city.

OLD SETTLERS—HENRY JACKSON.

In 1842, or forty-three years ago, the population I have described, was made greatly more respectable by the arrival of

Henry Jackson, who, according to Yankee ideas, established a store of general merchandize, including liquid goods, and for a time, in 1846, or thirty-nine years ago, was postmaster, and allowed letters to be deposited in a candle-box two feet square, out of which each customer helped himself. People must have been more honest then than now, or there were a less number of drafts going through the mails, for I do not hear of any one losing money at this early day, except at the gaming table. Each one took his own letters and left the others. If this system were adopted now most people would, no doubt, make an improvement upon the past, by taking somebody else's letters and leaving their own.

JACKSON AS HE WAS.

As I remember Jackson he was a short, thick-set man, slow in speech, quiet in his movements, with a florid complexion, and a mouth full of tobacco. He was generalissimo of all he owned—a sort of walking encyclopedia condensed, political and otherwise—and a man to whom others looked for general information. He filled the measure of his usefulness in this city, and if my memory serves me aright removed to Mankato. I well remember, in making a political speech at that place in 1854, or thirty-one years ago, I charged the removal of the Indians to that section (then an unpopular measure,) to the influence of Hon. H. M. Rice, and these charges were based upon information received from the then Gov. Willis A. Gorman, now dead. At the end of my speech a man in the audience arose and said, “that the speaker talked fluently and well, but that he could tell more lies in a given time than any man he ever heard.” It was Jackson—and he was right. I had been honestly lying, and did not know it, but subsequently learned that my information was incorrect, and hence I had done Mr. Rice a great injustice which I took an early occasion afterwards to correct. [Further information shows that it was P. K. Johnson who interrupted me, and not Jackson.]

GIVING A BOND TO MARRY.

Jackson was born in Virginia in 1811, and was a self-made man, possessing considerable fun, well versed in human nature,

and very hospitable. As an illustration of the humorous element of his character, it is said of him that before his commission arrived as Justice of the Peace, a couple applied to him to get married, but he told them he could not perform the ceremony unless they gave him a bond agreeing to return after his commission had been received and be legally married over again. They consented to do this and he pronounced them man and wife—*by proxy*. The bond was given, and the much married couple departed, but whether they returned to Jackson again is a mooted question. I guess they didn't.

In his early days Jackson went to Texas and engaged in the war there, and then drifted to New York, Wisconsin, Illinois and finally Minnesota. His log store stood upon the bluff just back of the Fire and Marine Insurance building on Jackson street, and here he did considerable trading with the Indians and the whites, and became a man of considerable importance. In 1843 he was made justice of the peace; in 1846 postmaster; in 1847 elected member of the Wisconsin Assembly, which office he held two years; later he was a member of our town council and of the Territorial Legislature. He married Miss Angelina Bivins in 1838, who still survives him, and died in 1857 at Mankato, Minn. Jackson was a natural pioneer; easy, good natured and very social. I remember him as a man sensitive as to points of honor and strongly devoted to his friends. Jackson street in this city was named after him.

MRS. JACKSON—THE WIDOW.

In the year 1884 I met the widow of Mr. Jackson on the streets of ST. PAUL, then the guest of Mrs. John R. Irvine. She is a sprightly, well preserved lady, full of kindness and affability, and remembers distinctly many interesting reminiscences of ST. PAUL, some of which I hope to be able to give to my readers in succeeding chapters of PEN PICTURES.

R. W. MORTIMER—FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.

Among the early settlers who came to ST. PAUL in 1842, was Sergeant Richard W. Mortimer, an Englishman by birth and a man of good education. On migrating to this country he secured a position in the United States army, and finally followed the

soldiers to Fort Snelling, where he remained for some time, and then moved to ST. PAUL, opening up with the money he had saved while in the army, a stock farm on a small scale and also a store. The first shingled roof building was his, then standing on the corner of Third and Market streets, where Simmon's drug store can now be seen. Mortimer lost money in his enterprise, because he was progressive in his nature, and beside, he was simply ahead of the country, ahead of the city and ahead of the times. He lost sight of the fact that the poverty of the people would prevent them from sustaining him in his new departure, so he finally spent his money without any adequate recompense, became dissatisfied with his lot, regretted he had ever left the army, and pined away and died at the early age of 43 years. He was loyal to the country of his adoption and paid \$35 for the first stars and stripes that ever floated over ST. PAUL, and when this flag was struck down he was ready to shoot the villain on the spot, and would have done so if he had not been prevented. Mortimer's \$5,000 dwindled to nothing in 1842, but if he were alive to-day with his money and his experience, and could make the same investment he made then, (eighty acres between St. Peter and Washington streets,) a good round fortune would crown his efforts. Some reap while others toil; some toil and reap nothing; others gather plentifully out of sheer good luck, while thousands pine and suffer for the necessaries of life. What a long train of trouble, and trial, and toil, and disaster, and financial ruin has led to the present prosperity of ST. PAUL, and how little we think of it; and still it is a law, and the law goes on and we go on with it, until at last we shall all be lost in the great whirlpool of oblivion.

AN INDIAN BATTLE NEAR ST. PAUL.

The new comers to this city of rapid growth and unparalleled prospective greatness, can scarcely realize that only a few years ago Indians trod our streets, or rather traveled over the ground where our streets now are, at times gloating over their bloody battles, or dangling the reeking scalp of a new-fallen foe! And yet such is the fact! It should be remembered by the reader, that the Sioux and the Chippewas have always been enemies—that the former owned the land on the west side of the river

and the latter that on the east; that whenever one tribe killed a member of another tribe, revenge followed, and growing out of this many bloody battles were fought. Now in the first place, three Sioux were killed at Fort Snelling by the Chippewas, who lay in ambush to take their scalps. In retaliation for this the Sioux penetrated the Chippewa country to punish their enemy, but were beaten. To revenge this raid the Chippewas determined to attack the Sioux village of Little Crow, at Kaposia, a few miles on the west side of the river below ST. PAUL, but, before they reached the village a battle took place on the east side of the river, known as Red Rock. The Chippewas numbered about 150 warriors. Near where they made their first halt to reconnoiter they killed two Sioux women, who were in the field hoeing corn, and cut off the head of a little boy, son of one of the women. The firing of guns at this point aroused the Sioux at the village, and they prepared for the combat. Rushing across the river they met the Chippewas and the battle became furious and lasted nearly three hours, when the Chippewas fled, leaving ten or twelve of their dead upon the field. The Sioux lost about twenty of their men, but they continued their pursuit of the flying Chippewas for a number of miles, and then returned to their village. I gleaned these facts from the late Thomas Odell, of WEST ST. PAUL, who died from the effects of a cancer about two years ago. Mr. Odell was fully cognizant of all the incidents of this engagement, and no doubt they can be relied upon, at least in all their main features, as correct.

DIFFERENT SCENES NOW.

Different scenes now meet the eye of the citizen and the stranger. No Indians prowl about our city, except perhaps a few half-civilized squaws from Mendota, and no rumor of an Indian outbreak causes excitement in our midst. On the same ground where the teepee stood is now the building of a majestic wholesale establishment, and where the wild men of the forest once held their war-dances, now glows in beauty and in grandeur our new and splendid opera house. Church bells in 70 towers drown the yell of savage revenge in the startling war whoop, while the white-winged dove of peace cooes in solemn grandeur over the graves of a departed race.

CHAPTER V.

 1843.

First Oldest Settler Living—First Meat Market—First Four Log Huts.

EVENTS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF THE YEAR 1843.

In chapter number four I brought the reader down to the year 1842, or 204 years from the time Louis Hennepin first visited this locality, and the first time the first white man set foot upon soil where now grows in grandeur and in greatness the city of ST. PAUL.

A FEW MORE OLD SETTLERS.

Among the oldest of the old settlers was Donald McDonald, of Scotch descent, born in Canada in 1803, and who died in 1884, at the ripe age of eighty years. He was at one time in the employ of both the Hudson and the American Fur Companies; traveled and traded very extensively throughout the Northwest, and claims to have put up the third house on the east side of the Mississippi on ground now occupied by ST. PAUL. He then laid claim to the land formerly owned by the late Stephen Denoyer, or better known where the old Half-way House now stands, a few miles outside of the city, on the well known St. Anthony road. He sold this land to Denoyer "for a barrel of whisky and two Indian guns," the said land now being worth not less than \$500,000! Poor Mc. I did not know him personally, but learn he was a brawny Scotchman, strong, venturesome, and exceedingly fond of a roving life. He married a half-breed, and after raising a large family of children, stepped across the Stygian river to continue again his travels in another world.

OLD PELON AND BILANSKI.

During the year 1842 a Canadian voyageur, known only by the name of "Old Pelon," drifted to the young city and became the bar-keeper of Jackson. Mr. Goodhue, the first editor, spoke of him as follows: "At that time all sorts of liquors were sold out of the same decanter, and a stranger coming into the store once, asked Pelon if he had any confectionery? Pelon, not knowing the meaning of the word, supposed it was some kind of liquor, passed out the decanter of whisky to his customer, saying: "Oui, Monsieur, here is confecshawn, ver good, superb, magnifique." The stranger didn't drink but Pelon did, and continued to do so until his appetite and his old age laid him in the grave.

BILANSKI.

Bilanski was a Polander. His claim was known as "Oak Point," near the present machine shops of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad Company, or better known now as Arlington Heights. He was a lover of women, having married four, from three of whom he had obtained divorces, but one morning he was found dead, and on investigation it was proved, at least by circumstantial evidence, that he had been poisoned by his wife, who was arrested for the crime on the evidence of a servant girl, tried and convicted of murder, and was hung in 1860.

JOHN R. IRVINE.

Mr. Irvine came to this city in the winter of 1843, and like Jackson, his friend, of whom I wrote in my last chapter, brought with him a load of groceries, which he soon disposed of. He was born in Danville, N. Y., in 1812, and combined the trades of the blacksmith and the plasterer. In the latter capacity I knew him. He purchased a claim of land embracing about 300 acres, (paying \$300 for it,) occupying nearly all of what is now known as upper St. PAUL, and his log house, built after the French fashion, stood on the corners of West Third and Franklin streets. Then trees and brush and running streams made ingress to or egress from his home very difficult. On the flats below Third street, designated the "upper levee," was a dense forest of elm trees, only one of which is left as a memory of the past. Rings on

these trees have been counted up to as high as 600, making them not less than 600 years old. Most of these trees were cut off by Mr. Irvine and sold to steamboats. Along the base of the hill, skirting Summit avenue, were cedar and tamarac; all have disappeared. From Mr. Irvine's house in back to the bluff, including the ground now occupied by the German Catholic Church, and from the Seven Corners, also including a good portion of Pleasant and College avenues, and indeed reaching down Seventh and Eighth streets and below Jackson, was a bog mire impossible to travel. Now this property is one of the most valuable in the city. Mr. Irvine accumulated other property on Summit avenue and elsewhere, and the combined value of all his real estate, had he held it, would have reached the sum of \$3,000,000. He gave the city the ground for Irvine Park, which bears his name.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I remember Mr. Irvine as one of the people; a man of no ostentation; a laborer; always working; never idle; quiet in manners; strictly temperate, and very even in his every-day toil. He was a man of ordinary physical development, somewhat compact, cool and deliberate in speech, and eternally and everlastingly doing something. He was a member of the Legislature, and although not a brilliant man yet possessed a good fund of common sense. During the financial crash he, with many others, became involved, but worked out of it. He erected the large building on the corner of Eagle and Third streets, known as Flat-Iron Block; was engaged for a time in banking, and finally, when in the midst of his greatest labors, was taken sick and died, at a good old age, reaching about 66 years, leaving some five or six girls, all of whom have married well. Mr. Irvine had three brothers who are still living.

MRS. JOHN R. IRVINE—A HALLOWED OLD AGE.

There is nothing to me more beautiful than a serene and hallowed old age, and never am I more forcibly reminded of this than when I meet the cheerful and pleasant face of the former Miss Nancy Galbraith, now the respected widow of John R. Irvine. In looking on her clear complexion and into her bright

eye and marking her pleasant smile, one can hardly realize that this is the mother of a large family, and the woman of pioneer life who forty odd years ago lived in a wilderness; who, though surrounded with early hardships and adversity has braved them all, brought up an excellent bevy of children, and now is gliding gently down the hill of life, loved by all who know and esteem her; and also by the public at large for her many virtues. She lives on Summit avenue with all the comforts life can give, and I only hope she may be spared many years more to enjoy the laurels she has so justly earned.

J. W. SIMPSON

A few itinerant persons came to ST. PAUL previous to Simpson, but soon after left. Among these were Coy, Blanchard, Magee, etc., whom I need not designate as old settlers, but only driftwood on the boisterous waves of adventure. Simpson, whom I may class among those who came to Minnesota in 1842, and to ST. PAUL in 1843, formerly kept a warehouse on the levee, corner of Sibley street. He was a small, thin, spare man, possessing business qualities, and somewhat in advance of the times. His early education had been more of the ministerial character (being a Methodist), than the commercial, but he finally drifted into the hard-tack groove of life, and died soon after taking off his harness. He was born in Virginia in 1818. He once owned an acre where Union block now stands, and subsequently purchased a tract between Baptist hill and the Merchants hotel, where he built a house and lived and died. Only two years ago the house was torn down and a small parcel of ground upon which it was situated was sold for \$90,000. A new and costly building has been erected on the old site adjoining Mr. Drake's building on Fourth street, and where Simpson unthinkingly planted, the present owners will reap thousands of dollars, as the property is located in the busiest part of the city. He paid \$200 for the tract; its present value is \$200,000—the rise of the real estate in forty-two years! Mr. Simpson at one time was County Treasurer, and performed his duties to the satisfaction of all. He married a niece of Louis Robert, a Miss Denoyer, who survives him, and who has been placed in comfortable circumstances by the recent sale of the old homestead. He died in 1870, aged fifty-two years.

FRIGHTENED BY THE CHOLERA.

Simpson became frightened when the cholera first made its appearance at our levee, in the year 1854 or 5, as he had much to do with steamboats and several cases came from the boats. I remember one poor fellow in the last stages of the disease, lying and apparently dying upon the ground, deserted. With a good Samaritan I went to him, gave him some whisky, with powdered charcoal and sugar, and to the surprise of all he recovered. Years afterward he met me, hale and hearty, and his gratitude was unbounded. Simpson was terribly frightened, and hearing of my success with the whisky and in order to ward off what he termed "that terrible disease," took to stimulants, but his frail body could not stand the shock of disease, and he later passed over to the other shore. He was an active, worthy man, and the old stone warehouse where he did business still stands as a tribute of respect to departed early pioneerism.

WILLIAM HARTSHORN.

Among those who came to ST. PAUL in 1843, was the subject of this sketch, who was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and who, soon after arriving here, formed a co-partnership with Henry Jackson. The first deed on record in this county was from Jackson to Hartshorn, for \$1,000 for three acres, lying on the Mississippi river, known as the "ST. PAUL Landing," now worth probably \$300,000. At the expiration of two years Hartshorn withdrew from the firm and ran a fur store in this city as well as several other fur stores outside. He finally sold out to Randall, Freeman & Larpenteur, and removed to Stillwater; tired of that he came back to ST. PAUL and entered business again, and died, January, 1865, aged seventy-one years. A writer for the newspapers of that day speaks of him as follows. "He was an honest and pure-minded man, with a kindness of heart and absence of guile that made him beloved by all. Though at times well off, he was over-reached to an extent that kept him in reduced circumstances all of his life." I cheerfully add, that it gives me pleasure to record these kind words of one whose memory should always live; not for any great act achieved by him, or for his money, but because of his intrinsic merits as a

man. The world is full of animated, pushing, struggling beings, but very few men, and when I find one, like Jack Bunsby in the play, I propose "to make a note of it."

A. L. LARPENTEUR, ONE OF TWENTY LEFT.

Mr. L. was born at Baltimore, Md., in the year 1823. He came to ST. PAUL in the year 1843, or forty-two years ago, and when he appeared on the levee with a stock of groceries for Mr. Hartshorn, for whom he subsequently clerked, three hundred Indians greeted him (or rather the provisions,) with cheers. About twelve white people with a number of savages, then composed the population of ST. PAUL. Mr. Larpenteur continued with his old employer until Hartshorn sold to Freeman, Larpenteur & Co., and soon after he entered into business for himself, on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, opposite the Merchants hotel, now occupied by the Hale block. He was at one time one of the original proprietors of the town site of ST. PAUL, and was one of the commissioners who entered the land upon which the city is now built. In 1850 he was alderman of the City Council and Treasurer of Ramsey county. He speaks English, French and Indian well, and at one time was an Indian interpreter. Mr. Larpenteur is now doing a large business on Jackson street, and is the father of ten children, and his oldest daughter Rosa was the first white female child born in ST. PAUL in 1847.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Larpenteur is of French descent and consequently is all life and animation. He has a nervous, sanguine temperament; possesses a black, piercing eye, is of medium size; always pleasant, very quick; talks quickly, acts quickly, figures quickly. Judging from what he now is, one would think he must have been "chain lightning" when young. He is a man of unbounded industry, has unerringly maintained his love for trade, and is never more in his element than when down deep in business. Nobody is more devoted to his family than he, and at his "Anchorage," surrounded with the comforts of a pleasant home just outside of the city limits, he enjoys in his leisure moments all the pleasures this life can give. Of twenty comparatively

young men who started out with him in life, he is the only one left—all are dead. He is among the very oldest of the old settlers of this city, indeed is the oldest living in 1885, and although rising sixty years, and a little lame, he is as brisk and as cheery and as animated as a man of forty. I wish him many more years of an honored life.

Mr. L. married Miss Mary J. Presley, sister of the late Bartlett Presley, and she is yet a vigorous and pleasant lady, having seen a great deal of pioneer life and a great many changes, and still is lovely in her disposition and very greatly esteemed by all who know her.

SCOTT CAMPBELL—AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED.

Scott Campbell had a mixture of Indian and Scotch blood in his veins and married a half-breed woman. He added to this an appetite for drink, and although he was an interpreter at Fort Snelling for twenty-five years, and was employed by Steele, Kittson and others, still he never was rich, and died in 1850, aged sixty years. He came to ST. PAUL in 1843, and his log house stood on Third street, just above Zimmerman's gallery, and his claim embraced the land from Wabasha street to St. Peter, running back two blocks. His wife is reported to have been a good woman, but his sons grew up indifferently, probably the reflex of the father's character. Two were hung; one died in an insane asylum. Joseph Campbell is a worthy man, and probably all the sons would have been better if they had been surrounded with different circumstances and brought up under different influences, for "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Early examples, early association, early education, early training, have much to do in moulding the character of the young, and if the Campbell boys had been differently situated they might have adorned society as good, moral citizens. Scott Campbell was a man of some ability and with all his faults is pleasantly remembered by those who knew him.

THE OUTLOOK IN 1843—42 YEARS AGO.

At the time I record the events of 1843, ST. PAUL had but three or four log houses, with a population not to exceed twelve white people, and was a mixture of forest, hills, running brooks,

ravines, bog mires, lakes, whisky, mosquitoes, snakes and Indians. One could scarcely find his way from the Merchants hotel to Wabasha street, so thick were the underbrush and trees, and no travel could go much beyond Fourth street in consequence of the swampy condition of the land. A fine waterfall was visible just where the Capitol now stands, and the water from this beautiful cascade made its way to a lake on Eighth street, near the corner of Robert, in which were fish, and then sought the river down a ravine where the building of the First National Bank now stands. It was in fact only a small trading post, and those who came here then had no more idea of a city than they had of crawling to heaven on a sunbeam! But few are left of the early settlers of 1843. The young man of twenty-five years ago, with black hair, bright eyes, unmeasured energy, is an old man now, with gray hair, dreamy eyes and tired footsteps. He feels the burden of his years and plods along while newer and younger elements jostle him to the end of the road and to the little bridge over which he soon must pass to that better land.

MORE OLD SETTLERS OF 1843—THE ANTIQUATED CENTRAL HOUSE.

Among other old settlers who came to ST. PAUL in 1843, was Alexander H. McLeod, son of a Scotch Canadian. He was a man of great physical power, and it is related of him that he killed his antagonist in a quarrel by a blow from his fist. He has the honor of being the original builder of the old Central house; that is, he built a square log cabin on the site where it used to stand, just back of Mannheimer's block, on Bench street, and from time to time additions were added to it until it became quite a respectable hotel, and in the years 1849-50-51 was used for the Territorial Legislature. At an early day he was employed by the American Fur Company; clerked for Frank Steele; became a soldier in the Union army, and died in 1864 aged forty-seven years. Previous to his death he made WEST ST. PAUL his home, where I believe his widow now resides.

MORE CANADIAN FRENCHMEN.

Then came along David Sloan, who married a sister of Hole-in-the-Day, the great Chippewa chief, and after trading and roving around among the natives of the forest for a number of years,

he died near Crow Wing. Joseph Desmarais was an interpreter and guide, and on settling in St. PAUL purchased a piece of property near the corner of Third and Jackson streets, probably that which is now known as the Prince block, for the munificent sum of \$50, and then went among the Indians, with whom he has since made his home. Then Pepin, and Cloutier, and Gobin, and Larrivier, and Delonais, all Frenchmen, drifted into the little hamlet, from which has sprung the city of St. PAUL. Larrivier owned the claim upon which the State Capitol now stands, but the poor fellow could not see far enough ahead to hold on to it, which, at present real estate retail prices, would have brought him about \$500,000! But then, he is just as happy now, for

“If ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

CAMPHOR VS. WHISKY—VINEGAR VS. BLOOD.

“The Indians were very troublesome this year and perpetually drunk. One day Mrs. Mortimer, who was endeavoring to close out her stock of goods belonging to her late husband, was in her house when an Indian stalked in and seeing a camphor bottle standing on a shelf, took a deep swig, supposing it was whisky. As soon as he detected the nauseous taste, he gave a grunt of rage and seizing a measure, turned some vinegar into it from a barrel, supposing that also was whisky. He dashed down a heavy draught of it without stopping to taste it. Mrs. Mortimer saw the storm coming and fled for safety to Mr. Irvine’s house, pursued a moment after by the infuriated Indian, with uplifted tomahawk, but Irvine disarmed him and sent him off. The Indian had left the vinegar running, however, and the whole of it was gone when Mrs. Mortimer returned.”—WILLIAMS.

FIRST MEAT MARKET.

The first meat market was opened this year by a Frenchman named Gerou.

LUTHER FURNELL.

Mr. Furnell was born in New Hampshire in 1817; came to St. PAUL in 1843; was engaged for several years as a teamster; made the original claim of the old Larpenteur farm on the St. Anthony road, consisting of 160 acres; broke and cultivated 10 acres;

held it three years, when he sold it to Lot Moffett for \$100; worth now \$125,000; purchased two acres on Seventh street, on part of which stands the residence of Robert Smith, Esq., for twenty dollars; worth now \$50,000. Mr. Furnell is a tall, thin, emaciated man, with spectacles, and his health has been greatly impaired by a nervous disease. He has seen a great deal of trouble but is an honest, upright, honorable man.

CHAPTER VI.

1844.

First American Female Child born in Minnesota—First Frame House—First Protestant Service—First Grist and Saw Mills.

EVENTS AND MEN OF 1844.

The first American female child born in the Territory of Minnesota, was Miss Cleopatra Irvine, now the wife of Richard Gorman, Esq., born in ST. PAUL in 1844. Mrs. Gorman is a splendid looking woman and as good as she looks—a fine type of a beautiful Minnesota lady.

LOUIS ROBERT.

Capt. Robert was born in Missouri in 1811; died in ST. PAUL in 1874, aged sixty-three years. He was a peculiar yet marked character, inheriting an iron constitution from Canadian parentage, and in early life possessed an uncontrollable desire to travel, which he satisfied very thoroughly on the upper Missouri and

also on the Mississippi, trafficking in furs and trading generally with the Indians. He came to ST. PAUL in 1844, and in 1847 was one of the original proprietors of the town, purchasing part of the land of Ben Gervais for \$300, including the land upon which the present high school building now stands; commenced trading with the Indians; took a prominent part in the Stillwater convention of 1848 for the organization of our Territory; urged the location of the Capitol at ST. PAUL; was at one time a county commissioner; also a building commissioner; was very liberal, especially to the church; gave real estate and money to this end; and the bells of both the French Catholic Church and the Cathedral, as they ring out their musical tones, tell of the generosity of Capt. Louis Robert.

STEAMBOATING.

In the early days he noticed the great inconvenience caused by steamboats leaving some considerable time before the close of navigation in the fall, to engage in the southern trade, and returning to ST. PAUL again late in the spring, so to obviate this difficulty he repaired to St. Louis and bought a boat of his own called the Greek Slave, at a cost of \$20,000. He became captain and subsequently purchased other boats, one named after his beautiful daughter, Jennie, who subsequently married Uri Lamprey, Esq. At one time he was the owner of five steamboats.

“DEY SHALL BE FREE!”

It is said of him that when he went before a magistrate to convey some lots to a purchaser, he was told that it was necessary to have them “bounded”—that is, measured—when he broke out, “You tinks I be a d—— Jew! My lots bonded!—never! Dey shall be free!” At the first Fourth of July celebration in 1849, in a grove of trees which stood in front of the present city hall, Judge Meeker, now dead, gave the oration, and W. D. Phillips read the Declaration of Independence. Capt. Robert listened very attentively to both productions, and at the conclusion pronounced Phillips’ speech the better of the two, and in view of the fact that the captain’s early education had been sadly neglected, this nice discrimination only showed the real merits of the man’s mind. He was a great lover of liberty.

NOSE ONLY VISIBLE.

Capt. Robert was not only a strong business man but a man of great sagacity. During the Indian attack he was pursued by the savages, who were determined to take his life, but the captain dodged his enemies, and finally crawling into a swamp, lay there for a considerable time with his whole body hid in the mire and his nose just above the water. The Indians were outwitted and Robert lived to see many of them hung and the balance driven from the State.

AS I REMEMBER HIM.

Capt. Robert was a tall, muscular man, with strong features; decided convictions; great energy; excellent business qualities; and was a born leader of men. He never followed; he always led, and as captain of a steamboat he was in one of his best elements. His face was massive, and there was a great tenacity of expression in his countenance, and yet he was kind, and liberal, and social, but never losing sight of the main chance—business! Whatever he did, was done earnestly, vigorously, energetically. In politics he was a power. During the years 1853-4-5 and subsequently, he controlled the French vote, and then he had shrewdness enough to make an alliance with a man of those days who controlled the Irish vote, and between the two they always came out of the battle with a Democratic victory. Wm. P. Murray was Robert's lawyer and confidential adviser, and Robert was Murray's friend; so when their political victory had been gained they would sit down together and laugh heartily over the means which had been employed to accomplish their ends. Murray is at present city attorney, and has not yet quite forgotten the early lessons in politics taught him by Robert, and yet, if the truth were known, Murray was the teacher and Robert the pupil! After lingering several months with an aggravated cancer, Capt. Louis Robert died May 10, 1874, very generally lamented, leaving behind him a property worth \$500,000, now valued up into the millions.

CHARLES BAZILLE—FIRST FRAME HOUSE.

Another Canadian Frenchman by the name of Bazille, born in 1812, came to ST. PAUL in 1844 and erected the first frame

house on the corner of Jackson street and the levee, where the old passenger depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company used to stand. Bazille was a carpenter by trade and built other houses and also the first mill in this city. He also opened and ran a brickyard on the Como road. He purchased part of a claim now including the Capitol grounds and running back over Wabasha hill, at present worth \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000. He, jointly with Vetal Guerin, gave the block upon which the Capitol building now stands, to the United States, which subsequently became the property of the State. He really had so much land he did not know what to do with it, and placing no value upon it, gave it away almost indiscriminately, so that in his declining years he was poor. He married a Miss Perry and was the brother-in-law of Vetal Guerin.

FIRST GRIST AND LUMBER MILL.

Bazille erected the first grist and lumber mill in this city or State, on Phelan creek, but as the logs did not come down and as the wheat did not come up because it never had been sown, it proved a failure. The 160 acres on this creek then cost \$70; sold in 1846, with improvements for \$835; worth now about \$1,000,000. William Dugas owned this mill, but he subsequently settled in Little Canada.

AS I KNEW HIM.

Charles Bazille was French all over; an honest man. He was short in stature, quickly spoken, and full of kindness. He struggled through a long series of years, and died, I think, in 1878, seven years ago, much respected by all who knew him.

OTHER SETTLERS.

William Dugas, Francis McCoy and Joseph Hall came to the city in the year 1844, but as they did not make valuable claims and then lose them, (I refer to the two latter,) as all the other old settlers did, I do not deem them worthy of extended notices; yet they were good men, carpenters by trade, and saved themselves a great deal of trouble by letting the land alone.

THE BOSS CLAIMER.

Phelan took a claim in upper town, then in lower town, then

at Phelan lake, then on Prospect hill, then the ground formerly owned by Edmund Rice, and then he skipped to California. He grabbed up some five claims before he left, or about 800 acres of land, and if he had only held on to all he grabbed what a genius he would have been! How moneyed men would have taken off their hats and bowed to him, and invited him into their parlors, and sipped wine with him, and hob-nobbed over bank counters! He was a good deal like the Irishman who let go his hold to spit on his hands—he lost all! But history will do him credit; he was not the murderer of Hays, (so said Thompson,) and he can point his long, bony, ghastly finger at his traducers and exclaim—“Thou canst not say *I* did it!” and Do-wau, in spirit, will respond, Amen.

FIRST PROTESTANT SERVICE.

Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, a Methodist missionary, held service at the house of Henry Jackson some time in the fall of 1844.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Charles Reed, a young Canadian Englishman, wandered off in a snow storm and his body was found in a swamp near Lake Como. The discovery was made by a little girl who saw a dog gnawing a man's head, which proved to be that of Reed.

REV. GALTIER.

This year Father Galtier was transferred to another field of labor, and Rev. Ravoux took his place.

THE FIRST DRAYMAN.

Peter Patwell was a burly Frenchman and was the first drayman in the city. At the time of the Indian fight near the Merchants hotel, he was standing upon his dray when he heard a shot, and the moment he saw the Indians and heard a second shot, he put the whip on to his horse and yelled worse than the savages themselves, and he and his team dashed along the street like a streak of lightning, the horse on a terrible gallop, Patwell yelling and applying the whip! The Indians cried out—“Oonk-to-mee, a bad spirit; or, the Devil on wheels,” and as the Frenchman thought the Devil was after him, he yelled the

louder and beat his horse the harder, until he found himself safe in a thick wood and underbrush near the corner of Third and Cedar streets, and here he had ample time to realize the fact that so far as the whites were concerned this was only—a scare! Mr. Patwell was born in Canada in 1807; came to ST. PAUL in 1844, and carried on draying; removed to Stillwater in 1868. His son Peter, named after him, lived in Stillwater and dealt in cigars; kept a restaurant, etc. He is a small man, quick in his movements and decided in his ways. During the Indian outbreak he was shot through the lungs and thus wounded walked a long way to St. Cloud. He has a brother now in this city.

CHAPTER VII.

1845-6.

First School—First Hotel—First Odd Fellows Funeral—First Cooper.

NO MEMORABLE EVENTS AND BUT FEW SETTLERS.

I find nothing of importance to record during the year 1845, except the opening of a day school temporarily by Miss Rumsey, which was in a log house that stood near the upper levee, but it was continued only a short time as she married a Mr. Megee and the building was closed; but this was no doubt the first school opened in the place. Possibly there might have been some twenty families in ST. PAUL at this time, not more than

three or four of whom were white. There were some five or six traders, and steamboats came occasionally; and although the houses were considerably scattered yet "it was a place not to be sneezed at." Of course most of the population were Canadian French, and these were intermarried with the native race, or Indians. An accession of this class of people (French) was made this year in the persons of Caviler, Francis Robert, (brother of Louis,) David Benoit, L. H. La Roche, F. Chenevert, and two Americans, Augustus and David Freeman. W. G. Carter, or as he was called, "Gib" Carter, lived on the Fort road and died there in 1852. He came from Virginia.

FIRST HOTEL.

La Roche purchased the real estate now covered by the Merchants hotel in the year 1844, for about \$150, and upon it erected a log tavern in 1845, which was then known as the "ST. PAUL House." This property was subsequently sold to S. P. Folsom, and then to J. W. Bass, and out of this small beginning has grown the present Merchants, once run by Col. Belote, then by Col. Shaw, and now by Col. Allen. "ST. PAUL House," in 1845, value, house and land, at \$250; Merchants hotel, 1884, value, house, land and furniture, \$500,000!!

THE FREEMANS—FIRST ODD FELLOWS FUNERAL.

These gentlemen were connected at one time with Hartshorn and also with Larpenteur. David B. died from over-exertion in attempting to overtake a runaway team which got loose from him on the Stillwater road, and was buried by the Odd Fellows, the first funeral of this character which occurred in Minnesota. The Freemans were good men, but like nearly all the settlers of that day they have long since gone to their final homes.

CHARLES CAVILIER.

Mr. Cavilier came to ST. PAUL in 1845; was a saddler by trade; carried on the business in the city for some time, but finally went into the drug trade with Dr. Dewey; was territorial librarian for several months, and shortly after took up his residence at Pembina, where at last account he still resides. He was connected with the Methodist Mission at Red Rock, and was an earnest member.

And thus by gradual steps I approach nearer to the city of to-day and to the greater city which is to be.

FIRST COOPER AND FIRST BLACKSMITH.

Charles Rouleau and Joseph Monteur were Canadian Frenchmen who came to ST. PAUL in 1845. Rouleau was the first cooper in the city. Monteur was the first blacksmith.

CHARLES T. ROULEAU, SENIOR.

Mr. Rouleau was born in Canada in 1807, and is consequently seventy-eight years old." He came west in 1829, or fifty-six years ago, and was in the employ of the American Fur Company for nine years, or three terms; was mail carrier from Point Douglas to Taylor's Falls in 1844; lived at St. Croix and removed to ST. PAUL in 1845. His family consisted of fourteen children, eight of whom are still living. A carpenter by trade he was the first cooper in the city; made casks for the government; hewed the logs for the first hotel—"The ST. PAUL House,"—later worked for the Lamb Brothers, but is now living upon the weight of his years. He also built the first ferry boat at Anoka and also the old ferry house at Fort Snelling; made the first barrels in the State, and labored in the saw mill of John S. Prince. He now resides with a married daughter in an humble dwelling in the Sixth ward, or WEST ST. PAUL.

PERSONAL MENTION.

I visited Mr. Rouleau only a short time since. He is a bright, cheery old man, about medium height, clear eyes, thin face, yet sprightly and polite. He is pleasant in conversation and philosophical in his conclusions. Of course he has endured many hardships and has seen many changes. Last year he visited Montreal for the first time in fifty-four years, and in response to my question—"How many old friends did you meet there?" he responded—"Three! all the rest are dead." While absent on his visit he met a sister 102 years old. She was blind, and deaf, and bent over, yet she could sing well, and did sing for him. "Oh, I don't want to live so long!" he said, with a sorrowful tone, "we be so much trouble." This aged sister has since died. One of his daughters, aged forty years, now the mother of a fam-

ily, said she could scarcely realize that when a little girl she used to attend school in the log hut which then stood on Bench street, and yet such was the fact. Mr. Rouleau is a pleasant man and a good deal of a philosopher. Judging from what I saw of him he throws out rays of sunshine wherever he goes, and I trust he may live long to enjoy a more serene and genial old age. He died Oct. 5, 1885.

CHARLES ROULEAU, JUNIOR.

This is a son of Mr. Rouleau of whom I have been writing. He was born in St. PAUL in 1845, or forty years ago, and was in the lumbering business from the age of eighteen years up to 1871, since which time he has been on the police force of the city of St. PAUL, and ranks among the oldest members—No. 5. He is an excellent specimen of a well-preserved physical man; large, well proportioned, with a fine, clear complexion, indicating sobriety, and is one of the best officers on the force.

1846.

First Postoffice—First Postmaster—First Painter—First Artist—First River Boat.

THE EVENTS OF THIS YEAR AND THE OLD SETTLERS—A POINT ON THE RIVER.

In 1846 St. PAUL was dignified into one of the "points" on the river, for the trade of the place had then become of sufficient importance to induce steamboats to land and discharge considerable freight here.

FIRST POSTOFFICE AND FIRST POSTMASTER.

Henry Jackson, to whom I have repeatedly alluded, was an important man in the days in which he lived. He acted by general consent of the people as postmaster, and as has been hitherto described, all the letters in his possession were either

thrown down on the counter or into a box, and each one picked out those that belonged to him. Finally, on the strength of a petition from the settlers, an office was established by the department at Washington, April 7, 1846, and Jackson received his commission as postmaster the same date. The first material postoffice as made by Jackson, consisted of a rough box with sixteen pigeon holes, and this original ST. PAUL Postoffice is now preserved among the relics of the State Historical Society. Nothing so clearly shows the growth of this city as the comparative merits of the postoffice of 1846 and the postoffice building of 1885! The original one is worth about \$2; the other cost the government over \$500,000! But Jehu! didn't Jackson feel big when he received that commission! He was already landlord, merchant, saloon-keeper, justice of the peace, politician, etc., and now, when Uncle Sam put such a feather in his cap, he felt as though his cup of happiness was overflowing, although he had sense enough not to show his exuberant feeling. He was a popular man in his day and did much to advance the early growth of the city.

WILLIAM H. RANDALL.

This gentleman was born in Massachusetts in 1806; transacted business in New York for several years; came to ST. PAUL in 1846, or thirty-nine years ago, and died in 1861, aged 55 years. He succeeded Mr. Hartshorn in trade here, and having brought considerable money with him he invested largely in real estate, which is now very valuable, worth not less than \$5,000,000. He was a public-spirited citizen, liberal, kind hearted, and had unbounded faith in the growth of ST. PAUL.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

No one person I remember more distinctly than the man whose name heads this article. He was a fine, gentlemanly, courteous citizen, a hail fellow well met, genial and generous. At the time I first saw him, in 1853, he was the "biggest man in town." He had various vehicles and drivers, any number of horses, dealt largely in real estate, and his note was good almost anywhere for almost any amount. Some of the property he then owned in this city is now worth untold thousands, I might

say millions. He builded well, he planned well. But "man proposes, God disposes;" and so, just in the midst of his prospective gains, the great crash of 1857 came, and his property, being mortgaged, went down and he went with it. Mr. Randall was a man of fine business qualities, honest in purpose and manly in act. Were he alive to-day and the possessor of the real estate in this city which he once owned, he would be the richest man in ST. PAUL. Litigation followed his death, and two sons, who ought to be well off, are paddling their own canoes and buffeting life's waves; and so goes the see-saw board of destiny—one is up while the other is down. Teeter-taunter! teeter-taunter! teeter-taunter!

In personal appearance Mr. Randall was of medium size, with a florid complexion, and always finely dressed. He invariably carried a gold-headed cane and his movements on the street were of an energetic character. He had a soft, pleasant voice, and winning ways, and was always polite. He was social among his friends, generous to their wants, and yet wide-awake for business. We might say, he was the advance courier of gentlemanly culture and true civilization.

THOMAS S. ODELL—THE OLDEST HOUSE IN WEST ST. PAUL.

Occupying a pleasant niche upon the bluff and overlooking one of the finest scenes in the Sixth ward, or WEST ST. PAUL, is the rude log house of Thomas Odell, which was erected in 1850, or 35 years ago, and is therefore the oldest building in that section of the city. This was while the land on the West side of the river belonged to the Indians, and the store was used as a trading post. Odell was born in New York; was a soldier; came to Fort Snelling in 1841; mustered out in 1845; removed to ST. PAUL in 1846, and helped survey the town plat in 1847. He died from the effects of a cancer only a few years ago.

MRS. ODELL.

The widow of the subject of my sketch still lives in the Sixth ward, having recently parted with the old homestead for a new one. She is a woman about fifty years of age, somewhat fleshy, her mother being a full-blooded Indian; her father, Lieutenant Williams, formerly in the army. She has been married

thirty-seven years and has lived in WEST ST. PAUL thirty-four years. Her mother married John Thompson, the former slave, and both are now dead.

“MARSH ON!”

What a trio! Thompson eighty-five years old, fifty-seven years in and about ST. PAUL; Mrs. Thompson seventy years old and seventy years a resident of this section of country; Mrs. Odell, her daughter, fifty years old and fifty years a resident. What changes have transpired in the lives of these three people! One race—the Indians—has passed out entirely. Part of another race—the old settlers—has gone!—while a new race, embodying pluck, and vim, and energy, and enterprise, and push, and daring, and money, confront these antiquarians and confuse them with the introduction of modern ideas! The Indian who leads the advance on the war-path, says: “Marsh-on!” go-ahead! Old Time says in English, “March-on!”

EVENTFUL DAYS—RED RIVER CARTS.

In the early career of ST. PAUL one of the most eventful days was the arrival of from 150 to 200 wooden carts, laden with furs from Pembina, 900 miles distant, and drawn by oxen harnessed singly. There was no iron about these carts and they were always accompanied by half-breeds who were fantastically dressed. The furs were exchanged for provisions and the old carts, having creaked into the city, creaked out again, and the good people waited patiently for another cavalcade to make its appearance. The old Red river house, where these prairie voyageurs used to stop, stood on Governor Ramsey's farm, now Grand avenue, (upper part.) The event in modern days is the arrival of a circus, or more properly, the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In the past the cry was,—“Wait for the Red river carts,” or “until after the payment to the Indians.” Now it is,—“Wait until the wheat is cut,” and the further cry is, “Wait until the wheat is sold,” and some of us, and most of us, having waited all these long years without realizing a fortune, or, having realized a fortune, lost it, are now waiting for the great Reaper—death! and he is coming, surely coming, for he has no partiality for the human race and is no respecter of persons! The

thinned ranks of the old settlers show that he has been among them already, and we can hear him chuckle over the victory he has made as he rattles his scythe among the gray heads and feeble limbs and laughs as he sings: "I gather them in! I gather them in!"

N. W. Kittson, Esq., seems to have been the originator of the Red river trade, and he was followed by Joe Rolette and his uncle of Pembina.

THE FIRST PAINTER AND ARTIST.

From all I can learn James McClellan Boal was the first artist, who came to ST. PAUL in 1846. He was at one time member of the Territorial Legislature, Adjutant General and member of the House of Representatives in 1852. He was a peculiar character, very generous, and his generosity led him to poverty. He died at Mendota in 1862.

OTHER SETTLERS.

Louis Denoyer, H. D. White and J. D. Cruttenden were at one period residents of ST. PAUL, but they remained here only a short time. There is nothing notable in their histories, and nothing that would interest the general reader.

DAVID FARIBAULT.

Built the New England House in 1847 on ground formerly occupied by the office of the Gas Company, on East Third street, but was a resident of ST. PAUL in 1846. He was one of the early Indian traders. John Banfill remained in the city only a short time and then removed to Manomin on the upper Mississippi, where he kept a hotel. The place was better known as "Rice Creek."

HENRY BELLAND—AN OLD GUIDE.

About one mile from Bridge Square, on the West side of the river and overlooking the greater portion of our now busy city, is a story and a half house, the late residence of Henry Belland. Mr. Belland was born in Canada in the year 1816, and was sixty-nine years old when he died; came to Minnesota in 1836, or forty-eight years ago; lived in Pig's Eye in 1840, on a claim he bought of Parrant; resided at Crow Wing one year, at Mendota

four years and on the West Side for thirty-nine years, or since 1846. Was married at Lac Qui Parle in 1839, (wife living;) was employed for a long time by the American Fur Company, and worked for Gen. Sibley sixteen years. He acted as a guide and interpreter for the government nearly a quarter of a century, and was with General Custer in his first campaign; also with Generals Pope and Terry, and for eleven years was employed at Fort Totten. He was also a trader for Major Forbes at Red Wood Falls, and was on his way to that point when the Indians made their outbreak, and in the fight killed his brother. He built a log house on the bluff on the West side of the river, on a claim which he made of 160 acres of land, thirty-nine years ago, and at that time he told me, looking towards St. Paul, everything was a forest, so dense that just in front of his house he could hear the cackle of his neighbor's chickens although he could not see his residence. The only houses visible from his dwelling was one on Robert street and another at the base of Dayton's bluff. Now we have a city of 120,000 people.

WITHOUT FOOD FOUR DAYS.

He happened to be near Fort Ridgely at the time the Indians had surrounded that place, and to save his life he hid in the bushes close to where the Indians came and tied their ponies, and finally he and his companion, by the name of Le Clair, traveled four days, he not tasting a particle of food during that period. In his wanderings he came across a hut inhabited by white men, who had thus secreted themselves outside of civilization to avoid the draft. Notwithstanding he was on the best of terms with the Indians, yet had they met him they would have killed him, for when they have once declared war against the whites it is rare that a life is ever spared; and this fact so well known by those who understand Indian character, only make the noble acts of Chaska shine out in resplendent colors over the dusky forms of the Indian race.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Mr. Belland had sharp, heavy features, showing him to have been a man of great endurance, exceedingly cautious and very trustworthy. He was a little above five feet high, somewhat

broad across the shoulders, and possessed well developed muscles. His hair was gray, and he was tremulous and deaf, and unable to perform any work, the result of an attack of a paralytic stroke, which had confined him to his house since 1878. He was a venerable man, and delighted to relate his experience in the great Northwest during a period of near half a century. He died January 11, 1885, aged 69 years.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

His little, unpretentious house now stands upon five lots, all that is left of a claim of 160 acres, which, if he had retained them, would have brought him to-day \$100,000! But then he is no bigger fool than many others; indeed, we are all fools so far as even comprehending the shadow of what is to be; if we were not fools in this respect we would all be millionaires, and that would make us all lunatics, so in the end perhaps it is just as well to be fools! Vanderbilt and Gould can't take their untold millions with them, and they toil like galley slaves to retain what they have, so that he who enjoys life serenely, walks uprightly, fears nobody, culls from nature sparkling enjoyment, is kind, generous and honest, although in moderate circumstances, really occupies a higher place upon the throne of contentment than the millions delving in the hot cauldron of business, all eager to grasp the golden bubbles that float away on the incoming of—Death!

IMPORTING FLOUR AND POTATOES FROM GALENA.

In the year 1839 came along the steamer *Glaucus* with whisky for McDonald, and then, later, in 1846, steamboats from Galena with flour, potatoes, etc., for the new settlers, as Minnesota, in the estimation of Eastern men, was deemed too far north and too cold to raise either corn or wheat. Just think of this, oh ye bonanza farmers! "Minnesota too far north to raise either corn or wheat," and this was the honest belief of thousands of men less than forty-five years ago. Just think of the wheat product of Minnesota for the year 1883—35,000,000 bushels. Of the corn crop, from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000; of potatoes from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels, and yet in 1843 steam-

boats from Galena brought flour, corn, potatoes, eggs, butter, etc., to feed the then struggling population. "Why," said a good Christian Methodist friend of mine, whom I met after my return from ST. PAUL in 1853, "you can't raise corn there, or wheat, or potatoes; they won't grow; they can't grow. You can't live there with the thermometer forty degrees below zero, unless you burrow in snow huts as the Esquimaux do; you are simply crazy of thinking of going to ST. PAUL to make it your future home." But I came; I stayed; "I still live," and hope to live long enough to see ST. PAUL with a population of 500,000 inhabitants. I have seen it grow from 800 to 120,000 people, and can see no reason why in ten years it should not reach 300,000, possibly 500,000, and this can be easily attained by the union of the two cities, which will be the ultimate result of all this struggle on the part of each to surpass the other in the race for supremacy.

JESSE H. POMEROY, A RESIDENT OF THIRTY-NINE YEARS.

Mr. Pomeroy was born in New York in 1821; attended a common school and taught school for a short time, when he learned the carpenter trade and worked at it for a brief period in Ohio. He came to Stillwater in 1845 and removed to ST. PAUL in 1846, where he carried on his business, and built not only the first house, but the first ten or twelve houses in the place. Thirty-nine years ago he little thought ST. PAUL would be the city it now is, with a population of 120,000, as then the country was very broken and some parts of the place very swampy. He thought possibly it might be a "right smart village," but no city.

QUESTION SETTLED—THE OLDEST DWELLING HOUSE IN ST. PAUL.

Mr. Pomeroy formed a partnership with a Mr. Foster and the firm built the first frame building in the city for Louis Robert, which stood on Bench street near the corner of Robert. This was burned down, but it was rebuilt by the firm in 1847 and later was removed to Sixth street, back of the new Chamber of Commerce building. Mr. Pomeroy unhesitatingly pronounces this the oldest frame dwelling house in the city, and as he and his partner built it, he claims to know all about it, and he certainly ought to.

BUILDING ON FOURTH STREET.

He says that the building on Fourth street, which has the card on it of the Ramsey County Association designating it as the oldest house in the city, was a part of Louis Robert's trading post, built of logs, and was removed to its present location sometime after Robert's house had been erected. So this settles the question by a living witness and by the mechanic who constructed the building, as to which was the oldest house in ST. PAUL in the year 1885, and where located. It has cost some labor to dig out this bit of history from the past, but I am proud in the consciousness of the fact that it is true.

THE OLDEST BUILDING ON ORIGINAL GROUNDS.

The oldest building standing upon the ground upon which it was originally erected, is that on the corner of Jackson and Bench streets, (or rather where Bench street terminates,) and which is a part of the stone warehouse of Wm. Constans. It is an old store and has on it in almost undistinguishable letters—"Storage, forwarding and commission." Mr. Pomeroy says this is the oldest store building in the city not removed from its original position, while that on Sixth street is the oldest wooden house or residence erected in the city, and thus this vexed question seems to be settled.

THE OLDEST BUILDING.

At a meeting of the Old Settlers' Association, incorporated in 1849, held in ST. PAUL June, 1885, a committee made the following report:

Whereas, the Ramsey County Pioneer Association has fixed a sign on a frame building at No. 98 East Fourth street, near Cedar, giving it the honor of being the oldest house in the city, this committee report that this claim is unfounded—that the oldest building is the stone structure at the foot of Jackson street on the west side. It was built in 1847, and was used as a commission and storage warehouse by Freeman, Larpenteur & Co. In opposition to the claim that the Fourth street house was built in 1844, the committee cited the fact that there were no saw mills here then to manufacture the lumber of which it is composed.

It has also been said that the Fourth street structure was moved to its present location from the foot of Jackson street. In opposition to this the committee showed the impossibility of moving the building from there to its present site in those early days. The report provoked considerable discussion, but was adopted.

FORT RIPLEY AND FORT RIDGELY.

In 1849 and in 1851 Mr. Pomeroy built Fort Ripley and Fort Ridgely, and of course they are well-built posts, as the writer was stationed at both of these places during the war, and he knows this from personal observation. They were erected under the immediate control of the war department superintended by an officer, but a man must have been a pretty good mechanic in those days to have secured the job.

REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Pomeroy at one time owned a lot fifty feet front on Third street, between Jackson and Robert, for which he paid \$200; worth now \$50,000; one on Fifth street 141 feet front, known as Baptist Hill, for which he paid \$700; worth now \$70,000; that on the corner of Fourth and Jackson streets, (the Davidson property,) 60 feet on Fourth and 150 on Jackson, for which he paid \$200, worth now over \$100,000. On his return from Fort Ridgely he went into the grocery business on this corner, in which he continued about one year, when he returned to his trade as a carpenter for a few years, and then entered the furniture business, in which he remained ten years. From this he drifted into buying and selling hard wood, in which he is now engaged.

FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE, FIRST BOAT AND FIRST PRINTING OFFICE.

Mr. Pomeroy erected the first school house, which stood on Third street, above Saint Peter, and also the first printing office in which the first paper appeared. He brought the first lumber to ST. PAUL to sell, and in the early history of the city erected not less than thirty houses. He built the first boat in the Northwest, in 1847 or 1848, which was used to take a panoramic view of the Upper Mississippi, and was considered a first-class vessel of its kind.

HIS HOME.

He purchased three lots on the corner of Jackson street and University avenue, for which he paid \$600; now worth \$12,000. On these lots he erected a fine residence, and is in a good condition to enjoy a serene and a pleasant old age.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Pomeroy is a rugged son of toil, weather-beaten and iron-bound from the effects of frontier life. He looks like a swarthy scion of Vulcan, cast in the mould of human endurance, and is as calm and unmoved as the granite hills of New Hampshire. He is very undemonstrative and has no tact for conversation, and yet he is like a celebrated race horse, when once on the road he feels the inspiration of the past and gets over the ground in good style. Nobody can drive him. Nobody can scare him. In early days his sister cried out to him in the middle of the night: "Jesse! the Indians are coming!"

"W-e-l-l! l-e-t t-h-e-m c-o-m-e!" he replied, and turned over in bed and went on with his sleeping. And this shows the character of the man; cool, brave, honest, quiet, industrious, muscular, unpretending, he can whip any braggart that may have the courage to attack him, yet he is a kind, pleasant, amiable gentleman and a good citizen.

JOHN BANFILL.

When the Indian war broke out in Florida, Col. Banfill resided in New Orleans, and on hearing of Dade's massacre he volunteered and took an active part in the campaign. He removed to Prairie du Chien in 1840, and came to ST. PAUL in 1846. He resided in this city for some time, and then moved to Manomin. He helped build the steamer H. M. Rice, which ran above the Falls, also a mill located at Manomin. In 1857 he was elected State Senator, and in 1866 removed to Bayfield, where he has remained ever since. He is a man of sterling worth and greatly respected by all who know him, now about sixty years of age.

CHAPTER VIII.

1847.

*First Election—First Survey of Town Site—First Schools—First Physician—
First Tailor—First Hotel—First Drug Store—First Steamboat
Line, and Other Events in this Year.*

FIFTY INHABITANTS.

In 1847, thirty-eight years ago, the ground known as Minnesota was embraced within the Territory of Wisconsin, so that when in 1848 Wisconsin was admitted as a State, the young settlement of Minnesota was left without a government. Steps were immediately taken, however, to effect a Territorial organization, and at a convention held in Stillwater a memorial was passed asking Congress to grant a Territorial existence with the present beautiful name, Minnesota, (meaning in Indian, "sky tinted or slightly turbid,") and this petition was granted with an agreement on the part of those composing the convention, that "ST. PAUL should be the Capital, Stillwater should have the prison, and St. Anthony, (then there was no Minneapolis,) the University," which agreement was faithfully adhered to.

H. L. Douseman, of Prairie du Chien, now dead, suggested the name of Minnesota. At this time ST. PAUL could boast of five stores, about twenty families and thirty-six children, composed of English, French, Swiss, Sioux, Chippewa and African descent, making in all not more than fifty inhabitants, while the entire white population in the Territory could not have been at

this time more than 300. Her commercial element consisted of a light traffic in furs, a little lumbering business, and other minor branches of trade, but the place began to be known and immigration began to set in.

SOME OF THE OLD FELLOWS.

Just as I get a little ahead in my history some of the real old settlers away back in 1845-6-7, pop up before me and remind me of the fact that I had almost forgotten them. Now here comes a sort of rollicking fellow, not tall, nor very short, and not very large, yet a genial, social man, and he slaps me on the back, and on turning around I find him to be

W. H. FORBES,

who was born in Canada in 1815; was once a partner with Mr. Kittson; was engaged in the Indian trade for a number of years; was a member of the Legislature four years; presiding officer one year; postmaster of ST. PAUL; auditor of Ramsey County; entered the army in 1862 as Commissary; was breveted Major and mustered out in 1866; subsequently appointed Indian agent; came to Fort Snelling in 1837, or forty-eight years ago, and in 1847 became a resident of ST. PAUL, where he continued to reside twenty-eight years, or up to the time of his death.

PERSONAL.

Major Forbes was an excellent, good man. I knew him well; he was in the army with me; I was the last person he spoke with when he left ST. PAUL never to return alive. He was ambitious, yet he performed his duties nobly and well. As an evidence of this fact he left the army poorer than when he entered it, and carried to the credit of the government a handsome sum which he had saved. He was impulsive, kind-hearted, generous, social, and has left behind him a character unsullied and a name untarnished. He admired everything that was manly and denounced everything that was mean. But he is gone; his family is scattered and the old homestead that formerly stood on the corner of Fifth and Robert streets, has been removed to give place to a \$1,000,000 hotel—and so goes the world; each succeeding wave washes out the footprints on the

sands of life made by those who have gone before, and we pause in silence at places once made dear by their presence, and wait—but they come not. All is still.

J. W. BASS—FIRST TAVERN.

Mr. Bass came to ST. PAUL in 1847, at which time it is alleged his wife was about sixteen years old. He kept store for a time, and then purchased the interest of Simeon P. Folsom, who ran the first tavern in the city, which was built of tamarac poles and which formerly stood on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, where now stands the Merchants hotel.

Mr. Bass was born in Vermont in 1815; lived for some time in Wisconsin, at Prairie du Chien, and then moved to McGregor, Iowa; married a Miss Brunson, daughter of Rev. Alfred Brunson; kept hotel in this city; was postmaster in 1849; ran a commission house on the levee and finally, in consequence of ill health, retired from business. He accumulated a good deal of real estate during his residence here, but in 1857 and later, he suffered from its great depreciation, but it rose again, and he is now well off. He is a short, rather thick-set man, with a pleasant address; quite social in his nature, and for years past has lived a somewhat retired life. He opened a large farm on the line of the old Sioux City Railroad, but I think has given it up. He is seventy years old, and yet is a fine, hale, genial gentleman, with enough of life's comforts to make him happy. Mrs. Bass is one of the oldest resident ladies in the city. She is an elegant looking woman, and when young was beautiful, as indeed with her gray hair and clear complexion she is now.

C. P. V. LULL—A CHARACTER.

All the old settlers know Lull; he was and is to-day a character peculiar to himself. He was at one time Sheriff of Ramsey County and had considerable to do in hanging the Indian Yu-ha-za on St. Anthony hill, which was the first execution in the Territory. He was always a moving spirit among his fellow-men, and is now. He came to ST. PAUL in 1847, and is a man about fifty-five years of age. He is like a polar bear, always on the go, always moving. A man of ordinary size, full of activity, running over with hilarity, a hard worker, Lull has seen many of

the shadows and but little of the sunshine of existence. His peculiar temperament has driven him rough-shod over the cragged hills of life, and yet with all his idiosyncrasies he is a pleasant man and a genial fellow. He was born in New York and still lives, and is still actively at work knocking off the rough corners of life.

FIRST DAY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL.

History concedes that the first Mission Sunday School taught in this city was by Miss Harriet E. Bishop, who also taught for a year a day school, and who is really entitled to be considered the first permanent school teacher, as she really was. This was in the year 1847, or thirty-eight years ago.

MEMORY OF A GOOD WOMAN—MISS BISHOP.

But a short time since, in 1884, I stood over the coffin of one of the early pioneers of this city, and read in lines unmistakably traced upon the pale, dead face—

REST!—PEACEFUL REST.

Hers had been a busy life. Leaving home and friends in Vermont, she sought the distant shores of Minnesota and came to ST. PAUL in 1847, or thirty-eight years ago, to do what she thought was her Master's bidding, and during all these long years she never halted, never tired, never stopped, until sickness placed her upon a bed of rest and death closed the scene forever. Miss Bishop was thoroughly impressed with the belief that she had a work to do—a destiny that must be filled, and acting upon this impression she came among the early settlers of this city, educated the young, taught religion, and aided in every way she could to elevate the scale of morality. Whatever else may be said of her, she was sincere and earnest. She taught, she wrote, she worked—all for the cause of God. She was ambitious; she sought fame, and hence she wrote several works—some poetry, and a history of the Sioux outbreak. These works were not marked by any particularly brilliant characteristics, but they read well and showed a vast amount of labor and research, which give the reader a faint conception of the ever busy pen and busier brain of the dead authoress. She was angular, positive, determined—such a woman as is necessary for frontier life. She

knew no policy. She attacked evils upon their merits; never conciliated or compromised; hence she often antagonized some of her best friends working with her in the same good cause. Tired and weary with her struggle she sought peace in the marriage tie. It came, but oh! how bitter! And then she drifted back again into single life, and toiled on in what she deemed her duty, until the final change came and she passed over the river at the age of 66 years.

Miss Bishop, once Mrs. McConkey, was a woman of comely appearance; tall, with a good figure; a bright, expressive face; earnest and decided in manners, and quick in speech. She had an air of active business about her, and seemed always in a hurry. Until within a few years she wore curls, and looked much younger than she really was, but back of all her energy and activity and her desire to fill up the measure of her usefulness, there was a sad, broken heart, which at last gave way, and she now rests in peace. Old settlers remember her kindly, and future historians will give her a pleasant niche among the golden days of the past.

AN OLD LANDMARK—THE WILD HUNTER'S HOTEL.

A. L. Larpenteur, Esq., bought of David Faribault in the year 1846, or thirty-nine years ago, seventy feet of land on Jackson street running to Fourth, now the property of Henry Hale, Esq., and paid for it the sum of \$62.50. Its present value is considerably over \$100,000. He was offered another seventy feet adjoining for \$45, but Larpenteur was too shrewd a man to load himself down with real estate at such ruinous high prices, and so declined the offer. In 1847 he concluded to build on this lot, so timber was procured at \$10 per thousand, and carpenters were set to work, and in due course of time what was once known as the Wild Hunter's hotel, sprang into being as a first-class city residence, costing the owner \$900. It was erected on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, where the ticket office now is, but in 1865 was moved to its former location on Jackson street. Mr. Larpenteur lived here eight years, and in this house five of his children were born, and here he passed some of the pleasantest hours of his life. The hotel of the Wild Hunter was kept for many years by a Mr. Mueller, who died in

1866. It was a peculiar building, made so mostly by the additions which were added to it, and while it stood the blasts of thirty-seven winters, like a good many other old settlers who have gone before, it passed out of existence forever in 1885, to make way for an imposing block of brick stores which now usurp its place.

BENJAMIN W. BRUNSON.

Mr. Brunson is a son of Rev. A. Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, and is a brother of Mrs. J. W. Bass, of this city. He was born in Detroit in 1823. I first hear of Mr. Brunson as in the milling business in Wisconsin, when, in May, 1847, he removed to ST. PAUL, where he has resided thirty-eight years, or near a half a century. He is a lawyer and a very competent surveyor and engineer. He assisted in surveying the town plat of ST. PAUL, and having secured property east of Trout Brook, laid it out into an addition. The original cost of the land to him was comparatively little, but the property is now worth many hundred thousand dollars. In 1861 Mr. Brunson entered the Union army, Company K, Eighth Regiment, and served three years. He is and has been a great Odd Fellow and Mason, and has probably seen as many ups and downs as any man in the State. He has been a justice of the peace, a member of the Territorial Legislature for two terms, general manager in the postoffice, and is now connected with the government of the Union Depot.

AS I SEE HIM.

Mr. Brunson is a quiet, unobtrusive man, with decided opinions of his own and quite independent in character. He never says—"that's so," but he speaks what he believes is a fact, and others echo—"that's so." He is not a large man; moves and talks in a moderate manner, and thinks a good deal more than he talks. He and his son are both energetic business men and have the confidence of not only their associates, but of the public at large. Perhaps if Mr. Brunson had had more policy and less manhood, he would, in the common parlance of the world, have been more successful financially, and perhaps he wouldn't! A great deal of life is governed by luck, and many times the most ignorant and the meanest get the most money. Mr. Brunson is sixty-two years old, but is bright, cheerful and active.

FIRST REGULAR PHYSICIAN—J. J. DEWEY.

Dr. Dewey arrived at ST. PAUL in July, 1847, and in 1848 established the first drug store not only in this city but in the State. At one time he built up quite a practice, but of late years has lived a somewhat retired life. He is a man above sixty years, with a long, flowing beard; very reticent; moves over the sidewalk with measured tread and has the appearance of a person who is disappointed with the world, and yet it may be only the peculiarity of the man. He is a quiet, undemonstrative gentleman, and generally walks with his hands behind him. One looking at him would scarcely believe that he was the oldest physician in ST. PAUL, who had resided here thirty-eight years. He has seen many changes and has followed many an old settler to the grave, but he is a well-preserved man, and bids fair to live many years longer.

P. K. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson is an old-timer and still lives at Mankato. He was born in Vermont in the birthplace of Stephen A. Douglas, in 1816; attended one term of school with young Douglas, but says that did not add anything to his own intellectual growth; became an apprentice to the tailoring business in 1832; served three years; carried on business two years, and in 1837, or forty-eight years ago, emigrated to Wisconsin, and after visiting small places like Chicago, Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee (and they were small in those days,) he finally located at Rockford, Illinois. Here he formed a partnership in the tailoring business with William Tinker of this city, which continued until 1841. They then removed to Prairie du Chien and remained there as partners up to 1846, when, in 1847, he came to ST. PAUL to hunt and fish and to look up his land, as he was one of the heirs to the Carver estate, embracing Stillwater, St. Anthony, ST. PAUL and so forth. He says that at this time he could have had a lot on Third street for making out a quit-claim deed, but what was the use when the Carver heirs owned the whole city? Finally he consented to take a lot as a gift from H. M. Rice on upper Third street, and there, in a small building, he commenced tailoring, but he did not make up his mind to remain in the city until 1849. He was a member of the Legislature in 1849 along with Henry Jackson

and other '49ers, and aided in locating the Capital, at ST. PAUL. He married Miss Bivins in 1851, and soon after settled near the mouth of the Blue Earth river—now Mankato—built the first house there, laid off the town, was postmaster, Register of Deeds, deputy Clerk of the Court, justice of the peace, etc., etc., and in 1855-6 was a member of the Legislature.

THE RIGHT MAN.

In a note to the writer Mr. Johnson says: "In your political tirade against Rice in this place, now some thirty odd years ago, it was I instead of Jackson who complimented you for telling more political lies (artistically,) in a given time than any man I ever listened to." I am glad to have found the right man at last who accused me of lying in my speech at Mankato, for poor Jackson will now be able to sleep more quietly in his grave since Johnson comes to the front and confesses his crime of interrupting the writer when he was trying to save his country by abusing Rice. Johnson's and Newson's fame will now go down to history together.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Johnson is a man of a good deal of ability, and had he struck a different wave he would have occupied an entirely different position in society, though his life has not been without its influence and its good. He has lived to see many queer things, and towns and cities have grown up where only a quarter of a century ago there were woods and Indians. He still lives at Mankato at a good old age.

THE FIRST AND OLDEST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MINNESOTA.

On the 25th of July, 1847, thirty-eight years ago, Miss Harriet E. Bishop opened a mission Sunday school in a log house, corner of Third and St. Peter streets, with seven scholars. They were from parents of all nationalities and from all denominations, and great skill was required by the then young and inexperienced but persevering teacher to make them comprehend her meaning; but she succeeded admirably, and finally had twenty-five children about her. The school was continued several years and increased in numbers, and at last became con-

nected with the First Baptist Church of this city. Miss Bishop died in 1883, and a biographical sketch of her life appears in the proper place.

SIMEON P. FOLSOM.

Mr. Folsom was born in Lower Canada in 1819, and is consequently 66 years old, which will greatly surprise most of his intimate friends, who presumed him to be a man of not much more than 50 years. He studied and practiced law, and then took up the profession of civil engineering. He left his home in 1839 and came to ST. PAUL in 1847, or thirty-eight years ago. He early enlisted in the Mexican war, as did Edmund Rice and M. N. Kellogg, and also served in the Union army for a term of three years during the war of the rebellion. He was also on the staff of Major-General Bodfish, in 1839, ranking as major, and in 1852-3 was clerk in the Legislature. He was also the first city surveyor of ST. PAUL in 1854, and has been a continuous resident of ST. PAUL, or near to it, and identified with her interests, for thirty-eight years.

A CANOE RIDE OF 300 MILES.

In 1842 Mr. Folsom, having been appointed by the United States government to take the census in this then almost unknown region, and having performed his duties, purchased a birch-bark canoe of the Indians, and alone started on a voyage from Menominee, Wisconsin, down the Chippewa river to the Mississippi, and from thence to Prairie du Chien, a distance of 300 miles. He made a sail out of one of his under-garments, and thus floated on the broad bosom of the great river, sometimes stopping with fur traders, sometimes with Indians, and sometimes alone. Then there were no farms, no villages, no towns, no cities, and very few whites. He came west when nineteen years old, and has lived to see wonderful changes. He speaks of visiting the old government mill near where Minneapolis now stands, and between the mill and Fort Snelling on a wide stretch of prairie land, stood a lone tree, and beneath this lone tree the sentinel soldier would sit at noonday to shield himself from the hot rays of the sun. Where that lone tree then stood is now a bustling city.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Folsom is a man of a great deal of intelligence and has led an active, busy life. I remember him in the palmy days of real estate when he dealt in broad acres and drove about the city as a nabob; then I remember him not so rich; in poor health, ready and expecting to die any minute, and yet he has outlived a large number of his old friends, and is as active as a kitten. Very few men know more about real estate in and about ST. PAUL, than Folsom. He has surveyed it; he has owned it; he has sold it; he has been on the topmost round of the ladder, and at the bottom, and just now he is in the middle of the ladder of life, and is as tenacious as an old hickory tree. He is social, kind-hearted, generous; has an excellent memory, and delights to revel in the incidents of the past. Withal, he has a vein of humor in his composition which makes him popular as a companion and liked as a man. Mr. Folsom is in the best of health, and looks younger than he did twenty years ago.

FREDERICK OLIVA.

Frederick Oliva was born at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, in 1816; came to ST. PAUL temporarily in 1843, and then to reside permanently in 1847. He clerked for Henry Jackson, then for Louis Robert, and in 1836 for Gen. Sibley; was at one time deputy Register of Deeds under Louis Oliver. He steamboated a good deal and bought furs. He is now in the employ of Mr. Langevin, in the Sixth ward, and has reached the age of 68 years, and yet he has not a gray hair in his head. He remembers when the flats and indeed all the river bottom on the west side of the city was thick with large elm, ash and other trees. He was at the head of thirty men who felled these trees, and they were so thick—the trees—that wagon roads had to be cut through them to enable the teams to get out of the forest. There is now only one solitary elm left, and some provision should be made to preserve it as a link of the past. Mr. Oliva is a quiet, trustworthy man, unmarried and has no relations in this country except an uncle at Prairie du Chien.

FIRST STEAMBOAT LINE.

This year witnessed also the organization of the first steamboat line, consisting of the solitary steamer "Argo," which was

designed to run once a week from Galena to ST. PAUL. This result was effected through the personal efforts of Hon. H. M. Rice. Previously stray boats only made their way to our city, but now the shrill whistle of the little Argo evoked shouts of praise from the crowd which congregated on the levee to witness her arrival. Capt. Russell Blakeley was then clerk of the Argo, and when she sank and the Dr. Franklin took her place, he was clerk of her also. He subsequently became the captain of several large boats, but as he did not come to ST. PAUL to reside until 1856, I shall speak more fully of him in the events of that year.

JOHN DOBNEY.

At the first election ever held in ST. PAUL (says Mr. Folsom,) in the year 1847, forty-nine votes were cast, and one of the judges of the election, after announcing the result, stated that John Dobney had received the full number and was duly chosen. As some of the judges were somewhat set up by copious drinks of water from the Mississippi river, they wanted to know who this John Dobney was, when the aforesaid judge conducted them to a closet near by, and pointing, said—"There he is!" which proved to be a demijohn filled with whisky. In those days such candidates invariably received the full number of votes, and of course were always elected.

MORE OLD SETTLERS.

Aaron Foster was born in Pennsylvania in 1817; came to ST. PAUL in 1847; was a carpenter by trade; elected a justice of the peace; enlisted in the army; died about 1864. I did not know him. Daniel Hopkins was born in New Hampshire in 1787; came to ST. PAUL in 1847; opened a store and did considerable business; owned a good deal of real estate in the city, among which was a lot on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, for which he paid \$200; now worth \$35,000. He died in 1852 aged 65 years. Wm. C. Renfro was a young Virginian of ability and education, and came to ST. PAUL in 1847. He was a graduate of medicine; very social in his nature, and yet there was an air of dejection about him. He was found frozen to death in his night clothes, under a tree, on the 3d of January, 1848. It seems that he indulged too freely in drink, and in a

crazed condition of mind wandered from his home, then on "Prospect Hill," towards town, and becoming benumbed with the cold, fell and died. Intoxicating drinks in the end will get the better of the bravest and the best. G. A. Fournier, who came the same year, is dead.

TOWN SITE SURVEYED.

This year a town site was surveyed and the place was known as "ST. PAUL Proper." The tract of land laid out for a town site embraced ninety acres, and included the present business portion of the city. Real estate was then so scarce that every available means were taken to save it, and so I find that the surveyors or originators of our town plat crooked our streets, and cut corners and made our thoroughfares narrow in order to secure space enough to build a city on, and they succeeded admirably well. Had there been more land probably our streets would have been narrower and meaner, but crooked and narrow as they are, thus commenced the nucleus of the present ST. PAUL.

AN ENLARGED HOTEL.

The old "ST. PAUL House," of which mention has been made, was greatly enlarged this year by J. W. Bass, and here good accommodations could be found, and here the elite and aristocracy of the place congregated to be entertained by "mine genial host." When the old logs were taken down, to give place to the present edifice, they were found to be perfectly sound, and the gavel of the "Old Settlers' Association" was made out of some of the wood. In 1853 the building stood upon quite a bank, and I remember quite vividly of crawling up on a ladder to get into the house. At one time in this building the post-office was kept; at another time the Masons and Odd Fellows met; at another time the "High-Cock-a-Lorums," or territorial officers, convened and issued the proclamation for the organization of the Territory.

INDIAN CAMP FIRES.

Miss Bishop, who came to ST. PAUL in 1847, alluding to the embryo city at this early day, writes: "It must be borne in mind that ST. PAUL was a small trading post giving yet no sign of its

unprecedented growth. The council fires of the red men were but just extinguished on the East Side and were still brightly blazing on the west of the river. Our village was almost daily thronged with Indians, where they frequently encamped in larger numbers than the entire adult male population of the Territory. Tragic scenes were often enacted by them when intoxicated and provoked by fraud practiced upon them by unprincipled whisky-sellers." These Indians continued to dance and to beg about the city up to, and including, the year 1849, and many of them were about the streets in 1853-4.

FIRST TAILOR—FIRST PHYSICIAN—FIRST SCHOOLS—FIRST SURVEY.

The first tailor, first physician, first Sunday and day schools, first survey of town site, first hotel, first regular line of steamboats, all originated in the year 1847, and the little band of settlers of that year began to assume form and to exhibit marks of civilization. Of course affairs were in a crude condition, but a moulding process then commenced which has been going on ever since. Among the potential elements which conduced to this end was the establishment of schools; schools, the great basis upon which all society rests; schools, the shimmering lights which penetrate the darkness of barbarism and bigotry; schools, the bulwarks of the nation's liberties; schools, the great elevators of the people and the refining powers of the modern age. To these elements I attribute the first start and onward march of the prosperity of our city from that day to this.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE AND A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.

Just below the old log house which stood where the Merchants hotel now stands, on Third street, diagonally across the flat, was a square tent occupied by a family of Indians. This was in 1847, when Mr. Simeon P. Folsom lived in the said log house. For some time it had been observed that all was silent about the tent, when, on Mr. Folsom's repairing to it, he found a dead Indian in it, killed by a knife in the hands of another Indian, who had crept silently into the tent and stabbed him. The family had vacated the premises. The Indian stabbed had killed the sister of the assassin, and he had carried out the old Mosaic injunction, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This

was the peculiar condition of affairs in and about the city in 1847, and in giving these incidents I do so to show how rapidly has been the march of civilization since then. Now no Indians can be seen in our midst, except, perhaps, a few friendly ones who reside at Mendota.

CHAPTER IX.

1848.

*First Delegate to Congress—First Miller—First Wagon Made in Minnesota—
First Clock and Watch Factory—First Blacksmith—First
Two-wheel Dray—Events and Biographies.*

A NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

A ladies' sewing circle aided very materially in procuring funds for a new school house this year, which was also used for religious purposes, lectures, etc. It was built in the latter part of August, 1848, and stood on Third street where the late Dr. Alley's block now stands. The building was burned in 1857.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT SERMONS.

The first Protestant sermon in ST. PAUL was preached in 1844, the second and third in 1846, and the fourth in 1847, by Rev. Dr. Williamson. The first prayer-meeting was held in November, 1848, and H. M. Rice tendered \$200 and ten lots towards the erection of the first church. And even a temperance society was organized, so that really the barbaric effects of the Indians and the deteriorating power of the half-breeds began to give way to the refining influences of schools, sobriety and religion.

“OUT IN THE COLD.”

Wisconsin was admitted into the Union as a state in 1848, so that Minnesota, being originally a part of Wisconsin when she

took her place among the family circle, was left "out in the cold," but the question of a territorial existence was agitated, and the first public meeting ever held in this city was called this year to consider this matter; and subsequently a convention was held at Stillwater. This convention framed resolutions in favor of a territorial organization and then proceeded to the election of

THE FIRST DELEGATE,

and Hon. Henry H. Sibley, of Mendota, was chosen. Mr. Sibley was also elected at the same time delegate to Congress from Wisconsin, so that, in reality, he represented Minnesota and Wisconsin jointly.

TITLE TO THE TOWN SITE.

This year the land upon which ST. PAUL stood having been surveyed, was purchased for the proprietors, and although a good many hungry land men were present at the sale, nobody bid against them and ST. PAUL became a fixture for all time. H. H. Sibley, Louis Robert and A. L. Larpenteur were chosen trustees for the owners.

ONE STORE—CHEAP PROPERTY.

In 1848 the place was a mere collection of huts with Indians and birch-bark canoes promiscuously plenty, while at this time I find only one log grocery, the principal store in the place. This year John R. Irvine bought the whole tract of land from St. Peter street up to Fort street, for \$300, now worth one or two millions. Where the City Hall stands was then a large grove of trees. The first store was on the corner of Bench and Jackson streets. In 1847 there was not a sawed frame building in the town, and only a few frame buildings in 1848-9.

A RUNNING STREAM—THE "OLD CASTLE."

Very few persons who stand on the corner of Jackson and Fourth streets and gaze up at that elegant building erected by C. D. Gilfillan at a cost of \$150,000, or scan the Davidson block on the opposite corner, or more closely inspect another elegant edifice occupied by the First National Bank, on still another corner, can scarcely realize that here, in the year 1848, was once a deep ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a stream of water,

and over a bridge the people went their way up Jackson street to a hill near Fifth street, and then came to a halt—for this was the end of the road. Down deep in this ravine a man by the name of Lott Moffett erected a house, and here he kept boarders.

Rev. E. D. Neill writes me as follows:—

“In April, 1849, the SAINT PAUL House, kept by J. W. Bass, being full, I was directed to a story and a half frame house not finished, kept by Mr. Moffett, which was some distance north of what you call the ‘Castle,’ and on the prairie. His boarders were so many that they were obliged to sleep on the floor. A man by the name of Baldwin, born in Alabama and still living in Minneapolis, the keeper of the ‘Ocean Wave Saloon,’ allowed me to sleep with him on a buffalo robe placed on a rough home-made bedstead. I stayed ten days at Moffett’s. He attended the first religious service I conducted in the little school house on Third street, and C. V. P. Lull volunteered as chorister. When I went to settle my bill with Moffett, he said—‘I can’t take full price, for I went to your preaching and it *amused* me.’ Lott was a kind man and I did not consider his language sarcastic; but supposed that *amused* in his mind was the synonym of pleased.”

LOTT MOFFETT.

Mr. Moffett was born in New York in 1803, and died in ST. PAUL in 1870, aged 67 years. His early education was somewhat neglected, yet he was a man of strong, sterling principles, and did a great deal of good in the day in which he lived. He served his trade as a millwright; learned the business of woolen manufacturer, and ran a mill. In July, 1848, he came to ST. PAUL and purchased the land on the St. Anthony road known as the Larpenteur farm. He disposed of this and went to Arkansas; engaged in mercantile business, bridge building and lead mining, and returned to ST. PAUL in 1850, where he built a hotel and ran it until his death, it being strictly a temperance house. He was not a politician but a leading Mason; was married three times, and was universally respected.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Mr. Moffett was an eccentric but an honest man; always working, always striving to make mankind better. He was a strict temperance man—indeed, I may say, violently so, and yet he was kind and popular. From time to time he added stories to his building until it peeped above the level of the street, and then with his own hands he added other stories, until, when he died, he had what was popularly called “Moffett’s Castle”—three stories below ground and four above. He finished it himself, and when

completed it was a very respectable looking building, except the peculiarities of the man, which were made apparent in the many gable ends which adorned the edifice. The spring which ran down the ravine has dried up; the ravine has been filled in; the old "Castle" has been torn down; the good old man with long gray hair and beard is dead; and now rises in increasing force the incoming of a new age of money, brains, brick, mortar, commerce; and just right here, at the crossing of these two streets, is where the busiest part of the city is seen. The world is on a "teanter," as the boys say; when one man goes up the other comes down. The motion is perpetual and the end is certain. Some are dropping from the see-saw board of life, while others are clambering into their places to try their luck in this great world of strife; and so the sickle of time moves on, cutting down a wide swath among the ranks of the old settlers and among the old things of the past, to make place for the untried and the new.

CITY HALL BELL.

The bell is now silent, and, like its maker, gone to rest, pushed out of existence by the new Market Hall clock, which regulates the hours. On the corner of Fifth and Jackson streets was a hill that intercepted travel, and on this hill Mr. Illingsworth, an Englishman, built a small house, and on the first floor of this house he ran the original watch and clock establishment in ST. PAUL, and our old City Hall bell, as it used to strike the hours, was a reminder that it was made by his skillful hands. When the city cut Jackson street through, the owner built the first story of his house where the hill was, of brick, leaving the second story wood, and then in a few years more, when both the proprietor and his wife were laid in their graves, the old landmark was torn down and in its place arose an imposing brick building. Mr. Illingsworth was a large, fleshy man, with a fine countenance, and his wife was equally as fleshy. He was a very ingenious mechanic, well versed in his profession, slow and methodical, yet sure. They left quite a family of children, several of whom still reside here. He was "a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time."

And so goes the world! The man who made the clock is gone, the place where the clock was made is gone, and the music

of the bell itself is gone, and a sound from the past comes back and asks—

“Whither are we going?”

and it echoes back again—

“Going! Going! Going!”

HOW ST. PAUL WAS MADE THE CAPITAL.

General Sibley was sent as a delegate from Minnesota and Wisconsin to represent this then section of the country in the year 1848. While in Congress he labored for a bill organizing the Territory of Minnesota; succeeded in getting the bill through the Senate, but at the instigation of Senator Douglas Mendota was made the capital. General Sibley, though a warm friend of Douglas, strenuously opposed this, and the name of ST. PAUL was finally inserted. Mendota was placed in the bill by Douglas, who had visited Fort Snelling and knew the character of the country in that section. It was through the efforts solely of Gen. Sibley that ST. PAUL was made the Capital of the State of Minnesota.

B. F. HOYT—THEN AND NOW.

Among those who came to ST. PAUL in 1848, was the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph. He was generally known as “Rev. B. F. Hoyt,” or “Father Hoyt,” and is now remembered among the old settlers as such. Born in Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1800, he early worked on a farm and taught school; settled in Western New York; married Miss Elizabeth Haney, sister of the noted Rev. Richard Haney, of Illinois, in the year 1826, and then emigrated to Fulton County in the same State, being twenty-five days on the road. Previous to his marriage, or in 1825, he went to Ohio to secure 400 acres of land out of 2,000 which were given to his grandfather on his mother’s side for losses sustained during the war of the Revolution. Unlike young men of this modern age, he did not desire to start his marriage life with a \$600 piano and a Brussels carpet, but he went to work and furnished his house with furniture of his own make, and both he and his wife were happy. In 1848 he came to ST. PAUL with his family and built a tamarac log cabin on the corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, on what is now known as the Oakes place. His claim extended down Eighth to Broadway, up Broadway and Jackson back to the bluff. The amount paid

for this claim was quite inconsiderable, but the property now would bring several hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Hoyt was the means of building the first Methodist Episcopal Protestant Church erected in the Northwest; was a local preacher in the church; married the first white couple in St. Anthony; was one of the founders of the Hamline University, and made several trips to New York in the interest of that institution; probably sold the first small tract of land disposed of in ST. PAUL, being one acre for \$40, to W. C. Morrison, corner of Ninth and Jackson streets, on part of which Mr. Morrison now lives, (1885,)—property worth \$75,000; sold the Oakes block, less a small strip, for \$1,200—same property sold for \$40,000, then for \$75,000, worth now \$150,000; sold the Borup block, where the Baptist Church now is, for \$150—worth to-day from \$75,000 to \$100,000, without improvements; sold to Rev. C. Hobart one lot on Eighth street, looking down Sibley, for \$20, and gave him the adjoining lot worth now \$35,000; sold Oakland Cemetery for \$30 per acre; worth \$5,000 per acre; bought the island at White Bear lake for a small sum—now worth many thousands of dollars; owned Bronson's Addition when it was worth \$10 per acre—worth now \$8,000 and \$10,000 per acre; built the Yandies mansion on Dayton's bluff in 1855 or 1856, and was largely interested in real estate in Red Wing, Cannon Falls, etc. When his son Lorenzo and his friend W. G. Hendrickson were breaking their present farms in Rose township, worth \$5 per acre, and things to them looked blue, his remark was, "Well, boys, do not be discouraged; you will live to see this land sell for \$50 per acre." They thought him visionary, but he continued long enough on earth to see them both make their first sale at six times his estimate, or \$300 per acre, worth now \$700 and \$1,000 per acre.

A KIND HEART.

Mr. Hoyt was running over with kindness and goodness; he was also a religious man, and identified himself closely with the interests of the Methodist Church; his doors were always open to the preachers, from the bishop down. He was also generous. He gave largely to the poor; did not despise the Indians or the lowly; James Thompson, the former slave, found in him a friend; and hundreds of poor families were made glad by wood

which was sent them by Father Hoyt. After his death, a man who was cutting timber for him and hauling it to town, said he had orders for eight cords of wood in his pocket at one time, to be taken to different poor families. Wood in those days was worth from \$8 to \$9 per cord. An old settler, now living, can testify to how he felt, when destitute of money and board bill due, Mr. Hoyt gave him \$20. He never cared for riches or office; he was like his Maker, always going around doing good. He was on the best of terms with all the ministers of his day, and had unbounded faith in the future greatness of ST. PAUL. Of eight children five are living, Lorenzo, Judge J. F., Wm. H., Mrs. J. H. Murphy, and Mrs. George H. Hazzard.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

I first met Mr. Hoyt at Red Wing in the year 1853, or thirty-two years ago. He was a slender man, moderately tall, with a round head, a little bald on top, quite deliberate in speech, decided in expression, and rather hesitating in manner. He was then dealing largely in real estate. He stooped a little, and if I remember correctly, always carried a cane. He very seldom indulged in mirth. When walking he passed along vigorously, evidently impressed with the duties he had to perform. He was a man of energy and endurance, constantly moving about for the benefit of others, and lived a good, plain, pure, unselfish life. One year before he died he called at the writer's house. The vigor of manhood had gone. The face was pale and pinched, the limbs were weak and tottering, the voice soft and plaintive, and the eye clearly showed that he was conscious of the coming end, and so he died as he had lived, a kind, genial, benevolent Christian man, and his memory is kindly cherished by a large circle of friends. His age was seventy-five years.

ONLY A VILLAGE.

At this time ST. PAUL was only a village. It is true some of the trees and underbrush had been cut out, and a few extra cabins had been added to the cluster. Indeed, it is said, that an old settler expressed great astonishment on counting eighteen chimneys in the fall of 1848, from which emanated smoke, to see how rapidly the place was growing. But the foundation had been laid for a city, and elements were at work moulding the

plastic clay. Civilization began bucking up against barbarism and barbarism began to recede. Intelligence began to penetrate darkness, and the moral atmosphere began to grow purer; good men came in to push out the bad, and with this impetus the early settlers took courage and—held on!

BUSHROD WASHINGTON LOTT.

Mr. Lott was born at Pemberton, N. J., in the year 1826, and came to ST. PAUL in 1848, or 37 years ago. He was president of the Town Council of ST. PAUL before ST. PAUL was a city; was a member of the Legislature for two terms, and City Clerk for two years. He was United States consul at Tehuantepec, Mexico; was appointed by President Lincoln without solicitation, and held the office for several years. He was also a lawyer and land agent, and in early days was quite prominent.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lott is a small, modest, retiring, gray-headed gentleman, who appears like one who had let go his hold on the affairs of life—or, rather, like one who didn't care whether school kept or not. He is kind and polite, and I never saw him out of temper. In the early days he was as active as any one could be in all matters that concerned the city, as the various offices he held fully attest. He is unselfish—not selfish enough for his own good. He shrinks from contact with the world when he ought, with a well-directed blow, to hit the world between the eyes; but Lott won't do that, so I expect he will "continue on in the even tenor of his way" until gathered in by the reaper Death. Of late years his health has not been good, and yet I meet him almost daily upon the street, and the same pleasant, smiling face, and the same kind-hearted gentleman of the past, is equally the same kind-hearted gentleman of to-day. He is fifty-nine years old.

THOMAS BARTON.

Mr. Barton was born in Ohio in 1810; was a millwright by trade, and put in the first water-wheel in one of the mills at St. Anthony Falls. He came to ST. PAUL to reside in 1848, and purchased several acres on Phelan creek, near where Bilanski lived; sold this property for \$800; worth now \$100,000; re-

moved to the flats of WEST ST. PAUL in 1849 or '50, where he laid claim to 160 acres; sold them for \$1,500—worth now, in view of new railroads, at least prospectively, \$500,000! He then purchased 144 acres on the Fort road, for \$900, where he lived many years and died in 1882, aged seventy-two. His property on the Fort road is well worth \$2,000 per acre, which would have made his purchase there worth near \$300,000. Of the original estate, however, there are only about twenty acres left, which, on his death, fell to his children, Mrs. Barton having died some years before. Mr. Barton dealt in stock, horses and furs. He was a tall, well-made man; slow in his movements and in his conversation, but honest in his dealings. He lived a plain, frugal life; hated ostentation and clung to the old ideas of the past. W. T. Barton, his oldest son, now aged 35 years, was born in this city, but has of late years made Montana his home. Rudolph, his next son, is a dentist. All of the girls are married but one, who resides with her brother.

WILLIAM D. PHILLIPS.

“Billy Phillips” was well known among all the old settlers, for he had marked peculiarities which distinguished him above all other men. He was born in Maryland and was a lawyer by profession, and came to ST. PAUL in 1848. Although made a butt of in the day in which he lived, yet he was a man of considerable ability. He was passionately fond of speaking, and if he had been duly appreciated no doubt he would have left a better record behind him. The only trouble with Phillips was, he practiced too often at the “bar,” and he seemed to be more spiritually inclined than his associates, and in view of the great latitude of these early days, that is saying a good deal.

“In 1849 H. M. Rice gave, without consideration, to Billy D. several lots, one on upper Third street about a square below the American House. Mr. Rice told him to make out the deed and he would sign it, which was done. Be it recorded as an instance of mean ingratitude, that Billy subsequently brought a claim against Mr. Rice for \$5, for making out the deed, and Mr. R. paid it. One lot Phillips sold in 1852 for \$600.”—WILLIAMS.

“THE BALANCE JUST AS GOOD.”

Phillips made a speech on Kossuth, and in an evil moment Goodhue agreed to publish it, so Billy piled in the manuscript

upon him, over forty pages in legal cap, until he plainly saw that the speech would take up all his paper, and he was in great perturbation of mind what to do. After walking the floor in deep meditation, he decided to print a column, and then added in parenthesis—"The balance of the speech is just as good." After the publication Phillips came in with a large hickory club and two pistols and went for Goodhue in true western style, who finally compromised with him by giving him a receipt in full for an old advertising bill which he never expected to get, and Phillips went away somewhat mollified. Phillips was a queer fellow!

EDWIN A. C. HATCH.

To write about ST. PAUL and not mention Mr. Hatch, would be like playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out, for he was among the very earliest men who attracted the writer's attention, away back thirty-two years ago. There was something peculiar and striking about the man, which at once arrested the attention of everybody, and his long familiarity with Western life made him a valuable companion. He was born in New York in 1825; came to Minnesota in 1843, and ST. PAUL in 1848. He was largely engaged in the Indian trade throughout the Northwest, and understood the character of the savages as well as any man living. He was at one time agent of the Blackfeet tribe, a very cruel and warlike people, but he held them in check, and though often narrowly escaping with his life, conquered them. It is related of him that once when the Indians attempted to appropriate goods without his permission, he coolly opened a keg of powder, lighted his pipe and told them to go ahead, and they went ahead, but it was a good way in advance of the powder. Indians don't like thunder storms of this character! All the old Minnesota soldiers remember "Hatch's Battalion." Well, he was Major of this battalion in 1863, and held in check the hostile Indians on our frontier for about one year, when he resigned.

BAGGED HIS GAME.

When stationed at Pembina he found that two of the notorious chiefs who had taken a prominent part in our Indian massacre, were over the border in Canada. Of course they could

not be taken as prisoners the other side of the line, so he employed strategy in the shape of copious rations of fire-water, and when Mr. Indians became gently impressive, they were bound to dog sleds, and the next morning Shakopee and Medicine Bottle woke up to find themselves within the boundary of the United States. They were held in bondage for some time at Fort Snelling, and were finally hung at that place in 1865. Among other crimes committed by these ferocious Indians, it is alleged that one of them seized an infant, crowded it into the oven of a hot stove, and held the mother tightly in his grasp until it was roasted.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Major Hatch was an ordinary sized man, straight as an arrow, with a complexion quite florid. He was always cool, dignified, somewhat reserved, yet pleasant. Some years ago he purchased thirty acres of land on the bluff overlooking the city, now the property of Mr. Wm. Nettleton, for which he paid about \$10 per acre. He then built a very fine house upon the premises, and finally sold the property to the present owner. What Major Hatch then paid \$10 per acre for is now worth \$30,000, or \$1,000 per acre! A few years before he died he was in the employ of the Manitoba Railroad Company. He was a kind-hearted gentleman, an affectionate husband and father, and his memory is very generally cherished by those who knew him. He died in 1881.

SWINGING ON THE GARDEN GATE.

In 1853 I saw a bright, brilliant, black-eyed girl swinging on a gate which led to a small white house on Third street, the home of A. T. C. Pierson. She was full of youthful hope and happiness—the very picture at that time of a beautiful young girl, and merry thoughts bubbled all over in her twinkling eyes as she toyed with the rainbow tints of the future. Later she became the wife of Major Hatch; later still the widow, surrounded with a family; and although dark clouds of sorrow have shut out a great deal of the sunshine of her married life, still the charming Lotta of thirty-one years ago is still the matured, motherly, matronly, pleasant Lotta of 1885.

WILLIAM H. NOBLES—FIRST WAGON EVER MADE IN MINNESOTA.

William H. Nobles came to ST. PAUL in 1848; opened a wagon maker's shop and turned out the first wagon ever made in Minnesota. In 1856 he was elected a representative to the Legislature from Ramsey County; laid out a wagon road to the Pacific Ocean; discovered one of the best passes to the Rocky Mountains; entered the army; was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers; was Cotton Collector for the government in the South; U. S. Revenue officer; Master of Transportation of troops; and at the conclusion of the war, broken down in health, he repaired to the Waukesha Springs, Wisconsin, and then to the Hot Springs, Colorado, but his health continuing to fail, he returned to ST. PAUL and died in one of our hospitals, aged about sixty years.

NOBLES AS A MAN.

Mr. Nobles used to live in a brick house which stood in the middle of Rice street on the Como road. He was not an educated man, but possessed good natural abilities. He had great confidence in himself; was ambitious, inventive, social, aspiring, very self-reliant, and withal, progressive. He was a man of energy, as was illustrated in his trip to the mountains, and he was also a hard worker. The old settlers will remember him as a good deal of a politician, with a hasty temper, but possessing many fine traits of character which still live as a memory of the man.

SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE.

It is somewhat remarkable that ST. PAUL, originally situated two hundred miles from any other important point, away from railroads, and struggling for existence amid Indians and half-breeds, had no outbursts of violence of any character up to 1848, nor since; that is, there has been no great shock of border ruffianism which required the interposition of a vigilance committee, as is now and has been the case in other frontier towns. We have had no riots, no wanton destruction of property, no public grievances which required the people to redress; no loss of life, except a few murders; no burdens of men in power, nor the imposition of rich men upon the poor; but society has gradually

moulded itself silently into the better forms of civilization without those deleterious influences incident to the growth of other places. This is really remarkable, and due credit should be given to the Catholic religion, which early prevailed in this section, and which held in check the rougher elements of life. It is very true whisky was sold and drunk, and yet I hear of no damaging results from it except to the parties indulging, so that ST. PAUL can very justly point to her past history with great pride and admiration. It is also remarkable that of about thirty old settlers, most of whom have taken prominent part in our affairs, more than twenty-five came from Prairie du Chien; that is, they emigrated to that town, remained there a short time, and then pushed on to ST. PAUL, and have ever since been identified with our interests.

NATHAN MYRICK.

That tall man who has been traveling our streets for a quarter of a century and over, and who, to use a border expression, has been a "rustler," is the well-known Nathan Myrick, who was born in New York State in 1822, and who at the age of eighteen years came to La Crosse and laid out that town, a good slice of which he still owns. Mr. Myrick entered largely into lumbering in Wisconsin in the years 1841 up to 1848, when he came to ST. PAUL and engaged quite extensively in the Indian trade, having at one time stores at St. Peter, Traverse de Sioux, Winnebago Agency, Yellow Medicine, Red Wood Agency, Big Stone Lake, and at Lake Traverse. Mr. Myrick was also at one period largely interested in property at Lake Superior. At the time of the Indian outbreak all his stores at the above named places were destroyed by the savages, and while Mr. Myrick received some recompense of the government for his losses, he has other claims which he has been pressing at Washington about every winter for several years past. Of late he has been connected with various enterprises which required brains, money and pluck, but just now what he is doing, I do not know.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Myrick is a marked character on the street in consequence of his height. In one respect he is like Hiawatha, "for at each stride a mile he measures," while like his prototype he used

to deal largely in Indian trinkets. He is somewhat nervous, yet has a good deal of nerve, and when he sets out to do a thing he does it, if it can be done. He is venturesome; a man of great energy; reaches out into the future; goes in on his judgment, and if he gets tripped, he don't "kick," as the boys say, but "picks his flint and tries again." His head is round, his eyes small and piercing, a nose denoting courage, with a full flowing beard and a well put up body, mark him as an advanced guard in the wave of civilization. He married a Miss Rebecca Ismon, of Vermont, in 1843, who is still living. Of eight children three survive.

ABRAM A. CAVENDER.

Mr. Cavender still clings to life although he had what resembled a paralytic stroke years ago, and the doctors said he could not remain with us but a short time, and then he immediately discarded all medicine and all physicians and began to improve rapidly, and is now quite well. He was born in New Hampshire in 1815; came to ST. PAUL in 1848; commenced blacksmithing and wagon-making on Robert street, having purchased the establishment of Wm. H. Nobles; married Miss Elvira, daughter of Daniel Hopkins, and continued in business for many years, when he sold out to Quimby & Hallowell.

DEACON CAVENDER,

as he is more generally known—having been a prominent deacon in the Baptist Church for several years past—is a thin, spare man, with sharp features and with bright, twinkling eyes, a long gray beard, and always wears a pleasant smile. He is a quiet, good citizen, interested in religious matters, and has a happy faculty of minding his own business, and thus, with a pleasant word for everybody, glides smoothly along down the hill of life, greatly respected as one of our oldest and best citizens.

WILLIAM FREEBORN.

Mr. Freeborn was born in 1816; came to ST. PAUL in 1848; at one time owned considerable property in this city and county; was a member of our City Council; removed to Red Wing in 1853, where he had large interests; also at Cannon Falls; was a member of the Legislature in 1854-5-6-7, and Freeborn County was named after him. He was known as one of the trio of Free-

born, Daniels and Moss, but in 1862 he emigrated to the Rocky Mountains and finally settled in California. He was a man of progressive and speculative ideas, energetic, always scheming, and had a happy faculty of getting other parties interested in his enterprises. He was a quietly spoken man, of rugged appearance; self-possessed, and never was afraid to venture.

DAVID LAMBERT

was a native of Connecticut; a lawyer, a speaker, an editor, and a man of considerable ability. He settled in ST. PAUL in 1848 and took a prominent part in the Stillwater convention. Domestic difficulties drove him to drink, so that his brain became disordered, and he put an end to his brilliant career by jumping from the roof of a steamer while on her way from Galena to ST. PAUL, and died at the age of thirty years.

HENRY C. RHODES.

This gentleman came to ST. PAUL in 1848 and remained here only a short time, being connected with David Olmsted. He owned some property on the corner of Fourth and Jackson streets, where he had a store and dwelling house, but finally returned to Indiana and died in California.

W. C. MORRISON

was born in New York in 1815; came to ST. PAUL in 1848, at which time he says there were only sixteen families. He mined for lead in Galena at an early day, and built the first brick store on Jackson street that had marble window caps and marble door jams. He was in trade here a number of years and finally accepted the position as right-of-way agent for the Manitoba road, and though somewhat advanced in years he performed his duties well and made some money. Mr. Morrison is a thick-set man, cool and methodical in his movements; quiet and unostentatious in manner, and as a business man, energetic. He lives on part of the acre he bought of "Father Hoyt" for \$40, on Jackson street, where he has made it his home for over a quarter of a century. He has several sons grown to manhood. The youngest son, Samuel, studied law with Gov. Davis, and is now practicing in the city. Mr. H. is a quiet, pleasant gentleman, and very generally esteemed by those who know him.

WM. B. BROWN

was a lead miner at Galena, and on moving to ST. PAUL in 1848 he purchased the property on the corner of Wabasha and Third streets, now known as the Warner block. In 1853 I was offered this property for \$1,700, and upon it stood a small building occupied by the Marshall Brothers, where they sold Sligo iron and other hardware. The same property would probably now bring \$50,000. "But why didn't you buy it?" asks a real estate dealer. "Well, for several reasons: First—I did not think the property was worth the amount asked. Second—I did not then think ST. PAUL would ever grow to reach 120,000 people; and, Third—I hadn't the money." And so the years have come and gone; the city has continued to grow; real estate has constantly advanced; and even wise men, and moneyed men, and sagacious men, and business men, have all been deceived in their estimation of the value of real estate in the present bustling, growing, solid, tangible city of ST. PAUL, less than forty years ago a place of nine cabins and fifty inhabitants! Why didn't the people of that period buy and hold all the land then in sight? Echo asks, "Why?"

DON'T GRUMBLE—IT IS A LAW.

The old settler fifty-five or sixty years of age, with a grown-up family about him, begins to feel that he is being pushed out of the way by the younger elements which surround him. The old places where he used to keep his books, and his papers, and his hat, and his boots, have been appropriated to other purposes, and even the old rocking-chair in which he has sat for so many years, he is daily in fear of being removed out of his reach forever, and in its place to find a new and stylish double-and-twisted-back-breaking-modern-institution, in keeping with the new-fangled notions of this modern age. Then again the cooking is not just what it used to be, for the children have got possession of the mother and are moulding her to their ideas of "style." And then again, "Papa doesn't keep up with the age! What is pleasant to him, isn't pleasant to us. He wants to sit by the fire and read his paper; we want to dance; he is sober and thoughtful, and likes to talk of the past; we like fun; he is too cautious and holds us back, but we guess we

know what we are about; he is a little old-fashioned in his notions, but then we have to humor him. It is so strange that people as they grow old have such peculiar ideas of life! Wonder if we will ever be like that good, kind old father? Hope not." And the young, and thoughtless, and buoyant, and gay, and ambitious, and loving children, thus imperceptibly and unknowingly gradually push "the old man" along to the end of the log where he sits musing upon the past.

Now, my friend, look at the matter philosophically. The tree grows and sends out its branches. Its grand limbs have stood the storms of many winters, and under its cooling shade hundreds have gathered to shield themselves from the piercing rays of the noonday sun. In course of time new shoots are visible just below the old limbs, and as these new shoots put forth their vigor they draw vitalizing power from the roots, and the old limbs begin to droop, and then in their growth the younger shoots, under a law of nature, commence quietly to crowd out the old limbs, and they fade, sicken, die, drop, while the new limbs take their places, to be in turn pushed out by the same law as that which acted upon their parents. We cannot expect our children to entertain the same views of life that we do. It is an impossibility to be always young, and what may appear to us as innovations upon our own rights, is but the natural growth of human nature. Don't flatter yourself that you are the only man of advanced years who is jostled and crowded by "the young bloods" of your own household, for such is not the case; the law is general, and all must sooner or later bow in submission to it. And yet, there is a consolation, and we have it in the following beautiful lines from the lamented poetess, Adelaide Proctor:—

"What is Life, father?"

"A battle, my child,

Where the strongest lance may fail,
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
 And the stoutest heart may quail.
 Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
 And rest not day or night,
 And the feeble little ones must stand
 In the thickest of the fight."

“What is Death, father?”

“The Rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace.”

JOHN D. DUION—FIRST MILLER IN THE CITY.

Born in Canada in 1822, Mr. Duion came to ST. PAUL in 1848, or thirty-seven years ago, unable at that time to speak a word of English. He is a real live, active Canadian-Frenchman, and although sixty-three years old is as bright and as fresh and as jolly as a boy of twenty years. He was the first miller in the city, and is a miller by trade, though at odd times he ran a steam engine.

OUT OF LUCK.

He purchased a lot in Kittson's addition for \$1,000; sold it for \$2,000; worth \$15,000; owned a lot on the corner of Cedar and Ninth streets, for which he paid \$2,000; worth now \$15,000. In 1857 he removed to Pig's Eye, and with \$8,000 established a saw mill, sank all his money, and came back poor and barefooted to ST. PAUL, where he has since resided.

SHOOTING DUCKS IN THE CITY.

On the corner of Cedar and Minnesota streets was a large pond of water, and in 1848 Duion used to shoot ducks that swam upon its surface. After he came to ST. PAUL everything looked so uninviting that he became disgusted and wanted to get away, but he could not, for he had no money. He had not the faintest conception then that ST. PAUL would grow to what it is now, or he might have been a very rich man.

OXEN VS. CABBAGES.

As I have already said, he could not speak English, but he undertook to drive oxen for a living, and as he did not understand “haw” from “gee,” his oxen went directly opposite to what he wanted them to do. One day he was passing a small house where there was a good-sized cabbage garden owned by

a widow, and he yelled out "haw," and the oxen started for the cabbages on a run, and before he could comprehend the fact that he should have said "gee," a greater portion of the cabbages had been devoured, and the widow came very near killing him for his ignorance. "Oh! my! but dat vas one very great time. How dat old woman did saccreme; did say, 'By damn!'"

A PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Duion is a small man and a constant laborer. He is frank, cheerful, active, and philosophical. He has a nice little home, has raised a family of five children, four boys and a girl, and three of his boys are engineers. He looks upon the bright side of life, and though sometimes he may feel a little sad at "what might have been," yet he brushes away the cobwebs of the past and laughs in the sunshine of the present, as he sings:

"Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

"'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more;
Many days you have wandered around my cabin door,
Oh, hard times come again no more."

And thus in his quiet little cottage home he no doubt enjoys more of life's sweetness than many who count their millions. And why should he not? He has less to annoy him, less to burden him, less to fret him, less to make him stingy and mean, less to force him to be hypocritical and overbearing, less to take away the best attributes of a man, and more to bring out the qualities that adorn the brows of those who toil for their daily bread. God aid the poor and the lowly in all the walks of life, for they are nearer the perfection of manhood than those who are warped and distorted by their everlasting greed for money! money! money! Pleasant cottage! humble home! happy Duion!

JOSEPH MONTEUR.

Mr. Monteur, to whom allusion has already been made, came to ST. PAUL in 1848, and claims to be the oldest blacksmith in the city, even ranking Col. Wm. H. Nobles, of whom

I have written. He was born in 1812, and is now seventy-three years of age. He was among the old French settlers, and cannot realize the great growth the city has made since he first came here. He bought a lot of Louis Robert for \$70, sold it back to him again for \$1,000; worth now \$20,000. Joseph Villeneuve, born in France, and who came here in 1849, is now dead, and I can glean but little information about him, except that which I give in another chapter.

BENJAMIN IRVINE.

Born in New York in 1828; learned the carpenter's trade; came to ST. PAUL in 1848; worked at his business; was twelve years in Wisconsin; in 1858 carried on the wholesale and retail grocery business in ST. PAUL; entered the army in 1861; remained in the service two years as Orderly Sergeant of Company D; lived in Ohio and Michigan several years, and since then has resided in ST. PAUL. Mr. Irvine is a brother of John and George. He is a tall, slender man; quiet in his habits and unpretending in his manners. Last year, to add to his other troubles, he met with a serious accident to his left hand. He once owned, or supposed he owned, fifty-one acres in the city, fronting the river, which cost him \$60; worth now \$1,000-000. It is the old song—tee-ter-taunter! tee-ter-taunter! one is up while the other is down! tee-ter-taunter! He is now the janitor at the Capitol.

JOHN F. HOYT.

Mr. Hoyt is a son of the late B. F. Hoyt, and was born in Ohio in 1830; came to ST. PAUL in 1848; went to school to D. A. J. Baker, and he says he was an admirable teacher, the best he ever had; took singing lessons with L. M. Ford; worked in the wagon shop of Col. Wm. H. Nobles one winter; saw the first printing press landed, and aided in squaring the first chase in which to hold the forms of the old *Pioneer*. Then was three years at school East; returned home and studied law with Ames and Van Etten; was admitted to the bar by territorial judges, but never practiced. Where the State Capitol and High School buildings now stand, he used to trap for foxes. He has seen most of the land upon which ST. PAUL now stands

taken up at government price—\$1.25 per acre—or by land warrants, which cost even less. He thinks this same land is now worth \$100,000,000. To the casual reader these figures may appear large, but when an estimate is made of what all the land is worth upon which ST. PAUL now stands, it will be found that Mr. Hoyt's figuring is not much out of the way. He held the office of Judge of Probate twice; was County Auditor; County Commissioner; a charter member of the ST. PAUL Library Association; was engaged in the milling business several years; has been and is now a member of the board of public works and a water commissioner. Of late years he has been largely interested in the settlement of important estates, and has never had any trouble in getting bondsmen, a fact which shows the confidence reposed in his honesty, his honor and his manhood.

REAL ESTATE.—A TRIBUTE TO OLD SETTLERS.

He purchased forty acres of land in Rose township, for \$22 per acre, now worth \$500 per acre; and some for \$50 per acre, now worth \$600 per acre; gave \$1,300 for a block on Dayton's bluff, now worth \$25,000. He could not even conceive thirty-six years ago that ST. PAUL would be the city it is to-day, and hence he placed no value upon real estate, and yet he has seen hundreds of grand bargains slip out from under his hands.

He speaks in the highest terms of the old settlers; of their integrity, honor, enterprise, manhood, and of their kindness of heart. Having known many of them he thinks there never was a better class of people in any community.

"I WANT THE GIRL."

In 1856, when about twenty-six years of age, young Hoyt made a trip to Washington, and while there he fell in love with a niece of Senator Douglas and she reciprocated his feelings, but being a young man unknown to the family, he met with opposition. Becoming somewhat desperate, he called upon Hon. H. M. Rice, our delegate in Congress, who quietly heard his story and then asked—"Well, what do you want?" to which he promptly replied—"Why, I want the girl." Mr. Rice smilingly remarked, "I shall see the family, shall dine with them to-day; call to-morrow." Young Hoyt called and soon after got his girl

and married her, but she died some years afterwards, and in memory of the part Mr. Rice took in the matter Mr. Hoyt looks upon him as not only being a prince then but as a lord now; for few men would have turned aside from the cares and duties of the United States Senate to interfere in a matter of love between two young people.

MR. HOYT PERSONALLY.

On the street Mr. Hoyt moves along rapidly, rarely bowing, and one would infer, not knowing him, that he was somewhat misanthropic, yet this peculiarity in his nature comes more from a concentration of his thoughts and a total abnegation of the outer world. Off the street he is one of the most sociable of men, free, frank, with a fine sprinkling of fun. He sympathizes with the Methodist Church, of which his father was a devoted supporter, although he himself is not a member. Politically he is a Democrat, and has always been elected when he ran for office. Physically he is a well-knit man, with all his faculties well rounded out and evenly balanced; is temperate in his habits; sympathetic in his nature; devoid of rant or ostentation; is modest; retiring; avoids publicity, and yet he is quietly and constantly aiding many meritorious enterprises.

JOHN R. SLOAN—PERRY SLOAN.

Born in Dubuque, Iowa, in 1846; came to ST. PAUL in 1848; was engaged many years on the river bringing eggs, butter and other produce to this market. He has been a continuous resident of this city for many years, and has seen many and great changes. He is a young man, bright, generous, active, a lover of horses, devoted to his mother, and a pleasant citizen; a man of discretion, sagacity and good judgment.

Perry Sloan was well known to all the old settlers. He was a great lover of the horse, and rode many races. He was an active, popular young man, and accidentally fell out of a window in the Merchants hotel and was killed, in 1866, aged 32 years. Came to ST. PAUL in 1848.

EDWARD SLOAN—MRS. SARAH SLOAN.

Mr. Sloan was born in New York State in 1808; came to ST. PAUL in 1848; was in the lead regions of Wisconsin, and

struck the first lead in that section ; when in this city he carried on the business of house painting, and died in 1879.

John's mother was born in New York in 1811 ; came to ST. PAUL in 1848, and has lived here ever since. She is a fine looking woman, with not a gray hair in her head. Has had nine children, seven of whom are living.

JOEL D. CRUTTENDEN.

Col. Cruttenden, of whom I have spoken briefly in another place, left St. Louis in 1846 and removed to Prairie du Chien, where he was employed by Brisbois & Rice. In 1848 he came to ST. PAUL and remained up to 1850, when he took up his residence in St. Anthony and engaged in business with R. P. Russel. He then went to Crow Wing and was connected with Maj. J. W. Lynde. In 1857 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and on the breaking out of the war was commissioned Captain Assistant Quartermaster ; was taken prisoner, and on being exchanged rose to the rank of Colonel. At the close of the war he was honorably discharged, and soon after removed to Bayfield, Wisconsin, where he has held many offices and is greatly esteemed. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman, well known and well liked.

C. A. CAVENDER.

Mr. C. was born in 1846, in Ohio ; came to ST. PAUL in 1848 ; was a pupil of the late Miss Harriet E. Bishop, and attended the Washington and Adams schools until 1861 ; worked in the carriage manufactory of his father, Dea. W. H. Cavender, until 1864, when he was employed in the Provost Marshal's department until August 1st, 1864 ; enlisted, but did not go south, being on detached service until May 11th, 1865, when he was mustered out ; entered service in the ST. PAUL postoffice as distributing clerk, doing the work which now requires twelve men ; May 1st, 1866, went on the ST. PAUL & Pacific Railroad, which then was built to Elk River, thirty-nine miles, as brakeman ; was promoted to baggage-master and passenger conductor ; remained with that company until 1877, when he changed to the Northern Pacific, and is now with that company as one of the oldest passenger conductors on the road, or in the State. Never

had an accident to a train that caused loss of life or limb. Has always lived in ST. PAUL and always intends to. Married December 7, 1869, to Miss Jennie Nixon, daughter of William Nixon, another of our old settlers.

TRAVELED 1,000,000 MILES.

Mr. Cavender is not only the oldest passenger conductor in the State of Minnesota, having entered the railroad service in 1866, or nineteen years ago, but he has traveled 1,000,000 miles, and what is remarkable still, during that time he never had an accident to his train by which a limb was injured or a life lost. This is a remarkable career in the history of a railroad conductor and gives one the impression that he bears a charmed life. He made his first trip over the ST. PAUL & Pacific road when there were only thirty-nine miles of road built, and has been in active service as a railroad man from that day to this, having seen some 3,000 miles of road constructed in this State during this time. Of course so successful a railroad man must in time become president of some gigantic railroad system, and President Cavender would sound quite as well as that of Deacon.

CAVENDER PERSONALLY.

Mr. Cavender is a stirring gentleman. In his capacity of conductor he is prompt, cautious, careful, prudent, quick, pleasant, just the man for the place. He is a good business operator; knows his duties and performs them, and with the same peculiar smile which ever glows over the pleasant face of the good Deacon. He speaks with his eyes; comprehends in a minute; is in sympathy with the locomotive; is on time; catches the idea of the traveler at once; grasps the situation and masters it. He is physically not large, but wiry, a straight-forward, manly gentleman.

LUKE MURPHY.

Mr. Murphy introduced the first two-wheel dray into the city, and was generally known as teamster and an ardent partisan. While celebrating the election of H. M. Rice to Congress, who lived in the only house then on Summit avenue, a rocket pierced his body and killed him. He was born in Ireland in 1827; emigrated to America in 1846; resided for a time in

Brooklyn, New Orleans, and at Fort Snelling, and came to ST. PAUL in 1848. He was noted principally for his sincere devotion to the Democratic cause, and yet he was a hard-working, industrious man.

JOHN HAYCOCK.

Captain John Haycock came to ST. PAUL in 1848. He was a captain on a river steamer, and then opened a wood yard on Robert street, where he carried on the business for a number of years. Captain H. is a tall, quiet man, and has run on the river as a steamboat captain all his life, and is now engaged in that occupation, and was so engaged at the time he carried on the wood business. He lives at Winnipeg.

NELSON ROBERT.

Mr. Robert was born in Missouri in 1830; worked on the homestead until the age of seventeen years, when his uncle, Captain Louis Robert, brought him to Prairie du Chien, where he finished his education and came to ST. PAUL in 1848; kept books for Louis Roberts in the old World's Fair store, which stood on the corner of Third and Robert streets; some years later he became a partner not only in all Mr. Robert's stores but in the steamboat trade; in the early part of the fifties he made many trips from Redwood and Yellow Medicine to New York and Philadelphia, his money being carried in a belt worn around his body, the usual way in those days of carrying on banking. He was at one time connected with W. K. Murphy in steamboating on the Minnesota river, owning and commanding the steamers Time and Tide and Jeannett Robert. In 1860 he dissolved partnership with his uncle and continued the boating business alone, carrying troops during the late war. At one time he was in the employ of the government at St. Louis. After giving up steamboating he engaged in general merchandise near Granite Falls, Minnesota, doing a large and profitable business. In December, 1860, he married Miss Sarah A. Clark, a teacher for some three years in what is now the public schools of ST. PAUL. He was a member of the Common Council at one time, and died in 1877, greatly respected, as he was a high-toned, honorable man, at whose record the finger of reproach was powerless to point. He left a widow and five children in comfortable circumstances.

EPHRAIM RHODES.

A short, well-knit, close-grained man is Mr. Rhodes, who is an excellent engineer and a pleasant, social gentleman. He was born in New York in 1826, where he was educated; learned the trade of a machinist, and in 1846 visited the Lake Superior region in the steamer Sultana, of which he was engineer; came to ST. PAUL in 1848 and engaged in the lumber business with the late David Fuller; then ran a saw mill; was engineer on various steamboats which plied on the river for years, and is the oldest engineer in Minnesota. He is at present engineer at the Gilfillan block, and is recognized as one of the oldest and most sprightly of the old settlers, a jovial, industrious, hard-working citizen.

CHAPTER X.

1849.

First Newspaper—First Printing Press—First Editor—First Territorial Organization—First Brewery—First Masonic Lodge—First Brick House—First Chapel—First Church Organized—First Proclamation—First Legislature—First Bricks—First Baptist Church—First Fourth of July Celebration—First Regular Butcher—First Bankers—First County Election—First Stage Line—First Pump—First Democratic Convention—First Stone Building—First Deed—First Livery Stable—First School System—First Market Woman—First Burial Ground—First Governor—First Court—First Hardware and Furniture Stores—First Bank—First Clerk of Court—First Drayman—First Territorial Officers—First Ferry Boat—First Register of Deeds.

WONDERFUL EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1849.

ORGANIZATION OF THE TERRITORY.

June 1, 1849, the Territory of Minnesota was organized, and then the only house in what is now known as upper town, or above Wabasha street, was that occupied by the late John R. Irvine, to which allusion has already been made. It stood on the corner of, or near, Franklin street and Third, and around it was a luxuriant growth of hazel brush and saplings. On the corner of what was once Fort, now Seventh street and Third,

where the old Winslow House used to stand, and where Mr. Forepaugh has built a large block of stores, was a dense forest of trees, and at the foot of these trees ran a lovely brook, crossing the crude, natural street, and dancing on its way to the river over the ground on which at present stands the factory of Chapman, Drake & Co.

POPULATION IN THE TERRITORY 1,000—CITY 150.

One can hardly realize the fact that in 1849 Minnesota Territory had but about 1,000 inhabitants—now, 1885, 1,000,000; and the city 150—now, 1885, 120,000; and only thirty houses existed where there are now several thousands, yet such is the truth. It is true the bill had passed Congress organizing a Territory, yet there was no newspaper here, no evidences of civilization, except a school, a church or two, and plenty of saloons! It was good soil upon which to plant eastern intelligence, and it came.

THE FIRST PAPER AND THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

Probably the first person who conceived the idea of a newspaper in Minnesota, was Dr. A. Randall, of Cincinnati, August, 1848. He subsequently formed a partnership with J. P. Owens, and they jointly issued, at Cincinnati, the *Minnesota Register*, dated ST. PAUL, April 27, 1849, and this was really the first newspaper circulated in Minnesota.

The first printing press was owned by James M. Goodhue, and arrived at ST. PAUL April 18, 1849, and the first *bona fide* paper printed in this city and in the Territory was upon this press, April 28, 1849, and called the *Minnesota Pioneer*.

JAMES M. GOODHUE—FIRST EDITOR.

Mr. Goodhue was born in New Hampshire in 1810; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; died on the 27th of August, 1852, aged only 42 years. He graduated from Amherst College in 1832; immediately commenced the study of law; emigrated to Wisconsin, where he practiced his profession for a number of years; became the editor of the *Wisconsin Herald*; removed to ST. PAUL in 1849; brought the first press and the first type to the Territory; issued the first paper printed in the Territory, and ran a successful career as an editor up to the period of his death, in 1852.

From the time Mr. Goodhue arrived in ST. PAUL with his printing machinery, the city began to grow. The old press upon which his paper was printed has been used for some time in various country offices—was once in St. Cloud; then in Sauk Centre; but where it is now I don't know, but I do know where it ought to be—that is, in the Historical Society, carefully preserved. In his first issue the editor said: "We print and issue the first number of the *Pioneer* in a building through which the out-door is visible by more than 500 apertures."

JAMES M. GOODHUE AS A MAN.

James M. Goodhue, the first editor of the first paper published in ST. PAUL or in the Territory of Minnesota, was one of the finest paragraphists ever in the West. He was a good-sized man, given a little to a rocking motion when he walked, but very quick in perception and quick to act. He had also a deal of humor, and a vast amount of sarcasm, which was plentifully applied when his angry pen set out to chastise an enemy. Added to this was an unqualified great courage, and an indomitable will power. He early foresaw the beauty and grandeur of Minnesota and the probable greatness of

ST. PAUL,

and never let an opportunity slip wherein he did not paint their beauties. His industry was untiring. The columns of his paper show this, and had he lived he would have been an immense power in the land of his adoption, and a man of great wealth. Withal he was a person of impulse; quick to resent what he deemed a wrong, and yet magnanimous in his acts. While in the discharge of what he considered his duties, he had occasion to severely criticise two old citizens and office holders (Col. Mitchell and Judge Cooper,) and this criticism brought on a fight between Goodhue and the friends of the latter.

THE FIGHT.

Williams, in his history, says:

"Goodhue, immediately after the appearance of his paper, had been in the Legislature and started down street in company with a friend. After leaving the building a few steps, they met Joseph Cooper, a brother of Judge Cooper, who at once advanced and struck at Goodhue. Both then drew pistols, Col. Goodhue having a

single-barrel pistol and Mr. Cooper a revolver. Some parleying ensued, when Mr. Cooper declared—"I'll blow your G— d— brains out." Sheriff Lull here ran up and commanding peace, disarmed the parties, but it seems Cooper still retained a knife, and Goodhue another pistol, with which they renewed hostilities. Some one endeavored to hold Goodhue, which gave Cooper an opportunity to stab him in the abdomen slightly. Goodhue then broke away and shot Cooper, inflicting quite a serious wound. Cooper again rushed on Goodhue, stabbed him in the back, on the left side. Both parties were then led away and their wounds dressed, neither being fatally injured. Col. Goodhue seems to have acted on the defensive during the whole rencontre."

I will simply add, that while the attack of Cooper was unjustifiable, the language of Goodhue was also unjustifiable, and should never have been used.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Goodhue was a genial man in private life; full of wit and humor; an able editor, a stirring citizen, a valued friend. Soon after arriving in ST. PAUL, in 1853, I had occasion to sort out some of his letters then in the office of the *Pioneer*, edited by Joseph R. Brown, now dead, when I came across one from Gen. Sibley, then a delegate in Congress, which read nearly as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec., 1853.

Dear Goodhue:—I have a letter which I presume is from you, but it has no date or signature.

Yours,

H. H. SIBLEY.

Such were the peculiarities of Mr. Goodhue that when absorbed in thought he would seize a paper and write a letter just as he would an editorial, without date or name. Mr. Goodhue ran the first ferry boat, just at the end of what was known as Lamb's Island, then located in the river below the Union Depot, now gone. He resided in a neat, white house, which stood on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets.

HIS WIDOW.

He left a widow, who subsequently married Dr. T. T. Mann, and they have ever since resided near or in the city. Mrs. Mann is an exceedingly pleasant and amiable woman, always ready to aid the afflicted; quiet, gentle, loving, she may justly be classed with Mrs. Irvine as among the marked women of the past. Mrs. Tarbox, I believe, is her only daughter living. She also is an amiable and talented woman, and greatly respected by all who know her. A son formerly lived in Chicago, but now resides in

this city. Mr. Goodhue left considerable property, which is now very valuable, but he left to his widow and his children that which is more endearing and more valuable—a good name—a fact quite as gratifying to the editorial fraternity as it is to those who more lovingly revere his memory.

BARTLETT PRESLEY.

A short, chunky man was Mr. Presley. He was a little different from the ordinary cut of men; had a solid, lymphatic characteristic, but a pensiveness which marked the man of thought and the man of business. He was born in Germany in the year 1823; was raised in St. Louis; married in 1843; moved to Galena in 1849, and thence came to ST. PAUL the same year. He commenced with nothing forty years ago, dealing in fruits, cigars, &c., and from this he drifted into the retail and wholesale grocery business, but of late years made fruits his specialty, dealing largely in them, and buying directly from the points where they are raised, eastern California and other places. He was the original fruit dealer in this city, and up to the day of his death he was by far the heaviest merchant in this line. Mr. Presley was a member of the Common Council three continuous years, and Chief Engineer of our fire department for three years. He purchased the first steam fire engine brought to ST. PAUL. He took the position of Chief Engineer at a time when the department was in bad odor, and left it in an elevated and efficient condition. What is remarkable, he was the only merchant in ST. PAUL, or in the State, who had been continuously

IN BUSINESS FORTY YEARS.

He was a living illustration of a fact, that a legitimate business closely adhered to for a series of years, will prove triumphant in the end. In person Mr. Presley represented the German type of man, with heavy features and a slow and cautious movement. He spoke a little broken and somewhat thick, owing to a throat difficulty, yet expressed himself in a clear and terse manner. He was never idle; never had been; always attended to his own business, and plodded on day after day with renewed determination to add something more to his financial gains. When Chief of the fire department, who does not remember the kindly

acts of his departed wife, who in the coldest of weather, when the jaded firemen were almost ready to give out, replenished them with hot coffee, not once, but many times? of her presentation of flags to the gallant boys? of her constant efforts to encourage and sustain them? And who was kinder to the firemen than Bart. Presley? Many a once young man now growing gray, will remember these kindly acts—these sweet memories of a by-gone day. Mr. Presley erected years ago various tenement houses on Eighth street, and among the number was one known as the Club House. Only a few years since he built an elegant business block on the site of his old stand, and at the time of his death was estimated to be worth \$300,000. Quiet, unobtrusive, industrious, solid, yet public-spirited and enterprising, Mr. Presley was satisfied with his success, but he did not live long enough to enjoy the fruits of his toil, dying in ST. PAUL from blood poisoning, on the 30th of June, 1884, aged 62 years.

ARRIVAL OF GOV. RAMSEY.

Gov. Ramsey had been married only a few years when he was commissioned Governor of the then Territory of Minnesota. He arrived at ST. PAUL on the 27th of May, 1849, and declared the Territory organized on the first of June of the same year. In conversation with him he gives a very interesting account of his landing at the levee; of the crude condition of the then embryo city; the isolated and inferior character of the houses; of the dense mass of trees, the running brooks, and the ravines which met his view, and the sad feeling which came over him as he strolled all alone and marked what was to be the city of his future life. Then all the bluff between Bench street and the river, from near the foot of Jackson street to the upper levee, was in a wild, uncleared condition, the only building between the two points on the south side of Bench street, being a log hut under the bluff. He walked along Third street, and when in front of what used to be the gas company's office, below Robert street, he saw a peculiar building with a projecting portico, evidently the best in the place, and he inquired of a boy, pointing to the house—"What building is that?" when he was informed it was for the Governor, the first intimation he had of his new home. It was made of boards and belonged to the "Minnesota

Outfit," having been renovated by the company to receive his gracious person. After visiting the city he boarded the boat and steamed for Mendota, where he met Gen. Sibley, who gave him a warm and cordial invitation for both himself and his wife to make his house their home, which was the first stone dwelling built in the Territory. Mrs. Ramsey, not knowing anything about the condition of the country, desired to commence house-keeping at once in the unique place on Third street (which she had not yet seen,) but the Governor, in his off-hand manner, thought it advisable to wait a short time, and so they both accepted Gen. Sibley's invitation and made his hospitable residence their home for about a month, when they removed to their new quarters in this city, where they remained until the Governor built his new house, which formerly stood where his present residence now stands, corner of Exchange and Walnut streets, only the old house fronted on Walnut street, while the new fronts on Exchange. This visit to Gen. Sibley reconciled Mrs. Ramsey to frontier life in the West.

A FEW LOG HOUSES.

At that time, says the Governor, looking down Third street from Cedar, one could see but a few small log houses, no regular roads, plenty of trees and underbrush, running streams, strolling Indians, and but few human white beings, and these partook of all the characteristics of frontier life. Now, in 1885, gazing down the same street, one sees solid, massive business blocks, with a stream of life pouring in and out of them, denoting the growth of the city in the brief period of thirty-six years, at present numbering over 120,000 people.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF SOCIETY.

I find that the year 1849 was remarkable for the crystallization of affairs which culminated in the formation of society, for in this year I date a nucleus around which civilization began to cluster. Back of this was crudeness, Indians, frontier life, semi-barbarism. It is very true H. H. Sibley had been elected delegate to Congress the year before (1848,) and a sewing and temperance society had been formed, and a school-house had been built on the bluff on Third street where the late Dr. Alley's brick

block now stands, but still it was left for the year 1849 to commence the career of a city that is now rapidly merging into immense metropolitan life. This year (1849,) the Territory was first organized and the first printing press and the first paper were brought into existence. The foundation for the first brewery was laid; the first Masonic lodge was instituted; the first brick house was built; the first Presbyterian chapel completed and church organized; the first Legislature met; the first bricks were made (except those in hats;) First Baptist Church organized; the first celebration of the Fourth of July; the first county election was held; the first stage line established; the first town pump erected, and the first Democratic convention met at the American House; and hence 1849 may be justly considered as really the first year in which ST. PAUL began her onward march to reach the point where she now is—the Queen City of the New Northwest. Population in the latter part of 1849, 800. Population in 1885, 120,000!

FIRST BRICK AND STONE BUILDINGS.

The first stone building in the city is that still standing on the corner of Sibley street and the levee, formerly occupied by J. W. Simpson. The former brick building at the corner of Fourth and Washington streets, was built under contract and paid for by Rev. E. D. Neill. It was the first brick building in the city and the first finished north of Prairie du Chien. The Methodist, now the Swedenborgian Church, on Market street, was the second. Subsequently H. M. Rice erected a brick dwelling at the corner of Third and Washington streets, now the site of the Metropolitan hotel. In the house at the corner of Fourth and Washington streets, two of Mr. Neill's children were born, and some of the trees recently standing in the yard were planted by him. Dr. Steele erected a brick block of dwellings adjoining the old house and occupying all the yard, and then the old house was torn down November, 1885. After Mr. Neill sold this house he built the brick residence now the oldest standing on Summit avenue, and formerly occupied by Mr. Ramsey Nininger. The first brick building on the bluff, overlooking the river, was built by Wm. G. Le Duc, in the winter of 1853, and was occupied as the postoffice. What is remarkable is the fact, that the *Times*,

the *Minnesotian* and the *Press* were all printed in this building. It is now known as the Tivoli, where is for sale not brains but lager beer.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

The first Protestant church edifice in the white settlement of Minnesota, was built of wood by Rev. E. D. Neill, in the summer of 1849 (antedating the brick Methodist church to which I allude above,) on a lot adjoining his residence, and in the spring of 1850 was destroyed by fire. The Methodist, on Market street, was the first brick church. The Catholics built the very first church, of logs, in 1841.

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE FIRST PROCLAMATION WAS WRITTEN.

It will be remembered by the readers of this work, that I spoke of a small log cabin that used to stand on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, which, in the course of time, became the habitation of Judge Aaron Goodrich, Chief Justice of the Territory of Minnesota. Mr. G., in a paper he read before the Historical Society, thus describes the room in which the meeting of the first Territorial officers was held, as well as the room in which the first proclamation of the Governor was written. He says:

“The room was small but well lighted by a casement of 7x9 glass and sundry openings between the logs. There were no chairs in the apartment—there was no space for a chair; the apartment was in strict architectural keeping with the window—it was just 7x9. Its furniture comprised one bed (upon which the Judge slept at night,) one stand and two trunks. Gov. Ramsey sat upon a trunk and wrote his proclamation upon the stand or small table (these are still in the possession of Mr. Goodrich,) and this proclamation, written on the 1st day of June, 1849, 36 years ago, set in motion the Territorial organization which had been created by Congress.”

Now look at our stately Capitol, with its imposing dome, and its beautiful architectural effect, and its busy hive of State officers! What a contrast and what a change in the brief space of thirty-six years?

THE PLACE WHERE THE FIRST LEGISLATURE MET.

The first Territorial Legislature met in the old Central House which used to stand on Bench street, overlooking the river, in September of the year 1849, and at the session of this Legislature the village was organized into the “Town of ST. PAUL.”

The parlor of this old house, now gone, was used for the Council and the dining-room for the House, and about the hour of noon a waiter would thrust his head in among the solons and sing out—"Dinner!" and then there was a sudden adjournment and a general buzz. The Territorial officers also had quarters here.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER.

On the first of June, 1849, James Hughes issued a new paper called the *Minnesota Chronicle*, which was consolidated with the *Register*, the first number of which was published in Cincinnati, and both these papers, in their consolidated form, ceased to exist in March, 1851. Mr. Hughes was a large man, of good ability and great energy. He was a lawyer, kept a hotel, edited a paper, and was generally useful. He subsequently moved to Hudson, where he died several years ago, but I think he has a son in business in this city.

THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY.

The first Fourth of July was celebrated in a grove of trees where the City Hall now stands, in the year 1849, Gov. Ramsey presiding; Sibley, Rice, Judge Goodrich, and about everybody else in the Territory were present.

Judge Meeker, of St. Anthony, now dead, was the orator. The Declaration of Independence was read by W. D. Phillips. Among those who listened intently to the proceedings was Capt. Louis Robert. Louis said—"I wouldn't give a d--- for Meeker, but that other fellow made an eloquent speech." As everybody admitted that his criticism was just—at least so far as the Declaration of Independence was concerned—all had to concede that Louis knew a good thing when he heard it, even if he were not posted in the educational affairs of the nation.

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE GRAY-HEADS.

My labors are constantly interrupted by some old settler, who, grasping me by the hand, draws a striking contrast to the ST. PAUL at the end of 1849, with a population of 800, and the ST. PAUL of 1885 with a population of 120,000. The wooden, creaking carts of thirty-six years ago have given way to palatial cars, and metropolitan life has usurped the place of a few scat-

tered log huts, bad whisky and Indians. "But then," they say, "it is all right. It is a law constantly in operation, and if we fall under it, it is our destiny and nobody's fault."

BY THE RIVER.

Up to 1849, or thirty-six years ago, the only ingress to Minnesota or egress from it, was by the river, there being no stage or railway lines, in fact no roads. The trip to Prairie du Chien was made by Mr. Rice on a French pony, which performed the journey on the frozen Mississippi river. When Mr. Rice came to Fort Snelling in 1839, or forty-six years ago, he was twenty days on a steamboat from St. Louis to Prairie du Chien, and some ten days more from that point to this, making some thirty days from St. Louis to ST. PAUL. Now the trip is made in less than five days. A Frenchman, who knew the channel of the Mississippi by duck-hunting, piloted the boat to the fort, and on the way the passengers and others had to cut their own wood to keep up steam. James M. Goodhue, the pioneer editor, illustrates their plodding way by a race he claims was made by a saw mill located on the bank of the river, and the little steamer Tiger. Goodhue sarcastically and funnily kept the two together, nip and tuck, for several miles, when he solemnly declared the saw mill had beaten the Tiger and won the race. It was a capital take-off on the slow, poking movements of the boats in those early days.

DAVID DAY, PRESENT POSTMASTER.

Dr. David Day was born in Virginia in 1825; removed to the lead region in Wisconsin in 1846; was engaged in mining for three years; studied medicine for some time, and then entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1849; came to ST. PAUL in the spring of that year; practiced his profession with success, when, in 1854, he entered the drug business, in which he continued some time; was appointed first Register of Deeds of Ramsey County in 1849, and subsequently elected to the same office for two years more; was a member of the Legislature from Benton County in 1852 and 1853, and in the latter year was elected Speaker; retired from the drug business in 1866; appointed physician to

the Winnebago Indians; was State Prison Inspector in 1871; in 1874 was a seed-wheat commissioner and Commissioner of the State Fisheries; and on June 1, 1875, was appointed Postmaster of ST. PAUL, and has recently been re-appointed, and still holds that office to the satisfaction of the public. He has made an excellent postmaster. He drew the plan of the first Court House, for which he received ten dollars. He is now one of the commissioners of the new Court House Board, and no man has worked harder, or more unceasingly, or more devotedly, or more honestly for the erection of a magnificent Court House, than has Dr. Day. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that over thirty years ago the doctor originated and made the plans for the old Court House building, while now he is one of the most earnest commissioners of the new, and it is certainly most gratifying to him to know that his long and well matured plans will soon be fully realized. Indeed, on the 14th of October, 1885, the cornerstone of the new Court House was laid with Masonic ceremonies, and among the speakers was Dr. Day, who gave an interesting history of the old Court House and the progress of the new—a fitting *finale* to his long labors in this laudable enterprise.

THE FIRST DEED—THE MORTUARY CHAPEL.

Dr. Day put the first deed on record in Ramsey County, in his own hand-writing, and it can be found thus recorded, and indeed the whole book is in the doctor's hand-writing.

The best monument to the memory of any man in Oakland Cemetery, is the beautiful Mortuary Chapel, built of Minnesota stone and on an entirely original plan, different from anything in existence, conceived and carried out by Dr. Day. Indeed, I may say that this has been Dr. Day's hobby by day and by night, and it is through his persistent and earnest efforts that the Chapel has an existence, and there it stands, and there it will stand for ages as a grand monument to his memory—artistic, useful, beautiful, pleasing.

DR. DAY PERSONALLY.

Dr. Day is a man peculiar to himself; different from other men in this particular—he is quiet, moderate, decisive, metaphysical, thorough. He has excellent business and administrative qualities, and is, financially, in a comfortable position. He is

complete master of his own affairs, and as postmaster has few, if any equals. Physically he is well developed, although one lung has been greatly affected, if not entirely gone. He stoops a little, talks slowly, evidently weighs his words, and as the mind evolves thoughts, twirls his mustache. His mind is of the metaphysical character. He loves research; is a scholar; sees things from a material point of view; takes nothing on faith; is methodical and self-reliant; withal he is laudably ambitious. He owns the first iron-front building in the city, now known as the St. James hotel, corner of Third and Cedar streets, and has a fine residence on Dayton avenue. He is a good Indian scholar, and at one time collected a vast number of their legends with a view to publication, but has abandoned the idea. He has a uniform temper, yet is very firm; speculates a good deal in the realm of "social science," yet is well posted in the manipulation of the "almighty dollar." He is a quiet, pleasant, undemonstrative, good citizen.

THE TOWN GROWING.

In April, 1849, there were thirty houses in ST. PAUL; in June, 1849, 142. Seymour, in his little work, says:

"These buildings included three hotels, a State House, four warehouses, ten stores, several groceries, two printing offices, etc. There were twelve attorneys and five physicians, and not a brick or stone building in the place."

Of course these were erected later. Twenty buildings were made habitable in three weeks. Population in January, 1849, 840. Thirty buildings in January, 1849; over 200 in December, 1849. So the town was pushing ahead. One thousand inhabitants in the Territory at the commencement of 1849, 4,780 in December of the same year.

FIRST BRICK YARD.

The first brick yard was opened and worked by D. F. Brawley, who recently died at St. Vincent, and who came to ST. PAUL in April, 1849. The yard was near where D. W. Ingersoll's residence now stands. He made 300,000 brick in 1849, and most of them went into the residence of Rev. E. D. Neill and the Methodist Church on Market street. Mr. Brawley says that "this is the best laid up brick building in this city, and if not taken down, will stand for years." Contractors better look at it.

I do not know what other special business Mr. Brawley was engaged in during his residence here, except as I remember his running a ferry boat and was once a member of the Legislature. He was a good deal of a politician and very decided in his convictions. As a man he was generous, kind-hearted, social; physically, strong and energetic. He was about sixty years old when he died. In his humble sphere he did a good deal towards laying the foundation of our present growth and greatness, and deserves more than this brief mention. He has three children in the city, one married daughter, one single, and one son.

THE OLD AMERICAN HOUSE.

One of the most conspicuous land-marks of the city in the past, was the old American House, a long, white wooden building with a portico running the whole length of it, which stood on the corner of Third and Exchange streets, where the brick building formerly used for street cars now stands. This house was opened by Rodney Parker in 1849, and was run by Mrs. Rodney Parker for several years. Here the stages left for St. Anthony; here politicians met and discussed questions of great public moment; here balls and dinner parties were given; here strangers and citizens gathered for social intercourse; here bargains in real estate were made; here men of means from the East were inveigled into various schemes of speculation in which they usually lost their money, and here ran rampant "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Mr. Parker was succeeded by the Long Brothers, one of whom is dead.

THE ORIGINAL LANDLORD AND LANDLADY.

Of the original landlord, Parker, I can only say he was born in New Hampshire somewhere in the year 1814; came to St. PAUL in 1849; kept the American House—(or rather his wife did)—secured a claim of 160 acres of land near Hamline University, costing him \$10 per acre, or rather \$2,000, worth now \$160,000; farmed some, and died about 1874, close to sixty years. He was a tall, spare man, quite moderate in his movements owing to ill-health, yet a quiet, unobtrusive citizen.

Mrs. Parker was a large, masculine looking woman, of fine business qualities; stirring and energetic; a lover of money, and through her industry and economy amassed quite a property.

She was a woman of strong prejudices, and not having any children, adopted several, to one of whom she gave the bulk of her wealth. She died, I think, in 1883.

THE FIRST STAGE COACH AND FIRST LIVERY STABLE.

Messrs. Willoughby & Powers came to ST. PAUL together in the year 1849, and erected a barn on the side of a ravine near Fourth street, where they opened the first livery stable and ran the first one-horse stage to St. Anthony. Their business so increased that they soon put on the route a four-horse Concord coach, and then came in the opposition lines, and stages were as plenty as blackberries.

Mr. Willoughby was born in Vermont in 1812 or '14; mined and drove stages in Galena in 1848; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 and opened a livery stable, as has already been noted. He acquired considerable property, and when he died, which was only a few years ago, he left an estate worth \$100,000.

Willoughby was a man of immense humor; was well known as "Bishop Willoughby, of the Æolian Church;" was prompt, pleasant, accommodating, and very companionable. He was taken sick and died suddenly, greatly regretted by a large number of old friends.

Powers was a man quite eccentric; born in 1818; died in 1868. He was not so fortunate as his partner in amassing wealth, yet he was a good business man, and was much esteemed by those who knew him.

CHARLES KILGORE SMITH.

Mr. Smith was born in Ohio in 1799; educated at Oxford, Ohio; was a lawyer; appointed Secretary of the Territory of Minnesota by President Fillmore, in 1849; came to ST. PAUL the same year; was Secretary of the Historical Society; was active in establishing common schools in the city, and was a man of decisive character. He was the target for politicians to shoot at, but he survived all their shafts; resigned his office in 1851, and died in 1866. I did not know him.

ALEX. M. MITCHELL.

Not the great millionaire of Milwaukee, but the former Marshal of Minnesota, was born in North Carolina; graduated

at West Point; served in the Florida war; also in the engineering department; studied law at Yale College; settled in Cincinnati; enlisted in the Mexican war; was commissioned Colonel; was severely wounded; presented with a sword; was appointed Marshal of Minnesota; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; in 1850 was nominated for Congress and beaten; removed to Missouri, where he died in 1861, aged 52 years. Col. Mitchell was a brave man, a pleasant gentleman, but his own enemy.

ORIGIN OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Secretary Smith, who had taken great interest in our school system, at a meeting called to consider the question in 1849, moved that a committee be appointed to ask the County Commissioners to divide the town into school districts, which was done, and three school houses were recommended to be opened—one on a lot donated by Mr. Randall, one in the basement of the Methodist Church, and one in Mr. Neill's lecture room. Miss Bishop, Miss Schofield and Rev. C. Hobart were designated teachers, and from this small beginning has grown our magnificent school system, with some twenty elegant school houses, hundreds of teachers and thousands of scholars. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM.

Just think of it, reader! In 1849 the Sioux Indians owned all the land on the west side of the river, where the Sixth ward now is, and the whites only owned a strip on the east side, so that barbarism had full sway across the Mississippi, while civilization was struggling for a foothold on the east side. One shrill war-whoop and every soul could have been murdered, but discretion and fairness with the Indians marked the old pioneers, and soon the silent influences of a better life began to push along the tepees, and with them their inmates, until now I find the dominant white race occupying almost every foot of soil in the State of Minnesota, and the process is still steadily going on—pushing! pushing! pushing!

CROWDING EVENTS—THE OLDEST PRINTER.

The events of 1849 crowd upon me rapidly, for some of the men most prominent in our past history came to ST. PAUL during this year, and some of the most stirring events transpired.

Capt. E. Y. Shelly, probably the oldest printer now working at his trade in the State of Minnesota, was the foreman in the office of the *Chronicle and Register*, and came to ST. PAUL in 1849. Mr. Shelly has stuck to the "case" for thirty-five years. He has "locked" himself up in his profession, and has nearly run off an "edition" of a purely printer's life. He is the "type" of an unrelenting "compositor." Has turned the "period" when he could not very conveniently engage in any other business, and as the oldest printer he has no "parallel" in the State. He has set up many a "paragraph," "revised his proof," and is nearly ready "to go to press." Mr. Shelly is a quiet, industrious gentleman, quite retiring in his disposition, yet social in his nature. He plods on in the even tenor of his way and has, I think, passed the mile-stone of fifty-five years. He enlisted in the Third U. S. Dragoons and served in the war with Mexico under Gen. Zac. Taylor; entered the Union service in 1861, as First Lieutenant in Brackett's Independent Company of Cavalry, and with two other Minnesota companies were attached to the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, which was organized at Benton Barracks, Mo., Capt. Brackett being appointed as one of the Majors of said regiment. Capt. Shelly succeeded him; served in the army of the Cumberland; was detached from the regiment in the spring of 1864, and ordered to report at Fort Snelling, where Brackett's Minnesota Battallion was organized; marched to Sioux City and joined Gen. Alf. Sully's Northwestern Indian Expedition against the hostile Sioux; served through the campaign, mustered out in spring of 1865.

NATHANIEL M'LEAN.

Major McLean was born in New Jersey in 1787; was a brother of Judge McLean of the United States Supreme Court; learned the printer's trade at Cincinnati; in 1807 published a paper at Lebanon; was a member of the Ohio Legislature in 1810 for three sessions; an officer in the war of 1812; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 at the age of sixty years, to engage in the newspaper business; in November, 1849, was appointed Sioux agent at Fort Snelling; held the office four years; elected Commissioner of Ramsey County in the year 1855, and died of a cancer

in 1871, aged 84 years. McLean township was named after him. He was a tall, slender gentleman, a little lame, a rapid talker, a truthful, honest, good man.

JOHN P. OWENS.

Was born in Ohio in 1818, of Welsh descent; worked on a farm in early life; attended college at Cincinnati for several years, and then learned the printing business; became a partner with Maj. McLean in the publication of the *Chronicle and Register*; came to St. PAUL in 1849; was editor of the *Minnesotian*, a whig organ, for seven years; was appointed Quartermaster of the Ninth Minnesota Regiment in 1862; mustered out in 1865; breveted Colonel; appointed Register of the land office at Taylors Falls in 1869, an office he held at the time of his death, which occurred September 11, 1884.

MR. OWENS PERSONALLY.

All the early settlers could easily recognize J. P. Owens in a crowd of men, for he was a man deeply interested in politics and made this a specialty. He was an aggressive writer; a strong partisan; and whenever a primary meeting was held he was always there. He gravitated as naturally into politics as a duck does into water. He was among the first, indeed I may say, he was the very first Whig editor in the State, and even after the Whig party had been dead and buried, Owens held on to the corpse, but early drifted into the Republican ranks, and after Fremont was nominated for President, did good service for the party. The writer had occasion to measure editorial lances with Mr. Owens a great many times, but politically we agreed. He was a political tactician, and used his power to good advantage when he could.

CHAMPAGNE VS. WATER.

As an illustration of his peculiar methods to circumvent a political opponent, (as in one sense at that time I was,) at a party given in honor of the Legislature at Mr. Raugh's ice-cream saloon on Third street, my empty glass standing at my plate, was filled with champagne three times, and was found empty three times. As I represented the temperance element in the Legislature at this time, it was charged upon me as having drunk the liquor,

when the fact was I never touched it, but some of my political enemies did, and thus by this little trick it was intended to injure my influence with that portion of the Legislature which did not approve of spirituous liquors, but it failed.

Owens gloated over the act, and if I remember correctly, charged me in his paper the next morning with disposing of the sparkling wine. I don't say that he drank the champagne which rightfully belonged to me, but I do say he was a party to the joke.

MUNCHING TOGETHER.

Those were days of personal epithets instead of arguments, and as the *Times*, which was edited by the writer, and the *Minnesotian*, edited by Owens, were rivals, of course some very hot words were used, and the public had come to believe that we were personal and deadly enemies. Meeting in an ice-cream saloon one evening, I took a seat at the same table with Mr. Owens, and was quietly disposing of my cooling "beverage," when a mutual friend popped in upon us and exclaimed:

"Why, my God! what are you doing here?"

"Only cooling off," I replied.

"The d——l you are; why, I supposed you never spoke to each other, and would smash each other's faces the moment you met, and yet here you are munching ice-cream together."

Mr. Owens was a man about sixty-six years old. He was tall and slender; stooped a little and walked a little lame. He looked like a battle-scarred veteran, who having fought many a good fight, as he had, now rested upon his laurels. Some years ago he wrote a "Political History of Minnesota," but for some reason the manuscript was never published. He was quietly enjoying the repose of rural life on the St. Croix, when he died in 1884.

M. N. KELLOGG.

Mr. Kellogg was born in New York State in 1822; enlisted in the army in 1845; went to Mexico in 1847; was in the war one year, or until 1848; removed to Jefferson barracks that winter, and in the spring of 1849 came to Fort Snelling, and from thence the same year moved to ST. PAUL, where he has resided ever since, or thirty-six years. He was in the Sixth Regiment Band as a clarionet

player; was in the army five years, and discharged in 1850; engaged in the drug business with Mr. Hickox in 1850, and the firm built a brick store corner of Cedar and Third streets. The seventy-eight-foot lot upon which this store stood, cost \$500; now worth about \$40,000.

In 1853 he entered into partnership with J. W. Bond; ran the business up to 1857, when he sold to Bond, and in 1858 bought out the stock of toys and notions owned by B. Presley. He continued that business until 1882, when he was obliged to relinquish it in consequence of the failure of his eye-sight. He purchased a lot in Rice & Irvine's Addition on Sixth street, in 1854, for \$150; sold the same in 1883 for about \$8,000. This property was sold again in less than a year after, for \$12,000, \$16,500, and \$20,000. Mr. Kellogg was married in 1855.

THE MAN HIMSELF.

Mr. Kellogg is a rather small gentleman, of an active, nervous temperament, and has been a very industrious citizen. Although burned out twice, losing nearly all he had, yet he plunged in again and soon obtained his footing. He has toiled almost uninterruptedly for thirty odd years, and very few men have been more assiduous to business than he. He has an active brain, moves with celerity, arrives at conclusions quickly, and nobody can say that he ever cheated him out of a cent; is a very temperate man, never drinks, chews or smokes. He is also frugal, economical and strictly honest; has always minded his own business, and in many respects has been, and is now, a model man. About two years ago his eye-sight began to fail him, and now he is almost entirely blind, yet with this terrible affliction upon him he is philosophical, cheerful, hopeful, manly. All the old settlers I know have, and I trust many new ones will have, a kindly feeling for M. N. Kellogg.

FIRST REAL ESTATE DEALER—FIRST MARKET-WOMAN.

Charles R. Conway hung out his shingle as a real estate dealer, in a little, small white office which stood on a hill where Mr. Schurmeier's building now stands, on Third street, between Cedar and Minnesota, in the year 1849. He claims to be the first real estate dealer in the city.

The hundreds of market-women who now vend vegetables at our market and elsewhere, will be glad to learn that Mrs. Kessler was the first market-woman, who came from Little Canada, twelve miles from ST. PAUL, with a single ox hitched to a cart, and who sold her potatoes, cabbages, pumpkins and other vegetables in as approved style as do our market-women of to-day. This branch of business has grown to an enormous extent, and it is quite proper that the pioneer of this trade should have a place among the PEN PICTURES of to-day.

FIRST BURIAL GROUND.

From all I can learn the first burial ground was that owned by the Catholics and occupied quite a space back of the Stees' furniture store, on Minnesota street. A small log stable stood where the *Pioneer Press* office now stands, and directly in the rear of this, on the bluff, was the first chapel, erected by Father Galtier. The burying ground belonged to the chapel, and is the same piece of property upon which Stees' building, after being erected twice, fell both times.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS ONE CITY.

Thirty-six years! Reader, stop thinking of business for a minute and ponder over the march of events! What will be the future of the country west of ST. PAUL in the next thirty-six years? What will be the status of this city? I will anticipate your reply by prophesying, that ST. PAUL and Minneapolis will then be united as one city, with a population of 1,000,000 people, and these cities, thus united, will supply an empire beyond of 5,000,000 inhabitants. "Oh, but," you say, "this can never be done." Not so fast, my friend! Look at the past! St. Anthony has been swallowed up on the one side and WEST ST. PAUL on the other, and street cars and motor cars and railroad cars and other appliances are now at work drawing together slowly but surely these two cities, and when they come together, as they certainly will, it will be like the snapping jaws of the mud-turtle—

ALL AT ONCE.

Then the new Capitol building, costing several millions of dollars, will be located on 100 acres of land midway of the one

great city, and grand hotels will invite the world at large to partake of food unparalleled in sweetness and delicacy, and luxurious beds will beckon tired bodies to sweet repose. The superficial thinker who never gets above his nose, may and no doubt will scoff at these ideas, but he can't change either the immutable laws of nature or the immutable laws of God; and just as sure as the cars rumble to the Pacific ocean, just so sure will ST. PAUL and Minneapolis, not many years in the future, be united and march to power and to greatness under the banner of one city.

E. D. NEILL—FIRST RESIDENT PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN IN ST. PAUL.

No one man has done more towards the growth of ST. PAUL in a religious, literary, moral, and educational point of view, than Rev. E. D. Neill. No one man's life has been more unceasingly devoted to the public interests, than Rev. E. D. Neill. No one man alone has done so much towards elevating public opinion and towards laying the foundation of a great city here, as Rev. E. D. Neill. History, when correctly written, will give him great credit for his zeal and his devotion to the public good.

WHEN BORN, AND SOME OF HIS LIFE WORK.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1823; educated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, and at the University of Pennsylvania; graduated in 1842; ordained a Presbyterian clergyman in 1848; went to Galena to perform missionary work in 1847; came to ST. PAUL in April, 1849; wrote one of the editorial paragraphs in the first issue of the ST. PAUL *Pioneer*; contracted for the erection of the first brick house north of Prairie du Chien, for his dwelling, now torn down, and planted with his own hands some of the trees; erected the first Protestant church, and, as the Presbyterian manual mentions, organized in November, 1849, the first Presbyterian Church in Minnesota, which was burned, and rebuilt on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets; organized the House of Hope in 1855, and became its pastor; was Territorial Superintendent of Instruction in 1851, and held the office for two years. State Superintendent Burt, in his report to the Legislature of 1881, wrote:

“The Territorial law of 1851, requiring the Governor to appoint the Superintendent of Schools, remained until 1860 on the statutes. In that year it was enacted

that the Chancellor of the University, an officer then required to be appointed by the Board of Regents, should be *ex-officio* Superintendent. This act made Rev. F. D. Neill the first State Superintendent of Public Instruction. In his first State report he recommended the township system and the appointment of County Superintendents; and that the apportionment of school funds should be made upon the number of scholars attending the district schools. Two of the early recommendations have been realized and the third is yet to come."

He organized and secured the erection of the Baldwin school in 1853; in 1855, through his efforts, brought into existence the College of ST. PAUL, now Macalester College; took an active part in the Historical Society of Minnesota—might say he was the father of this institution—was Secretary from 1851 to 1861; was Secretary of the Board of Education; *ex-officio* Superintendent of Schools for several years; Chancellor of the State University for two years; State Superintendent of Public Instruction three years; in 1861 was appointed Chaplain in the First Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, and was on the field in the battles of Bull Run, Fair Oaks and Malvern, and served two years; was hospital chaplain in 1864; was one of the private secretaries of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson; in 1869 was appointed Consul to Dublin, in which capacity he continued two years. He went abroad for the purpose of having access to the great libraries of the British Museum and Dublin University, and while there Strahan & Co., of London, published his "English Colonization of America." He has also written the "Virginia Company of London," "Threads of Colonial History," "Founders of Maryland," and the Musells, the old Albany publishers, have just announced another work from his pen, with the title of "Virginia Vetusta." His works have been used and commended by Gladstone and Bancroft, and are works of reference at Harvard and John S. Hopkins University. He returned to ST. PAUL in 1871 and became President of the Macalester College, but resigned his position, and is now a professor in the same institution. In 1871 he withdrew from the Presbyterian Church and entered the Reformed Episcopal Church; has written an exceedingly interesting and accurate history of Minnesota, the fifth edition published in 1883; performed the first marriage in Ramsey County after its organization; built the first brick dwelling in the city; lived for some time in Minneapolis until the Macalester College building there became a medical college and hospital, when he returned to St.

PAUL, where he now resides, superintending and building up Macalester College, located midway the two cities, and acting as Presbyter in charge of Calvary Reformed Episcopal Chapel at the corner of Grand avenue and Milton, a new enterprise of his projection.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MR. NEILL.

Mr. Neill is a well-formed gentleman physically, ordinarily tall, with light complexion, side-whiskers, and has a pleasant, courtly bearing. He not only has a very active brain, but is very active in his movements. He walks like a man on springs; moves directly forward to the object which he wishes to attain, and having attained his object, is ready to take up another. He is a remarkably industrious man, always either writing something or doing something ahead of public sentiment. He is constantly in advance of the world, and hence the world is nearly out of breath trying to keep up with him, and yet when he is fully comprehended he is a great deal more practical than the public give him credit for. He is an earnest man, an independent man, a self-reliant man, a religious man, a progressive man, an honest man, a benevolent man, a kind-hearted man, a good man; a man of letters, a man of literature, a man of research, a man of thought; a pioneer; a worker; a human telegraph, throwing out scintillations of light; a leader in civilization. He has no conception of the value of money as personally relates to himself or to his family. He has several huge trunks full of good deeds, but very few of the glittering, golden dollars. He is extremely sensitive as to points of honor, of true manhood, of principle; and so he has toiled on over a quarter of a century among the rough elements of life, and is now crowning the end of his career with building up an institution that will live long after the material man has been dissolved and the real man has taken his proper place among the beings of another sphere.

HIS PECULIARITIES.

As a speaker in the pulpit or on the rostrum, Mr. Neill is earnest, sincere, clear, progressive, argumentative. He appears to be a bundle of nerves, and when he talks to you he is constantly moving his feet just as rapidly as the intensity of his

thoughts act upon the nerve centres, and yet in another sense he is not nervous, but earnest. He scorns most disdainfully anything which to him appears mean. He is thoroughly independent. He lives within himself. In person he is straight, manly, with an intellectual look, and yet one would take him to be a foreign gentleman of leisure just arrived, inspecting our institutions. His first church was on the corner of Fourth and Washington streets. His second on the corner of Third and St. Peter, part of which still remains, but is devoted to the purposes of trade. The old House of Hope, his third church, on Walnut street, has been converted into dwelling houses, while the new House of Hope is on the corner of Fourth and Exchange streets, and is one of the finest church edifices in the city. Mr. Neill came to ST. PAUL a young man, being about twenty-six years of age, and for thirty-six years the better part of his life has been spent in doing good and elevating the masses. He has just passed sixty years, but is still active, spirited, even youthful in his ways. He has written his good deeds indelibly upon the future history of Minnesota, and other generations will come to greatly esteem the name of Rev. Edward Duffield Neill.

ALEXANDER RAMSEY.

The finest specimen of a physical man in the Northwest, is Governor, Senator, Ex-Secretary of War, Alexander Ramsey. The shrewdest, sharpest, best politician in Minnesota to-day, is Alexander Ramsey. The man most thoroughly posted in human nature, is Alexander Ramsey, and the man of the most jovial, bluff, off-hand, friendly characteristics, is Alexander Ramsey. No matter whether these elements of character are affected or genuine, they are, as a matter of history, parts of the man, and make him, what he really is, one of the most popular of the old politicians and of the old settlers.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN—WHAT HE HAS DONE.

Mr. Ramsey was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1815, of Scotch descent on his father's side and of German descent on his mother's. He was left an orphan at the age of ten years; was employed as a clerk in a store at Harrisburg, and in 1828 was engaged in the office of the Register of Deeds of Dauphin

County ; subsequently worked at the carpenter trade, but drifted out of this into the study of law, and after leaving the Lafayette College entered several law offices and was admitted to practice in 1839, occupying some of his time, however, in teaching school ; came to ST. PAUL in 1849. Mr. Barnes, in his history of the Fortieth Congress, says :

“ During the celebrated Harrison campaign of 1840, Mr. Ramsey took a prominent part, and was that fall chosen Secretary of the electoral college of the State of Pennsylvania. In 1841 he was elected Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives. In 1843 he was nominated for Congress from the district composed of Dauphin, Lebanon and Schuylkill Counties, and served in the Twenty-Eighth Congress (1843-4.) He was re-elected in 1844 a member of the Twenty-Ninth Congress, his term ending March 4th, 1844. During these years Mr. Ramsey became well known, not only in his own State, but widely among public men of the country, as evincing those qualities of sagacity and firmness which have been so marked during his whole career. As chairman of the Whig State Committee in 1848, he contributed largely to the election of Gen. Zach. Taylor to the presidency. When that brave old soldier was inaugurated it became his duty to appoint the officers of Minnesota Territory, and he at once tendered the governorship to Mr. Ramsey, which was accepted. His commission is dated April 2d, 1849, and he immediately proceeded to remove with his family, to his new home. And here it should be remarked, that Gov. Ramsey was married in 1845 to Miss Anna E. Jenks, of Newtown, Bucks Co., Pennsylvania.

“ Gov. Ramsey arrived at the scene of his official duties on May 27, 1849, and four days afterwards, with the other Territorial officers who had arrived, issued a proclamation declaring the Territory organized and the machinery of law in operation. When the first Legislature met in September it bestowed on one of the first counties created, and at that time the most populous and wealthy, the name of Minnesota's first Governor, a deserved and just compliment.

“ Gov. Ramsey took early measures to procure the extinguishment of Indian titles by treaty, etc.; and by negotiations made at Mendota and Traverse des Sioux, in 1851, the valuable lands near Lake Pepin, and 40,000,000 acres in what now constitutes middle and southern Minnesota, and about twenty counties in Iowa, were thrown open to settlers. In the fall of 1851 he made a treaty with the northern Chippewas for the cession by them of thirty miles on each side of the Red river, which was not ratified. In 1863 he made another treaty, and the whole Red river valley was opened up to settlement.

“ In 1853 Gov. Ramsey's term closed, and in 1855 he was elected Mayor of ST. PAUL. In 1857, when the Republican convention met, he was nominated for first State Governor, but was unsuccessful in the contest. Two years later he was again nominated and this time elected by a majority of 3,752 in a vote of 38,918. At this time the State was considerably in debt, taxes difficult to collect, and many other troubles were to be met, but his administration was a very successful one. The following year the rebellion broke out, and this laid new duties and responsibilities on the Governor. One was the proper officering of the regiments from the State, but the very fact that a large proportion of Colonels appointed by him were ultimately promoted to brigadiers and several to Major Generals, while every officer

with the exception of too few to notice, made a good record, is proof enough that the selections were wisely made of men who have done honor to our State on the field.

“In 1861 Gov. Ramsey was re-elected. During his second term the Sioux outbreak occurred, adding still further to the responsibilities of the position, but ultimately peace and security were restored to the frontier. In January, 1863, Gov. Ramsey was elected United States Senator for six years, and re-elected in 1869, serving twelve years in all. During this period he was on several important standing committees, postoffice and post-roads, of which for years he was chairman. Postal reform occupied much of his attention. He first introduced the bill for the repeal of the franking abuse, and pressed it to its adoption, and visited France in 1869 to urge cheap international postage, which has since been accomplished.”

He also aided, as far as possible, the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He was especially active in securing the survey and improvement of the Upper Mississippi river and branches by the general government. In 1880 was appointed Secretary of War by President Hayes, and for a short time was Secretary of the Navy. He labored earnestly and continually for the interests of the great Northwest, and his services to this section and to the country as a whole, will be gratefully remembered long after he has passed away. Some of the extracts from his messages predicting the future growth of the Territory, seem almost prophetic. He evinced his own faith in its future success by large and judicious investments in real estate, which ultimately have become of great value and are the bulk of a comfortable fortune.

Mr. Ramsey is now one of the commissioners appointed by President Arthur to inquire into the affairs of Utah, and if possible remodel that degenerated Territory. His family originally consisted of three children, two boys and a girl; the boys died in infancy, and the daughter is now married.

MR. RAMSEY AS A MAN.

The bold, Scotch-German face, pleasant smile, white hair, stalwart form and open, frank, free manners of Gov. Ramsey, make him a marked character on the street or in society. He has great command over his feelings, and can greet an enemy, especially if he has any point to gain, as cordially as his best friend; indeed, in such a case, he is a good deal more cordial. This arises not from policy, but from a total forgetfulness of any political injury done him. He harbors no unkindness towards any one, and this is natural to the man. He has been in office

almost uninterruptedly for forty-four years, or nearly half a century, and in this particular surpasses all other men in his adaptation to political life. One of the great and strong points in his character, is his non-committalism, especially before election. When called upon, however, to declare upon great state or national questions, he never shrinks from the ordeal, and decides in a bluff, off-hand manner, which in early years gave him the name of "Bluff Aleck." He is exceedingly cordial in his ways; makes everybody think he is a personal friend; avoids any remark which might give offense, and in case of a sudden rumpus you will always find him missing. When he gets into trouble, however, he is like a steamboat, backs out gracefully. He is a man of strong, solid, common sense; cool, collected, self-poised; an excellent judge of human nature, and always looks on the sunny side of life, no matter how dark the clouds may be which are hidden from human view. He is a philosopher and believes what is to be, will be. He is liberal in his religious views, if he has any, and while temperate in his habits is broad-guaged in his ideas of human life. Many interesting incidents of the method Mr. Ramsey has adopted to quietly slip through the world with the least possible friction, might be given, but space will not permit. One of his peculiar traits is just this: while a dozen small-fry politicians are fighting for the spoils, Ramsey is in the corner enjoying his political repast, and when the battle is over he smacks his lips and coolly remarks—"Well, I can't see what all this fuss is about. I've had my dinner; I'm satisfied." In a word, he has been eating the meat while the other dogs have been fighting for the bone. He has had a busy and useful life, and very justly can be classed as pre-eminently among the very first men of the Northwest. Very few politicians have lived whose political life is as pure as that of Alexander Ramsey, and whatever faults he may have, (as all men have faults,) he will leave a name honored and esteemed for a long list of valuable deeds done, and a memory made especially green by pleasant recollections of a genial, kindly nature, a warm, generous manner, a hearty greeting, an esteemed friend, a popular citizen.

WOULD LIKE TO TRY THE EXPERIMENT.

I don't know but what I might feel as mellow and as well disposed toward the human race as Gov. Ramsey does, if I had

been in office for over forty years and had piled up in the bank to my credit, a large amount of money accumulated from salaries! I would like to try the experiment. These little things have a very decided and pleasant effect upon the disposition, and I feel sure that my own disposition could be very materially sweetened and modified by exchanging places with my esteemed friend—he writing *PEN PICTURES* and I traveling in Utah—Gov. Newson—plain Mr. Ramsey. Give me a chance, Senator, and I will soon demonstrate my capacity to live and to die a mellow old gentleman.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Fun is fun, but facts are facts, and the truth is, that during the time Governor Ramsey held a State office, his salary never paid him for the amount of money he expended in entertaining the Legislature—and the Governor says facetiously—“In the old days the members consumed an enormous amount of food”—or the many others who were subjects of his hospitality. Then, as Senator in Washington, he had two households to keep up, and courtesies to extend, so that really he had but little left of his salary at the end of each year. He made some real-estate investments in early days, and these investments have enabled him to live comfortably.

GENEROUS.

Governor Ramsey has always responded liberally to every public enterprise which affected the growth of the city. I have the information from a gentleman who knows, that while the Governor has not built immense stores, yet he has given more liberally than any man in the State, and many private gifts will never be known, because unostentatiously the act of a good heart.

THE TAX QUESTION.

Some years ago, succeeding the crash of 1857, when the hard times were upon us, and property was still taxed upon the inflated assessments of 1855-6, Governor Ramsey was asked to recommend in his message a bill reducing the taxes upon property if paid for in a certain time. This bill passed the Legislature, and many availed themselves of its provisions, and among them Governor Ramsey himself; and this is all the reduction of

taxes he has ever had in Ramsey County. He is a grand man, and is growing in public estimation as years carry him to the final end.

GREEN ENOUGH TO TRY IT.

A Judge of one of our courts, and an old settler, had a long beard, and in course of time the hair began to fall from his head, at which he was greatly annoyed, when a theoretic scientist told him that if he would gradually pull out all his beard it would cause the hair to grow back again on his head; and after he had tested the matter, as he really believed the statement, a friend was conversing with him one day on the subject, when he said—“And this reminds me that some years ago an old fool, or philosopher, once told me that if I would pull out all my beard, hair would grow again on top of my head; and do you know I was just green enough to try it!” I have discovered that old settlers are sometimes taken in as well as young bloods, though, generally, young bloods know more than their fathers every time.

WILD TURKEY VS. BUZZARD.

In 1849 a young stripling of a boy, aged twenty-two years, engaged his services to Judge Knowlton to aid in running a Territorial road from Hudson, Wisconsin, to St. Paul. He was a bright lad, very self-reliant, and during the trip volunteered to do the cooking. One day a bird that had been shot was brought in, and the young man took it upon himself to “dish it up.” He made up a good fire; put on the pot, picked the inviting fowl, smacked his lips, and informed his friends of the forthcoming elegant repast which he intended to spread before them. Dinner time came, but the bird was not done, and an indifferent meal was served instead; and so at supper, and so at breakfast, and so at dinner, the bird all this time undergoing a vigorous boiling process, when, after a lapse of two days, the Judge found out that his knowing young cook had been boiling and sweating and fretting over a wild buzzard instead of a wild turkey.

H. M. RICE—VARIOUS OFFICES HE HAS HELD.

Mr. Rice was born in Vermont in 1816. His grandfather on his mother's side was taken prisoner during the French war

of 1775, at the burning of Royalton, Vt., but afterwards ransomed. Young Rice attended a common school and an academy, and studied law at Richmond, Vermont; emigrated to Detroit, Michigan, in 1835; in 1837 he left Michigan for the West, and with his pack traveled on foot over two hundred miles. Then there were only a few white settlers, but a good many Indians; the country was almost a barren wilderness where are now cities, and towns, and villages. Before leaving Michigan he was employed in the survey which finally terminated in the location of the Sault Ste. Marie canal and other important works under the direction of the State of Michigan; came to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, in 1839, and was connected with the sutler's department at that post; in 1840 was appointed sutler at Fort Atkinson; became connected with the house of Pierre Choteau, Jr., & Co., of St. Louis; had charge of the trade of this house with the Chippewas and the Winnebagoes; controlled trading posts throughout the Chippewa country and had great influence with the traders and Indians, from Lake Superior to Red lake, and from thence to the British Possessions; in 1846 was appointed a delegate in the place of a Winnebago chief, to negotiate a treaty with the United States for their reservation in Iowa, and in negotiating for another reservation Mr. Rice secured the sale of land, which greatly aided white settlement; in 1847, in company with Gen. Verplank, he purchased various lands of the Chippewas, and in 1847, same year, of the Pillager Indians; and in 1851-3 and 4, and in 1863, and at other times, aided in making treaties with the Sioux and Chippewas, whereby the greater portion of the land of our State was ceded to the whites. In 1848 he purchased of John R. Irvine eighty acres of land lying between Seven Corners and St. Peter street, from the river back, comprising a part of Rice and Irvine's addition to ST. PAUL, paying about \$400 for it—worth now \$3,000,000—and thereby became a town site owner; erected warehouses, hotels, business blocks; induced men of capital to come here; gave away land for churches, schools, parks and other purposes; assisted Gen. Sibley in getting through Congress a bill organizing Minnesota as a Territory; and in hundreds of other ways greatly aided the material interests of our city and State. He was also the founder of Bayfield, Wisconsin, in 1856. In 1853

Mr. Rice was elected a delegate to Congress, and was re-elected in 1855. Williams, in his notice of him, says :

“He procured legislation extending the pre-emption system to unsurveyed lands; also opening certain military reservations to actual settlers. Land offices were to be established, post routes opened, and post-offices created; immense tracts to be purchased from the Indians and thrown open to settlement. Besides, there were countless requests from private individuals for favors to be secured at the departments, or for special legislation, so that one can form some idea of the work Mr. Rice accomplished. Indeed, only those who lived in Minnesota during that period can know what it really owes to him for much of its material progress.

“In 1857 Mr. Rice procured the passage of the act endowing our first land grant roads, with the land which has alone secured their construction and resulted in the rapid development of the State. Also, establishing here a Surveyor General's office, and, more important in some respects than all, was the enabling act authorizing Minnesota to form a State government. Mr. Rice's term as delegate closed in 1857, but he was at once elected Senator for six years by the first State Legislature. During this term the rebellion broke out and considerable numbers of Minnesota troops were stationed at Washington. Mr. Rice's kindness and liberality to our soldiers will long be remembered. His home in Washington was always open, as well as his purse, to the sick and destitute soldier. During this term he served on several very important committees, among others, on finance, on military, on post-roads, on public lands, and the special committee to report some mode of averting the threatened rupture between the North and the South.”

Mr. Rice's political career virtually ceased when he left the United States Senate, although he was elected Treasurer for Ramsey County for three terms, by handsome majorities, and he made important improvements in that office. He did not serve out his last term, but resigned on account of ill health. He made a popular and faithful Treasurer.

In addition to the above Mr. Rice was the president of the Chamber of Commerce for several years; also member of the Board of Public Works, and part of the time president; president of the first Society for the Relief of the Poor; president of the Old Settlers' Claim Association; member of the Board of Regents of the State University; president of the Historical Society; director in five railroad companies; introduced the first bill and made the first speech in favor of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in 1858; was one of the four incorporators of that road allowed to Minnesota, and the first Democratic convention in the Territory met at his house.

In speaking in the United States Senate of the Northern Pacific route, he said :

“ It can scarcely be doubted that the great saving, both in time and cost of transportation, would cause not only the entire American, but the European trade with China, Japan, and the Pacific islands, to go through by this route, instead of going around the Cape.

“ The country contains a larger portion of available soil than any equal quantity of land on the Atlantic border. North of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude fine crops are raised, and the wheat is of so fine a quality that it is eagerly sought for seed, in the United States.

“ It is highly esteemed as a grazing country. Cattle are not housed during the winter, and herds are frequently driven southward five or seven hundred miles, and then disposed of at a profit.”

LIBERAL DONATIONS.

Among other donations which Mr. Rice has from time to time made to the city of ST. PAUL, is Rice Park, worth now many thousand dollars. The record also shows, that he gave to the St. Joseph's Hospital a little over two acres, upon which is now the large German Church, hospital and schools, and this property is worth near a million. He also presented Rice County, named after him, with a splendid library of political and historical works relating to the government from its foundation up, and valued at several thousand dollars. Many other donations of money and of land have been made by Mr. Rice, for churches, schools, public improvements, &c., &c., so that he can very justly be placed among the most liberal of benefactors to the growth of ST. PAUL and Minnesota.

Mr. Rice was married to Miss Matilda Whitall, at Richmond, Va., March 29th, 1849; and when Senator his house at Washington was the centre of attraction for the best society.

MATERIAL AID TO OUR CITY AND STATE.

Of the many men who have acted conspicuously in the past history of our city and State, Mr. Rice was not only the first to come to ST. PAUL to reside permanently, in the early part of 1849, but is pre-eminently the one most entitled to the thanks of the people for the indefatigable efforts he has always made to advance our material interests. He not only invested his own money here but he induced his southern friends and others to secure interests in the coming great city, and by various means persuaded capitalists to come in and take possession of the “ goodly land,” and they came.

DOWN IN A CANOE—REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Mr. Rice had made his quarters for some time at Mendota, when, in the winter of 1848 and the spring of 1849, he commenced erecting hotels, warehouses, etc., in ST. PAUL, and in June of the latter year he and his family embarked in a birch-bark canoe and floated down to this city, where he made it his home and where he has resided ever since.

About thirty-six years ago Mr. Rice purchased one-third of Dayton & Irvine's Addition for \$1.50 per acre; now worth from \$20,000 to \$30,000 per acre; one hundred and twenty acres known as Woodland Park, for \$33 per acre; now worth from \$15,000 to \$20,000 per acre; twenty acres in Breckenridge & Magoffin's Addition for \$90 for the whole twenty acres; now worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000; several hundred acres on the Fort road for \$10 per acre; now worth from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per acre; forty acres where the Omaha shops now stand, for \$1.25 per acre; now worth—the forty acres—\$100,000. These are only a few of the many real estate transactions Mr. Rice has had while a resident of this city.

A GREAT PROMOTER.

He encouraged stage-coaches, hotels, steamboats, railroads, churches, parks, business enterprises; in fact anything that would tend to the growth of ST. PAUL and Minnesota. He not only did this, but he improved the property he owned and aided others to do so. He gave generously of his lands and of his means to every public enterprise, and one can scarcely turn a corner and not find some donation of this liberal-hearted man. He came to Fort Snelling forty-six years ago; to ST. PAUL thirty-six years ago, and during all these years he has manifested a lively interest in the growth of both the city and the State. He erected the second brick house in the city and State, which stood on the corner of Third and Washington streets, (now on site of the Metropolitan hotel;) secured himself a homestead in the shape of a fine brick residence, the first house on Summit avenue, on a claim of one hundred and twenty acres which he called his farm, and what is somewhat singular is the fact, that the land upon which his house used to stand is now the property of his son-in-law, Maurice Auerbach, Esq. These one hundred and twenty

acres, at a valuation of only \$3,000 per acre, would now be worth \$360,000; cost Mr. Rice \$33 per acre, or about \$4,000. Later still, he built another house on the avenue overlooking the city, and here he resided until about two years ago, when he erected a residence nearly opposite where he now lives.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Many distinguished men have gathered in the parlors of Mr. Rice's old residence, and could the ancient walls have spoken before they were taken down, they could have told of many interesting schemes, political and otherwise. But the old and favorite homestead has gone. Many of those who once crossed its threshold so eagerly, have also gone. The play-ground of the little girls (now mothers,) is gone. The sweet twilight of a summer's eve, as it lingered on a beautiful landscape of hill, and dale, and river, and city, is gone. Slight threads of gray are sprinkled amid the once black locks of youth and beauty, and the longing heart reaches out into the past and gropes for scenes that will never come again. Gone is the singing of the birds and the laughter of childhood. The fond, cherished dream of a hallowed old age has disappeared in the mists of the morning; but the roar of the city is still the same, only louder; the tread of feet is still the same, only more solid; the hum of life is still the same, only greater; and the burdens of the day are still the same, only more of them, and heavier. And so the old things of the past give way to the new, and the scenes of a busy life, "like specters grim and tall," walk through the corridors of memory and startle us with the onward march of time.

INCIDENTS ABOUT MR. RICE.

In 1855 the writer earnestly espoused the cause of William R. Marshall, who was then running on the Republican ticket as a delegate for Congress against H. M. Rice, regular Democrat, and David Olmsted, anti-Nebraska Democrat. It was understood by the Olmsted party, headed by Gov. Willis A. Gorman, now dead, that in case it should appear that Olmsted had no show of an election he would throw his forces for Marshall, which would have secured his election, as Olmsted wished to

defeat Rice, but at the last minute Gorman opposed this movement; Olmsted remained in the field, Marshall was defeated and Rice elected.

Ten years after Mr. Rice had beaten Mr. Marshall for delegate for Congress, he ran for Governor against Marshall, and Marshall beat Rice by 3,476 votes, thus turning the tables, Marshall going into power and Rice going out.

At that time, in 1855, I had never seen Mr. Rice, but learning from the then Executive of the State that Mr. Rice had been instrumental in removing the Winnebago Indians from Long Prairie to Mankato, and that it was an unpopular theme at the latter place, when I spoke there in defense of Marshall and against Rice, I charged Rice with the act. At the conclusion of my speech a quietly-spoken gentleman in the audience arose and said—"The speaker was a good talker—had said a good deal, and many interesting things, but that he had told more lies in a given length of time than any man he had ever heard," alluding more particularly to my charge against Mr. Rice. It proved to be P. K. Johnson, and on investigation I found that I had been actually lying on the authority of the Governor of the Territory of Minnesota, who, no doubt, had himself been misinformed, and that Johnson was right. I immediately wrote to Mr. Rice disclaiming any intention to do him a wrong, and this opened a friendship which has existed ever since.

"YOU SHAN'T SPEAK HERE."

During the same campaign I made arrangements to address a meeting at Manomin, or Rice Creek, in favor of Marshall, and I had the assurance, or my agent had, of the hotel proprietor, Col. John Banfill, that I should be heard; so I rode night and day in a buggy to keep my appointment, but when the time came to speak I was told that inasmuch as I was attacking Mr. Rice, that I should not speak in the hotel; and so, thus refused, I repaired to a saloon near by, whose doors were thrown open, and addressed quite a crowd of red-shirted lumbermen, who treated me with the greatest consideration, notwithstanding I did pummel Mr. Rice to the best of my ability, leaving out, however, the charge made at Mankato, about the Indians. The owner of the hotel was a personal friend of Mr. Rice, and would

not listen to anything derogatory to him, even of a political nature. As the landlord refused to let me speak in his house, so I refused to put up with him, and at night, and dark, my agent and myself crossed on the ferry to the west side of the river and made for a farm-house which we found empty, spent the night as best we could, and the next day both our horse and ourselves made a dinner out of raw corn which was plucked from the field. Then farm-houses were three and four miles apart; now this whole section of country is thickly settled with farms and even flourishing towns, and good hotels can be found in every direction.

MR. RICE AT WASHINGTON.

In the winter of 1860 and 1861 the writer spent several weeks in Washington just at the time when the feeling between the two sections of the country was at its highest; when southern members of Congress were seething with rage; when civil war was imminent; when northern men were trying to prevent disunion; when the guns of the South were turned on Fort Sumpter; when Wigfall, and Slidell, and Mason, and other Southern members were threatening to leave the Congress of the United States; when the whole of Washington society was heaving with excitement; when Jo. Lane had just delivered his speech in favor of the South, and Andrew Johnson had been announced to reply to him; when both houses were crowded with anxious and excited spectators waiting for Johnson's speech; when, just at this time, I strolled into the Senate chamber and took my seat in the gallery. Johnson was speaking in defense of the Union, and at the close of his speech thunders of applause greeted his sentiments, and of course the galleries were cleared. Partaking of the excitement of the moment, I rushed down stairs and sent my card to Morton S. Wilkinson, our Republican Senator, whom I had materially aided in electing to Congress, but he was too busy with great national affairs to give me any attention, so I skipped around to the other door and sent my compliments to Mr. Rice, our Democratic Senator, who immediately appeared, and invited me into the cloak room of the Senate. "But the rules, Mr. Rice—" said the doorkeeper. "Never mind the rules," said Mr. Rice, "I'll be responsible," and in a

minute more I stood in the presence of Andrew Johnson, Stephen A. Douglas and Jo. Lane. This is a little thing of itself, but it only shows the character of the man.

THE STOLEN GOVERNMENT INDIAN BONDS.

It will be remembered by my readers, that in 1861, just before the outbreak of the rebellion, \$875,000 of certain bonds held by the government in trust for the Indian tribes, had been abstracted from the safe of the Secretary of the Interior, and at the time of the discovery intense excitement followed. It seems that a clerk by the name of Bailey, under Thompson, transferred to a man by the name of Russell, as security only, these bonds, but Russell sold them, the knowledge of which coming to Mr. Rice, he questioned Mr. Bailey, who was Secretary Thompson's confidential clerk and financial agent for the Indian trust bonds, amounting in all to three million dollars. Bailey acknowledged that he had given to Russell, of the firm of Russell, Majors & Wardell, nearly a million of the Indian trust bonds for the same amount of Secretary Floyd's acceptances as Secretary of War. These illegal acceptances coming due, and no funds being in the War Department to meet them, rendered the sale of the bonds, held by other parties, a necessity. There being no escape from exposure, Bailey prepared a statement of the transaction, and with the papers, handed the same to Mr. Rice, requesting him to deliver them to Secretary Thompson on his return, he being then absent in North Carolina. Mr. Rice told Mr. Bailey that he could not keep them in his possession a moment longer than it would take him to reach the White House, where he at once went and laid the documents before the President of the United States, James Buchanan, who, on discovering the theft, remarked—"Well, Mr. Rice, secession is bad enough, but this is worse." Mr. Rice was the first person who discovered the fraudulent abstraction of these bonds, and Thompson, who returned unexpectedly that evening, fearing that other bonds to the amount of \$3,000,000 had also been stolen, Mr. Rice, with Bailey and others, examined the archives in the Interior Department, but found them all safe. A committee of the House was appointed to investigate the matter, who, in concluding their report, say:

"Your committee were satisfied that Mr. Rice labored with energy and zeal to aid the government, and is entitled to the thanks of the House and the country."

"MINNESOTA ROW"—AT THE DEPARTMENTS.

A brick row of three houses situated on a pleasant street in Washington, was designated as "Minnesota Row," having been erected jointly by Messrs. Rice, Douglas and Breckenridge. Mr. Douglas lived in one of the end houses, and Mr. Rice in the middle. When the war broke out the row was appropriated by the government as a hospital; subsequently one of the houses was purchased by General Grant and another by General Sherman. It was here that Mr. Rice showed his greatest power; here he received all classes of people of all parties, dispensed generous hospitality and treated them kindly; here he sought to conciliate conflicting political views, and here he quietly yet earnestly labored for the preservation of the Union.

No man had greater power with all the Departments at Washington, than had Mr. Rice. Everywhere he was received with great consideration, and during his official position he accomplished wonderful results for the good of our city and our State. History is history; facts are facts; right is right. Very few men in Washington were more highly respected or more courteously received by men of all parties before the war, than Hon. H. M. Rice.

MR. RICE AS A MAN.

Any individual who can go from the extreme frontier of our country, leaving savage surroundings, and enter directly into the Senate of the United States, and command the respect and even admiration of men of culture and letters, and who, then, can return from the Capital of the nation and command the confidence and respect of our Indian tribes, as Mr. Rice could and can, and did do, is a somewhat remarkable character, to say nothing of the mental qualities which permitted him to cope with the best men of the nation. Tall and slender, with a fine head upon his shoulders, and commanding presence, Mr. Rice wins friends by his exceedingly courteous manner. He has a swaying motion when he walks; is dignified, pleasing, cautious; somewhat retiring in his nature; a fine conversationalist; adverse to publicity; a lover of home, and an honorable, upright, manly citizen. He partakes largely of the affability accorded to his contemporary, Gov. Ramsey, but is more polished in his manner

of showing it. It would be difficult to find two men so well adapted to public life, as H. M. Rice and Alexander Ramsey, and especially so as men who have won public regard by their hearty greetings and politeness. Mr. Rice ranks among the most notable and able men of the Northwest, and his own acts bespeak his best praise. History will write his name high up on the scroll of honor, and Minnesota can never afford to forget either him or his worthy deeds.

RICE PARK.

This is the outcome of Mr. Rice's generosity. For years after the native trees had been cut off it, it presented a barren and forsaken look. A florist by the name of Hanson finally got permission of the city to put his green-house there for several years in consideration of his planting trees and making them grow, and the result of that wise measure is the present little green oasis, which, under the guidance of a master hand in nature's adornments, has made it the admiration of all.

MRS. ALEXANDER RAMSEY.

In 1854 I met Mrs. Ramsey for the first time—a tall, well-formed, queenly-looking woman; commanding in her manners, yet gentle and loving in her nature. She had been married only four years when the Governor and herself took up their abode in the crude gubernatorial residence on lower Third street, ST. PAUL, and one can imagine the cares and deprivations of her early pioneer life and the immense tax upon her disposition to maintain her equilibrium amid the trying scenes of those early days; and yet she was equal to the emergency. Throughout a quarter of a century she not only greatly aided by her diplomacy her husband in his political career, but has maintained the regard and esteem of the public for her many private excellencies. The autumnal tint of years only adds to her graces, while in the social circle she still maintains her supremacy, as she always has. Mrs. Ramsey was born in Newton, Pennsylvania, in 1827; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; died November 29, 1884, aged fifty-eight years.

MRS. H. M. RICE.

A bright, beautiful countenance, with black hair and black eyes, as I remember her in early days, Mrs. Rice united the

characteristics of a southern beauty with northern tact. Most of her married years have been spent amid the scenes of her husband's political battles, and she herself has figured in the gay society of Washington life. Indeed, she has been an important factor in the power behind the throne, and though quiet and undemonstrative her power has been none the less effective. The early cares of years already gone, only create a subdued mellowness which adds to the charms of a gentle, loving woman.

MEETING OF THE FIRST COURT OF THE TERRITORY.

This event took place in the city of ST. PAUL on the 2d of August, 1849. The officers were Chief Justice Aaron Goodrich, Judge Meeker, Judge Cooper, and James K. Humphrey, Clerk. It was a motley grouping of diversified humanity, antagonistic in their peculiar characteristics, yet in the whole make-up able and judicial. Here was Judge Goodrich with his angularity, story-telling propensities, and positiveness of character; here was Meeker with his slow, plodding, gross materiality; here Cooper with his ruffled shirt bosom, and his precise, nice, punctilious methods; Humphrey with his cautious, careful, measured air; and thus the Court opened with twenty lawyers in attendance and only one jurymen with a pair of boots. Chief Justice Goodrich was assisted by Cooper, and although he occasionally shocked the delicate nerves of Cooper by a funny story, yet the proceedings were conducted with due decorum and dignity. This was the first District Court, and the term lasted six days. The second District Court was held by Judge Meeker on the west banks of the Mississippi, opposite the Falls of St. Anthony. The third District Court was held at Mendota, Judge Cooper presiding. Only three of the jurymen could understand the charge of the Judge, among whom was Gen. Sibley, foreman, all the rest being French. And thus were set in motion the wheels of the great law car which has been moving forward with great velocity ever since.

A MIXED POPULATION—FIRST HARDWARE AND FURNITURE STORES.

In the latter part of 1849 ST. PAUL had five ministers, fourteen lawyers, two land agents, five doctors, sixteen merchants, three tailors, one shoemaker, or sole-saver, five hotels, two paint-

ers, four blacksmiths, four masons, sixteen carpenters, five bakers, one silversmith, one gunsmith, etc., etc., beside a numerous retinue of half-breeds and Indians. The trade that year was \$131,000. The trade of 1885, wholesale and retail, will reach near \$100,000,000! This tells the story of ST. PAUL'S growth better than anything else can.

The first exclusive hardware store in the city, was established in 1849 by John McCloud & Brothers, and the building which they built is still standing, on the corner of Third and Cedar streets, now occupied as a dry-goods store. Mr. John McCloud, I believe, is at Bayfield, and one of his brothers, Joe, after trying farming in Dakota, returned to Philadelphia, from whence the McClouds originally came. They were small, active, honest men, but the population at that early day would not sustain their trade, and since then the wave of immigration has washed them almost out of memory. And so goes the world; one is up while the other is down. Teeter-taunter, teeter-taunter, teeter-taunter!

The first furniture store in 1849 stood on the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, known as the Stees old stand, kept by a man by the name of J. W. Frost. He used to make pine furniture and repair other articles of household use. He sold out to Washington Stees in 1850, and from that small beginning has grown the large furniture establishment which has recently passed out of the old proprietors' hands into that of a new firm.

LYMAN C. DAYTON—HIS PERSONALITY.

Dayton's Bluff derives its name from this gentleman, to whom I have previously alluded, and who was born in Connecticut in 1810. He was of English descent, and when a boy clerked in a dry-goods house and subsequently went into business for himself in Providence, Rhode Island. From 1840 to 1849 he did a large trade in New York, when, in consequence of ill-health, he retired from active labor and that year came to ST. PAUL, where he commenced purchasing real estate, and did not stop until he had secured some 5,000 acres. A large number of these acres are now within the city limits, and while they cost Mr. Dayton originally \$4,000, they are now worth \$4,000,000, as the property lies in a central and valuable portion of St.

PAUL. Mr. Dayton founded the town at the junction of the Crow river and the Mississippi, which bears his name, and where his widow now lives. He was the proprietor and the first president of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railway Company, and continued so until his death, and gave a great deal of his time and \$10,000 in money to promote its interests. He never asked or received any salary. He married Miss Maria Bates, and died in 1865 aged fifty-five years. His widow still survives him.

He was a good-sized, pussy man, full of activity, and had unbounded faith in the growth of St. PAUL. He possessed great energy; was kind-hearted; liberal; public-spirited, and had he lived and held on to his property, his real estate would have made him immensely rich.

LYMAN DAYTON,

His only son, used to keep a real estate office in a small wooden building where Ingersoll's block now stands. Later, and after the death of his father, he devoted his time almost exclusively to the estate, although he was educated a lawyer and is a gentleman of a good deal of intelligence and sharp business tact. Latterly he has been investing in Dakota, and bids fair to be a very rich man. He is about 50 years of age and came to St. PAUL in 1849.

FIRST BANK—FIRST MASONIC LODGE—FIRST ODD FELLOWS.

A man by the name of Young has the honor of issuing the first bank bills, signed by a confederate by the name of Sawyer. They read—"Bank of St. Croix, ST. PAUL, Minnesota." These bills were quoted in Wall street at one per cent. discount, and of course were a fraud. Young disappeared and the affair collapsed.

The first Masonic lodge was instituted in 1849, and the first Mason made in the Territory that year was a man by the name of Scott.

This year also witnessed the organization of the Odd Fellows and the Sons of Temperance. Indeed, I may say that 1849 was a "boss year" for Minnesota.

ST. PAUL BECOMES A TOWN.

Up to November, 1849, ST. PAUL was legally nothing but a "place." This year the Legislature passed a bill, which was

approved by the Governor, making the "place" the "Town of ST. PAUL." Ramsey County was created, and ST. PAUL was made the county seat. Provisions were effected for the appointment of officers, and the residents of the little hamlet became as proud as the citizens of any big town could be, over the prospective growth and greatness of "our city." And from that day to this ST. PAUL has been stretching, growing, spreading out, until she has reached the magnificent proportions of 120,000 people! Truly, "great oaks from little acorns grow."

THOMAS R. POTTS.

Dr. Potts was born in Philadelphia in 1810; graduated at the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1831; resided at Natchez, Mississippi, ten years; in 1841 removed to Galena, Illinois; came to ST. PAUL in 1849, where he practiced medicine for twenty-six years; was at one time Contract Surgeon at Fort Snelling; Pension Surgeon, Medical Purveyor of the District, physician to the Sioux, etc.; in 1850 was president of the Town Board; in 1866 City Physician; Health Officer in 1873; was married at Fort Snelling in 1847, to Miss Abbey Steele; died suddenly in the city of ST. PAUL, October, 1874, aged sixty-four years.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Potts was an "institution" of the city, having practiced here for over a quarter of a century, and was well known among all the old settlers. He was a decided allopath; believed in heavy doses, and ridiculed the efficacy of small pills. At the time of his death he was the oldest practicing physician in ST. PAUL. He was a man of strong predilections; full of fun and humor; social in his nature and kind-hearted in his practice. He resided for many years in a small white house on Robert street, and though having a large practice and a number of offices, yet he had only a slight appreciation of money, and left but little property to his widow, who is still living and residing in the family of Gen. Sibley. One looking upon her tall and graceful form and pleasant countenance, though saddened by care and sorrow, is forcibly reminded of the old, old times which have gone, never to return.

CHARLES R. CONWAY.

Among the ancient and original characters of the past is Charles Conway, an old editor and an old printer, and a man of considerable ability. He was born in Indiana in 1822; removed to Michigan in 1831; to Illinois in 1837, where he attended the University at Battle Creek and also at Rockford in 1838. He began his apprenticeship at the printing trade in Detroit; in 1844 started and edited the Rockford *Forum*; sold out and returned to Madison, Wisconsin, and in the fall of 1846 enlisted in the Mexican war, where he remained nearly two years; returned again to Madison in 1848, and purchased what is now the present *Democrat*; ran it about one year and then sold out; married Miss Jane E. Nichols, and in 1849 moved to ST. PAUL; was the first foreman of James M. Goodhue, of the *Pioneer*, and Superintendent of Public Printing, and in 1850 formed a copartnership—Lambert, Conway & Nichols—to carry on the real estate business; in 1851 the firm dissolved by the death of Nichols, and Conway left for California, where he started the Los Angeles *News*, which he ran six years during the rebellion; sold out and returned to ST. PAUL in 1867, and in 1869 went to Rochester, Minnesota, and founded the *Central Record* and took an active part against the \$5,000,000 railroad bonds; left the paper and went on a farm; removed to La Crosse to give his children an education, and from thence removed to Dresbach, Minnesota, where he now resides.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—CONWAY PERSONALLY.

He once owned 200 acres on Goose lake, adjoining White Bear, for which he paid \$1,25 per acre, or \$250; worth now \$60,000. His house and office formerly stood on Third street, near Cedar, and the eighty feet, which cost him then \$250, are now worth close to \$80,000. Lots in Patterson's addition which he sold for \$25 and \$30 per lot, are now worth \$4,000 per lot. He owned ten acres just north of the Manitoba shops, for which he paid \$10 per acre, and sold for \$25 per acre; now worth \$2,000 per acre.

He is a slender gentleman; deliberate in his speech; comical and original in his expressions, but disconnected in his conversation. Having seen a good deal of human nature, he hasn't

much confidence in that commodity. He knows how to make money, but he can't get it, because he won't lie and steal. He has an inventive turn of mind, and if he could only "hitch up" with some supremely selfish specimen of humanity, Conway might be a rich man. As it is, he is a quiet, pleasant, honest, clever gentleman, whose reward, if he gets any, will be in another world, not this.

AARON GOODRICH.

The subject of this sketch has been in the past and is to-day a character—an individualization—a positiveness—an originality—markedly different from other men in this particular, that he expresses his own sentiments in his own way, and is always ready and willing and able to defend them. He was born in Sempronius, Cayuga County, New York, in 1807; practiced law in Tennessee; was elected as a Whig to the House of Representatives of that State, in which capacity he served to the satisfaction of his constituents; was a Presidential elector on the whig ticket in 1848; was appointed by President Taylor in March, 1849, Chief Justice of Minnesota, and took up his residence in ST. PAUL that year; presided at the first term of the Supreme Court in the Territory; held the first District Court at Stillwater, Sauk Rapids and ST. PAUL; was a corporate member of the Historical Society; a charter member of the first Masonic lodge; a corporate member of the Grand Lodge of the State; drew up the first Republican platform adopted in this State; prepared a code of pleadings and practice; was a member of the Republican National Convention at Chicago; labored to secure the nomination of Seward for President; was appointed Secretary of Legation to Brussels, which position he held eight years; returned to ST. PAUL in 1869; wrote a book entitled "A history of the character and achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus;" arguing that the name and pretended achievements of that individual were mythical; married a Miss Paris; was a member of the Cincinnati convention which nominated Horace Greeley, in which body he cast his vote for Judge Davis, of Illinois. Judge Goodrich was not pleased with the action of that convention. He was one of the original movers in the organization of the "Old Settlers' Association" in 1858; has been its secretary nearly ever

since. Of late the Judge has devoted his leisure moments to revising his book, reading, studying, digging into the rubbish of the past. He was a great admirer of Wm. H. Seward, and tried very hard to make him President. In a speech introducing Seward to a ST. PAUL audience, the Judge gave utterance to sentiments highly complimentary to his friend, who greatly appreciated them.

THE MAN PERSONALLY.

Judge Goodrich is a tall, spare man, with an exceedingly active brain; speaks quickly and decidedly; talks right at you with an earnestness born of a conviction that he is right, while his eyes dilate, as they move rapidly in their sockets, and his voice becomes louder as he proceeds with his reasons for his opinion, which he proposes you shall not misunderstand. He is a walking encyclopedia of ancient and biblical history; an arsenal of fun and fact; a magazine full of argumentative missiles; a volcanic explosion in the midst of the religious element, and a generally accepted electric battery, from which a thousand positive forces penetrate the citadels of bigotry and ignorance. There is but one Judge Goodrich. John Randolph is dead; Goodrich still lives. No man in the State has such a striking individuality as Goodrich, and no man is more generally correct in his conclusions than Goodrich. He is eminently independent; never trims or uses policy, and though his utterances are sometimes unpalatable, yet they command attention by their originality. He made a good, sound judge, though he would, occasionally, interpret the law sandwiched with a funny story; is an effective political speaker on the stump; an excellent writer, as his book shows; a good lawyer; a scholar among the pyramids; a hater of cant, hypocrisy and meanness; a lover of honest thought and honest expression. With all his idiosyncrasies he has a kind heart, is esteemed by his former associates, and though not now in active public life, yet is very kindly remembered by the "old guard who continue to hold the fort." The Judge is now in his seventy-ninth year, yet he is still active, and as ready for an argument or a story, as he was twenty years ago.

The following is a good illustration of the character of the man, which appeared in one of our daily papers:

"The other day an acquaintance approached the Judge with the remark, 'Judge, if you were made supreme ruler of the universe, what would you do?' 'I'd resign immediately, I would, by gad, sir; I'm not hankering after any more responsibility than I am compelled to bear.'"

HENRY F. MASTERSON.

Mr. Masterson was a peculiar citizen, somewhat different from ordinary men in this particular, that he spent a life-time in helping others and getting little or nothing in return. While he may have had an appreciation of money, yet he had no capacity to accumulate it. He was born in New York in 1824; studied law; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 with now Judge Orlando Simons. Both these men were carpenters by trade, and before arriving in ST. PAUL made a solemn vow to stand or fall together, and though not related, they were closely bound to each other by the strongest ties of friendship. They came from New York to Chicago by water, and hired a farmer to transport their baggage to the Mississippi river, it being stipulated "that when the walking was good they might ride; when it was bad they must walk." On arriving at ST. PAUL, Judge Simons went to work as a carpenter, while Masterson entered a saw mill at St. Anthony Falls, but soon after Simons was tendered a situation by the government to aid in building a fort on the frontier, but he would not accept the offer unless Masterson was also employed. Masterson was soon engaged, and the two spent the summer and the fall on the frontier, returning on the edge of winter with plenty of money, and then opening the law office of Masterson & Simons, which continued in this city for over twenty-five years.

AS A MAN.

Masterson was a tall, robust-looking man, and was good for twenty years had he not been overtaken by the terrible accident which ended his career. He was social in his nature; full of reminiscences of the past, and a devoted friend. He was a profound lawyer, delving deeper into the law than others, and in one instance forcing the Supreme Court to reverse its own decision against him. During all the time he lived in ST. PAUL he never held an office; always gave way to some one else; so he spent his life giving to others; seemed to live for others more than for himself, and thus he continued until the day of his death.

MUSING ON THE BRIDGE.

I often saw him wandering about the city, and once found him musing upon the bridge, and as in imagination I now see him standing upon that structure, the touching lines of Longfellow come before me in all their beauty and their vividness :

“ I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

* * * * *

“ And like these waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

“ How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I stood on the bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky.

“ How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide :

“ For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.”

Then with the revulsion of feeling came the philosophical strain :—

“ But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

“ Yet whenever I cross the river,
With its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean,
Comes the thought of other years ;

“ And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.”

He was uncompromising in the interests of his clients ; was timid in charging or collecting his own fees ; was weak in the defense of himself ; was a close student among the “ musty vol-

umes" in search of precedents ; was exceedingly fond of music ; was charitable ; defended others when it was unpopular to do so ; never spoke ill of a single person ; had no business faculty ; never disputed a bill ; always paid when he had money. Elated with the idea of a \$500 fee, he pondered over the case he had in hand, and while walking on the railroad track in a fit of abstraction, was struck by the huge engine and received injuries from which he died. Just before the great change took place, Judge Simons, his old friend, sat at his bedside with his hand clasped in his, thus fulfilling the mutual vow the friends had taken years before. George J. Flint, Esq., who was in the same office with Mr. Masterson for several years, writes :

"I was the last business man he spoke to before he received the injury which caused his death. He was more cheerful than I had seen him in a long time because of his brightening prospects. I was with him at his death and truly mourned him as a good man gone."

And thus—poor Masterson! "Life's fitful fever o'er, he sleeps well."

ORLANDO SIMONS—FIRST CITY JUSTICE—HIS PECULIARITIES.

Judge Simons was born in New York State in 1824 ; was educated at the Elmira and Chester Academies ; read law, and in 1849, with Masterson, came to St. PAUL ; in 1850 was chosen justice of the peace ; in 1854 was elected the first City Justice ; in 1875 was appointed Associated Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Ramsey County, and in 1875 was elected for seven years.

Judge Simons acts promptly, decides promptly, moves promptly, though with long, measured strides, and talks promptly. He possesses a good, judicial mind, and is fearless in the discharge of his duty. He lives within himself. Has no faculty to make money ; mixes but little in society ; gets down to the bottom of any question, and his decisions are very generally acquiesced in as correct. When a City Justice he made the "fur fly," but now as a Judge he is cool, dignified, courteous. His connection with Mr. Masterson is set forth in the article on that gentleman, and this completes the PEN PICTURE of one of the oldest law firms in the city. I may add that if Judge Simons had tried the accused young man for murder in Cincinnati, he would have been convicted, and that terrible mob would have been averted.

WILLIAM P. MURRAY.

If Judge Goodrich is a character, as he surely is, W. P. Murray is another, only cast in a different mould. From the time he came to the Territory, inaugurating his advent here by boiling for dinner a tough buzzard two days for a wild turkey, up to the present time, he has been a character, moving in various phases of life, but always coming to the top.

He was born in Ohio in 1827; attended the law school of Indiana University; studied law and graduated in 1849; came to ST. PAUL in December of that year, and now ranks among the oldest members of the bar. He was a member of the Territorial House of Representatives in 1852 and 1853; of the Council in 1854 and 1855; President of the House in 1857; President of the Constitutional Convention the same year; member of the House in 1863; Senate in 1866 and 1867; House in 1868; Senate in 1875 and 1876; making eleven sessions in all as a member of the Legislature. He was also a County Commissioner and a member of the City Council for a good many years, and is now and has been for a long time City Attorney. Murray County is named after him. If Murray and Ramsey were pitted against each other, it would be hard to say who would get the most meat from the political bone. I would not like to bet on either, but as Murray is an Ohio man I would prefer the odds on him.

AS I SEE HIM.

Mr. Murray is a well-proportioned man, with a good deal of a twinkle in his eye; and now that the gray is mingling with the black, he is really a fine looking gentleman. He is "quick as lightning;" generally in good humor; always ready with a story; moves about with great celerity; rubs his hand up over his forehead and through his gray hair; slaps you on the back; gives a hearty laugh, and is off "in a jiffy." In early days it was "Bill Murray," because he carried the boys with him; to-day it is Hon. Wm. P. Murray because the dignity of the city rests upon his shoulders. His mind grasps a subject very quickly, and his insight and penetration into human nature are very keen. The Irish blood in his veins makes him quick to retort, while his political sagacity leads him to act very sly—"d——d sly, sir,"—

and yet he is popular among the masses and plays upon the human heart as a musician does on the keys of a piano. Pericles, the great Athenian orator, convinced a crowd that his client threw his antagonist when the reverse was the fact. So with Murray. His affected sincerity is convincing, and he wins his case, though he may heartily laugh over it afterwards. And yet he has been a useful man to the public at large, and has filled a great many offices of honor and of trust. He is a good lawyer, a good talker, a good speaker, a good citizen; full of energy; full of fun; a regular bunch of fire-crackers among his friends; sympathetic, a real friend of the poor, kind-hearted, plain, blunt, smiling "Bill Murray."

JAMES K. HUMPHREY—FIRST CLERK OF FIRST COURT.

Mr. Humphrey was born in Ohio about 1832; educated at the Western Reserve College; read law with Gen. Dwight Jarvis; was admitted to the bar in 1846; studied medicine with Dr. George Ashmun in 1847 and 1848; came to St. PAUL in 1849; was appointed Clerk of the District Court for Ramsey County in 1849, and Clerk of the Supreme Court of the Territory, January, 1850; was in the United States revenue service from 1861 to 1876, or fifteen years.

He is a man of strongly marked individuality. He is very democratic in his ideas, and is very little affected by public opinion. He thinks what he pleases, does what he pleases, dresses as he pleases, talks as he pleases, and when aroused, is most emphatic in his denunciations. He is very methodical and deliberate in all he does; is never in a hurry; reasons carefully; is cautious, and gets through the world about as easily as most men possibly could. He is a man of ability, and his speech before the Chamber of Commerce years ago, although written, was an able paper. When in the revenue department his decisions were considered final, so well posted was he in the revenue business. He early purchased some terribly broken acres of land where the great wheat elevator now is, on the line of the Manitoba road, and after selling them five or six times, and being obliged to take them back, he finally made a sale which netted him some \$30,000 profit; and if he had held on to the property until now, it would have made him \$60,000, but in this world of

inconceivabilities, "we can't most always know" what is best to be done, and sometimes luck is more potent than brains, or even what is termed business capacity. Mr. Humphrey several years ago purchased Northern Pacific common stock for four and five cents per share, and it went up to sixty and seventy cents per share, giving him a handsome margin. He is a tall, slender man, walks deliberately, with his head pressed forward, is quite courteous in his bearing, social in his nature, and is an unpretending, pleasant gentleman.

THOMAS FOSTER.

I have no data by which I can fix the year in which Mr. Foster was born, but he is now not far from seventy years of age, and probably saw the light of this world for the first time in the State of Pennsylvania, about 1815. He came to ST. PAUL in 1849, after studying and practicing medicine in the East, and was for a short time physician to the Sioux Indians. He also accompanied Gov. Ramsey on some of his treaty-making trips, and at one time ran a small drug store on the corner of Third and Exchange streets. Some time about 1858 or 1859, he purchased the interests of Owens & Moore in the *Daily Minnesotian*, and commenced his career as an editor. He was a pungent, caustic writer, but with very little discretion; believed in the doctrine of "pitching in" to everybody personally, and consequently soon lost his influence. He subordinated everything else to his own individual opinion. In this respect he was an editorial tyrant.

A CUTE TRICK—THE BOGUS DISPATCHES.

James M. Winslow had opened the first telegraph office in ST. PAUL, and when absent a difficulty had arisen with the *Times*, then edited by the writer, and the telegraph operator, concerning the reception of some election returns, and this difficulty had extended to the *Minnesotian*, and both papers stopped their telegraphic dispatches. On the return of Winslow, Goodrich, of the *Pioneer*, slipped in between the two discontented papers and secured the exclusive control of the dispatches, leaving the other two daily journals out in the cold.

The *Pioneer* would appear first, then the other papers would copy from that paper, and appear simultaneously, and so matters

ran, until Foster conceived the idea that he would get ahead of the *Times* by bribing a *Pioneer* pressman to give him an advance copy of the *Pioneer*, which was to be placed under a certain stone, for a certain consideration. True enough, Foster got the paper, put in the dispatches, and the *Times* copied from Foster, whose paper had been circulated. Just as my paper was about to go to press, out came the *Pioneer* with the genuine dispatches (only one copy of the bogus dispatches having been printed for Foster's benefit,) announcing the trick, and I then whipped into my office, had the genuine dispatches set up from the *Pioneer*, called the readers' attention to the bogus affair, which I published along side the genuine, as a clear indication of my superior enterprise, and ended by crowing loudly over the fact of my unimpeachable sagacity in not being duped! I knew better! of course I did! Foster was the victim, but I escaped just "by the skin of my teeth!"—as the boys say—"you bet!" Of course the *Pioneer* grinned and Foster growled—"Sold, sold."

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Soon after this the leading Republicans of the State got together and signified their desire that the two Republican papers—the *Times* and the *Minnesotian*—should unite, and if this thing could be done the paper thus united should have the public printing. After several meetings it was agreed that the consolidated concern should be the *Minnesotian* and the *Times*, with the firm name of Newson, Moore, Foster & Co., and under this arrangement Newson and Foster were to have equal powers as editors, one not to interfere with the editorials of the others. It was also understood that the paper should sustain the action of the party in the Legislature, and not dictate to them, as had been Foster's habit; so I wrote a leading editorial to this effect, and went home, then living at Lake Como. Foster, in the meantime, garbled this editorial and added to it, telling the Republican members what they should and what they should not do, and thus it was printed unknown to the writer. Of course the next morning the Republicans were indignant; a coalition was made against the paper, O. Brown, of Faribault, was elected printer, and the next day I summarily dissolved the partnership, and ran the *Times* separately thereafter, until it was leased to William R. Marshall, and soon

after the *Minnesotian* died a natural death. This little bit of history tells the character of Foster as an editor and a man, better than a volume possibly could.

AT DULUTH.

With the remnant of the wreck of the *Minnesotian* office, Foster removed to Duluth and revived his old paper, which he ran for a short time, secured some property there, sold it, started a mill in Virginia, became divorced from his first wife, married again, was in an office in the department at Washington, and is now somewhere down South, I believe, editing a paper. He had some social qualities, but was a positive, arbitrary character, which proved more an injury to himself than to others.

Here I am again, harping on 1849, but I can't help it; people would come to the city that year, and I must entertain them, even if I do exhaust the patience of some others who want to jump into the '50's.

EDMUND RICE.

Mr. Rice was born in Vermont in 1819; removed to Michigan in 1838; studied law and was admitted to practice in 1842; was Master in Chancery, Register of the Court of Chancery for the third circuit, and clerk of the Supreme Court of the State; served in the Mexican war in 1848; settled in ST. PAUL in 1849; was a member of the law firm of Rice, Hollinshead & Becker; left this firm in 1855; became the president of the Minnesota & Pacific Railroad Company in 1857; also president of its successors, the ST. PAUL and Pacific, and the ST. PAUL and Chicago, until 1872; made several trips to Europe in the interest of these companies, and may very properly be denominated the father of the railway system of Minnesota. Even before these roads were thought of, he took great interest in a projected road called the Northwestern, but which failed to get a recognition by Congress in consequence of "skullduggery" which was used in passing the bill. Indeed I may say he became a railroad man immediately after giving up the practice of law, and continued in this line of business over a quarter of a century. He was a member of the Legislature in 1851-'67-'72-'77-'78; of the State Senate in 1864-5-'73-4; Mayor of the city of ST. PAUL; at one time County Commissioner; Democratic candidate for Governor in

1879; Mayor of ST. PAUL in 1885, second time; and has filled various other posts of honor and of trust. He is a man whose name has been as closely indented with the material interests of ST. PAUL as any person dead or living. He slipped out of law into railroading as easily as a locomotive can go down hill without brakes, and through the money of a railroad company he has at last secured a competency to sustain himself and family in their declining years. The great poet well said—"All's well that ends well," and Mr. Rice can verify the correctness of the expression in his own individual history.

HIS OLD HOMESTEAD.

Mr. Rice, in connection with Mr. Becker, secured some 320 acres of land, (Mr. Rice having one-half of it,) I think, of Phelan, away back in 1849 or 1850, at a cost of about \$400 in gold, and upon these one hundred and sixty acres he erected a large and handsome house, and here is where most of his family were born, and here, in this beautiful and romantic spot is where they spent their early years. Part of the ground was finally laid off into lots and sold, and the balance was disposed of to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company about one year ago, for \$250,000, so out of this and the sale of lots, Mr. Rice realized for this property the fine sum of about \$399,600. It is a little remarkable that having spent over a quarter of a century in railroad matters, during which time he became involved, that a railroad company should at last purchase his property and thereby put him financially upon his feet, a fact quite as interesting to the public as it is to his family, or to his intimate friends.

THE MAN PERSONALLY.

A large, commanding figure and a courtly bearing, pleasant smiles and most affable ways, an unaffected dignity and a calm repose, mark the peculiar characteristics of Edmund Rice. Coupled with these may be added a most generous nature and a kind heart, with a sociability that would lull to rest even the irritable temper of Bismarck, and I have in the subject of my sketch elements which combined make him one of the most popular men in the Northwest. His very presence commands respect, and if that should fail, his good nature will always win

an avenue to the better parts of the human heart. Mr. Rice's life has not been one of sunshine and of pleasure, but it has been one of battle—a constant struggle for supremacy; and his patience, and hopefulness, and untiring efforts during all these long years; his perseverance; his devotion; his unruffled philosophy; his calmness; his fidelity to his friends, and his unyielding faith in a better day coming, have won for him the crowning glory of a true, a heroic and an honest man. The sublime imperturbability with which he has met reverses in the past, and the equally sublime unaffected simplicity with which he greeted prosperity when it came, only show the peculiar metal of which the man is made, and give us the key to a character which would adorn the pages of Roman history. And yet Mr. Rice has plucked the flowers by the way-side as he passed the mile-stones of manhood and of middle-age—in a word—"as he journeyed through life he has lived by the way"—not ostentatiously, but placidly, calmly, contentedly, and thus, in old age, mellowed by the cares and trials of an active career and sustained by a respectable bank account, he ought to reach the end of his journey, as no doubt he will, the personification of a genial, gentle, loving patriarch, perhaps the last of the old settlers wandering amid the graves of his friends, the best and noblest of them all.

GEORGE L. BECKER.

Mr. Becker was born in New York in 1829; removed to Michigan in 1841; was educated at the University of Michigan in 1842; graduated in 1846; studied law with George Sedgwick up to 1849, when he emigrated to St. PAUL; formed a copartnership with Edmund Rice and a man by the name of Whithall, and about a year after the firm became Rice, Hollinshead & Becker, and continued in successful practice up to 1855, when Mr. Rice retired, and the business was run by Hollinshead & Becker a year longer, when Mr. Becker withdrew. In 1857 he was elected one of three members of Congress from this State, but the lack of population prevented him from taking his seat, the State being entitled to only two members, when he promptly resigned, giving the position to somebody else. He was appointed Land Commissioner of the St. PAUL & Pacific Railroad in 1862; was elected president of the same road in 1864; held the posi-

tion for about twelve years; built some 317 miles of road; enlisted foreign capital; aided in developing a wilderness country; in 1854 was elected an Alderman of the city; in 1856 was elected Mayor; was chosen to the Democratic Constitutional Convention in 1857; was nominated for Governor on the Democratic ticket in 1859; in 1867 was elected to the Senate from Ramsey County; re-elected in 1869; nominated for Congress in 1872, but defeated; has been president of the Western Railroad Company, and engaged at one time somewhat in farming in Brown's Valley, where he has some considerable property. Years ago he traded some lots at Superior City for the residence of John I. Warren, across Trout Brook, and subsequently tore down this building and erected a large and handsome mansion, where he now resides.

MR. BECKER PERSONALLY.

Mr. Becker is an ordinarily sized man, with rather mobile features, and is somewhat retiring in his disposition. He is a pleasantly spoken gentleman; domestic in his tastes, and moves along in his every day duties quietly and methodically. While president of the Pacific Railroad Company he was untiring in his efforts to make the company's affairs a success, and did much toward the development of what is now known to be one of the best portions of Minnesota. He is interested as a citizen in matters which concern the common good, and has always thrown the weight of his influence in the scale of good order, sobriety and law. He is popular with the masses, as the various offices he has held clearly show; and while he has not been much before the public of late years, yet he is held in high esteem as a worthy citizen. He is at present a member of the Railroad Commission.

WM. HOLLINSHEAD—AS A LAWYER.

Mr. Hollinshead was born in Philadelphia about 1835; studied and practiced law in that city; was a member of the Legislature of that State; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; connected himself with Messrs. Rice and Becker in the law firm of Rice, Hollinshead & Becker, which in its business was one of the largest law firms in the West; continued in this firm up to the time of its

dissolution, and died at the age of thirty-nine years. Mr. Hollinshead's second wife was Miss Rice, sister of Henry M. and Edmund Rice, and is still living.

He was a clear-cut lawyer, and among the best that practiced at the bar. He made law his specialty, and what he knew he knew well. His cases were prepared with great care, and his papers were scrupulously neat and clean. He was also an excellent speaker, and it is said of him by a gentleman who lost his case when Hollinshead was his opponent—"D——n that fellow! he just came up before the jury, threw back his head, opened his mouth, and in ten minutes he had the twelve men by the ears. I knew I should lose my case when I saw him enter the court room, and I did."

He used clean English terms and conveyed his meaning in a very direct way. He was also a good writer. I remember an article written by him in defense of the old \$5,000,000 railroad bond bill, which was published in the *Times*, and it was a masterly piece of argument and sarcasm. It is generally conceded by all the old lawyers who knew Mr. Hollinshead, that he was an able man at the bar in his day, and had he lived he would have been the ablest lawyer of to-day, simply because he gave up all his time and his talents to the profession, and in it he excelled. I believe he never held any office, except as above.

HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE.

He was a large, bulky man, with a florid complexion, and possessed great energy, and resembled somewhat John Mathies. He came down the street like a cyclone, and when he appeared before a jury he overawed weak men by his impressive personality. He spoke right at his case, not round it, or over it, but pierced it with his arguments and throttled it with his vehemence. He was more like a lion shaking his shaggy locks at his enemy, than an ordinary man, and when Michael E. Ames appeared as the counsel on the opposing side, the contrast was striking, as Ames was a perfect Chesterfield in manners, slender in person, and as gentle as a lamb. Hollinshead was a social man; liked good company, and after he had won his case, nobody enjoyed a pleasant "sit-down" better than he. He died in the full vigor of manhood.

A. R. FRENCH—WHAT HE LOST.

Mr. French must have been born somewhere in the year 1810. In early life he was a soldier in the Mexican war; was at Fort Snelling; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; opened the first auction store on Third street, near Jackson; ran a ferry-boat; lived for several years in WEST ST. PAUL, and was an active, stirring man. He was at one time with Frank Collins, another noted auctioneer in his day, who is now dead. French drifted to Washington, where he secured a situation, and where he now lives in pleasant, comfortable circumstances. He was an energetic, pleasant man, and among the old settlers is very kindly remembered.

French made a claim in early days near Merriam Park; then he made a claim of 160 acres near ST. PAUL, now Elfelt and Bernheimer's addition, for which Mr. Elfelt paid him \$2.50 per acre; now worth \$6,000 per acre. Original sum paid French for the 160 acres, \$400. Property now worth \$960,000. French's loss in not holding on, \$959,600. Of course these are small items to old settlers, and the loss of \$1,000,000 does not disturb their equilibrium, but then it is a matter of history, and as such I record it. What might have been and what is, are two distinct propositions. What is and what may be, are matters for the consideration of those who live to-day. Will they be wiser than the old settlers of 1849? Let us wait and see.

“DON'T DREAM AGAIN!”

We are all dreaming. Some of pleasure; some of fame; some of money. We can't live without dreaming. The mind must first conceive the ideal before the material is born. Everything invisible has a tangibility, and everything tangible has an invisibility. Shakspeare says:

“We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep.”

Shakspeare was right. We are all bundles of dreams; of thought-projectors; of idealities; without which we could not exist; and then after all—

“Our little lives are rounded with a sleep.”

Thirty-six years ago an old Indian chief, residing near ST. PAUL, owned some forty acres of land, which were as even and

as beautiful as ever lay out doors. This chief was in the habit of visiting his Kersmokerman nechee, or white man friend, and this friend had a military coat, with its blue cloth, glittering buttons, gold trimmings and gaudy epaulettes, which the chief grealy admired. One morning, after having spent the night with the old forty-niner, the chief addressed him about as follows — “Me dream! me see coat! me like coat! Me see white man give one Indian coat! Ho!”

The old settler paused for a moment, walked across the room, took down the coat, handed it to the chief, and remarked — “I dislike very much to part with this old friend of my better days, but the coat is yours.” “Ho! Ho!” ejaculated the chief and with an earnest request for his white friend to come and see him in his tepee, he walked off with all the dignity of a military hero, with the coat, of course, upon his back. A short time after this the old settler of 1849, well known in this city, spent a night with the chief, and in the morning he told the Indian that he also had a dream, and in response to the question “What?” he replied — “Kersmokerman dreamed that one Indian gave nechee big heap land,” pointing to the forty acres which could be seen from the tepee door. The chief gave several extra whiffs to his pipe, crossed his legs, dropped his blanket, stood erect with a self-satisfied air that he had been beaten, and exclaimed — “Nechee Kersmokerman shall have big heap land, but —” (pointing his finger at his friend in a most impressive and almost supplicating manner) — “Kersmokerman, white man, don’t dream again.”

D. A. J. BAKER.

Even old settlers will be a little surprised to learn that our genial and familiar Judge Baker taught one of the first public schools in the Territory of Minnesota, and yet history records this fact, or at least it ought to. Mr. Baker was born in Maine, in 1825; educated in his native state; studied law; came to Sr. PAUL in 1849; taught school as above, which was composed of 103 scholars; practiced law in this city for three years; in company with others pre-empted the land and located what is now Superior City in Wisconsin; in six months thereafter sold his interest in that place for \$80,000 in gold; was appointed Judge

by the Governor of Wisconsin ; held his commission about three years ; was County Superintendent of Schools for ten years ; was a member of the committee that framed the Constitution of this State ; about 1867 removed to Rose township ; built on his farm the largest and finest green-house in the Northwest, occupied important positions in the town, such as chairman of Supervisors, County Superintendent of Schools, etc., etc., and has always been deeply interested in politics from his peculiar Democratic stand-point. He married Miss C. C. Kneland, to whom he was devotedly attached, who died in 1875. He formerly owned and lived in the double house which is nearly in the center of what is now known as Merriam Park, a thriving settlement about two miles from the city. He then purchased the old Habgood place, some two miles above Merriam, and here he formerly devoted a great deal of his time in cultivating and adorning his place, and in raising elegant flowers, in which he was ably assisted by his wife.

BAKER PERSONALLY.

Mr. Baker's long residence in this city, and his constant association with its interests after his removal to Rose township, entitle him to recognition as an old settler, and as such he is very generally known. He is a large man ; moderate in gait and moderate in speech ; very decided in his opinions ; bold and daring in his attacks, when he makes them ; loves to dispute legal points, and is rather fascinated with the law and its mysteries ; is a man of courage ; of force of character, and had he struck a different groove when he started out in life, he might have been something far different from what he now is—simply Judge Baker. When he fights, he fights—I mean of course figuratively—when he loves, he loves. He is a man of strong mental characteristics, crushing down all opposition in his course, and yet he yields to argument and gives way under the pressure of facts. He is warm-hearted, generous, tender in his affections, a devoted friend and a more loving husband never lived.

WHISKY VS. THE BARN.

Judge Baker's place on the old St. Anthony road to which I have already alluded, became involved in debt, and he finally had to leave it. On the opposite side of the street was an elegant

barn, and the Judge was bound to save it from the legal meshes of the law, so just before the time expired carrying it out of his possession, it is reported that he hired a large number of men on Sunday, and set them to work removing the barn off the premises into a street, and under the stimulating effects of ardent spirits, the huge structure groaned and twisted, and finally was landed safely on the public thoroughfare. Of course papers enjoining him were gotten out, but could not be served because it was Sunday. Indeed the barn was removed before scarcely anybody in the city knew anything about it. I have been told by physicians, and of course they ought to know from their own personal experience, that in case of sickness, whisky given to patients will stimulate them, but it is the first time to my knowledge, when whisky given to a huge barn would stimulate it sufficiently to enable it to get up and walk off of another man's premises and settle down into the public highway! And yet when the case was tried the judge alleged that this was the fact, and as the barn was a free-moral agent and not in favor of high license and moved itself, nobody could be convicted of doing wrong.

MRS. BAKER,

As I remember her, was a tall, graceful, fascinating woman, lovely in her nature and charming in her manners.

“None knew her but to love her,
Nor loved her but to praise.”

She was an affectionate wife and a devoted mother, and amid all the trials and vicissitudes incident to the ups and downs of an old settler's career, she never murmured, never complained, never fretted, never chided; always cheerful, always hopeful, casting sunshine into the home, and weaving about those she loved, golden chains of unbroken affection.

“Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has shielded.
Home! go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.”

The vacant chair; the hushed voice; the quietness which broods over the household, all tell us that the gentle woman, the affectionate mother, the tender wife, the pleasant friend, has passed into another life, higher, better, nobler than this; and if it be true, as the Indians allege, that the spirits of the dead are connected with the living by unseen silver cords, then Mrs. Baker will draw up after her all those she loved so fondly here.

SEAL OF THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION—THE PAST.

“In the background is delineated a plain; in the distance are seen the last rays of the setting sun; nearer are seen Indian hunters, their lodges, women and children, and a herd of buffalo.”

THE FUTURE.

“Prominent in the foreground stands an aged man with silvered hair; he leans upon a staff; he is in the midst of a cemetery; the spire of a church is seen in the distance. As he turns from a survey of the various monuments which mark the resting place of departed old settlers, his eye rests upon a new-made grave. It is that of his late associate; HE IS THE LAST SURVIVOR; his companions have fallen asleep. It is 1900. A group of children in the foreground represent the rising generation of Minnesota, which shall reap the fruits of the ‘pioneer’s toil.’ ”

There is something very impressive about this seal, and especially the future, as delineated in the aged man who wanders among the graves of his dead companions, the last of them all. Old settlers are not unmindful of the suggestive warning this picture presents.

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

Mounting the top of a stage at the old American House, (the inside of said vehicle being crowded with passengers,) I snuffed the free, fresh air of the early morning, and as the driver cracked his whip and the noble animals sped on their way, we rolled up the hill at the end of Third street and were soon on the old road which led to the Falls of St. Anthony. What a delightful, invigorating ride that was on the top of that stage! How rapidly the horses moved over the ground! How the dust flew! How the heart became exhilarated! How the passengers laughed, and sang, and joked! How the birds twittered! How the squirrels chirped!

We were going out of the great, bustling city of ST. PAUL, with its 1,000 inhabitants, into the free air of the country! And wasn't it glorious? Of course it was. The old stage since then has been pushed out on to the frontier, and I see it only occasionally in pictures, but I never can forget the good times I once had in the past, inside its cozy walls. But stop a minute! Look over to the right! See that white house with green blinds, that large barn, with the figure of a rooster on the top, that lovely garden stretching down to the road, those waving fields of grain, in the midst of which is the elegant home of the thrifty farmer! What a charming scene! "Driver! I stop here." I dismount. I wind up the long lane amid a row of beautiful trees; I pause on the edge of a green lawn; I step upon the portico; I enter the house; I turn back a moment and gaze with admiration on the scene before me; I re-enter; so home-like, so neat, so pleasant, so harmonious, so loving—the quiet abode of E. N. Larpenteur, now a thing of the past, gone forever, and with it the old owner who sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Every old settler of ST. PAUL will recognize this picture; every lover of nature, of beauty, of neatness, of taste, of industry, of quietness, of repose, of independence, will recur to the thrifty and beautiful farm-house that thirty years ago could be seen on the old St. Anthony road, and many will recall very pleasant recollections of by-gone days.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections recall them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.

"The mill, and the wide-spreading pond that stood near it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father; the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the old bucket that hung in the well.

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

E. N. LARPELTEUR.

Mr. Larpenteur, the owner of the farm just alluded to, was born in Paris, France, in 1805; emigrated to America when a young man and settled in Maryland, where he carried on farming; removed to ST. PAUL in 1849 and purchased for \$300 the

farm land to which I have already alluded. His father occupied a prominent place of honor in France, but through his Republican principles, which were not congenial to the monarchy of that day, he sought the shores of our Republic, where he could give free expression to his opinion. He died of cholera in the city of ST. PAUL, on May 6, 1849, aged seventy-one years. E. N. Larpenteur, the son, continued his farming operations three miles from ST. PAUL until about the year 1867, when he sold the land for \$12,000, now worth \$100,000, and gave each of his children something to start with in life. He was a member of the Old Settlers' Association, of the Union Francaise, and a devoted member of the Catholic Church. After disposing of his farm he resided until his death in this city, where his widow, his two daughters and a son now live. Mrs. Larpenteur has reached the good old age of seventy-nine years, and is still living in this city. She is surrounded with some of her children and grandchildren and many friends, and is happy and comfortable in her declining years.

AS A MAN.

Mr. Larpenteur was a rare specimen of a completed man; always active, always cheerful, always industrious; devoted to his family, faithful to his religion, honest, frugal, upright, he has left behind him six children and eighteen grandchildren, and hundreds of friends who will ever keep green in memory his many virtues and his sterling qualities. He died in 1877, aged seventy-three years.

E. L. LARPEUTEUR,

The son of E. N. Larpenteur, was born in Baltimore, October, 1840, in the same house where five other children first saw the light of day; came to ST. PAUL with his father in 1849, and worked on the farm in Rose township for about fourteen years, when, in 1866 he removed to this city and became connected with the music house of Zenzius & Hanke, both dead; for a time was engaged at the Opera House; devoted several years in collecting rents for houses and other bills; was married in 1873; opened a large and fashionable millinery and dressmaking establishment on upper Third street; entered into co-partnership with John B.

Dow, for the manufacture of clothing, and employed a large number of girls and women ; retired from business in consequence of ill-health ; has been a prominent Third-ward Republican politician ; has lived in the same ward eighteen years, and has been many times appointed judge of elections ; at present he is taking care of his own private matters, and financially is in a comfortable condition.

THE ORIGIN OF "DOC."

When an infant about sixteen months old, young Larpenteur was as sound and as active as any child ever born, but all of a sudden he lost the use of his limbs, it is alleged from teething, and from that time forward to the present period, his spine has been affected. Of course physicians were employed to aid the little fellow in his affliction, but their efforts were unavailing. The child soon came to view the doctors as sacred beings, and henceforth began to imitate them, mixing medicines, looking at the tongue, feeling the pulse and talking learnedly of the symptoms of the patient, and so well had he mastered his profession that on one occasion he stuffed into the mouth of a neighbor's child a mixture of sand, mud and soap, and completely cured her of the disease of which she was afflicted. He also ground up cream candy, put it into papers and doled it out to the sick as powders. His success in this line gained him a diploma from his friends, and he was dubbed thereafter "Doc.," and has ever since meekly borne the title.

MR. LARPEUTEUR PERSONALLY.

Although an invalid Mr. Larpenteur is one of the most active and indefatigable workers in the city, and accomplishes in the way of business a good deal more than many able-bodied men. He is a man of excellent judgment ; cool and collected ; careful, honest, systematic, trustworthy, gentlemanly, kind-hearted and very independent, especially in the matter of his religious belief, conceding to others what he himself claims the right to have—to think as he pleases. Many acts of kindness and of charity, which the world will never know anything about, will be credited to Mr. Larpenteur when his final account is adjusted ; and many in the lowly walks of life will miss a true friend, when "Little Doc." has passed out of material sight into the realms of perfected

manhood. He is one of the best-known old settlers in the city, and his familiar face is recognized almost everywhere. He is esteemed as a man and respected as a citizen.

RAMSEY COUNTY CREATED.

Ramsey County was created by the Legislature in the year 1849, and named after Governor Ramsey. Up to this time all the records of the Territory were kept at Stillwater, and here is where all the lawyers resided. Stillwater was then the big town, and St. Anthony was the next biggest town, but ST. PAUL began to grow, and it was finally settled as to what place would carry off the honors when ST. PAUL was made the temporary Capital of the Territory. From that period the place began to increase in population and wealth. Then came the first paper, schools, churches, civilization, and Stillwater and St. Anthony fell way behind.

DAVID COOPER—AS A MAN.

Judge Cooper was born in Pennsylvania somewhere about 1820; studied and practiced law in his native State; was appointed one of the Associate Judges of the first Supreme Court of the Territory of Minnesota, by President Taylor; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; at the expiration of his term he practiced law in this city; finally went to Nevada; made mining titles his specialty; from thence he removed to Utah, where he died, aged about fifty-five years.

Judge Cooper was a medium-sized man, with a clear complexion, good features, very gentlemanly in his make-up, and was especially noted for his ruffled shirt bosom and ruffled cuffs, which gave him the appearance of "an old-school gentleman," such as we see in the person of Wm. Penn. He had a neat appearance except when he allowed tobacco juice to drop on his shirt bosom, as he was an inveterate lover of the weed. He was a diligent student; not brilliant as a lawyer nor as a Judge, yet a good deal of an antagonist in a legal fight, and was very social in his habits.

"I'LL READ THE RULES MYSELF."

The rules governing the first court were submitted to the judges in the hand-writing of several lawyers, and were conse-

quently very hard to read. Clerk J. K. Humphrey had mastered about one-third of them, then hesitated, and was trying to pick out a word to make sense, when Cooper reached over the desk, and in an irritable manner asked for the book, remarking—"I'll read the rules myself," and then muttering something about having a clerk who could neither read nor write, he proceeded to do what Humphrey could not do, viz., read just three lines, when he came to a pause, turned the book to the light, twisted it one way and then the other, looked up, became red in the face, threw the book down on the desk and ordered a recess of the court. Humphrey "sniggered right out in meetin'," the lawyers laughed, the Judge pulled his hat over his head and remarked—"A lawyer that will write such a hand as that ought to be suspended from practicing in the Courts." That same lawyer subsequently became a United States Senator from Minnesota, the Judge died in a hospital in a distant western State, a poor, broken-down man. Humphrey still lives in ST. PAUL, and is as calm and as good-natured now as he was then, thirty-six years ago.

J. W. BOND, AND HIS PECULIARITIES.

Capt. Bond was born in Pennsylvania about 1825; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; accompanied Gov. Ramsey in his treaty-making tours; wrote "Camp-Fire Sketches," and other articles; in 1853 opened a drug store in upper town with M. N. Kellogg; issued a work called "Minnesota and her resources;" bought out Kellogg and ran the business to 1861, when he was appointed Captain Commissary in the army; served four years; went to Europe; returned; was State Emigrant Agent for several years, and latterly has been engaged in the insurance business.

Captain Bond is peculiar. He has a good-sized bald head; is slender in person, but a man of indomitable will-power and energy; is persevering and determined; prides himself upon being independent, and snaps his fingers at public opinion. He is a man of considerable ability as a writer; very secretive; keeps out of society; loves home; in a word turns his back upon the world, caring very little for its good opinion or its bad. He takes very little interest in public affairs, and plods on in his own individual groove. He gained some notoriety years ago by a dream he claims to have had wherein he pictured out the con-

struction of the Northern Pacific railway and the growth of ST. PAUL, most of which has actually come to pass.

J. C. TERRY.

Mr. Terry was born in Ohio in 1824; was educated at an academy in his native State; learned the printing business; edited a paper in Lima; was foreman of the *Defrairie Democrat*, Ohio; was an attache of the army in Mexico; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; engaged in lumbering; was an employe on the *Chronicle and Register*; published in 1851 the first Revised Statutes of the Territory of Minnesota, and the volume bears his name; was the first publisher of the *Minnesotian* in 1852; was assistant postmaster under Major Forbes and other postmasters, for eighteen years; was a member of the Board of Education for a number of terms; has been a member of the Board of Public Works, and at present is secretary of the Masonic Relief Association.

SOME REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Mr. Terry drifted out of his various occupations into that of real estate. He first purchased a lot on Walnut street, for which he paid \$100, worth now \$6,000; owned two lots on Wacouta street, for which he paid \$300, worth \$20,000; purchased corner of Eighth and Wacouta one lot for \$1,800, worth \$15,000; fifty feet east of last lot for \$200, will bring \$7,000; fifty feet east of the last property for \$600, can't be purchased now for \$20,000; seventy-five feet on Seventh street for \$175, sold it for \$400, worth now \$30,000; corner of Sibley and Tenth streets, 50x100 feet, \$800, sold for \$6,000, worth \$35,000; two lots on Ninth street, one now owned by J. J. Hill, for which he paid \$50, sold for \$100, worth \$15,000; was offered forty acres near where the old Park Place used to stand, corner St. Peter and Summit avenue, for \$3 per acre, or \$120; worth now \$30,000 per acre, or in the aggregate \$1,200,000; was urged by Dr. Borup to buy a block of lots on Third street, then a swamp, where Griggs & Foster's warehouse now stands, for \$50 per block, but Mr. Terry says most emphatically—"I DID NOT TAKE IT." The same block is now worth \$300,000!!! And so the list might be carried out indefinitely, but I forbear. Terry says if he had

\$1,000,000 to-day he would invest it in ST. PAUL property, as he has great faith in the growth of the city.

TERRY PERSONALLY.

Mr. Terry is a tall man, moderate in his movements and moderate in his speech, and I never shall forget him as I saw him for the first time with his large head peeping out from behind the window of the old postoffice, thirty-two years ago. I thought such a man, with such a head, ought to be distinguished in the halls of Congress, or as the president of some immense railroad corporation, but experience has taught me that it is not large heads or brains that succeed financially, but small heads with money-making proclivities will carry off the prize every time. Mr. Terry, like many other old settlers, has had his ups and downs; his troubles and his trials; yet he has filled his sphere of usefulness, and now, in advanced years, philosophically meets events as they transpire. He is undemonstrative in his nature, retiring in his disposition, and is esteemed both as a Mason and a man.

"MONK HALL."

You pass by Moore's building at the Seven Corners, continue up on the right West Seventh formerly Fort street, about half a block, and you come to a long wooden edifice now occupied as a fruit store, but better known to the old settlers as the rendezvous and residence of the late Luther H. Eddy. This building formerly stood on the corner of Fort and Eagle streets and was known as "Monk Hall," celebrated in its day for the convivialities incident to some of the men and the times of 1849. Among these was one known as "Jim Vincent," a splendid-looking fellow, whose social nature and gentlemanly bearing made him a welcome guest anywhere, with or without money; and then there was Charlie Henniss, a warm-hearted, generous person, a good newspaper writer, an effective and graceful speaker; and then—and then—but I will not mention any more names, but simply state—

White spirits, black spirits, blue spirits, gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, but all have passed away;
They sing not, they dance not, nor respond to our call,
But echo and re-echo the name of "Monk Hall."

From which one would infer (the poetry being partly original,) that the old devotees of the past had come back to indulge in the "flowing bowl" and to sing and live over again their weird and mystic lives. One can almost hear the strains of the violin and see the moving figures, and hear the voice of the leader calling out—

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined ; no sleep till morn,
Till youth and beauty meet, to chase the hours with flying feet."

And then the last night has come, the last song is to be sung, the last dance to be enjoyed, the last farewell given, the last drink taken, when we hear the chorus :

"Come, pass round the bowl—we'll drink while we stay,
Although from the hall ere the dawning of day
Our order forever wide-scattered shall be,
No more to unite in our wild revelry.
Bright spirits of Heaven, and spirits of hell,
With their thin airy forms and sulphurous smell,
Flit wildly around us and join in our glee,
Sing to our dancing and bend the gay knee."

The actors are all dead, but old "Monk Hall" still stands to remind us of some of the incidents of 1849, which I now pass into history.

FIRST BANKERS—BORUP & OAKES.

These gentlemen were the first legitimate bankers in the Territory of Minnesota, and indeed I may say in the City of ST. PAUL. Charles W. Borup, the senior member, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1806, and died in ST. PAUL July, 1859, aged 53 years. He came to Mackinaw, Lake Superior, in 1831, was connected with what was known as the Northern Outfit, established at St. Louis, to trade with the Chippewa Indians, and had in charge trading posts at Rainy Lake. He subsequently became chief agent of the American Fur Company, then controlled by P. Choteau, Jr., & Co., of St. Louis, Missouri. At one time he lived at Fort Snelling, Leech Lake, etc., and came to ST. PAUL to reside permanently in 1849.

BANKING BUSINESS.

In 1853 Borup and Oakes went into the banking business in this city in a building which stood opposite the Merchants

hotel, where the Prince block now stands. In December of this year I called upon them for the first money I had earned in the Territory as a writer on the *Pioneer*—amount \$130—when I was told they did not have funds enough in the bank to pay, but they would have some in a day or two. I waited and was paid. And this was banking in the early days! Then their business increased, and they moved to a room under the Merchants hotel. In course of time the bank put out bills of an institution belonging to George Smith, called the Atlanta money. Then the business of the institution began to swell to large proportions; but the people became uneasy about this class of bills and they were driven home on the bank, and thereafter the owners confined themselves to a more legitimate mode of financiering.

“TWO ENDORSERS, SIR.”

Late one afternoon a then prominent dry goods merchant and an intimate friend of Mr. Borup, rushed into the bank while a crowd of men were standing about the paying clerk's desk, and told Mr. Borup he wanted \$3,000 to send to New York.

“Have you two endorsers?” inquired Mr. Borup.

“Why—no—Mr. Borup. You know——”

“Can't help it.”

“Mr. Borup,” expostulated the merchant, “if I don't get this aid I am ruined.”

“I can't help it, sir; you must have two endorsers, sir; that is our rule, sir, and we can't deviate in your case.”

The men in the crowd looked at each other and Borup went on with his business. The merchant retired to his private room, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed—“I am lost!” when a gentle tap was heard at the door and a boy handed him a note reading:

Your \$3,000 has been sent. Never again ask for accommodations in a crowd without being ready to comply with our rules. See me privately. Yours, B.

Of course the merchant was saved financially, and when he wanted any further accommodation at the bank, he took good care to see Mr. Borup “privately.”

MR. BORUP PERSONALLY.

Mr. Borup was a short, thick-set man, with a florid complexion, and, I think, with blue eyes. He was quick in speech

and quick in motion; very decided in his way and all business. He could be very stern and then again could be very mild. He was a remarkable man, of tact and will-power, never yielding in business matters, and yet, as a father, husband, friend, kind, gentle, loving. As a banking man of to-day he would rank high. Charles H. Oakes, his partner, was right the opposite in all these characteristics. He was always smiling, always kind, less brusque in his ways than Borup, but more easy in his nature. He rarely disagreed with anyone, and yet he was a man who had a mind of his own. He was venturesome; Borup never went outside of legitimate business. They got along well together as partners, as Borup did the business and Oakes always agreed with him.

HIS DEATH.

Mr. Borup entered his bank one morning and complained of a pain in his heart. He finally left the bank, leaning on the arm of a friend, still living, and reached his home. The friend left, and in fifteen minutes after Mr. Borup was dead, struck down while sitting in his chair, by heart disease. He was a man of strong character, and as a financier would rank among the best of to-day. He left quite a large family, only four or five of whom survive him.

JUST ESCAPED LYNCHING.

Judge Goodrich informs me that while in a grocery store in upper town on the 4th day of July, 1850, he overheard a rough customer request volunteers to go down and lynch "old Borup." The Judge's devoted friendship for Mr. B. led him to make quick steps to the office of the doomed man, and he had just time to inform Mr. Borup of what was in contemplation, when the crowd pressed in upon him. The leader informed the banker that he had insulted not only them, but the whole American nation. Borup wanted to know how, when they pointed to the top of his house, which then stood on the corner of Fourth and Jackson streets, and there they saw floating an English flag! Borup was dumbfounded, but recovering his senses he assured the crowd that he meant no disrespect; in fact, he did not know that the flag was there. On investigation it was found that his little son Gus, aged about six years, in rummaging a trunk, had found the

flag which had been given to Mr. Borup by an Indian from the British Possessions, and out of pure patriotism for the American eagle, had climbed upon the top of the house and without the consent or knowledge of his father, had thrown it to the breeze. The crowd was satisfied with the explanation, and Mr. Borup went into the house muttering to himself—"That Gus will be the ruin of me yet"—while the little fellow shoved his hands deep down into his breeches pockets with a self-assured air that he was master of the situation. Gus is still alive.

JOHN ROGERS—OLDEST CONTINUOUS LANDLORD IN THE CITY.

I find that notwithstanding I have reached the year 1850, yet there are several old settlers left straggling along in 1849, and I propose to pick them up and put them among the other landmarks which adorn my history. One of the most unpretending of these is John Rogers, who kept a hotel on Robert street, next to the new German-American Bank, up to 1885, and where he had continuously acted as landlord for the past thirty-two years, out-ranking any other landlord in the city or State. Mr. Rogers was born in Ireland in 1828, came to America in 1845, and to ST. PAUL in 1849. He purchased two lots where he now lives on Robert street, for \$250, worth at present \$30,000. Upon one of these lots he built a small wooden house in which he resided, and later, in 1852, he erected on his other lot the brick building which is now his hotel. In 1849 the land was prairie back to Wabasha street, while in front of his house it was broken, and a stream of water gurgled down under what is known as the building of the First National Bank. He was elected one of the first Aldermen of the city, and he and Bush Lott are the only surviving Aldermen of that day. He was also School Inspector for three years. In 1850 he was the first butcher who ran a cart and supplied ST. PAUL, St. Anthony, Fort Snelling and Mendota with fresh meat. Mosher & Douglas started an opposition line, but while they were blacking their boots and polishing their stove pipe hats preparatory to starting out on their journey, Rogers had made his rounds, supplied his customers and was on his way home. Of course the opposition firm went out of business in less than a year. He was in the habit of purchasing flocks of sheep and fattening them on the natural food they found just in

front of his house, and reaching down to Jackson street. He has had fifteen children born in Minnesota, nine of whom are alive, and two sons are in business for themselves. His hotel building has thirty-two rooms in it, and he has run it himself just thirty-two years.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. Rogers is a small man, keen, quiet, unpretending and yet full of genuine Irish wit. He is a man who has paid strict attention to his business, and has been satisfied to let well enough alone. In over a quarter of a century while others have made changes he has obstinately "held the fort," and now in turn the fort holds him as he glides quietly and peacefully down the valley of life, bearing the honor of being the oldest landlord in the State.

R. P. RUSSELL.

Mr. Russell was born in Vermont in 1820; resided in Michigan three years; came to Fort Snelling at the request of Hon. H. M. Rice, in 1839, traveling on foot from Prairie du Chien through deep snow with only an Indian guide; removed to the Indian country in 1845 and entered the employ of Gen. Sibley; became a resident at the Falls of St. Anthony in 1847 and entered the service of the late Franklin Steele; in the fall of that year opened the first store in what is now Minneapolis; was married to Miss Marion Patch in 1848, it being the first marriage ceremony performed at the Falls of St. Anthony; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 and took charge of the business of H. M. Rice; in the fall of that year formed a partnership with J. D. Crutten- den; then removed to St. Anthony and engaged in mercantile business, and as St. Anthony was in Ramsey County, Mr. Rus- sell was elected County Commissioner the year before the first Court House was built; served three years and signed the bonds issued for building the same; in 1862 was elected to the Legis- lature; in 1854 was appointed Receiver of the United States for the Minneapolis land office; resigned in 1858. During the time he was Receiver nearly all the land in said district, including WEST ST. PAUL and all of Dakota County were sold to actual settlers at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre! In 1862 he was elected one of the Trustees of the then village of Minneap-

olis ; served until the village became a city ; was elected chairman of the Board of Town Supervisors for the town of Minneapolis in 1872, and served continuously until 1883 ; laid out a part of what is now the city of Minneapolis, and has done his full share in building up that city. N. W. Kittson, H. M. Rice and Mr. Russell are probably the three oldest former living residents of Hennepin County, Mr. Russell being the oldest settler now living in the county. Ten children once graced the family circle of this old settler, nine of whom still survive.

PERSONAL.

In all the positions of trust and of responsibility in which Mr. Russell has been placed, he has filled them with great credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his employers. He is a quiet, honest, honorable gentleman, very popular and very greatly esteemed by those who know him. He has a plenty of this world's goods, is surrounded by an interesting family of children, and is among the most respected and best known of the citizens of our sister city.

CHAUNCEY HOBART.

A venerable looking man, but a man of fine ability and strong character, is Rev. Hobart, now living in Red Wing, Minnesota, aged seventy-four years. He has a prominent forehead and decided features, which mark him as a man of great endurance and power, and though now passed three-score-years-and-ten, yet he is vigorous even in old age. He was born on the shores of Lake Champlain, in Vermont, in 1811, and is one of twins ; was raised on a farm, and at the age of eight years was in the habit of riding twelve miles on horseback to carry grist to the mill ; attended a country school ; moved with his parents to Illinois in 1821 ; joined the church in 1834 ; married the same year ; in 1835 was licensed to exhort ; and was soon after recommended to preach, and so authorized, and from this time forward Mr. Hobart wended his way through forests and swamps in the far West, and has been preaching nearly fifty years. He came to ST. PAUL in 1849, when there were only 400 inhabitants. He was the first Chaplain of the first Legislature, and through his labors completed the little brick church fronting Rice Park.

In his history of his life he speaks of a journey to a camp-meeting in the following manner :

“Then we plunged into the wilderness, which we knew to be a vast, dense unbroken forest for the next one hundred miles, with nothing to guide us but the sun, the stars, and a pocket-compass; had food for three and a half days; four blankets, coffee pot, two tin cups, a hand-ax, a rifle, and a pair of saddle-bags. After having traveled about fifteen miles, we camped in a deep ravine in a choke-cherry thicket, just deserted by a company of bears. The next day we passed over a rough country, many hills being more than four hundred feet high. Found shelter in a friendly cave while a severe thunder-storm passed by, and then we camped that night in a deep ravine, and were thoroughly drenched about midnight, being then driven out of bed to find shelter behind the large trees around us. In the morning we dried our clothes by a rousing fire, ate our breakfast, offered up our morning prayer, and pursued our journey.”

Mr. Hobart purchased two lots in Red Wing in 1853, and upon these lots he built a humble home, where he now resides. He was a resident of Minneapolis for some time, and then moved to ST. PAUL, where he continued some years, and now makes his home in Red Wing. He is a gallant old soldier of the Cross of Christ.

ALEXANDER WILKIN.

Capt. Wilkin was a brother of Judge Wilkin, of our District Court, and son of the late Judge Samuel Wilkin of Orange County, N. Y., where he was born in the year 1820. He studied law with his father, and for a time practiced at Goshen. In 1847 he enlisted for the Mexican war; was commissioned Captain; served under Gen. Taylor; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; practiced his profession, when, in 1851 he was appointed United States Marshal for Minnesota, and served until 1853, and that year he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated, when, in 1860 he espoused the cause of Stephen A. Douglas. He visited Europe during the Crimean war, roamed among the allied armies, and became thoroughly posted in the soldier art of the European forces. He was in ST. PAUL practicing his profession and dealing in real estate up to the breaking out of the rebellion; recruited the first company of the first regiment for the war; was Major of the Second Minnesota; commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment in 1862; made Colonel of the Ninth Regiment the same year; left the frontier and took part against Forest in the South; acted bravely at Bull Run; when, in the

battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, on July 14, 1864, he was shot through the heart and killed instantly.

CAPTAIN WILKIN AS A MAN.

Capt. Wilkin was a small man, not weighing much over one hundred pounds, yet he was the soul of honor and of manhood. I knew him intimately and well, as he was associated with the writer financially in the establishment of the old *Times*. He was brave, active, manly, sensitive, honorable, generous, courteous, ambitious and chivalrous. He was aspiring, and would have been glad to have held some responsible political position, and yet he would have scorned to have obtained it through any mean trick. Failing in achieving his ideal political preferment, he entered the army, and here he exhibited traits of character which proved him to be a brave and noble soldier. He was excitable in his temperament and quick to resent a wrong, yet he was magnanimous and forgiving. Few men have gone down to the grave with a better record or a better name than Col. Alex. Wilkin, and few names will be more kindly remembered by the old settlers, than that of the "Little Captain."

ROBERT KENNEDY.

An old man, eighty-three years of age, who arrived in this city thirty-six years ago, and who was born in Virginia in 1801 and came to ST. PAUL in 1849, is a living memento of the old Central House in which the first session of the first Legislature was held, for Mr. Kennedy at this time was the famous landlord of this famous hotel, the first public house the writer stopped at when he came to ST. PAUL in the year 1853. After running the Central House for three years, he moved to Shakopee in 1854, built and ran a hotel there thirteen years, when he returned to ST. PAUL in 1857 and kept a boarding house for a time; then ran what was known as "Moffett's Castle" three years; was landlord of the old Snelling House on now West Seventh street two years; again kept a boarding house; then took the Burnand House on Fourth street, and ran that for several years, thus filling out in Minnesota some thirty years of his life as landlord and boarding house keeper.

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS—HEAVY FEES.

In 1853 Mr. Kennedy was appointed Collector of Customs for the port of ST. PAUL, and he held this office up to 1856, when he resigned in favor of a little, dumpty old settler by the name of L. B. Wait, a peculiar character in his day. During his term of office, that is, three years, Mr. Kennedy received \$46.42 as custom house fees. He was also inspector of steamboats and did a lively business when the boats arrived, which in those early days was not very often.

OVER THE PLAINS—GOLD!—PERSONAL COURAGE.

Mr. Kennedy, tired of catering to the inner man, which is the biggest part of the human family, in 1864 started over the plains for the gold mines of Montana, where he remained about a year. Here he made a gold claim near where Helena is now a prosperous city, and out of this he took gold enough to pay all his debts, most of which had been accumulated by endorsing. After his return home his son sold out his gold claim in Montana for \$370, now worth \$300,000!

Mr. Kennedy came in contact with many rough characters in early days, which tested his personal courage. In one instance he was informed that a bad man was about the street armed with a knife seeking his life. Kennedy confronted him, took the knife out of his belt, and actually forced him to go and deliver it up where he got it. At another time an ugly fellow threatened to shoot him, but Kennedy met him boldly, got the drop on him, and the fellow threw up the sponge.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are considerably advanced in years, and they claim that during the Indian rebellion they fed horses and men for which they never received a cent. Mr. K. is incapacitated from performing any labor in consequence of an injury to his knee, while Mrs. K., a kind, genial, worthy lady, is worn out with hard work. They both deserve a pension of the government.

GUS. J. BORUP.

Mr. Borup is a son of the late Charles W. Borup and the same little fellow who planted an English flag on the top of the flag staff of his father's house, on the Fourth of July, 1850, and

which act came very near causing his father considerable trouble, for the particulars of which see notice of C. W. Borup. He was then about six years of age. He was born at La Pointe, Wisconsin, in 1841; came to ST. PAUL in 1849, and is therefore one of the oldest settlers. He was for a time with his brother Theodore in the grocery and commission business, and then became agent for the transportation lines of the Great Western, Erie and Pacific Dispatch, in which position he has continued ever since. He is a quiet, pleasant, industrious gentleman, well posted in his business and much devoted to it. He is very generally esteemed for his many good qualities.

JOHN B. SPENCER.

Mr. Spencer was born in Kentucky in 1821; was raised upon a farm; attended a common school; learned the carpenter trade; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; worked at his trade here; engaged in steamboating in 1856; in 1862 went to Montana, and was among the first to make mineral discoveries there; accumulated \$10,000, mostly from building houses and selling them and running a saw mill; returned to ST. PAUL in 1865 and worked at his trade; invested money made in real estate; went to Duluth in 1869, where he remained until 1872; built the great break-water and dock at that place; cost \$200,000; is at present engaged at his old trade of building houses in this city.

REAL ESTATE DEALS—PERSONALLY.

Mr. Spencer at one time owned 200 feet square on the corner of Wacouta and Third streets, for which he paid \$1,500; worth now \$200,000; 50 x 150 feet on Robert street, between Third and Fourth, cost \$100, worth \$25,000; 50 feet on Robert street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, upon which Dr. Potts' old house stands, cost \$90; worth \$30,000; seventy-five feet on Wabasha street for \$800; sold for \$1,000; worth \$30,000; a lot on Minnesota street for \$900; sold for \$1,500; worth \$20,000; one acre between Broadway and Canada streets, for \$500; worth \$25,000; 103 acres in WEST ST. PAUL, cost \$1,000; worth \$1,000,000; owned property on Fourth, Pine, Rosabel, Fifth, Sixth and other streets; 120 acres near Como; 160 acres beyond the property of Edmund Rice; and indeed for \$5000 he could have bought

property in ST. PAUL in 1849 which is now worth \$15,000,000! Mr. Spencer lost most of his real estate by endorsing for others, and yet he has some left. He owns some eight houses in the city and the amount of property he has saved is sufficient to enable him to live comfortably, and yet he had the ground-work laid for a large fortune.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. Spencer has sandy whiskers and sandy hair; is tall, slender; moderate in his speech and in his movements, and quite a philosopher in his way. He is a good mechanic; keeps right along at his work; never allows anything to disturb his equilibrium, and never frets over "what might have been!" He is a quiet, cool, conservative, pleasant man and a good citizen.

JUSTUS CORNELIUS RAMSEY.

Mr. Ramsey, brother of Hon. Alexander Ramsey, was born in Pennsylvania near Harrisburg, in 1821; was early left an orphan; received a common school education; learned the trade of a printer; carried the chain in the survey of the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad through the mountains; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 with about \$15,000 in cash; was a member of the Legislature in 1850-3-7, and for several years was an agent of the government.

INVESTMENT IN REAL ESTATE—FIRST PUBLIC BEQUEST.

Soon after Mr. Ramsey's arrival in this city, in connection with his brother he purchased a one-quarter interest in Rice and Irvine's addition to ST. PAUL, including one-quarter interest in the old American House, then partially completed, for \$2,500—the property being jointly owned by the two brothers—now the same property is worth \$500,000. He also purchased outside real estate, so that when he died in January, 1881, he was worth \$200,000.

The will of Mr. Ramsey bequeathed to eight nieces and nephews, and to the Catholic and Protestant Orphan Asylums of ST. PAUL, an equal interest in his estate, or about \$15,000 apiece, and this is, I believe, the first public bequest ever given by any

citizen of ST. PAUL, although many men have died here much richer than Mr. Ramsey was.

PECULIARITIES.

In early days Mr. Ramsey entered largely into social life, but of late years he became more sedate and thoughtful. He was in some respects a peculiar man. He was of good size; bold, frank and devoid of show; despised cant and hypocrisy; never wore an overcoat in the coldest of weather during his residence in Minnesota, except once or twice; was frugal in dress and in every other way in the expenditure of his money, and yet he quietly gave considerable to the needy. He usually walked with his hands in his pockets, and for twelve years made one room in this city his home. He was an unmarried man, and so far as I can learn, had no entangling matrimonial alliances. He was a mason and had taken the thirty-second degree.

HIS DEATH.

For several years Mr. Ramsey had been afflicted with dyspepsia and it had grown upon him to such an extent that it affected his mind. Meeting him soon after his brother was brought out in the newspapers for Senator, he exclaimed—"Why do you do that! Why do you do that! Aleck is a bankrupt! can't raise \$3,000 in the world! he ought to keep out of politics and attend to his business! he's a poor man! a poor man!" His indignant look and vehement expression clearly showed that something was wrong. Then again, just before his death, a friend informed him that he had better go to Florida and eat fruit. "Can't do it! can't do it!" he exclaimed—"I'm too poor! Havn't any money! can't buy fruit!" The evening before his death he partook of California wine and cake, and it was noticed that his voice had a sorrowful tone. Then he was worried over a suit of the government which had been brought to recover on an officer's bond, and as Mr. Ramsey was one of the bondsmen, he was afraid he would be obliged to pay \$20,000. These things no doubt had something to do in unsettling his mind. He was found dead in his room, January 24, 1881, and thus passed into history all that remained of Justus C. Ramsey, except his noble

gift to the little orphans, and that will ever remain green and grand in the ever grateful present and the coming future.

CHARLES AND WILLIAM COLTER.

These two gentlemen came to ST. PAUL in 1849. Charles was a butcher, and at one time owned a good deal of property, and his real estate on Jackson street alone, if he had held it, would have made him a rich man. He was born in Ireland about 1825; was engaged in the lumbering business quite extensively in Maine and in New Brunswick; on arriving at ST. PAUL entered the cattle trade; then started a store on Jackson street and at one time had meat contracts with the government.

William Colter was born in the north of Ireland in 1833; was educated at a common school; came to America in 1845; engaged in the lumbering business in Maine; arrived at ST. PAUL in 1849; went on a survey; took a contract for splitting rails; with his brother engaged in the meat business; shipped stock and killed it; was Second Lieutenant in the Minnesota Heavy Artillery; served about one year; health being poor went to the Pacific coast, California, Australia, Sandwich Islands, Central America, &c.; during this trip engaged in mining enterprises; returned to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but in the crash of 1873 lost heavily; returned to ST. PAUL in 1875; commenced the hat, cap and gentlemen's furnishing business in 1876; was burned out; went to the Black Hills with groceries; and then to Texas in 1878; lost heavily there; made for Leadville; struck a streak of good luck; came back with health impaired and went to work for the city in 1880; has been thus engaged for five years.

He was at one time quite well off, but lost most of his money in endorsing, and has but little left of the wreck of a fortune of over \$150,000. He procured a pension for injuries while in the army, and is now contented with his every-day work, and he does work hard and faithfully.

"DARK AS THE DEVIL."

Two toppers went to bed in a wayside inn one night with the understanding that they were to be up early in the morning to take the stage. One of them arose about four o'clock, opened

the blind, put his head out into the air and exclaimed to his half awake companion :

“John! it is as dark as the devil—going to storm, and I smell brimstone!”

John got up, and after fumbling around for a while, stuck his head out of the window and remarked to Jim :

“Well, old boy, it is pretty dark ; I guess the storm *is* coming, but I smell cheese !”

They both had stuck their heads into a cupboard instead of out of a window, while the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing gaily and the stage had been gone several hours!

Colter says he thought it *was* pretty black when he thrust his head out into the financial sky in 1873, and he is quite sure he smelt brimstone! He is a social, pleasant man, and has arrived at that stage of life when philosophy usurps the gay dreams of youth and tones the ardor of more mature manhood.

MARSHALL SHERMAN.

Born in Vermont in 1822 ; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 ; was among the first painters in the city ; enlisted in the Union army for ninety days ; then for three years, and went through all the battles without a scratch ; at the end of his time he re-enlisted, and lost his leg in the first engagement. Mr. Sherman is a bachelor, quiet, modest, and very retiring in his nature. He has been connected with the insurance business, and is a striking illustration of the poetical expression :

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

He is a good citizen and a good man.

J. W. SELBY—PURCHASES.

Mr. Selby was born in Ohio in 1812 ; was for many years a resident of St. Louis and Cincinnati, and in the latter city was a partner in a large commission house. Sickness induced him to come to Minnesota, and he settled in ST. PAUL in 1849.

He purchased ten acres on St. Anthony hill running from College avenue back up on to the hill, for \$200, or ten dollars per acre, and this he put under cultivation, raising potatoes and gar-

den vegetables. James K. Humphrey, Esq., advanced him the money to make this purchase, he having invested his surplus funds in merchandise, etc., and before he had fully closed the trade he was offered \$1,000 for his bargain, but he erected a small house upon the ground and kept the property until he sold all his land below Summit avenue (reserving that above,) for a sum of money sufficient to enable him to erect his brick homestead where the Kittson mansion now stands, well known to old settlers. In 1850 he bought forty acres lying back and west of his original purchase, for which he paid fifty dollars per acre. This land was then covered with trees and underbrush, which he cleared and cultivated. The same property is worth now \$10,000 per acre, or in the aggregate \$800,000. At the time he made his first purchase there were only one or two houses above Seven Corners, while now it has some of the handsomest dwellings in the city.

OFFICES HELD, AND AS A MAN.

He was a member of the Legislature in 1852, City Assessor, member of the Board of County Commissioners, and a leading elder in the First Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Selby was a man of medium size and rather slender; had sharp features, a clean-cut nose, and reminded one of a New England Yankee. He was very industrious, economical and thrifty. He obtained quite a living from his garden, and that with the sale of part of his land, made him at the time he died, comfortably well off. He was a conscientious, liberal-minded, high-toned gentleman, and was universally respected by the community. He died of a tumor in the stomach on the 11th of April, 1855, aged forty-three years, and very few men have left behind them a better record or a better name than that of J. W. Selby.

MRS. SELBY—THAT COFFEE!

Mrs. Selby may very justly be classed among the old settlers, and one who did her share towards moulding public sentiment. I remember her as a bright, jovial, pleasant woman, always cheerful and scattering sunshine in her path. She toiled with her husband to accumulate their property, and after his death visited Europe and then married her old lover, now Senator Conger from Michigan.

In early days the writer advocated the principles of temperance strongly, and on the incoming of the New Year he suggested that the ladies present nothing to their gentlemen friends stronger than coffee, so Mrs. Selby, in the goodness of her heart, set a special table for my benefit, in which coffee was to be the leading feature, but unfortunately I was prevented from making my New Year calls, and during all these long years I have been regretting the loss of that delicious coffee which was intended as a compliment to my temperance principles. The reader can appreciate this point when he comes to understand that intoxicating liquor was the universal rule, not the exception. Mrs. S. was in favor of every good movement to benefit the public, and although now a resident of another State, yet she makes her yearly pilgrimage to this city in order to live over again her young married life.

JOSEPH VILLAUME.

An old straggler has just come into headquarters and reports that he was born in France in 1812; that he was in the employ of the French Government as a police officer for fourteen years; that in 1848 he emigrated to this country and landed in New Orleans; that he arrived at ST. PAUL in 1849, or 36 years ago; that he embarked in the Indian trade, as at that early period there were only a few houses where now stands ST. PAUL, and the balance of the population was made up of red men who occupied a good many tepees. He states that then there were hills, and valleys, and running streams, and brush, and trees, and rocks, where this city now rises into greatness and into grandeur, and that nobody could even imagine at that early day that ST. PAUL could by any possibility grow into a respectable sized village, to say nothing of a city of 120,000 people! and yet, he says, here it is. And look at

THE CONTRAST.

There, nestling in modesty on Sixth street, and meditating on the past, is a little one story and a half French building, the oldest dwelling house in the city of ST. PAUL, while just to the right of it, fronting on Robert street, is the elegant seven-story edifice of the Chamber of Commerce, and diagonally across from

this fine specimen of architecture rises into majesty and into beauty the new \$1,000,000 hotel! The little brown house now forty-six years old, looks out upon the scene with wonderment! When it first reared its head into civilization, how proud and grand it was! How it loomed up against the board shanties and wigwams of decaying barbarism! How the owner and his wife—both gone into the land of dreams—praised, and petted, and admired it! How visitors snuggled down in its cozy parlor and laughed at the beating storm that howled on the outside! How the green vines twined their loving arms about its broad, square, good-natured face and peeked in at the window! And how little children gazed up in awe at its massive height! Poor little, humble nobody now! You live only in the shadows of the great buildings that frown down upon you! They hardly know you by reputation, and if they did know you they would care less for you! To them the past is nothing! What of to-day? What of next year? and so time comes and goes, and by and by, and very soon too, the little old brown house will be missed from its accustomed place; its old tired and wearied timbers will be carried to their long home and only history will drop a tear over its memory!

“Just so!” said the aged Frenchman,—“just so,” and I saw a red handkerchief in his hand, and a little black speck in his eye, and a tear upon his cheek, and turning he gazed for a moment upon the little unpretending brown house and then upon the great mass of brick that towered heavenward on the opposite corner, and moving away with tottering steps, I heard him muttering—“Yes, the contrast!—I see it!—just so!—just so!” And his form faded, faded, faded—and was—gone—forever!

W. H. TINKER.

Mr. T. was born in Connecticut in 1813; came to ST. PAUL in 1849; opened a tailor's shop on Third street, and continued the business up to 1854, when, in company with T. M. Metcalf, he engaged in the grocery trade in a store on Third street, near Wabasha, and after a continuance of several years in this business, gave it up and clerked for S. P. Folsom & Co., and was also in the Recorder's and Marshal's offices. Of late years Mr. Tinker has been doing very little, as he has passed three score

and ten, and enjoys more keenly the old rocking-chair by the parlor stove than a tustle with the affairs of life on the outside with the thermometer forty degrees below zero. He purchased in 1851 eight acres lying between Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets, for which he paid \$284; worth now \$50,000. He is a small, thin man; moderate in his movements and very quiet in his conversation, and is also a man of a good deal of ability, and has only been waiting for an opportunity to show the world what he could have done—had he a chance. But it never came.

NATHAN SPICER.

Mr. Spicer was a tall, gaunt man, and very quiet in his ways. He came to ST. PAUL in 1849 and opened a jewelry store, probably among the very first established in the city, and located on Third street. He was a person of which but little can be said, except that he attended to his business, was a good workman and a good citizen. Where born or when born I do not know, but if living he must be about sixty-five years of age.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS' QUARREL.

"I heard Mr. Duda speak of you yesterday in terms of panegyrical encomium," remarked the high-school girl to her dearest friend.

"And what did you say?"

"I coincided with his laudations."

"Well, I always thought you were a friend of mine, but if you allow people to speak about me like that without saying a word, I'll never speak to you again, you hateful thing. So there!"

"So there!" kind reader, if you become offended by my "panegyrical encomiums," you can take revenge upon me by never speaking to me again. But I feel pretty safe, even if the school-girl did go back upon her friend. "So there."

MATHEW GROFF.

Mr. Groff was a painter by trade, and in early days was a very ardent Republican, and on the subject of politics he was most decided. At one time he had property in this city which is now quite valuable. Fate turned against him, and his health

failing, he struggled on manfully ; was at one time a member of the drug firm of Wren, Groff & Regally, finally began the manufacture of what is now known as the Snow-Flake Baking Powder, and when fully perfected, he died. The receipt for making the same passed into the hands of his son Charles, and Mr. Groff's name is now found in many a household. He was a man of ordinary size ; somewhat irritable over the mishaps of life, yet generous and good-hearted. He was born near Troy, N. Y., in 1821 ; educated there, and taught school in Kentucky and Virginia ; came to ST. PAUL in 1849 ; ran the old Mississippi House for a time ; dealt in real estate ; in company with others laid out and was an owner in the town sites of Carver, Belle Plaine, and other places ; was landlord of the Snelling House ; aided in issuing a directory ; was a broker for a year or so on Jackson street ; started the Snow-Flake Baking Powder in 1862 ; died in 1876, aged fifty-five years. His son, Charles R. Groff, now carries on the business on a large scale.

P. P. BISHOP.

Mr. Bishop was a young lawyer of considerable ability and possessed a great amount of splendid mother-wit. He figured in early days with such men as E. Rice, Hollinshead, Becker, etc., and took rank with any of them. He was a cousin of the late Mrs. McConkey, *nee* Miss Harriet Bishop, and was noted for his unusually bright and talented mind. He was born in Vermont in 1825 ; received a good education and graduated at college ; studied law and came to ST. PAUL in 1849, where he practiced his profession. In a letter to Gov. Marshall, his old friend, he writes :

“Twelve years of my life—from the age of twenty to the age of thirty-two—were thrown away for the most part, because I kept no remote end in view, and maintained no paramount rule of conduct, but permitted myself to be governed by the impulses which happened to be stirred within me.”

Conscious of this fact, Mr. Bishop decided to become a Christian, and so announced his decision at “a little prayer-meeting in the Baptist Church” of this city, and following this he took a two-years' course of study in the Theological Department of the Madison University ; graduated in 1858 ; married Miss Sophia M. Lathrop, of Hamilton, N. Y. ; settled as a pastor of the Baptist Church at Burlington, Ia. ; was pastor of the First Baptist

Church of Auburn, N. Y., from 1860 to 1868 ; went from thence on account of ill-health, as general missionary for the State of Florida ; in 1872 closed his engagement with the missionary society ; purchased 6,000 acres of a wild orange grove on credit ; enlisted capital ; has done well, and his income is now \$5,000 per year above the interest money paid upon the land. In 1876 he took a very active part against the carpet-baggers in Florida, and was elected to the Legislature ; attended the last two Democratic conventions, and could have been elected to Congress if he had consented to serve. He is in a good condition financially and fills up his spare time with literary labors. I did not know Mr. Bishop personally, but all his old Minnesota friends will be glad to read this flattering account of his checkered career.

JOSEPH W. BABCOCK

Was born in 1819, at Windham, Connecticut, and received his early education there. When a young man he was employed much of the time as agent for new publications and traveled extensively throughout the New England and the Middle States. At the commencement of the Mexican campaign he entered Company H, Fifth Infantry, and served through the war ; came to ST. PAUL from New Orleans in 1849 ; was commission merchant ; had a store near the upper steamboat landing, and had charge of two warehouses there ; left ST. PAUL in the fall of 1852 and went to Kasota, where he made a claim before the treaty was ratified and while Red Iron's band of Indians was still there ; in the spring of 1853 he laid out the town of Kasota ; built a saw mill, and in company with George Marsh, now of Mankato, obtained a contract to carry the mail from ST. PAUL to Sioux City for three years. Financially he never recovered fully from the crash of 1857. He opened the Kasota stone quarries in 1869, and died at his residence in Kasota on the 15th of February, 1882, aged sixty-three years.

Mr. Babcock was a man of medium size ; very active and had a habit of shrugging his shoulders and hitching up his pants. He was full of business, but adverse circumstances overtook him as they overtook many others, and he went down in the financial crash of 1857, and never fully gained his feet. He has a son,

who succeeded his father in the stone quarry business, and who resides at Kasota.

JOSEPH H. SEMPER.

Mr. Semper was born in Canada in 1844; came to ST. PAUL in 1849, or thirty-six years ago, and was educated here; enlisted in Brackett's Battalion and served through the war; also went out with Capt. Fisk on his trip to Montana, and when Fisk offered a reward of \$25 for the first Indian scalp, Semper brought it in with the head attached; he at one time lived at Little Canada; then for eight years was in the employ of Day & Jenks; also in that of the late H. B. Harwood, Wyman & Mullen, and finally with Lanpher, Finch & Skinner, with whom he remained up to his death. Mr. Semper was a heavy man, well and favorably known among the traveling men, and at one time had a brother in the shoe business on Third street. He was a gentleman of good traits of character, kind, considerate, honest, manly.

JOHN MURPHY,

Son of Luke Murphy, was born at Fort Snelling in 1849; removed to ST. PAUL with his family the same year; was educated here and learned the trade of a painter, and is now employed in the Manitoba paint shops. He is a bright middle-aged man and very worthy, and well learned in his business.

MRS. M. L. STOAKES.

Mrs. Stoakes was born in the State of New York in 1812; lived in Western New York for some years; resided a short time in Illinois, then at Prairie du Chien, when, in 1849 she came to ST. PAUL and opened a millinery store on the corner of Third and Washington streets, south side. She established the first regular millinery establishment in the city, although millinery on a limited scale was carried on by another party. She remained in the city eighteen years, when she removed to Montana in 1867, going by railroad and coach to Sioux City, and then by Missouri river to Fort Benton, and was forty-seven days on the steamer from Sioux City to Fort Benton. She has property in the city, and returns to ST. PAUL almost every year to give it attention and see her old friends. She is a woman of strong business

characteristics, quietly spoken, and ranks among the most respected of the old settlers. She has one daughter who married a Mr. Cullen, a leading attorney of Montana.

JOSEPH ROBERT.

Mr. Robert is a brother of the late Capt. Louis Robert, and was born in Missouri in 1827; worked on a farm up to 1844; removed to Prairie du Chien; came to ST. PAUL in 1845, and was for a short time engaged with his brother in a store; the same year went to the Red River of the North with three carts loaded with goods, and an Indian pony; traded there until 1849, when he returned to ST. PAUL and took charge of the transportation of the goods of the Winnebago Indians to Long Prairie; bought a store at Swan river and commenced trading; ran it for two years; began freighting in 1853-4, and in 1859 took a contract to carry goods and emigrants from ST. PAUL to St. Anthony, Crow Wing and other points in the Territory; then bought lands in various parts of Minnesota, having made no money in the Indian trade, probably being too honest; in 1860 was connected with his brother in the Indian business. He was on his way to one of his brother's trading posts when he was informed that the Indians had broken out and were killing the settlers. He rode out from New Ulm near enough to satisfy himself that this was the fact, when he turned and gave the settlers warning; re-entered New Ulm; was a bearer of dispatches to Gen. Sibley; returned and was in and about New Ulm seventeen days, and engaged in the fight there two days. In the fall of 1862 (speaking the Chipewewa language readily,) he commenced trading with that tribe at Mille Lac. He continued there up to 1882, when he returned to ST. PAUL, where he has remained ever since. In 1865 he went through to Vermillion lake for a New York company, with seven teams. He has always resided in ST. PAUL with his family, from 1849 up to 1885, though he has at different times been absent on business, and spends his summers at his country residence on the shores of Bald Eagle lake.

AT WASHINGTON.

In 1884 Mr. Robert visited Washington and spent two months fighting for the rights of the Indians, as a decision had

been made that the whites had a right to go on to the Indian reservation and make homesteads. It was through Mr. Robert's influence that this decision was revoked, and now he finds that the white settlers who went on to the land in good faith under the decision of the government, are ordered to leave without any redress, and he thinks this a great wrong; that their money ought to be refunded and they recompensed for their loss. And Mr. Robert is right.

PLOUGHING IN THE CITY.

In 1845, or forty years ago, Mr. Robert ploughed a field of about twenty acres then fenced, running from Third street back to nearly Sixth street, and from half way to Minnesota one way and half way to Jackson the other, and in this field he planted oats and raised a good crop. The street where he raised the oats has just been paved. The twenty acres cost his brother about \$300; worth now upward of \$2,000,000! At this time there were about ten families in the place, and not to exceed fifty white people. Mr. Robert has been an important interpreter for the Chippewa Indians; was elected Alderman of ST. PAUL in 1881, and re-elected in 1883, serving two terms; was on the park committee, and was also on the committee appointed to receive Villard and President Arthur. He is a tall, muscular man, somewhat commanding in his appearance, well preserved physically and differing from an ordinary Frenchman in that he is moderate in his conversation and in his manners, and yet he is a man of activity and great endurance, as a checkered life of some forty years in Minnesota clearly shows. He is social, pleasant, honest; a great friend of the Indians and a great friend of humanity generally.

CHAPTER XI.

1850.

First Mayor—First Brick Store—First Thanksgiving—First Theatricals—First Bowling Alley—First Lithograph—First Express—First Messenger—First Fresh and Shell Oysters—First Photographer—First Carbon Oil—First Fire—First Church Bell—First Court House—First Episcopal Church—First Directory—First Appearance of Cholera—First Presbyterian Church Organized—First Term of Court in Ramsey County—First President Chamber of Commerce—First Daguerrean Artist—Embracing all the Events and Incidents of this Year.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS—BALLS.

The first of the year opened up auspiciously for the introduction of the social amenities of life. New Year's calls were very generally indulged in and many a side-board glistened with free entertainment, which at the present day would make the ordinary tramp smack his lips. The people began to put on style. On the evening of January 1, 1850, a ball was given at the Central House, which building then stood on Bench street, at the foot of Robert, and was attended by one hundred gentlemen, and almost as many ladies. On the 22d of February, or Washington's birthday, another ball was given at the American House, which eclipsed all previous attempts in this line. A band of music was in attendance, and about eighty persons enjoyed the occasion. In fact all through the winter of 1850 balls and social festivities ruled the hour.

NO REMARKABLE EVENTS.

I find no remarkable events transpiring during the year 1850. The place then was celebrated as it is now for its great number of lawyers, there being at this time twenty-five. In November, 1849, the First Presbyterian Church was organized, with Rev. E. D. Neill as pastor, one of Minnesota's best known old pioneers, and the church began this year to assume form and shape. Three schools were also in progress. The Legislature met for the second time in January, 1850, in the old Rice House, Third street, corner Washington, now occupied by Metropolitan hotel. The first term of court for Ramsey County was held. Mr. Neill's chapel was burned in April. Population, 1,290. Christ's Church organized; cholera appears; Fredricka Bremer visits the city; building of Court House commenced; County Jail built, and the first Thanksgiving celebrated. Society seemed to be quietly moulding itself to civilization, and yet there are no startling events to make the year 1850 memorable.

POST OFFICES AND LETTERS.

In 1850 there were sixteen post offices in the Territory of Minnesota; in 1883 there were 10,084 in the State; in 1850 36,400 letters passed through our post office during the year; in 1883 7,146,883 letters passed through the post office in the same length of time; or 700 letters passed through the post office per week in 1850, and 137,443 passed through the post office per week in 1883, a gain of 136,743 per week over 1850. Letters then were one month on the way from Washington; now they are four or five days.

ABRAM S. ELFELT—FIRST THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

Mr. Elfelt was born in Pennsylvania in 1827 and came to ST. PAUL in 1850, or thirty-five years ago. He, with his brothers, opened the first dry-goods house in this city in 1849, he being then in Philadelphia and they here, and their building stood at the foot of Eagle street, near the upper levee, and where the Minnesota Soap Company now have a large establishment. Then, he and his brothers, in 1851, erected the present large building corner of Third and Exchange streets. This at the

time it was erected, was the largest building in the city and called out a good many citizens to aid in lifting the frame. The upper part of the building was known as Mazourka Hall, and in this hall the first theatrical representations in the city were given. The glass, and nails, and paints used, were transported 800 miles, and laborers were paid five dollars per day. The building at first was stocked with dry-goods and groceries, but subsequently was devoted exclusively to dry-goods. Mr. Elfelt continued in the dry-goods trade for about seventeen years, when he became interested in real estate and has more or less ever since followed this branch of business. He originated the first Board of Trade, in 1864, and was one of the first directors, and on that being merged into the Chamber of Commerce he became a member of that body and subsequently a director. He has spent a great deal of his time gratuitously in fostering immigration, sending away pamphlets, etc., and has taken especial interest in the building and completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, having great faith that this line of road would add to the development of the city and the State. As a mark of appreciation the Chamber of Commerce passed unanimously a vote of thanks to Mr. Elfelt for his labors in behalf of immigration. In 1850 Mr. Elfelt purchased sixteen lots for \$800, which he still owns; worth now \$25,000.

ELFELT PERSONALLY.

He is a small man with black hair and whiskers, and speaks quite earnestly. He usually wears a silk hat, sometimes eye-glasses, and is uniformly neat in his dress. He is enthusiastically interested in everything that will advance the interests of ST. PAUL. For thirty-five years he has traveled the streets of ST. PAUL and has seen the growth of the city from mere nothing to what it is to-day. He is quiet, gentlemanly, full of good humor, smokes a good deal, always ready to talk, but when he talks it is with great earnestness. He is kind-hearted, very sympathetic, and is just the kind of man to possess a fortune, for I know if he had it he would do a great deal of good with it. He is an honorable gentleman, frank, social, impulsive, and is universally esteemed for his many good qualities. Mr. E. holds at present no public position except that he is a life member of the Historical Society,

and was the first to contribute towards the purchase of a lot now owned by the association.

THE WINNEBAGOES—RAMSEY'S HAPPY HIT.

The Winnebago Indians became dissatisfied with their reservation this year, and visited Gov. Ramsey to "talk" over the matter. A grand council was held in a large warehouse in this city, and among some of the most noted braves thus gathered, Gov. Ramsey took his place as "the noblest Roman of them all." After matters had been amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the chiefs, the Governor arose and in his bland and most genial manner, impressed upon the savages the importance of leaving whisky alone and becoming a temperance people, and in order to clinch his argument he said—"The white man has quit drinking!—IN A GREAT MEASURE!" The interpreter made him say, "in a large-sized vessel," when one of the old chiefs exclaimed—"That may be very true, but Indian see white man drink out of small measure very often." The Governor turned and remarked—"That may possibly be correct!—the Indian may possibly be right; he probably is, but then the Indian should be careful and avoid the bad habits of the whites, not imitating them in ANY MEASURE, especially in this matter of whisky drinking." It was a neat affair all around, and highly edifying to the Indian traders and interpreters, who, of course, were strictly temperance men, and who were rejoiced to find the Governor on their side!

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Taylor was a colored man, and if my memory serves me he was a barber. At any rate he was a good performer on the fiddle or violin, and was a great favorite at balls and parties. He was a fine-looking fellow, large, portly, well-dressed, easy in his manners, and possessed of a pleasant and musical voice. "Balance partners," would echo through the hall like the sweet strains from an *Æolian* harp, and everybody was happy when "Bill Taylor" did the calling. He was a general favorite among his own people, and was very much liked by the whites. He lived just back of the jail on Fifth street, where his widow did reside until 1885, when she sold to Mr. Capehart for \$8,000 and the old

homestead has gone. Taylor, like many others, always attended the Indian payments, and while at Yellow Medicine in 1862, waiting for the money to arrive, the Indians, under Little Crow, made their outbreak and he was killed. Many old settlers remember Bill Taylor and all will regret his untimely end. He came to ST. PAUL, I think, in 1850.

“OLD BETS”—A CHARACTER.

While this harmless old Indian woman had been in the habit of visiting ST. PAUL several years previous to 1850, yet she became a sort of fixture in the city that year, that is, she was among the whites oftener than usual, and was more generally known, in fact might be rightly called one of the old settlers. Her Sioux name was Aza-ya-man-ka-wan, or Berry Picker. She was born near Mendota in 1788; died at Mendota in 1873, aged eighty-five years; was married to Iron Sword; had several children; one became a Christian, and a daughter, I believe, now lives in ST. PAUL. One of her brothers was a famous warrior, prophet and medicine man, by the name of He-in-da-koo. And this reminds me of the following original Indian legend of Old Bets, which is founded on facts in her early life, gleaned from an old Indian in 1862, and which appears in a volume by the writer, entitled “Thrilling Scenes Among the Indians.” I reproduce it for the benefit of my readers.

OLD BETS.

(Aza-Ya-Man-Ka-Wan; or Berry Picker.)

The familiar face of old Bets used to peer in upon my vision for about twenty years, when all of a sudden it disappeared, and the news came that she was dead. Very few who met her wrinkled face, her laughing eyes, her grotesque figure, or heard her whining voice asking for “kosh-poppy,” or money, knew of the romantic history attached to that old squaw, as she almost daily paraded the streets of ST. PAUL and sold her moccasins or begged for aid! The weight of years, the burden of trouble, silent grief, patient suffering, all leave their impress behind, and the Indian is not exempt from this general law. Who knows or can divine the history of that old man, tottering under the load of a life of suffering? Who could realize that in his early days he

stole the hearts of women, electrified men, and moved the masses with his oratory? Now, old and decrepid, how useless! Who could imagine, even, the early triumphs, the bewitching beauty, the incomparable charms of that young girl, who, threading life's thoroughfare, drew after her hundreds of admirers? now that bent-over, gray-haired, bowed-down form; how changed! So each and every one has a history, and must in turn pass out of youth, and vigor, and beauty, and manhood, and womanhood, into the silent, stealthy tread of old age, groping down the valley of death, hoping to catch a glimpse on the other shore of that light which burns forever! The Indian race is not an exception to the general rule.

Old Bets was once young and handsome, and she drew after her many admirers. Born at the confluence of two rivers—the Mississippi and the Minnesota—her childhood was passed among the scenes of her final death; but her early girlhood was out among the wild scenery of her tribe, where danger confronted the red men of the plains and acts of valor crowned the warrior with undying fame! Young Bets was greatly loved among her tribe, not only for her beauty but for her kind disposition, as well as for her bravery; so it came to pass that a young man who had won great renown on the battle field, sought the hand of the young girl in marriage, and in turn she looked upon his attentions with favor. Her brother, however, being himself a warrior and a medicine man, objected to the match upon the ground that his sister's suitor had, in the past, wronged him, and he declared he should never darken the door of his tepee, even if he did—as he was willing to—make amends for the injury given.

The merry laugh of the Indian maiden gradually died away. Her joyous nature turned to soberness, as she thought of the young heart which beat only for her, and in turn, before she was aware of it, her tenderest feelings were wrapped up in the welfare of the young and ardent lover, whose image had become a part of her own existence. She besought her brother to forgive the young warrior. She assured him that her happiness depended upon her union with him; but the stolid face, the hardened heart would not relax, and she turned away with great sorrow and

entered the forest, where unexpectedly she met Chig-go-nia, her best and dearest friend. Here their interview terminated with a solemn resolve to die for each other, and on the morrow the two were to quietly meet, bid good-by to old associations, and mounted on ponies, pass away west as man and wife.

With the rising of the sun the young and lovely berry-picker had fled, and with her Chig-go-nia. Her brother, whose name was He-in-da-koo, was soon aware of what had occurred, and mounted on one of his fleetest horses, and well armed, he started out in pursuit. About noon he overtook the flying couple, who, conscious of his desperate hatred and unrelenting ferocity, redoubled their speed; the warrior, however, gained upon them until they were all soon together and speeding rapidly over the plain. Young Bets' brother rode in front, and drawing his horse's head across the path of the lover, sought to cut him down with his tomahawk. His sister pleaded for his life, but seeing that her pleadings were all in vain, she reined in her pony, brought him close to the side of her lover, and with one spring from her animal, she landed in his lap. With one arm about the waist of his love, the young man fought bravely for his life, but encumbered with the maiden he fought to great disadvantage, when, all of a sudden his antagonist struck him with his tomahawk on the head from behind, and the young man sank to the earth, and in the arms of his sweet-heart breathed out his last farewell. The maiden was carried back into camp, and though she subsequently married a man of note in her tribe, yet the great sorrow of her early love never left her, and traces of that sorrow could be seen upon her face even in her old age as she trudged up and down our streets.

For many years this inoffensive old woman became a marked character, both to our citizens and to strangers. I remember her as the possessor of a wrinkled face, peculiar eyes, disheveled hair, large mouth, exposed neck, uncouth form; but always with her cheerful "ho-ho," and she plodded along under the weight of years and of her great sorrow. She was a kind and devoted friend to the whites, and before her death became quite poor, but it is a credit to humanity to be able to state, that she was aided by pecuniary help from our citizens, and finally died in the Chris-

tian belief and was accorded a Christian burial in the place of her birth, and where she had spent the best portion of her life.

FIRST MAYOR—DAVID OLMSTED, THE EDITOR.

Born in Vermont in 1822, Mr. Olmsted followed the Winnebagoes to Long Prairie, having for many years previously engaged in the Indian trade, where he established a store, and also another in this city in the year 1848. He came to reside permanently in ST. PAUL in 1853, but previous to this, in 1849, while off and on in the city, he was elected a member of the first Territorial Council of Minnesota, and was chosen president of that body. He was also in the Council of 1851, so that I can justly class him as among the citizens of the city in 1850. In 1853 he gave up his Indian trade and purchased of Col. D. A. Robertson the Minnesota *Democrat* office, which was in a white wooden building standing on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, now known as the McQuillan block. Judge Nelson at one time owned this same printing office. Olmsted edited the *Democrat* until 1854, when he sold out and was elected first Mayor of ST. PAUL. He removed to Winona in 1855, and that year was nominated for Congress, H. M. Rice being his opponent on the Democratic ticket, and Wm. R. Marshall running as a Republican, who was defeated. Soon after this, his health failing him, he sailed for Cuba, where he remained one winter; but getting no better, he returned home and died in 1861, aged thirty-nine years. Olmsted County is named after him.

HOW THE FIRST MAYOR LOOKED.

Mr. Olmsted was a well-built man; pleasant in his address; quiet in his manners; sensible in his speech; naturally polite, and a real gentleman, somewhat like Edmund Rice. He had a large head with heavy, shaggy eyebrows, and when he addressed his fellow-men it was with an air of equality, not with an air of superiority. His voice was low and pleasing, and a quiet, subdued smile played upon his features. He never ranted; his temper was uniform; his movements dignified, and yet he was approachable by every one. The serenity of his nature and the true elements which make a man, won for him many friends. ST. PAUL may well be proud of her first mayor. He was a man of a good

deal of solid ability, appealing more to reason and to argument than to tinselry or demagogism, to carry his case. As an illustration, he was an old-time Democrat, but he could not endure slavery, so he ran for Congress on the anti-Nebraska ticket, and of course was defeated. At the age of twenty-four years he was a member of the convention which framed the constitution for Iowa, and in every public position which he held in Minnesota he was noted for his good common sense and his love of fairness and justice. As an editor he adorned the profession, as a mayor he honored the city, as a man his memory is revered and respected.

FIRST BOWLING ALLEY—BOUND IN CALF.

The first bowling alley was a rough boarded building on the south side of Third street, upper town, overlooking the river. The interior was as rough as the exterior and somewhat after the fashion of "Monk Hall," of which I have already written.

In 1850 a celebrated law firm in this city had a brand-new Bible with an elegant cover on it, and feeling that no lawyer's office was complete without the word of God in it, one of the firm stripped off the expensive cover and had it bound in calf, so that it is now dressed in the same garb as the law books belonging to the firm. The elegant lids of the Bible were used to cover up decisions in divorce cases, and was thoroughly read by every lady who patronized the establishment. The word of God in calf externally looked like the twin-brother of Blackstone, but in many other respects greatly resembled the owner of the book—at least in the binding!

JOSEPH R. BROWN.

Mr. Brown was born in Maryland in 1805, and had he lived to this time he would have been eighty years old. He died in New York in 1870, or fifteen years ago, aged sixty-five years. His father was a local Methodist Episcopal minister, and in early years Joseph was put to learn the printer's trade, but becoming dissatisfied from what he alleges was cruel treatment, he ran away and enlisted in the army and came to Fort Snelling as a drummer boy in 1819, or sixty-six years ago, at which time he was about fourteen years of age. He left the army somewhere in the years 1825 or 1828, and engaged in the lumbering and

Indian business. He came to ST. PAUL to reside permanently in 1850, although he had been in the city off and on for a year or more. He married a Dakota woman, and at the time I first met him had a family of six or eight children. In the early days, before the existence of Minnesota, he was appointed a justice of the peace in Wisconsin; was also elected a member of the Legislature of that State for three years; was a prominent member of the convention which took steps to organize Minnesota into a Territory; was Secretary of the Territorial Council after Minnesota became a Territory, during the years 1849 and 1851; was Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1853; member of the Council (or Senate) in 1854 and 1855; of the House in 1857, and Territorial Printer in 1853-4; was also an influential member of the Constitutional Convention, and chairman of the committee appointed to canvass the votes on the adoption of the constitution; was appointed Indian agent in 1857, and no man ever dealt more fairly or honestly with the red men than Joseph R. Brown.

At the time I met him he was largely engaged in the Indian trade; had laid out Henderson as a town-site and was running a stage-line to it; had purchased the *Pioneer* of the estate of James M. Goodhue in 1852, and was conducting the affairs of his political, or rather Democratic party, while he had conceived the idea in his brain of a huge steam wagon, which was to traverse the prairies loaded with goods for the frontier, for he was always reaching out beyond the confines of civilization into the remote portions of barbaric life. Having let go his hold on the *Pioneer* he started the *Democrat* at Henderson in the year 1857; and from thence he and his family drifted into what is known as Brown's Valley, a beautiful country at present adorned with elegant farms. When Mr. Brown came to ST. PAUL he purchased the property now known as Kittson's addition, for \$150—worth to-day several millions. It is alleged that he sold the lot where Raugh's saloon used to stand, on Third street, now occupied by Mr. Jones, for a box of cigars, the present value being about \$25,000. He had but little appreciation of money only so far as it was a means of effecting certain ends, and these ends usually were the advancement of the human race.

CLEARLY DEFINED AND CLEARLY SEEN.

The traveler who passes over the great plains of Dakota, sees here and there a sage-bush and sometimes a small sapling, and then, all of a sudden his vision falls on a great butte, or rock, which, rising out of the prairie in huge proportions, looms up against the sky and throws its shadows for miles in the distance. What nature presents on our plains is illustrated in the career of the human race. The great mass of the people resemble sage-brush, with here and there a tree of a larger growth, but capping all, and overlooking all, and overshadowing all, rises the great man, who, in his rugged characteristics resembles nature's landmark, for he stands prominently out from his fellow-men clearly defined and clearly seen. Such was Major Joseph R. Brown, the subject of this sketch. Coming to Minnesota early, and having been intimately associated with Mr. Brown in editing the *Pioneer* for six months, I am, perhaps, as well able to speak of his peculiar traits of character as any man living. I have stated in previous articles that I landed at the levee at St. PAUL in the year 1853, determined to make this city my future home, and what more natural than that I should seek a place in my own profession? So I entered the *Minncsotian* office on Third street, and there met Owens and Moore, and to my application, "Do you want a 'devil,' or a printer, or an assistant editor, or an editor-in-chief?" came back the curt answer, "No!" I trudged up Third street to the corner of Wabasha, where the old *Democrat* was then printed; entered the office and there met David Olmsted, with his great, shaggy eyebrows and his big head, and George W. Armstrong, with his pleasant face and red hair, and in response to my question for work, a modified and pleasing answer greeted me "No!" I trudged over Third street, passed by a one story and a half wooden building where Ingersoll block now stands, walked down Bench street a short distance and entered the office of the *Pioneer*. I stood in the presence of Joseph R. Brown. At this time Mr. Brown was a good-sized man, then about fifty years of age, with a sharp Roman nose, clear-cut features, hair somewhat long and gently curling, head tending to baldness, wore an open stand-up collar lying loosely about his neck, and presented an appearance which at once denoted some-

thing above the ordinary man. His chin was prominent and his lips thin, and when he spoke his eyes dilated, and when done speaking he made a noise between a sneeze and a cough, produced by a catarrhal affection, with which he had long been troubled.

“Mr. Brown,” I said, “I called to inquire if you wished any one to assist you.” He turned square around from his writing and with a pleasant smile, answered—“Well, by George, I think I do.” “I guess I can suit you; I have been in the printing business for myself; know all the ins and outs of the profession,” I remarked, when he fixed his strong, bright eyes upon me and asked—“What do you consider your services worth?” to which I replied—“Fix your own terms.” “I want a man to assist me here,” he replied, “to take entire charge of the paper when I am gone; and so you think you can perform the labor?” I told him I certainly thought I could, when he agreed to pay me \$30 per week, and I was then and there engaged in the old *Pioneer* office, in 1853, or thirty-two years ago.

ANECDOTES OF BROWN—THE DEAD HORSE.

I remember many pleasant incidents in the life of Mr. Brown, all of which go to make up the real character of the man. He was a person of great energy and great industry and great vitality, and with an evenness of temper which I never before and never since have met with in my association with men; always good-natured, always considerate, and I remember the fact with feelings of the liveliest emotions, that during the six months I was with him, I can recall no word or look that militates in the least degree against the memory of the lamented dead. Mr. Brown had the habit of saying “By George!” He never swore; he never drank; he never played cards; he *did* smoke cigars occasionally. At times he was thoughtful, and a calm and serene expression would creep over his face as he no doubt sometimes thought of the old folks at home and of his childhood hours. One morning the driver of his stage to Henderson came into the office with a very sad face, and addressing Mr. Brown, who was quietly writing at my elbow, said—“The horses have run away, Mr. Brown, and one—one—one—of—them—is—dead!” Mr. Brown quietly turned around and looking up in the face of the

distressed man, in a pleasant but by no means excited manner, inquired how it all happened, and when the driver had concluded his story, Brown simply remarked—"Well, by George! John, if those horses hadn't run away, it is probable that both of them would have been alive now. Well, I must get another horse, by George!" The effect upon the poor driver was instantaneous; his eyes lightened up, his countenance assumed a different shape, and a great sigh came from his heart as he then and there no doubt resolved never to do anything in the future that would lose him the respect and the friendship of so good a man as Joseph R. Brown.

A BILL TO SUPPRESS IMMORALITY.

I entered the office one morning about 6:30 o'clock, and found Mr. Brown at his table writing. "Well, Mr. Brown, you are pretty early this morning," I remarked, when he quietly said—"Yes, by George! pretty early in view of the fact that I have not yet been to bed." "Why, Brown, is that so? What's up?" "Oh, nothing, only I am getting up a bill for the suppression of immorality, and I knew I would not be able to conclude it unless I took the night to do it in, and I have just finished it." The reader should bear in mind that Mr. Brown was then Territorial Printer, and that bills were considered "fat takes," inasmuch as large slugs were placed between each line, and the printer was allowed one dollar per 1,000. The next day Mr. Brown arose in the Senate, as he was then a member of that body, and in his peculiar grave and honest manner, desired to introduce a bill for the suppression of immorality, and moved that it be read by its title and printed, which motion prevailed. The next day the bill came up and was read. It first made provision for the suppression of liquor on the bars of steamboats—Brown was a temperance man;—it then enumerated many other elements of immorality, and finally it resolved that to advance the moral character of the community no person shall be permitted to hang the under-garments of either sex on a public clothes-line, as such an act is detrimental to the public morals of the people. Of course the Senate saw the joke, and the bill was immediately indefinitely postponed; but Brown had carried

his point, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

HOME BURNED—NARROW ESCAPE.

It was Sunday morning when I sauntered up to the office and there met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown; I thought you were in Henderson." "By George! I wish I was across the river," he replied. "Why so, Mr. Brown?" "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you know your house has been burned?" "Well, by George! I saw it, and don't you see the smoke?" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in WEST ST. PAUL, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time was full of ice, and it was impossible for the ferry-boat to run, and it was very dangerous for anybody to attempt to cross. Brown walked up and down the bluff for some time, when, all of a sudden I missed him, and casting my eyes down the river there he was, jumping from one cake of floating ice to the other at the imminent risk of his life; now gliding down the stream; now caught in a gorge; now struggling to gain the shore; now safe! Several days passed before I was able to follow him, which I did, and found him coolly scratching his bare limb, with the remnant of his household goods which had been saved, and his wife and family about him. "By George! it was a narrow escape, but we are all here," said the affectionate father and kind husband, and I thought I saw a tear glisten in his eye as his children gathered around him and heard him tell me of the narrow escape of his family from the devouring elements. With a brave spirit and a light heart he went to work, and in a few days another home arose on the ruins of the old.

HIS COOLNESS IN TIMES OF DANGER.

Frank C. Shanley, who was a private in the army and who was also in the Indian war, writes me as follows:

"Your notice of Mr. Brown has brought to my mind an incident which occurred nearly twenty-two years ago, and which illustrates the character of the man. It was

at the battle of Birch Coolie, and Joe Brown's coolness and bravery took a great weight off my mind, for I was then young in years and inexperienced, but at the same time had to stand the siege. I was on guard duty at our camp when attacked, and happened to come up near Mr. Brown, and from what I could learn I was sure it meant death to all of us, but not so to him. His first words uttered in my hearing were—'By George! we have got into a fix, boys; now we must fight to get out of it.' He waited a few moments, which seemed like hours to me, and then said—'Well, by George! I want some volunteers to run the gauntlet.' The men were on hand in a minute, the first one to volunteer being George Wells, for they all had confidence in Brown. 'Well, we will bridle the horses now and start,' said he, 'but remember, it is dangerous,' and just as he spoke a bullet hit him in the shoulder and stunned him for a moment, and then he remarked jocosely—'Well, boys, that won't do. Don't waste your ammunition, but make it count, by George!' This coolness, just at that time, in the beginning of the fight, may be considered as saving us all, for a stampede was imminent, as the men were sick and disgusted with the horrible scenes and the odor from the decomposed bodies, which came up from every side, and having been deprived of sleep, they were in a good condition to get wild and run. Joe Brown, in not losing his head upon this occasion, saved the camp, and, of course, saved our lives."

BROWN'S STEAM WAGON.

It was an earnest desire on the part of Mr. Brown to bring to perfection a steam wagon which would be able to traverse our extensive prairies and draw after it immense loads of goods both for the Indian and the settler. To this end he had one made which resembled very much the present huge steam roller now in use on our streets by the city, and started it across the plains; but it broke down and so did Brown financially, and the matter for the time being was abandoned. Parts of the machinery of this novel invention lay upon the prairies for years, and it was for the purpose of perfecting this invention that the inventor went East in 1870, but never returned alive. No doubt the idea which produced the present street roller originated in the brain of Joseph R. Brown.

IN A TIGHT SPOT.

It will be remembered by my readers, that in the year 1853 the question of permitting or not permitting slavery into our Territories, was then agitating the country. Brown was absent at his trading post and I wrote an editorial committing the paper to the anti-slavery part of the discussion, and the next day in came Gov. W. A. Gorman with a huge book under his arm, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and little Jack Morgan

by his side. Gorman, in austere terms for which he was noted, wanted to know, in a dignified manner, who wrote that article? I pleaded guilty to the charge. Gorman replied—"Well, sir, by G——, sir, you have ruined the Democratic party, sir," and then he unfolded the leaves of his great book and sought to demonstrate by a record of the past, that slavery was right and ought to have the privilege of going where it pleased on the public domain, to which, of course, "Our Little Jack" earnestly assented. It was a tight spot to put me in, but I squeezed out of it and waited the return of the editor, who, I felt sure, would be very angry, and possibly dispense with my services. Brown came and the first words were—"By George! you have got me into a close corner. How came you to put that article in?" I explained the affair to him as best I could, when, without another word he sat down and wrote a very adroit article rectifying the matter, and then reading it to me, he remarked—"I guess that will save the Democratic party," and it did, for both Gorman and Morgan were satisfied and Brown laughed over the weakness of human nature.

BROWN AS A MAN.

Rugged in his nature, uncultivated by the schools, unassisted by early advantages, unaided by wealth or moulded by refined society, Joseph R. Brown rises head and shoulders above his fellow-men, both in those traits of character which mark the true man, and in those other traits of character which mark the true genius. His mind was broad and grasping and progressive. His heart was kind, and large and generous. His nature was cool, serene, hopeful. He carved out his own fortune; he has written his own name indelibly upon the rock of truth and manhood, and there it will remain forever.

THE GOOD-BY—DEAD.

"God bless you, my old friend!" was the salutation of Mr. Brown to the writer in the Merchants hotel in the year 1870, and he grasped my hand with a warmth of friendship, the memory of which time can never efface. "I am going East to perfect my steam wagon; am a little ahead financially through my Indian agency, and by George! I think I am now all right," and

drawing me to the bar he did that which I never knew him to do before—call for a glass of wine, and we drank the parting cup ; he to go East ; I to go West—to part forever. And soon after came the sad news, “Brown is dead!” But like another great man who passed away before he did, Brown “still lives”—not only in the history of Minnesota, but in the memory of all those who knew him intimately and who cherish his good deeds and his noble character.

THE FIRST FRESH OYSTERS.

The first fresh oysters were brought to this section of country by Governor Ramsey, in kegs from Chicago, in February, 1850. Previous to this date cove oysters had been imported, but the credit of introducing the *fresh* fruit belongs to the Governor. When I contemplate the immense number of oysters now used in this State, and the immense sums necessary in procuring them, I can realize the force of the expression, “Tall oaks from little acorns grow.”

‘COLE,’ OR J. C. MARTIN.

Every old settler will remember Cole Martin, who, in early days with King Cole led the social male circle in this city. Cole was as much a man in ST. PAUL in his way twenty-five years ago, as the late Sam. Ward was in Washington. King Cole is dead, but Cole Martin still lives and flourishes in the Capital of the nation. He was born in Virginia in 1828 ; removed to Indiana ; enlisted in the Mexican war in 1840, and remained in the army two years ; came to ST. PAUL in 1848 ; was absent two years ; returned in 1850, from which year I date his residence, and remained up to 1858, when he removed to Washington, where he has ever since resided. His first visit to ST. PAUL in twenty-four years was made last summer.

“THE HIPPODROME”—FIRST CLUB-HOUSE.

Cole Martin and King Cole established the first club-house in the city, which stood on the corner of Fourth and Robert streets, where the German-American bank now is. Here could be found the very finest liquors in the Northwest displayed on tempting side-boards, and taken *ad libitum* by members of the club. Here, too, were social “sit-downs,” which, in those early

days were considered highly proper appendages to society. Here, too, were served up some very fine dishes, and partaken of by epicurean palates. The faro-bank in those days was the only bank upon which capitalists could make a run, and around the "Hippodrome" gathered the wealth and the bon-ton of the city.

THAT CELEBRATED RACE—PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"Cole" Martin owned a horse called the "Black Hawk," and Willoughby owned an apparently old broken-down stage animal, called "Sleepy." Willoughby made a bet that "Sleepy" could clean out "Black Hawk." "Cole" took the bet. The distance was twenty miles; to St. Anthony, around the St. Charles hotel, and back. Great excitement prevailed; immense bets for those days were made, and the road from ST. PAUL to St. Anthony was literally alive with vehicles, men on horseback and pedestrians. "Black Hawk" started out nimbly, and many bets were made on him, but old "Sleepy" came in ahead to the great mortification of the owner of the animal and those who had bet on his favorite steed. It was the old story over again of being deceived by appearances, but it was a memorable event in the history of "Cole" Martin, and occurred in the year 1855.

Mr. Martin was tall, slender, gentlemanly, elegantly dressed, fine looking, and in his profession the soul of honor. He was a great favorite with the ladies, and indeed I may say with the gentlemen. He was early left an orphan and has only one brother living, E. F. Martin, who formerly carried on business on Jackson street, in this city. Jim Vincent, Charlie Henniss, Andy Shearer, Cole Martin, King Cole, were peculiar characters who flourished in the days of the past, only one of whom still lives, "Cole" Martin.

WASHINGTON STEES.

Mr. Stees was born in Pennsylvania in 1826; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; purchased of a man by the name of Frost his small furniture store which stood on the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, and established what was the first regular furniture outfit in this city, with which Mr. Stees has been connected for the past thirty-four years, and then only retiring in consequence of ill-health. He paid for the corner lot upon which

his establishment stood, fifty feet on Third street by one hundred and fifty on Minnesota, \$500—worth now \$75,000. Mr. Hunt went into partnership with Mr. Stees and continued for several years, when he opened a livery stable. As trade increased new buildings were added to the old furniture store, until it is now one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Northwest. Just back of his original store was a building in which he lived, and beyond this, on Minnesota street, was the Catholic burial ground.

PIG AND CHICKEN FEED VS. INDIANS—ON THE FARM.

In these early days it was common for the Indians to pounce into the kitchen of the lady of the house, and clean out her larder of all that was in it. I do not mean to say that they would steal, but they begged so hard and so audaciously, that it was equivalent to it. Of course the whites gave cheerfully because it was for their interests to do so, beside they desired to keep on the good side of the red men so if possible to avoid an outbreak. One day while Mrs. Stees was scrubbing her floor, (and in the early times they were glad to have floors,) several Indians pushed into her kitchen and seeing a large dish of chicken and pig feed, (the latter composed somewhat of dish-water,) and supposing it was for them, seized it, sat down upon the wet floor, and before the good woman could make any protestation, had swallowed the whole, and then smacking their lips and grunting, left the premises. That night the chickens went to roost without supper, and the pigs squealed until morning for something to eat. The next day, about the same hour, the same Indians made their appearance, but the rooster crowed, the hens cackled, the pigs grunted, for their mistress had circumvented the Indians by giving her dumb family an early meal. Once again the Indians gathered at the hospitable kitchen, and this time Mrs. Stees had thoughtlessly left her dishwater in a huge pot on the stove, and it was luke-warm. Mr. Indians seized and drank it before the presiding genius of the kitchen knew they were present. They soon after left, and were heard to exclaim—"Me heap sick," and the general contortions of their features clearly showed that they were telling the truth. They "threw up" this kind of a job and never visited the family again.

Two hundred acres of land lying upon Lake Phelan, were purchased by Mr. Stees in 1857, for \$4,000, and he lived there from that date until last year, when he purchased the Heather mansion, just off of Summit avenue, where he now resides. His 200 acres are worth \$100,000, and this is putting the property at only \$500 per acre.

THREATENED BURNING OF RAMSEY IN EFFIGY.

Mr. Stees gives a very amusing account of a threatened burning-in-effigy case, in which our worthy Gov. Ramsey was the principal figure. It seems that the Governor would not comply with the demands of a certain party to do a certain thing, so they threatened to burn him in effigy, and Ramsey declared they should not do it; so he marshaled his friends and armed them, and arming himself, waited for the contest. Ramsey was some thirty-five years younger than he is now, and his Scotch-German blood was aroused to its highest pitch. He buckled on his sword, had his arms and ammunition ready, and as commander-in-chief was determined to take the consequences of a fixed and bloody battle, but his enemies should never burn him in effigy in front of his own house—never!—no!—never! The raw recruits were stationed at available points in his dwelling; the arsenal department was closely inspected; the quartermaster and commissary had made ample provisions for a long siege; his friends were eager for the affray and firm in their devotion to his interests; while he, as he strode impatiently up and down in his own parlor, was supposed to mutter:

“Come on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries—‘Hold! Enough!’”

Returning to the other end of his room, he probably thought of, if he didn't utter, the following sentiment of Sir Roderick Dhu:

“This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.”

But the enemy didn't come! The sentinels peered out into the darkness! All was still! The commissary issued fatigue rations amid the clash of arms inside, but the silent night gave back no response. The hours wore on heavily, pregnant with big coming events, but there was no sleep.

“Macbeth had murdered sleep.”

"They come! They come!" can be heard the cry upon the outer wall, and with deadly grip each soldier grabs his gun to dare, to do, to die! Listen! All is still. 'Tis a false alarm! No enemy appears; no enemy dare appear to confront the gallant band who are ready to fall for their brave commander! And then the clank of arms within the dwelling grew louder, and hearts grew braver, "and there was hurrying to and fro," and impetuous movements, and glaring eye-balls, and unsteady steps, "when in the small hours of the morning," the bloodless battle having been fought and won, the victors slept upon their arms, and Ramsey had triumphed!

Towards daylight most of the party finding that the belligerents did not make their appearance, left the residence of the Governor and wended their way to "Monk Hall," which then stood on the corner of Eagle and Exchange streets. Here they made a furious attack on the building with stones, breaking in the windows and forcing the inmates to seek other quarters for their lives. In this building was stored the effigy of the Governor, but his prompt and decided action intimidated his enemies, and won him the victory.

MR. STEES PERSONALLY.

Ill-health for many years has prevented Mr. Stees from taking any active part in public affairs. In 1859 he was County Commissioner, and in 1854 was Chief Engineer of the Fire Department. He is a good-sized man and looks much more rugged than he really is. Is a quiet, unobtrusive, industrious, pleasant gentleman, and has given many years to a lucrative business from which he retires to enjoy the repose of a well-spent life.

MICHAEL CUMMINGS AS I SEE HIM.

Mr. Cummings was born in Ireland about 1827; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; elected City Marshal in 1851; Alderman in 1869, 1870-'71-'72 and '73; member of the Board of Education three years; and Chief of Police in 1863. For several years past Mr. Cummings has not been actively engaged in any business, and what he is now doing I do not know.

He is a tall, well-proportioned man, with a fine head and a fine address, and one seeing him on the street would not suppose

he was the person who had filled so many important offices, and yet he is a gentleman of good ability, and if he had "kept on in the even tenor of his way," he might still have been prominent among the politicians of to-day. He was a stone mason by trade, and built the first stone building in ST. PAUL. He also brought the first shell oysters to the city in the year 1852. He was offered one dollar and fifty cents per dozen for them, but he wouldn't sell them; gave them to his friends. Generous Mike!

AN EPISODE.

The writer had made a speech in the old Market House which reflected somewhat politically upon two members of the Legislature, when one or both of these members threatened to whip him, and a number of his friends hearing of the matter, offered to escort him safely home. Among the number was Mike Cummings, and although we differed politically, he being a Democrat and I a Republican, yet he swore vengeance upon the person who should injure a hair of my head. He was at least six foot tall and equally large in other respects, so my enemies concluded to let me alone. I shall always have a pleasant memory of Mike Cummings.

"HO!"—THE DAY IS BREAKING.

The Indians always say "How!" or "Ho!" which means, "How to do?" So the whites adopted this habit and whenever they drank they invariably said "Ho!" and Minnesota is known all over the Union, especially in drinking circles, by this little word. Two English tourists were visiting the West and one of them hearing "Ho!" and the clinking of glasses, innocently inquired—"What makes 'em say 'o when they drink? Does it 'urt 'em?" The other fellow dropped off into a snooze, when his companion awoke him by exclaiming—"Wake up! the day is breaking!" "Well, let her break," replied the other; "I've got no money there!"

THE ARRIVAL OF A BOAT.

It should be remembered by my readers, that in 1850 there were no railroads or stage lines to ST. PAUL, and that for nearly six months the people were deprived of a boat by the ice in the river.

One can conceive the joy over the arrival of the first steamer, bringing as it did not only provisions but good tidings from home. And then when the stage line did come it took a week to get to or from either Galena or Dubuque. Jump on to a train of cars now and see how soon you can reach the seaboard! But after all a pony was better than walking; a horse and a carriage were better than a pony; a stage was better than a private conveyance; a boat better than a stage; the cars the best of all, unless in the future we shall find some new channel in the shape of electricity which can put us over the road in half the time with greater convenience than now.

NO GREAT CHANGES.

No great changes were made in the city during 1850. The first town election was held and twenty-five marriages were celebrated. The *Pioneer* was anxious to have the stumps pulled out of Third street. The Minnesota river was navigated some 300 miles for the first time. Two hundred and fifty families then lived in the city. The first Court House was commenced, and Dr. Day was paid \$10 for drawing the plans. Vetal Guerin donated the land. Now, in 1885, plans for a new Court House have been accepted which will necessitate an outlay of not less than \$600,000, and an elegant foundation for the building is already in. Land for the present Catholic Cathedral was also donated this year. The new jail was commenced. The *Democrat* was started by Col. D. A. Robertson, and subsequently purchased by Judge D. A. J. Baker. A large proportion of the population this year was French. Now it is German. No particular public improvements were made aside from the above, but civilization began to gradually push out barbarism and the place continued to steadily grow.

J. C. BURBANK, FOUNDER OF THE FIRST EXPRESS—FIRST MESSENGER.

Mr. Burbank was born in Vermont in 1822; worked on a farm; received only a common school education; taught school; opened a bookstore at Watertown, N. Y.; ran an express to New York city; removed to Wisconsin where he opened and worked a farm; came to ST. PAUL in 1850, without money and without friends, and was the first express messenger between ST. PAUL

and Galena, carrying the express matter in his pocket, and later along when he secured a sub-contract for carrying the mail—it consisted of one bag! He engaged for a while in the lumbering business, and on leaving that established in 1851, the first express which ran between ST. PAUL and Galena. In 1852 he formed a partnership with W. L. Fawcett; then with Ed. Holcombe; then with C. T. Whitney, the other partners retiring, and engaged in the forwarding business; then, in 1854, the Northwestern Express Company was organized, and in 1856 Whitney went out of the concern and Capt. Russell Blakely became a partner. In 1857 Burbank & Co. put a line of stages on the route East to compete with Walker & Co.; secured the mail contract in 1858; “hitched horses” with Allen & Chase, and in 1859 the Minnesota Stage Company was organized; in 1860 John L. Merriam entered the firm, and for seven years Burbank, Blakely & Merriam were the “high-cock-a-lorums” in the stage and transportation business in the Northwest. Mr. Burbank continued in these avocations up to 1867, when he devoted himself to insurance, banking, railroad and other enterprises. He was the president of the Chamber of Commerce from 1869 to 1881; was largely interested in the ST. PAUL & SIOUX CITY Railroad, in which he was a director; was an active organizer of the ST. PAUL Fire and Marine Insurance Company, and was its president and financial manager; in 1873 was one of the early originators of the Street Railway Company; was president of the same; and then, while engaged in many useful occupations, he died in 1876, aged fifty-four years.

AS MR. BURBANK LOOKED—INCIDENTS.

J. C. Burbank was a well-developed man, strong, rugged, tough, decided, the very picture of health and vim, and possessed native, uncultivated talents, which made him a marked character. He was strong in good, common sense; clear in his business perceptions; prompt to act; industrious; self-reliant, with good judgment, and a man of excellent tastes. Had he lived until to-day he would have been a very rich man.

Riding with him one day he remarked—“I have just paid \$25,000 on my old Sioux City Railroad stock, but it don't pay.” “Well, what did you do that for,” I asked, “if it does not pay?” “Oh! to save the other \$25,000 already in.” Riding

with him some six months afterwards he again remarked—"I have paid in \$25,000 more on my old Sioux City stock!" "Heavens save us," I replied, "why do you persist in sinking money in that way?" "Can't help it," was his response. "I must protect the \$50,000 already in, and I have faith in the future." After his death his estate realized a very large sum from this investment alone.

"That tree is worth \$500 to the people who ride on Summit avenue," he said to the writer one day as he stopped his horse and pointed to a beautiful Norway spruce, some forty feet high, then in the yard owned by the author of these articles. "Why, Burbank, I didn't know you were such a lover of nature," was my response, when he offered \$1,000 to put that same tree down in his own yard in as good a condition as it then stood. Burbank is gone; the tree is gone; both his and my own homestead are gone; the little girls who used to gambol on the green sward, are gone; and the charming spot which to him was so dear, has passed into other hands. Such is life! He was an excellent citizen; a good neighbor; a fine business man; public-spirited; genial, pleasant and manly.

D. A. ROBERTSON.

Colonel Robertson was born in Pennsylvania in 1813, and is a descendant of the Highland Scotch; studied law in New York; was admitted to practice in 1839; removed to Ohio; became the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Mount Vernon *Banner*, and other papers; was appointed U. S. Marshal in 1844 for the State of Ohio, which office he held four years; was a member of the constitutional convention of Ohio; resigned the position and came to ST. PAUL in 1850; established the Minnesota *Democrat* that year; was elected a member of the House of Representatives in 1859 and 1860; Sheriff in 1863, serving two terms; was a member of the Board of Education; a member and a great promoter of the Historical Society and the Academy of Sciences; is a director of the ST. PAUL Library; organized the first Grange of Patrons of Husbandry in the United States, giving it a splendid set of books; speculated in real estate; made money; visited Europe; accumulated a very fine library, consisting of several thousand volumes, which he sold to the State

University; is a member of the National Scientific Society; wrote several works which have never been published; has lectured on history, political and social science, and is still an earnest lover of literature in all its departments.

THE COLONEL AS I SEE HIM.

Colonel Robertson has the appearance of a man who has spent most of his life in the army. He possesses a good physical organization, is well built, stands erect, walks dignifiedly, and has a commanding manner, giving one the impression that he had been trained in a military school. He has been a great student all his life, and his library room is his battle field. No matter how abstruse a subject may be, or how deep, or how perplexing, Colonel Robertson attacks it as vigorously as Grant did the Confederate forces in the war, and he usually comes off victorious. I remember visiting his rooms years ago when the question of scientific agriculture was exercising the public mind, and such an array of documents, papers, books, writing material and manuscript, never met my vision before, even in an editor's office. Literary pursuits seem to be a part of the Colonel's existence, and if there is anything he enjoys in life it is the pleasure derived from his books. He is a very social man; always ready to talk and does talk; is public-spirited; a lover of nature and a citizen much respected. His striking peculiarity is the manner in which he seeks to impress one with his views, and in this regard he resembles somewhat Rev. E. D. Neill, only he is a little more persistent. When he was younger he was a great politician, that is, of the Democratic persuasion, and his political writings indicate strength and terseness, with great boldness of expression, especially in attacking an antagonist. He has just passed seventy years, yet is hale, hearty and active, and in 1885 was residing with his wife in Europe.

R. R. NELSON.

Judge Nelson was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1826; is the son of the late Judge Samuel Nelson, once one of the Judges of the United States Supreme Court; studied law in his father's office and also in that of the late Judge J. R. Whiting, and practiced in his native State; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; was

appointed one of the Supreme Judges of the Territory of Minnesota in 1857; subsequently, in 1858, was appointed United States District Judge by President Buchanan, which office he has filled for the past twenty-seven years.

THE JUDGE AS HE IS.

No man walks the streets of ST. PAUL upon whom the mantle of judge sits so grandly and so becomingly, as that of Judge Nelson. On the bench or off it he is every inch a judge, and for over a quarter of a century he has impartially and ably administered justice under the law to hundreds of culprits, and yet I know of no instance where any injustice has been done. The Judge is a fine-looking man; well rounded out into excellent proportions; is serene, dignified, yet affable; moves silently among his fellow-men, and as a citizen is greatly respected. As a judge he ranks among the first. His decisions are clear, sound and just. He has a very kind heart, but never allows that to swerve him from the path of duty. He studies his cases thoroughly, is anxious to arrive at the truth, and conscientiously performs the duties imposed upon him. In early days the Judge made investments in ST. PAUL which are now very valuable, and had his interests in Superior City turned out as was expected, he would have been a very rich man. As it is, he is comfortably well off, and in the eyes of the public enjoys as much of life as most men are entitled to. He dignifies the great nation of which he is an honored and honorable judge, and reflects credit upon the profession of which he is at the head.

HOLE-IN-THE-DAY, THE FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF.

Hole-in-the-Day was a great friend of the whites, and finally married a Caucasian woman at Washington. He was born in Minnesota, and his father before him was a great chief of the Chippewa Indians, both of whom are now dead and buried upon a hill about two miles above Little Falls on the Mississippi river. In 1850 Hole-in-the-Day took a Sioux scalp on the west side of the river, opposite ST. PAUL, which event is thus described by the *Pioneer* of that date:

“On Wednesday there was great excitement in ST. PAUL—Indians yelling at each other across the river, and running up and down the shore, canoes crossing the

river, and everything betokening the utmost exasperation. It seems that news had reached them that a party of Sioux were overtaken a short distance out of ST. PAUL, two murdered and three taken prisoners. At this moment a company of Sioux have started northward through town, stripped of their blankets, in pursuit of the dastardly murderers. This is the first blow struck by the Chippewas in revenge for fourteen of their tribe murdered the other day in a sugar camp, by the Sioux."

It seems that Hole-in-the-Day came down the river in a canoe as far as Fountain Cave; crossed over to the other side; secreted his boat in the bushes near the trail which the Sioux took to Mendota; fell upon a company of three or four; killed and scalped one; recrossed the river and put for home, having traveled eighty miles in twenty-four hours. The reader should remember that the Chippewa country then embraced the land on the east side of the river, while that of the Sioux was on the west; and when it is recorded as a matter of history that this event occurred almost in our midst in the year 1850, one can realize the rapid strides civilization has made since that time. Hole-in-the-Day was a large, splendid specimen of an Indian warrior, of whom I shall have more to say in a subsequent chapter.

HIRAM STILLWELL.

Born in New York in 1824, Mr. Stillwell came to ST. PAUL in 1850, and has ever since been engaged in the building and contracting business. He erected the old Merchants hotel when owned by Col. Shaw, and has been as true to his line of business as the needle is to the pole, and what he has done or may do, has been and will be done well. He is a steady, industrious man, and peculiar in the fact that he is very unostentatious and undemonstrative. He is a good deal of a politician of the Republican order, and is very much like a *still well*—deep, cool and quiet; a good mechanic, a good man, a good citizen.

GEORGE W. MOORE.

Mr. Moore was born in Pennsylvania in 1824; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; his grandfather was in the Continental army from New Jersey; George attended school held in a log cabin about six months in the year, and in 1838 learned the printing business, and then attended an academy for about two years, during which time he did a little teaching; worked in a book office in New York,

leaving there when twenty-six years of age and coming to ST. PAUL. On arriving in this city he became foreman of the *Pioneer* office, owned by Goodhue, and in 1852 became one of the publishers of the *Minnesotian*, and continued so up to 1859, and then the *Times* was united with the *Minnesotian* and the firm—Newson, Moore, Foster & Co., was elected that year to do the Legislative printing. Soon after this he retired from the printing business, and in 1861 was appointed Deputy Collector of Customs and custodian of the Custom House, ST. PAUL, by President Lincoln, which office he held uninterruptedly for nearly eighteen years, and to the general satisfaction of the party and the people. He was an Alderman from the Fourth ward for a term of three years—1866-'69—during one year of which he was vice-president of the committee on streets.

A POLITICIAN.

Mr. Moore was a natural politician. He was once a Henry Clay Whig, but early espoused the Republican cause and fought it out desperately on that line. I have seen him stand at the polls and challenge the Irish Democrats until he had scarcely a garment left on his back. In those days of twenty-five years ago, the Irish were different from what they are now. Then whisky was the dominant element and common sense was at a discount. Fights at the polls were almost universal, and the Irish, or rather whisky, was usually the aggressor; now, through the influence of Bishop Ireland and the good sense of the Irish people themselves, no more orderly or sober class of men can be found at the voting precincts on election days, than the sons of "Erin mavureen, Erin go braugh." Mr. Moore not only worked in the ranks where work would tell, but he served as chairman on the county committee for a good many years. He took a decided stand at the door of Ingersoll Hall at the time the Republican convention split, one section nominating Hubbard and the other Donnelly. Hubbard resigned and Andrews was subsequently nominated. I instance these cases to show the dogged persistency with which Moore carried out his political ideas. When he got his eyes "sot" politically, nothing could move them. He struck from the shoulder because he always attended the primary meetings, and stood at the polls where

effective work did great good. Besides Moore was a good political planner.

AS A MAN.

In his palmy days Moore was a thick-set, somewhat lymphatic individual; good-natured; moderate in his movements and in his speech. He had great decision of character, and when he had decided upon a question it was very difficult to move him. Generally he was not free to advance opinions of his own, but rather adopted the opinions of those in whom he had confidence, and then he fought desperately to maintain them. He was a good printer, and a good writer, industrious, honest, cool, calm, and a pleasant companion. As a government officer he was prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties. He married a Miss Tuttle and owns property on Dayton and Selby avenues, which has now become very valuable. Mr. Moore has been an invalid for many years, and his apparent want of energy no doubt may be attributed to this cause. He is an old landmark and was once a partner of the writer. He has my kindest wishes for his continued prosperity and ultimate restoration to health.

WM. G. LE DUC.

Gen. Le Duc is of French descent, his father having been in the French army, but the General himself was born in Ohio in 1832. When a lad he was educated at Kenyon College and graduated with the honorary degree of A. M.; admitted to practice law in 1849; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; practiced his profession in this city; dealt in real estate and made mercantile ventures up to 1856, when he removed to Hastings, and there engaged in milling and town site speculations; entered the army as Captain Assistant Quartermaster in 1862; was on General Dana's staff as Chief Quartermaster in the field; was on the commission to examine quartermasters; was promoted to Brevet-Brigadier General; resigned in 1865; returned to Hastings; organized the Hastings and Dakota Railroad Company; was president of the same until 1870; was appointed United States Commissioner of Agriculture by President Hayes, and held the office several years, during which time he sought to demonstrate that tea could be grown in this country and that we could also

raise our sugar and our molasses. He is now a resident of Hastings.

THAT LITTLE BOOK STORE—SUPPLYING THE CITY WITH WATER.

In 1853 Le Duc kept a small assortment of books and stationery in a one-story little white wooden building which stood on the south corner of the present Ingersoll block. He was quite intimate with Mr. Brown of the *Pioneer*, (who at that time was a member of the Legislature,) and Le Duc was a great schemer, always proposing something new. He dealt also in real estate.

I think he was the originator of the proposition which was made to Mr. Brown in the presence of the writer, to secure a charter of the Legislature to furnish the city with water. I remember he was very enthusiastic over the matter and urged it upon Mr. Brown with a great deal of eloquence. The plan was to take water from the Mississippi river and convey it in barrels to the houses of the citizens, for which they were to pay a stipulated price. At that early day it was considered a gigantic enterprise, and the charter was supposed to be very valuable. Now the water-works of the city cost probably, \$1,000,000, and thousands of barrels of water daily are required to supply the demand. Then and now!—what a change! I little thought at this time that this same active, bustling, energetic, wide-awake man would be United States Commissioner of Agriculture and stand at the head in Washington of the greatest industry of the nation, and yet such is the fact.

A tall, quick, active man, with positive convictions, fertile in expedients, with a restless brain and unbounded energy, are the peculiarities which marked Gen. Le Duc as I saw him in 1853, and even later in life.

THE FIRST BRICK HOUSE ON THE BLUFF.

The first brick house on the bluff on the south side of Third street, was built by Mr. Le Duc in the winter of 1853, and as soon as completed it was occupied as the post office. Then it became a saloon; then the office of the *Minnesotian*; then the *Times* and *Minnesotian*, and in this building the old ST. PAUL

Press was born. Now the place is known as the Tivoli, where ingredients for the stomach are served up instead of ingredients for the brain. And thus the march of years continues while the wheels of time involve changes that startle us with their vivid records of a by-gone age.

CHARLES H. OAKES.

Mr. Oakes was a kind, genial gentleman all of the olden times, and a memory of his pleasant ways comes back to me laden with many recollections of by-gone years. He was similar in character to Mr. Brown, of whom I have written, and had many of his pleasing peculiarities, among which was that favorite expression, "by George!" In all the years of my acquaintance with Mr. Oakes, I never saw him out of temper once, or if so, it was with a half smile upon his lips. He was a rare specimen of one of the old land-marks in the history of the Northwest, and to those who knew him well, as the writer did, his memory will grow dearer as years advance.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN.

Mr. Oakes was born in Vermont in 1803; his father was a merchant and manufacturer, and at one time was sheriff in Michigan. The son received only a common school education; clerked in a store for a short time; came to Chicago in 1821; was employed in the sutler's department when there were only two white people in Chicago; removed to Sault Ste. Marie in 1822; engaged in the mercantile business two years, and then commenced trading with the Indians, employing voyageurs, etc., which he followed for some time, when he connected himself with the American Fur Company, and continued in this business up to 1834. During the trips Mr. Oakes made at this time among the Indians in search for fur, he experienced many hardships, and in one case particularly, where he froze his feet. Mr. Oakes had other narrow escapes; once when the Indians wanted to kill him because he would not give them whisky, but he promised them in the spring when they brought in their fur, to treat them all round, and this satisfied them. Mr. Oakes kept his promise and the Indians were happy.

A CHICAGO BLOCK VS. RED-DOG MONEY!

He suffered many privations as most voyageurs and explorers do, but came out of his trials all right, and from 1834 up to 1838 was in Michigan engaged in speculating, out of which he made some money and loaned \$5,000 of it to parties in Chicago, who urged him to take in pay a block of land on Clark street now worth \$1,000,000; but he had no faith in Chicago "mud," and accepted in lieu therefor "Red-dog" money and realized nothing for his \$5,000! In 1838 he resumed his connection with the American Fur Company and continued with them up to 1850, when he removed to ST. PAUL, and in 1853, in company with his brother-in-law, Charles W. Borup, opened a bank, of which I have already spoken in a previous article. Mr. Borup died in 1859, but the banking business was continued until 1866, when Mr. Oakes retired from the concern, visited Europe, and for several years after enjoyed a quiet and serene life.

MR. OAKES AS A MAN.

Tall, well-proportioned, hale, hearty, with gray hairs; a face beaming with smiles, and a voice low and musical, were peculiarities which caused Mr. Oakes to be cordially welcomed wherever he went. His affability won him many friends. His system bubbled over with good nature. His heart was young even in old age. He carried sunshine in his eyes, and there was music in his laugh. "By George! is that so?" will be recognized by those who best knew Mr. Oakes.

"GO SEE HIM, OAKES—GO SEE HIM!"

Borup was naturally impetuous, as all men with heart-disease are, and many times he unintentionally offended some of his best customers. Then, after business, he would meet Mr. Oakes at his own house and talk over the affairs of the day. Suddenly he would break out—"Oakes, I know I offended Mr.—to-day. Go see him; see him; make it right with him." And Mr. Oakes would call upon the customer, engage him in conversation, and before he left convince him that Mr. Borup was one of the best friends he had in the city. Of course the next day Borup would treat the gentleman with the utmost courtesy,

and everything thereafter would move along smoothly. This occurred not once, but many times, and well illustrates what I have previously said, "that Borup & Oakes got along well together as partners, as Borup did the business and Oakes always agreed with him;" but after all Mr. Oakes was an important spoke in the wheel.

A GREAT WALKER.

Mr. Oakes had always been a great walker, and he claimed he kept his health by out-door exercise. He made it a habit to walk not less than six miles per day. Meeting him for the first time in 1853, I presented him with a check for \$130 on his bank, but the graceful manner in which he informed me that there were no funds in hand, impressed me most favorably with the man. I was in his company many times afterwards and under trying circumstances, and always found him kind and pleasant.

THE END.

I met him the last time on Third street, just as I was leaving for the Missouri river. I thought his step was not as steady as formerly, that he was a little more bent in the shoulders than usual, and that his face had lost somewhat of its rugged appearance; yet his smile was the same; his greeting more cordial, and his voice even more pleasant. On my return he was DEAD! And thus another old oak in the forest of human existence had been swept away by the cyclone death, leaving many true friends to mourn its fall. Mr. Oakes was close to eighty years when he died.

MRS. CHARLES H. OAKES.

If years crown goodness with undying laurels, then in the case of Mrs. Oakes the years have been very generous. A bright, pleasant eye, dark hair, threaded with gray, a brunette complexion, sweet, engaging manners and a pleasant smile, are graces which adorn the oldest and best known lady resident of the city. Born in 1812, Mrs. Oakes looks as fresh and young as a woman of thirty, and yet she has lived to see her husband, her sister, and her sister's husband, and all her children but one, pass into the silent land. Thirty years ago the writer spent an evening in her pleasant home, when George, and Charlie, and David, and

Jane, and grandpapa, and Mr. Oakes, and Mrs. Oakes, and her sister, Mrs. Borup, and Mr. Borup, graced the social circle. Then they numbered nine—now they number two. Since then Gen. Van Etten, former husband of Miss Jane, has joined “the innumerable caravan gone before,” making eight out of ten in thirty years, of this family who have crossed the mystic river; and yet serenely, and calmly, and pleasantly, and hopefully, the mother, the wife, the sister, the friend patiently awaits the messenger, ready at a moment’s call

“To draw the drapery of her couch about her,
And lie down to pleasant dreams.”

And so the years roll on like the surging waves of the ocean, and foot-prints on the sands of time of to-day are all obliterated in the brief period of thirty-five years. Within this magic circle the original tree and its branches disappear, and from the roots spring new shoots, which, in their turn, must follow the everlasting, eternal wheel of time.

FERDINAND MONTI.

Mr. Monti was born in Switzerland, Italy, in 1834; came to this country when five years old; lived in New York city; was engaged as teamster in the Mexican war in 1846, and lost a leg in the service; resided for some time after the war in New Orleans, and came to ST. PAUL in 1850. He married a Miss St. Cyr, a French girl, whose parents resided in St. Louis, and soon after opened a dry-goods and grocery store nearly opposite the old American House on upper Third street. He sold out his business and became connected with Louis Robert in the steamboat line, in which he continued five years; removed to St. Cloud and engaged in business there; was burned out; no insurance; came back to ST. PAUL, where he resided until his death.

LET GO TOO SOON—HIS PENSION.

He at one time owned two lots on Third street nearly opposite the old American House, for which he paid \$50; sold for \$1,400; worth now \$15,000. He purchased forty acres on St. Peter street, back of the Park Place hotel, for \$200; worth now \$50,000; bought a claim at Cottage Grove of 160 acres for \$20;

worth now about \$10,000. Monti was just as wise as many other old settlers and about as rich when he died.

When living he drew a pension of \$24 per month for the loss of his leg, which was procured for him by special legislation, but the moment he died the pension stopped and his widow gets nothing. Mrs. Monti's father, I am informed, was in the war of 1812 and also in the Black Hawk war; was a mail carrier over 100 years ago in the time of Gen. Jackson, and occupied a prominent place in the old hero's confidence.

COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD.

In 1879 and some time before this, Mr. Monti had been affected with dropsy, and in 1880 he died. While in the chamber of the dead Mrs. Monti heard a noise, and looking up saw Mr. Monti rise up, and upon approaching him found him to be alive. Unable to speak she looked at him for a moment and then discovered that his gray hair had turned black, and bursting into tears he exclaimed—"Mother! this world is bad, but the other is worse," and then continued to weep. He lived two months afterwards, and just before he died remarked—"I am near the mansion." He was a generous, kind-hearted man; had met with many losses and suffered a great deal before he left for that other world which he said was "worse than this." Poor Monti! if what he had revealed to him was true, what will the rest of the old settlers do when they come to pass the boundary line? Echo comes back—"boundary line."

EDWIN BELL—FIRST CARBON OR KEROSENE OIL.

Capt. Bell was born in Pennsylvania in 1816; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; in the spring of 1851 made a claim twelve miles below ST. PAUL at a place now called Langdon, but he found he had mistaken his calling as a farmer, and returned to ST. PAUL in 1854 and commenced steamboating on the Minnesota river; in 1857 opened a wholesale and retail grocery store in connection with his brother, H. Y. Bell, in Irvine block, upper Third street, and here they offered for sale in this city the first carbon, or what is now known as kerosene oil, also the first lamps for burning it. Capt. Bell had command of the steamboat that took down the first load of freight on the Red River of the North to Winnipeg,

at which time Winnipeg had only three houses ; built the first dam on the Red River of the North in order that steamboats could get over the bar at Goose rapids ; moved the Winnebagoes by steamboat from Mankato to ST. PAUL during the war ; had charge of the United States improvements in the Minnesota river for several years ; also for a part of the time those of the Wisconsin river under Gen. G. K. Warren ; superintended the building of the largest dam in the Mississippi river above St. Louis, for the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad Company, and this dam was constructed after Capt. Bell's own patent ; conveyed the first guns and ammunition in the Indian war to points on the Minnesota river.

HOW THINGS THEN LOOKED.

The Captain says that when he arrived at ST. PAUL the first man who met him was Judge Goodrich, and he called out to him, without an introduction—"Mister, your old pung looks like a broken-winged duck." And indeed it did, for it was all torn to pieces by the brush, and was tied together by straps taken from his trunk, as he had made the trip in it overland from below. He says that then there was not a house north of Third street, except a few on Robert street. All the boats landed at the upper levee at the foot of Eagle street. Opposite ST. PAUL (now the Sixth ward, with a population of 15,000,) the land was covered with heavy timber, and in this timber the Indians made their homes, especially in the winter. From Chestnut street to near the Cave the timber was also very dense and heavy.

REAL ESTATE—AN INVENTOR.

He bought one acre on Pleasant avenue for \$300 ; sold it for \$3,000 ; worth now \$25,000 ; purchased three lots on Dayton avenue, for which he paid about \$500 ; he holds them yet ; worth \$30,000 without the houses. When the writer came to ST. PAUL in 1853, Capt. Bell's little white house was away out of town and people wondered why he did not buy somewhere inside of civilization ! But now he is surrounded with some of the finest mansions in the city, one alone costing over \$150,000 ! He is the oldest continuous inhabitant on St. Anthony Hill, and has lived in his present house near a quarter of a century.

Capt. Bell is quite a genius. He is the inventor of the best dams in the Mississippi river, and has recently brought to perfection an invention to wash gold and silver and copper from the gravel in which it is found, or from the rock when powdered.

IN PERSON.

He is a tall man, and moves over the ground with an angular motion, somewhat like persons born in the South. He takes long strides, and comes down upon one like a huge steamer under a full head of steam. He is a man of positive characteristics, and is well adapted to command. What he knows he knows, or he sincerely thinks he knows. He is a pusher; that is, what he has to do he does energetically. He is conservative in his nature and never makes a venture. He is kind, pleasant, talkative, social, a good citizen and a good man, and has accumulated enough of this world's goods to live comfortably the remainder of his life. His wife is descended from one of the finest families in Europe.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE INDIAN WAR.

In August, 1862, Captain Bell was summoned to appear before Gov. Ramsey and Gen. Sibley, then at Fort Snelling, and engaged to run his boat to ST. PAUL as quickly as possible to get ammunition for the soldiers, as the Indians had broken out and were murdering the whites. The Captain put his boat under a high speed, arrived at ST. PAUL, and after working all night, got the guns and ammunition on board, and steamed back again to the Fort, received the troops at once, and put his boat up the Minnesota river, and at Shakopee commenced to unload, carrying some of the weapons up the stream to other places. At Carver the scene was appalling. The Captain says:

“Men, women and children were crowded on the bank of the river, many of them in their night clothes, just as they had hurriedly fled from their homes, on receiving the dread news that “the Indians were coming!” Some had come from Glencoe and other points back of Henderson and Carver. It was a strange scene. These panic-stricken refugees were overjoyed at the sight of the soldiers, and appeared much relieved to find that steps had been taken to protect them. We landed the balance of the soldiers at Little Rapids, and at once returned to Shakopee. Here we found great excitement among the troops. It was found that the balls furnished were of too large a caliber for the old muskets! This was an un-

fortunate and awkward dilemma, certainly, and came at a time when every minute's delay increased the alarm and impatience of the people of the valley, whose lives and property were threatened by the horde of red demons who were known to be devastating the settlements but a few miles distant, and perhaps pressing on towards the towns in the lower valley. Some of the soldiers tried to pare down the balls, so as to adapt them to the bore of their muskets, but of course this was tedious and unsatisfactory work. A sledge was finally used, but this, too, was a slow way of supplying a military expedition with bullets! There was, at the time, much discussion and fault-finding by the impatient people and journalists about this matter of unsuitable ammunition, and attempts were made to lay the blame upon this one and that one—even upon the commander of the expedition, who certainly could not have been responsible for it."

The fact was, there were no decent guns in the State, and none to be had, and the call for help was so sudden there was no time to ascertain what the weapon were, or what kind of ammunition was available, so that neither Gov. Ramsey nor Gen. Sibley was to blame for this mishap.

JAMES STARKEY.

Captain Starkey was born in England in 1818; came to America in 1849; to ST. PAUL in 1850; was Assistant Secretary of the Territory from 1850 to 1853; a member of the Legislature in 1857; Speaker *pro tem* of the House the same year; Captain of the ST. PAUL Light Cavalry in 1855; on duty in 1857 to protect settlers at Rum river from Indians; was engaged in a battle; lost one man; killed two Indians and took seven prisoners; commanded the Chisago Rangers in 1861 to hold in check the Indians on the St. Croix; raised a company of cavalry on the breaking out of the rebellion and tendered it to the government, but it was not accepted; in 1862, at the time of the Indian massacre, was in command of a company of mounted rangers and did good service against the savages; resided at Columbus in 1863; ran a saw mill; was County Commissioner of Anoka County; justice of the peace; engaged in railroading; made the first survey of a railroad route from ST. PAUL to Lake Superior, which, with slight modifications, was subsequently adopted; was a contractor on the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad—now ST. PAUL & Duluth—and broke the first ground for the construction of the Northern Pacific road.

ST. PAUL SEWERAGE SYSTEM.

At the request of the Board of Public Works in 1873, Capt. Starkey was induced to take charge of the city sewers and inaugurate a system, or in other words bring order out of chaos; this he succeeded in doing by establishing a sewer department; compiled the sewerage ordinances, and prepared plans and specifications for a large number of main and lateral sewers, which were constructed under his supervision, and as I am informed, there has been no material change in Mr. Starkey's plan or system since, although succeeding engineers have attempted to improve on the same. Having, therefore, given his brain and long experience to the city for a low salary, his connection ceased with the city in 1875. That his labors in the sewerage department of the city have stood the test of years, and the further fact that his youngest son, Albert, a promising engineer, has now sole charge of the city sewerage department, is a source of gratification to those who know the subject of my sketch. Capt. Starkey is at present a member of the Ramsey County Plat Commission, and has recently received the appointment of Assistant Inspector of Buildings in this city. His son, Edward, is now serving his second term as Alderman of the Fifth ward.

STARKEY AS A MAN.

Capt. Starkey is a well-built and well-preserved man, somewhat on the old English gentleman style; supple, active, humorous. He is a man of fine attainments; a ready writer, a poet, and a good speaker. In the early days of the Democratic party he was a man of influence among his associates, but he was like many others, too modest to ask for services rendered, and therefore got nothing. He is naturally a soldier; brave and commanding; loves military life, and had fate thrown him into the regular army he would have made a fine record. He is independent. Of late years thinks and acts politically on his own individual convictions; is ambitious, but spurns office unless obtained without corruption; is social, even playful; always scatters sunshine wherever he goes, although dark clouds may at the same time shade the heart. He is kind, genial, temperate, honest and sympathetic; has led an active, useful life, and though

not recompensed in his own person for services rendered the city, yet it must be gratifying to him to see the meritorious traits of his family fully appreciated by a discerning public. Although merging on to seventy years he is a man apparently just in his prime, and bids fair to outlive many younger men.

JOHN BELL—HIS REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

A rugged son of Erin, a hardy toiler, a saving, thrifty, honest, industrious man, is bold, bluff John Bell. Who of the old settlers does not know him? Who does not respect him for his manly qualities? Mr. Bell was born in the north of Ireland in 1826; came to America in 1847, and for a time resided in Massachusetts; arrived in ST. PAUL in 1850; worked for Gov. Ramsey; married in 1856; for a number of years was engaged in hauling goods for the government; in later years took contracts for digging cellars; was among the first to deal in lime and cement in this city, and is engaged in this business now.

He was offered a lot on the corner of Bench and Wabasha streets where the Tivoli now is, for \$10; couldn't see the value; didn't take it; lot now worth \$20,000; bought of Judge Lambert the block in lower town on which the residence of Mr. Beaupre stands, for \$100; gave it to his brother; brother sold it for \$900; worth now \$75,000; he owns fifty feet on Third street, between Cedar and Wabasha, for which he paid \$300; worth \$50,000; purchased a lot on Minnesota street for a yoke of cattle with horns broken, cost \$200; land worth \$20,000; owns one hundred feet on the same street; cost \$400, worth \$30,000; owns four acres on Lake Como, for which he paid \$800, mostly in work, worth \$5,000; could have bought 150 feet on Fifth Street by 100 on Minnesota, for \$200, worth \$40,000; helped build the old Lake Como road for Henry McKenty, and numerous other bargains he could have picked up, but let them slip—just for fun!

HAS NEVER MOVED—HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Bell built a house on Minnesota street nearly a quarter of a century ago, where he now lives, and in this place he has raised a family of five boys and two girls, and has never moved from the old homestead. Clerk Bell, of the District Court, is his

oldest son, and he is a bright, promising young man. John Bell has never known the luxury of moving, and this may account in a great degree for his uniform temper, although he does sometimes get angry, probably because he can't move. In addition to his other property he has a store on Third street for which he receives a rental of \$150 per month.

While Mr. Bell has been and is now a hard-working, industrious man, yet he has a good deal of vim in him, and those who attempt to run over him usually get bit. He is strong, sinewy, tough; has a good stock of common sense, and great will-power. He has accumulated his property by "the sweat of his brow," and is a sturdy citizen. When thoroughly excited he is like a lion and bears down upon his opponent with all the force at his command, and yet he is a solid, worthy, good man, pleasant and agreeable in the every-day walks of life.

JAMES H. BROWN.

Born in Canada in 1837; had a common school education; came to ST. PAUL in 1850, where he learned the trade of shoemaker; was afterward cabin boy on a Mississippi river steamboat; followed boating thereafter seventeen years; engaged in the grocery business in this city, and is, or was until recently, proprietor of a large retail grocery store. He married Miss Anne Murphy.

WM. H. ILLINGWORTH

Was born in England in 1844; came to America at an early day, and settled in Philadelphia; removed to ST. PAUL in 1850; was engaged with his father in the jewelry business on Jackson street until he became of age, when he went to Chicago to learn photography; established himself in business in this city in 1867, where he has continued ever since. He has taken views in the Black Hills, Montana, and in many other places, and ranks high in his profession. He is a quiet man, unostentatious, and devoted to his art.

LUKE MARVIN.

Born in England in 1820; came to the United States in 1842; resided for a short time in Kentucky; removed to ST. PAUL in 1850; engaged in the mercantile business until 1861;

was a member of the City Council ; president of the same ; and during the above year was appointed Register of the U. S. land office at Duluth, then a place of three houses, and where he went to reside and continued to live until his death ; remained in office eight years ; was Auditor of St. Louis County nine years ; was a member of the Legislature in 1871-2 ; was an active promoter of a railroad to the Lake, especially to Duluth, and he lived long enough to see this enterprise completed ; was postmaster of Duluth for about ten years ; then his eldest son became postmaster ; then his next oldest son, and this son finally resigned.

RECOLLECTIONS.

When I first met Mr. Marvin he was keeping a shoe store on Third street, and lived on the corner of Broadway and Seventh streets, in a small building which has long since given way to a large brick store. He was a small man, very conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and had a somewhat plaintive voice. He was quick in his movements ; public-spirited ; industrious ; honest ; governed by principle ; ambitious ; a great Republican worker ; a strong party man, and a worthy citizen. I met him at Duluth in the winter of 1865, when he occupied a small building as United States land office, overlooking the lake and bay, and which building is still standing, or was last summer. Then three or four houses constituted Duluth. I met him again a few years later as postmaster, when Duluth had grown to the dignity of a city with a population of several thousands. Prospectively he was then a rich man in real estate. Once again I met him ; Jay Cooke had failed ; real estate had depreciated ; Duluth was on its back ; Mr. Marvin's riches and the fortunes of many others had fled. I met him once more, broken down in health, and then the news came—gone ! Mr. Marvin was a prominent settler in the early days of ST. PAUL, and his memory is cherished by all those who knew him. And thus the links in the chain of the past are being severed, and each year the line is growing shorter and shorter.

A LINK BROKEN—DEATH OF BARTLETT PRESLEY.

When I commenced my PEN PICTURES in the *Globe* in December, 1883, among the first of the old settlers I wrote about, was B. Presley. I found him in his store busy with his fruit, and

yet he complained of his throat, as he had once before said to the writer that it was so bad he could not spend his winters North; in other respects he was in apparent good health. I saw him again for the last time on Wednesday, the second of July, 1884, when he lay cold and silent and dead in his beautiful home—the first broken link in my PEN PICTURES of the old settlers of ST. PAUL. The venerable firemen, his gray-headed contemporaries, the Masonic order, the gathering of the people, the paraphernalia of the fire department, with the mournful strains of music, all clearly indicated the esteem in which he was held by the community. But then this is only another link broken! only another warning! only another vacant chair.

THE SWEDISH AUTHORESS AND THE SWEDISH SINGER.

In October, 1850, Miss Fredricka Bremer, the Swedish authoress, visited ST. PAUL and also what is now known as Lake Minnetonka, just then discovered by white men for the first time. She spent several days in this section of country; carved her name on a tree near Manitou, or Spirit Point, in the above lake; roamed over our hills, and on her return home wrote a very interesting account of her travels in the then great unpeopled Northwest. In those early days the French were mostly the occupants of the soil. Now the French have disappeared and in their places have come the hardy sons and daughters of Sweden. Miss Bremer, in her "Homes of the Northwest," thus alludes to her visit to ST. PAUL:

"Scarcely had we touched the shore when the Governor of Minnesota and his pretty young wife came on board and invited me to take up my quarters at their house. The town is one of the youngest infants of the great West, scarcely eighteen months old, and yet it has in a short time increased in population to 2,000 persons, and in a very few years it will certainly be possessed of 22,000, for its situation is as remarkable for its beauty and healthfulness as it is advantageous for trade. As yet, however, the town is in its infancy, and people manage with such dwellings as they can get. The drawing-room of Gov. Ramsey's home is his office, and Indians and work-people and ladies and gentlemen are alike admitted. In the meantime Mr. Ramsey is building a handsome house upon a hill, a little out of the city (the old house stood where the new one now stands,) with beautiful trees around it, and commanding a grand view of the river. If I were to live on the Mississippi I would live here. It is a hilly region, and on all sides extend beautiful and varying landscapes. The city is thronged with Indians. The men for the most part go about grandly ornamented, with naked hatchets, the shafts of which serve them as pipes. They paint themselves so utterly without any taste, that it is incredible."

MADAME NILSSON.

In 1884 the great Swedish singer visited Minnesota and sang in the State Coliseum to an audience of 5,000, just thirty-four years after the first visit of Miss Bremer, the Swedish historian. Then ST. PAUL had grown from 2,000 in 1850 to 120,000 in 1884, and among those who heard the great singer not less than 1,500 were Swedes, and more are coming. No Indians are now seen upon our streets; the new residence of the Governor is not only within the city limits, but worth \$40,000; the hopeful trade of that day has grown from mere nothing to nearly \$100,000,000 per year, and the city is still spreading out and still growing into magnificent proportions. What strides!—what changes in a few brief years!

R. M. SPENCER.

Born in Kentucky in 1817; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; was captain of a steamboat for many years; was uncle of John B. Spencer, and though at one time he owned a large amount of real estate, yet before his death he lost it. I did not know him personally, but learn he was a hardy river man, well versed in all the affairs of the steamboat trade. He lived in the lower part of the city and died there.

THE REAL MAN.

Men are misjudged; motives are misjudged; actions are misjudged; and I find this truism all along the pathway of life; yet the development of the inner man brings to the surface grand qualities which are unseen, and of course unappreciated by the public. The finest diamonds are hid beneath the rude rubbish of nature; the purest heart lies encased in a rough covering; the brightest intellect is trammled by circumstances; even genius itself is cramped for want of money, or opportunity, or appreciation. The development of the true man is not the outer growth due to material causes, or wealth, or position, but the inherent qualities of the invisible essence of all life, of all manhood. So in estimating character let us be sure that we know the real man rather than the gross garment of a gross world, made up of component parts of all the elements of imperfect nature, and which is only the material form of that which is better within.

LOUIS M. OLIVIER—HIS REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Olivier was born at Berthier, province of Quebec, Canada, in 1819; received a complete classical education and prepared himself for the priesthood, but on the eve of admission declined; came to ST. PAUL in 1850, was employed by Rice & Haney until elected Register of Deeds in the fall of 1853; was re-elected in 1855; dealt largely in real estate and worked up a set of abstract books for Ramsey County, which have been used ever since; returned to Canada in the spring of 1858; died in his native place July, 1862, aged only forty-three years.

He bought the block adjoining St. Joseph Hospital on the east, except two lots fronting on St. Peter street, for \$800; worth now \$50,000; six lots on Minnesota street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, for which he paid \$2,500; worth now \$90,000; 300 feet on Jackson street, between Eighth and Ninth, for \$5,000; worth \$150,000.

AS I REMEMBER HIM.

"Louie Olivier," as he was called, possessed the natural trait of his native country—politeness. He was tall, slender, social, full of life and vivacity; a good accountant, and a man of a very generous nature. He had great influence with the French, was a power among them, while his affability with the Americans won him many friends. I remember him well and pleasantly, for he was a genial companion and a kind friend.

WILLIAM CONSTANS.

Mr. Constans was born in France in 1829; received a common school education; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; clerked for a time in an old log store which stood upon the hill near lower Jackson street, the front part being used for groceries and provisions and the back part, in the shape of a shed, being used as a tailor shop. At this early day he could not see how a clerk could be paid for his services out of the profits of legitimate business, but he soon learned how it was done, and with about \$300 went into business for himself. He continued in trade one year, when the firm became Constans & Burbank, and in addition to their commission transactions they started the first express in Minnesota. At the end of a year they were \$160 out of pocket from

their express enterprise, Constans paying his half of the loss, or \$80. Burbank then went out of the concern and made thereafter the express business a specialty.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS IN CONTINUOUS BUSINESS—HIGH WATER.

Mr. Constans continued in business at his old place twenty-three years, and at the old and new place he has been in business continuously in the city, thirty-five years, and now that Mr. Presley is dead, he is the oldest continuous merchant in the city or State. He purchased his present property on the upper part of Jackson street in 1852, built in 1858 his residence, and has lived there ever since. He erected a brick house on Seventh street in 1853, and Burbank built a wooden house the same year on what was known as Baptist Hill, about where the Manitoba Railroad office now stands. Trade had been good that year and the firm "branched out!"

Mr. Constans informs me that in the spring of one year the steamer *Nominee* poked her nose into the back window of his warehouse near the present Bethel Home on Jackson street, and some five hundred feet from the present bank of the river. He says this ground has been filled up some twelve feet since then, and that it was common for the water to cover his warehouse floor, of course sometimes worse than at others.

APPEARANCE.

Mr. Constans is neither a large nor a small man, but of medium size. He is a person of great self-reliance and individuality of character; is a thorough business man; a man of method; unerringly devoted to trade, and knows how to carry on an extended enterprise as well as any other man in the city. He early purchased a good deal of property, and its rise has made him a rich man—worth several hundred thousand dollars. He is quiet in his every-day walk of life; pleasant yet reticent, marching forward in one groove, and bending his energies to one end—BUSINESS.

And thus I am marching along down through the vista of years, picking up by the way-side the almost forgotten pioneers of over a quarter of a century ago, who, then young, laid the foundation for a great city here, and who, now burdened with

cares, and gray hairs, and unsteady limbs, are groping down into the valley of old age, waiting to catch a glimpse of that other shore where hundreds have preceded them into that better land. And so I pause, and think, and—wait!

FIRST FIRE IN ST. PAUL.

On the sixteenth of May, 1850, Rev. E. D. Neill's chapel, on Washington street, took fire by some shavings becoming ignited, accidentally or otherwise, and was burned to the ground. This was the first fire which occurred in ST. PAUL. Where Warner's block now stands, corner of Third and Wabasha streets, was an unfinished warehouse, and in this Mr. Neill preached until his new church was erected.

FIRST CHURCH BELL IN MINNESOTA—FIRST COURT HOUSE.

The first Presbyterian church, rebuilt on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets, was finished in October, 1850, and the first bell in Minnesota was hung in its belfry and was rung the Saturday evening preceding the Sunday of the first service within its walls. The second bell was in the Market Street Church.

The first Court House was commenced in November, 1850, but was not completed until the year 1851. It stood thirty-three years and served an admirable purpose. It was torn down in the early part of 1884 to make room for a new Court House, which will cost not less than \$600,000. The old wooden jail was erected a few months later in the same year. It was demolished in 1857. It was an insecure and unsafe place in which to keep prisoners.

FIRST THANKSGIVING—FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Gov. Ramsey issued a proclamation designating December 26, 1850, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, the first Thanksgiving ever commemorated in Minnesota. Of course turkeys were quite scarce, but whisky was in abundance, and "the boys" whooped it up until very late in the night. They were a great deal more thankful for what they had in those days than we are now, even if the whisky was adulterated with strychnine and tobacco.

On the fifth of September, 1850, the corner-stone of Christ Church was laid on Cedar street, and shortly after the building

was erected. It was a little Gothic structure, and was reached by a two-plank sidewalk from Third street. Here Revs. Wilcoxson and Beck and Van Ingen preached, and then the new church was erected on the corner of Fourth and Exchange, where it now stands, and the little old church passed out of sight forever.

FIRST CHOLERA—FIRST DIRECTORY—FIRST BRICK STORE.

A case of cholera occurred in this city for the first time, this year, and a man by the name of Lumley died with it. It again made its appearance, I think, in 1854, and several died, mostly boatmen.

This year witnessed the publication of a directory, and the erection of a brick store. There then existed in the city five clergymen, fourteen lawyers, two land agents, four doctors, sixteen mercantile firms, one shoemaker, six hotels, three painters, two blacksmiths, four plasterers, five masons, eighteen carpenters, one silversmith, one gunsmith, five bakers, three wheelwrights, one harness-maker, one tinner, two newspapers. The first brick store was built by John Farrington, corner of Third and Exchange streets.

JOSEPH A. WHEELOCK.

Mr. Wheelock was born in Nova Scotia in 1831; was educated at an academy in New Brunswick; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; was in the sutler's store at Fort Snelling for about two years; was editor of the *Real Estate and Financial Advertiser*, owned by Charles H. Parker, from 1854 until 1858; was associate editor of the old *Pioneer* in 1859; made a trip with Gov. Ramsey in 1863 to consummate a treaty with the Red Lake Indians; was Commissioner of Statistics in 1860; in 1861 was connected with William R. Marshall in renting the *Times* office, type, material, good-will, etc., then edited by T. M. Newson, and out of this transaction grew the establishment of the *Press*, of which Mr. Wheelock became editor; was appointed postmaster at ST. PAUL in 1870. He married Miss Kate French, of New Hampshire, in 1861. During the war a paper called the *Daily Union*, established by Fred. Driscoll, was merged into the *Press*, and in 1875 the old *Pioneer* and soon after the Minneapolis *Tribune* were

absorbed by the *Press*, and this joint paper was presided over by Mr. Wheelock, as editor-in-chief; subsequently the *Tribune* was re-established upon an Associated Press franchise purchased from the *Pioneer Press*. The outcome is the present *Pioneer Press*, of which Mr. Wheelock is still editor; so that he has been continuously in the editorial harness up to the time of his leaving for Europe in 1883, about twenty-two years, although previous to entering upon his daily duties he had edited a weekly paper four years, thus making in all about twenty-six years of active editorial life.

WHEELOCK PERSONALLY.

Mr. Wheelock is a tall, spare gentleman with side-whiskers sprinkled with gray, and usually carries a cane. Over a quarter of a century ago I remember him as an invalid, very slender, with large eyes, a good brow, and supposing his lungs to be affected, daily used what was then a novel expedient, a lung inhalent for the benefit of his health. He was social in his nature, somewhat hesitating in his speech, decided in his opinions, impulsive, easily excited to anger, and exhibited what one might term a reserved power, it only needing a good physical organization to bring it out. His trips on the plains greatly aided to restore his health, so that when he became Commissioner of Statistics he piled up the figures in an intelligent and accurate manner. It is said of him that in boyhood he was considered different from other children, and that peculiar, distinct characteristic of early days he has carried into manhood, and still he is a very able writer, a deep thinker, with an analytic and philosophical mind. In early years he wrote with a great deal more ornamentation than now, that is, he used many constructive words to convey his meaning, while at present he drives right forward to the main point at issue. He is self-reliant, and possesses a large degree of individuality; is reserved in his manners, yet to those who know him well he is social, amiable, generous, and a pleasant companion. He has strong likes and dislikes; has devoted his time almost exclusively to his profession, and his ambition has been to build up a powerful journal, and in this particular he has shown both ability and tenacity. The writer has measured pens with Mr. Wheelock on some public questions and

differed with him on others, yet that will not prevent him from rendering honor to whom honor is due, or bias him in his honest estimation of the man. He left for Europe before the first of July, 1883, and after spending over a year there returned to ST. PAUL, July 9, 1884, when he resumed his active duties as the chief editor of the *Pioneer Press*.

JOEL E. WHITNEY—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER.

Born in Maine in 1822; educated at an academy; resided for a short time in Illinois and Indiana; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; opened a daguerrean gallery in a building on the corner of Third and Cedar streets; remained there seventeen years; then removed to the Lambert building, on the opposite corner, up-stairs, where he continued until 1871, having been in the business altogether twenty-one years. The first daguerrean artist was Dr. W. A. Jarvis; the second Joel E. Whitney.

Mr. Whitney produced the first photographic likeness in the city, and was therefore the first photographer. He took many views from which engravings have been made, among them the first Catholic Chapel, the Falls of St. Anthony, and other places. His pictures had much to do in attracting attention to the city.

FIRST LITHOGRAPH OF ST. PAUL—REAL ESTATE.

The first lithograph map of the city was issued by S. P. Folsom & Co. and it is a very fine work of art. The first lithograph view of the city was by Whitney & Le Duc and gave the best view of ST. PAUL at that time. The first plat was issued by Whitney & Nichols. Mr. W. was once in the banking business, the firm being Caldwell, Whitney & Co., and the building now stands on the corner of Third and Robert streets, at present occupied as a drug store.

Mr. Whitney bought eighty-five feet on the corner of Cedar and Third streets in 1850, for which he paid \$1,100; worth now \$60,000; owned half of the claim in 1861 upon which Merriam Park now stands, for which he paid \$2,000; worth now \$200,000; bought forty acres this side of the Reform School for \$250; worth now \$40,000; owned largely in Whitney & Smith's Addition, cost \$10,000; worth \$500,000; purchased four acres in Butman's Addition for \$650; worth \$100,000; owned an acre

and a third on Canada street, paid \$145, sold for \$400; worth now \$30,000; had property at Cottage Grove, Anoka, and elsewhere; invested largely in paper towns and lost all the money he had made in the city. He left for the South in 1871 and returned to ST. PAUL in 1881, and entered the grocery business on Jackson street, but gave it up in consequence of ill-health, and since then he has been doing comparatively nothing.

MR. WHITNEY AS A MAN.

Mr. Whitney was always estimated an honest man. He was industrious and honorable, and years can detract nothing from these qualities. He is of medium size; quite deaf, but an amiable and pleasant gentleman, and has seen ST. PAUL grow from a mere handful of men and women to a city of 120,000 inhabitants.

JOEL WHITNEY,

Father of Joel E. Whitney, came here in an early day and made many real estate investments, one-half of which, had he held, would have made him worth millions. He gave to the German Society the lot upon which the present German Methodist Church stands, and he was among the first temperance men in the city—a great worker in the cause he espoused so enthusiastically.

TALKING TO THE ASSESSOR.

When I ask some of the old settlers what property they once owned and what they now own, they usually turn around to see if the assessor is near by, and some won't give the figures under any circumstances whatever, and this reminds me of a little story: In early days Stephen Denoyer was the possessor of some 400 acres between ST. PAUL and St. Anthony, and every time a boat arrived at our levee he walked up and down on his veranda and advanced his real estate so many dollars per acre. One day a larger number of boats arrived than usual, and Denoyer, very much elated, put his property up to quite a respectable figure, when, among the gentlemen listening to him, one addressed him as follows:

“Mr. Denoyer, you have about 400 acres here, have you not?”

"Oh, yes," said Denoyer, "I has 400 acres."

"Well, Mr. Denoyer, what is your property worth per acre?"

"O, vell, I'se zinks one hundred tollars per acre."

"Then you think that one hundred dollars per acre is cheap for your property?"

"Vells, I zinks he be worth more tan one hundred and twenty-five tollars per acre."

"You have 400 acres here?"

"Yah! You'se buy 'em?"

"Oh, no," said the man, and soon drove off.

"Do you know who that man was?" said a gentleman to Denoyer.

"Vy's, no. Vot you ask for?"

"Well, that was the Assessor of Ramsey County," he replied, when Denoyer was heard to exclaim:

"Oh, my Gods," and calling for his fast horse he was soon on the road trying to overtake the Assessor and to convince him that he had accidentally make a mistake in the valuation of his own property. Of course Denoyer caught his man and then "smiled," and the Assessor "smiled," and they kept on "smiling," (for everybody "smiled" in those days,) and finally a compromise was effected whereby Denoyer's property was assessed at \$25 per acre instead of \$125. Moral—look out for the Assessor.

WILLIAM NOOT.

Among the many earnest Democrats I met on my first arrival in ST. PAUL in the year 1853,—the Territory was then Democratic—none were more enthusiastic, or more warmly devoted to their party, than William Noot and "Little Jack Morgan," the latter well known by the old settlers as the Ohio Democratic politician. Noot and Jack were inseparable. They agreed on party issues; never faltered in their devotion to the memory of Andrew Jackson, and socially were hale fellows well met. Poor Jack! How often he tried to convince me that I was wrong in my devotion to the cause of the slave, and how often he regretted that one he so esteemed should be misled by fanatical ideas. Unfortunately he did not live to see the results of the great rebellion,

but died in early life fully impressed with the belief that the Democratic party was the only pure and great and grand party which could save this country from destruction. Jack came to ST. PAUL sometime in 1852 or 1853, and of whom I shall have more to say. Mr. Noot I lost sight of for years and supposed he was dead, when a mere accident found him alive and well, living at a serene old age in the town of Big Lake, Sherburne County, Minnesota.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN.

He was born in Wesel, on the Rhine, Prussia, in the year 1811; removed to Missouri in 1844; engaged in farming; married Nancy Merchant in 1845; came to ST. PAUL in 1847; remained here a short time when he made a claim one mile above the mouth of Rum river, including the big island, but was driven off when the Winnebagoes were removed to Blue Earth County, they having a high old spree over his scoota-wa-boo, which they found, and which event Mr. Noot thus describes:

WHOOPIING IT UP.

He had two barrels of whisky at this time which he had sold to the Indian traders and had it hid according to instructions in a corn crib, but the Indians found it out and then there was a lively tussel. They took every pot and pan he had, and even emptied his powder keg and filled that with whisky, and removed these vessels to where they camped that night which was about three-quarters of a mile from Noot's house. Himself and wife and little son then went to Mr. Folsom's, at the mouth of Rum river, but there was no sleep. The Indians were very liberal with their whisky, and fortunately they were very good-natured, so Noot and his family escaped with their lives.

Mr. Noot then bought a claim near ST. PAUL in 1850, sold it, and took another claim on the Fort Snelling reservation, in Reserve township. He served two terms in the Territorial House of Representatives in 1853-4, and translated the first message of Governor Ramsey into German; voted for Abe Lincoln, but after the death of that good man he went back to his old love, the Democratic party. He enlisted in the Second Minnesota Regiment and served his adopted country, and though not rich he has been blessed with eleven children, and resides where he has

made it his home for the past twenty years. One son is dead, three others and one daughter are married, and this veritable Noot, to our memory of thirty-two years ago, still lives at the advanced age of seventy-four, dreaming over again the pleasant times he had with little Jack Morgan and the good old Democratic party of over a quarter of a century ago, having been a resident of Minnesota for about thirty-eight years.

JOHN FARRINGTON.

Mr. Farrington was born in Ireland in 1827; came to this country when about seven years of age; was trained in mercantile pursuits in New Orleans in 1840, until he thought the city was too big for him, when he removed to Chicago in 1849, and engaged in business with his brother George, and finding Chicago too large removed to ST. PAUL in 1850, where he has remained ever since, and with which city he is entirely satisfied.

FIRST BRICK STORE—IN BUSINESS.

Mr. Farrington built the first brick store in the city, which formerly stood on West Third street, near Exchange, the ground floor of which was occupied by himself and brother, and the second story by Captain Wilkin, then Secretary of the Territory. The upper part of this building was subsequently, in 1854, occupied by the *Times* printing office, and by Charles Parker, banker, on the lower floor. Later along it was consumed by fire.

In 1853 there existed a firm by the name of Rice, Culver & Lowry, which dealt largely in the Indian supply business of the Northwest and the traffic in furs. When Mr. Rice was elected to Congress Mr. Farrington took his place, and the firm became Culver, Farrington & Co., and continued to exist up to 1865, or twelve years.

BENEFIT TO ST. PAUL.

The trade of this firm was of great benefit to ST. PAUL as furs were brought to this city from all sections of the Northwest, and in exchange for these furs large amounts of provisions were sent out on to the frontier. This trade continued until Congress passed a law virtually placing a tariff on furs, and this sent them into Canada and into England, when the fur trade was abandoned, and the firm of Culver & Farrington entered largely into

the real estate business, and continued until the death of the senior partner, Mr. Culver, which occurred in 1878.

PROPERTY—WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Mr. Farrington has a large amount of real estate in this city, most of which has become valuable. He also has a large number of acres in Blue Earth County.

In 1849 he purchased one-quarter interest in Whitney & Smith's addition to ST. PAUL, which ran from Jackson street to Broadway, for \$500. The present property is worth \$2,000,000! Ministers, and shrewd men, and men of brains, and men without brains, and men of culture, and men of no culture, and land men, and water men, have all got "left" in their estimates of the growth of ST. PAUL, and there is a unanimous verdict that if—and if—and if—what might have been!—if we had only held on to that real estate! but we didn't do it, and that settles the question.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED—NO ELECTIVE OFFICE.

As one of the early settlers Mr. Farrington was always foremost in aiding any enterprise which would advance the interests of the city, hence I find him subscribing to steamboat and railroad stock, investing in the first telegraph, and aiding in building hotels, a third interest of which he now owns in the Metropolitan.

He never held an elective office and was never a candidate for one. He was a member of the Board of Public Works for three years, and has been President of that body four years, making seven years in all. Was appointed U. S. Deputy Collector at the Custom House, ST. PAUL, in 1885, resigning as a member of the Board of Public Works.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. Farrington is a slenderly-built gentleman, very pleasant in his ways, an excellent business man, and undemonstrative in his nature. He is quite reticent when it is for his interest to be so, and quite social with his friends. He walks usually with his hands clasped in front of him, head inclined to the sidewalk as though in deep study, and moves straight forward about his business. The black hair of thirty years ago has turned to gray,

giving him a more venerable appearance than in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," and with a gentle stoop in his shoulders we see the once president of our Board of Public Works as he appears upon our streets, a connecting and valuable link which cements the past with the present.

EMANUEL GOOD.

Mr. Good was born in Pennsylvania in 1827; received a common school education; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; when he arrived he saw a large crowd of Indians on the levee, even greater in numbers than the whites, which startled him; commenced his career here in the lumbering business; worked in THE FIRST SAW MILL IN ST. PAUL, and has studiously followed his business in the lumber trade for upwards of thirty-three years. He has accumulated a fine property consisting of houses and lots, and has a family of nine children, six of whom, however, are only living. He is a very quiet, industrious man; acquired his property by saving, and is a substantial citizen, really a Good man.

R. C. KNOX.

Mr. Knox was born about 1827; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; was a member of the Council in 1851; Orderly Sergeant of the City Guards in 1853; Alderman in 1843-7; Street Commissioner in 1860; was a carpenter and joiner by trade, and at one time took large contracts at Duluth and elsewhere for the construction of docks and warehouses. He was what the boys would call "a stayer," being a man of great "push" of character, and was the originator of the first hook-and-ladder company in this city. He was a very tall man, being upward of six feet, and when he walked his strides were like "Jack the giant killer." In his day, which was thirty-five years ago, he was a great fireman, and the old men now—young men then—who used to follow his lead, assert that he would tire out a dozen ordinary men at a fire. He was a pleasant gentleman, and all the old settlers will remember him, for he towered in majesty above all, and was generally esteemed by all.

CHARLES J. HENNISS.

I have hitherto only incidentally alluded to Mr. Henniss simply because I have had no means of knowing or ascertaining

his history. He was of Irish descent and came to ST. PAUL in either 1849 or 1850, and was born about 1834, being at the first time I saw him, not far from twenty-five years of age. He was a slender, genteel man of good address, and possessed composing and oratorical abilities, which, had he lived would have won for him a name, but his social qualities ran away with his judgment and at an early age he passed to the grave. I remember some of his after-dinner speeches and they were fervent, spicy, original, and withal quite effective. He wrote in an easy, flowing style, and was really a man of much promise, but too much sociability ended in his untimely death.

L. B. WAIT.

Mr. Wait was a short, thick-set man, extremely moderate in his movements and very peculiar in his manners. He at one time was Clerk of the Council, and later was Collector of the Port of ST. PAUL. He used to run a lime and seed store on lower Third street, this side of Jackson, and then he went into the printing business on Fourth street, in the old stone building occupied by Lamb & Sons, and failing went to California where he now is. He was born about 1834 and came to ST. PAUL in 1850. He was a quiet person, very deliberate in his movements and in his talk; never in a hurry; 40,000 Indians on the war-path could not make him run, and he was as odd in his ways as his appearance indicated originality; yet he was a moral, reputable citizen against whom I can say nothing, except that he was awfully slow, and that he had a right to be if he so desired.

ABNER HAYCOCK.

Mr. Haycock was born in ST. PAUL in 1850 and received his education at our common schools and then succeeded his father in the wood business. Prior to this, in 1870 up to 1873, he was engaged in the grocery trade. He married Miss Haley in 1873, and though still in the vigor of manhood he may well count himself as an old settler and one whose experience in this country ought to be of some service to him before he reaches "the sere and the yellow leaf."

DAVID OAKES.

One has a very pleasant memory about poor David Oakes, who fell in the battle at Pittsburg Landing during the late war with the South. He was a manly fellow, and though tinged with Indian blood, (of which he need not be ashamed,) yet he was always the gentleman. I remember him as a large, muscular, well-formed man; straight, active, pleasant; and to-day I can find nothing against him to cast a shadow over his excellent career. He was a trusted clerk of his father and was often sent on important missions among the Indians, and he never betrayed a trust or faltered in his duty. Brave and self-possessed, he with Theodore Borup covered the Indians when they made an onslaught on the Sioux in the old Minnesota Outfit and thereby saved much bloodshed. It was no doubt this same courageous element of his character which caused him to rush into the thickest of the fight at Pittsburg Landing, where he met his death. Poor, gallant Dave Oakes! gone down in life young, yet leaving a memory pleasant to his widow and pleasant to his friends.

He was born at La Pointe, Wisconsin, in 1828; came to ST. PAUL in 1850; married Miss Curran, who survives him; continued mostly in the employ of his father, until he enlisted in the army, and was killed in 1862, aged about thirty-five years.

“His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this is a man.”

FERDINAND KNAUFT—A SCHOOL-BOY.

Mr. Knauft was born in Prussia in the year 1826 and educated at the common schools of that country; came to America in 1845 and worked at the carpenter business in Quincy, Illinois, one year, and in St. Louis three years; arrived at ST. PAUL in 1850 and continued his trade on Seventh street up to 1860, when he abandoned the business and became a school-boy at the age of thirty-six years, and with his books under his arm trudged along to the Commercial College, then kept by O. F. Carver on Third street, anxious to obtain a business education, which he successfully accomplished. In 1851 he commenced the grocery trade in a little store on the corner of Seventh and Olive streets, (having in the year 1850 erected the building,) and continued in the trade

up to 1870, when he turned the stock over to his son and his son-in-law and thought he would take the world easy, but his active, industrious life would not permit him to do so, and he again entered business in 1870 with a partner named Carl Ahrendt, but his partner had too much theatrical ability about him to suit Knauft, who dealt in matters of fact, and so, in the year 1874, he bought him out and has ever since run the business (hardware) alone, until 1884, when he gave his young son, Benjamin, a half-interest in the store, and the firm now is really Knauft & Son.

INCIDENTS.

He was induced to come to ST. PAUL because it was the height of his ambition to own real estate, and here he could get it with such means as he had at hand, while in St. Louis he could not, so he came to this city. In his then youthful estimation to own property was to be a king. At the time he built on the corner of Seventh and Olive streets in 1850, there were only a few houses in that whole section of the city, and on the opposite corner was a blacksmith's shop and an old inn where the Indians used to procure whisky. He resided on Seventh street thirty-four years, and now massive blocks of brick are taking the places of shanties and vacant lots.

PROPERTY—OFFICES.

In 1850 Mr. Knauft purchased a lot on the corner of Seventh and Rosabel streets, (150 feet on Seventh and fifty feet on Rosabel,) for which he paid \$400; worth now \$50,000; a lot on the corner of Pine and Seventh, paid \$400; worth \$20,000; three lots on Seventh, adjoining his corner lot, cost him \$1,500; worth \$60,000; 100 feet on Tenth street; cost \$1,600; worth \$8,000. He has other property in various parts of the city, but the above is sufficient to demonstrate his early idea that the man who owns real estate is a king. Knauft's a king! "Long live the King!" He has four outside buildings beside his recent purchase of Adam Gotzian's residence on Dayton's bluff, for which he paid \$15,000, and where he now resides. His brick block on Seventh street is 200 feet long by 100 deep, has some twelve stores and thirty rooms in it, all bringing him in a handsome rental. The cost of this block was about \$70,000.

Mr. Knauft was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1856; also a member of the Common Council for three years. Since then he has no taste for politics and has no desire to occupy any political position. He has been married three times and nine children have graced the household, six of whom are now living. He is worth, at least, \$250,000.

PERSONAL.

Thirty-one years ago I remember Mr. Knauft as a small, thin, spare, apparently sickly man, with a long face, weighing not more than ninety pounds. He was then a quiet, modest, industrious, pleasant gentleman. Now I find him with ruddy cheeks, a full, round face, a rotund form, and carrying down the scales at 225 pounds. He is still the same careful, prudent, good-natured, plodding business man of over a quarter of a century ago, yet I notice a less elastic step than formerly, a more moderate movement than in the years gone, a few gray hairs lying around loose, still he has reached the throne of his ambition, and sits there—"every inch a king!"—a king because financially above want, and every inch a man because possessing the elements that make one.

JOSEPH FARR.

"Joe Farr," a fine specimen of a colored gentleman, with his loping gait on the sidewalk and his bright eyes, is well known to all the old settlers, for as a man and a citizen he has been very generally esteemed for many years. It is true that in a fit of passion to which he was subject, he would occasionally take somebody by the nose and abruptly slap him in the face, and though not a banker yet he would shave any one out of fifteen cents quicker and better than the best confidence man I ever saw, and still Joe was popular. His customers seemed to like it and Joe laughed and grew fat. He was born in Washington city in 1832, where he lived twelve years; then removed to Galena and resided there six years, running on steamboats as the boy who made up the berths; came to ST. PAUL in 1850 having previously learned the trade of a barber; was at one time located in the old American House; then in a building opposite the First Presbyterian Church, then in Rogers' block, and then in that

owned by the late Dr. Stewart, where he continued for some twelve years, making in all about twenty-eight years of an active life of a barber, and he was an excellently good one. He then secured a position in the seed store of T. M. Metcalf, where he now is. Mr. Farr has a very intelligent family, two of his daughters having been teachers in our public schools.

JOHN PARKER.

Mr. Parker is an Englishman with a round, bright face and a well developed head, and has been in ST. PAUL for thirty-five years. He is a quiet man, but none the less a good and worthy citizen. He was born in the south of England in 1815. After receiving a very indifferent education he learned the trade of a carpenter and worked in London for sixteen years; emigrated to America in 1848; was employed in Brooklyn and New York; resided in Chicago up to 1850, when he came to ST. PAUL; worked on the old Presbyterian Church which used to stand on Third street; also at Ft. Ripley. In 1852 he went to reside with the Indians at Gull and Leech lakes, where he was employed as a carpenter and where he remained for years; returned to ST. PAUL and has been employed at his trade more or less ever since.

REAL ESTATE—BURNED OUT.

In 1852 he bought two lots on Fort street, now West Seventh, near the residence of Robert Smith, Esq., for \$225 apiece; worth now in the aggregate \$24,000; a lot in Leech's addition for \$70, worth now \$12,000. What is remarkable is the fact that this property he still owns.

When Mr. Parker first came to ST. PAUL he and his brother kept a bachelor's hall in a house near the present residence of Henry Horn, Esq., and while absent on business the building took fire and that and everything in it was consumed, not leaving him a suit of clothes; loss about \$900.

KINDLY FEELING.

Coming down into the city after the fire, Mr. Parker met Hon. H. M. Rice, who had a store of his own, and who greeted him with—"Well, Parker, you have been burned out—come into my store and get anything you want." And he gave him a nice

coat and vest. Gov. William R. Marshall gave him some shirts, while James M. Goodhue turned all the money out of his drawer and regretted it was not full. Mr. Fullerton put the best coat in his store on his back and told him to walk off. Indeed, everybody extended a helping hand and showed a very kindly feeling. Mr. Parker was engaged to a girl in the old country, who, after the death of her father, came to America in 1853, Mr. Parker having been here some time previously, and was married to her old lover, and has proved a faithful and devoted wife. He is a man of moderate size, uncommonly quiet in his ways, a hard working, industrious gentleman and a man of excellent character.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

A straight, dignified gentleman, all of the olden times, was Mr. Thompson, who, in his daily rounds was always the same. His measured step and soldierly bearing, with a courtly manner, gave him a marked individuality and made him an impressive figure in the past. He was born in Pennsylvania, of Quaker parentage, in 1812; received a good education and graduated at Wilmington College, Delaware; inherited a large fortune; came to ST. PAUL in 1850, and was at one time partner of H. M. Rice; was Indian agent for several years; made a treaty with the Sissetons and established the first farming among the Indians of Minnesota. He was at Fort Abercrombie during the Sioux outbreak and narrowly escaped massacre. During the later years of his life he was associated with Bishop Ireland in his colonization scheme, and while thus engaged was stricken with paralysis, and after lingering nearly two years, died. Mr. Thompson was a thorough gentleman, a man of unbending integrity, and very generally esteemed for his many good qualities. I remember Mrs. Thompson as a bright, beautiful woman, tall, graceful and amiable, but the old times and the old associations and the old places have been and are now passing away forever. But a few golden links remain, and they are breaking, breaking, breaking!

CHARLES SYMONDS.

Capt. Symonds was originally a sea captain and a man of muscular power. He was well developed physically and was as rugged in his nature as some of the huge hills of his own bonnie

Scotland, where he was born about the year 1828; emigrated to America in 1848 and came to ST. PAUL in 1850. Here he built the first large ice-house in the city, and for years was an exclusive dealer in this article. His capacious buildings stood at the foot of Eagle street, while the gathering of his crop of ice from the river each year called out a small army of men. He was at one time justice of the peace and ran for Sheriff, but was defeated. When the gold excitement at Vermillion lake broke out he was among the first to enter that region, taking machinery and men as the representative of a New York company. In his attempt to come out from the mines alone he lost his way and very nearly starved to death, but his pluck and good constitution saved him. He was a man of strong convictions; self-reliant in his nature; quite positive; a good judge of men and a man of courage.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

When in the Vermillion district the Captain had some difficulty with the Indians, and it was found necessary to call in the powers of the vigilance committee to quell what then appeared to be a coming Indian fight, and he was waited upon by the committee to concede to the Indians what was really their rights. He refused, and arming himself and carrying ammunition into his blacksmith shop, defied the committee and all the Indians. The writer was then president of that district and knowing the Captain's will-power he called on him in his fortified citadel and after a pleasant argument the Captain gave in and the difficulty was adjusted. He died several years ago leaving a fine family of boys, all of whom reflect great credit upon the memory of their father by their upright, manly conduct. Mrs. Symonds was always a sweet, pretty woman, and in her widowhood has lost none of those charms which made her a favorite years ago.

ISAAC P. WRIGHT.

Born in Kentucky in 1822; removed to Illinois in 1834; educated at a common school; lived for a short time at St. Louis; then returned to Illinois; in 1842 mined at Galena; removed to Prairie du Chien in 1845; learned the trade of joiner and carpenter and painter; in Kentucky built residences, hotels, school

buildings, etc.; enlisted in a company of volunteers raised for the Mexican war in Wisconsin; in 1836, when his time expired, he went to New Orleans, Arkansas, and Louisville, Ky., where he erected a number of buildings; arrived at ST. PAUL in 1850; married on the twenty-second of November of that year; was Captain in the State Militia in 1863, under a commission issued by Gov. Ramsey; was Alderman in 1858; served an unexpired term and was re-elected for a full term; was school trustee; was appointed a special committee of the Common Council to fill the quota of men of the city for the war; was appointed by the Board of Health Chief Sanitary Inspector for the city; was on the Board of Public Works in 1877, and president of the same; was Government storekeeper of the Quartermaster's Department; storekeeper of Commissioner of Internal Revenue; was chairman of the committee of arrangements of the Common Council to receive Gen. Grant on his first visit to ST. PAUL in 1865; was in the grocery and provision business from 1857 to 1862; was appointed a member of the Board of Control in 1884 and is treasurer of the same, which office he still holds; is also elder in Hope Church; was contractor for painting the old State Capitol; also first Court House, Presbyterian Church, building of H. M. Rice, etc.; was Master of the Ancient Land-Mark Lodge of Masons five years, and was presented with a Past Master's jewel by this lodge for valuable services rendered.

HAS RESIDED IN ONE HOUSE THIRTY-FOUR YEARS—REAL ESTATE.

Before leaving to get married in 1850, Mr. Wright purchased two lots in Rice and Irvine's addition for which he paid \$200, and on these lots in the spring of 1851 he erected a cottage home, where he has resided ever since, having never moved. It was and is now a beautiful and romantic spot, overlooking the river, and at that time was out in the country, but his place is now thickly surrounded with houses, and railroad trains run under his very windows many times a day. Property worth now from \$10,000 to \$12,000.

He bought a lot on Grand avenue for \$700; sold it for \$1,800; worth now \$4,000; three lots in Ed. Rice's addition for \$600; sold for \$750; worth now \$3,600; forty acres on the

reserve for \$400; sold for \$800; worth now \$20,000; two lots in Ed. Rice's Addition for \$400; worth now 5,000; one lot for \$200; worth \$2,000; fifteen feet on Fort street in 1849, for \$1,000; worth \$6,000.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. Wright is a well-proportioned man; active and vigorous; very pleasant in his ways; moderate in his speech; direct in his actions; and is perhaps as well known on our streets as any old settler who has been here for the past thirty-five years. He has a quick brain; is always thinking or laying plans for some scheme, and yet in his movements he is quiet and unobtrusive. He is what is termed a self-made man, having been left an orphan when quite young, and having had no near relatives to advise or look after him; is diversified in his attainments, having been a joiner, a painter, a carpenter, a politician, a mason, an alderman, and a deacon, and yet in all these affairs of life he has faithfully performed his duty. He has tried to be always Wright and thus far has succeeded.

CHAPTER XII.

 1851.

*First Legitimate Dramatic Performance—First Concord Stages—First Bishop—
First City Clerk—First McCormack Reaper—First Importation—First
Hook and Ladder Company—First Leather Store—First Pen-
sion Office—First School of Penmanship—First Candy
Maker—First Sidewalk—First Big Fire—First
Crockery Store—Incidents and
Biographies.*

SECOND MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The first Territorial Legislature met in the old Central House on Bench street, September 3d, 1849. The second session of the Legislature was held in 1850-1, in a brick building on Third street, known as the old Rice House, corner of Third and Washington. The third session of the Legislature was held in the winter of 1851-2, in a new brick building which stood on Third street, near where the Merchants hotel now stands.

JAMES M. GOODHUE WOUNDED.

I have already given the particulars of the fight between Joseph Cooper, brother of Judge Cooper, and James M. Goodhue, editor of the *Pioneer*, whereby both parties were wounded and from the effects of which wounds the latter died. I will only say in passing that the event occurred January 16, 1851.

THE CAPITAL LOCATED.

The Legislature, having power from the general government to expend \$20,000 for the location of the Capital of the Territory, the question was warmly discussed in the Legislature, and the matter was finally compromised as follows: Capital to go to ST. PAUL, the University to St. Anthony and the Penitentiary to Stillwater. Three Commissioners were appointed to supervise the erection of a building, and a block of land (the present site,) given by Charles Bazille and Vetal Guerin, was accepted. Bazille gave the property in his own name, and Guerin reimbursed Bazille half of a block elsewhere, and hence they were joint donors. The property now belongs to the State even if the Capital is removed. The old or first Capitol building cost \$40,000.

FIRST DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE—OTHER EVENTS.

The first dramatic performance seen in ST. PAUL, was at Mazurka Hall during the month of August, 1851, when a troupe from New Orleans enacted "Slasher and Crasher," "Betsy Baker," and other plays. One can see in imagination the tinsel and daub of the stage of that day, as well as the crude surroundings of the hall; the old benches, the three-footed stools, the rickety chairs, the tobacco juice and peanut shells, the smoked room, all of which were apparent concomitants of a first-class theatre of thirty-four years ago! and to this he can hear the wild shrieks of the "boys," or the jingling of tumblers in the room below, and form a very correct idea of the class of amusements given to the ST. PAUL public in 1851! Now take my arm, if you please; walk with me to Wabasha street; let us enter the Grand; open your eyes; critically inspect this beautiful house; see that capacious stage; look out upon that audience; listen to those sweet strains of music; observe the glitter of the electric lights. Ah! there they come! what scenery! what dresses! what actors! The dark-visaged face of the grim old Past crouches in one corner of the opera room and horribly grins as he witnesses the innovation of years, while a sweet cherub angel floats over the stage and smiles serenely while she wafts her golden hair onward and upward! 1851!—1885! Progress! Prosperity! Pre-eminence!

Rev. E. D. Neill was appointed Superintendent of Schools ; a Red river train of 102 wooden carts arrived ; treaty with the Sioux Indians made ; fifteen additions added to the city ; appearance of Weekly *Minnesotian* ; Winslow House commenced ; Catholic Cathedral completed.

W. R. MARSHALL.

Born in 1825 in Boone County, Mo., Governor Marshall came to Minnesota in 1847, or thirty-eight years ago. He is of Irish-Scotch descent ; received a common school education, and when at the age of thirteen years, in common with his brother, supported their mother and youngest sister. At the age of sixteen years he worked in the lead mines of Galena, Ill., and in 1847 he moved to Stillwater, Minn., and then to the Falls of the St. Croix. He pre-empted a claim at St. Anthony in 1849, which, had he held it to the present time, would have made him a very rich man. In the spring of 1849 he with his brother Joseph, well known to old settlers, established the first store of general merchandise at the Falls of St. Anthony. He surveyed that town and was engaged by the United States in surveying pine lands on the Rum river. He was elected to the first Territorial Legislature, and in 1851 removed to ST. PAUL and established the first iron and heavy hardware store, not only in this city, but in the State. The building was a small wooden one, standing on the ground now occupied by the Warner block, corner of Third and Wabasha streets, and I remember it as the "Sligo Iron Store." The brothers afterwards occupied the stone building adjoining the Opera House (recently taken down,) and after selling out they established a banking house, which finally went down in the financial revulsion of 1857. Gov. Marshall presided at the meeting which organized the Republican party of the State of Minnesota, and was brought out as a candidate for delegate to Congress by the ST. PAUL Daily *Times*, then edited by T. M. Newson, and was subsequently nominated by the convention, but through the pig-headedness of the anti-Nebraska wing of the Democratic party, was defeated, and H. M. Rice elected in his place. In 1861 he leased the printing material of the old Daily *Times* for one year, and thus established the ST. PAUL Daily *Press*, of which he was one of the editors, when in

1862 he entered the army and did service in the campaign against the Indians under Gen. Sibley, and then with his regiment went south, where he was engaged in several battles and was finally commissioned Brigadier General. In 1865 he was nominated for Governor and was elected to that office; re-elected in 1867; was Railroad Commissioner for several years; was in the pay of the United States Government as special agent of pine lands, and is now Land Commissioner of the Iron Range Railroad.

MARSHALL PERSONALLY.

Governor Marshall is a tall, slender man, with sandy whiskers and rather small features, and is fearless and brave in his nature. He is generally sedate in expression and quite deliberate in speech. His head is bald, and his whole demeanor indicates a thoughtful man. Very few men have passed through so active a life as Governor Marshall. He has been swinging on the see-saw board of fate—a good many times up and a good many times down, yet he is energetic, persevering, cool, decided. He has filled many places of honor and of trust, and is now in comfortable circumstances; while he is much esteemed as a man and a citizen.

SQUAW LOG DRIVERS.

The *Democrat* of May, 1851, said:

“About forty Sioux squaws with canoes, have been at work on the Mississippi for some time past, driving logs. They receive for their services about a dollar per day each. They are very expert canoe paddlers.”

They looked somewhat like our fancy boatmen of the present day who now paddle their boats on our river, but then the squaws were more thoroughly dressed.

“MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL.”

When in the midst of the greatest rebellion known in the history of modern nations—when surrounded with cares, and trials, and responsibilities never before assumed by a chief magistrate—when opposed by a great and brave military power, the off-shoot of one immense family—when beset with danger from without and danger from within the Union army—when followed by the assassin and dogged by spies—when bravely and nobly and conscientiously performing his duty with a grand heart and

a grand purpose, even right in the midst of his most inveterate foes—Abraham Lincoln uttered those memorable words which will forever go ringing down the corridors of Time and lose themselves in the ocean of Eternity—“MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL.” The historian should rise above personal feelings and prejudices, and should endeavor to imitate the great patriot in his noble expression, and in delineation of character should clearly exemplify the motto—“Malice toward none and charity for all.” Upon this basis PEN PICTURES were started, and upon this basis they have struck a responsive chord in the popular heart, and upon this basis they will go to the world in book form, and upon this basis they will be best known in history. The bright side of life is the real life, and when I can say nothing good of a man I shall leave a blank where his name ought to appear; but experience has taught me that many good deeds are often forgotten while some bad deeds are greatly magnified. I do not propose to mar an otherwise symmetrical career because I find upon it a few indifferent blemishes; so, with “malice toward none and charity for all, I shall continue my PEN PICTURES until the great Public calls—“Stop.”

FIRST CONCORD STAGE COACH IN MINNESOTA.

The first stage in the shape of a two seated wagon, was run from St. PAUL to St. Anthony by Messrs. Wiloughby & Powers, in the year 1849. In the fall they added a four-horse spring wagon that would carry fourteen passengers, and in 1851 introduced the first stage coach ever run in Minnesota. It is still in existence, and is “as sound as a nut.” In the fall of 1851 Benson & Pattison entered into competition with Willoughby & Powers, and two lines of stages were established between St. PAUL and St. Anthony, one the “Red Line” and one the “Yellow,” and the regular price of seventy-five cents was reduced to twenty-five cents. The opposition line went Willoughby & Powers one better and reduced the fare to ten cents, and then the fun commenced.

A SQUARE DRINK AND FREE RIDE.

One day Wiloughby & Powers' coaches, filled with twenty passengers at ten cents per head, were reigned up in front of the

old American House, where pay was usually taken, when one of the passengers wanted a drink. Willoughby, who was present, and who felt remarkably good over obtaining all the passengers for the Falls away from his competitors that day, treated the thirsty individual, when nineteen more passengers pounced upon the unfortunate proprietor, who, in the goodness of his heart, set them up to the tune of just \$3.00, and as the aggregated fare for the twenty was only \$2.00, the stage company not only furnished the ride to St. Anthony for nothing but gave each passenger a good square drink and five cents apiece besides! After the drinks the first man treated slapped Willoughby on the back and exclaimed—"You are just the man for a new country—you must succeed." And he did succeed—the wrong way, for subsequently both lines sold out to Alvaren Allen, and the firm became Allen & Chase, and then Burbank, Blakely & Merriam, and now it is Blakely & Carpenter.

IN THE SWEARING CAR.

I well remember, after returning from Washington in 1861, where I had been to receive the appointment of postmaster of St. PAUL, (but where I had been politically sold, with many other good men,)—I say I well remember the smiling face and twinkling eyes of Col. Allen at LaCrosse, who, after poking us up with buffalo robes and shutting the stage door, broke out into a hearty "Ha! ha! ha!"

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"O-ho!" said the Colonel, "the-them fe-fellows are go-going h-ho-home in the s-we-swearing c-car!" and he again burst forth into one of the most unearthly laughs that ever emanated from a human stomach, which so frightened the horses that it set us whirling over the road at a very rapid speed, to the imminent danger of our lives. The Colonel *can* laugh like a ten-horse steam engine!

THE OLD STAGE TIMES.

Who does not remember the good old stage times of years ago? The preparation, the reality, the trip! With what delight one mounted the rocking vehicle! With what ecstasy he snuffed the morning air! With what joy he hailed the country and its beautiful scenery! With what pride he gazed on the leaders as

they lifted their proud heads and capered on their way! And then the driver! how he held the ribbons, and cracked his whip, and grew big with importance, and bragged of his team, and came in ahead of time! The landlord of the little country inn shook his sides with extreme pleasure as he saw the crowded stage gallantly making its way to his door! And then such meals of salt pork, and fried potatoes, and boiled ham, and fried eggs, and stale bread, and pea coffee! Nobody grumbled; the charges were moderate, and even if the passenger didn't sleep the night before, he could doze away in the good old stage as it went rattling along to its destination! The song, the joke, the story, the new acquaintance,—all gone,—how they come back to memory! And that good, dear old stage, and that garrulous driver, and those glorious leaders, with blue ribbons in their head-gear, and the lovely country, and the running streams, and the crude bridges, and the blue-eyed girl, so angelic in the eyes of youth, and the way-side stopping places, and the early morning start, and the break-down in mud, and the delay, and the midnight meal, and the sound sleep; aye, even the horn which announced our coming have all passed from our gaze forever and in their places have come the huge steam-engine, the dirty fireman, the active brakeman, the polite conductor, the Pullman sleepers, the palace dining cars, and whiz, whiz, whiz, away we go amid smoke, and cinders, and dust, to battle again with the material and business elements of life! So, good-bye, old stage, old times, old associations, old and delightful memories of a by-gone age! Good-bye leaders, and drivers, and landlords, and country, and streams, and birds, and nature, and happiness, and joy, and girl, and fresh air, and good appetites, and health-inspiring vigor!—good-bye! Like the old man who has carried many a burden, the old stage has been shoved out on to the frontier by newer and fresher blood, there to finally leave its bones amid the soil of a new people! Good-bye!

INDIAN FIDELITY.

Near where Gates A. Johnson's residence now stands, just beyond the house of D. W. Ingersoll, was found on the morning of April 4, 1851, the body of a dead Indian. Not far from this point was an encampment of Winnebagoes, and the Sheriff, with

a body of soldiers, repaired thither to arrest the murderer and bring him to justice. While quietly cooking their evening meal the officer inquired of Che-en-u-waz-hee-kaw, or Standing Lodge, if he knew anything about the murder. "Of course I do," he replied—"I killed him!" He had been selected by his tribe to kill the Indian for some offense for which the penalty was death, and he had simply performed his duty according to the Indian idea and Indian custom. Standing Rock was arrested without any opposition on his part, incarcerated in Sheriff Lull's carpenter shop, and finally was held over to the grand jury which met in the middle of the month. He was released upon his word of honor that he would appear at the proper time, and notching a stick to number the days to be sure to be present when wanted, he went his way to hunt with his tribe. Very unexpectedly to everybody, he made his appearance at the first day of court sitting upon the doorstep, ready for his fate. Every day for a week he came and waited but his case could not be called. He was finally indicted by the grand jury, but never attempted to escape, and was at last discharged, leaving the white men with all their boasted chivalry with a manhood untarnished and a word of honor unimpeached.

ISAAC VAN ETTEN—HIS PERSONALITY.

Gen. Van Etten was born about 1836; graduated at Union College in 1848-9; entered the law office of Hon. Samuel J. Wilkin, father of our Judge Wilkin; was admitted to the bar in 1851, and came ST. PAUL the same year; was appointed Adjutant-General of the Territory of Minnesota by Gov. Gorman, in 1853, and held the office until 1858; was a member of the Territorial Council in 1853-4; formed a law partnership with the late Col. Alexander Wilkin in January, 1853, the latter retiring in the fall—the firm of Ames & Van Etten succeeding, the late Michael E. Ames being his partner. This firm became Ames, Van Etten & Officer, and afterwards Van Etten & Officer until 1865. In 1863 he was appointed Consul of the United States to Jerusalem by the President through Gov. Seward, then Secretary of State, which appointment he declined. Gen. Van Etten retired from practice in 1866 on account of a disease of the heart, but resumed practice in 1872 with Hon. L. Emmett. He died December 28, 1873.

Mr. Van Etten was a tall, active man, full of life and animation, and at the time I knew him was a great Democratic politician. He was a devoted friend of the late Gov. Gorman and was at one time his Adjutant General. His tall and commanding figure (though then quite young,) attracted attention, while his social qualities won him many friends. He was very active, impulsive, easily excited, yet back of all this there was a good, honest heart. He gravitated into politics as naturally as a child digs into sand, but several years before his death he abandoned politics and devoted his attention to business, and having, through others, lost considerable money, his health gave way and he died at about thirty-seven years of age.

MRS. VAN ETTEN—TENDERLY AND TOUCHINGLY EXPRESSED.

Mrs. Van Etten is yet quite a fine and young-looking lady, having, however, passed through much tribulation in the death of her husband, her father, and all her brothers. She is an excellent singer, and though among the last of her family is as amiable, and as pleasant, and indeed almost as young, as when many years ago I first met her as simply Miss Jane Oakes.

A thoughtful writer has said, that if "we die to-day the sun will shine as brightly and the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. 'Is he dead?' will be the solemn inquiry of a few as they pass to work. No one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crawl close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, 'I remember.' We lived in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes."

"Our friends are waiting for us,
 The loved, the tried, the true,
 But time's frail, misty curtain
 Now hides them from our view;
 They've reached the quiet harbor—
 Not lost, but gone before,
 And now they wait to greet us
 Upon the distant shore."

“JUST MY LUCK.”

An old settler of ST. PAUL who was given somewhat to profanity, took the cars years ago at Dubuque, Iowa, for the East—then there were no railroad lines in Minnesota—and when seated in the coach he indulged quite freely in profane remarks. Just back of him was a young minister, now of St. Paul, (the name I suppress,) who, after a while became uneasy and believing that now was a good time to save a soul, reached over and patting the profane man on the back, exclaimed—“My friend, you are on the road to h—ll!” “Is that so?” asked the old settler, “that’s just my d—n luck—I bought a ticket for Rochester.”

THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

After J. C. Burbank dissolved with Wm. Constans (as they both were in the express business originally,) Mr. Burbank made a specialty of the express enterprise, became his own messenger, and in 1851 the business began to increase largely. Several partnerships were formed and dissolved, when C. T. Whitney united with Burbank and added to the business that of forwarding and commission merchants. In 1854 regular messengers were employed and the business constantly increased, and has continued to increase ever since, and from a small beginning has grown to a gigantic enterprise. The leading figure in this movement was J. C. Burbank, and he may very properly be denominated as the father of the express business in Minnesota.

OUR DOUBTS ARE TRAITORS.

Shakespeare says :

“Our doubts are traitors, which make us lose the good
We oft might win, by fearing to attempt.”

Years ago the old settler had great doubts as to the growth of ST. PAUL; great doubts as to the ultimate value of the land upon which the present city is built; doubts as to its population; doubts as to its commercial importance; doubts as to its railroad interests; and so, many of them, “fearing to attempt,” lost much good financially they might otherwise have won. Many of these doubts have disappeared in the march of time, but then the old settler is not as supple and as ambitious as he was twenty-five

years ago, nor does he care as much for money as he did then. He fears to venture. He has seen many of the ups and downs in life. He halts; he hesitates; he quibbles; he doubts; when a young and inexperienced scion from the East, with his papa's money, jumps over his head and takes the prize. The old settler simply submits, and philosophically exclaims—"Just my d—n luck."

TREATY WITH THE SIOUX.

Up to this year the Sioux Indians owned all the land on the west side of the Mississippi river, but a treaty was made with them on the 23d of July, 1851, at Traverse des Sioux, whereby they ceded 21,000,000 acres of land to the United States, and this land is now covered with villages, towns, cities, railroad tracks, farms, energy, enterprise and capital, and where will one day arise an empire that will astonish the world. Of course there was great rejoicing over the treaty because the land would be open to settlement, the traders would get their money due from the Indians, and the Indians themselves would have money to expend with the whites. It was the opening of a new era in the history of the Northwest; it meant, to push the Indians on to the frontier; it was, as Goodhue then wrote in 1851, the introduction of "farms with their fences, and white cottages, and waving wheat-fields, and vast jungles of rustling maize, and villages, and cities crowned with spires, and railroads with trains of cars rumbling afar off—and now nearer and nearer the train comes thundering across the bridge into ST. PAUL, fifteen hours from St. Louis on the way to Lake Superior." All of this has been realized and more too, in thirty-four years, and many of those who attended that treaty still live as witnesses of this unparalleled growth. The Sioux Indians have been swept outside of the borders of Minnesota since 1851, and still the tide of civilization rolls on.

JOSEPH CRETIN, D.D., THE FIRST BISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Cretin was consecrated Bishop on the 26th of January, 1851, and arrived in ST. PAUL on the 2d of July of the same year, or thirty-four years ago. Since the days of the good Father Galtier, the first priest, the Catholic Church had

grown to large proportions, and it became necessary to have a Bishop to direct its movements. Father Ravoux, who took the place of Rev. Galtier in 1844, speaking of Bishop Cretin, says:

“All those who have been well acquainted with him are convinced that he constantly walked in the footsteps of SAINT PAUL, by zeal, piety, charity, humility, incessant labor and patience in sufferings; not only after his consecration, but also when a priest, when in the seminaire and in the college. He put immediately his hand to the plow, and, faithful to the advice of our Saviour, did not look behind. He knew for whom he worked, and however difficult the task might be, supported by Divine grace, he was always cheerful. Before the lapse of five months after his arrival in ST. PAUL, he erected on block seven, in ST. PAUL proper, a brick building, eighty-four feet long by forty-four wide, three stories and a half high, including the basement. That building became immediately the second Cathedral of ST. PAUL, and also the second residence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, of his priests and seminarians; and in a few months after some apartments of the basement were used as school-room for boys. The young girls were also to be provided with Catholic schools, and in 1852 the Sisters of St. Joseph devoted themselves in ST. PAUL to the holy work of their institute, and they opened their schools on the property of the church on Third street. (This is the same ground now occupied by the *Pioneer Press* office and other buildings.)”

PURCHASE OF PROPERTY FOR A CATHEDRAL.

Good Father Ravoux continues his narrative:

“After the Bishop’s departure for France, aware of the necessity of securing some lots for the Cathedral and other purposes, I bought of Mr. Vetal Guerin twenty-one lots for \$800, and for \$100 the lot on which now stands the Cathedral. This last I bought of another person who had already some lumber on the ground for a building. He had bought the same on credit of Mr. Guerin for \$60. He dedeed me that lot for \$40 profit. I considered the purchase of the twenty-two lots a very good bargain for the church, as also a good one for Mr. Guerin, because it was understood that the Cathedral and other buildings would be erected on block seven, and such improvements would increase the value of Mr. Guerin’s property. The event proved that I was not deceived in my expectation. The Right Rev. Bishop after his return from France, paid the money for the twenty-two lots and received the deed; I had but a bond for the security of our bargain.”

These twenty-two lots which cost \$900 in 1851, are now worth not less than \$500,000, possibly \$800,000, so Father Ravoux made a most excellent bargain for the church. If I understand the matter the property runs from Sixth street on Wabasha to Seventh; from Seventh to St. Peter; from St. Peter to Sixth, and from Sixth to Wabasha, including the old Cathedral, the new Cathedral, the residence of the Bishop, schools, stores, etc. It is now in the heart of the city and is a very valuable piece of property.

DEATH OF BISHOP CRETIN—HIS FUNERAL—HIS LOOKS.

Of the death of this good man Father Ravoux says :

“The Right Rev. Bishop died on the 22d of February 1857. His illness had been very long and painful, but he always continued to be the good and faithful servant of God, bearing with the greatest patience all his sufferings. More than once when his pains were most intense, I heard him exclaim—‘It is good for me to suffer for my sins. As I cannot work I, at least, ought to offer my pains to God for the faithful and for all.’”

The writer well remembers the funeral of Bishop Cretin. It was the largest ever held in the city up to that time. The priests, the children, the mournful music, the sincere mourners, the immense procession as it moved slowly along our streets, demonstrated the great esteem in which the Rev. Bishop was held. Indeed I have seen many large funerals since then, but none so solemn, and so imposing, and so sincere, and so grand, as that which conveyed to the tomb all that remained of the once greatly esteemed Bishop Cretin.

Bishop Cretin was a fine and intellectual looking man, with a very pleasant face, and a serene yet subdued expression. He was partially bald, wore glasses and had all the politeness of the French. He dressed in his ministerial garments, and was very devotedly attached to the church of which he was the honored head.

THE TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS.

Capt. Russell Blakely may be said to have originated this business, having sold out his interest with J. C. Burbank & Co. and taken a contract to transport goods from New York to the Red River of the North, and thence to Hudson Bay. He with others built the first steamer on the Red river and carried on the business successfully some years, when J. C. & Henry C. Burbank followed it up quite extensively. This branch of trade was of great benefit to ST. PAUL as well as to St. Cloud, and was only abandoned when pushed out by railroads.

THE SQUEAKING RED RIVER CARTS—PEMMICAN.

This year 102 Red river carts made their way to ST. PAUL. These carts were on two wheels only and were composed entirely of wood and leather, no iron whatever being used about them. To them were hitched singly oxen with raw-hide harnesses, and

the train would come into the city in single file accompanied with half-breed drivers, fantastically dressed. As no oil or grease was used about the axles the squeaking noise these carts made was enough to drive a Christian mad. They brought in furs and carried back some gold, with groceries and provisions. In 1858 about 600 of these carts came to the city, and then the trade began to decrease. The time consumed on the journey from Pembina to ST. PAUL was usually thirty days, sometimes longer, according to the condition of the roads.

Pemmican is a preparation of raw buffalo meat, dried, pounded and mixed with tallow, and then pressed into a bag made from a buffalo hide. It was the principal sustenance of the Red river men who accompanied the carts, and though unpalatable to a man who gets tender-loin beef-steak at our hotels, yet it was essential and valuable food for those whose business it was to navigate our plains.

And so these singular vehicles of commerce have disappeared, and even the stage and the steamboat that took their places to a degree, have been supplanted by the irrepressible railroad train that now precedes even the march of civilization and pushes the Indian race on to the extreme borders of the American continent. These elements of the past have only combined to make ST. PAUL the focal point of an immense trade, and this with her railroad interests and a population of 120,000, place her pre-eminently before the world as the great city of the new Northwest.

ALVAREN ALLEN.

Colonel Allen was born in the State of New York in 1822 ; moved with his father on a farm in Wisconsin in 1837, where he remained five years ; attended the high school in Beloit during the winter, and drove team summers to pay his way ; clerked in a retail store for two years ; in a jobbing house in Milwaukee for three years ; left for Dubuque, Iowa, and arrived at ST. PAUL in 1851 ; visited St. Anthony ; fell in love with the Falls and the country surrounding ; loaned a gentleman his team to go to ST. PAUL, for which he received \$5, then the next day \$10, and then the Colonel exclaimed—"Wife, I've struck it ; livery is our business ;" and immediately four horses and three wagons followed the

single team, and Allen was on the road to wealth and to glory. Seeing that he had struck a lead, he then added the veterinary practice, and in this he was as successful as in the livery business, receiving as high as \$50 for curing a single horse in the last stages of disease; in five years he had a stable of fifty horses, carriages, wagons, harnesses, and in 1856 purchased the stage line and mail route of Patterson, Benson & Ward, but subsequently sold one-half interest to C. L. Chase, then Secretary of the Territory, and they jointly secured the route from ST. PAUL to St. Anthony for \$21,000. In 1859, in connection with the owners of the Northwestern Express Company, the firm started the line from ST. PAUL to La Crosse, and soon after consolidated, thus crippling contemplated opposition and making J. C. Burbank manager. A party of stage men, however, came on to ST. PAUL to establish a line, and after losing \$75,000, withdrew, leaving the field to the old company.

Col. Allen followed the stage business up to 1859 when he entered railroading, which he continued through 1873, and then purchased Col. Shaw's interest and lease in the Merchants hotel for \$40,000; he then bought the hotel itself of Col. Potter for \$275,000, and has added largely to its accommodations since then, making its present value not far from \$500,000.

Col. Allen was the second Mayor of St. Anthony; has been Alderman for four terms, or eight years, of the city of ST. PAUL, and president of the Council four years.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS—PERSONALLY.

In early days he made a claim where Minneapolis now is, of 160 acres of land, the same ground upon which the Harvester Works are built. He sold this claim for \$5,000; worth \$1,000,000; purchased two lots on Dayton avenue, with a small house, where he made his home, for \$1,600; sold the same for \$12,000; worth \$15,000; bought of Mr. Rhiel his residence on Dayton avenue for \$13,500, finished it up and sold the property for \$34,000; worth \$45,000.

Col. Allen is always cool. I never saw him in a hurry, and yet he accomplishes a great deal of labor and runs his huge mammoth eating establishment like clock-work.

R. C. BURDICK.

Burdick is a character, but as I can't catch him as he is I shall have to catch him on the fly. He was born in Michigan in 1834; had a common school education; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; from Elgin to Galena he supposed he was to ride in the stage, but "walked half the way and carried a rail the other half;" paid the captain of a steamer to ST. PAUL his last nickel; "struck the town a pauper," so he says; went to H. M. Rice for a loan; got it; started up the country and brought up at Watab; some time afterwards read law with Rice, Hollinshead & Becker; didn't think he would make a lawyer and gave it up; clerked for S. B. Lowry at Watab in the winter of 1852-3; went to Pembina in 1853; wintered in 1854-5 at St. Joseph, thirty miles west of Pembina; hunted buffalo in the summer of 1855; in that fall was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature representing more counties than people; in 1856 went into the general trading business at Watab; the crash came and wiped him out; entered the service of Mr. Kittson; took charge of his Red river wooden carts, and continued with him up to 1862; came down from the Fort Garry country with a company of eight, only three of whom are living; entered the services of the Stage Company in 1863, and continued up to 1865; that year engaged with the Hudson Bay Company; continued with them five years; ran a store in Winnipeg; was there when the rebellion broke out in 1869-70; was imprisoned by the order of Riel; but was so well acquainted with the French half-breeds and spoke their language so accurately, that Riel couldn't get them to hold him and he was released; had charge of men in 1870 to build a United States fort at Pembina; in 1871 was in the employ of H. C. Burbank, shipping goods under contract of Hudson Bay Company; was in the employ of the ST. PAUL and Pacific Elevator Company in 1872; moved to Willmar in 1873; was with Commodore Davidson in 1877, as "general utility" man; was employed by the Millers' Association at Minneapolis in 1879, and remained with them up to 1881; then was employed by A. B. Stickney to take charge of a body of men to explore and survey a pass in the Rocky Mountains 900 miles west from Winnipeg; two years after this he went to the same place in a Pullman car; and was finally in the

employ of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company as supply agent. Mr. Burdick is the father of six children, five of whom still live.

AN INDIAN MURDER.

Mr. Burdick says that in the winter of 1855 the Indians were very troublesome in the settlement of St. Joseph where he was then living, making frequent raids upon the settlers, stealing horses and killing such of the inhabitants as could be found away from the village. Mrs. Spencer, wife of a missionary, was killed by them that summer, and when discovered she was lying upon the floor dead, with two children, three and five years old, sitting on each side of her body, and a babe upon her bosom whose face was all bloody from its efforts to secure nourishment. The citizens got track of a party of Indians that summer and followed the trail; met and killed four out of seven, and two more of the remaining three were slain by hunters on the plains, so Mrs. Spencer's death was avenged, but it did not bring back the dead mother to the poor little children.

A CLOSE CALL—BURDICK AS A MAN.

In the winter of 1854-5 Burdick made a trip from Pembina to Crow Wing with dogs and on snow-shoes. The first day out the dogs broke into the provisions and devoured all there was, leaving the party to exist on tea and rotten fish the rest of the trip, but they came out alive though considerably emaciated.

Although fifty years of age yet Mr. Burdick is as vigorous and as active as a person of thirty years. He has been a great roamer; is bubbling all over with fun; is full of magnetism, with a well developed physical organization capable of enduring almost any amount of exposure and fatigue. He is an off-hand, humorous, kind-hearted gentleman, and can show a record of experiences in the Northwest that can discount any other traveler. He now resides in this city, and is chief State Inspector of Wheat.

SHERWOOD HOUGH—FIRST CITY CLERK.

Mr. Hough was born in New York in 1827; came to St. PAUL in 1851; was appointed Deputy Clerk of the District Court of Ramsey County, which office he held until 1860, when he was elected Register of Deeds for two years; in 1854 was elected

the first City Clerk of ST. PAUL for two years; chosen City Comptroller in 1857, which office he soon resigned; was again appointed Deputy Clerk of the District Court of Ramsey County from 1863 to 1865; in 1866 was elected Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State, holding that office by re-election three terms; has been Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer of the I. O. O. F. of the State of Minnesota for some ten years; has been a Director in the St. Paul Building Association, the first organization of the kind in this State; also one of the incorporators and a member of the board of trustees of the Minnesota O. F. M. B. Society, from its organization in 1870, for many years thereafter; in 1876 commenced the book and stationery business and has been engaged in it ever since.

Mr. Hough has been a great Odd Fellow all his life, and has filled many offices of honor and of trust in that society. He is a man of ordinary size, quiet in his manners, very attentive to business, and much devoted to his family. An unfortunate disability in the use of one limb prevents him from mingling much with his fellow-men, and yet he is social and pleasant to all who know him, and is a quiet citizen.

L. E. REED.

Mr. Reed was born in Massachusetts in 1830; removed to Ohio when three years old; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; went to Long Prairie with a missionary, where he worked on the government farm; in the fall of 1851 walked the whole distance from Long Prairie to ST. PAUL, or 140 miles; taught school about fifteen miles north of Freeport; returned to ST. PAUL in 1852; hired out to a carpenter to do rough work.

GOV. RAMSEY DRIVING NAILS.

His first duty was to build a fence around Gov. Ramsey's lot. He went at it but in driving the nails broke every other one, which attracted the attention of the Governor, who, on appearing before young Reed told him that he was destroying more nails than his day's wages came to.

"Well," said Reed, "these nails are not good."

"Yes they are," said the Governor, "but you don't know how to drive them."

"But these nails came from Pittsburg, and they are not worth a tinker's snap."

"Oh-ho! young man," said the Governor, "these nails are good, but you don't strike them right. Give me the hammer; I'm an old cabinet-maker, and I'll show you how to drive nails," and the Governor drove every nail without a break, to the utter astonishment of Reed.

"Now, young man," said the Governor, "what have you been in the habit of doing?"

"Well," said Reed, "I have been working on a farm," his face longer than the board he was trying to adjust on the rail of the fence.

"Take this order," said the Governor; "go out to my farm near Lake Como; go to work and I will pay you \$35 per month," and Mr. Reed did so.

FIRST M'CORMACK REAPER IN THE STATE—BIG INDIAN BRAVE.

Here Mr. Reed drove the first reaping machine ever in the State of Minnesota, and as four horses were attached to it he was prouder then than at any other period of his life. Jus Ramsey had an ugly horse that could not be used, but Reed put a Spanish bit on him, hitched him in with the others, and he worked thereafter as docile as a child. Indeed the horse and the machine were great curiosities and many visited the field to see the animal and to observe the machine cut the grain, not only that of the Governor's but of the neighbors' at large.

While at Long Prairie one night, the Indians stole two horses. Reed went in pursuit of them and coming up with the thieves sought to get back the stolen animals, when one of the Indians fired his pistol at him and the powder flew into Reed's face. Nothing daunted he knocked the Indian down, secured his pistol and its paraphernalia, and was about moving away when another Indian knocked him down. Recovering himself he seized the horses and mounting his own, started on a full gallop, when all of a sudden the animal he was riding gave a jump and he discovered an Indian lying by the way-side who, as he passed, had tried to seize his legs, but Reed eluded him and came into camp triumphantly. After that he became a great favorite with the red men, and on one occasion they dressed him

up as a brave, put rings on his wrists, painted his face and greatly honored him as a Big Indian Chief.

“ I WILL VOTE FOR YOU AS LONG AS I LIVE.”

On the Fourth of July, 1852, it was agreed that the best way to celebrate the day was to entertain strangers at the residences of citizens, so J. W. Bass took twenty, somebody else ten, and Deacon Cavender ten. Among those who went with Cavender was Reed. Fifteen years afterwards Reed ran for Alderman in the same ward in which Cavender lived, and finding out that Cavender was about to vote against him, Reed addressed him as follows :

“ Cavender, you are not going to vote against me ? ”

“ Yes, I am.”

“ But you wouldn't vote against a friend you once entertained at dinner ? ”

“ You never took dinner with me.”

“ Yes, I did.”

“ Prove it and I will vote for you,” said Cavender, and Reed *did* prove it, even telling him what they had for dinner fifteen years before.

“ Give me your hand and a ticket,” said Cavender, “ I'll vote for you for any office you may run for as long as I live,” and he did, only regretting that he could not do the same favor to the other nine who sat down to his hospitable table on the Fourth of July, 1852.

TAUGHT SCHOOL AGAIN.

Young Reed drifted back to Illinois in 1852 and taught school where he had been the year before, and then on his way out to ST. PAUL he stopped at a small town ; bought a farm with a crop on it ; cleared \$7,000 ; married a well-to-do young lady ; traveled south ; came back to ST. PAUL ; loaned out about \$8,000 ; crash came in 1857 ; lost it all ; was aided by Mr. Edgerton to get on to his feet again ; became a street broker ; paddled along for three years ; had his ups and downs ; was Alderman eight years and president of the Council one term ; became engaged in the banking business with the Thompson Brothers, as far back as 1862 ; then with the First National Bank in 1863, with which

institution he was connected several years, and in 1873 became its vice-president; was once a partner of William Dawson, the firm being Dawson & Company, and continued such for four years; was vice-president of the City Bank three years, and is now president of the Capital Bank of this city. Mr. Reed has been in the banking business twenty-five years.

SOME REAL ESTATE—REED AS I SEE HIM.

In 1852 Mr. Reed purchased a lot on Wabasha street adjoining the Market, for which he paid \$400; sold for \$4,000; worth \$15,000; fifteen years ago he bought two lots and a house on the corner of Sibley and Sixth streets, for which he paid \$5,000; worth now \$50,000; in 1851 one lot on Fifth street for \$225; now worth \$20,000. These are only a few items of his real estate transactions.

Mr. Reed is a fine-looking man, with a well-developed head and a clear, black eye. He is very deliberate in his speech, thinks before he gives utterance to his thoughts, and is quite an impressional conversationalist. He takes to banking naturally; looks upon money as a tangibility, the same as real estate or other property, and acting upon this basis makes his calculations. He is far-seeing in his movements, and yet very cautious—is pretty sure when he moves to move right. He is quiet; never rants; is self-poised; pleasant; and yet when animated he draws down his mouth in a peculiar way which belongs only to Mr. Reed. He never forgets his friends. He gives quietly but with discrimination, and is a first-class citizen. In all matters of finance his advice is generally sought and his opinion is greatly esteemed. Mr. Reed's gradual ascent from a farm boy to that of a successful banker, is full of good lessons for the young, and this little yet interesting sketch of his life ought to leave an excellent impression.

RICHARD MARVIN—EARLY EDUCATION.

Mr. Marvin was born in England in 1817, and is now the only surviving member of a large family. Descended on the mother's side from Scottish covenanters and on the father's from a line of English non-conformists, the principles of civil and religious liberty became an ingrained sentiment with him in his

early boyhood, and he shared in and to this day remembers the exciting times of Catholic emancipation and the first Reform bill.

His education was chiefly received in a classical boarding school in his native town taught by Rev. James Buckham. He was taken away from school in his fourteenth year against the protest of his tutor, and just when he had become intensely interested. His old tutor is still living and in good possession of his faculties, in his ninety-first year, and scholar and teacher still correspond with each other.

MARRIED—CAME TO ST. PAUL.

In 1837, at twenty years of age, Mr. M. was married to Hannah, daughter of Mr. Charles Reading, deceased, of Warwick, England. Residing after their marriage for some time in Henley, in Arden, in Warwickshire, they removed to Leamington in the same county, where they lived for some seven years. They came to Cincinnati in the spring of 1845, and Mr. M. remembers well a visit he made to Professor Stowe, at Lane Seminary, and where he had the pleasure of dining with him and his since celebrated wife. The Professor had just returned from England, and he spoke of points of interest so numerous in the locality from which Mr. M. came, Warwick Castle especially, that it brought up many scenes of by-gone days. It was stated that the Earl of Warwick's rent roll was some £40,000 per year, and yet he was poor. Mrs. Stowe, turning to her husband said—"You see you are not the only poor man in the world." After remaining in Cincinnati some six years and having gone through two very severe cholera seasons, he decided to come to ST. PAUL, and arrived here in 1851. His advent in ST. PAUL was very fortunate; his health had been broken; but here he found an entire change and the commencement of a career of health such as he had not known for years.

ATTEMPT AT FARMING—BUSINESS.

In the first season he made an attempt at farming on a place of 123 acres, which he had purchased for a small sum on the west side of Phelen's lake. Being a novice at the business he discontinued it and rented a few acres of it for some years to a

tenant. He continued to be the owner of the same place for twenty-four years.

In the fall of 1851 Mr. M. leased a lot on Third street on which the First National Bank building was erected some years later. He put up a building upon it and opened a retail china and glassware store. In 1855 he erected a brick building on Third street (which is still standing, and which has been occupied till a short time ago by McGee's restaurant,) and in this he carried on his business for several years. He subsequently moved into the building once occupied by Wm. Lee's wholesale dry-goods house, previously to which his son had entered into partnership with him.

FIRST IMPORTATION FROM ENGLAND—FINANCIAL CRASH.

Some years before the spring of 1857, Mr. M. had taken a trip to England for the double purpose of visiting old scenes and associations and establishing a direct trade with the Staffordshire potteries. He purchased what was then accounted a large stock, some sixty crates of ware; shipped via New Orleans to ST. PAUL under bond. After his return from England came on the terrible financial revulsion of 1857, which cost him nearly all he was worth, yet straitened as he was he continued to import and his credit remained unimpaired with his English correspondents, and in the meantime his trade had become mainly a jobbing business. The war which subsequently came on put a bar on importation, and was the cause of great loss to him.

The real estate which he had purchased at an early day is now worth some sixty or seventy thousand dollars. He is now in his sixty-ninth year and has gone through mental experiences which have bankrupted his courage.

OFFICES HE HAS HELD.

Mr. Marvin was elected Alderman of the city at its first municipal election; has been for thirty-three years an elder in the Presbyterian Church; in 1875 was made treasurer of Oakland Cemetery Association, of which he had previously been a trustee, which position he has filled acceptably and successfully for nine years, and has the gratification of seeing the cemetery

which has been for many years very sacred to him, increasingly beautiful and faithfully guarded from vandal desecration.

Mr. M. has been married forty-seven years and the wife of his youth is still the companion of his age. His children, four in number, one-half of his original family, are all married, and live in ST. PAUL. They and their children form a valued and affectionate circle where he finds a pleasant and ever-recurring welcome.

MARVIN AS A MAN.

He is quick, earnest, sensitive, active, honorable, honest, religious; was an unflinching, outspoken anti-slavery man when it was very unpopular to be so, and lives more in the past and in the future, than in the present. He has a highly poetical temperament, and has produced some fine poetry, of which the following is an extract of some thirteen hundred lines written some three years ago:

“The heart its own bitterness truly may know,
 Yet knows not its share in the causes of woe;
 Man hides from himself in dust of the fight,
 And oft in the wrong will deem himself right;
 Will parry and thrust with passion for guide,
 ’Till truth shall fold pinion and stoop to his pride.

“There shall be a day when to know and be known,
 And problems now dark shall all be his own;
 From thence, looking back on the drama of life,
 Amazed, he shall glance o’er its causes of strife,
 When fools had wrought folly, and wise men had smiled,
 And echoed the folly, by folly beguiled.”

H. L. MOSS.

Mr. Moss was born in New York in 1819; graduated at Union College in 1840; studied law and admitted to practice in 1842; removed to Wisconsin and resided there several years, when, in 1848 he moved to Stillwater; was appointed United States District Attorney in 1849 for the Territory of Minnesota, and held the office four years; removed to ST. PAUL in 1851, where he has resided ever since; in 1863 he was again appointed United States District Attorney, and held that position up to 1868, since which time he has been engaged in the insurance business. Mr. Moss aided in the organization of the Territory

and rendered valuable services at Washington in getting through our land-grant bills.

MOSS AS A MAN.

Mr. Moss is a fleshy, easy, good-natured, pleasant gentleman, and by industry has built up a large and profitable insurance business. In early years he was disposed to speculate in new towns with Messrs. Freeborn & Daniels, but of late years has given his attention almost exclusively to his business. He is quiet, undemonstrative, and yet when drawn out in conversation is a good talker, and when somewhat animated, rolls his eyes up towards you in a very peculiar manner. He is deliberate in his movements; quiet in his every-day life; but still is always busy doing something. He believes in the doctrine that one can get through the world fast enough without hurrying, and in this he is right. Some men are like little dogs, constantly running about to catch something and never succeeding, while other men move right along and accomplish a good deal. Mr. Moss enjoys about as much of life as most men, and is respected and esteemed for his many good qualities.

P. W. NICHOLS.

Among the first churches the writer attended soon after bringing back to ST. PAUL a wife from Albany, N. Y., in 1857, was "the little church around the corner" of Ninth and Temperance streets, which was erected in 1858. It was the first Congregational Church in ST. PAUL, and its organization was due chiefly to the faith and puritan zeal of Deacon P. W. Nichols.

Mr. Nichols was born in Massachusetts in 1806, and came to ST. PAUL in 1851 in search of health. He was a retiring, unassuming man of more than ordinary intellectual ability. He laid foundations for the advancement of the human family in many quiet ways, but it was in organizing and fostering Plymouth Church that his influence in moulding the life of the young city was chiefly felt. He died in 1863. Mrs. Nichols survived him nearly twenty years, and passed away in 1883, beloved by all who knew her, a most beautiful example of a serene Christian old age.

Their son and daughter live in ST. PAUL. Miss Kate Nichols is a young lady of superior ability, while her brother is a quiet, honest, unassuming man.

GEORGE H. SPENCER.

Major Spencer (who justly derives his title from being Indian agent,) was born in Kentucky in 1832; educated at Ashbury Academy in Indiana; clerked in a hardware store at Terre Haute; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; was engaged by A. L. Larpenteur for eight years, and as Larpenteur's trade was mostly with the red men, here he became intimately acquainted with the Indians, their language, their mode of living, and here he made a friendship with Chaska, (oldest son or first born,) who subsequently saved his life; was once partner with Major Forbes, who did a general Indian business at a trading post on the west side of Big Stone lake; was there until just before the breaking out of the Indian massacre in 1862; was at this time at the Red Wood agency procuring supplies, and having made his purchases was getting ready to go home, when he noticed a number of Indians in town who appeared to be on the war-path; didn't suspect anything wrong; didn't apprehend any danger; was standing in the door of Maj. Forbes' store, when he observed that the Indians were surrounding all the buildings, but his fears were dispelled when they told him that they were in search of Chippewas who had been seen in that vicinity only a few days before.

A THRILLING SCENE—SPENCER SHOT.

While thus looking unsuspectingly upon the scene, the American colors on Forbes' flag-staff were run up, as they usually were every morning, (and as it appeared afterward, this was the signal for the Indians to commence the fight,) when instantly from four to five hundred Indians opened fire upon everybody and everything within their reach, and the whites fell in every direction. Spencer was hit in the right arm, then in the breast, the ball striking a rib and glancing off; then in the abdomen, tearing open the flesh and making a frightful wound. He staggered to the stairs, closed the door after him and barred it, crawled up to the floor and threw himself upon a bed, while below he could hear the crack of the Indian rifles, the horrible yells of the war-

riors and the groans of the dying. All was in a terrible state of confusion. In the room in which he lay were guns and ammunition, and this the Indians knew, so they dared not venture as they were well aware that Spencer could dispute the passage of the stairway, and they knew he had weapons to do it with.

A GOOD INDIAN FRIEND.

While lying upon the bed conscious that his time had come to die, he heard a thumping at the door, and recognizing the voice of Chaska—with whom he had fished and hunted when mere boys together—Spencer got up and though very weak, descended the stairs, opened the door and then went back to his bed. Chaska came up, approached the bed; asked him if he were much hurt; if he thought he would live, and putting his arm about him conducted him down stairs, where they confronted a gang of Indians who were panting for his blood. Chaska instantly threw himself in front of his friend, exclaiming—"I will save this man's life, and whoever hurts him, hurts me; stand back!" And notwithstanding he was the head warrior of Little Crow's band, and a man of great influence with the tribe, yet so terribly excited were the Indians that one of them snapped his gun at Spencer twice, but fortunately it did not go off; and then another Indian made for him with a fixed determination to kill him, but Chaska drew his tomahawk, and in a minute more would have slain the assailant, but he and others being afraid withdrew, and Spencer and his friends made for the grass, when he was again set upon by an Indian who informed Chaska that it was well understood that not a white person was to be saved, but Chaska replied—"This man is my friend and he shall live, so be gone," and fearing instant death, as he well knew the determined character of Chaska, he left to carry on his murderous career somewhere else.

A DRINK OF WATER OR DEATH.

Spencer lay in the grass in pain, when Ta-ti, Chaska's wife, and another squaw made their appearance, and they were instructed to remain with him and care for him until Chaska could get a horse and wagon to convey him to his tepee. While the women were bending over him they were discovered by the

Indians who again wanted to kill him, but the squaws saved his life. And then, as he lay there, writhing in intense agony, he was attacked with an insatiable thirst for water, and he made up his mind that he might as well die from the bullets of the Indians as from the internal fire which was consuming him, so he broke away from the squaws and with great effort made for a house near by, where the Indians had driven a poor settler up into his loft, and were then trying to kill him. Spencer passed right by these Indians who were watching the man to get a shot at him; saw a pail filled with water, seized the dipper, and after emptying it twice, came out of the house as he went in with a dipper of water in his hand unmolested, the Indians no doubt thinking, from the blood they saw, that he would soon die. Chaska made his appearance with a one-horse wagon; loaded it out of the goods taken from Forbes' store, and on top of the tepee cloth thus obtained, placed Spencer, and at the end of four miles landed him in the lodge of his *necarniss*, or best friend. When about two miles on the way another body of Indians met them and wanted to kill Spencer, but Chaska fought them off. Then again during the time he was in the tent of Chaska many sought his life, especially after some Indian had been killed by the whites, but silent, solemn, sullen, determined, Chaska sat with his gun in his hand, ready to kill the first man who entered his tepee door. And thus poor Spencer was nursed and tenderly cared for for six weeks and then delivered to Gen. Sibley safely, by this noble Indian, who had shown undaunted courage and unparalleled devotion to his friend. It is sad to think that Chaska was subsequently poisoned while on the Indian expedition, either purposely or accidentally, and his bones now lie on the great plains of Dakota, but one can never forget him or his memory, and that one is—MAJOR GEORGE H. SPENCER.

CLERK AND INDIAN AGENT—A BAD INDIAN.

Major Spencer was chief clerk of the subsistence department of Gen. Sibley's expedition. He was appointed Indian Agent by President Garfield for the Yanktonnais Sioux in 1881, and was afterwards reappointed by President Arthur, but was legislated out of office in consequence of the consolidation of one agency with another, after having held his position one year.

During his term of office he was honest, faithful, a good friend of the Indians and an excellent officer of the government, leaving no unsettled or ambiguous accounts behind him when he retired to private life.

While Major Spencer concedes that he has had some good Indians among his acquaintances, yet he admits that there are also some bad ones. As an illustration, on one occasion he gave credit to an Indian in the shape of traps, powder, shot, provisions, etc., to enable him to prosecute his hunt. He made a good catch that season of furs, but instead of paying Spencer what he owed him, he took his furs to Fort Abercrombie and traded them off for whisky. When he returned he was upbraided in rather strong language for his conduct, which offended him. Soon after Spencer had occasion to drink from a pail of water standing near by, and noticing a peculiar taste and being a little suspicious, he permitted two cats to drink out of the same water, when they both died from convulsions in a few minutes. He had a heavy mustache which saved his life, for he picked poison enough out of it afterwards to have killed a dozen men, for it acted as a strainer and caught the deleterious drug. He learned subsequently that this Indian managed to empty the contents of a bottle of strychnine into the water pail, in hopes to kill Spencer for reprimanding him for his conduct.

Again, another Indian fired his store-house because he couldn't get credit, but the fire was subdued before any great damage was done. It was no uncommon thing to find arrows sticking into his horses, the work of some devilish Indian because foiled in his efforts to get goods.

MAJOR SPENCER HIMSELF.

Personally Spencer is of medium height, very quiet in his ways, cool in his temperament, undemonstrative, a good book-keeper, honest and very courageous, as many incidents in his life show. While laying no claims to literary ability, yet he is a great admirer of literary merit, and had he been differently educated in early life, he might have made his mark as a literary man. He is modest and retiring, and shines only best when among his friends, the outer world knowing but little of the intrinsic merit of the inner man.

“D—N THE LAND!”

In early days an old settler had succeeded in getting together a good many acres of land, but as times grew bad he found it quite difficult to raise money with which to pay taxes; indeed he could not pay his taxes. One day after imbibing pretty freely, he soliloquized to himself as follows:

“Columbus discovered America! Yes, Columbus thought he was smart; he found more land than he could use. D—n Columbus!

“Isabella sent Columbus to discover America; hadn't got land enough; oh, no! wanted all the dirt she could get, of course! D—n Isabella!

“Then that old fool of a husband of Isabella, the King of Spain, hadn't sense enough to see that the land he was grabbing would put him in the poor house! Oh, no; he knew it all; he was a western land speculator, and so America was discovered. D—n the King!

“And then another confounded fool of a man came to this country and scraped up 4,000 acres of land, and thought he was a Vanderbilt, and now he can't pay his taxes! D—n the land; I don't want it; I won't have it! D—n the country! D—n Isabella and the King! D—n Columbus!”

And the poor fellow wandered off to drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl, while other old settlers significantly shook their heads and whispered—“A little off, but he's about right.”

WHITE BEAR LAKE.

This year a party visited White Bear Lake and examined its surroundings. The land about it was then subject to entry, or could be bought for \$1.25 per acre; worth now several thousand dollars per acre.

F. A. RENZ.

Mr. Renz was born in 1825, in a town near Baden-Baden, in Germany; arrived at New York in 1846; drifted to North Enfield, New Hampshire, where he commenced blasting out stone for a railroad company; next was in the employ of the Boston water-works and was discharged without pay; during his first winter in this country he labored for a farmer at Rutland, Massa-

achusetts, where he received his board; returned to New York City in 1847, and was employed for four years in a wholesale importing house of French China and glassware; came to ST. PAUL in 1851, it taking a month to make the journey, while now you can make it in less than a week; here he engaged with a surveying party under Lieut. J. H. Simpson (late General Simpson,) to survey a Territorial road from Point Douglas to Fort Ripley; all above St. Anthony was then a wilderness; returned to ST. PAUL and engaged in the confectionery and fancy goods business, and was the first candy maker in the State; disposed of his business in 1857, and went to Kansas; invested some money there; lost it; went to Europe that year; returned in 1858 and commenced farming in Carver County, on a claim he made in 1852, where he remained five years; returned to ST. PAUL in 1865 and became a partner with George Benz, but sold out the same year to Major Becht; then purchased Benzberg's brewery and distillery, which burned down and he lost everything, besides leaving him in debt \$2,000 and carrying with the disaster two houses and two lots, which would have been very valuable now. The debt, however, was all paid with interest, Mr. Renz earning the money as United States Gauger, and he is now out of most of his troubles and is in a comfortable condition.

REAL ESTATE—OFFICES—AS A MAN.

Mr. Renz paid \$700 for a lot where Dr. Day's hotel now stands, on the corner of Third and Cedar streets, which he subsequently sold for \$6,000; now worth \$30,000; he owned a house and lot on Dayton avenue, and one on the corner of Exchange and Seventh streets, which were absorbed in his brewery speculation, now very valuable; he also purchased several acres on Summit avenue, which have greatly advanced in price the past two years.

When in Carver County he was Chairman of the Supervisors of the township of Chanhausen; was elected justice of the peace; was three times member of the Legislature; was Register of the United States Land Office at Henderson, appointed by President Lincoln in 1861; was elected City Treasurer by the City Council of ST. PAUL to fill a vacancy, July, 1873, and held

the office to June, 1882; was Superintendent and Secretary of the ST. PAUL work-house, but has recently resigned.

Mr. Renz is a quiet, industrious gentleman, and has toiled hard to get where he is financially to-day. He has seen a good many ups and downs, but has surmounted all his trouble, and is now enjoying perhaps as much of life's pleasures as most men. He is active, positive, tenacious, undaunted, and as superintendent of the work-house filled admirably an important position to which his talents fit him. He is a man of ordinary size; a little bent in the shoulders and moves along about his business in an energetic manner. He is a good man and a useful citizen, and his career is a striking illustration of what one can accomplish by pluck, energy, industry and perseverance.

A FEW EVENTS OF THIS YEAR—THE WINSLOW HOUSE.

The old Winslow House which used to stand on the corner of Seventh and Third streets, and which was erected by James M. Winslow, was commenced this year. The writer was at the opening of this house when completed in 1853, and partook of the first meal. It was kept by Mr. Deuel, and under it was a bank, a drug store, and the first railroad ticket office in the Territory, run by a Captain George, long since dead. In front of it bubbled up a stream of spring water. In its day it was a popular hotel, but like some fourteen other buildings of this character, it burned down in the year 1862. Capt. George, and Ward, and Rich, and Billy Snell, and some of the Deuel family, and many others, once the occupants and attaches of this house, are dead! And thus moves on the world, obliterating the land-marks of the past, and bringing to view new faces in place of the old ones which are gone forever!

THE OLD CATHEDRAL—A WHIG ORGAN—HOOK AND LADDER CO.

The old brick Cathedral now standing on Wabasha street, was completed this year, and it was a great event, not only for the Catholic Church, but for the city itself. It answered the purposes for which it was built until the present stone Cathedral took its place.

Politicians will remember the days of the Whig party when Henry Clay was its idol and Daniel Webster the great expounder

of its principles. They will remember later along of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and then of the death of the party and the incoming of the great Republican organization which remained in power twenty-five years. Looking back over a quarter of a century one can see many changes, and among them the fact that in 1851, thirty-four years ago, the *Weekly Minnesotian*, a Whig organ, was started in this city by John P. Owens, John C. Terry being publisher. In those days men were more personal than now, and as a result, growing out of political attacks, Owens had several assaults thrust upon him, but he outlived them, entered the Republican party, fought its battles for years and died in 1884.

R. C. Knox, over six feet tall and now a resident of either Montana or Colorado, started a movement for a hook and ladder company in 1851, which was successful, and from this beginning has grown our present fire department. Five of the ladders then in use were subsequently owned by the old Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company, and did good service for many years.

JAMES K. HOFFMAN—AS A MAN.

Mr. Hoffman was born in Pennsylvania in 1831; received a common school education; came to St. PAUL in 1851; was engaged two years with John R. Irvine in running a saw mill; worked for D. L. Fuller three years; took charge of Wm. L. Ames' mill, which stood at the foot of Dayton's bluff, and ran it for some time; then entered a grocery store one year; rented the store and continued the business up to 1873; was appointed State Inspector of Oil, and held the office seven years; was Alderman for six years, and is now engaged partly in looking to his own business and that of C. D. Gilfillan.

Mr. Hoffman as a man is of good size physically, and possesses a well-developed brain; very quiet in his ways, and unobtrusive in his manner. He has pulled through all the financial crashes, and though not immensely rich yet he is comfortably well off; has paid every dollar of his debts, and of course is a happy man, for nothing conduces so much to one's real happiness as the fact that he is out of debt with a small income to support life. Happy man!

JOSEPH FORD, SR.

Born in New York State in 1825; labored on a farm until sixteen years old; learned the hatter's trade; worked in various places throughout the country; studied law in New York City; was the original young man in 1841 whom Horace Greeley advised "to go west;" made a claim in Illinois; sold the land for \$11 per acre; now worth \$100 per acre; was in the Western Reserve College, Ohio, three years; was in Chicago in 1846, where he worked at his trade; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; studied law with Rice, Hollinshead & Becker; was admitted to the bar and practiced law in the Territory and State; was clerk of the House of Representatives in 1852-3; was the first man who enlisted in Company A Seventh Regiment; served all through the war and was in nearly every battle; was never off duty a day for sickness or otherwise, until after the siege and taking of Mobile, Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely, Alabama, and on the last march from these battles and victories he was stricken down insensible by a sun-stroke, was conveyed to a hospital and subsequently discharged. He received a back pension of \$8,000, and now receives \$72 per month.

BUILT THE FIRST HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD—PERSONALLY.

Mr. Ford made the first claim and built the first house and ploughed the first field and was the first settler in the original narrow limits of the village of Northfield; he was the original political ring smasher in the Territory; was the original Blaine man in Rice County; was a correspondent of the ST. PAUL Daily *Times*; also correspondent of Eastern papers, etc., etc., and did considerable in early days to induce emigrants to come to Minnesota. He was sick for several years after his sun-stroke in the army, when he partially recovered, and is now and has been for some time living in Northfield, Minnesota, carrying on farming.

Mr. Ford is a man of decided ability and force of character; active, intelligent, industrious, pushing, but ill-health has greatly marred a somewhat eventful life. He enjoys a good pension from the government, has a nice farm, and is well satisfied with his present prospects, as well he may be, as he can truly exclaim with Shakespeare—"All's well that ends well."

GEORGE IRVINE.

George Irvine is a brother of the late well-known John R. Irvine, and was born in New York in 1815; received a common school education; learned the trade of a tanner and currier; carried on business in Pennsylvania and Cincinnati; came to St. PAUL in 1851; commenced his career here by hoeing a patch of four or five acres of potatoes where College avenue now is; together with his brother John, framed the old saw mill which stood near the upper levee and which was run for years; and following this the brothers purchased a stock of groceries and provisions at St. Louis and opened a store as partners in a building on Third street where the Empire block used to stand, and continued this business up to 1853, when, in 1854 they built the warehouse on the upper levee and opened a forwarding and commission trade, which they carried on for a year; moved their stock to a building corner of Exchange and Third streets, which building was erected in 1848. In 1855 Mr. Irvine constructed the brick dwelling on Pleasant avenue, now owned by Dr. Brisbane.

FIRST LEATHER STORE IN ST. PAUL.—REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Irvine being a tanner induced Kessler & Rhiel to open the first leather store in this city, and he became one of the partners. The store was in the old Rice House, on upper Third street, and here they carried on a leather, hides and finding business, and it yielded a good profit. He left the concern in 1856, and in 1857 opened a grocery store which he ran up to 1861; in 1864 he became a policeman and continued one year, when he opened a boarding house, and later carried on the Arcade on Robert street for a little over three years and a half; went to California in 1873; was in Colorado a year; in New York and Boston in 1875; returned to St. PAUL in 1876 and the same year became connected with the Merchants hotel, and has been there in various positions ever since.

Mr. Irvine did not procure a great deal of real estate in the early days, as his brother John used to tell him he had enough for himself and all his brothers, but he purchased two lots on Pleasant avenue, for which he paid \$500; worth now \$20,000; two lots on College avenue, cost \$400; sold for \$1000, worth

\$30,000. And, singular as it may appear, this is the extent of his real estate transactions.

GEORGE AS HE IS.

Mr. Irvine is now close to seventy years. His hair is white and he stoops a little, and yet he is as vigorous as many men at fifty. He has had a peculiar and checkered life; was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth; has found it pretty hard to even get a silver one; "has boxed the compass;" has flown to "ills he knew not of;" has fought life's battle fiercely; has been imposed upon, and yet he is quiet, philosophical, pleasant, stepping carefully down the decline that leads to the final end, and is quite willing to cross the little bridge to the other shore.

THEN AND NOW.

In 1851 400 Indians were engaged gathering cranberries out at Rice lake, only a few miles from ST. PAUL, and in the fall of this year twenty-five bears were killed at the same place. It was a common thing to see fifty Indians in the town at one time. Now no Indians can be seen; no bears are visible; population has set in, and where these elements of barbarism existed, are farms, railroads, towns, cities, civilization. The undertow of the wave of immigration could thus early be heard rumbling from the East, and on it came, sweeping back the Indians and opening a new light into the dark recesses of a forest of a comparatively unexplored and an undeveloped region.

DEWITT CLINTON COOLEY.

Judge Cooley, by which name he is more generally known, is one of the familiar personages of the past in the city of ST. PAUL, a sort of index board marking the years long since gone; and although the younger portion of the community may not know him, the old settlers can soon pick him out of the jostling crowds that swarm our sidewalks. Born in the State of New York in 1824, he received a thorough education, and after the study of law for five years, at the age of twenty-one he passed a searching examination by the late Charles O. Connor, of New York city, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of

that State. He subsequently removed South, and in 1851 came to ST. PAUL for the benefit of his health.

OFFICES HELD—AS A WRITER.

Soon after his arrival here he was made Town Attorney (there was then no city,) and became City Attorney when the town assumed that dignity. He was also elected Attorney for Ramsey County, and held both offices simultaneously. He was sole commissioner to draft and revise the first ordinances adopted by the new city; was also the first Pension Agent in Minnesota. After practicing law in this city up to 1864, he removed to Wilkesbarre, Penn., but at the expiration of ten years returned to ST. PAUL, where he has remained almost uninterruptedly ever since.

Judge Cooley possesses peculiar talents as a writer, his principal forte being fun and sarcasm, and yet he prepared a most useful index digest of the tax laws of Minnesota, which not only received the sanction of the State, but elicited high commendation from the bench and the bar. He is well known as the originator and promoter of the Third House of Representatives of the State; that is, many citizens came together voluntarily and went through the formality of organizing the Third House, and then listening to the reading of the Governor's message, which was usually written by Cooley, many times ridiculing men and measures and parties, but more generally it was a take-off on the genuine Legislature then in session at the Capitol. In these papers Judge Cooley showed point, fun, sarcasm, sense and nonsense. He also later delivered a lecture on "Old Settlers," in which he endeavored to bring out their weak points and yet in a manner not to offend. He has also written some dramatic compositions as well as verse; and quite recently has compiled a book, but upon what particular subject the public are not yet advised. He dealt but little in real estate, but at one time owned a fine piece of property on the old St. Anthony road, but after the death of his wife, sold it. His domestic afflictions have been very sad.

AS HE IS.

Judge Cooley is a short, thick-set man, with strong features and hair silvered with gray, with a well-poised head and a firm

step. His nature runs to fun as naturally as the duck seeks the water, and in conversation he usually brings out the amusing part of life. He is always good-natured, and when interested in conversation picks his left hand with his right finger nail, and this motion is intensified as the conversation grows more earnest. He is quite unassuming; is not in love with the law sufficiently to practice a great deal, but devotes most of his time to literary pursuits, and when he gets into the proper groove—if he ever does—the public will stop and examine his merits.

WM. TAYLOR DONALDSON—AN OLD FIREMAN—REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Donaldson was born of English parents, in Ohio, in 1825; lived on his father's farm until eighteen years old, when he went to Cincinnati to become acquainted with the practical working of business; came to St. PAUL in 1851 and formed a partnership with J. D. Pollock, and this firm has existed from that day to this, or thirty-four years, being the oldest firm in the city, although Wm. Constans individually has been the longest continuously in business here.

Mr. Donaldson early identified himself with the fire department of this city; indeed he was among the very first, and remained with it as an active member until it passed out of the hands of the volunteer members into the control of the city. While performing his duties as a fireman he was injured, and remained disabled for some time. Although Mr. Donaldson did not enter the army he contributed toward the support of the government during the war, and by strict attention to business has secured a comfortable property. Married a Miss Thorne in 1873; has two children.

In 1851, in connection with Mr. Pollock, his partner, Mr. Donaldson purchased four lots on the corner of Broadway and Fifth streets, for \$100. He sold some of them for \$1,700 and the balance for \$20,000. He bought thirty acres on the shores of Lake Phelan for \$125, worth now \$5,000; secured two five-acre lots in Hoyt's addition for \$100; sold for \$3,000; worth now \$12,000.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Donaldson is a tall, slender gentleman, unpretentious, cool, cautious, methodical, and honest. He and his partner have

worked harmoniously in the same harness for thirty-four years, and during that period have passed through some very depressing times, and yet they have withstood the financial storms and have the honor—and it is an enviable one—of being the oldest firm in the city. Mr. Donaldson was about twenty-six years old when he came here; then a young man with no gray hairs or wrinkles; now he is on the shady side of life and prefers the old rocking-chair to the merry jingle of hilarity in the ball-room. Possessing a handsome house and surrounded with all the comforts vouchsafed to man, very few enjoy to a greater degree the family circle than Mr. Donaldson; and thus in declining years he has become mellowed with contentment and is satisfied with a life well spent.

WILLIAM S. COMBS.

A small, delicate, slender, exceedingly pleasant young man, then only twenty years old, came to ST. PAUL thirty-four years ago, and who does not remember him? His pleasant smile, his affable manners, his genial ways, how like warm rays of sunshine they come back and knock at the door of memory! The little slender youth has grown into manhood now and has filled out physically into fine proportions, has passed the meridian of life, is stepping down into the valley of old age, but the geniality of the past is still there, the old smile is still there; the old warm and generous heart is still there, the sincere real man is still there.

William S. Combs was born in the city of New York in 1831; was educated at the public schools of that city; removed to Kentucky in 1843; resided in Lexington five years; in St. Louis in 1848, and located in ST. PAUL in 1851, opening a book and stationery store in the fall of that year; broke his leg when at St. Louis purchasing goods; returned to ST. PAUL; sold out and kept books in the winter of 1851-2 at Mendota for Gen. Sibley; married Miss Carrie White, May 10, 1852, while at Oxford, Ohio; took an active part in the public schools and served as president of the Board of Education as well as secretary for many years; and as chairman of the building committee gave his personal attention to the erection of some of the largest and most expensive school buildings in the city, among which were the Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln, and was connected with the

school board over sixteen years, giving his time freely to the public good to the detriment of his legitimate business.

THE FORT SNELLING CLAIM ASSOCIATION.

In early days a body of men associated themselves together to protect each other in holding their claims, and of this body of men H. M. Rice was president, and William S. Combs was secretary. Very often it happened that a valuable claim would be taken possession of by some interloper, and then the power of the association was called in to evict him. On one occasion a man and his family had erected a shanty on the claim owned by a Dr. Bidwell, of this city, and as he would not go off the members of the association met and commenced tearing down the building. When the shanty had become nearly divested of its outer covering, Dominick Troyer, a large and powerful man, seized the uprights that supported the roof, and then he gave the man and his family fair warning that if they did not get out in three minutes he would let the roof down upon their heads, and seeing that he meant business, they "got," and Bidwell again took possession of his claim.

TAUGHT THE FIRST PENMANSHIP—MASONIC RECORD—OFFICES.

While Mr. Combs was carrying on his book business in a building on Third street, next to the old *Times* office, he divided off a little room in the back part of his store, and there introduced penmanship and book-keeping, the first of the kind ever taught in Minnesota. He was an industrious and ambitious young man, and filled up the time in this way to advance his pecuniary interests.

Mr. Combs is a member of Ancient Landmark Lodge, No. 5; Minnesota Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1; St. Paul Council of R. and S. M.; all of the Scottish Rite bodies, to the thirtieth degree; served the Grand Lodge as its grand secretary from 1866 to 1877; and the Grand Royal Arch Chapter as grand secretary from 1867 to 1877; was M. P. G. M. of the Grand Council for a year.

He was an active member of the first Board of Trade and its secretary for several years. When the Chamber of Commerce was formed he was an active member of that body for several

years. He was also an early member of the Pioneer Guards, the first military company in the State.

Mr. Combs did not deal much in real estate, but he purchased in 1853 eighty acres of land near what is now known as Post's Siding, for \$700; at present worth \$80,000. Of course like all the rest of the old settlers he let it go for just what it cost him. It is the old story; I need not repeat it.

THE REAL MAN.

For thirty odd years I have known Mr. Combs quite intimately, and have always found him an agreeable and pleasant gentleman. His sunny nature has never left him and clings to him even now. His early history West is full of romance, and very few could pass through the many trials he encountered when a mere boy, without greatly marring even a less perfect disposition than that which is owned by Mr. Combs, and yet he is as genial to-day as he was over a quarter of a century ago. A fine looking man, straight, commanding, with a frank, free, open countenance, he wins his way among his fellow-men, and though not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, yet he scatters pearls of sunshine wherever he goes, and thus I leave him—"the noblest Roman of them all."

"BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD."

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
 Make me a child again just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore.
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep--
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep."

CHARLES J. STEES—INDIANS—A NOVEL SIGHT.

Capt. Stees was born in Dauphin, Pennsylvania, in 1834; came to ST. PAUL in 1851. He was three weeks on the way from his native place to this city, while the trip can now be made in less than three days. This year (1851,) the river was high, the water coming up to William Constans' warehouse steps.

Hearing of the Indian treaty going on at Mendota, he remained on the boat and went up there. Here thousands of

Dacotahs or Sioux had assembled to make a treaty with United States Commissioner Luke Lea and Gov. Ramsey; the bluffs and surrounding hills were covered with Indian tepees, while chiefs, braves, warriors, squaws, papposes and dogs crowded around Sibley's trading post and young Stees' heart beat with wondrous and admiring excitement, he being just from school and full of Fennimore Cooper's romantic ideas of the noble red man of the forest, but subsequent events served to change his sentiments in regard to the "Redskins," for eleven years later—during the Sioux massacre of 1862—he had an opportunity to face these same redskins in battle and assisted in capturing many of them and recapturing a large number of white women and children and one white man, who were held as prisoners by them. Some of the braves made very fine speeches, were very eloquent and graceful in their oratory, and had a very happy, don't-carative-ness manner of speaking some wholesome truths which the commissioners were not delighted to hear. The whole scene was a picture never to be forgotten.

GRASS AND HAZEL NUTS ON THIRD STREET.

As a boy, fresh from Philadelphia, Capt. Stees was not favorably impressed with ST. PAUL as a village, with its board shanties and less numerous frame houses. WEST ST. PAUL was then a forest of fine tall trees, the grass was green along Third street, and he gathered hazel nuts corner Third and Minnesota. An old log barn belonging to the Catholic mission, stood where the *Pioneer Press* stands now. The stable of the Central House stood where Mannheim's block now is, and Bill Taylor's barber shop and Bass' post office occupied a one-story frame about where Schleik's shoe store is. The Fremont House, with its pet bear, stood on a "pretty bench" overlooking a beautiful view of the river, and there was a magnificent promenade along the bluff facing the Mississippi, from Jackson to Wabasha street, which Col. Goodhue always advocated should be reserved by the city as a boulevard. Had his wishes been carried out ST. PAUL would possess to-day a front view which for a promenade and beauty of scenery would be unsurpassed on this continent. The writer earnestly advocated the preservation of this same boulevard in

1854, but cupidity overrode sagacity, and the opportunity has now probably gone forever.

REMINISCENCES.

Across Third street, below Cedar, about where Boeringer's store is, there was a ledge of rocks out of which a constant oozing and dripping of water came, making the walking muddy and disagreeable for the ladies, so the McCloud Brothers furnished the necessary lumber in the shape of empty hardware boxes, and R. West McCloud, Ike Markley and C. J. Stees laid the first sidewalk in ST. PAUL, from Minnesota street on Third to the foot of this ledge of rocks, and the ladies were thus enabled to pass dry-shod over this spot to the Rev. E. D. Neill's brick church, corner Third and Market, where it was not an unusual sight to see Indians march into church their bells and trinkets jingling and squat themselves down on the floor of the aisle and listen to the religious discourse of the minister. Baptist Hill also had its little church—from which the hill derived its name—and was well attended. Presley's little candy store was a resort on Sundays, especially by Indians, who would hang around until Bart would come out and treat them. He would give them a peck of decayed apples and they would invariably pick out the rottenest and ripest and enjoy them most. Simpson's trading post, corner Third and Robert, and old Creek's log cabin back of it on the bluff, was also a resort. The arrival and opening of Curran's World's Fair—dry-goods store—on the opposite corner, with his daughters as lady clerks, was a social event in ST. PAUL which set the young men in a flutter. Charlie Cave's saloon on Third street, with its walls painted full of Indian scenes and Indian life was considered something very grand in those days. Signs out at night denoted keno as being played up stairs, and gambling was in full blast open and above board. On the bridge, reaching across from the First National Bank to the Gilfillan block, corner Fourth and Jackson streets, could always be found a group of Sioux Indians intently watching the building of a brick culvert, and they were disappointed and astonished at not seeing the brick fall in when the wooden supports were taken out; they could not understand the philosophy of the arch.

Here was Lot Moffett's first house, over which he built his castle, the first floor of the latter commencing where the roof of the former left off. Larpenteur's store, corner Third and Jackson, was always full of Indians selling their peltries and furs and buying powder and shot, or knick-knacks. Wm. H. Forbes' trading post and Minnesota Outfit was at the foot of Third street, corner of Jackson, where scores of Indians could always be found lying around on summer evenings, shooting rats with their bows and arrows by twilight. Tom Reed's grocery store was always a resort for Jackson, Jim Thompson and hunters, trappers and frontiersmen generally, who congregated there at night, sitting on boxes, barrels, etc., telling yarns by the light of a tallow dip of hunting, trapping, fighting Indians and hair-breadth escapes. On one occasion one of them purchased a violin and among other tunes played "Home, Sweet Home," and it brought tears to the eyes of these rough buckskin-shirted pioneers.

FIRST BIG FIRE IN ST. PAUL.

The first big fire in ST. PAUL was Daniel's hotel in 1851, at the upper levee; the building had just been finished and furnished but not occupied, and it burned like a tinder box, and there was no fire apparatus excepting some ladders and buckets, and Stees says his shoulder was very sore from carrying the former until big Tom Knox stopped a farmer's team and impressed it by turning the horses around and loading up the ladders. He says that the Rev. E. D. Neill's fine broadcloth suit was no drawback to his duty as a citizen at a fire, for he worked like a Trojan carrying out the furniture. Tom Knox, Bart Presley and Wash Stees were three of the muscular fire laddies of those days. About this time, with Ike Markley and others, young Stees made a pre-emption claim on the bluff, on the west side of the river opposite the Presbyterian Church. They together put up a log shanty, provisioned it, and hired a man to hold possession, although the treaty had not yet been ratified. Such a claim would now be worth \$150,000.

The high steps running from the lower levee to the top of the bluff, was always a resort for the young men of the village on Sunday afternoons, and on one occasion a party had assembled there when a Winnebago Indian came along and by his accou-

trements, etc., he was recognized as a courier to the Indian village opposite. Ned West, a dissipated young fellow from New York, and "half-shot," stopped the Indian and accosted him, but the latter took no notice of him and seemed anxious to pass by, but Ned stood in his way and continued to jabber Dacotah to him. The Winnebago would not answer but passed him, when Ned gave the Chippewa war-whoop, and the former flew down the stairs like a deer and out upon the ice, when he stopped and examined the priming of his rifle, while the boys on the steps began to look for shelter. Seeing his gun all right he started on the run as before, and in two minutes the western shores resounded with war-whoops and yells from Little Crow's band, who had heard Ned's war-whoop and thought some of their friends in danger. It caused some merriment, but it was a dangerous joke. Jimmy Peck, a paper-hanger from New York, came here to make his fortune, but he was in advance of the times. If people had a roof over their heads they were satisfied and desired no such luxury as paper on their walls. Jimmy was unfortunate, but could work at nothing else. He was homesick, but had no money to get away, so in his distress he confided his troubles to Charlie Stees, who borrowed a loaf of home-made bread, some cheese and cold meat from Mrs. W. M. Stees—unknown to her—a canoe from an Indian in like manner, and Jimmy was sent floating down the river homeward bound, late at night, on his way rejoicing. He was a good fellow only ahead of the times.

INDIANS AND THE BEGGAR DANCE.

Little Crow's band frequently came to town and indulged in various dances in front of the trading posts where they bartered skins, furs and pelts and traded generally, and on such occasions the traders invariably made them presents of calico, tobacco, etc. Twice a year they came to these posts on a begging expedition and danced the beggar dance, which was very amusing to witness; they were in a nearly nude condition, with their bodies daubed with blue earth, indicating their poverty, and they presented a hideous appearance. They formed in a circle and danced in front of a store until something was given them, and some portly Indians looked very comical as they jumped up and down, their

fat sides shaking like so many porpoises. 'Twas amusing to witness the struggle between modesty and curiosity as evinced by the ladies of ST. PAUL of those early days, who were eager to see the spectacle and yet did not wish to be recognized, so they peeped from behind window curtains to the amusement of the male portion of the community.

INDIAN FORMER MODE OF FISHING IN WEST ST. PAUL.

Capt. Stees speaks of enjoying New Year's day with Little Crow's band fishing in the ice in one of the sloughs where WEST ST. PAUL now stands. The Indian mode of fishing in winter is to cut three holes in the ice two feet square, at an equal distance from the shores. This is repeated several times about every one hundred yards, and at each of these holes is placed a squaw with a hickory switch with three hooks attached at the end. She kneels down at the hole and throws her blanket over her head and the hole so as to exclude the light and she can then see plainly into the water. After the squaws have taken their positions at the holes, say thirty or forty, the entire band go down the banks a quarter of a mile below the first set of holes, and come on to the ice each provided with a heavy club similar to a street-paver, and pound on the ice while moving toward the holes, at the same time they dance, sing and yell most vociferously, making the most frightful noise imaginable, pertaining more to the infernal regions than to mother earth. With all this hideous music they approach the openings in the ice, and of course the fish are frightened and rush along until they come to the holes, when, seeing the light, they make a pause and become huddled up together in a mass. Now is the time for the squaws, and they take advantage of the opportunity and whip the fish out as rapidly as a Chinaman will throw rice into his mouth with his chop sticks. The fish that escape the squaws' hooks at the first set of holes are again driven on by the same musical band that comes stamping after them to the next set of holes, where they meet the same fate as their predecessors, and so on until they have run the entire gauntlet and become quite decimated. Sometimes over fifty fish are taken at one passing at each hole. When all the holes are passed and the Indians are not satisfied with their success, they proceed around by land, head the fish off,

drive them back and compel them to run the gauntlet the second time. Some of these fish weighed as much as eighteen pounds. Who thinks of fishing now in WEST ST. PAUL except for lots?

NO APPRECIATION OF MONEY.

The Indian did not seem to appreciate the value of money. The Captain has seen a party of Indians at a payment receive over \$100 each, and then come to ST. PAUL and spend every cent of it in less than two hours. They would buy blankets and strings of sleigh-bells with which they would cover their horse's back with one string and his neck full with the others and then gallop around town in grand triumph, and by night they possessed neither horse nor blanket, and not even a bell. They invariably spent their money foolishly and came into town hundreds at a time on horseback, single file, bells jingling, fantastically dressed and painted, whooping, yelling, creating an exciting as well as ludicrous sight. Their purchases were generally traded off for whisky, and that's where the bells, blankets and horses went.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE DAY IN 1851,

Were Lott Moffett, Judge Kennedy, Louis Robert, C. P. Lull, Charlie Cave, Joe Rolette, Bon. Syphers, Ned West, Ike Markley, John P. Owens, Jim Vincent, Bill Shelly, Seisholtz, Col. McKenty, of "Broad Acres," Col. Goodhue, Sam Sargent, Col. Burton, of the Central House; Jackson, the postmaster; Bill Taylor, the barber, who played at all the dances; Frank Collins and French, the auctioneers; Nat Spicer, the watchmaker; George Reisdorff, the drayman; Old Napoleon Heitz, Jim Thompson, the ferryman; Tom Odell, with a squaw wife; Parson Wiloughby, of the Æolian Church; Old Bets and Wooden-legged Jim, her brother; Hock-Washta, an old Indian eighty years of age, who always wore a plug hat full of ribbons and pieces of calico, who was a public pensioner; Julia, the pretty squaw; Popcorn Johnson, the popcorn vender. Among the prisoners taken at Camp Release was "Old Bets'" mother, who afterwards died in the squaw pen at Fort Snelling in the winter of 1862-3.

MEMORY OF THE FIRST FURNITURE STORE.

W. M. Stees' furniture store where Capt. Stees first went to work, was situated on a French Catholic burial ground, and a

small picket fence was placed around each grave. On the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, where the present brick block now stands, was erected a shanty about 20 x 40 feet, one-story high; the sides were upright boards with a board roof, and the rear of the building set on stilts, the front resting on Third street. The surroundings were hazel bushes, there being no building between it and the top of the hill, near Cedar street. Two dozen chairs, as many bedsteads and tables, were deemed a considerable stock of furniture. Six chairs, a bedstead and table was quite a bill of sale in those days. Selling a bureau was an event worthy to be talked about. Then they made most of their furniture, and the bed-posts were turned by a turning lathe which was a liberal perspiration-generator and human legs the motive power. He speaks of taking a piece of furniture to deliver at Louis Olivier's house, somewhere west of Wabasha and north of Fifth street and came near getting his horse mired in the bog. At another time he was sent to put up a bedstead for A. L. Larpenteur and the presence of a pretty lady so embarrassed him that he sawed off the slats entirely too short and had to go back after new ones. He speaks of making a "gable end" coffin, with "split roof" and working all night in order to have it finished in time. The idea of keeping ready-made coffins on hand in those days would have been deemed a sacrilege and the party doing so liable to a lynching.

THE OLDEST UNDERTAKER IN MINNESOTA.

Capt. Stees is the oldest undertaker now in the business in the State. He has seen young ladies of ST. PAUL marry, become mothers and grandmothers and then bury some of their children and grandchildren. His first case was at Mendota and the corpse Mr. Frank Steele's child. After making the casket Wash and he took the same up in a buggy, and half-way between here and Fort Snelling their pony stuck in a swamp and the mosquitoes liked to eat them up, drawing blood every time they presented their bills. The second case was that of a young man who froze to death in his cabin two and a half miles from town. He was found with his knees on the floor, his arms on the bed and his head resting on his arms in a praying posture, frozen as hard as a rock. In this position the body was brought to an old carpenter

shop at the bridge, corner Fourth and Jackson streets, where Gilfillan block now stands. Here an old scow was procured and filled half full of water; then a fire was built on the ground floor, some stones heated red hot and thrown into the water to heat it in order to thaw out the body. Prior to this word was sent up to come and take the measure for a coffin. Tom Reed was coroner. Capt. Stees went down and asked where the body was. One of the men pointed to a corner where an object was concealed under a blanket; he raised the blanket and there lay the man in a reversed position from that in which he was found; knees doubled up and his arms crossed over his forehead and eyes wide open. It was a horrible sight and Charlie was frightened and went home, telling his brother Wash he had better go down and measure that body, the recollection of which time can never efface. The deceased was an eccentric genius who planted cedar posts around his claim and then dug a two-foot hole in front of each post which he called a witness. He had a solid mahogany tool chest full of fine tools, which is now in the possession of a gentleman of this city. He also had a Mexican soldier's land warrant, besides \$250 in gold. He left no will and no heirs appeared to claim his estate, and the question suggests itself—"Who got his property and his money?"

PREDICTING A COLLAPSE—DICKERING.

There were plenty of predictions in the early days that ST. PAUL would never amount to anything as a town. The channel of the river would be cleared to St. Anthony and that would be the "head of navigation." "Real estate is too high now"—said these wiseacres, when a lot fifty feet front on Third street sold for \$500—"and there is bound to be a collapse, the same as in Chicago." Very little money changed hands; everything was on the "dicker." The carpenter dickered with the stone mason, he with the grocer, the latter with the furniture dealer, and they all swapped around for real estate; they took and gave notes to settle up when the Indian payment came off. A man came into the store and traded a gold watch for furniture, the watch was traded for real estate, and so it passed around. Capt. Stees paid \$13.50 for a lot in 1851, rented that lot out so that taxes and assessments never cost him anything, and in 1881 sold that lot for

\$1,350, making large per cent. in thirty years, one dollar for every cent invested. The same property is now worth eight times the amount he sold for, or some \$10,000.

SAUERKRAUT AND LIGHTNING RODS.

When ST. PAUL was a village Philadelphia and New York city were well represented in its limited population, and as a sequence the New York Knickerbockers and Pennsylvania Dutchmen liked sauer-kraut; so in the winter Mrs. W. M. Stees put up a large barrel of what in those days—shut out from civilization—was considered a great delicacy, and when she opened the barrel for use, “the boys” were notified of the fact, and they came down the hill regularly for their mess of sauer-kraut. There was more sociability then than now. “Everybody knew everybody,” and it is refreshing in these degenerate days of broadcloth and plug hats and liveried coachmen, to think of the genuine sociability and honest friendship that existed then. But the jealousy and rivalry existing between “upper town and lower town” store keepers, was truly amusing; the rivalry between ST. PAUL and Minneapolis to-day, as a comparison, is “no-whar.”

Every old settler knew Parson Willoughby who kept the livery stable on the corner of Fourth and Robert streets. One day a lightning-rod man came along and wanted to put up rods on Willoughby's barn. The latter said—“I've an old hoss I'll give you to put some up.” “Good enough,” said the man, and to work he went. In about an hour Willoughby went out to see how he was getting along, when he found he had seven up already. “For God's sake what are you doing? Do you want to tempt the lightning? Come down and I'll give you the hoss.”

SCRAPS FROM MEMORY.

A soldier down from the Fort on a furlough, came into Bill Taylor's barber shop to get shaved; Bill was playing on his violin; the soldier gave him half-a-dollar for the privilege of dancing ten minutes in his shop while he played; the offer was accepted and the son of Mars danced away to his own delight and that of the bystanders, and departed seemingly happy and satisfied. Taylor was killed in the Indian outbreak.

The arrival of Red river carts was quite a feature and brought considerable British coin into town. The event was generally celebrated with a high old drunk by those old voyageurs. Another feature was the arrival in winter of a dog train with sledges, bringing in members of the Legislature from Pembina on snow-shoes. Editor Goodhue facetiously announced them as "the arrival from Pembina of members of the Legislature, Jim Vincent, Teton, and the other dogs; they are all putting up at the Central House."

LEARNED THE JEWELRY BUSINESS—AGAIN IN THE ARMY.

Capt. Stees returned to Philadelphia in 1853 and learned the jewelry business; then went south to Raleigh, N. C., where he followed that business until secession sentiments got pretty warm, and he returned to Philadelphia. When Sumpter was fired on he joined the army and was Major of a three-months Pennsylvania regiment, and on the mustering out of his regiment he returned to ST. PAUL and engaged in the furniture business with his brothers, but the exciting times of war rendered him restless and too uneasy for business, so with a number of other young men on Third street, he re-enlisted in the Ninth Minnesota Regiment. The up-rising of Little Crow and massacre of our people by the Sioux requiring prompt action, Gov. Ramsey issued a proclamation consolidating the first ten fullest companies into the Sixth Regiment, and thus young Stees became Second Lieutenant of Co. G, and the troops were immediately sent to the front. After the fight at Birch Coolie he started for ST. PAUL with Col. Prince, bearing dispatches for Gov. Ramsey.

RATHER AMUSING.

They arrived at St. Peter at 9 o'clock that night and changed horses. Below St. Peter they stopped at Harry Lamberton's where Judge Flandrau was stopping, whom Mayor Prince wished to see on business. The latter knocked at the door and after considerable delay a light appeared and a voice from the inside asked—"Who's there?" "Mayor Prince, from ST. PAUL!" was the reply. Presently the door was opened about a foot by Mr. Lamberton with a lamp in hand, revealing Judge Flandrau at the head of the stairs with a double-barrelled shot-gun cocked

and bearing upon the untimely visitors. Lamberton held the door in that position until Flandrau reported the visitors "O. K." and they were admitted. These gentlemen were "neither naked nor clothed, barefoot nor shod," but each were robed in a garment which covered them, and after a hearty laugh at the situation, business was transacted, a lunch discussed and washed down and the guests took their departure. The scene was a ludicrous one, but the state of affairs made the precaution necessary.

HIS ARMY RECORD.

Capt. Stees was with his regiment, the Sixth Minnesota, until the close of the war; was on two Indian expeditions under Gen. Sibley; then went south to that graveyard of disease, Helena, Ark., or, as the boys were pleased to call it, "Hell-in-Arkansaw." Thence to Missouri and brigaded with the Sixteenth army corps at New Orleans; then around to Dauphin Island and up the Mobile Bay at the taking of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely and the fall of Mobile in April, 1865. After Richmond had been taken and Lee surrendered, the regiment then went to Montgomery, Ala., and remained there until July, when they were ordered home and mustered out at Fort Snelling August 19, 1865.

After this he spent twelve years in California, when, returning to ST. PAUL he married and settled down engaging in the furniture business with his brother. When the Stees Brothers sold out to Quinby & Abbott at the beginning of the present year, he remained with the new firm taking charge of the undertaking department making that his specialty.

As regards age Capt. Stees holds his own pretty well, and as an old veteran from Grand Forks remarked to him at the G. A. R. encampment at Minneapolis—"If I didn't know it was twenty-three years ago since I did the first guard duty I ever did in my life under you as Lieut. Stees at Fort Ridgley on the night before the fight at Birch Coolie, I would say you were not a day older now than you were then." And he has never forgotten the barrel of pickles issued to his men by the writer, then Major C. S. U. S. Army at St. Cloud, on their return from the second Indian expedition under Gen. Sibley.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Capt. Stees is a man of fine social qualities ; of medium size ; quick in his movements ; impulsive ; ready to resent a wrong or a fancied injury, and yet he is brave, generous and kind-hearted. His large experience of events of early days in the history of our State and his retentive memory, enable me to give a very readable and interesting PEN PICTURE of his life. He is just in the prime of his manhood and is a gentleman of more than ordinary ability.

J. D. POLLOCK.

Mr. Pollock was born in Dearborn County, Indiana, of Scotch-Irish parents, in 1825. He was educated in a log school-house and graduated at the age of ten years, occasionally afterwards studying by the light of a hickory-bark fire during the time he worked on the home farm. At the age of twenty-one he removed to Cincinnati and in the spring of 1851 he came to ST. PAUL expecting to return in the fall, not deeming it safe for any one but a Canadian Frenchman to remain so far north during the winter.

PROPERTY PURCHASED—GROCERY BUSINESS—PERSONALLY.

In connection with his present partner, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Pollock purchased several pieces of real estate in block 44, Kittson's addition, for \$400; now worth \$50,000; also a claim for 160 acres for \$50, costing in the aggregate \$200; now worth \$20,000, and finding that these purchases kept him from returning East he concluded to remain in ST. PAUL and issued his card as an architect and builder, and the handsome residences of the late Horace and J. E. Thompson and J. C. Burbank, attest his fine taste in this natural line of his genius.

In 1851 he entered into partnership with Mr. A. S. Ogden in the general grocery business, and in the following March formed the partnership of the present firm of Pollock, Donaldson & Ogden, which has been continually in business for thirty-four years. He married the youngest daughter of the late Major N. McLean in the year 1855, and commenced housekeeping in the edifice still standing on the corner of Broadway and Fifth streets, where he lived over twenty-five years, or until he built his pres-

ent beautiful residence on Portland avenue. He disposed of his old house and two lots, which cost him \$16,000, for \$20,000.

Mr. Pollock is a strongly marked man, the Scotch in his elements predominating. He is of medium size; sandy hair and whiskers, and is an indomitable worker. He and his partners fully verify the adage that a legitimate business constantly adhered to, wins in the long run. He is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, well fixed financially, and like his partner, Mr. Donaldson, is in a condition to enjoy a serene and mellow old age, and he fully deserves all the happiness and comfort life can give.

THOMAS W. BOURES.

Born in Canada in 1833, where he learned his trade; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; engaged with Borup & Oakes in their lumbering mills; then in their flouring mills; then had charge of the old Winslow mill; then worked in the Government mills at Winnebago Agency; went to California in 1858; returned to ST. PAUL in 1866, and continued to follow his trade in different parts of the State up to 1878, when he engaged as head miller in the Brainerd mills, where I believe he now is. He is a man who thoroughly understands his business; is industrious, and is an active worker in the great busy bee-hive of life.

J. G. RIHELDAFFER.

Mr. Riheldaffer was born in Pennsylvania, of German-Irish descent, in 1818; was educated at West Alexandria Washington College, in the Princeton Theological Seminary; graduated in 1848; became the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Fort Wayne, Indiana; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; organized and built the Central Presbyterian Church near the Capitol, and was minister of this church thirteen years. In 1858 he opened the first and then only Protestant Female Seminary in the State, and his school was located on the corner of Summit avenue and St. Peter street. He continued this seminary for ten years, when, in 1868 he was appointed superintendent of the State Reform School, which position he still holds. Previous to this he was a member of the Board and also for seven years Regent of the State University. He is also trustee of the Albert Lea college, which is really only an off-shoot of his old seminary.

REAL ESTATE—AS SUPERINTENDENT.

He owned three lots on the corner of Summit avenue and St. Peter street, 150 by 186, upon which his school buildings stood, and which cost him originally \$1,200; worth now \$50,000; he also owned eleven lots in the immediate neighborhood of the last named property, for which he paid \$3,000; could not be bought now for less than \$100,000; a lot on Fifth street, nearly opposite the Custom House, costing him \$350, is now worth \$25,000; another lot near Hope Church, which cost him \$600, worth \$8,000; three lots close to Stillwater street, valued at \$15,000, cost him \$125. Of course had Mr. Riheldaffer held on to his lots until the present day, he would have been a very rich man, but like many others he didn't.

No man in the State of Minnesota is better fitted for the position of Superintendent of the Reform School, than Mr. Riheldaffer. He has built the school up to its present flourishing condition, which is the finest of any institution in the State, and nobody could ask for a better man. Surrounded by one hundred and twenty-eight boys and fourteen girls, everything moves along like clock-work, and the expenses are kept down to a consistent grade of economy. The State owns sixty-three acres, which originally cost \$17,000; worth now \$126,000; \$75,000 have been expended in improvements, making the institution—land and buildings—valued at \$201,000,—the State gaining a profit on the land alone of \$109,000.

MR. RIHELDAFFER PERSONALLY.

I remember Mr. Riheldaffer about thirty years ago, as a tall, well-proportioned gentleman, with black hair and black whiskers; moderate in his speech but decisive in opinions. He has grown stouter now and his hair and whiskers are gray, although his complexion is florid and he is the picture of health, bordering on to the likenesses of the old patriarchs of a by-gone age. He is a fine-looking man; cool and decided; possessing fine abilities; careful and cautious; very attentive to his duties, and during the sixteen years he has been Superintendent of the Reform School, nobody has questioned his honor, his honesty, or his manhood. A valuable citizen, his loss will be keenly felt

when he steps over the river on to the other shore. He was married in 1851 to Miss Catherine Ogden, and has a family of four children.

GEORGE FARRINGTON.

Mr. Farrington is a man now about sixty years of age, being born in Ireland in 1826, and some thirty years ago was known to the writer as a banker and dealer in real estate. He was an enterprising gentleman and erected a number of houses and dealt largely in city lots, and was a member of the Legislature in 1852-3; a member of the City Council in 1851-2; one of the incorporators of the Oakland Cemetery in 1853. He formerly lived on College avenue in what is known as the "octagon" house, still standing, but removed to Madison, Wisconsin, where he engaged in the banking business. He was at one time in 1854, a silent partner in the ST. PAUL Daily *Times*, subsequently merged into the *Press*; then for several years ran the Park Place hotel. He was a man of energy and stirring business qualities; affable in his manners yet a deadly opponent when aroused. He was also one of the first supporters of the Central Presbyterian Church. He invested in Minnesota in 1849 with his brother John, and located at ST. PAUL in 1851. In his home life he was exceedingly pleasant, and I remember him very sincerely, for it was he who kindly administered to my comfort when lying sick with a bilious fever at the old Winslow House, in the year 1854. He removed from ST. PAUL some twenty years ago, and I believe is now a resident of California.

THEODORE BORUP—SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. Borup was born about 1834; came to ST. PAUL in 1851, and of course was quite a young man. He eventually drifted into the commission business and then into the grocery business, and is now a sutler on the frontier.

It is said of him that in the midst of a fight with two steam-boat crews, a burly roustabout was just in the act of hurling a large iron bar from the levee, into the brain of one of the Captains of the boats, when Theodore rushed down and with the agility of a tiger and the strength of a Hercules, struck the assailant to the ground, thereby saving the life of the captain. This

feat is pronounced by those who witnessed it as one of the most daring and decisive ever performed.

ANOTHER HEROIC ACT.

When the Indians fired into the Minnesota Outfit in 1852 and killed a sister of old Bets, Borup with David Oakes were in the store, and they both rushed to the front door and confronting the Indians Borup charged them with cowardice and meanness in firing upon inoffensive women and children, and this daring act on his part subdued the savages and saved the loss of many lives, for the Indians, ashamed of themselves, skulked away when they originally intended to kill every Sioux in the store.

Mr. Borup is a slender person; very wiry; very quick; possesses good commercial qualities, and is eminently a man of fine social characteristics. He is of a quiet, undemonstrative nature, yet of a roving disposition, and is well known to all the old settlers, among whom he has grown up from a mere boy to that of a man of mature years.

A. H. CATHCART.

Mr. Cathcart was born in Canada about the year 1827; was educated there, and at the age of eleven years was trained in the mysteries of the dry-goods business. Reaching his majority he went to Montreal, and later removed to New York, where he remained until 1850; then drifted West and finally arrived at ST. PAUL in 1851; was at one time messenger in the Legislature. He was among the very first dry-goods merchants in this city, if not the first who made a specialty of the business. The firm was A. H. & J. Cathcart, and in 1852 they ran two stores; then they removed their stock to Robert street, and in 1855 erected a large brick building on Third street, near where the First National Bank used to stand, and filled it with a heavy assortment of goods. At this time Cathcart's was the great dry-goods house in the city. They passed through the disastrous times of 1857, and in 1873 A. H. Cathcart (John having been murdered in the South,) took in a partner by the name of Oxley, and the store was then removed to the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, which occupied the whole space now devoted to the

business purposes of Lambie & Co. and Myers & Finch. Subsequently Mr. Cathcart removed to Farmington, in Dakota County, where he carried on the business for several years, when he relinquished it and came to ST. PAUL where he now is. One of his sons, born here, became a lawyer and is now practicing in the city.

AS HE USED TO BE.

Mr. Cathcart thirty years ago was a comparatively young man, tall, well-proportioned, with black side-whiskers, and the very essence of politeness. His early education in the dry-goods business had given him a polish which was very taking with the ladies. As he grew older the hair grew thinner on the top of his head until the crowning glory of years now picture him as a man passed the meridian of life. And yet he is straight, active, vigorous.

JOHN CATHCART.

John was the brother of A. H. and was one of the firm; born in Canada about 1829; came to ST. PAUL in 1851, and the dry-goods firm became A. H. & J. Cathcart. During the war John went South to engage in the cultivation of cotton, and having secured a plantation in Louisiana was proceeding, with a partner, to commence operations, when one night, all alone, a body of southern men arrived at his place and ordered him to get up and come out. He did so, when they took him about eight miles from his house, and after stripping him, shot him through the head, and he was found dead the next morning under a tree. His body was brought to ST. PAUL and buried.

I never knew the immediate cause of his death, whether it originated from something Cathcart said which was obnoxious to the then southern mind, or whether they thought he had no right to the land, or whether it was done out of pure deviltry because he was a northern man. It was sad enough to realize the fact that he was murdered, even if we never know the reason for the act.

John was more daring than his brother. He grouped about him a circle of young friends, and struck out on his own responsibility. He certainly was not wise in taking the time he did to make his "new departure," for a few years later would

have given him greater security to both life and limb. He was esteemed in the city and his death was greatly regretted. He was unmarried.

WILLIAM BIRCHER,

The Drummer Boy of Minnesota, noted for his dexterity on the drum and for his humorous nature and many excellent jokes, was born in Indiana in 1845, and at the age of seven years, or in 1851, came to ST. PAUL, where he received his education, and was at school when, in 1861, the War of the Rebellion broke out, and at the age of sixteen years he joined Company K, of the Second Minnesota Regiment, and went to the front as the favorite drummer boy of the boys in blue; was in the battles of Mill Spring, Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga and many others. His time expiring, he re-enlisted, and soon after joined Sherman's forces in Georgia and was with him in his grand march to the sea; and he was also at the grand review at Washington, and during all the war he never was wounded or received a scratch. He returned home in 1865 and engaged in various occupations, among which was a favorite saloon known as "Billy Bircher's Place," in WEST ST. PAUL. He claims to be the youngest soldier now living of the great army of the Union, having enlisted in 1861 and passed through the entire service. He also beat the first long roll for the first victory of the war at Mill Spring, and the last long roll of victory at Bentonville, North Carolina. Mr. Bircher gave up his saloon in WEST ST. PAUL and engaged in the grocery business with James McGrath, and retiring from this he removed into Dakota County, where he is now cultivating the soil. He was married to Mary Young in 1869 and has three children.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Bircher is full of jokes. At the late State Fair there was a great crowd rushing on to the cars to get seats, and among the number were the members of the Great Western Band. Two of them secured comfortable positions, leaving "Billy" out in the cold, when he made up his mind to get even with them, so when a friend and his lady entered the cars he remarked carelessly—"Cars pretty full." "Yes," said the friend. "I wouldn't care

only I have my wife with me." "Come along with me," said Bircher, "and I'll get you a seat," and forthwith he proceeded to the place occupied by his fellow musicians, and after introducing both the lady and the gentleman to his friends, mildly remarked—"These people would like a seat." Of course they got it, but with a mental reservation on the part of the victims that they owed "Billy" Bircher just one.

GOT IT BACK.

Returning from the Rochester Fair the train reached a way-station in the night, dark and rainy. The members of the Great Western Band were on board, and so was "Billy," who, very tired at the time the cars stopped, was dozing, when the conductor called out—"WEST ST. PAUL!" Bircher started up, rubbed his eyes, looked out of the window, seized his drum and, half asleep, amid the darkness and the rain, jumped on to the platform while the train moved on, and at the end of the car could be seen a musician laughing over the victory he had achieved and tooting on his instrument. "That ain't WEST ST. PAUL, Bircher," cried out one of his friends. "Oh, you get out," said Bircher; "I was here before you were born; I guess I know WEST ST. PAUL when I see it." Sauntering up to the depot he met the man in charge, who, surprised, asked—"What's the matter? Left?" "Left! the d——l, what do you mean?" asked Bircher. "Why, this is Randolph, thirty-two miles from ST. PAUL!" To use a slang phrase, Bircher "tumbled" at once, and soon after the cars backed down and took him on board, and since then "Billy" has not been playing as many practical jokes as usual, for he found out that there is truth in the old axiom: "Diamond cut diamond."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bircher is a short, chunky man, very social and very kind-hearted; broad-gauged in his generosity and delights in narrating many thrilling scenes of the war. Once, in the spring of 1881, when WEST ST. PAUL was flooded, many neighbors took shelter under "Billy's" hospitable roof, and there they were received kindly, tenderly treated by the proprietor and his wife and a young man by the name of Conrad Stautz, then in his employ,

and many years will elapse before those then gathered in safety from the roaring flood in Mr. Bircher's humble home, will forget his kindly act. He is still the "drummer boy," where he has been for twenty years, in the Great Western Band, and can perform on either the little or the big drum, taking the blue ribbon as the best manipulator of the sticks. He is a gentleman very universally esteemed for his many excellent qualities and bears a good reputation as an honorable man.

THE GREAT BEYOND.

It is stated that there is an average of one death per minute among the population of the world, and when one comes to think what an enormous number of inhabitants must be in that other land to which we are all going, the question naturally arises, "Where are all these people and what are they doing?" In round numbers the dead must exceed billions upon billions. Do they work? Have they bodies? How is it possible among all that crowd of billions for one to find his relatives and friends? How can they all nestle in Abraham's bosom? The dead must exceed many times the living, and there are now on the earth at least 900,000,000; and it puzzles the thinking mind to know where they are and what they are doing. One is impressed with these thoughts by the fact that a little over two years ago the writer commenced his *PEN PICTURES* and since then twenty old settlers have gone to join the great crowd beyond—where?

D. A. MILLER.

Mr. Miller was born in Virginia in 1828 and came to St. PAUL in 1851, or thirty-four years ago, when there was but a small cluster of houses where now stands a city of 120,000 people. He was a carpenter by trade and worked at his profession three years. He was on intimate terms with the Indian chief Little Crow, and has seen many changes since his residence here. A few years ago he kept what was known as the Warren House, or better known as "Moffett's Castle," which stood on the corner of Jackson and Fourth streets, where the building of the First National Bank now stands. He was a tall, slender man, somewhat moderate in his speech and in his movements, yet a pleasant gentleman.

JAMES M. CURRAN—IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Mr. Curran was born in Ireland about the year 1806; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; opened a large dry-goods store on the corner of Third and Robert streets, and for that early day carried on an extensive trade. His two beautiful daughters clerked for him, and "Curran's World's Fair Store" was as well known in ST. PAUL in 1851 as Stewart's used to be in New York in later years.

About this time there was a law upon the Territorial Statute book authorizing imprisonment for debt, and in the little old, dark, weather-beaten, unpainted, one-story wooden jail, which stood near where the present stone one now stands, several persons had been confined because they could not discharge their honest obligations, and one prisoner died in jail before he could satisfy the demands of his creditors. And this occurred right in the city of ST. PAUL! Curran was just the man to push business, and of course he became involved, and by the advice of his lawyer stepped across into Wisconsin to save himself from criminal arrest. The necessity for this act brought out the indignation of his friends, and indeed the indignation of all the friends of those who were or might become financially unfortunate, and Judge Goodrich stepped to the front as the champion of the repeal of this obnoxious law, and prepared a bill for that purpose which was presented to the Legislature of 1854. "Bill Davis," of this city, a member of the House, had the bill in charge, and after it had passed both branches of the Legislature and had gone into the hands of the Engrossing Clerk, it could nowhere be found, and the clerk claimed that it had been either lost or stolen.

A CLOSE CALL.

Goodrich and Davis were petrifiedly mad! They stormed about among the members and through the halls of the building; held secret meetings; appointed detectives, and swore vengeance upon the person who had perpetrated the outrage. And so a week or more passed, when a suspicious member was spotted, and as he came out of the House of Representatives embellished with his usual innocent and child-like smile, Davis demanded the bill. "Oh!" he said, "he didn't have the bill; he positively knew nothing about it! He would be ashamed to do so dirty a trick."

Here Goodrich, who had informed Davis that the bill had been seen and was about to leave the Capitol, stepped in front of the retiring member and said—"You have the bill now in your pocket. If this be not so, hold me responsible." Then Davis said—"G—— d—— you, give me that bill," drawing a pistol and putting it close to his head, while Judge Goodrich stood near by with his eyes flashing fire. "Give me that bill!" again cried Davis, "or I'll blow your d——d brains out in two minutes," at the same time drawing out his watch and cocking his pistol! The "Heathen Chinee" hesitated a minute, when Davis exclaimed—"One minute more and you are a dead man!" and out from the member's coat pocket came the stolen bill! Davis and Goodrich were so rejoiced to get back again their little pet that they forgot to administer severe punishment to the member, and he fortunately escaped unhurt, yet if he had not given up the bill just when he did, he would have been a dead man, for in those days men meant what they said when they drew a pistol on another. The bill passed both houses, was signed by Gov. Gorman, and the obnoxious law was wiped from the statute book, after having been in force from 1849, some four years.

This detestable law really broke Curran up, for it took time to repeal it, and before that was accomplished his business suffered and he finally sold out to Capt. Louis Robert.

HOW HE LOOKED.

Curran was a medium-sized man; rather slenderly built, and if I remember correctly, with a smooth face, ruddy complexion, aggressive, insinuating, quick, brusque, with business-movements, possessing great energy, and a man of nerve and venture. Were he in business to-day he would make his mark as a first-class merchant. He lived in a brick house which stood on Robert street, west of Third, overlooking the river, and when this house was torn down to make way for a business block, the bricks were used in the erection of Capt. Louis Robert's new house at the head of the same street, above Eighth. I have already mentioned the fact that his two daughters married and both now live in this city, but where Mr. Curran at present is, or whether he is still alive, I do not know.

HENRY M'KENTY.

An odd genius was Henry McKenty. Small, wiry, active, genial, persevering, pushing, public-spirited, generous, sensitive, proud, everlastingly quick at a bargain, he seemed to be driven by a forty-horse steam power engine, and in the prime of his life he used the capacity of the machine for all it was worth. His ideas were broad and liberal, and he had nerve and courage to carry them to completion. He came to ST. PAUL just at a time when his genius as a real estate man had ample opportunity for free scope, and he led off in his special department as the great warrior of his profession. He was pre-eminently king! He was an original, bold, startling, aggressive land operator, not confined to the limits of a city or village, but reaching out for "broad acres," on a broad platform, with broad and liberal views of business, and he headed the column until he went down in the trying times of 1857-8. McKenty was truly a character! In early life a little wild, he came west not only to retrieve what he had lost but to gain in the affection of one he subsequently called—wife. He won both, but the end, oh, how sad! how bitter!

INCIDENTS—"FIVE PER CENT. PER MONTH."

"Mac! I have no money, but I'll take a lot of you for a watch!" said the writer in 1853. "Agreed," said the smiling land operator. "I have a lot in Mankato; give me your watch and I will give you your deed," and the bargain was closed. The watch was worth \$50, the lot \$10. I held the property for about twenty-five years when I found it was a part of an uncouth stone quarry, and some way or other I had lost sight of the matter until recently, when I discovered the identical lot to be a valuable piece of real estate! I guess I have Mac's deed yet; am going to look it up! Possibly I've struck oil.

In 1853 a little, brisk-appearing citizen asked Dr. Mann if he had come to the city to loan money, if so he could get him five per cent.! "That's nothing," said the Doctor, "I can get five per cent. in Philadelphia." "Oh!" said the little gentleman, "I mean five per cent. per month, and good paper at that." "Oh-ho! aha! yes!" said the Doctor, and a few days after he loaned a number of little sums and they were all paid back with the lib-

eral five per cent. interest. One morning this little frisky man wanted to sell the Doctor a lot, and succeeded in doing so, when towards night he came back and said:

"See here, Doctor, I will give you one hundred dollars advance on that lot I sold you," and of course the Doctor took it and repeated the transaction several times thereafter. This little, active, busy, pleasant man, was Henry McKenty.

CONSCIENTIOUS INTEREST—PROFITS.

Pennock Pusey was brought up under Quaker influences, and when McKenty told him he would give him three and a half per cent. per month for the use of his money, he declined the offer, honestly believing in those days that it would be wrong for him to do so, but before the end of the war Pusey got bravely over this twinge of conscience and I should now be afraid to offer him two and one-half per cent. per month! Mac compromised on a less rate of interest; received the money; bought "broad acres" for \$1.25 per acre, and in less than a year after Pusey purchased some of this same property at \$2.50 per acre, and Mac made 58 per cent. on his investment! That cured Pusey of any further conscientious scruples respecting the loaning of money on a good rate of interest! and especially as he sold this same land afterwards to Dalrymple for \$15 per acre.

In 1854 Mac entered several thousand acres of prairie land in Washington County at \$1.25 per acre; in 1855 he sold the same land for \$5 per acre, and cleared 300 per cent., or \$23,000. He immediately entered again, and again other land, always in "broad acres," and came out with tremendous profits. The great depression of 1857-8 carried land down and with it many honest, sagacious, honorable men, and they never recovered from the disaster.

THAT BROKEN GLASS.

A year or two after the financial crash of 1857, McKenty began to feel the effects of hard times, and occasionally would not be in condition to pay his little debts as promptly and liberally as formerly. On this point he was extremely sensitive. Coming down Third street one day the writer observed both of the large glasses in his office door broken all to pieces. Enter-

ing I found the smiling land operator and looking around inquired what was the matter. "Oh, nothing, nothing much, sir; only a big dog, sir, went through that window, sir! Bad dog, sir! bad dog, sir!" and Mac smiled as serenely as though he had just come in possession of a great fortune. I left him smiling, when I learned a few doors below that a sort of pugnacious individual by the name of H. E. Baker, generally called He Baker, had dunned Mac for a little bill and in seeking to press his claims in a somewhat aggravated manner, Mac seized him quickly in the foundation of his pantaloons and pitched him headlong through the window on to the sidewalk, and ever after that when any allusion was made to the broken window, he would curl his lip and exclaim—"A dog, sir! nothing but a dog, sir! a d-o-g!"

THAT ROCKING CHAIR.

Times continued bad. McKenty still kept his office on the corner of Cedar and Third streets, but one could see that he was financially worried. The same old pleasant smile played about his features and the same old hopeful tone of voice greeted his acquaintances, yet to one who knew him well there was a tinge of sadness which elicited the secret sympathy of all his old and well-trying friends. Knowing that he must be in need of money, I said to him one day—"Mac, I will give you \$5 for that ancient rocking-chair," pointing to an old-fashioned rocker with the hair seat all out and the springs considerably smashed. "No, sir; you can't have it sir! at that price, sir! too much, sir! too much, sir! will take \$4, sir, for that chair, sir! \$4, sir!" and I paid him the money and shall never forget the tear as it gathered in his eye and shone through the sweet smile which radiated his face. Of course the chair was repaired, and while seated in it one evening, Mac came into my home and in glowing terms pictured to me what could be done in the oil regions if he only had a little money, so I pooled in \$400, and as I never received any equivalent back, the chair cost me just \$404. It has been my favorite seat now for over twenty years, and in it I have dreamed of the past, of its old owner, of the ups and downs of life, and of the many scenes and incidents portrayed in my PEN PICTURES. Dear old chair! no matter what thy history may have been, I

love thee still. Within thy soft cushioned folds I feel secure from the outer world, and while I rock leisurely to and fro, sometimes I think I hear gentle voices from another sphere whispering—"Peace! peace!" How unselfish is that old chair! how faithful! how true! how serene! how comfortable! how full of by-gone memories.

"NOW GO ON WITH YOUR BIDDING."

Sometime in 1853 McKenty secured land where Minneapolis now stands, and hearing that certain parties had threatened to bid on it over himself, he went to a cabinet-maker and ordered two coffins, both painted black; then to a livery stable and procured a 'bus; then secured a band of music, and with the coffins and the musicians and flags and the people, (free ride) he drove to the place where the bidding was to be, (I think Stillwater,) and arriving amid a great crowd placed the coffins on the ground, and on the coffins laid two huge pistols, and then mounting one of the coffins he called out aloud—"Now go on with your bidding!" Of course nobody under the circumstances bid, and Mac got the land. I do not give this as of my own personal knowledge, but as obtained from other parties.

THE END OF A BUSY LIFE.

Tired with waiting for the good times to come, Mr. McKenty sought the oil regions in hopes to retrieve his losses, but there fate went against him and returning to ST. PAUL he collected a little money and soon after started for California, but he found no relief in the golden city, and finally drifted back to his old stamping ground, a disheartened, discouraged, changed man, but still he struggled to regain his lost footing. I met him at the Merchants hotel the day before he passed out of sight forever. He sat reading a newspaper when Col. Shaw glanced over his shoulder and found that the print was upside down. He invited him to dinner and as he sat waiting to be served, he devoted his time in thoughtlessly catching flies. The next day he was dead. Unable to "endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," in a fit of desperation he "flew to ills he knew not of," and a small mound in Oakland Cemetery with no monument, marks the place where repose the remains of Henry McKenty!

WHEN AND WHERE BORN.

Mr. McKenty was born in Pennsylvania in 1821; came to ST. PAUL in 1851 and brought some capital with him with which to operate; dealt largely in "broad acres," and at one time owned nearly all the land about Lake Como except that in the possession of Mr. Aldrich. To make these lands available he built a road to them at a cost of \$6,000 in gold. He died by his own hand, a pistol shot, on the 10th of August, 1869, aged forty-eight years. And what is remarkable his youngest daughter soon after followed him, and his wife, unable to bear these terrible troubles, put an end to her existence by hanging herself in her own house, leaving one sad, forlorn, desolate, heart-broken daughter, who subsequently went to Philadelphia and married a rich man.

Poor McKenty! Once joyous! happy! ambitious! prosperous! generous!—high up on the teeter-taunter board of life, and then! down again on the other end, groping in the darkness of despair, poor, heart-broken! desolate! dead! I throw the mantle of charity over thy deed and drop a green sprig upon thy grave!

C. M. WILSON.

Major Wilson was born in Ohio in 1842, and is a son of the late Gen. Thomas W. Wilson; came to ST. PAUL with his parents in 1851; attended Miss Harriet E. Bishop's school that year, and also a mission school kept by Rev. Mr. Breck, and is among the oldest scholars living of both these schools. When quite young he seemed to possess no fear, and was at one time the captain and leader of the upper town boys vs. the lower town, and all old citizens can readily recall many contests between these two factions, some of which ended in pitched battles. He was one of the boys who in 1852 transformed William S. Comb's sign so as to read, "Women's Side Combs," and though not maliciously inclined, yet he was full of mischief.

SAVED FROM DROWNING—"I'LL GO!"

When passing the upper levee with other boys, he heard screams in the direction of the river, to which point he and his companions rushed, and there they found a man about to sink in

the water for the third time, and although there were a number of grown persons witnessing the struggling victim, not a soul moved to save him. Young Wilson pulled off his boots, jumped into the river, swam to the man who had already sunk below the surface, seized him by the hair and pulled him to the shore. Such an act of bravery was never excelled by a boy only ten years old, except, perhaps, in another case when he rescued a valuable package from a burning building.

In 1852 the old Daniels House, a wooden building of four stories, on the upper levee, was in flames. "Can't you save that valuable package?" asked a lady boarder as she frantically and piteously looked up into the faces of a number of men, at the same time pointing to the burning building, but they made no response, when young Wilson cried out—"I'll go!" and he did go, and brought out the valuables, and almost immediately the whole frame-work fell in with a terrible crash! These brave traits of character brought him into prominence, and he was praised by the adult population and lionized as a hero by the boys.

IN TRADE.

In 1853 young Wilson with his brother engaged in trading with the Sioux Indians at Shakopee, he being at that time the only white boy in the place, and it was then and there that he first gained a knowledge of the Sioux language and habits, and it is amusing to see after a lapse of some thirty years, how the Indians will readily recognize "the little black head," as they used to call him. He has also been the recipient of many beautiful presents from several Indian tribes. In 1855-6-7 he attended school at Granville, Ohio, and on returning to Minnesota took up the occupation of farming, but left it in 1861 to join the Union army, which he did, and served until the last Confederate soldier laid down his arms. He was promoted step by step, and each time for meritorious conduct.

A PRISONER—ESCAPED!

In 1864, in company with Gen. Stoneman, he was captured on what is known as the Stoneman raid through the State of Georgia, and with the balance of the men was at once taken to

Andersonville prison, where he was kept six months, or until Gen. Sherman began his march to the sea. He was then ordered to Charleston, a city which was at that time under strong bombardment from our army. He was also prisoner at Monticello, Fla., Florence, S. C., Goldsborough, and other places.

He made his escape from Florence prison in company with fifteen others, but was recaptured by the use of bloodhounds, at which time three of the fifteen prisoners were killed and seven of the remaining ones died before reaching the Florence prison again. He is now the president of the Ex-Andersonville Prisoners' Association in this State, which alone is sufficient proof that the statements herein made are correct, and that he is held in high esteem by his fellow prisoners. At the close of the war he was tendered a position in the regular army, which he declined.

BUILDING RAILROADS—INSPECTOR OF CUSTOMS—PERSONALLY.

In 1868, 1869 and 1870, Maj. Wilson did a large portion of the work upon the Lake Superior & Minnesota Railroad between this city and the Northern Pacific Junction, and received at the hands of the employes under him a beautiful gold watch and chain worth \$500, the contributions towards buying it coming from over two thousand men. He married in 1871 Miss Miller of Ohio, who died in 1884, leaving a son and daughter. From 1872 to 1877 he was in the real estate business in this city, the firm being T. W. Wilson & Son, and during all of which years he took an active part in politics, notably the nomination and election of Dr. Stewart to Congress.

In 1878 he was appointed inspector of Customs at Grand Portage, Minn., and held the office for about four years, when, on account of government contracts which he had received, together with mining and lumbering interests, he resigned the office and gave his attention to private business. In 1881 he, with E. F. and A. Lemay, formed a partnership under the firm name of Wilson, Lemay & Son and engaged in railroad and harbor building, since which date they have built the Harbor of Refuge at Grand Marias, on Lake Superior, together with a large amount of railroad and harbor work done at and near Duluth, Minn., and also at Superior, Wis. He was the first man to open

up the mine of the Silver and Copper Island Mining Company, and was its first superintendent and director and is still a stockholder.

Maj. Wilson is a rather slender, wiry man, full of energy, and uses indomitable will-power in his aims and in his purposes. He is what miners would call a "rustler," has a very active brain backed by nerve, and enters earnestly into all enterprises with which he is connected. He is liberal in his disposition, social in his nature, a natural schemer, persistent in his efforts, and devoted in his friendships—a man of much force of character.

THE OLD POST OFFICE—AN INDIGNANT CROWD.

In 1851 the old post office was kept in a small log building where the Merchants' hotel now stands, corner of Third and Jackson streets. A diminutive box about two feet square contained receptacles for letters and a door with several lights of glass in the top, shut out inquisitive people from entering the sanctum sanctorum. In those early days many weeks elapsed before letters were received, and it was natural that men of families, and especially young men, should feel anxious to get some letters from home or from their sweet-hearts, so when the mail came in, groups would gather about the office and await the delivery of the long looked for and expected tidings. On one of these occasions James Humphrey, Abram Elfelt, C. P. V. Lull and others were in front of the post office when the mail arrived, and after seeing the worthy postmaster, J. W. Bass, inspect the letters very deliberately and put them away in their places again, and then look at his watch and lock the door and go to dinner, they could restrain their impatience no longer and broke out with words of indignation. Lull caught the sentiment and agreed if the crowd would back him, he would burst open the door, and as they assented to do so, in went the door with a bang. Of course any such attempt to break open the doors of the post office now would meet with severe punishment, but Bass only knit his brows and grumbled about being in such a hurry, and that ended the matter. *Tempora mutantur*—times have changed. The old postmaster and all the parties mentioned are still living.

LAFAYETTE EMMETT.

Judge Emmett is, or was years ago when in the city, a man above medium size, quite slender, cleanly shaven, and very pleasant in his intercourse with his fellow-men. He was born in Ohio about 1827; was well educated, studied law and was admitted to practice when quite young. He came to ST. PAUL in 1851 and was at one time in partnership with H. L. Moss, and also with James Smith, Jr.; was Attorney General under Gov. Gorman in 1854; was first Chief Justice of the State, being elected in 1857, and served for seven years. He then carried on the practice of his profession in this city for some time, and finally moved to Faribault, and from thence to Ortonville, Big Stone lake. He was very generally esteemed for his ability as a lawyer and a judge, as well as for those amiable traits of character which adorned the man. He was of a retiring disposition, undemonstrative, unassuming—a quiet, solid, genial gentleman and citizen.

RICHARD F. MARVIN

Was born in England in 1842; came with his parents to Cincinnati in the spring of 1845, and from thence to ST. PAUL in 1851. He was educated chiefly in the parochial school of the Central Church, this city. For several years he assisted in his father's business on Third street, and finally became a partner in the same, until its close in 1874. After this for a year or more he became traveling agent for Eastern houses in the same line of trade, traveling almost entirely in the South for the benefit of his health, and finally, some eight or nine years since, went into the insurance business, in which he still successfully remains.

Mr. Marvin is a man of middle height, inclining to be stout and looks somewhat older than he is. He is married and the father of three children, and is emphatically a domestic man, an extensive and inveterate reader, his family and his books when away from business, engrossing his attention to the exclusion of outside social life. Peculiarly reticent in manner he is generous to a fault, but is little understood except by the very few who come to know the faculty he has for retaining and assimilating the results of his habit of reading, and the sensible views he holds in relation to men and things generally.

AUGER F. HAGERMAN

Was born in Berlin in 1819; emigrated to America in 1849; resided for a year or so at Chicago and St. Louis; came to ST. PAUL in 1851; learned the trade of a finisher of furniture and for a time worked for Stees & Hunt; left ST. PAUL in 1879. He was a great lover of theatricals and performed in the German dramatic societies of this city and is well remembered by many German citizens. He was a small man, very quick and perfectly at home on the stage, where he now is playing in Cincinnati. Herman H., his son, was born in 1847; came to ST. PAUL in 1851 and has remained here ever since; was for a time in the tea and tobacco business, but is now engaged in real estate on the West Side. He is like his father, small, but active, smart and gentlemanly.

MARTIN D. CLARK.

Mr. Clark was born in Ohio in 1824; was educated at the common schools three months and then labored on a farm. He learned the trade of a joiner and carpenter and came to ST. PAUL in 1851; worked on the old Court House when flour was ten dollars per barrel and all kinds of provisions were very high. At night he toiled in his cellar making doors, sashes, etc. He bought a farm in 1854 a few miles from ST. PAUL on the Hudson road, for about ninety cents per acre, and sold it at the rate of fifty dollars per acre. Previous to 1854 he had built over two hundred houses in ST. PAUL, being a carpenter and joiner, and a rusher at that. When Mr. Clark with his wife arrived at our levee he saw a man named Bully Wells trying to shoot another man by the name of McLagan, and his wife asked earnestly—"What kind of a country are you taking me to?" Clark said he didn't really know himself—at least this shooting business was not down on the program when he started. Still he had faith in the place and has it yet. He is a quick, active, nervous man, full of energy, social and pleasant, of good size, and has been a man of industry all his life. Since his arrival here both his boy, seven years old, and his wife have died, leaving him alone in the world. The property he has struggled so many years to retain is now becoming very valuable, and it is fair to presume that if he lives ten years longer—and I sincerely hope

that he may live twenty years—he will be able to enjoy in elegant leisure the fruits of his early struggle.

TRUMAN M. SMITH.

Mr. Smith is a living illustration of how a man can start on the first round of the financial ladder, climb to the top by his own exertions, and then fall through the instrumentality of others, not himself, clearly demonstrating that we are creatures of circumstances rather than "architects of our own fortunes." Grant won victories on battle fields because it was to be so, but failed in Wall street because of circumstances over which he had no control. We too often pride ourselves upon our puny power, our greatness, our sagacity, our superior genius, our business qualifications, when after all it is only luck, or what is the same thing—circumstances. Had not circumstances turned against Mr. Smith when in the height of his financial success, he probably would have been a millionaire—now he sells vegetables in the market. And what is true of him is true of hundreds and thousands of others. He was born in Vermont in 1825, where he was educated and worked on a farm; married in 1845 and moved to Wisconsin; farmed for a while and came to ST. PAUL in 1851. Here he cut wood for Capt. Wilkin for fifty cents per cord, at the same time packed bran, but his health failing he collected bills for Samuel Seargent for a year or so, when he was elected a Justice of the Peace in 1852; tried over four hundred cases; never had a jury trial; one case only was appealed; decision sustained. He continued buying and selling and bartering up to 1853-4, when he entered the banking business, opening his office in the corner of the old brick building which stood at the junction of Third and Minnesota streets; continued here for five years, and then, fitting up a handsome office in the old Fuller House, corner of Seventh and Jackson streets, moved there and remained in business up to 1857. This year the Ohio Trust Company failed and Smith lost \$28,000 by their paper, and in one day had to meet \$86,000 for which other parties were responsible, so he closed his banking doors and never opened them again. He made no assignment, nor did he go into bankruptcy, but turned out all his property to meet his debts. In 1856 he bought of a Mr. Burns the stone house on Dayton's bluff known

as the Davidson property, and this went with his other assets. His wife owns several acres near the old place, and this Mr. Smith cultivates, raising asparagus and small fruits and sells them at the market. He is a man who is seldom seen in the city except upon business; has withdrawn as it were almost entirely from society, and makes his home all the heaven he can find here, a quiet, undemonstrative, old-time gentleman.

HENRY BELLAND.

A tall, strong, muscular man is Mr. Belland, son of the old and noted scout who died only a short time ago, and a man who clearly shows his familiarity with frontier life. He was born in Lac qui Parle in this State in 1840, and came down the Minnesota river in 1841 in a birch-bark canoe to Mendota and thence down the Mississippi to Pig's Eye, below ST. PAUL, where he remained seven years; removed to Crow Wing, but the next spring came back in another birch-bark canoe with H. M. Rice, down the Mississippi to Mendota; attended a French school—the first school of the kind in the State—at Mendota; came to WEST ST. PAUL in 1851; was a pupil of the Cathedral school three years and also of the college at Canada; worked for Louis Robert, Myrick and Forbes; in the Indian outbreak he was special messenger for Gen. Pope; in 1864 in charge of a party of scouts he accompanied Gen. Thomas who was ordered to locate Fort Rice; in 1865 traded with the Indians at Yellow Medicine.

A DESPERATE FIGHT—DISCOVERED THE MURDERER.

While on his scouting mission he found two Frenchmen who had been fighting twelve Indians two days and two nights, but he came to their relief, drove the Indians away, and saved the Frenchmen.

He was the first to discover and point out the murderer of the Jewett family near Mankato, who proved to be Campbell, the half-breed Indian, and who was subsequently hung. Mr. Belland has been in charge of scouts at various forts and places, but is now a resident of WEST ST. PAUL. He is vice-president of the Junior Pioneers, and is a good deal of a politician, dealing largely in that commodity. When considerably aroused his extreme

height enables him to pick the stars out from the sky and throw them at his adversaries with telling effect, and if he should fail in this he would make his enemies flee from the wrath to come by his immense proportions.

CHAPTER XIII.

1852.

First Maine Liquor Law—Death of the First Editor—First Conviction for Murder—First Completed Court House—First President of Union Francoise and St. John Societies—First Organization of Ramsey County Agricultural Association—First News of the Indian Outbreak—First Stock Farm in Ramsey County—First Editorial of the Writer—First Restaurant—Events and Old Settlers of this Year.

OPENING OF THE YEAR 1852.

On January 1st of this year a temperance convention was held and very earnest feelings were shown in favor of a Maine liquor law, and a demand being made for it the Legislature subsequently passed a bill which was endorsed by a respectable majority of the people to whom it was submitted for their rejection or approval. It was later along pronounced unconstitutional, and from that day to this whisky has been sold openly in this city and in this State. From the records of the past it is quite evident that the people living in Minnesota in 1852 were

most decidedly in favor of the abolition of the liquor traffic, but Judge Hayner, of the Supreme Court, pronounced the law null and void and the matter passed into oblivion.

THE THIRD LEGISLATURE.

On January 7th the Legislature met for the third time in the brick building which stood near the corner of Third and Jackson streets, where the Merchants now stands. Nothing startling transpired at this session except the passage of the liquor law, to which allusion has already been made. Gov. Ramsey read his message to both Houses in the old Baptist Church, which has long since given place to large wholesale warehouses, and the huge hill and the little sacred edifice have passed into history, but the Governor still lives. The first Agricultural Society of Ramsey County was organized this year; Daniel's new hotel burned; Cemetery Association formed; treaty of Sioux ratified by Congress; Court House completed, (now demolished;) Joseph R. Brown bought the *Pioneer*, and

JAMES M. GOODHUE DIED.

The death of Mr. Goodhue, the pioneer editor of this city and of this State, which occurred on the 27th of August, 1852, created a profound sensation, for notwithstanding his impetuous nature he was a man of power, whose influence was always cast in the scale of right. Joseph R. Brown, who succeeded him in the *Pioneer*, thus pays a just and manly tribute to his memory:

"Col. Goodhue was a man of warm temperament, which occasionally betrayed him into an undue severity of comment upon those who differed with him in opinion upon political questions, and upon aspirants for office whom he deemed unworthy of public confidence. Many of his editorials would have done no discredit to the *New York Herald* in its most palmy days. They are replete with satiric humor. Indeed, his powers of sarcasm were limited only by his sense of propriety, and we can all testify to the effective mode in which they were exercised. In comparison with the ordinary controversial articles of the country press, his style of writing was as fine gold to lead. He will be numbered with the small band of sturdy men who labored constantly and with iron resolution, to establish the pillars of society in our Territory upon a sound moral basis. His press was always found on the side of law, order, temperance and virtue. Minnesota may well lament his death and inscribe his name on the roll of her benefactors."

Mr. Goodhue died at his residence, corner of Third and St. Peter streets, just after a terrible spasm, having been sick only a

short time. He was buried in among a forest of trees off to the right of Lake Como, in ground which had been selected as a burial place for the dead, but which was finally abandoned because a good title could not at that time be obtained to the property. Judge Goodrich, his faithful friend, was the last to leave the grave after the funeral, and for years afterwards made many pilgrimages to it, until at last some vandal hand destroyed the trees and then fires obliterated the place where now repose the bones of the first and talented editor of the State of Minnesota. When the writer became assistant editor in the *Pioneer* office in 1853, he gathered up Mr. Goodhue's letters and documents and passed them into the hands of his widow, now Mrs. Dr. Mann. A biographical sketch of Mr. Goodhue's life appears in Chapter Nine.

ON FOOT TO SUPERIOR—DOG STAGES.

To get to Superior in 1852 one was obliged to go to Chicago or foot it across the marshy country occupying near a week in the journey. I made the trip once on foot, and then rode over it in the first wagon, (and what a trip!) then in the first stage; then in the first railroad cars. At this time there was no railroad west of Rockford, Ill., and I came over in a stage from that point to Galena and took the old steamer *Nominee* for ST. PAUL. Now look at the miles and miles of railroad tracks, not only east but west of ST. PAUL, and one can go to Lake Superior in less than a day. Why, even the Pacific coast is now accessible, all accomplished inside of thirty years.

The members of the Territorial Legislature used to make their journeys from Pembina to ST. PAUL on dog sledges in about twenty-five days. The *Pioneer* of 1852, says:

“Each had his cariole drawn by three fine dogs harnessed tastily with jingling bells and driven tandem-fashion, at 2:40 at least when put to their speed. They usually traveled from thirty to forty miles per day, and averaged about thirty-five miles. They fed the dogs but once a day on the trip, and that at night, a pound of pemmican each. On this they drew a man and baggage as fast as a good horse would travel, and on long journeys they tire horses out.”

Of course in those early days no horses could withstand the trip across the prairies in the snows on the extreme frontier, so dogs took their places and they became formidable and valuable property. ST. PAUL at this time had a population of 1,500.

MURDERS—BRUTAL SCENE—FIRST HANGING.

Elijah S. Terry, brother of John C. Terry of this city, was murdered by the Sisseton Indians near Pembina, where he had gone to teach an Indian mission school. On the 21st of July Chauncy Godfrey killed his wife with a pistol when in a fit of jealousy. He escaped from the Territory. A Sioux Indian by the name of Yu-ha-zee, killed a woman by the title of Keener, who, with her husband and family were emigrating on to the land then recently purchased of the Indians. Yu-ha-zee was arrested, indicted by the grand jury, tried and convicted, and sentenced to death, all inside of a week. He was hung in a little over a year afterwards.

To my personal knowledge six or eight murderers had escaped punishment in the then Territory of Minnesota when this poor, friendless Indian was immediately seized, tried, convicted and sentenced to death in five days, and then treated in a brutal manner up to and including his death. The scene on St. Anthony Hill where the execution took place, was simply disgraceful to civilization. A hooting mob followed the poor creature to his death on a cold and windy day, he shabbily dressed, and vulgar and obscene remarks were made when he was ushered into eternity. I denounced the proceedings then, and denounce them in stronger terms now. It is a sad commentary upon so-called justice when one can count up not less than twenty murders in the past thirty years which have been committed in this city, and only two of the offenders have suffered the penalty of death—one a woman, Mrs. Bilanski, and the other an Indian, Yu-ha-zee! While I admit that the Indian was no doubt guilty of the crime charged, yet I cannot help but mark the alacrity and the manner in which he was punished, while many white murderers were permitted to escape without even any serious effort to arrest them.

THOMAS CAULDER.

Caulder was a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, who kept a liquor saloon on Third street and prided himself upon being a gentleman. At the time I knew him in 1854, he must have been fifty years old. He was a large man with strong features, had a quiet way of speaking, and I think died sometime in the year

1860. It was at his saloon that an affray occurred in 1852, which terminated in the death of a man named Dalton, and of which murder of course no notice was taken.

FINDLAY M'CORMICK—OFFICES.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," etc., and this seems to be the case of Mr. McCormick, who, though an old settler is scarcely ever found posing before the public. Born in Pennsylvania in 1818, he worked on a farm for a few years; then attended a common school; became a teacher and taught school; was employed as book-keeper for four years in an iron furnace establishment in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, and came to ST. PAUL in 1852.

Was City Comptroller of ST. PAUL two years; receiver of the Wabasha bridge seven years; engaged in the city and U. S. Engineer department for nearly three years; has been and is now secretary of the board of managers of the Reform School, and has held the office since 1869, or fifteen years. His family consisted of a wife and two children; wife and son dead; has a daughter living.

IMPRESSIONS—INDIANS—QUIET, UNDEMONSTRATIVE.

Mr. McCormick says he never expected to see ST. PAUL what it is to-day. He remembers it as a small village with huts, Indians, French and half-breeds, and with no outward evidence of its ultimate growth to its present size. One of the events which impressed his mind most thoroughly, was the sight of a dozen Chippewa Indians coming over Baptist Hill in 1852, near the old church, in war paint, with tomahawks, knives and guns, ferociously in pursuit of the Sioux. Their wild, fierce looks and demoniacal yells haunt his memory yet, and why should they not? Then, not knowing their motive, he supposed they were making a raid upon the whites, and one can conceive what feelings a man would have under such circumstances.

A more quiet and undemonstrative man does not live in ST. PAUL than Mr. McCormick. Of ordinary size and of a pleasant nature, he glides in and out among the busy throng almost unrecognized except to the few who know the beaten paths he has trod for the past thirty-three years. He is a man of unblem-

ished character, retiring in his nature, strictly attentive to business, honorable, unambitious, and an excellent type of an honest man. Mr. McCormick's long connection with the Reform School renders him an important spoke in that great wheel of youthful reformation, which is one of the grandest institutions in the State of Minnesota.

WILLIAM H. SHELLY—THE INDIAN OUTBREAK.

Mr. Shelly was born in New York in 1829 and came to ST. PAUL in 1852, or thirty-four years ago. He was a carpenter by trade; held the office of City Assessor for two years; was an officer in the State Constitutional Convention, sergeant-at-arms of both branches of the Legislature and doorkeeper of the United States House of Representatives in Washington for two sessions. He was also sutler in the army.

He was the first man who brought the news of the Indian outbreak in 1862 to Gov. Ramsey, and he did this on his own responsibility. He was with Major Galbraith, the Indian Agent, who had organized a company to go south, and was on his way to ST. PAUL, when they were overhauled by a man by the name of Dickerson, who notified them of the outbreak. Shelly immediately started for ST. PAUL, a distance of fifty miles, and after riding all night arrived in the morning and gave the Governor the news. He was in ST. PAUL on the 17th and the outbreak occurred on the 16th.

A NARROW ESCAPE—PERSONALLY.

On their way to New Ulm they were met by eighteen Indians, all painted, with rifles cocked, and seeing the situation they invited them into a saloon near by and treated them to native wine. This fortunate circumstance probably saved the lives of both Mr. Shelly and Galbraith, as it was no doubt the intention of the Indians to kill them at this time.

Mr. Shelly is a large man and is a natural politician. He has made it a profession and is well posted in the tricks of both parties. He has a peculiar way of ingratiating himself into the good graces of those who "run the machine," and has a remarkable faculty for worming out political secrets. He keeps posted on all matters pertaining to both parties, and makes this the

business of his life. His portly appearance and self-assurance, with his positive declarations as to matters under discussion, give him considerable influence among the party leaders, and very few men have more political sagacity than Shelly, although they may have more money. He once owned a good many acres of land near Lake Como, and also a store on Jackson street, either of which would have made him well off, but the great depression which carried down a good many old citizens did not pass him by. He is just as much a landmark as the Merchants hotel; is social, friendly, kind-hearted, and when gone will leave a vacant place—and a big one.

T. T. MANN—COMING TO ST. PAUL.

Dr. Mann was born in Philadelphia in 1816; first attended a country school at a place called "Down the Neck," then a school in Chester County, and then a few terms in a classical establishment in the county of Lancaster. After four years' devotion to the study of medicine and several years in the practice of the same, he took charge of a sanitarium, and then drifted to a town on Lake Superior where he spent a year, and following that came to this city in 1852.

These wanderings were forced upon him on account of ill-health, and his coming to ST. PAUL was purely accidental. He left the mining regions of the south shore of the lake intending to return to Philadelphia, but when he reached a little village at the lower end of the lake, he chanced to see a large government map of Minnesota tacked up in the hotel, and it occurred to him that he might cross to the Mississippi and descend that river until he reached some public conveyance whereby he could get to Chicago, so that by these means he would then have made the circuit of the most western frontier country that would probably be settled and civilized during his life-time. In talking the matter over a gentleman from Boston agreed to join him. A steamboat would bring them up to La Pointe, but from this place they must trust to Indian voyageurs with birch-bark canoes. The camp outfit was soon on hand except canoes, which could be bought at La Pointe. From there the voyageurs would agree to bring them only so far as Taylors Falls, and from thence in to Stillwater; down the St. Croix they ran great danger as

neither of them knew how to manage a boat. One day's paddling on the river, however, was sufficient for the Doctor, and he abandoned the canoe and took refuge on a raft, his Boston friend preferring to get through as best he could in his frail boat. The raft in time reached Stillwater and soon after the young traveler found himself in ST. PAUL.

A FUNNY EVENT.

A little funny event led him to remain here. The day after landing in the city and while sitting in the hotel, a brisk-appearing man introduced himself and asked the Doctor if he had come intending to loan money, at the same time stating that money was five per cent. The Doctor laughed at that, saying, "that was nothing; it was six per cent. in Philadelphia."

"Oh, but this is five per cent. a month and good paper at that," replied the little man.

Then the Doctor thought that if this person was not deranged the subject was worth looking into, so a few days after a small loan was made to a dry-goods man and another to a commission merchant, and both loans when due were promptly paid. In the meantime a little dickering took place in lots. The beginning was something like this: One morning the frisky little gentleman above referred to, persuaded the Doctor to buy a lot. Towards night he appeared again and said:

"See here! I will give you one hundred dollars advance on that lot I sold you."

The bargain was closed instantly. In a few days another transaction took place with the same gentleman, which was identical with the previous transaction. This busy, wide-awake real estate man, who opened a new life to the subject of my sketch, was no other than Henry McKenty, a well-known citizen of the young town, whose friendship, when he fancied a man, knew no limits.

OTHER INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE.

These little operations were followed up from time to time, and it was two years before the Doctor returned to Philadelphia. On arriving there he found that the city had lost its attractions and he soon returned to ST. PAUL, where the most of his time

since has been occupied in the ordinary avocations of life. He spent nearly two years in traveling through Europe, and during his trip wrote some admirable letters of affairs in the old world; and for four years resided temporarily in the District of Columbia. All that he has done in a public way was filling an appointment as physician to the Winnebago Indians, until they were removed, and for four years serving as president of the Agricultural Society of the State. At one time he was County Physician, but how he obtained the office he never inquired and never knew. He always went when called upon, never presented any bill, and doubts if there were any provisions made for a physician. How the Doctor's term ended and who succeeded him, he does not know.

A DRY-LAND EEL!—MARRIED—PERSONAL.

One thing he remembers as peculiar to the period when he was a boy and attended school, that nearly all the teachers employed with whom he came in contact, except with the Quakers, appeared to be broken-down Irish gentlemen; good scholars; fine manners, but extremely harsh in school. One bright summer morning the teacher came in with a large black snake gripped by the neck, which had wound itself around his arm. "Here," says he to Mr. Lloyd, the proprietor, "is a fine dry-land eel I have brought you." He was terribly shocked at his own ignorance when relieved of the snake and informed that eels were never found out of the water.

Just before the writer came to the Territory, Dr. Mann married the widow of the late James M. Goodhue, first editor of the *Pioneer*, and some years later he visited Philadelphia for the purpose of educating the children of the dead journalist. To them he was a good and an affectionate father. His thoroughly honorable management of Mr. Goodhue's estate, turning over to the heirs every foot of ground left them at their father's death, protecting it from grasping knaves and contractors, is a record worthy to leave behind one when the law presents so many hooks to hang a plea upon and through this defect defenseless orphans are too often left at the mercy of designing men, but in this case an honest man protected the rights of the helpless.

Dr. Mann is a gentleman of fine literary attainments, and articles and letters he has written clearly attest this statement. He is tall; usually walks a little bent with a swinging movement; hair white; hands behind him; and is quietly spoken. He has suffered for years with a stomach difficulty and has rather withdrawn himself from society than encounter its exacting cares. The home circle is to him the pleasantest spot on earth. Though somewhat retiring in his nature yet when well known he is social, entertaining, kind-hearted, genial, and an excellent conversationalist.

THOMAS ALBERT JACKSON (COLORED.)

Born in 1826 in the town of Princess Ann, Maryland; at the age of eight years (1834) his mother moved to Philadelphia so that her son Albert might be sent to school. In 1836 she again moved to Ithaca, New York, where Thomas Albert remained until 1844, when he came west. In 1840 he entered the office of Dr. William S. Pelton (a brother-in-law of Samuel J. Tilden,) as office boy, in order to study medicine, the doctor dying soon after. Albert tried the silk-worm culture but without success.

On the 13th of June, 1852, he landed in ST. PAUL, and was immediately employed by Anson Northrop as steward for the St. Charles hotel, St. Anthony; and in 1854 went into the Capitol, ST. PAUL, as janitor, during J. Travis Rosser's secretaryship. He has filled many places of trust and responsibility; was appointed through the influence of General Averill in 1872 a mail agent, filling that office ten years and has been latterly in the Custom House at Pembina and St. Vincent as Inspector.

Jackson is a small, quick, bright colored man, and greatly interested in politics, being a Republican. He was formerly a barber in this city; removed to Duluth; obtained an office, and has ever since been "on the fly."

JACKSON AND AN EPISODE.

If I remember correctly it was Jackson whom Rosser, a Virginian, then Secretary of the Territory, ill treated, and which called forth criticism on the part of the ST. PAUL Daily *Times*, then edited by the writer. Rosser resented the article and threatened to whip the editor, but I wrung my revenge on him by

manufacturing a speech reported to have been given at a public dinner, which under the circumstances he was incapable of making, and he was so pleased with my ingenious method of "whipping the devil around the stump," that he not only thanked me cordially for what I had done but ever after was my firm friend. Jackson now lives in Minneapolis. Rosser is dead.

ON STILTS.

A correspondent writing from ST. PAUL in the fall of 1852, says:

"My ears at every turn are saluted with the everlasting din of land! land! land warrants! town lots, etc., etc. I turn away sick and disgusted. Land at breakfast, land at dinner, land at supper, and until 11 o'clock, land! then land in bed until their vocal organs are exhausted—then they dream and groan out—'land!' Everything is artificial, floating—the excitement of trade, speculation and expectation is now running high, and will, perhaps, for a year or so—but it must have a reaction.

And the reaction did come in 1857, and land, and fortunes, and credits, and almost everything else went out of sight, and men commenced over again their eventful lives, and land again gained its footing and prosperity again returned, and what was once wild speculation has become solid and firm.

ANDREW JACKSON MORGAN.

Young Morgan resembled Stephen A. Douglas only Morgan was smaller, but he had the same cast of countenance and the same peculiar form, and both were Democrats. "Little Jack," as he was familiarly called, was born in Ohio somewhere about the year 1827; was a printer by trade and came to ST. PAUL in 1852. Here he took an active part in politics, especially those of the Democratic party, and on all occasions and everywhere "Little Jack" was the mouth-piece of the Democracy. He was at one period in his history editor of a paper in the Minnesota valley, and was chief clerk of the Senate at the time Gen. Gorman was Governor, I think in the year 1855. His head was large, his tone self-assuring, his air that of a man of importance, while his small, chubby body resembled somewhat a banty rooster. He was connected with a good family in Ohio, one of his brothers having been speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives. William Noot, John P. Owens, Bill Shelly, Jack

Morgan! What memories these four names bring up, especially out of the dark, almost forgotten political past. Jack died some twenty-eight or twenty-nine years ago from an overdose of hilarity; Owens passed away only a few months since; Shelly and Noot still live to enjoy the fruits of a Democratic victory, while the wheel of Time continues its everlasting revolution. And so come the weeks, and the months, and the years, and the centuries, and with them the young, and the ardent, and the ambitious, and in the eternal march of time they will all be swept into the ocean of eternity, making way for others, who, in their turn will follow their footsteps.

“I GATHER THEM IN! I GATHER THEM IN!”—DEAD!

So says the old reaper Death as he industriously swings his scythe among the men and the women of over a quarter of a century ago. He makes no distinction—he overlooks no one—he is impartial in his dealings—he is unrelenting and exacting in his demands—he is unerring in his calls. Beauty, money, wealth, fame, poverty, distress, virtue, manhood, youth, womanhood, all alike are laid low in the dust. So far as this world is concerned each have a common level, so far as the other world is concerned that depends upon the deeds done here; but the universal fate of all is—DEATH.

Mrs. Anna E. Ramsey died at her late elegant residence on South Exchange street, on the 29th of November, 1884, at 4 o'clock P. M., aged fifty-nine years; and thus another prominent and greatly esteemed member of the old settlers has passed behind the dark curtain which divides the future from the present, and

“Drawing the drapery of her couch about her,
Has lain down to pleasant dreams.”

WM. L. AMES—OFFICES—PROPERTY.

Mr. Ames was born in Massachusetts in 1812; his father manufactured the celebrated “Ames’ shovel,” while his elder brothers, Oakes and Oliver, were the originators and builders of the Union Pacific Railroad. He himself ran an iron business in New Jersey, and came to St. PAUL in 1852. Here he engaged in the manufacturing interests and then having purchased some

300 acres of land near ST. PAUL, he opened a stock farm. His property lay near the Harvester Works and is now very valuable. The stock farm was an excellent one, because it had the finest herd of short-horned cattle in the country.

He was one of the original proprietors of the town site of St. Peter; president of the State Agricultural Society in 1863; a member of the Board of Education in 1856-7; a member and one of the organizers of the Chamber of Commerce; a corporator and one of the first directors of the ST. PAUL & Pacific Railroad Company; president of the Home Insurance Company; a stockholder in the ST. PAUL Gas and ST. PAUL *Dispatch* companies; was a state delegate to the Cincinnati convention which nominated Greeley for President, and died in 1873 age sixty-one years.

Mr. Ames was a good-sized man and as he grew older he became corpulent. He was a person of considerable force of character; very affable; an excellent entertainer, and his late residence which has recently been remodeled, stands upon a plateau which surrounds ST. PAUL and is now the home of Uri Lamphrey, Esq. The first party I attended in the West was at the cheerful and pleasant home of Mr. Ames, thirty-two years ago.

Had Mr. Ames lived and retained his property to the present time, it would have made him a man worth \$500,000 independent of other resources. The original cost to him of the land he purchased at an early day, was about \$15,000; profit \$485,000, and yet at the time he bought his farm it was considered away out of the city. He had several sons and left a sweet, pretty, pleasant widow.

I. V. D. HEARD.

Thirty-two years ago the writer met Mr. Heard for the first time on the old steamer *Nominee*, and he (Heard) had then just reached the age of twenty-nine years. He is now at noon-day fifty. Born in New York State in 1834 he received an academical education, studied law, was admitted to practice, and in 1852 arrived at ST. PAUL, where he acted as clerk in the law offices of Wilkin & Van Etten, Ames & Van Etten and Rice, Hollinshead & Becker. His talents and ambition carried him into the

City Attorneyship in 1856, and again in 1865, 1865 and 1867, and he filled the position with great credit. In 1857 he was appointed County Attorney, and was then elected to the same office for two years, and re-elected in 1859 and 1861, holding the place six years. In 1871 he was sent to the State Senate from Ramsey County; was also at one time a member of the Cullen Guard, Adjutant of mounted militia, member of Gen. Sibley's staff and Acting Judge Advocate of a military commission at the trial of the Sioux in 1862. He subsequently wrote a history of the Indian war which is probably more correct than any work on the same subject in circulation.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

[From the Pioneer of October 13, 1853.]

"ARE YOU CERTAIN?"

"A little incident occurred on board of the *Nominee* on her passage up, which, as it tends to illustrate the old saying that we should be careful what we say, we publish it for the benefit and edification of our readers.

"Two young gentlemen were seated at the supper table briskly engaged with their knives and forks, when one of them overheard the name of the other brought in question by three gentlemen, who occupied seats nearly opposite. As a matter of course the curiosity of the one talked about led him to listen, and he had the satisfaction of learning the following very interesting facts concerning himself:

"He wore a white hat—was a small man, and said he was connected with Mr. Brown, at ST. PAUL."

"What was his name?" interrogated another gentleman.

"N——."

"There is no such person in ST. PAUL," said the third. "Are you not mistaken in the name?"

"No! He was introduced to me at Chicago. I should judge he was a sort of fast man—thought a good deal of a celebrated horse owned by a gentleman there, and wished to go to the races which came off that afternoon. He was introduced to me and I was informed that he was on board of the boat."

"Did he wear a mustache?"

"I think not."

"Had he whiskers?"

"I've no recollection that he had. He wore a white hat—was quite a small man."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the third; "I guess he was an impostor. There is no such man in ST. PAUL; Mr. Brown was the firm when I left, and that's only a short time ago. You've been sold—ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" chimed in another. And thus the looking-glass was held up before the face of the unsuspecting stranger who had ample time, as Burns says, 'to see himself as others see him.' The natural conclusion the trio

came to was, that the small man, who wore a white hat, was an impostor. And with this impression they withdrew from the board evidently much pleased with their tea-table conversation. The young man who had been the subject of their remarks, also withdrew, and shortly after meeting one of the aforesaid gentlemen, he accosted him as follows:

“‘At the table I heard you mention the name of Mr. Newson whom you took for an impostor. I am that gentleman’—extending his hand ‘and am happy to make your acquaintance.’ The peculiar lights and shades which played over his countenance can be better imagined than described. He at once recognized his mistake, and made due apology for his remarks, which was received in the kindest manner, and during the remainder of the passage the two were on intimate and friendly terms.

“Moral—Always be careful what you say, remembering the old adage, that the d—l is always near when you are talking about him. That man is an impostor? Are you certain? Be careful.”

The significance of this article, copied from the *Pioneer* of thirty-two years ago, lies in the fact that the young man who thought the present writer was an impostor then, is no less a personage than I. V. D. Heard, of the present day; and I reproduce the article because not only of the pleasant memories it evokes from the past, but because also it is the first article I wrote in the then Territory, now State of Minnesota. We were both young men then, but to-day we are traveling together down the hill of life, the one who wore the white hat having a little the lead of the young chap, who, not knowing that I had been to ST. PAUL and had made arrangements with Mr. Brown to accept a position on the *Pioneer* and was then on my way back for that purpose, thought it could not be so, and hence the laugh, the joke, and the explanation. An acquaintance thus made, and a friendship thus formed, has remained uninterrupted for thirty-two years.

AS A LITERARY MAN.

Aside from his fine abilities as a lawyer, Mr. Heard possesses literary qualifications of a high order. He is quite a classical scholar, and his productions show thought and polish. As a speaker he is somewhat nervous, yet he is decided and his utterances carry conviction, and this same characteristic is shown in his efforts at the bar. He is earnest, sincere, honest; and this gives him an enviable position in his profession. As a man he is warm-hearted, and has the delicate sympathy of a woman. He would if he could make the world a great deal happier than it

is. He is of medium height, somewhat sturdy in his build, possessing a round, well-developed head, with a peculiar yet not unpleasant twist of the mouth when he speaks; is able, quiet, modest, industrious; a respected and valuable citizen.

LOUIS DEMULES.

Mr. Demules was born in Canada in 1832; married a sister of Vetal Guerin; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; was a clerk for Louis M. Olivier for two years; was also a clerk and agent for Louis Robert from 1860 to 1862; in 1863 opened a grocery store corner Wabasha and Seventh streets; was in business up to 1874; was a candidate for Treasurer of the City; was candidate for Register of Deeds twice; was elected Alderman and School Inspector; was the first president of the Union Francaise Society; was first president of St. John the Baptist Society; held various offices in these two orders; was also promoter of these societies which formed the parish of St. Louis French; held the office of United States Gauger six years, and was at the time of his death, in September, 1885, Deputy Collector of Customs.

DEFENDING FORT RIDGELY—REAL ESTATE.

Four days before the outbreak of the Sioux Indians in 1862, Mr. Demules raised a company of forty-five men to enlist in the Federal army, and while on his way to ST. PAUL he heard of the outbreak and his men and others organized into a strong body at St. Peter and marched to the defense of the fort, and in making that defense three of his men were killed and three were wounded. After the fort had been saved, all the men enlisted in the Mounted Rangers to serve in the State, and Demules returned to take charge of Capt. Robert's business, including four stores.

He purchased twenty-two acres in ST. PAUL in 1852, costing \$1,300; worth now \$100,000; 100 feet on Seventh street, costing \$2,500; worth now \$30,000; ten acres near the Manitoba round-house, for which he paid \$1,100; worth \$55,000; a lot near the Union Depot on Fourth street; cost \$900; worth \$40,000; two lots on Norris street, cost \$2,000; worth \$8,000; ten acres on Lambert's Island, near Vadnais lake, for \$250; worth \$8,000, and lots of property in other places, all of which has greatly advanced in value, and among it were three lots where the German Catho-

lic Church now stands, which cost him \$900; worth \$15,000; sold them for \$1,700, and \$500 of the purchase money went towards the education of his children of whom he has had five, and of these one son has been a member of the Legislature.

Mr. Demules was always a stirring, active citizen, never failing to advance the interests of ST. PAUL. He was not tall, nor fat, and yet possessed a physical organization which was capable of great endurance. He had a high head, almost completely bald, resembling somewhat the "top-knot" worn by the late Horace Greeley. He was only a remnant left of that gallant band of Frenchmen who were the early pioneers of our city and to whose memories we turn with the kindest regard, for in my investigations of history I find that they were a bold, brave, hardy, honest class of men, who committed no deeds of violence of which history need be ashamed.

R. O. SWEENEY.

Born in Philadelphia in 1831; removed to Kentucky when a mere lad; then returned to the Quaker City; received an academical education; father enlisted during the Mexican war and died in Mexico, when young Sweeney entered a silk house at the age of seventeen years and remained in it until he was twenty-one years old; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; was a partner of W. S. Potts in the drug business; five years later he purchased the interests of Messrs. Delano, and has continued in the business ever since. For years he has been a Commissioner of the State Fishery.

J. H. SCHURMEIER—"THAT GOLD CAR."

Mr. Schurmeier was born in Germany in 1828, and in 1848 he and his brother were engaged in making wagons in St. Louis. He came to ST. PAUL in 1852 and started in business in a small way, which has now grown to large proportions. His shops on Rosabel street, near Seventh, are very extensive, his machinery being driven by a fifty-horse steam engine, and he employs over fifty men. The property he purchased when he first came to ST. PAUL has become very valuable, and is increasing in value every day. During all these long years, from 1852 up to 1884, Mr. Schurmeier has never faltered or stopped, and his continued care-

ful and prudent method of transacting business has made him a rich man.

During the excitement growing out of the discovery of gold at Vermillion Lake in 1864-5, the writer organized a company to go there and prospect for the precious metal, and although eminent assayers and chemists in New York and Boston reported \$30 and \$40 of gold to the ton of the rock found there, yet the excitement died out and the matter was abandoned. Before starting on my expedition I ordered a large car twenty feet long to be built, and which was subsequently used as a dining room, and as it was winter when I commenced my journey, this car was put upon runners and served admirably the object for which it was intended. It was built by Mr. Schurmeier and he can now turn back to the pages of history and claim the honor of having built the first car that rolled on the shores of Lake Vermillion, although since then large bodies of iron have induced capitalists to construct tracks on which regular trains now pass to the lake covering most of the identical ground over which "Newson's Gold Car" rumbled nineteen years ago! *Tempora mutantur;* Times have changed, but I am quite willing to abide the result.

PROPERTY EARLY PURCHASED.

In the year 1852 Mr. Schurmeier purchased a lot on the corner of Seventh and Rosabel streets, for which he paid \$200; worth now \$28,000, and upon this lot he erected a three-story brick building costing \$15,000, and for which he receives \$300 per month in rents; then in 1882 he bought the lot on which the Minnesota House stands on Rosabel street, next to the first or corner lot, for which he paid \$11,000; worth \$15,000; about twenty-five years ago he purchased 100 feet on Rosabel street where his carriage factory now stands, and paid \$1,400; worth now \$20,000; in 1872 he bought half of a lot on the other corner of Rosabel and Seventh streets and paid \$4,500; worth now \$15,000; owns half a block on Rosabel and Broadway; costs \$6,000; worth \$40,000; a lot near Union Depot, corner Rosabel and Third; cost in 1866 \$1,200; worth \$25,000; two lots on Broadway and Ninth, cost in 1870 \$1,900; worth \$12,000; another lot on Rosabel street, where he lives; cost in 1865 \$1,500; worth \$15,000; two lots on Jackson street, one of which cost in

1860 \$1,500, the other in 1863 \$4,500; worth now \$26,000; a lot on Third street, in 1860 for \$5,500; worth \$35,000.

When Mr. Schurmeier bought his property on Rosabel street it was covered with hazel brush and trees, and was the sleeping place of the Indians, and the little shop where was built my "Gold Car" in 1865, has been remodeled and is now stocked with a large assortment of goods.

Mr. Schurmeier is a quiet, unostentatious man; very deliberate in his movements, yet far-seeing and sagacious in material interests. Whatever money he makes in his business he puts into real estate, and gets about as much comfort out of life as almost any man I know.

A. T. C. PIERSON.

Who is that man with long hair and a slouch hat, and a swaggering motion, and who moves his head rapidly from one side to another and thrusts his hands deep down into the pockets of his pants? That is A. T. C. Pierson, the great Mason, who has climbed the Morgan ladder to the top round and is looking about to see if he can't grapple with the stars and steal into the other world and establish a higher order of Masonry there. He is as young in feeling and in action as a boy of sixteen, and yet he makes a splendid picture of a grand old patriarch as he really is, just stepping upon the last step which leads to three score and ten. His flowing locks, his elastic step, his rapid movements, his quick brain, his boyish yet venerable appearance, all make him a paradoxism—a sort of contradiction, and yet as a whole he is complete and individualized into an exception to a general rule; in a word, he is a character! There are very few if any men in the country better posted on Masonry than Pierson, as he has made it a life study and has written several books on the subject, and if Masonry is as grand and sublime as its advocates claim it is, Mr. Pierson ought to be good enough to go to heaven on a sunbeam; if he isn't he's to blame, not Masonry.

He was born in New Jersey in 1815, in the old homestead which has been in possession of the family for two hundred years. In 1819 he removed to Cincinnati; returned to New Jersey in 1822; went to New York in 1827; graduated from Barclay Street Medical College that year; came to Minnesota in

the employ of the Indian Department in 1850, and in 1852 became a permanent resident of ST. PAUL. He was at one time with the Winnebago Indians, then with the Chippewas, and next with the Sioux. He became chief draughtsman in the Surveyor General's office some twelve years ago, and through various Republican administrations has continued in this position up to a short time since. Mr. Pierson is a fine-looking man and his portrait presents a striking appearance. He is social in his nature and outwardly is all one needs to ask for when dealing "on the square."

JOHN LUNKENHEIMER.

Mr. Lunkenheimer was born in Germany on the Rhine in 1819; learned the trade of a carpenter; emigrated to America in 1842; was nine years in Wisconsin engaged in farming; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; worked at his trade for one year, then started the Darmstaeter Hoff—a German boarding house. In 1857 he was burned out, and in 1860 built what is now called the American House, corner of Fourth and Wabasha streets, and which was subsequently purchased by Mr. Pottgeiser. After this he started a boarding house on Wabasha street. He is now a hale old gentleman, still living in the city.

JOHN LUNKENHEIMER, JR.,

Was born in Wisconsin in 1843; came to ST. PAUL in 1852 when he was nine years old, and here he received his education; clerked for his father, who kept an old-fashioned German inn, or hotel, on the corner of Fourth and Wabasha streets, up to the year 1860, when, for seven years young Lunkenheimer devoted his time to the liquor and cigar trade, and for five years ran a livery stable. Was a member of the Legislature in 1875-6; was Major of the First Regiment of the National Guards; was a member of the fire department eighteen years, and foreman twelve. He then went out of the livery business and engaged again in the sale of liquor and cigars. He took part in the Indian war of 1862, and was in the battle of Birch Coolie. Married in 1870 to Miss Gertrude Smith, and has a family of three children, and is now Deputy Sheriff under Richter.

John is a quiet man and has considerable influence with his German neighbors. I remember the old hotel—a perfect coun-

terpart of many found in Europe—which formerly stood on the corner of Fourth and Wabasha streets, but many of the old settlers who passed its threshold have gone to rest; the old inn has passed into history; the old landmarks are nearly obliterated; the old ways and the old times are giving place to new faces, new things, new men; and though we try to check the flying hours, they still glide on, while—

“Time, Time,
The tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path.”

ISAAC W. MILNER.

All the old citizens who knew Mr. Best, the stone contractor, will not forget his partner, the subject of this sketch, who was born in England in 1820, and who, after learning his trade as a stone-cutter, came to America in 1845 and worked for a while on the Vermont Central and the New Albany and Salem railways; came to ST. PAUL in 1852, and two years after assisted in the stone work of a bridge at the Falls; then he followed contracting with his partner, Mr. Best, in this city until 1868, and then aided in the construction of the Custom House. He and Mr. Best continued business up to 1874, when, in consequence of ill health Mr. Best retired and soon after died. Mr. M. was subsequently City Inspector and had the supervision of the stone work of the new Capitol. He is a hard-working, industrious, careful, honest man.

H. A. SCHLIEK.

Mr. Schliek was born in Germany in 1818, where he learned the trade of a shoemaker and came to this country in 1845. He landed at New Orleans and went to St. Louis where he remained three years. He then removed to Milwaukee, and there worked for three dollars per week, and at the expiration of five years had laid by \$700 with which to commence business at Madison, which place he left soon after for ST. PAUL, where he arrived in 1852 with three dollars in his pocket and his wife with five. He commenced business in the building which at present stands on the corner of Wabasha and Third streets but which then occupied the corner now devoted to the *Pioneer Press* office. It was

subsequently moved to where it now stands. In 1877 the firm was organized as Schliek & Company, the company consisting of his two sons, and a fine store was opened on Third street and has ever since done a good trade. He married a Miss Elizabeth Kersting in Milwaukee, in 1850, and left when he died, three children, Edward, Charles and Augustus, all young men of fine promise and good business tact. His wife preceded him in her death only a short time, and Edward, his oldest son, died since the above was written, in September, 1885.

EARLY INVESTMENTS.

Among Mr. Schliek's early purchases were three lots in Nicollet County for which he gave three pairs of boots; property now valued at about \$3,500; one lot in Mankato City, cost \$25; worth \$700; 360 acres on the Superior road, cost \$150; worth several thousands; 16 lots in Le Sueur County, cost \$250; worth \$2,000; lot near the German Catholic Church, ST. PAUL, for which he paid \$1,800; sold for \$7,500; worth \$10,000; lot on Cedar street, near where the old Episcopal Church stood, cost \$200; worth \$15,000; lot on Oakes street, cost \$2,800; sold for \$6,000; worth \$8,000; lot in the Sixth ward, cost \$500; worth \$6,000; three acres near the Home for the Homeless, cost \$300; worth \$66,000; the lot corner of Fourth and Wabasha streets, cost \$2,800 fourteen years ago; worth \$22,000 now. Beside this he left between \$60,000 and \$70,000 in personal property, so that his estate when he died footed up to nearly \$200,000, all accumulated by strict attention to business.

A PECULIAR MAN.

Mr. Schliek will always be remembered by the old settlers as one of the most polite men in the city. He was invariably in good humor, very affable, and made a great run on the "Burt shoe," and on this he built up a large trade. He started his boys in business on Third street, and then fell back into his little old store—now remodeled by his son—on the corner of Wabasha and Fourth streets, where he spent the remainder of his business days. He was a well-proportioned man, quick in his movements, pleasant in his ways, and especially noted for the manner in which he addressed his friends on the street, just in front of

his store, by a shake of the hand, a nod of the head, and that ever-to-be-remembered cluck of the mouth. He was Democratic in his feelings—having no snobism about him—and often appeared on his favorite corner with a pair of spectacles on his head, (no hat,) an apron around his waist, bowing and shaking hands with all he met, never failing to greet them with that peculiar noise he made with the tongue. He gave quite liberally to the German Church and to other charitable objects, and lived and died a good man, at the age of sixty-four years. I never turn even now that identical corner without expecting to see that identical old gentleman greet me in his peculiar way, for he was as much of a landmark in the past as the building itself is to-day.

“Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
From the cradle to the grave.”

And such is life! But it is good to reflect that it leaves no stings.

JOHN O'GORMAN—OFFICES—PROPERTY.

Capt. O'Gorman was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1816; emigrated to Boston in 1834; removed to Chicago in 1848; and came to ST. PAUL in 1852; died in 1872, aged fifty-six years. He held the position at one time in this city of Captain of Police, then Chief of Police, then City Assessor for two years, Inspector of State Prison, Bridge Receiver for many years, and Captain of a military company called the Shields Guards.

The Captain purchased a lot on the corner of Ninth and St. Peter streets in the year 1852, for which he paid \$700. It was sold for \$10,000, and is now worth \$16,000; he purchased also some lots out on the Fort road for which he paid about \$100; worth now \$8,000. On his city lot on St. Peter street, he erected a small brick building in which he reared eight children, six of whom are boys and two are girls—all living. I think he was a stone-cutter by trade, but of late years he was prevented from working at it for the want of good health.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Capt. O'Gorman was a slender man, very quietly spoken and very pleasant in his manners. I remember him very well.

Sergeant William O'Gorman, his son, was in my commissary department for several years. One of the boys was in Gen. Sibley's office during the war; another became a priest; another was with Pat Kelly, and indeed the boys have all done well, thanks to the good example set them by their excellent father, of whom I have many pleasant memories.

JOHN MATHES.

The old adage that it takes "nine tailors to make a man," is not true in the case of Mr. Mathes, who was a man before he was a tailor and has continued so ever since, although he was among the very first who handled a pair of shears in ST. PAUL, where he arrived in the year 1852. For six years he carried on his business on Third street, when he gave it up and became the cutter for Mr. Campbell, with whom he continued for five years, and then was connected with Griswold & Tenney (both dead,) and in 1870 opened his present extensive trade on Jackson street, where he and his partners are doing a good business. He is a bustling, active business man, and has seen many and great changes since he came to ST. PAUL, now thirty-three years ago.

JAMES O'BRIEN—AS A MAN.

Mr. O'Brien was born in Michigan in 1845; was educated in the common schools of that place and came to ST. PAUL in 1852. In 1862 he enlisted in Company H, Tenth Regiment, and served during the war. He was wounded at the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, and in 1865 was discharged. Four years after returning to ST. PAUL he was appointed deputy clerk of the District Court, which position he held for upwards of fifteen years. He then engaged in the collection of accounts, and finally built himself and family a home, but only a short time ago (in 1884,) it was burned down, and nearly everything he had went up in smoke. Fortunately the Democratic party was looking about for a formidable candidate for County Auditor, and they struck "Jimmy," and putting him on to the track he ran like a wild deer and came out of the contest with upwards of 3,000 majority. It was a clear case of good luck, but it is just as gratifying and a little more pleasing to Mr. O'Brien than if the election had been achieved by many months of planning and figuring.

Mr. O'Brien is a small, wiry man; very active; hopeful; industrious; and just now very grateful. He is an accommodating gentleman, honest, and no doubt will make a good and popular county officer. He is a young old settler, that is, he is only thirty-nine years of age and yet he has been in ST. PAUL thirty-two years,—having come here when he was only seven years old, and thus having the advantage of us veterans he ought to learn from experience how to accumulate sufficient money to take care of his family and himself in his old age. "Jimmy," mark those wrecks!—steer your ship into a safe harbor! Go slow!

HENRY O'GORMAN.

Judge O'Gorman is a son of Capt. John O'Gorman (now dead,) and was born in Boston in 1847, where he received a common school education. He came to this city with his parents in 1852. I remember him as a quiet, pleasant young man and an excellent penman. He removed to St. Louis in 1863 and was employed as a clerk in an abstract office, and during this time he attended the St. Louis Law School and graduated in the senior class of 1872. Returning to ST. PAUL that year he engaged in the practice of his profession and continued so up to 1877, when he served as Judge of Probate of Ramsey County, to which he was elected with considerable unanimity and which he filled with very general acceptability. In 1882 he ran for Sheriff of Ramsey County, and after a legal contest with Mr. Richter as to who received the greatest number of votes, he was declared elected, and has held the office for two years.

Mr. O'Gorman is a gentleman of medium size, with a round face, well-developed physical organization and very undemonstrative. He is quite even in his temperament, gentlemanly in his manners and destitute of ostentation. He married Ellen M. Dicks, of St. Louis, in 1868.

WILLIAM O'GORMAN—A LITTLE DIFFERENT.

This is another son of the late Capt. John O'Gorman, and was born in Boston in 1845. He came to ST. PAUL in 1852 and here he received his education. In 1862 he enlisted in Company K, Tenth Regiment, but was on detail duty in the commissary

department under Capt. Newson for a year or so, and then joined his regiment in the Sixteenth Army Corps under Gen. A. J. Smith. He served three years in the army, and after being honorably discharged, accompanied a party to Vermillion lake in search of gold, and subsequently became a clerk in the post office for one year; was three years in the real estate business in St. Louis; returned to St. PAUL; clerked for different firms some ten years; then engaged in the cigar and tobacco business for himself, and is now secretary of the Board of Fire Commissioners.

“Sergeant Billy,” as we used to call him, is a little different in general make-up to his brother Henry. He is a stirring man, full of vigor and manhood, and yet all this energy does but little good towards bringing him a fortune however much he may deserve it. He is honest, capable and trustworthy, but like many others was no doubt born under an unlucky star, yet he is a philosopher and proposes to trudge on to the end. He has this advantage, he is in the prime of manhood and has thirty-two years of solid experience in the ups and downs of western life, so he is much better prepared for the ills incident to living than the “old codgers” who have nothing to hope for but—DEATH!—“Sergeant Billy,” move to the front!

NATHANIEL E. TYSON—THAT WHISKY.

Tyson was pretty generally known by all the old settlers. In his way he was a character; tall, well-proportioned, active, loud-speaking, he impressed a stranger with his importance, and yet he was a man more of bustle than merit. He was born about 1824; came to St. PAUL in 1852; kept a grocery store with John Cathcart, backed by Jus. Ramsey, (both now dead,) on the corner of Fourth and Robert streets.

He ran for County Treasurer, and furnished one of his political friends a barrel of whisky with which to advance his cause, when late in the afternoon of the day of election he went around to see how matters were getting along, and discovered his friend very tired and treating his political enemies to copious draughts of his own whisky. He made this discovery only in time to save a few drinks, and Nat was bursting mad, but that did not save him—he lost the office he wanted, also a barrel of whisky, and the good-will of his generous friend. Later along

he ran a grocery store on Third street and left the city some time either in the year 1858 or 1859 and has dropped out of sight and almost out of memory.

FREDERICK DUION

Was born in Missouri in 1831; learned the trade of an engineer; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; was engaged as an engineer on the river up to 1875, when he was appointed engineer of the fire steamer Hope, No. 3, which position he held with credit to himself and to the department for many years. Married Miss Denoyer in 1839. Eight children made the family circle, one of whom is dead. Mr. Duion is the son of one of the oldest French settlers, of whom I have made mention, and is a gentleman esteemed for his ability as an engineer and for his many good qualities.

CHARLES FILLMORE—A MOURNFUL ACCIDENT.

No more ardent, no more enthusiastic or warmer friend ST. PAUL ever had, than Charles Fillmore, the half-brother of President Fillmore, both dead, whom I met about this time. He lived next to Gov. Ramsey's, on Walnut street, and the house modified still stands on a bluff, while the old residence of the Governor was bought, removed, and is now occupied by Horace Bigelow, Esq. A stately mansion adorns the spot of Gov. Ramsey's old home. Fillmore is dead; Mrs. Ramsey is dead; Ramsey lives. Fillmore's old house is still up on the bank; Ramsey's is down on the level with modern civilization.

Mr. Fillmore was an active, stirring man, of medium size, full of enthusiasm for the growth of the city, and indeed I may say he was the first person to induce the writer to stay in ST. PAUL. He was born in New York about 1820; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; died in 1854, aged thirty-four years.

A peculiar accident happened at his funeral which for the time being shocked the community. While the hearse was passing along Fort street, now West Seventh, and when ascending a small hill, the back door of the vehicle was burst open and the coffin fell to the ground, or partially so, and of course the event threw a gloom over everybody, but it was soon replaced without harm, and the procession moved on. Mr. Fillmore's death

was greatly regretted, for he was a man of fine social and business qualities and an energetic promoter of the city's interests.

JOHN IRELAND.

Right Reverend, or Bishop John Ireland, D.D., was born in Ireland in 1838; came to America with his parents in 1849, settling at Chicago, where he attended school at the academy of "Saint Mary's of the Lake;" located at ST. PAUL in 1852, and has since then resided in this city, except when in Europe. In company with the now venerable Father Ravoux and Rev. Thomas O. Gorman, of Rochester, Minn., John Ireland left for France in the year 1853 to complete his theological studies; passed four years of a preparatory course at Meximeux, Ain, and another four years with the Marist Fathers of Hyeres, Var., and here he finished his education; returned to ST. PAUL in 1861 and was ordained priest by Bishop Grace on December 21 of that year; in 1862 was commissioned Chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment and remained in service a year, tendering his resignation only on account of ill-health; became the pastor of the Cathedral parish, and on the 12th of February, 1875, was appointed by the Pope Bishop of Maronea, *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska. This appointment was subsequently recalled, and he became the coadjutor of Rt. Rev. Bishop Grace, of ST. PAUL, and was consecrated Bishop December 21, 1875. Bishop Grace resigned July 31, 1884; Bishop Ireland succeeded him.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

No man in the Northwest has filled up the measure of his usefulness and of his life-work thus far, so completely and so grandly, as Bishop Ireland. No name in history will glow with greater halo and greater warmth for good acts conceived, for good acts performed, for good and noble acts reiterated again and again, than that of him, who, coming himself from the ranks of the poor and the lowly, has ever sought to elevate his own nationality, and in that act to elevate the world at large. A mere boy when ordained a priest (twenty-three years of age,) he stepped boldly into the arena of life, and dealing with the material as well as the spiritual elements of our existence, reached down into the great heart of humanity and touching the secret

spring of magnetic attraction hidden there, induced thousands to climb upward on to the ladder of respectability and manhood, and therein he has healed many a broken heart and has dried many a sorrowing tear. Like his great Master before him, he goes among publicans and sinners, not among the righteous; like his Master before him, he is imbued with love and humility, and in seeking the purification of the inner man he seeks to elevate the material or the outer man; like his Master before him, he assimilates with the masses and sympathizes with them in their great burdens of woe; points out the path which tends to a better life; leads the way to temperance, prosperity and happiness; picks up the fallen; encourages the weak; guides the footsteps of the faltering. No man in this great western country has done so much towards the elevation of the Irish race, as has Bishop Ireland; no man living has so strong a hold upon his people and their affections, as has Bishop Ireland, and no living Bishop of any denomination has done more towards the advancement of the whole human family (in advancing his own people,) than has this heroic follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. I care not what church a man may belong to, or what creed he may embrace, for "as ye sow so shall ye reap," and Bishop Ireland's good deeds will carry him to a better land without a church and without a creed, if there is a just God.

THEN AND NOW.

Over a quarter of a century ago the men who clamored the loudest, fought the fiercest at elections and were the first to find their way to the police court, were the Irish citizens of this city. They were then "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water;" the dray horses of society. And yet it was not the Irish but the whisky in the Irish. Where are the Irish to-day? Among the most wealthy, the most honored, and the most respected of people. How came they so? Largely through the influence and the persistent efforts of Bishop Ireland. I am writing history, not romance; facts, not fiction, and am seeking to show what has been accomplished through the influence of one man, and yet this influence has not been given exclusively for his own people but for the benefit of all classes of citizens, for Bishop

Ireland will unite cheerfully with ministers of any denomination to effect a lasting public good.

COLONIZATION.

Among the very first to make the colonization scheme in this State, so far as the Irish are concerned, practical, was by Bishop Ireland, and by that intelligent and noble old Irish gentleman, Dillon O'Brien, father of our former Mayor. Through their efforts seven settlements of Irish have been planted upon our soil and they are all prospering. Gen. Shields and Capt. McGroarty years ago started the movement, but it was left for Bishop Ireland and his earnest co-laborer, to carry to a successful issue a very important element in the future advancement of the Irish race in this country. This, with his consistent and persistent efforts in favor of temperance, have won for him the highest love and the highest reverence from his own people, and the highest regard and the highest respect from a large class of American men and women who differ with him in his theological views, but who know him to be—

“A man for all of that.”

HIS PERSONALITY.

Bishop Ireland is a tall, slender, intellectual-looking gentleman, with sharp features and with a bright, expressive face. He usually wears a long frock coat and a slouch hat, walks quickly, flings his right arm out at his side, throws the head up, and moves rapidly over the pavement, scarcely ever stopping to notice anything or anybody on the way, or to even greet an acquaintance. He gives one the appearance of a stirring, active business man, and yet back of all this is intellect. As a public speaker he is clear, earnest, concise, logical, argumentative and eloquent. As a bishop and a priest, while he is devoted to the church yet he is tolerant, fair and dignified. As a citizen he is public-spirited and wide-awake to the interests of his adopted city. As a man, possessing all the essential elements of true manhood, I know no peer to Bishop Ireland.

RICHARD IRELAND.

A tall, quite slender, very active man, with white hair and a quick step, whose every motion is energy, mark the peculiar char-

acteristics of the father of one of the most able Catholic bishops in the United States. The subject of my sketch was born in Ireland in 1805; came to America in 1849; settled in Burlington, Vt., and from thence went to Chicago in 1850; located in ST. PAUL in 1852; here he followed his trade, that of a carpenter, and built the old residence of H. M. Rice, now pulled down, and many other dwellings; was appointed Deputy Sheriff under O'Gorman, and though a man rising 80 years of age, yet he is as active and as young appearing as a person of 50. He is especially noted for the manner in which he walks, throwing the right foot forward and moving rapidly onward sidewise. He talks quickly, acts quickly, moves quickly, and in fact is lightning on wheels! And yet he has a kind, benevolent face, a pleasant way, and is a good man.

ALBERT WOLFF—SPEECHES, ETC.

Born September 26, 1825, in the city of Brunswick, Germany; received a collegiate education; studied theology (Protestant) at the University of Goettingen in 1846-'49; when yet a student took part in the revolutionary fight at Dresden, Saxony, in May, 1849; taken prisoner; sentenced to death; sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment; pardoned in June, 1852; of his own free will emigrated to the United States; came to ST. PAUL in November, 1852; got employment with the firm of Renz & Karcher, pioneer confectionery and fancy-goods store; remained in that establishment up to 1854; settled on a claim in Carver County in December of that year; elected as an Olmsted Democrat to the House of the Territorial Legislature in 1855; was counted out, because as alleged at the time, Carver County was not legally organized; was writing editor of the first Republican German paper of Minnesota, the *Minnesota Deutsche Zeitung*, in 1855; has continued in editorial work from that time to this, for different German papers in ST. PAUL, Chaska and New Ulm; was Emigration Commissioner to Germany from Minnesota from March, 1864, to March, 1871; elected member of the Board of Education in 1872; married in 1861 to the daughter of the late J. B. Sommer, jeweler and watchmaker, formerly of ST. PAUL, now of Springfield, Ill.

He made a very eloquent speech at the dedication of the German Athenæum, November 11, 1859, being the centennial of Schiller's birthday; at the dedication of the first banner of the ST. PAUL Turnverein, May 26, 1860; at the reception of the German poet, Friederich von Bodenstedt; at the reception of Mr. Villard's guests; has erected three cottage residences for himself in ST. PAUL, respectively in the years 1867, 1871, 1880; is at present chief writing editor of the Daily *Volkszeitung* of this city.

A PRISONER!—SENTENCED TO DEATH!—RELEASED!

Very few persons who casually observe a tall gentleman upon our streets, with light complexion and spectacles, and who usually moves along rapidly as though burdened with great business cares, would suppose that this gentleman was Mr. Wolff, the subject of my sketch, who was once a fighter in the revolutionary cause of Germany, then a prisoner, then sentenced to death, and then released, and is now a quiet, sedate, peaceful citizen of ST. PAUL. Mr. Wolff has been in the editorial harness for thirty years, and he is not only a pungent, strong writer, but an eloquent speaker. He is better known to the German element of our population than to that of the American, for he is a modest, retiring gentleman, and devotes a large part of his time to his pen. He is esteemed for his abilities and respected for his manhood.

CHARLES RAUCH.

In early days Appollo Hall, situated near where Lindeke's dry-goods store now is on Third street close to Wabasha, was the great rendezvous for almost everybody, for those who drank and for those who didn't drink, but who were obliged to go there to find their friends, dizzy or sober, and so it became the most popular place in the city. It was kept as a saloon and a restaurant, and was presided over by Charles Rauch and his buxom, pleasant wife. Here is where many social parties met and gave utterance to that popular song:

“Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it does run over;
 Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it does run over--
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 And to-morrow we'll get sober.”

But many of those who drank there didn't get sober for a week, and some of them went down to the grave drunk, singing their favorite song and probably woke up on the other side still humming—

“Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it does run over.”

IT WAS THE FIRST RESTAURANT

In the city, and for many years was immensely popular, for the food was good, the liquors were pronounced excellent by those who were judges, while Rauch and his wife were the personification of geniality and good nature. He was a sort of burly-headed man, with black, curly hair, the possessor of a red round face, took snuff, winked his eyes, talked in broken English, walked with a dignified air and was very fond of a good joke, just the man to please the masses, while she was a tidy, large, good-looking woman, jolly, winsome, and both commanded the utmost respect.

THE WOODEN HAM.

One New Year's day a great free spread was made for the guests of the house and for others who might come in, and among the eatables on the table was a large ham. This ham was made of wood and the skin of a regular ham was drawn over it and the outside was beautifully decorated, and it was arranged that a young man who made great pretensions as a carver should dish it out; so Mr. Rauch rigged him up with an apron, a jaunty cap, and a sharp knife and fork, and while some fifty hungry mouths were arranged around the table to receive a precious morsel of the inviting meat, the warrior of the knife commenced his battle. He tugged, he sweated, he swore, he grew red in the face. Of course it was a ham—he knew a ham when he saw it, but it was the d—est, toughest hog he had ever struck. “Give it up? Never!” So while the crowd waited, and the knowing ones winked and smiled, the young man toiled over his task until he had succeeded in getting a small portion of the skin off, when he grew pale, dropped his knife and fork, tore off his apron, dashed down his cap, gave one piercing look at the mutilated meat and exclaimed—“All bone, by G—d!” and dashed out of the door. Mrs. Rauch had effected

her purpose, for the young man never came back again, but some real, genuine hams were brought on, and the New Year was toasted gayly away into the wee hours of the morning.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN—BAD LUCK.

Mr. Rauch was born in Germany in 1812; learned the trade of a tailor; came to America in 1849 and opened a clothing establishment in New York, where he remained two years; was burned out; lost everything; carried on a clothing establishment at Lafayette, Ind.; was burned out there and saved only \$200 out of \$8,000; came to ST. PAUL in 1852 and opened a saloon and restaurant, where he remained some six years and cleared \$45,000; invested the amount in what is now known as Banholzer's brewery; lost nearly all; started again in his restaurant in the old place; ran it seven years; sold out and bought real estate—a lot for \$600; sold for \$1,200; worth \$25,000; lots on St. Anthony hill for which he paid \$150; worth \$2,000 and \$3,000; paid \$400 for three lots in Leech's addition; worth \$6,000; gave \$250 for eight acres on Dayton's bluff; worth \$15,000. Just before he died he opened a grocery store on the corner of Forbes and Fort streets. In 1856 he was a member of the City Council, and in 1858 member of the House of Representatives.

BAD LUCK.

Just in the midst of a prosperous beer brewing business after he left the restaurant, one of his workmen accidentally fell into a vat, and when taken out he was dead and the flesh peeled from his body, and notwithstanding Rauch drew off his beer and let it run into the Mississippi river, yet the prejudice was so great on the part of the people, that his sale of beer came to a positive stop, and his loss was immense, reaching as high as \$30,000. Who will deny the power of luck, bad, good or indifferent in a man's life? Twice burned out and lost everything; made \$45,000; it slipped out of his hands because one of his workmen fell into a vat and was boiled; went back to his restaurant; made money again; invested it in real estate—now he is dead; real estate is valuable! And this is life! What old settler does not remember Apollo Hall and the pleasant face of Charles Rauch?

REUBEN HAUS.

The familiar face of Mr. Haus has been seen on our streets for over a quarter of a century, for it is now some thirty-three years since he removed to this city and all these long years he has lived here. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1818; learned the trade of a carpenter; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; was architect and builder in those early days, his first work being the erection of the judge's seat in the old Court House; Joe Daniels was contractor for this and the Capitol; then the erection of the Court House itself; then he built the old Capitol building in 1853—burned down; the old Winslow House—burned in 1862; put the roof on the present jail in 1858; built an addition to the Presbyterian Church and American House; was a member of the Legislature two terms, and Building Commissioner in 1857, and was Constable in the city for a year or so. Of late years he has done nothing except occasionally make a sale of real estate. He is a man marching on to seventy years; is somewhat bent, walks with a cane, head turned towards the sidewalk, and is a very quiet person, generally wrapped up in his own thoughts.

JOHN DONIVAN.

Mr. Donivan was born in Canada in 1835 and educated in that country; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; ran a string band for several years, and then carried on a fruit and vegetable stand in the market. He lost his eye-sight by inflammation of the eyes, but he plays some on the violin even now though blind, and contrives to make an honest living. At one time he could have bought a fraction of two lots on Seventh street, 85 x 125, for \$50; the same property is worth now \$50,000. He is a pleasant, patient gentleman under his affliction, and a very deserving man.

THOMAS F. MASTERSON.

Mr. Masterson was born in New York State in 1830, where he was educated; early entered a store in Chester, Orange County, and removed to Pittston, Pa., in 1850, and there became a clerk. He came to ST. PAUL in 1852 and engaged with the Fuller boys, who kept a store on upper Third street and dealt in the Indian trade. He was clerk for the Messrs. Fuller up to

1857. In 1861 he entered the employ of Capt. T. M. Saunders, A. Q. M., U. S. A., being his first clerk, and continued with him up to his death, and then with Capt. Roselle until the year 1871, being the first and last clerk in the Quartermaster's department in this city. He then entered the service of Col. Rogers in the pension office, and from thence became Inspector of Customs, and has been in the Custom House ever since, now some twenty odd years.

Mr. Masterson is a man of ordinary size, quite quick in his movements, and a clerk as reliable as the magnetic needle. He is one of the most industrious men in the city, and is so faithful to his duties that his services are always in demand. He is temperate, quiet, unaffected—in a word, minds his own business and protects that of his employers.

PAUL FABER—OFFICES.

Mr. Faber was one of the earliest settlers, coming here in 1852. He is, or rather was, a small, stirring man, at one time a good deal of a politician and very active in his party, but perfidy on the part of some of his political friends taught him a lesson and he dropped out. He has always been an energetic business man, but like nearly all others who have been here for years he has had his financial misfortunes, and he wouldn't be an old settler if he hadn't had. He was born in Germany in 1827; was educated in the old country and learned the trade of a tailor; emigrated to America and located at Dubuque, Iowa, where he remained two or three years, and came to ST. PAUL as above stated; started a tailoring shop in the same block where he now is, and continued until 1853, when he opened a hotel in lower town, and soon after conducted the same business on Fort street until the war broke out, when he went into the grocery trade and continued in that until 1876; then started a restaurant which finally merged into Hotel Faber.

He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1857; wharf-master in 1862; member of the Legislature in 1869-70; married Miss Catharine Kumpt in 1854, and celebrated his silver wedding about six years ago. Mr. Faber has been a hard-working, industrious man, and notwithstanding the disasters he has encountered, he has surmounted them all and is now doing well financially, and he deserves his good luck for he is a worthy,

pleasant gentleman and withal has a fine-looking, robust, amiable, industrious, excellent wife.

GEORGE LAURENT.

Mr. Laurent is of French parentage, born in Canada in 1839, and after receiving an education there learned the trade of an architect and settled in ST. PAUL in 1852, being connected with Charles Marcott, and then with Knight thirteen years; entered the army in 1861; was with Gen. Terry's expedition, and is the architect of Forts Totten, Stephenson and Ransom; was in the employ of the Government nearly two years; is the architect of many buildings, among which is a college in St. Peter, the contract for which he obtained over the efforts of all other architects, and also the Union block at Minneapolis which cost \$25,000. He has also been the architect of many private dwellings. Is Chief of Platoon in the ST. PAUL Cavalry, mustered in in 1885. He is a man of ordinary size, very polite, as all the French are, a genial, pleasant gentleman, and an architect of fine ability.

PATRICK O'BRIEN

Was born in Ireland in 1841; moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1843; lived there until 1852, when that year he came to ST. PAUL; began to work for Rice, Hollinshead & Becker in 1854; also for Hollinshead & Becker, Hollinshead & Slade, and William Hollinshead until he died; afterwards for Horn & Galusha, and Horn, Lund & Galusha; in 1863 went out with Johnson & Thornton on a surveying expedition; came back in 1864; in February of same year began work in the post office on Third street; continued until 1865, when he accepted a position in the *Press* office; remained with the *Press* Company until 1870, when he began work again in the post office as chief clerk; continued in that position until H. M. Knox resigned the Assistant Postmastership, when he was appointed to that position by Dr. Day. He began at the bottom of the ladder and has worked up; was an active member of the old fire department; joined Hope Engine Co. No. 1 in 1860; held all the offices in the company except Steward and Treasurer; was Foreman at the time the company disbanded; was married in 1877 to Miss Fannie Higgins; has a family of four girls; owns a house and lot on McBoal street; never speculated in land. He always remembers

some advice that Mr. Becker gave him when he was working for him. He was like most young chaps, rather in a hurry to do some work and not over-particular how it looked when done. Mr. Becker called him up and did the work as it should be done and said—"Pat, if you ever do anything do it right, even if it is to saw a stick of wood." He always remembered that.

Mr. O'Brien is a short, prompt, very active man, with light hair and light complexion; quick as lightning in business matters, and one of the most industrious and reliable men in the city. He is pleasant in his manners, obliging, correct, always at his post, and one of the most efficient and faithful men in the post office department, a very important man in a very important position. His excellent character and his industrious habits make him an excellent citizen.

JAMES M. WINSLOW.

Among one of the most noted old settlers was James M. Winslow. He was a tall, slender man, with thin features and measured his words as a clerk measures molasses in cold weather; and yet he was a good deal of a man, for he had brains to originate and courage to carry out. Before coming to ST. PAUL in 1852 he ran a large stage business in Vermont. When he came here he built the old Winslow mill on Trout Brook; erected the Winslow House at St. Peter, the old Winslow House at St. Anthony, the Winslow House in ST. PAUL, and partially completed the Metropolitan, which he tried very hard to have called the Winslow, but failing in his contract to complete it, the name was changed and that almost broke his heart. He also built the first telegraph line from here to Dubuque, and all these enterprises were generally started on bonuses received from the people and with which he pushed to completion enterprises beyond his means. He was a public-spirited man, always doing something of a public nature, and yet always cramped for want of means, and still he was a valuable citizen, especially in the line of improvements. He came to ST. PAUL in 1852, and was born in Vermont in 1810. He left for California some years ago, died there in October, 1885, aged 75 years, and was buried in Oakland Cemetery, ST. PAUL, November 5, 1885. He was married and had one daughter and one son.

CHAPTER XIV.

 1853.

First Arrival of the Author of Pen Pictures—First Incorporation of the Fire and Marine Insurance Company—First Explorations on the Northern Pacific Railroad Route—First Democratic Territorial Officers—First Market House—First Cemetery Association Organized—First Occupancy of Capitol Building—First Dedication of the Baldwin School—First Indian Fight in the City—First Pork Packing—The Events and Old Settlers of 1853.

MY ARRIVAL IN ST. PAUL.

In 1853, or thirty-three years ago, I arrived at the levee of the city of ST. PAUL. All was bustle. Six large steamboats unloaded their freight of human beings and in groups the passengers wended their way to the various hotels. I entered the door of the old Central House, Bench street, which stood back of Mannheimer block. I talked with the people; I paraded the streets. What life!—what animation!—what vim! I entered the old *Minnesotian* office, which stood near where Schurmeier's block now stands, on Third street. There was John P. Owens, the

editor, who died in September, 1884;—there was George W. Moore, his partner, long the Custom House officer, still among us, but in feeble health. I pushed on to the *Democrat* office, a two-story wooden building on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, where McQuillan's block now stands. I entered the door on the latter street and ascended the stairs. I saw the noble features of David Olmsted; received the kindly greeting of George W. Armstrong; met the smiling face of Jack Morgan—now all dead! I crossed the street, passed by a little, low, one-story wooden building where Ingersoll's block now rears its lofty head. It was occupied by Gen. William G. Le Duc, the subsequent Commissioner of Agriculture, as a book store. I turned the corner on Bench street—which was then opened but a short distance; entered a story and a half wooden building; I stood in the presence of Joseph R. Brown. The genial face, the twinkling eye, the noble heart, the kindly voice—now silent in the grave—will never be forgotten. It was in this building, in the employ of this good man Brown, that I wrote my first editorial in the city of ST. PAUL, in the year 1853, thirty-three years ago, and which editorial was quoted in my PEN PICTURES in Chapter Twelve; and though Brown, and Olmsted, and Morgan, and Armstrong, and the little old building have all gone to their rest, yet the writer still lives, a feeble link of a once fraternal chain of the past.

“THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.”

Soon after my arrival I was importuned to speak at the dedication of the Baldwin school, and responded in my first speech in the city, to the toast of the “Old Folks at Home.” It was an extempore effort, and being just fresh from under the shadow of those I loved, no doubt I spoke warmly on the subject under discussion. At least when I had concluded I found some of the audience in tears, and among the rest a small, pretty woman with curls, who seemed to be more particularly affected than others, and on inquiry I found her to be Mrs. Masterson, the wife of the subject of one of my PEN PICTURES. A few years later and she was dead, and from that time forward Masterson wandered like a ship at sea, tossed on the angry billows of fate, pining for something which never returned.

JAMES AKERS.

Mr. Akers was born in England in 1812; educated in the old country; emigrated to America in 1831; resided at Baltimore four years; engaged in carpentering and merchandising; then resided at Cincinnati; at Indianapolis; in the South, and in Ohio in 1851; came to ST. PAUL as a sub-contractor in 1853; removed to Red Wing; was the first magistrate of that county in 1855; was a resident of Wisconsin in 1862; was County Commissioner six years and chairman of the County Board; removed to Sauk Rapids in 1869; built three buildings there and opened a store, bought property and remained there two years, and in 1871 returned to ST. PAUL where he now is looking after his real estate. He is a man of force and sagacity, and had he followed out his own instincts would have had property in this city worth a good many thousand dollars.

MR. AKERS PERSONALLY—NEVER CHEWED OR DRANK.

Mr. Akers is a small man and is as active as a cat. One looking at him would suppose him to be about fifty years old instead of seventy-three. His step is firm and elastic, while his mind is as quick and comprehensive as a man of thirty.

Here is an illustration of how a man can live without the artificial stimulants usually indulged in by the human family. Mr. Akers during his long and somewhat remarkable career, never chewed, drank for fifty years, or smoked, and what is more, he never wore glasses and his eyesight is good. He is a walking temperance society, and can see clearly because his brain is not muddled. Then again he is an illustration of another axiom, that "every man is the architect of his own fortune."

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE—DIVORCES.

The fourth session of the Territorial Legislature met in 1853 in the two-story brick block which formerly stood on the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, on ground now occupied by the Mannheimer building. The ballot for Speaker reached as high as sixty-four, and then Dr. Day was elected by one vote over B. W. Lott.

Several divorces had taken place up to this year, but they now began to subside. A fat, pussy justice of the peace by the

name of Le May, a Frenchman, had a good deal to do in this line, especially as the early pioneers were mostly French, and he tied or untied the Gordian knot to suit his convenience. He came to ST. PAUL in 1853 and resided here up to the year 1854 or '55, and then removed to Pembina. In speaking of one of his freaks Williams says :

“A couple—French people—came to him to be married. The knot was well and truly tied, the fee paid and the certificate delivered. But the next day back came the parties and wanted the ceremony undone. Their brief trial of married life had convinced them that they were unsuited to one another. The obliging justice informed them that for \$5 he would divorce them. The fee was paid, whereupon he tore up the marriage certificate and announced that they were free and single again.”

EVENTS OF 1853.

This year began to realize the influence of civilization. The old Court House had been built and Gov. Ramsey delivered his message in it. The ST. PAUL Fire and Marine Insurance Company which has grown to huge proportions now, was incorporated this year, as were also the ST. PAUL & St. Anthony and Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad Companies. So, too, Governor Stevens and his party explored the Northern Pacific route. This year was also made memorable by the arrival of Gen. Willis A. Gorman, Territorial Governor, who succeeded Ramsey, and also the year when most of the new Territorial officers arrived—Rosser, Secretary; Irwin, Marshal; Welsh, Chief Justice; Chatfield and Sherburne, Associate Justices—all dead, from the Governor down the whole list. Col. D. A. Robertson succeeded Olmsted in the *Democrat*; Oakland Cemetery Association was organized; Capitol building completed, or rather executive chamber occupied; the old brick market house long since gone, was erected this year, as well as the Sisters' Hospital; the Masonic order flourished; a military company was organized; Baldwin school dedicated; number of buildings in the town 604; residences 517; business houses 10; churches 6; hotels 4; school houses 4; Court House, Jail, Capitol. Population about 3,000. Total valuation \$723,534. Oakland Cemetery bought; 40 acres cost \$1,600, or \$40 per acre; worth now \$5,000 per acre, or \$160,000.

"JOE, THE JUGGLER."

Among other events of this year the writer of these PEN PICTURES became connected with Joseph R. Brown, as associate editor of the old *Pioneer*. It was in this office and about this time that Mr. Brown received the epithet, or rather the playful expression applied to him, as "Joe, the Juggler." An employe, Ike Conway, wrote upon the door of the office a number of names to which he applied significant terms, and among the others was the name of the writer and that of Mr. Brown, and here's where the expression originated, in the year 1853. Mr. Brown was not a juggler in any sense of the word, but he was very fond of fun, and to get at this fun in his own inimitable way he used very original ideas and means.

WILLIS A. GORMAN.

No one can possibly comprehend the real character of Gen. Willis A. Gorman, once Governor of Minnesota, by any PEN PICTURE they may read of him, however accurate it may be, for he was so peculiar in his make-up that it needed a personal acquaintance with the man to fully appreciate his somewhat remarkable career as well as his singular characteristics.

WHEN BORN, ETC.

He was born in Kentucky in 1816; received a common-school education and then studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty years; removed to Indiana in 1845 and began the practice of his profession; elected a member of the Legislature at the age of twenty-three years; filled the position several terms; was elected Major of a battalion of riflemen soon after the breaking out of the Mexican war and took a prominent part in the battle of Buena Vista; was mustered out in 1847; recruited a regiment for the Mexican campaign, of which he was elected Colonel, and with his men fought gallantly until the close of the war; in 1849 was elected a member of Congress from Indiana; re-elected in 1851, continuing in Congress for four years; was appointed Governor of Minnesota by President Pierce; came to ST. PAUL in 1853 and succeeded Gov. Ramsey, and remained in office up to 1857; resumed the practice of law this year and became a member of the Constitutional Conven-

tion; was a candidate the same year for United States Senator; on the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 he was appointed Colonel of the First Regiment of Minnesota; after the battle of Bull Run was promoted to the position of Brigadier General and held this position until 1864, when he was mustered out of the service and returned to ST. PAUL and resumed the practice of his profession with C. K. Davis, when, in 1869 he was elected City Attorney and was re-elected to that office four times and held the position when he died.

TWO BUCKING GOVERNORS.

Just before, or about the time that Gov. Ramsey's term expired, charges were preferred against him that while Governor and ex-officio Indian agent, he had violated the law by permitting bank bills to be paid out instead of gold—then the legal-tender of the government—that is, while acting for the Indians he sent the gold with which he was to pay the traders due from the Indians, to New York, and received in lieu thereof bills on the Bank of North America, and with these he paid the traders, not the Indians, when he should have paid in gold. These charges were referred to Gov. Gorman to take testimony, and I shall never forget my first impression of the man, as I saw him “clothed with a little brief authority,” and strutting the stage like a monarch of all he surveyed. A tall, large-boned young man, named Dow, was secretary of the investigating committee, and from day to day the testimony was received until at last it was all in, and then Gorman went off into one of those peculiar Democratic tirades for which he was so noted, and in which he prophesied that Ramsey would be totally annihilated, politically and otherwise, but the quiet, wily, discreet Governor slipped off to Washington slyly and when the testimony was received he was there to refute it, and the result was Congress exonerated him entirely from all blame. Gorman was shocked; Ramsey was pleased. Gorman raved; Ramsey smiled. The bucking propensities of the Irish-American Governor were met by the bucking propensities of the Scotch-German Ex-Governor, and a halt was called, and by a sort of mutual consent the matter was finally dropped and new political issues arose to call into action

strong and vigorous opposition on the part of these two prominent men.

RICE VS. GORMAN.

Gov. Gorman was a man of strong positiveness of character and a Democrat in every sense of the word, completely and thoroughly saturated with the Democratic juice. Of southern birth he hated any one who sought to interfere with slavery or curtail in any degree its power, and hence his early Territorial administration was strongly pro-slavery, but later along in life he arrayed himself among the anti-Nebraska Democrats and fought H. M. Rice, running on the Democratic ticket, by bringing out David Olmsted on a more liberal platform, while Marshall ran as a Republican. It was during this contest that the writer earnestly espoused the cause of Marshall, and just previous to going out into the country to speak for him he called on Gov. Gorman, and in the course of the conversation he (Gorman) informed him that H. M. Rice had been the means of removing the Winnebago Indians from Watab Prairie to Mankato, and as the Indians were then annoying the whites and the removal measure was a very unpopular one, I thought I saw in the statement a good point to make against Rice, especially in my speeches in the Minnesota valley; so, in the simplicity of my early manhood I said to the Governor—"And then this is really so?" "Really, so, sir!" exclaimed Gorman, straightening himself up, his eyes flashing fire and his voice roaring like a lion—"Really so, sir! By G——, sir, do you doubt, sir, the Executive of the Territory of Minnesota, sir?" I was a little frightened at his military and austere look, for I had never seen many live Governors though I had read about them, and this was a real snorter, so I timidly accepted the statement, more fully convinced than ever from the Governor's earnestness, that what he said must be true, and withdrawing from the presence of this august, and truthful, and modest executive, I soon after started out on my journey, and reaching Mankato poured the grape-shot into Mr. Rice, charging him over and over again, specifically with forcing the Indians down on the poor suffering whites, fully conscious in my own mind that I was telling the truth, (although Johnson said I "lied,") but I stuck to my text, for Governor Gorman asserted it

was true, and who would think of doubting the word of a Democratic Governor? And thus all along the Minnesota valley I made the statement again and again, when, close to home on my return trip, I was informed by a friend in whom I had confidence, that my story was false from the beginning to the end, and on investigation I found it to be so and that Gorman had been telling me a political "whopper." He did it so artlessly, so earnestly, so scientifically and so convincingly, that I admired the man for his ingenuity; and years afterwards when he admitted the soft impeachment and laughed over it, I gave him credit for great ability—especially in this line.

"LIEUTENANT, PUT THIS MAN IN THE GUARD HOUSE."

Soon after Colonel Gorman had been promoted to the position of Brigadier General, he was stationed at Helena, Arkansas, and Gov. Hubbard then on his way down south, fortunately had among his troops a company from Minnesota and the boys were anxious to pay their respects to the old hero of many battles. So they marched to his headquarters, headed by Lieut. Wm. B. McGroarty and were drawn up in front of the tent of the General, and when he appeared they gave him the military salute by presenting arms. One of the men immediately after left the ranks, and rapidly approaching the General familiarly slapped him on the back, exclaiming—"How to do, General?" "Who the devil are you?" asked the General, turning and looking down upon the man with scorn. "I'm one of the byes who used to vote with yees in the Dimocratic party." "The h—you are!" responded the General. "What right have you to address your superior officer in this way?" drawing himself up and assuming an extra dignified appearance. "Oh, well, General, I meant no harm, but I jist wanted to see the old Dimocratic war-horse." Gorman frowned, stepped back a foot or two and then called out—"Lieutenant, put this man in the guard-house!—the insolent fellow!" And the Lieutenant, obeying orders seized his man and hustled him into the guard-house which was only a short distance from where his comrades stood silently witnessing the scene. And then almost simultaneously every man in the company laid down his musket upon the ground, and repairing in a body to a heap of hard coal near by,

they let fly these little black missiles both at the guards and at the guard-house itself, until the officers began to think that matters were getting serious, and so the man was released and the affair was treated as a huge joke!—when, in fact, Gen. Gorman found that he had started a whirlwind which he could not control, and that the disaffection among the men was spreading in every direction. Of course he thought his action was necessary in order to keep up the discipline of the army, and in a measure it was, but the boys were too fresh from the ranks of civil life to permit what they deemed an outrage on one of their number to pass unrebuked, and the General had good sense enough to see that the best way out of the dilemma into which he had thoughtlessly plunged himself, was to treat it as a joke! and laugh heartily at the fun! which he took the credit of having made for this special occasion!!

GRASS IN THE STREETS OF ST. PAUL.

It may not be generally known but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Congress in its enabling act did not locate the Capital at ST. PAUL permanently, but permitted the first Legislature to meet here, leaving a future Legislature to locate it where it pleased, subject, of course, to an endorsement of the people. Gov. Gorman knew this, so he and his friends conceived the idea of removing the Capital to St. Peter where they were largely interested in real estate, and a bill was introduced into the Legislature of 1857 for this purpose and passed. On being referred to the committee on enrolled bills, of which Joe Rolette was chairman, he put the bill into his pocket and kept it there until the Legislature adjourned, and of course the measure failed. During these excitable times Gov. Gorman became very conspicuous in his advocacy of the measure, and in one of his speeches he declared that he would yet “live long enough to see grass grow in the streets of ST. PAUL!” This is what one might term “a Gormanism,” but wouldn’t Gov. Gorman open his eyes now if he could only come back and see our paved streets, and stone sidewalks, and massive buildings, and 120,000 people, and some twelve lines of railroads, with thousands of miles of tracks and 250 trains of cars per day, coming into and going from the Saintly city! In an earnest, honest and in an unsophisticated manner he would

say—"Gentlemen, that little matter about grass growing in the streets of ST. PAUL was only a joke of mine; by the eternal ST. PAUL will yet be the largest city in the United States of America! Only a little joke, gentlemen!—that's all." And he would say it in such a way as to really convince those who heard him that it was true.

"NEVER WAS THERE!"

Gov. Gorman had made a flaming Democratic speech to the Irish at Shieldsville and then made another directly opposite in its tenor to the Americans at Northfield, when one of his audience who had heard him at Shieldsville accused him of having said things entirely different at that place from what he said at Northfield, when Gorman, drawing himself up to his greatest height and with a burst of eloquence, exclaimed—"My friend is mistaken; I was never in Shieldsville in my life!" The man was dumbfounded; couldn't speak; and Gorman continued his speech as though nothing had happened.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Gov. Gorman was a well-proportioned man; straight, commanding, and good-looking. He had a strong will-power; was very decided and emphatic; a man of undaunted courage; a good lawyer; a well-trained politician; an excellent stump speaker; a ready debator; an honest executive officer, and as a citizen, genial and social. He was impulsive, and in politics was apt to exaggerate; liked display, and noise, and bluster, and command; was one of the boys among the boys, and sincerely believed in the doctrine that "all's fair in politics," yet as a man he has left a name untarnished, and during his long and useful public career I find nothing against his good intentions nor do I find any charge of fraud or dishonesty or meanness detrimental to his character. He was a natural leader of men, and aside from his peculiar idiosyncrasies, was, in three words—a good man.

LOG CABIN VS. MERCHANTS HOTEL—KNOWING DOG.

Where the Merchants hotel now stands, corner of Jackson and Third streets, existed in 1853 a log cabin, which sat above the street on a rising hill with a pair of stairs leading to it, and

in the upper portion of this cabin was the room of Judge Aaron Goodrich, the Chief Justice of Minnesota. Opposite this cabin was what was termed the "Minnesota Outfit," a fur-trading establishment owned by P. Choteau, Jr., & Co., of St. Louis, but which subsequently passed into the hands of Forbes & Kittson, and where all the Indians then in this region—and there were a great many—did their trading. Early on the morning of April 26th, 1853, some sixteen Chippewas were seen prowling about the city, and when night came on they hid themselves behind some boards standing near the stairway leading to the upper portion of the afore-mentioned cabin, where was the room of the aforesaid judge. During the night a favorite dog of the Judge awakened him repeatedly by pawing on his bed and whining and otherwise endeavoring to arrest his attention. The annoyance became so great that the Judge whipped the dog into submission, but the sequel proved that the dog knew more than the Judge even though he were a sound lawyer and deeply learned in legal jurisprudence.

INDIAN MURDER.

Morning came. On the outskirts of the city several of the Chippewas were on the lookout from the top of the remains of a hotel in lower town which had been destroyed by fire. The Sioux lived on the west side of the river and when they moved across in their canoes to come to the "outfit," the Chippewas, who had secreted themselves the night before, were signaled as to their (Sioux) coming by those on the watch-tower, and another signal was given when the Sioux landed on the shore. When they entered the "outfit," still another signal was given, and then, in an instant the Chippewas opened a fire into the "outfit" killing a sister of "Old Bets," (a well-known Sioux Indian character in St. PAUL in early days, and whose wound was dressed by Dr. Goodrich, assisted by I. P. Wright,) wounding several Indians and riddling the building with balls. Then went up one of the most unearthly yells ever heard in even an Indian country, and all the Chippewas rushed for the "outfit," no doubt instigated by the burning imagination of reeking scalps. Theodore Borup and David Oakes (the latter dead,) who were in the store at the time, in the midst of the imminent danger that sur-

rounded them, stepped to the front and confronting the savages, charged them with cowardice in thus attacking and killing innocent women and children. This brave conduct on the part of these two men held in check the Indians and they took their departure. Had Judge Goodrich responded to the instincts of his noble dog it is possible this brutal attack would have been avoided, for the Judge, finding a body of Indians secreted close to his room would have at once concluded they were there for no good purpose and proper measures would have been taken to have them sent away.

IN A BAD PREDICAMENT.

In the midst of this excitement a half-breed named Antonie Findlay, who was in the "outfit" at the time, ran to the rear end of the building and climbing out of a window paused a moment to view the situation. In front of him was apparently death from the savages; below him was twenty-five feet of space with jagged rocks at the bottom. While hanging on the window sill in this position the idea of being shot in the rear made him shake so violently that he let go his hold and down he went. Bruised and battered, and frightened half to death he limped off and thus escaped the brutal bullets of the Chippewas, one of which grazed his foot before he leaped from the window. A white man followed Findlay out on to the window sill in the same way and at the same time, but viewing his perilous situation he scrambled back again into the window, and still lives to recount his narrow escape from death.

IN HOT PURSUIT—AN INDIAN KILLED—WOODEN-LEGGED JIM.

Immediately following this murder, as it was nothing else but murder, mounted troops were called for by Gov. Ramsey and in response Lieut. McGruder, from Fort Snelling, with a body of dragoons, made their appearance and accompanied by the Governor started in pursuit of the flying Chippewas who fled toward St. Croix, their old hunting grounds. Coming in sight of the savages the soldiers fired without orders, so it is alleged, and it is also said that Lieut. McGruder fired a fatal shot; at any rate an Indian fell, was scalped, and the balance secured as prisoners. In 1853 I visited Fort Snelling and saw the scalp of

this Indian then in possession of Lieut. McGruder, who subsequently took a prominent part with the South in the Civil War. This was the same McGruder who had possession of one of the guns which pointed down Pennsylvania avenue during the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. If, at this time, McGruder and some of his companions had turned their cannons upon the people of Washington there is no telling what would have been the result; and if the Indians had gathered their forces at the time of the pursuit and made an attack upon this pursuing party, they would have wiped them out of existence and been also able to have seized the city itself. But they didn't think of that, or if they did they were afraid to act, and the whites were saved from a scene of terrible carnage and bloodshed.

Directly after the Chippewas had fired and wounded his sister, Wooden-Legged Jim rushed to the door and tried to kill his enemies with a revolver, but the dilapidated old weapon would not go off, when he seized a rifle and gave a parting shot, which, it is said wounded the chief. The fleeing Indians responded and Jim was soon minus a part of his wooden leg, but that did not prevent him from hobbling back in triumph and yelling as only an Indian can yell when he gives the real, genuine savage war-whoop.

J. TRAVIS ROSSER.

Among the arrivals at ST. PAUL in the early part of 1853, was a tall, slender, well-dressed young gentleman by the name of Rosser, who came to the city as Secretary of the then Territory of Minnesota. He was about twenty-five years of age, or born in Virginia in 1828. He was a man of remarkable affability, a genial, pleasant, chivalrous Southerner, but a lover of slavery and a hater of abolitionists, and while personally friendly to the writer yet he detested his principles. In his arrogant Southern manner he sought to impose upon a colored man at the Capitol, but in an article in the old St. PAUL Daily *Times* I exposed his conduct and stated that no gentleman would be guilty of the act imputed to him, which so irritated Rosser that he gave out notice to his friends that he intended to chastise me for my unpleasant expression, so of course I made preparation for my defense, but we never met and consequently no collision occurred.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Years ago it was customary to celebrate the Fourth of July in ST. PAUL in a real old-fashioned and becoming manner—that is, by nearly all the citizens taking a part in the proceedings and getting happy as the golden hours flew by. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Rosser, then Secretary of the Territory, was called upon to respond to the toast of Minnesota, and he did it as the fellow addressed the lamp-post at 10 o'clock at night on his way home. My relations with Mr. Rosser would have justified me in exposing his conduct at the banquet, but I proposed to take my revenge in another way; so I went into my office and wrote out a neat little speech—I was then editing the *Daily Times*—and the next morning it appeared in my paper. Going down Third street unfortunately I observed Rosser coming up. What to do I did not know. I looked for a corner but none was handy, so I proposed to meet him boldly and walked along bravely. Rosser put directly for me, his body bent forward and his arms swinging in the air, when we met face to face, and a moment more he had me by the hand. “Old fellow,” he exclaimed, “did I make that speech last night?” “Yes, you did,” I replied. “Well, if I did,” responded Rosser, “I’ll be — if I don’t get drunk on every Fourth of July.” And again shaking my hand most cordially, and requesting me to call on him at any time for a favor, we parted good friends. In June 1857 I wanted to go East and get married, but had no money. The United States government owed me about \$3,000 for Territorial printing, but how could I get it? There were no funds in the treasury, so an idea bethought me, I will go see Rosser, and making a clean breast of the matter to him he turned around and asking for my warrants endorsed them as Secretary of the Territory, and Ira Bidwell, the banker, immediately cashed them and I was peculiarly happy. When his term of office expired Rosser went to Mankato to live, then went south, joined the cause of the Confederates and died—a kind, genial, courteous Virginia gentleman.

M. W. IRWIN.

Mr. Irwin was born in Missouri about 1824, and came to Minnesota in 1853 as United States Marshal of the Territory.

He was a large man, with full habits; rather quiet, yet he made a good officer. He left Minnesota and died many years ago.

WILLIAM H. WELSH

Became Chief Justice of Minnesota in 1853, and arrived in ST. PAUL the same year. He must have been born somewhere near the year 1812, for as I remember him he was a tall, slender gentleman, somewhat advanced in years even in 1853. He was a quiet, undemonstrative man, whose speech and movements were moderate, and finally removed to Red Wing where he lived and died. He was esteemed a gentleman of unblemished character.

A. G. CHATFIELD.

Judge Chatfield, a name by which he was best known, was born in Butternuts, Otsego County, New York, June 27, 1810; studied law in New York; was admitted to the bar in 1837; was a member of the New York Legislature in 1839, 1840, 1841 and 1846; removed to Wisconsin in 1848, and came to ST. PAUL in the year 1853, as Associate Justice of the Territory. He was a straight, splendidly-built man, with a florid complexion and an elegant address; very genial in his manners; indeed one might say he was "a fine American gentleman all of the olden time." He was a judge of the finest purity of character; very careful, and very honest, and very sincere, and very conscientious in his convictions of right. He removed to Belle Plaine many years ago, where his duties called him, and there he died universally mourned by the whole bar of the State.

MOSES SHERBURNE.

Judge Sherburne was cast in the mould of a grand man. He was physically large and intellectually great. He was one of the Associate Judges of Minnesota, born about 1820, in the State of Maine, and came to ST. PAUL in the year 1853. He was a man of fine proportions, with a large, towering forehead and immense eyes, and his decisions have never been overruled. He sat on the bench a real judge—calm, cool, decided, clear-headed, dignified. The latter part of his life was spent in Sherburne County, named after him, and he went down to the grave in the full vigor of his manhood.

DANIEL H. DUSTIN.

Mr. Dustin was born in New York, when, I do not know; came to ST. PAUL in 1853 as United States District Attorney, and occupied a one-story wooden building on upper Third street, near Eagle. He was a social gentleman and a lawyer of a good deal of ability. He was in perfect health and attended a celebration on the Fourth of July, 1854, when in six days after he was dead—supposed to have died of cholera.

JOTTINGS—1853—"MINNESOTA OUTFIT."

This year Kittson, Rolette and Gingras, members of the Legislature from Pembina, walked to the Capital of the Territory, 500 miles on snow-shoes! Think of that ye modern enervated dudes! Our esteemed citizen, Commodore Kittson, is as vigorous to-day at the age of seventy years, as many others at the age of fifty! Moral—Walk 500 miles on snow-shoes! and then live a happy and serene life!

The Minnesota Outfit building which used to stand where the Prince block now is, opposite the Merchants hotel on Third street, and in which building old Bet's sister received her death-wound from the Chippewas, is now on Eighth street, below Broadway, (removed there,) and the old letters on the clap-boards are easily seen through the fading paint, indicating its former use.

NEW POSTMASTER—PRAIRIE CHICKENS—TWO MURDERS.

This year J. W. Bass, postmaster, went out of power and Maj. Forbes came in as the new incumbent. J. C. Terry became his deputy and continued in the postal service eighteen years.

The post office in 1853 stood on Third street a short distance from Minnesota, and was surrounded with hazel brush and trees. Of course it was a small affair, and Terry had considerable time on his hands which he employed in shooting prairie chickens that seemed to have a peculiar fancy for the corner now occupied by the *Pioneer Press* office, where they found good pickings near a stable. How astonished some of those chickens would be to come back now and catch a glimpse of their old stamping-grounds, and especially lower Third street!

This year a theatrical company held the boards at the Court House; the old city market building, brick, long since removed,

was built; a man by the name of Thomas Grieves was shot by Henry Constans in self-defense; three papers were then published in ST. PAUL; some seventy merchants constituted the commercial supremacy of the city and among them were ten dry-goods and eight general dealers and ten who dealt in groceries

Two men by the name of Hull and Clark were brutally murdered in the fall of this year, and the writer, on publishing a severe column article in the *Pioneer* on the outrage, was waited upon by two ministers who thanked him very sincerely for his courage, but expressed their fears that he might lose his life for thus daring, at that early day, to speak out so boldly against murder and crime. They even desired to accompany me home, but I went it alone, lived through it all, and "still live."

JOSEPH SPIEL—THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Mr. Spiel was born in Bingen on the Rhine, in Germany, in 1832; came to the United States in 1847; to ST. PAUL in the fall of 1853; opened a grocery store on upper Third street, and for a time made money, but soon found out that it would not do to trust everybody; his experience came too late; people speculated; lost money; bank bills were not good over night; the crashing times of 1857 came on, and in 1858 down he went with many others, and he has been struggling more or less ever since. Mr. Spiel married a daughter of Theodore Ayd in 1855, who has had eight children, five of whom are living and grown up. He was elected Commissioner of Ramsey County for two terms.

If any man in this city has battled faithfully and honestly for a fair, square living, that man is Joe Spiel. I remember him for over a quarter of a century as an energetic, stirring, industrious man, and yet fate seemed to be against him. In early days he was a great Democratic politician, and the little, short, thick-set disputant with his groceries ready to be delivered, would stop any time for an hour and discuss politics, always warmly sustaining the principles of Democracy, but it did not help his business any. He is quick in his movements, positive in his make-up, honest in his dealings, faithful in his duties, and persevering in his efforts. If he had paid a little more attention to the interests of Joe Spiel instead of to the interests of his political friends, it would have been better for him, and yet he is a pleasant gen-

tleman, and in the position that he now fills, that of City Jailor, he is always the philosopher, and while strict in the performance of his duties still he is kind and considerate to those entrusted to his care.

GEORGE CULVER—PERSONALLY.

While Mr. Culver may very justly be considered an old settler of this State yet he did not come to ST. PAUL until 1853. He was born in New York in 1818; removed to Michigan in 1834; then to Iowa and remained at Fort Atkinson until 1848, when he came to Minnesota and settled at Long Prairie and engaged in business with Charles and Henry M. Rice; came to this city and formed a partnership with John Farrington, and the firm became Culver & Farrington, and continued in business twenty-two years. Beside carrying on an extensive trade with the Northwest the firm opened a pork-packing department, the first in Minnesota. Their trade was very extensive among the Indians and for years they maintained many trading posts on the frontier, dealing largely in furs. When the house relinquished its business the partners commenced dealing extensively in real estate, and became part owners of the Metropolitan hotel, and finally Col. Culver became the landlord after the death of Mr. Deucher and continued so about one year when he died, and the hotel for a time was closed.

Mr. Culver was a peculiar man. He was large physically; very even in his temperament; exceedingly good-natured; cool and meditative; moderate in his movements; reflective; and was noted especially for his hearty good laugh. His whole appearance gave one the impression of solidity, and his universal sunny nature won him many friends. He was regarded as a cautious, prudent business man, and at his death was supposed to have left a valuable estate, but from some unexplainable cause his property dwindled away, and his heirs caught the shadows instead of the substance. He loved quiet fun, enjoyed a joke, and in his nature was very social. He left a widow who still lives, and a son and daughter, both married,—the daughter now dead.

ROBERT A. SMITH—OFFICES—REAL ESTATE.

Born in Indiana in 1827 Mr. Smith studied law and then was elected Auditor of Warwick County of that State when about

twenty-two years of age, and served three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1853 in the capacity of Private Secretary of Gov. Gorman and Territorial Librarian, which position he held until 1858. In 1856 he was appointed County Treasurer, and was subsequently elected to the same position, and continued in the office twelve years. In 1866 he entered the banking house of Dawson & Stevens where he has been one of the firm ever since, or twenty-five years, though the name has been changed from time to time.

He was Private Secretary of Gov. Gorman; Territorial Librarian; County Treasurer; Alderman two years, and president of the Council, and is now serving on his second term as Alderman and president of the Council from the Fourth ward; was a member of the Legislature of 1856, and was also a member of the Legislature of 1885.

Mr. Smith has bought and sold a great deal of real estate in this city, and it is the old story—property has greatly advanced over prices he originally paid, some pieces going from \$600 to \$30,000 and upwards. In 1853 he purchased two lots on Fort street, 120 x 180—his present residence—which cost him \$1,000; worth now \$30,000; then he secured two lots in the rear of the former ones, fronting on Oak street, 120 x 180, for which he paid \$500; worth \$8,000; in 1861 he bought the lot corner of Cedar and Fourth streets—where the new club house has been built—seventy-five feet front; cost \$600; worth \$30,000; a lot corner of Sixth and Robert streets, 90 x 100 feet, for which he gave \$1,000; worth \$40,000; a corner lot on Market and Fourth streets, fronting the park, for \$3,000; worth \$25,000; in company with Mr. Dawson he bought in 1871 about fifty acres in what is now known as a part of Woodland Park, paid \$400 per acre, or in the aggregate, \$20,000; worth now \$10,000 per acre, or \$500,000; secured several acres in Stinson's Addition for \$330 per acre; worth \$4,000 per acre; in 1866 purchased fourteen acres in Wilkin and Heywood's outlots, with a good house thereon, for \$1,000; property worth now \$25,000, and very unexpectedly to himself and to his preconceived notions, he holds this property yet, and when he stops to think over the matter he gets frightened at his own temerity.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. Smith is a very popular man, and almost every office he has held (except that of Treasurer,) has been thrust upon him. When holding the latter position he was quite liberal with his funds, giving to churches, schools, and other charitable objects, and very likely also for political purposes, so that when he came out of office at the end of twelve years, he only had \$6,000 in real estate, and with this capital and a few hundred dollars in cash, he became a partner with Wm. Dawson, giving his note to Dawson for the capital he furnished, (\$5,000,) and this is the way he commenced the banking business in which he has been engaged for a quarter of a century. Mr. Smith has always been a Democrat, but when he ran for office the Whigs invariably helped him through, and in one case he came out ahead of all his party friends, being the only candidate on the Democratic ticket elected. He is a man of medium size; well constructed; rather cool in his temperament; cautious; very pleasant in his manners;—somewhat non-committal, yet with nerve sufficient to decide when it is necessary; exceedingly social in his nature; liberally disposed; kind-hearted, and popular with all classes. He married a sister of Gov. Gorman and has one son and two daughters. He is a careful, prudent, solid, worthy, valuable citizen.

WM. B. M'GRORTY.

Capt. McGrorty was born in Ireland in 1825; came to America in 1844; settled in New York city and was employed in several commercial houses and as a commercial traveler until the year 1853, when he came to ST. PAUL. On arriving here he purchased the lot on the corner of Robert and Fourth streets, now occupied by the building of the German National Bank, erected a stone store on it, and engaged in the grocery business, and soon after entered politics, and took an active part in the ranks of the Democratic party.

OFFICES—RAILROAD CONTRACTOR—REAL ESTATE—A WAR DEMOCRAT.

As the result of his political career he was elected Alderman of the Second ward in 1856, for three years; was County Commissioner for three years; a member of the Constitutional

Convention in 1857; a member of the Legislature in 1858, and was appointed United States Quartermaster in 1864, which position he held at the time of his unfortunate death.

Soon after the passage of the \$5,000,000 loan bill, and when Selah Chamberlain began to construct railroads in this State, Mr. McGrorty took heavy railroad contracts, and of course relied upon the good faith of the State to sustain the contractors, but when the bonds were repudiated his entire property went by the board—he lost everything.

Mr. McGrorty's lot on the corner of Fourth and Robert streets, cost him in 1853, \$800; worth now \$50,000; he paid \$1,800 in 1856 for one hundred feet on Jackson street where he formerly resided; worth now \$30,000. He erected a large stone residence on this property and lived there for some time, but sold it to N. W. Kittson, where Mr. Kittson resided until his family moved into his new mansion on St. Anthony Hill.

Captain McGrorty was a strong Douglas Democrat, and on the election of Abe Lincoln and the secession of South Carolina, he entered heartily into the Union movement and urged the vigorous prosecution of the war. He carried out in practice what he taught in theory, and entered the army (Fifth Minnesota Regiment,) in 1861, and served with great credit on Gov. Hubbard's staff when Colonel and also when Brigadier General in the field, and was especially mentioned by Gen. Hubbard in his reports of battles to the Adjutant General, for brave and meritorious conduct. Was appointed United States Quartermaster and Captain by President Lincoln, September, 1864, and in December of the same year he received a furlough to come home to St. PAUL, and February 16, 1865, after the expiration of his furlough and while returning to his post of duty, was drowned in the Mississippi river at or near La Crosse.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS DEATH.

He had ridden down in the stage from St. PAUL to a point nearly opposite La Crosse, when it was found unsafe to go over the ice in a vehicle and he concluded to walk, so in company with a gentleman by the name of Temple, of this city, they trudged on their way together, talking gaily of the war and of other matters, when, all of a sudden, they broke through the ice

or walked directly into an air hole, (as it was in the evening and they could not see very clearly,) and both disappeared out of sight. Search was made and at last McGrorty's body was found and buried by the soldiers at La Crosse.

PERSONALLY.

Capt. McGrorty was a true-blue Irishman, and yet an American. He was a good-sized man with sandy hair and whiskers, retaining all the impulsiveness of his nationality and yet so schooled by experience as to be calm and self-possessed in times of emergency. He was bold and aggressive in his character, self-reliant, insinuating, yet positive when necessary, courageous, a man of considerable force of character, and who always inspired confidence in those about him. He was in command of the Minnesota company that went to visit Gen. Gorman at Helena—an incident noted in the history of the Governor's life. He never forgot the green old sod of his fatherland, for, in connection with the late Gen. Shields and others he sought to do in 1854 what Bishop Ireland has since successfully accomplished, viz.: to establish colonies of Irishmen on the soil of Minnesota and Dakota. He was social in his nature, kind-hearted, and has left behind him many pleasant memories. He married in Vermont in 1848, and his widow and six children are still living, some in ST. PAUL and some in other parts of Minnesota.

WILLIAM B. M'GRORTY, JR.—PERSONAL.

This is the eldest son of the late Capt. William B. McGrorty; was born in ST. PAUL in 1855; educated and graduated at our High School in 1875; also at the Law Department of the University of Michigan in 1879; in 1881-2 was a member of the firm of McGrorty & Hall; same year was elected Associate Municipal Judge, which office he resigned to accept the Probate Judgeship in November, 1882; was elected president of the ST. PAUL Alumni Association—numbering 200—in 1884, and is now on his second term as Judge of Probate.

Judge McGrorty is a quiet, unostentatious gentleman, less demonstrative than his father yet possessing many of his qualities. He is a good deal smaller man; a thoughtful student; a

good lawyer, and makes an excellent judge. He is a young man of fine abilities and very popular.

GEORGE W. PRESCOTT—AN EPISODE.

Mr. Prescott was born in Maine about 1827; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction by Gov. Gorman; was for a long time Clerk of the United States District Court; a member of the Board of Education from 1862 to 1868, and was a journalist of a good deal of ability. I think he was also in the army. Some years ago Mr. Prescott became a preacher and has devoted his time to that profession ever since.

I shall never forget the remark Mr. Prescott made to the writer soon after his fight on the Custom House swindle whereby I saved several hundred thousand dollars to the United States government, and I am sorry to say got kicked for it—"If you should do no other act of your life, that of itself ought to carry you to heaven!" He was a sincere, upright, manly Christian, if there ever was one (and I must confess they are very few in number,) and of course he is, or was, a poor man. I remember him as small in stature, very quick in movement, impulsive, decided, straight-forward, honest, consistent, manly, sincere. And if there is a good place beyond this world George W. Prescott will surely get it, for he surely deserves it.

ANDREW J. WHITNEY.

I have but little data respecting Mr. Whitney, although I knew him well. He came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court by Gov. Gorman, and was at one time City Clerk. I think he subsequently became a partner with his brother in the daguerrean business, but when he left ST. PAUL and where he now is, I do not know. He was a tall, active, bustling, go-a-headative man, quite gentlemanly in his bearing, and a good clerk. All of the old settlers of 1853 knew Andy J. Whitney.

THEODORE W. BEULKE.

Mr. Beulke was born in ST. PAUL in 1853, and was educated at our schools. At the age of twenty-one years, or in 1874, he engaged in the butcher's trade up to 1880, when he purchased

the Garibaldi meat market, an old-established house, being among the first regular meat shops in the city, and for years has run it very successfully. He is a prompt, stirring business man, and though comparatively a young chap, yet he is an old settler, and one generally esteemed for his many good qualities.

MARTIN BRUGGERMANN.

Mr. Bruggermann was born in Prussia in 1828; came to America in 1834, and resided in Michigan eight years; arrived at St. PAUL in 1853 and engaged in the malting business, and carried on a very extensive trade, his brewery being 540 x 120 feet, two and one-half stories high. He married Miss Barbara Keller in 1855; eight children are living; two are dead. Mr. Bruggermann is a solid, excellent, worthy citizen.

MRS. MARGARET CRANSTON

Was born in Ireland in 1829; came to America in 1849; resided in New York two years; came to St. PAUL in 1853; married Patrick Shannahan; he died leaving seven children, when in 1878 she married Joseph Cranston, and for years they kept the Traveler's House in the Sixth ward, or WEST ST. PAUL. Mrs. Cranston is a sprightly business woman, and though a genuine old settler yet she is far from looking old, and is greatly respected for her many excellent traits of character.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION—HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

While sitting in a small office of the Snelling House thirty-two years ago, my attention was arrested by the imposing presence of a large Indian chief, who, with his blanket about him strode into the room with the dignity of a Roman Senator. He was a large man, with high cheek-bones, a well-poised head, dark, brilliant black eyes and hair, and with a pleasant smile he exclaimed while passing—"Booshu, nechee!"—"how to do, friend!"—and took a seat near me. There was a massive characteristic about the man which did not belong to the ordinary Indian and yet he had all the Indian peculiarities. Dinner was soon announced and he took a seat near me at the table. He ate with ordinary deliberation and an ordinary amount of food, but while so engaged one of the windows was suddenly dark-

ened, and on looking up I beheld many grimy faces and burning eyes, with war-paint and feathers, the possessors of which belonged to the Sioux nation. Gleaming knives and partially covered tomahawks made my position by the side of the Chippewa chief rather uncomfortable, so I moved away; but he continued to eat on, and then the door opened and thirty Sioux warriors filed along in front of the foe of their nation with clinched rifles and hearts glowing with revenge. Still calm, with not a muscle of his mobile face denoting fear, the chief finished his dinner, coolly arose, drew his blanket about him, and with a lordly tread, a compressed lip and a flashing eye, walked down in front of these hostile Sioux and lighting his pipe deliberately puffed the smoke into the very faces of his inveterate foes. That man was Hole-in-the-Day, the chief of the Chippewa nation, and the thirty Sioux warriors were on his war-path, but they feared the white man's troops that would dart down upon them the moment the blow had been struck, so they restrained their wrath and let the great chief depart unmolested.

MARRIED—ASSASSINATED—INDIAN WHITE QUEEN—HIS TOMB.

Hole-in-the-Day was an Indian of remarkable sagacity and intelligence. He associated with the whites and comprehended their ideas of civilization. He was very wily and very brave, and greatly feared by his enemies. It is said of him that he would float down the Mississippi river in his canoe to ST. PAUL, paddle across the stream to the opposite shore, secrete his boat, lie in wait for the Sioux who were in the habit of following the trail to Mendota, then pounce upon them, kill one or two, secure their scalps, and make his way back again to the east shore, and thence home.

He visited Washington several times and became pretty well versed in the ways of tricksters and politicians. Once while on a visit to the Capital he fell in love with a white girl in the National hotel, and actually proposed to her, was accepted, and they were married. He came west, repaired to his home near Fort Ripley, installed his wife in his tepee as the White Indian Queen, and soon after he was assassinated while riding home with his little son. Hole-in-the-Day had a magnificent physical organization. He was very straight, quite dignified and yet very

affable, and withal he was very generally liked by the whites. During the Sioux outbreak in 1862 he had overtures from Little Crow, the great Sioux chief, to join with him in massacring the whites, but he declined the honor although some of his people were very anxious to have him do so.

On a high hill overlooking the Mississippi river, about three miles above Little Falls, lie the bones of the great chief and those of his father after whom he was named. There is a slight depression between two hills, and in this depression is a lone tree which stands as a sentinel over the graves of these two noted chiefs. No other Indians lie buried in the neighborhood.

JULIUS GROSS—PERSONAL.

Mr. Gross is a native of Prussia, born in 1822; came to America in 1851; remained in Chicago up to 1853, when he migrated to ST. PAUL. He was a carpenter and builder by trade, and worked at his business one year, when, in 1854 he opened a hotel known as the ST. PAUL House, which he subsequently sold and then opened the Gross hotel on Fort street, where he now is. He married Miss Susie Faber in 1854.

Mr. Gross is a large man with a good-sized bay-window, and as seen on the street he resembles an old Knickerbocker of the early days of New York city. He is a saving, industrious person, quiet in his manners, and from long years of industry has built up a good business.

B. MICHEL.

Mr. Michel was born in Germany in 1832; educated in the old country and emigrated to America in 1852; worked at the trade of joiner and carpenter in Buffalo, New York; stopped for a short time at Chicago, and removed to ST. PAUL in 1853, where he continued working at his trade up to 1867, when he opened a grocery store and saloon, and has accumulated property worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000. Married in ST. PAUL to Miss Francis Breker. Mr. Michel is a stirring, sagacious man, and can pile up a lot of dollars quicker than any person I know of.

JOHN A. WEIDE—PERSONAL.

Almost everybody used to know "Johnny Weide," as he was familiarly called, because he was one of the most pleasant gen-

tlemen in the city of ST. PAUL, and as a young man he was very popular. He was born at Madison, Indiana, in 1844, where he remained up to 1853, when, with his parents he removed to this city, and was partially educated at our public schools, but finished his education at Leipsic, Saxony, Germany. On his return to ST. PAUL he opened a clothing store on East Third street, and then after spending a year in Philadelphia he returned to his clothing trade and continued in it up to 1870, when he sold out. For several years following he engaged in the music business, and disposing of that he opened an art studio, or school, in which I believe he is now employed. Mr. Weide's father came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and started a grocery store in lower town, accumulated a good deal of property and died several years ago quite an old man. Joseph and Charles, well-known citizens, are brothers of John.

Mr. Weide is a medium-sized gentleman, with a well-proportioned form, rather slender in figure, with a fine countenance; exceedingly polite, and always tastily dressed. His buttoned frock coat, silk hat and inevitable cane, with a quick step, mark some of the peculiarities of the true gentleman. He is very fond of music and is quite an artist. Indeed, he was cut out for either a painter or professor, and he greatly mistook his calling when he engaged in the material elements of business. He is a quiet, amiable, worthy gentleman.

ROBERT C. WILEY—OFFICES—PERSONAL.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well *your* part, there all the honor lies.”

Mr. Wiley is emphatically a self-made man, though I must admit that his political sagacity has had much to do with his success. He was born in New York State in 1827; lived on a farm until he was nineteen years old, when he learned the trade of a carpenter and joiner; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; helped to erect the first bark and afterwards the first log cabin at a place called Excelsior; returned to ST. PAUL and worked on the old Capitol building—burnt down; then in 1854 in company with C. F. Hill, he began contracting and building, and continued in this business up to 1863 when he went to Faribault and superintended the erection of the Shattuck school, St. Mary's Hall, and

the Bishop's Church; returned to this city in 1869 and erected depots on the line of the ST. PAUL & Duluth Railroad. Since then he has carried on the general business of his trade and contracting.

Mr. Wiley is quite a politician and when he moves he carries the laboring classes with him because he is supposed to be the exponent of their interests. In 1859 he was elected Alderman of the Third ward; served three years and was re-elected, but resigned at the expiration of one year and went to Faribault. He was elected to the Legislature in 1877-'78-'80; was elected Register of Deeds in 1883, which position he now holds.

Mr. Wiley is a slender person of ordinary size; quiet in his movements and in his conversation, and has the faculty of saying but little. He is a business man, thoroughly honest and makes a good officer.

THOMAS HOWARD—OFFICES—PERSONAL.

Judge Howard was born in Ireland in 1834; came to America in 1848; located in ST. PAUL in 1853; educated in the common schools of Ireland; lived in Chicago where he partially learned the trade of a tinner and finished his apprenticeship in ST. PAUL; here he worked at it more or less for thirteen years. During this time he developed into a politician and took a very active part in the ranks of the Democratic party, and as a result he held the following offices: Was a member of the School Board from 1869 to 1872, three years; County Commissioner from 1867 to 1871, four years; Municipal Judge from 1869 to 1872, three years; chairman of the Democratic County Committee seven years; also chairman of the City Committee.

Mr. Howard is a small man, now clerk in the office of Register of Deeds of Ramsey County, where he has been for several years past. In early days he was a leader among the Irish politicians, a man of nerve, and I might say audacity, but of late years he has dropped out of politics and out of public notice, and is quietly pursuing "the even tenor of his way," satisfied with what there is left of life to enjoy. He is a quiet, dignified, self-possessed, pleasant gentleman, and a man of considerable ability.

"WHAT IS THE USE?"

Why this everlasting struggle for money? Why this over-worked brain? Why this eternal round of business?—*Cui bono*,—what good? Death comes and many in the brief period of twenty-four hours are forgotten! Dead men are not wanted in this age! Time is too precious to grieve! So the great, bustling world pushes the inanimate into oblivion and goes on to repeat over and over again the folly of those gone before! To accumulate riches is commendable, but how many get their wealth honestly? How many did not lie? how many did not misrepresent? how many did not cheat?—how many? You can count the number almost on the fingers of your hands. How many get rich by pursuing an honest and honorable course? A small fraction of the great world at large. And yet wealth is a boon; money is an essential element of happiness and comfort, if properly obtained and not realized at the cost of manhood, of health or of life. Nine-tenths of the men in business to-day are working like galley-slaves to accumulate money; never stopping, never resting, never tiring in their ceaseless rounds of labor until cut short by the grim monster Death! Miss Ella Wheeler, in one of her beautiful poems, asks:

"What is the use of this tempestuous haste?

The end is certain. Let us take our time
And hoard the vital forces that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden prime.

"What is the use of rushing with spent breath

After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry so to welcome Death,
Or go half-way, with hands stretched out to Care?

"There is no use. Dear heart, if we but wait

All things will find us. Let us pause, I say:
We cannot go beyond the silent gate
That lies a short day's journey down the way.

"So let us take our time in youth's fair bowers,

The summer season is so brief at best;
Let us look on the stars, and pluck the flowers,
And when our feet grow weary, let us rest."

ERASTUS SMITH EDGERTON.

Mr. Edgerton was born in Delaware County, New York, in 1816, and after receiving a limited academic education, removed

to Delhi, where he was appointed Deputy Sheriff. I find in the History of Ramsey County the following notable event of his life:

A NOTABLE EVENT.

"In the capacity of Deputy Sheriff he came in collision with a combination of armed men known as anti-renters, who resisted the payment of rents and the execution of the laws. He was placed in command of a posse of horsemen, and on that occasion seven prisoners were captured and confined in the county jail at Delhi. The rioters attempted to destroy the jail and rescue their comrades. As arms and ammunition were scarce, he conceived the idea of using pitchforks, which he collected from the stores in town, and organized a pitchfork brigade, of which he was appointed Captain, and this brigade was used to defend the cannon in lieu of sabres, and the Rev. Mr. Leonard of the Presbyterian Church, was made First Lieutenant. He, with his company, also assisted in preserving order at the sale of cattle for rents at the Earl sale in the town of Andes. His horse was shot from under him, and Mr. Steele, his comrade, was also shot and killed, with his horse. He here made his first speech to a band of 163 armed and disguised rioters, warning them against the crime of murder and the punishment which was sure to follow. Two of them were sentenced to be hung and eighteen to State's Prison, and a large number to the county jail, while others fled the country."

THE OLDEST BANKER IN THE CITY AND STATE.

On the 8th of January, 1844, Mr. Edgerton was married to Miss Cannon; removed to ST. PAUL in 1853, and in 1854 opened a bank in partnership with the late Charles N. Mackubin in a room in the Winslow House, Seven Corners, and subsequently removed to the corner of Exchange and Third streets, where the firm continued up to 1857, when Mr. Mackubin retired and Edgerton has continued in the business ever since, putting him in the front rank as the oldest continuous banker in the city and State, a position he is justly entitled to and which he has bravely won. Borup & Oakes, Ira Bidwell, and I think Truman M. Smith preceded him, but the three first are dead, and Mr. Smith is in another business.

THE \$5,000,000 RAILROAD LOAN BILL.

When this bill had passed the Legislature and had been endorsed by over 18,000 majority of the people, certain parties desired to get the bonds upon which to do banking. Failing to secure the exclusive control of the bonds for this purpose, they turned their guns upon the measure and fought it desperately, even after it had passed the Legislature and been approved by

the people. This is a matter of history. And it was currently reported at the time and generally believed, that Mr. Edgerton was the third party to make up this syndicate; indeed he owned the People's Bank, whose bills circulated on these bonds; but be this as it may, I find him opposing the measure and so incurring the wrath of the advocates of the movement, that on the evening of the day when the loan amendment was carried, he was serenaded and the band played the "Dead March." Here he made the second speech of his life when he uttered that memorable sentence—"The time will come when the people of Minnesota will vote to repudiate the bonds by a larger majority than they have voted to issue them,"—and that prediction has proven true. And yet, the amendment having passed the Legislature and having been approved by the people and having been incorporated as a part of the Constitution, became a plighted pledge of the State to pay, and Mr. Edgerton therefore opposed repudiation, and when the bills of his People's Bank came in for redemption, he redeemed every dollar! Chas. Parker, Pease, Chalfant & Co., Wm. R. Marshall, Truman M. Smith and others went by the board, but Edgerton came out of the fire like pure gold, and has maintained his credit unimpaired ever since. In 1865 he organized what is now known as the Second National Bank of ST. PAUL, and has been its principal stockholder and president from that time to this. He also aided in the organization of the National Bank at St. Peter and the Lumbermen's Bank at Stillwater, and is now not only a director in these banks but in the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edgerton is a tall, slender person, quick as thought in his transactions and usually wears glasses. He is a man of great nerve; a remarkable financier; one of the best bankers in the Northwest, and a gentleman of intrinsic merit. He is prudent, cautious, careful, yet decisive; active and stirring, yet slow; close, calculating, systematic, but generous; and his views of how a young man ought to be educated to become a good banker, are the soundest and best I have ever heard advanced by any financier. Mr. Edgerton has done many very generous acts to various individuals, and to his relatives he has given not less

than \$100,000. While personally I never received a favor from him, yet I learn from those who know him best that he ranks all other bankers in this city, dead or alive, in acts of generosity, and these acts have been performed so quietly, so pleasantly, and so cheerfully, that the recipients of his favors will never forget his kindness.

JOHN BALL BRISBIN—A LITERARY MAN.

Mr. Brisbin was born at Saratoga, New York, in the year 1827; his father was an eminent physician, his mother was the great-great niece of the mother of Washington, and his grandfather coming to this country from the north of Ireland, died at the age of one hundred and one years. The family have the Norman-French pedigree which will in a measure account for some of Mr. Brisbin's peculiar characteristics. Educated at Troy and Schuylersville young Brisbin entered Yale College at New Haven, Conn., in the year 1842, and graduated in 1846 with the reputation of being one of the finest writers and speakers in that institution, taking the Townsend prize for the best essay in the senior class.

A LITERARY MAN.

Though a little wild and full of nervous energy in his youth, young Brisbin took a prominent position among his literary collegiate associates. He was one of the editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*; was president of the Brothers in Unity; a member of the Psi Upsilon Society and also of the Skull and Bones. His social nature and superior attainments made him a general favorite, and he was one of the boys among the boys, and yet he never lost his dignity or his confidence in his own abilities. The writer was a citizen of New Haven at the time Mr. Brisbin was prosecuting his studies at Yale, and he remembers him as a small, slender, elegantly dressed young man, straight, dignified, and while affable, yet positive in the expression of his opinions.

THE STUDY OF LAW—OFFICES—CAPITAL REMOVAL BILL.

After graduating he read law with Henry W. Merrill, of Saratoga, and subsequently with Judge Cady, and Cady, Van Vechton & McMartin, of Albany, and was admitted to the bar

in 1849; practiced at Schuylerville until 1853 and then removed to ST. PAUL.

Mr. Brisbin, on arriving in this city, took an active part in the ranks of the Democratic party and has ever since been a strong, unflinching, determined and able advocate of its principles. He was a member and president of the Territorial Council (Senate,) in 1856-7; a member of the House of Representatives in 1858 and in 1863; Mayor of the city, by a unanimous vote, in 1857; City Attorney in 1856; Supreme Court Reporter; in 1859 was candidate for Attorney General; in 1864 was chairman of the Minnesota delegation to the National Democratic Convention which nominated George B. McClellan for President; was for several years chairman of the State Democratic Central Committee, and has for a long period past devoted his time in writing and in speaking for the Democratic party no matter whether the principles of that party were popular or unpopular. In this respect Mr. Brisbin has been pre-eminently conspicuous. He married Miss Almira George in 1850, who died in 1863, and then married in 1865 Miss M. Jones of this city, a native of New York, who still lives.

Probably no one man did more in the Legislature of 1857 to prevent the removal of the Capitol from ST. PAUL to St. Peter, than did John B. Brisbin. He was fortunately president of the Senate, and by his ruling, his determined efforts, and his influence he held the opposition together and they won. The bill had passed both houses and had gone to the committee on enrolled bills, of which Joe Rolette, of Pembina, was chairman, and he of course put the document in his pocket and cleared out. Not making his appearance for several days Mr. Balcombe, a member from Winona, offered a resolution that the next member of the committee enroll a copy of another bill and report it to the Senate, and upon this he moved the previous question, when Mr. Setzer moved a call of the House; and then occurred that gladiatorial parliamentary battle which has never since been witnessed in this State. The vote was five for the motion and nine against it, and Brisbin, the president, decided that two-thirds of fourteen not voting for the motion it was lost. Balcombe strenuously declaring, however, that nine *was* two-thirds of fourteen, but

“Bris” insisted that his decision was correct, so the Senate continued under the call of the House, but no Rolette made his appearance. And here is where Mr. Brisbin showed his tenacity of purpose and parliamentary knowledge, for the Senate could not adjourn under the call, and if members on the opposite side absented themselves, then the bill could be killed, so liquid and solid refreshments were sent to the chamber and both parties ate, and drank, and slept, and camped on the floor of the Senate. This continued for a number of days and nights, and another copy of the bill was procured, enrolled, reported, passed and sent to Mr. Brisbin to sign, which he refused to do, claiming that the bill was not legal; nor would the Speaker of the House sign it, but Gov. Gorman put his signature to it and subsequently, when the matter had been carried to the Supreme Court for adjudication, the decision of Judge Nelson was in favor of the position taken by Mr. Brisbin, and ST. PAUL still continues to be the Capital of Minnesota. Joe Rolette was in one of the upper rooms in the old International hotel playing cards, while the Council continued in continuous session five days and five nights, waiting for the Sergeant-at-Arms to produce the member of the committee (Rolette,) who had the bill in charge. He came just as the gavel of President Brisbin had declared the Senate adjourned, and in a hilarious and grotesque manner presented the bill as duly enrolled! And though twenty-eight years have passed since then, yet to the writer it appears almost as an event of yesterday—almost a dream!

AS A LAWYER—HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Brisbin ranks high as a lawyer, especially as an advocate at the bar. His forensic efforts are peculiar, yet effective, carrying conviction and bringing out many fine points of law. When addressing a jury he usually commences slowly and as he warms up he throws his whole soul into the case, pushes up his coat sleeves, sometimes almost above the elbows; spits in small but frequent quantities; moves his head to one side, gives a convulsive twitch of the body, and marches rapidly forward in his argument, never moderating or ceasing until he reaches the end. He becomes so intensified in his speeches that he seeks to break down all opposition and grows electrically eloquent. He

likes the forum better than the office and may very justly be termed a successful advocate, as through his brain-power he has accumulated a comfortable property. As a political speaker he is systematic, cool, argumentative, historical and interesting, quoting largely from Shakespeare and other eminent authors, for he has an excellent memory.

Mr. Brisbin is not a large man physically, yet what there is of him is well and tersely made. He has a very dignified appearance. Standing erect with a fine head set upon square shoulders, he gives one the idea of a man of power. He usually dresses in a swallow-tail blue coat with brass buttons; a high standing collar and a broad-brimmed, low-crowned slouched hat. Out of the court room he is very social in his nature and is easily approached. He is a good conversationalist, is original in many of his expressions, besides drawing from a well-stocked mind many pearls from the very best authors. His features are of the Grecian mould and strong lines of character are marked on his face, indicating a man of thought, a man of study, and a man of ability, while the peculiar twist of the head and the frequent expectorations by the lips, clearly mark the individual traits of John Ball Brisbin.

CHARLES E. FLANDRAU—OFFICES—HEROIC ACT.

Judge Flandrau was born in New York city in 1828. His father was for several years a law partner of Aaron Burr, and his mother was a sister of Gen. Macomb, at one time Commander-in-Chief of the United States army. The Judge was educated at Washington and Georgetown; followed the sea as midshipman for three years; learned the trade of sawing mahogany; studied law at Whitesboro, N. Y., and in the latter part of 1853 located at ST. PAUL, where he has more or less ever since resided.

He was a Deputy Clerk of the United States District Court and notary public in 1854; member of the Territorial Council in 1855; United States Indian Agent for the Sioux in 1856; member of the Constitutional Convention in 1857; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in 1857; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State from 1857 to 1864; Judge Advocate General in 1858; president of the first Board of Trade in Min-

neapolis; Democratic candidate for Governor of the State in 1867; Democratic candidate for Chief Justice in the fall of 1869, and in 1868 was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. Married a Miss Dinsmore, of Kentucky, in 1859; married a second time Rebecca B. Riddle, of Pennsylvania, 1871. Has two sons and two daughters.

One of the most notable acts in the life of Judge Flandrau, and which stands out in bold relief and reflects great honor upon the man, is the conspicuous part he took in the defense of New Ulm during the Indian outbreak in the year 1862. It seems that the Indians were on their way to attack Fort Ridgely and also New Ulm, and on the news reaching St. Peter bells were rung to give the alarm and bring the citizens together, and at this meeting a company was organized and Hon. Charles E. Flandrau, then Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was elected Captain. Fifteen men were soon armed and mounted and under the command of ex-Sheriff Boardman made all haste for the unfortunate town which they found besieged by Indians, but dashing into the place at full gallop opened up a fire on the enemy and saved it for the time being. Flandrau with one hundred men hastened forward to the rescue, and reached the city about nine o'clock in the evening and was most cordially welcomed by the people who were in a wild state of frenzy. Here they halted for the night, throwing out guards, when on the next day the barricades were strengthened, the men encouraged, and a general organization for defense adopted. Judge Flandrau was chosen Commander-in-Chief, and he set himself to work vigorously to meet the enemy. During the day one hundred more men from Mankato and Le Sueur were added to the command, making about 250 men in all. The first attack upon New Ulm was made on Tuesday, and now, having failed to reduce Fort Ridgely, the Indians made their way to the town in large numbers and commenced the second attack on Thursday. Judge Flandrau wisely considered it best to meet the Indians on an open space, so he stationed his men on the prairie about half a mile distant from the town, and there the battle was fought. The Indians drove his men towards the city, when the Judge and others led the advance up hill, and a sharp and general fight ensued. The Judge says :

“The conflagration became general in the lower part of the town on both sides of the street, and the bullets flew very thickly both from the bluff and up the street. I thought it prudent to dismount and conduct the defense on foot.”

And he did do so gallantly and coolly throughout the whole campaign, having ten men killed and fifty wounded, but he saved the town and in that act he has left behind him a name memorable in history.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Judge Flandrau is a tall, slender, sinewy, dignified, courteous, energetic, polished gentleman, who more resembles a retired army officer than a civilian. He is quick, decisive; well-learned in the law; polite, earnest, convincing in his arguments, and an excellent speaker. He seeks rather to get at the merits of his cases than to befog the jury. Indeed I may say he is a first-class lawyer and a first-class man, and has filled many important positions in the State with great credit.

HENRY WEBER, SR.—PERSONAL.

A great many old settlers of all nationalities will remember Mr. Henry Weber, who came to ST. PAUL in the spring of 1853. He was born in Darmstadt, Germany, in 1820; emigrated to America in 1850, the year of his marriage; stopped for two years at Fort Wayne, Ind.; purchased a fine team of horses and with a few dollars in his pocket started overland for Galena, and there took the steamer for ST. PAUL, accompanied by his wife and an eight-months-old child, now a man grown. At the end of about two years Mr. Weber had laid by some money, and selling his team bought some eighty feet on upper Third street, (opposite the Conservatory of Music,) which the heirs still own; built some stores thereon (since burned down,) and went into business for himself as one of the first confectioners, dealing also in toys in upper town, which section was at that time the most prominent business part of the city. For a while he did a good trade, as he was a careful, prudent, economical man and bravely rode the financial storm of 1857; and even after this he accumulated some other property, beside building in 1860 the stone residence on Summit avenue opposite the Kittson mansion, where his widow now resides.

Mr. Weber was a man honest in his dealings, as many old settlers well remember, and like his friend Presley, was a hard-

working, industrious citizen. He died of dropsy in 1869, leaving a widow and two sons and one daughter in comfortable circumstances.

HENRY WEBER, JR.

Mr. Weber was born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1852; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; was educated at the public schools and finished his education at Prof. Faddis' Commercial College; became a clerk for his father, and after his death entered the employ of R. & J. M. Warner, on Third street, which position he held for twelve years. After leaving this firm he went into business for himself in the fall of 1881, and being a genial, good-hearted, social, very well known young man, he has done an excellent business. Like his father he started on a very limited capital; was careful; used pluck; worked hard, until he is considered to-day one of the most prominent young retail merchants in ST. PAUL. When a child he remembers running down Third street and getting lost in the ravines which then existed below Wabasha street, and since then he has watched the growth of ST. PAUL with pleasure. He was married in 1876 to Miss Sophia Haeffner, and has three children living and one dead. Mr. Weber is a fine specimen of a physical organization, with a free, frank, open countenance, and a man of considerable ability. He deserves all he has achieved and a good deal more.

NICHOLAS POTTGIESER—THAT OLD-FASHIONED INN.

Mr. Pottgieser was born in Germany in the year 1827; educated at the common schools of that country; emigrated to America in 1846, arriving at Chicago; worked on a farm for a while; went to Michigan and engaged in milling and lumbering; returned to Chicago and became a clerk for his uncle who kept a hotel; married and remained in Chicago several years; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; bought three lots on the corner of Fifth and Wabasha streets, the present site of the Custom House, and on these lots erected a building which he used as a hotel called the Minnesota House, and which he kept until 1866, when, after adding additions to it he leased it to Mr. Etta, and the name was changed to that of the Mansion House.

How grandly it loomed up before the weary traveler as he drew near to its hospitable door and cuddled in from the beating

storm! How cheery the fire crackled in the big old fire-place, or roared in the huge old wood stove, and how warm and comfortable the dingy room became when the smiling landlord greeted his guests. And then the mug of beer! the old pipe! the smoking viands on the long wooden table! the pleasant form of the matron, in her tidy apron and smiling face! the warm reception; the story, the song, the dance, the good cheer!—"exactly, exactly;"—the soft, downy beds, the sound sleep, the familiar faces and voices, and gleeful tones of laughter; the utter freedom from restraint, the home comforts; aye, all have disappeared, and those who threw such a halo of light, and warmth, and pleasure over, and in, and through the little unpretentious inn, have also passed down into the dark valley of death! A few old, tottering men occasionally pause in front of that mass of stone and cement known as the Custom House, and look in vain for the little old-fashioned inn that over a quarter of a century ago occupied the place, and then, turning mutter—"Gone, gone! gone!" and when I look again they too have passed into the unseen, silent land.

In 1867-8 Mr. Pottgieser sold two lots out of his three for about \$20,000, \$13,000 cash, and took as part payment the lot and house corner of Fourth and Wabasha streets, and here he kept what was known as the American House until he died, in 1880, aged fifty-three years. Previous to opening this house in 1868, he engaged in the vinegar business but gave it up to carry on the hotel.

REAL ESTATE—PERSONAL—MRS. POTTGIESER.

His original three lots on the corner of Fifth and Wabasha streets, cost him about \$1,000; worth now \$50,000; the American House property, 100 x 100 feet, which he took in trade, is worth \$75,000 more, nearly this amount having been paid for it by the present owner.

Mr. Pottgieser was a man of ordinary size, possessing great energy and great industry. He carried his head to one side, threw his left foot forward so that when he walked it was partially side-way, and he moved like a whirlwind. He was shrewd, sharp, quick, and when anything struck him as particularly impressive or amusing, he would careen his head, snap his fingers

and exclaim—"Exactly! exactly!" He had five children—two dead; two boys and one daughter living. Mrs. Pottgieser continued to run the hotel a year or so after the death of her husband and was noted as a remarkable business woman, kind, motherly and greatly esteemed by all who knew her. She died in 1881.

HORACE R. BIGELOW—AS A LAWYER—INCIDENTS.

A tall, slender, quiet, moderate, modest, unostentatious gentleman is Horace R. Bigelow, now marching forward to three score and ten. Born in New York in 1820, he received a common school education; taught school for a time; studied law with Mann and Edmunds of Utica, and in partnership with E. S. Brayton practiced his profession up to 1853, when he came to ST. PAUL and has lived here uninterruptedly ever since. He married in New York Miss Cornelia Sherrill, who still lives.

Very few men have lived a more quiet, or a more serene, or a more uniform, or a better life, than Mr. Bigelow; and this is remarkable for a lawyer who has attained the eminence at the bar which he has, and can only be accounted for by the fact that he is eminently self-poised, is no public speaker, and has made his reputation before the jury, not in strains of liquid eloquence, but by his perfect conception of the law as obtained by earnest study in his office, coupled with a fine discrimination in favor of justice, for law is one thing and justice is another, and Mr Bigelow has never lost sight of this fact. In point of solid law learning, good judgment, honest convictions as to right and fair dealing, as a judicial advocate Mr. Bigelow has no peer in this State, and as a man and a citizen he has no superior.

When I made my first speech in this city to the toast of "The Old Folks at Home," in the Baldwin school-house in 1853, Mr. Bigelow said to me—"I would give all I had if I could speak like that!" and several times since then he has sought to address a jury, but has never been satisfied with his efforts. He ought to be, for Bigelow is rich and I am poor; and yet it was a sort of chance which started him out into the financial world. The Indian massacre had occurred and many settlers on the frontier had lost all their property. Senator Wilkinson succeeded in getting a bill through Congress paying the settlers for damages,

and many of these claims coming into the hands of Bigelow, out of this transaction he made considerable money, and then, of course, banks and railroad companies and others engaged his services, and he has quietly moved onward to financial success. He would make a most excellent and upright judge. He has never been entangled in politics and has never held any office, and is about as complete a man as this modern age has produced.

MICHAEL E. AMES—PECULIARITIES.

Mr. Ames was the Chesterfield of the Minnesota bar, and for that matter one might say he was the Chesterfield of the whole Northwest. He was born in Vermont about 1822; received an ordinary common school education; was induced to commence the study of law by a suit he had over some tin boxes; removed in early life to Wisconsin and practiced his profession there; then drifted in 1849 to Stillwater, where, I think, he was for a time in business with Judge Nelson; came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and the firm finally became Ames, Van Etten & Officer. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1857.

Mr. Ames was a man of fine legal attainments and was unquestionably the coolest and most polite lawyer at the bar. He was tall, well-dressed, having all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, and his irresistibly pleasant manners won him many friends. He had his faults, as all men of his genial nature have, but he was nevertheless an able advocate, and cool enough in a lawsuit to freeze out even a Minnesota cold winter. Nervous and fidgety lawyers used to get out of all manner of patience with Ames because he was always so self-possessed.

“THAT D—— REFRIGERATOR” — “HE SAID NOTHING.”

Once Gov. Gorman had a case with him, and he became so indignant at his smiling and collected manner, that he burst out with the exclamation—“Look at that d—d refrigerator!” at the same time scowling at him in a most terrific manner as only Gorman could scowl. Ames meekly replied—“My friend seems to be a little disturbed,” and that made Gorman madder than before.

A suit had been instituted against Curran of the old World's Fair store, in which Vetal Guerin was somewhat mixed up. Brisbin was on one side of the case and Ames on the other.

“Well, what did Vetal Guerin say?” asked Ames of the witness.

“I object,” said Brisbin. “Well, all right; we’ll argue this point,” said Ames, and so the two lawyers went at it, and continued their arguments from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, when Judge Palmer decided that the question was admissible, and “Bris” subsided.

“Well,” asked Ames in a drawling tone, “what-did-the-witness-say?”

“Vetal Guerin, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, he didn’t say anything.” Brisbin roared, the court smiled, and Ames remarked, politely bowing—“A very obliging witness,” and went on with the case as though nothing had happened.

A PLEASANT LITTLE EPISODE—BRISBIN VS. AMES—PERSONAL.

Ames had in hand a case of a citizen of one of the adjoining towns, when all of a sudden his client withdrew the suit and put it into the hands of another law firm. When the man came upon the witness stand to testify, Ames inquired of him what a certain neighbor had said to him (the witness) about the matter under dispute, which question he declined to answer, and on being forced to do so by the order of the Judge, he said:

“Well, he told me to have nothing to do with that d—rascal of a fellow, Ames, and that’s why I took my case out of his hands.” After the uproar in court attending this incident had partially subsided, Ames turned to the Judge and in his most polite and insinuating and persuasive manner, remarked—“May it please your honor, a very pleasant little episode!”

Mr. Brisbin had sued a client for services rendered, and as he was a witness he employed Ames to conduct the case; amount at issue \$300. When the suit came to trial Ames was on hand and opened the matter thus—“Mr. Brisbin will please take the stand,” and then addressing the Judge—“May it please your honor, I shall move to amend this complaint by substituting \$1,000 instead of \$300.”

“But,” said Brisbin, “I can’t swear to that, Mr. Ames.” Ames looked at him for a moment scornfully, and then in the

blandest manner remarked—" Mr. Brisbin will please step aside ; I never allow a witness to interfere in my cases." " Bris " began to expostulate, but it was no use ; Ames' dignity had been offended, and he refused to go on with the case.

Mr. Ames had a peculiar voice resembling somewhat a woman's. He was always gentlemanly, always social, always kind, never held any political office, and died in the vigor of manhood. He fell down stairs in coming out of his office in the old brick building which stood on the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, and soon after joined " the innumerable throng " which had gone before.

" Life's fitful fever o'er, he sleeps well."

DAVID SANDFORD—REAL ESTATE—PERSONAL.

Mr. Sandford was born in Massachusetts in 1825 ; educated at the Lennox Academy ; studied law at Great Barrington ; admitted to practice in 1847 ; entered into partnership with Judge Sumner, with whom he remained until 1849, when he went to California and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of that State ; returned to Massachusetts and in 1853 settled in ST. PAUL ; was admitted to practice in the Territorial Court and has continued in his profession here ever since ; married M. M. Ray of Great Barrington in 1859 ; has one son, a lawyer.

Mr. Sandford purchased some twenty-five years ago, a lot on Wabasha street fronting Court House Square, for which he paid \$700 ; property worth now \$25,000. He also purchased real estate on the corner of Fourth and Rosabel streets, and near to it, which cost in the aggregate about \$5,000 ; worth now \$60,000. Property in other places makes him the owner of not less than \$125,000 in real estate. Of course assessments, taxes, interest on money, all have to come out of these investments, and yet even then the rise on the property leaves a very fine margin.

Mr. Sandford is a medium sized man ; very quiet in his habits ; quick and industrious ; undemonstrative ; a careful, safe lawyer, and a sober, steady, honorable citizen. He is a man who knows his own business thoroughly and minds it.

A BLOW UP.

Another gentleman by the name of Sandford, but not the one above alluded to, formerly owned a building which stood on

the corner of Third and Wabasha streets now known as Warner's block, which was destroyed by fire. On the opposite corner where the Second National Bank now is, was a two-story wooden edifice, a room in which was occupied by the late Dr. J. H. Stewart. It so happened that in Sandford's building was some powder, and during the conflagration a lot of this powder exploded and carried Stewart out of his bed of typhoid fever and landed him on the floor, entirely curing him of his disease. Sandford was considerably frightened and so was everybody else, including Stewart, but the Doctor never afterwards prescribed the remedy to his typhoid patients as he was afraid the cure would be worse than the disease—a shock on the nerves!

PETER BERKEY—OFFICES—AS HE IS.

Mr. Berkey was born in Pennsylvania in 1822; had but little opportunity for, and never received much of an education, but was early thrown upon his own resources and obliged to seek his living as best he could, and as he did, working on canals, railroads and stage roads in his native State, but he picked up a great deal of good common sense and practical knowledge, and it has been of great service to him in his mature years; besides it has taught him lessons of industry and economy which have paved his way to financial success. Forty-nine years ago he saw the first train of cars pass over the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the first boat on the Pennsylvania canal. He came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and I remember Berkey's livery stable down on the corner of Eagle and Exchange streets, near Symond's old ice-house; then he removed to upper town and ran a livery for nearly thirty years, and yet at the same time he was engaged in other branches of business, such as iron, hardware, railroad, insurance and banking. A friend originally went into the livery business and leaving suddenly Mr. Berkey had to carry on the establishment.

Mr. Berkey was Alderman in 1859, 1862, 1864, 1865, 1868 and 1871; member of the Legislature in 1872; County Commissioner in 1863, 1873, 1875; was president of the ST. PAUL, Stillwater & Taylors Falls Railroad; director of the Second National Bank; vice-president of the Fire & Marine Insurance Company for ten years; director in the ST. PAUL Trust Company; a trustee of the City Library; Indian Commissioner

of the State at large to care for the refugees from the Indian massacre; Commissioner to audit claims on the part of the refugees; was once captain of a canal boat, and is now president of the ST. PAUL National Bank.

Mr. Berkey is as hard as iron in his general physical and mental make-up—that is, he is a man of positive and determined elements of character; far-seeing and sagacious; prudent; conservative; careful; cautious; strict; methodical, and yet all tempered with a good deal of hard common sense. He is emphatically a self-made man; has proved a valuable officer in the City Council and in the Legislature and as County Commissioner, and is especially useful in the Chamber of Commerce. He is a man who can say no with a big N. He is individualized. He is a balance pendulum in the financial circle. He is a regulator; a brake on the wheel of precipitation; a general “hold-back” to extravagance and high taxes; in a word though apparently a little abrupt yet he is a very useful citizen because possessing the very elements which make him what he is. He is a man of medium size, with gray hair, a rounded and well-developed head, a strong cast of countenance, and has more the appearance of a citizen from New England than from Pennsylvania. He is a necessity for the good of the body politic, and when gone the business community will greatly miss Peter Berkey.

CHARLES A. B. WEIDE.

Very few men in this city have turned the corner so happily and been so thoroughly rejuvenated and blessed with good luck, as has Charles A. B. Weide.

“Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by the son of York,
 And all the dark spots that lowered about his pathway
 Are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.”

The hard times, the depression in property, the struggle, the loss, the anxiety incident to all the old settlers, are only things of history in Mr. Weide's case, for he now is on the top wave and is marching forward to complete success. He is slender in person, energetic in his movements, yet quiet in his ways. Born in Germany in 1833, he emigrated with his parents to this country in 1834, and removed to a place called Egypt, in Illinois, and

from thence to Cincinnati, Ohio, and thence to Madison, Indiana; thence to Indianapolis in 1850, where he opened a store and remained in business there some two years and a half; came to ST. PAUL in 1853 and was employed with his father in a store up to 1857, when the latter turned his business over to himself and his brother Joseph, giving them \$2,000 to work on. The brothers built up a large trade on Third street, where they were burned out in 1867, and following came a long and hotly-contested lawsuit for the insurance money, which was finally won by the Weides after the case had gone to the United States Court. Then they did little or nothing up to 1871, and from that year began dealing in real estate and continued up to 1876, when Charles was taken sick and remained so up to 1882, and then he returned to ST. PAUL and again tackled real estate and has done exceedingly well. He sells his own land, and on Arlington Hills and Nelson's Eastville Heights Addition he has sold over 700 lots. He has recently donated two lots to the Swedish and Norwegian Methodist Churches. He was married in 1860 to Louise, daughter of Casper H. Schurmeier, and has one son and daughter, and in his own language "is the happiest man in the State and feels as young as any one of thirty years."

JOSEPH WAKEFIELD.

Born in Providence, R. I., in 1831; after a thorough education young Wakefield studied law and was admitted to practice; came to ST. PAUL in 1853 and formed a partnership with John E. Warren, the firm being Wakefield and Warren. He was a young man of fine personal appearance, genial and gentle, and as Mr. Neill said of him, "unostentatious and unobtrusive he was unappreciated by those who are 'caught by glare.' Possessed of a competence he was not under the hard necessity of entering into the scramble for public emolument, so he was a real gentleman and to be loved. During the first year of his residence in ST. PAUL, with the aid of a few others, he was instrumental in procuring the delivery of a course of lectures for the improvement of young men, and was ever ready to co-operate in advancing the higher interests of the city." He gave Mr. Neill \$500 when he died to form the nucleus of a church in ST. PAUL, and no young man who ever came here has left behind

him so excellent a memory as that of the young, talented and genial gentleman—Joseph Wakefield.

GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG—HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

In 1853, or thirty-three years ago, the writer entered the office of the old *Democrat*, which was then in a room in a wooden building on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, and there he met a quiet, unpretending gentleman, who, greeting him cordially, demonstrated that he was superior to a good deal of the humanity which lay around loose. He was slender in person, very quiet in his ways and affable in his nature, and an acquaintance thus began lasted over thirty years. Mr. Armstrong was born in Ohio in 1827; received a fair education and entered the office of the *Ohio Statesman* at the age of fifteen years and learned the trade of a printer. Years afterwards he became one of the editors of the Mount Vernon, Ohio, *Democratic Banner*, and subsequently was one of the proprietors of the Keokuk, Iowa, *Constitution*; came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and a few years afterwards was appointed Territorial Treasurer and was subsequently elected to the same office by the people. He then commenced dealing in real estate and loaning money, and in this he continued up to his death.

Mr. Armstrong once said to me on Third street, and I shall never forget the remark—"Newson, don't bother yourself with business, but when you get \$100 put it out at interest, that pays best, for interest goes on when you sleep, when you wake, when you weep, when you rejoice, when you die. It is the easiest and best way to make money," and so it is, but I learned the lesson too late. Armstrong acted upon his own advice and his estate is quite valuable. His interest money and the rise on the real estate which he purchased made him rich. He was a man with no bad habits, no angular points, no animosities, but very generally esteemed and very generally respected for his intrinsic merits as a man and a citizen.

KISSING.

In early days, while wandering in the woods on the west side of the river, I saw that which very few persons have ever seen, and that which is never done, viz: an Indian young man

kissing a maiden, giving her the real, genuine, modern smack. I never saw it before nor since, nor have I ever read of a male Indian kissing a female. Kissing among the whites is a common practice, for we hold our women our equal or a little above us, but the Indians look down upon the squaws as too inferior to kiss, and hence they never do it. I have seen some white people even affect to despise kissing, but—

“Nobody is above it;
 The old maids love it,
 And widows have a finger in the pie.
 Some people are so haughty
 That they say it's very naughty,
 But you bet your life they do it on the sly.”

ISAAC H. CONWAY—PERSONAL.

Mr. Conway is an old landmark having come to ST. PAUL in 1853. In early days he was rather a small man, full of fun and mischief, but as the years began to pile themselves up on him he has become sedate and rounded out into good proportions and he can now turn the scale at 230 pounds. I remember him in the old *Pioneer* office in 1853, when he gave Maj. Joseph R. Brown the title of “Joe the Juggler,” and when his other funny antics made him the humorous man of the office. He was born in Michigan in 1836; removed to Illinois with his parents in 1839; returned to Michigan in 1850; learned the printing business with an older brother; came to Minnesota in 1853, and in the early part of that year was employed on the *St. Anthony Express*. From the case where he worked he could look across the Mississippi river over the Falls of St. Anthony, and from this position saw the ground broken for the first building that was erected in Minneapolis. In the latter part of 1853 he came to ST. PAUL and worked in the old *Pioneer* office, which stood on Bench street. In 1854 he was employed as general delivery clerk in the ST. PAUL post office; in 1855 had a book store on Third street, between Minnesota and Cedar; in 1856 returned to Michigan and commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper; in 1857 taught school at Belvidere, Ill., and the same year married Miss Esther R. Sheldon of that place; in 1858 returned to ST. PAUL and assisted Andrew J. Whitney in the City Clerk's office, and in 1859, on the resignation of Mr. Whitney,

was elected to fill the vacancy; in 1860 was appointed Deputy County Auditor of Ramsey County; was reappointed to the same position in 1862; in 1865 was connected with T. D. Smith of Chaska in the sutler store at Fort Snelling; in 1866 was clerk with A. S. Wheelock in the grocery trade on Seventh street, St. PAUL; in 1867 went to Chicago, Ill., and engaged as traveling salesman in the tea trade and continued in this capacity until 1873, when he went to La Crosse, Wis., and engaged in the clothing business; in 1875 was employed with Canterberry & Co. at Midway and Onalaska, Wis.; in 1876 returned to St. PAUL and engaged as traveling salesman; in 1881, still retaining his residence in St. PAUL, he engaged as traveling salesman for an importing tea house of New York city and is now employed by said house.

From the above it will be seen that Mr. Conway has had his share of the many changes in life, having been on the teeter-taunter board, now up, now down, and yet he coolly views things as they are, not as he would have them. He is a good deal like David Crockett, if he fails, he picks his flint and tries again; and thus the wheel of time keeps on its constant course while the old settler tugs away until washed out into the ocean of eternity.

BRUNO BEAUPRE.

Mr. Beaupre was born in Canada in 1823, and is of French descent. At the age of fourteen years he moved with his parents to Oswego, N. Y., where he received a common school education; came to St. PAUL in 1853, and has been a grocery merchant here for thirty-three years. At first he was in the firm of Temple & Beaupre, wholesale and retail dealers. On the death of Mr. Temple the firm became Beaupre & Kelly, continuing up to 1875, when it was changed to McQuillan, Beaupre & Co. Since the first of January, 1877, it has been Beaupre, Allen & Keogh, and is now Beaupre, Keogh & Co. The house has always had a good reputation; no man has given it more character than Mr. Beaupre. Since a resident of St. PAUL he has lived a very busy yet quiet life; has had very little to do with politics and never held a political office in his life, and if there is any pleasure or profit in office-holding he has generously let his

neighbors have the lion's share. He is a domestic man, quite contented to be the ruler of a small household, and prosperity has not spoiled him, for he likes to see others comfortable as well as himself, and is a friend to the poor. He was married in 1855 to Miss Margaret Amelia Bamford, and has four children living.

SOLD THE FIRST GROCERIES.

Mr. Beaupre was the first man this side of Chicago to take his grip-sack to sell goods from ST. PAUL on samples, and he is very proud of this achievement, while now he is the oldest wholesale merchant in the city. It was an up-hill business over twenty-five years ago to sell goods at wholesale from ST. PAUL upon samples presented, and country merchants would frequently say to him—"We don't understand how you can sell us goods at wholesale when we carry stocks just as large as yours and buy just as cheaply as you do." Notwithstanding all this, with the extra energy and perseverance he displayed, Mr. Beaupre would sell them their groceries, and was therefore the first to convince the merchants in the country of the fact that they could buy their goods in ST. PAUL cheaper than elsewhere, and hence he became the father of the present immense jobbing trade of our already great and growing city. He is a tall and slender man, very active in business, but quiet and unassuming on the street; has been in poor health for several years and yet he is a man of great energy and endurance, and enjoys a good horse and a fast team as well as any gentleman in the State.

MARTIN DELANEY.

Mr. Delaney was born in Ireland in 1828; emigrated to New York in 1847; learned the trade of a butcher, and came to ST. PAUL in 1853; was government butcher at Fort Snelling; opened a meat stall in the market; built the first exclusive meat shop in the city, near the Seven Corners; ran a stall in the market and also his shop twelve years; in 1870 built the first regular stock yards in the city or State, and in 1880, in partnership with Capt. M. J. O'Connor, opened his present stock yards on the upper flats. Mr. Delaney says that in 1853 the population of ST. PAUL consumed five cattle per day; now 125 cattle are required for city

consumption daily, and that the prices of beef have doubled since then. Cattle at that time came from Illinois; now from Montana. In early days Mr. Delaney worked at farming for a short time on the property of Daniel Hopkins and owned some forty acres of land in Reserve township, which he sold for \$11,500; worth now \$40,000. Mr. Delaney is a large man standing above six feet in his stockings; has a fresh, florid complexion, and is quiet and unostentatious in his ways. He has followed but one pursuit all his life, except for a few months at farming, and that is a dealer in stock, and in his special business he has no superior. He is a man of uniform temper and habits, and when in the company of his friends is social and pleasant, and very generally esteemed for his solid worth.

CHARLES E. MAYO.

Mr. Mayo is among our tallest citizens, rivaling in height Nathan Myrick, and his familiar form is well-known to all the old settlers. He has always been a very steady, very quiet, very temperate, very industrious and very respectable citizen. He is destitute of pedanticity and has no tendency toward grandiloquence, but is a gentleman of intrinsic merit, and though modest and retiring yet he has performed his part in the great drama of frontier life. He was born in Massachusetts in 1827, where he was educated; clerked in a hardware store in Boston for seven years; resided six months in Cincinnati; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; commenced the hardware business in 1854 on Third street, between Robert and Jackson. After several removals Mayo & Clark took a building on Third street, below the Merchants hotel, where they remained until they went out of business. Mr. Mayo was in the hardware trade for nearly thirty years, and during all this time he never held any public office, although he was one of the incorporators of the ST. PAUL Library Association, and has held every office in that institution from president down. He was also president of the Historical Society and was a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He has never dealt in politics and consequently has saved himself many hours of humiliation and regret. He is very much interested in the genealogy of his family and has given much time and attention to it.

THOMAS GRACE—OFFICES HELD.

Mr. Grace is an unassuming man, who, for the past thirty-two years has lived in ST. PAUL, and who during those years has quietly passed along in the even tenor of his way, accomplishing a vast amount of work in his especial department as a mason and stone contractor, having built some of the most substantial buildings in the city. He is probably the oldest contractor in ST. PAUL, and is to-day the leading one. He has always worn a smile upon his face, possesses an even temper, and for over a quarter of a century has been the same pleasant, affable, genial Tom Grace. He was born in Ireland in 1826; educated in the old country and learned the trade of a mason; landed in New York in 1847; visited Boston; worked on a railroad in New Hampshire; returned to New York where he engaged in chopping wood and farming for four years, at \$14 per month; was employed at his trade in building a stone church at Pittsfield, Mass., where he remained one year and a half; removed to Chicago in 1851 and came to ST. PAUL in 1853; in 1854 commenced contracting and building. He built the present jail and was superintendent of the Custom House, and it would be almost impossible to enumerate the many buildings he has erected in over a quarter of a century.

He was Alderman in the City Council seventeen years, elected from year to year without opposition; was for six years a member of the School Board, and for twelve years a member of the Board of Control. A man of his own party sold him out and he then retired from political life.

THAT LITTLE OLD SHANTY!—SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE.

When Mr. Grace first arrived here he purchased a lot on Fifth street and erected a shanty thereon, and kept the door closed by a stick, as he was too poor to purchase a latch and hinges. He has lived on the same lot for thirty-two years although the old shanty and its then pleasant surroundings have long since passed away.

When Mr. Grace was a boy in Ireland he used to hear people talk of America, and feeling that the family was getting pretty numerous he gathered together a little money and deter-

mined to take care of himself and hence sailed for America. He left behind him a father, a mother, seven brothers and three sisters. In 1858, or eleven years afterwards, all the family were together in this country, and later yet they were all in St. PAUL, and his parents died here. When Mr. Grace landed in this city he had just \$4; he is now worth \$150,000, and the accumulation of this wealth may be traced to the result of a steady, honest, honorable, industrious life. He is always cool, always self-possessed, always moderate in his walk and in his conversation, and is a good deal like Pat's mocking bird, (an owl,) which, he said "didn't sing much but kept up a divil of a thinking."

C. H. WILLIAMS

Was born in New York city in 1834; removed to Detroit in 1836; was educated at Notre Dame, Ind.; learned the trade of a painter; came to St. PAUL in 1853 and has followed his profession here ever since. He was chief engineer of the fire department in 1856-7-8-9, and in 1853-4, six terms in all. He speaks in the warmest terms of the old volunteer fire department away back in 1854 and later. Mr. Williams is a very quiet man and very diligent in his business. He made an excellent chief engineer and has always been an enthusiastic and a devoted fireman. He is an unostentatious, industrious citizen.

HENRY LUNKENHEIMER.

A jolly man is Henry Lunkenheimer, and in his every-day life he is the personification of good nature and good health. He thinks a strong, hearty laugh is better than physic, and herein he shows his good sense. He was born in Wisconsin and received his education partially in this city, having come here in 1853; was with Cherritre & Farwell in 1859; with Edelbrook, St. Cloud, in 1862, and remained six years; was one year with Beaupre & Kelly; four years with J. H. Woolsey & Co.; three years in the grocery business; with Fuller & Co. one year; H. P. Rugg two years; Rosenberger, St. Cloud, one year; Peabody & Co. three years, and is now with Perkins & Lyons. He is a man of a great deal of energy fortified with a good physique and blessed with a pleasant disposition, all of which are necessary to get through this bustling, active, eager, selfish world.

JOSEPH GUION.

Mr. Guion is a large man, turning the scales at 220 pounds. He is the descendant of a French family whose pedigree he can trace back 200 years, and is said by those who know him to have a heart as big as his body, that is, he has always been and is now very generous. He is very fond of hunting, and is much of a politician, especially on the Democratic side. He is very free and frank in his manners, and is an off-hand, pleasant gentleman. He was born in Missouri in 1825; educated there; learned the trade of a printer; worked on a farm; came to ST. PAUL temporarily in 1845; boated and made voyages into the interior; in 1848 went to St. Louis and was married; in 1850 took a journey to California and engaged in mining; returned to Minnesota in 1851 and settled at Belle Plaine, where he remained up to 1853, when he moved to ST. PAUL; during the Indian outbreak he went to Fort Ridgely with Gen. Sibley; he was Deputy Sheriff under King two years and for a time under Richter; has lived in WEST ST. PAUL for some time where he now resides, and is the father of six grown-up boys. Property he purchased there has greatly advanced, while the increased value of the property he has now in that ward will make him well off. He is one of the oldest settlers and has a vivid recollection of the old times and the old landmarks of the long-gone past.

WM. H. GRUBE

Was born in Germany in 1820; came to Minnesota in 1849 with a colony from Buffalo, N. Y., and settled where New Ulm now is; became disgusted and the colony after enduring many hardships, returned to Buffalo, and Grube came to ST. PAUL in 1853 and bought a good deal of land on Dayton's bluff, where he now resides. In early life he took up stone-cutting and though knowing nothing about it he soon commanded his \$2.50 per day, and at the end of five years had laid by \$1,900. He seems to be a genius at almost every thing, but more especially in the accumulation of property. He is a small man but very quick and very industrious; has gray hair, moves rapidly and is never idle. He is at present janitor of the Northern Pacific Railroad shops.

CHAPTER XV.

 1854.

First City Election—First Execution—First Railroad Excursion—First Daily Papers—First Incorporation of the City—First Election of Mayor—First Organization of Police Force—First Board of Trade—First Hook and Ladder Company organized—First Meeting of the Legislature in the Capitol Building—First Incorporation of Masons—First Bridge Company Incorporated—First Oldest Settler in this region—First Man who was First Governor of the State—First Baker—First Wagon Maker—First Railroad Ticket Agent—First Dressmaking Establishment—First President of First Dental Association—All the Events and Settler of 1854.

CAPITOL BUILDING—ITEMS OF NEWS.

The old Capitol building was completed this year and the Minnesota Legislature met in it for the first time—being the fifth session of that body. The first city election was also held this year—David Olmsted, Mayor. This too was a year of incorporations.

The German Reading Society was incorporated; the city of ST. PAUL was incorporated, embracing 2,400 acres divided into three wards; the Masons were incorporated; the ST. PAUL bridge was incorporated, and society generally was incorporated into a

better condition. Public parks and the introduction of water works were recommended by the Mayor; public Market rented; Board of Health appointed; International hotel commenced, Winslow House opened, Board of Trade organized, police force authorized, a rotary saw mill established, Sintomine hotel burned, six boats with 600 passengers arrived, immigration pouring in, Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company organized with thirty-one men, Yu-ha'zee, a Sioux Indian, hung on St. Anthony hill, which was the first execution in the Territory; city valuation, \$1,300,000.

INCOMING OF NEWSPAPERS.

This year seems to have started the newspaper men for they appeared on their high horses and plenty of them. Earle S. Goodrich bought out Brown of the *Pioneer*, and in May the *Daily Pioneer* and the *Daily Democrat*, separate journals, appeared; then the *Daily Minnesotian*, by John P. Owens; then the *Daily Times*, by T. M. Newson, and so the discordant elements commenced. Up to this time matters had been pretty peaceful, but from this period forward the greatest war of words followed and was kept up for a series of years. Here were four daily papers in full blast—and pretty good ones, too—in a city of 4,000 population. But heavens! what a jargon of epithets and personalities. Those then in the field have passed out of it. Some are dead, some are in other regions, some are here; but I notice that even the papers of to-day are not entirely devoid of the personalities incident to an earlier period and which not only weaken the paper itself but disgrace the profession.

DEATH OF W. W. HICKOX.

Where Dr. Day's iron-front building now stands, on the corner of Third and Cedar streets, was formerly a drug store kept by a man by the name of Hickox. A drayman (Peltier) brought a box for Hickox for which he charged him twenty-five cents drayage, but Hickox claimed it was too much, and in his efforts to get the box off the dray he was struck on the head with an iron pin by Peltier, from the effects of which he died. The drayman was acquitted.

GREAT RAILROAD EXCURSION—PROSPEROUS.

The first railroad excursionists who visited ST. PAUL, were those who came West to formally celebrate the opening of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, which was completed to the Mississippi river in 1854, and when once there they took steamers for ST. PAUL. Of course there was no telegraph in those days and the first intimation the people had of their coming—they had come! And such a scene! They rushed up Third street, pitched headlong into the old American House, the starting point of the stages, climbed up on to the coaches; hired every hack and every carriage and cart they could find, at enormous figures, in order to reach St. Anthony and see the Falls before the boat made its return trip. The citizens were paralyzed. They put every vehicle they could find at the command of the visitors, but the crowd was so great and the rush so ill-timed, and so inconsiderate, and so unexpected, that it was a mixed and hodge-podge affair, and as a consequence created considerable ill feeling. However, on their return from St. Anthony they were received at the Capitol and entertained as hospitably as the circumstances of the case would permit, but many of them went away mad—and among them were several reporters for the New York papers—and they “just howled,” as the boys say. Among the excursionists were ex-President Fillmore, Bancroft, the historian, several eminent judges and a number of national men. This was in 1854. Then our population was not 5,000 and our facilities for entertaining company were very poor, especially when some one hundred and fifty strangers popped in upon us without warning. What a contrast now! Mark the city’s reception of Villard and of President Arthur in 1883! Hundreds of carriages were ready! Thousands of people cheered! Unnumbered flags adorned every building in our public streets. All was orderly and our guests left delighted with their visit and loud in their praise of our unstinted hospitality. Then, in 1854, the excursion alluded to was to commemorate the opening of the first railroad to the Mississippi river. In 1883 the excursion was in commemoration of the opening of the first road to the Pacific ocean; all of which has been achieved in the brief period of thirty years. Who could

have realized a quarter of a century ago the rapid march of events?

The year 1854 was a prosperous one for ST. PAUL. Settlers came rushing in on every boat; farms were opened; buildings were erected, and everywhere not only in the city but in the Territory eastern people flocked to take advantage of our rich soil and dry, invigorating climate. It was the beginning of a boom which has been kept up ever since.

CHARLES EMERSON

Succeeded David Olmsted as publisher of the *Democrat*. Mr. Emerson was a small man, and at one time Surveyor-General of the Territory, and came to ST. PAUL in 1853. He was a strong Democrat and very ambitious, and ran his newspaper in the interests of Gov. Gorman. He once owned a residence on Summit avenue and sold it to Mr. McCargar and McCargar sold it to McElrath. He was a surveyor by profession and at one period in the history of the city was quite a prominent man, but his riches took wings, his popularity disappeared, and he became a sutler in the army, and finally died of softening of the brain in a room adjoining one occupied by the writer in the old International hotel, I think in the year 1863.

UNSAFE CURRENCY—FIRST EXECUTION.

This year was noted for the introduction and circulation of many notes of private banks in the East, among the rest the notes of that which was known as the Atlantic money, put forth by a man by the name of George Smith. The bills greatly depreciated in value, so the merchants organized the first Board of Trade to protect their interests against these wild-cat schemes. Those who experienced the trying times of those days can well appreciate the national banks of to-day.

This year witnessed the first execution in this State by hanging, of the Indian Yu-ha-zee. I have already expressed in previous PEN PICTURES my indignation of this disgraceful affair, and only quote now what Mr. Williams says in his history: "The execution was witnessed by a large crowd, who, according to the journals of the day, looked on it more as a joke than as a

solemn act of justice." And yet the poor Indian suffered, while hundreds of whites escaped the penalty of the law.

N. W. KITTSON—THE OLDEST SETTLER.

The man above all others living who can pre-eminently claim the oldest residence in this region, is Commodore Norman W. Kittson, who, born in 1814 has already reached the ripe age of 71 years. He is a man who has had a remarkable career, and over fifty years of this career have been spent in this section, not always in ST. PAUL, but either at Fort Snelling or near by, so that he can justly rank all others in the claims of his friends, (except Maj. Joseph R. Brown,) as the oldest settler in this region. Mr. Kittson arrived at Fort Snelling in the year 1834, fifty-one years ago. Joseph R. Brown arrived at Fort Snelling in 1819, sixty-six years ago. H. M. Rice arrived at Fort Snelling in 1839, or forty-six years ago. Mr. Rice out-ranks Mr. Kittson as a continuous resident of ST. PAUL, as Kittson did not come here to reside permanently until 1854, yet dealing with the man who has lived near ST. PAUL, if not constantly in the city for fifty-one years, I accord to him the front rank as the oldest settler.

WHEN BORN AND EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Kittson is a native of Lower Canada and a step-grandson of Alexander Henry, who explored this whole upper country in the year 1776. His real grandfather was John Kittson, who was in the British army under Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. At the age of sixteen years, or in 1830, he was engaged with the American Fur Company; came to Fort Snelling in 1834, and entered the sutler's department; in 1839 commenced business at a small point above Fort Snelling; in 1843 became a partner with the American Fur Company and shipped furs from Pembina in Red river wooden carts to Mendota; was elected a member of the Minnesota Legislature along with Rolette and Grant, and represented the Pembina district; was re-elected and served four years, in 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855. He was a hard-working, efficient member. The distance from Pembina to ST. PAUL was 500 miles, and this distance was traveled by Mr. Kittson either on snow-shoes or in dog sledges, not meeting on his way scarcely a house. The ground over which he then passed is now trav-

ersed by a railroad in which he was formerly part owner, and this same land, then a vast plain, is now dotted with cities, towns, villages and farms, aggregating a population of not less than 300,000. In 1854 the firm of Forbes & Kittson were engaged in the Indian business at the southeast corner of Third and Robert streets, in J. W. Simpson's old stone store.

CAME TO ST. PAUL TO LIVE PERMANENTLY.

Mr. Kittson dates his permanent residence in ST. PAUL from the year 1854, and in 1858 he was elected Mayor of the city. In 1860 he became the agent of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and established a line of steamers on the Red River of the North, having his headquarters in ST. PAUL. Mr. Kittson's connection with J. J. Hill and Stephens of Montreal, in the old ST. PAUL & Pacific Railroad Company, the principal stock of which was held by foreigners, brought him a good round sum of money, and with this money he has been very lavish in his expenditures of building up one of the finest horse-breeding establishments in the country, costing, with his fine brood of racers and stables, close on to \$1,000,000. He has also erected a \$100,000 residence on Summit avenue, one elegant hotel, the Astoria, and a part of the Clarendon, on Wabasha street, also the *Globe* office on Fourth street, and has invested some hundreds of thousands of dollars in mercantile and manufacturing interests, and is constantly placing his money where it will advance the material interests of the city, and to-day he is one of ST. PAUL'S most substantial and enterprising citizens.

AS I REMEMBER HIM.

As I remember Mr. Kittson over thirty years ago, he was a sprightly, fine-looking man; cleanly and really elegantly dressed; hair just turning gray; eyes bright, with a quiet, pleasant voice; genial in nature and a man of excellent characteristics. He was unassuming and undemonstrative in his manners but attractive in his ways. In business matters he was very reticent, except to his bosom friend, Gen. H. H. Sibley, to whom he confided everything, and the friendship between these two men reminds me forcibly of the beautiful play of "Damon and Pythias." Mr. Kittson is a thorough-going business man. Very few per-

sons think so profoundly as he. He never gives one any outward evidences of what he intends to do, but when his plans are thoroughly digested he moves right along. Such men ought to live hundreds of years, for, after struggling half a century and learning from experience how to live and accumulating fortunes which might be used in doing good, it seems to me that they are better able to benefit the human race than at any other period of their lives; but the great physical law says no, and they drop out of line to give place to younger blood. Great family affliction and ill-health have changed the Mr. Kittson of a quarter of a century ago to a man with a step less active and a tread less firm; and yet he is constantly busy—constantly inaugurating new enterprises—constantly investing his money in a way to aid the masses. He has a warm and generous heart; is liberal; gives cheerfully; is quiet and unobtrusive, and when gone will leave behind him hundreds of true friends who will ever keep green his memory.

HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY.

A really good man—an honest man—a moral man—an able man—an upright man—a worthy man—a man whose name will long live in the history of the Northwest, and especially in the archives of the State of Minnesota, is that of General Henry Hastings Sibley. His early pioneer life, his early travels, his early deeds, his early efforts in the cause of right, his early influence, his early and persistent noble example, his early devotion to the State he has so ably and so faithfully served, all attest the intrinsic worth of the once Governor, the once member of Congress, the once brave soldier, and the now honored civilian. A little over a half a century has passed since young Sibley entered upon his untried life in the wilds of the West, and what scenes of activity, of dangers, of hardships, of narrow escapes, of heroic deeds, of grand acts of usefulness crowd into those fifty-odd fleeting years! Then young, buoyant brave, gallant, ardent, ambitious, he stepped boldly to the front and intelligently moulded the elements that have culminated in a great State; and now in his serene and declining years he looks out from the chambers of memory and travels back again over the path he trod long ago. And so the wheel of time goes on; men pass

off the stage of life as new generations spring into existence ; but the State will continue to live, and with it the name of its early benefactor—Gen. Henry Hastings Sibley.

HIS ANTECEDENTS.

Judge Solomon Sibley of Massachusetts, the father of Gen. Sibley, was an early and prominent pioneer of Ohio and Michigan ; a member of the first Legislature of the Northwest Territory in 1799 ; a Congressman in 1820 ; Judge of the Supreme Court from 1824 to 1836 ; United States District Attorney etc., etc. He married a daughter of a distinguished officer of the revolution, of whom Mrs. Ellet remarks “that she was a woman of unusual personal beauty and rare mental accomplishments ;” so it will be seen that Gen. Sibley sprung from a good stock, and inherited to a great degree the pioneer elements of his ancestors.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN.

Henry H. Sibley was born at Detroit, Mich., in 1811 ; received an academical education, having given two years to the classics ; studied law for a time, but gave it up for a more stirring life, and at the age of seventeen commenced mercantile pursuits at Sault Ste. Marie ; entered the employ of the American Fur Company at Mackinaw in 1829, where he remained five years ; was admitted as a partner in the Fur Company in 1834, having charge of the trade above Lake Pepin, headquarters at Mendota ; arrived at that place Nov. 7, 1834, or fifty-one years ago, making the distance of about 300 miles on horseback, there being but one single, solitary habitation on the way. In 1836 he erected at Mendota the first private stone dwelling in Minnesota, and in 1843 married Miss Sarah J. Steele, sister of the late Franklin Steele of Fort Snelling.

OFFICES HELD.

He was appointed Justice of the Peace in 1838, or forty-seven years ago, being probably the first civil officer in what is now known as Minnesota, then a part of Iowa ; was about this time appointed first Captain of the First Iowa Cavalry ; in 1848 was elected a delegate to Congress from what was designated

Wisconsin Territory, with the understanding that he would urge the organization of Minnesota Territory, which he did with entire success, for the bill passed in 1849, and that fall he was elected delegate to Congress from Minnesota for two years, and re-elected in 1850, serving four years in all; wrote many articles for the Eastern press on the climate, advantages and resources of Minnesota, and by personal exertions did much toward advancing the interests of the Territory; was elected a member of the Minnesota Legislature from Dakota County in 1855; served as a member and president of the Democratic wing of the Constitutional Convention; elected

FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE STATE

In the fall of 1857; was inaugurated in 1858; retired in 1860; in 1862 was appointed commander of the forces raised to quell the Sioux outbreak; subdued the Indians; restored 250 white prisoners; secured 2,000 Indians, 400 of whom were tried and 38 of whom were hung in 1862; was commissioned Brigadier General; in 1865 headed an expedition to Devil's lake and the Missouri river, for the purpose of routing and driving away the hostile foe from our frontier; several battles took place in which his command was successful, and this expedition virtually put an end to all future Indian wars; in 1865 Gen. Sibley was commissioned a Major General "for efficient and meritorious services;" was relieved of his command in 1866; appointed on a commission to negotiate treaties with hostile Sioux; in 1871 was a member of the Legislature from WEST ST. PAUL; was president of the State Normal Board; regent of the State University; a member for a short time of the Board of Indian Commissioners; president of the ST. PAUL Gas Company; director of the First National Bank; director in the old Sioux City Railroad; was Park Commissioner; member of the Board of Education; a prominent and active member and president of the Historical Society; president of the Chamber of Commerce; ran for Congress in 1878, but was beaten; has had the honor of living in four Territories and one State; has had the additional honor of a bright, active town being named after him, as well as Sibley County; of building the first stone house which is now the most ancient resi-

dence of the kind in the State; and last but not least, of being the oldest living inhabitant of the State, save one, and he is Norman W. Kittson, his personal friend.

RESIDENCE IN ST. PAUL.

Gen. Sibley did not come to reside permanently in ST. PAUL until 1862, but he was here in the city long years before that, and in 1848 bid in the town site at the request of the settlers, and subsequently, in company with Louis Robert and A. L. Larpen-teur entered the lands and deeded the lots to the respective owners, so that I can very justly make him a resident of the city in 1854, and this brings him side by side with his old friend of many years.

ON HIS STAFF.

The writer was an officer on Gen. Sibley's staff during the years 1861, 1862, 1863 and 1864, and when his expedition was fitted out at Camp Pope to pursue the Indians, I was there as commissary and A. A. Quartermaster. Previous to the arrival of the General, many private letters passed between himself and myself, and from these letters I came to know more fully the man. He seemed imbued with a conscientious desire to do his duty at the same time to commit no grievous errors by haste. In starting out in the campaign he knew the wily foe he had to cope with, and his cautious characteristics were construed as marks of fear, while had he been less cautious many a brave fellow's bones would now be bleaching on the plains of Dakota. His orders were to drive the Indians into the Missouri river or across it, and then Gen. Sully was to intercept them. Sibley did his duty; Sully failed to come up, and the Indians escaped. Had Gen. Sibley violated his orders in going beyond the Missouri river, he would have been subjected to a court-martial, and had he prematurely brought on an engagement with the savages as some of his officers wanted him to do, many lives would have been lost and no good would have been gained.

THE \$5,000,000 LOAN BILL.

This bill I think was first introduced into the Legislature by a Mr. Lindley of Southern Minnesota, and the amount asked

originally as a State loan to construct railroads, was about \$3,000,000, but it swelled up to accommodate other portions of the State, to \$5,000,000. In this shape it passed the Legislature, was submitted to a vote of the people, and was carried by a popular majority of about 18,000. The Democratic party was then the dominant power in the State, and Gen. Sibley was Governor. He made a ruling before the issuance of a single bond, requiring the railroad companies to deposit with the Governor a trust deed containing a priority of lien to the State, on all the lands, franchises, etc., of the companies respectively, as a condition precedent to any issue of bonds under the constitutional amendment. The companies demurred, as this ruling prevented them from any other issue of first mortgage bonds, and from it the appeal was taken to the Supreme Court by one of the companies, and the Governor's ruling reversed by a majority of the Court, Judge Flandrau dissenting. A writ of *mandamus* was served upon the Executive accordingly. The effect of this decision was to deprive the State of a priority of lien upon the property and franchises of the companies and place her on a par with holders of any amount of first mortgage bonds the company might choose to issue, and the security of the State was thus greatly impaired. In a short time the people revolted, and by a larger vote than that which carried the measure, repudiated the bonds, and the credit of the State became greatly impaired in financial circles at the East and elsewhere, and this Gen. Sibley keenly felt; so, for years efforts were made to pay the bonds and relieve the State from the stigma of repudiation. No man worked harder to accomplish this end than Gen. Sibley, and it was probably the happiest day of his life when a few years ago provision was made to pay these bonds and wipe out the debt, thus leaving his name free from odium.

AN INTERESTING GATHERING.

In 1885 some of the personal friends of Gen. Sibley gave him a supper at the Metropolitan hotel in this city, where many things were said complimentary to the honored guest. In a brief speech the General concluded as follows:

“My public and private record has been made up, and faulty and imperfect as it may be, it is now too late to alter or amend it. I thank God that he has spared

me to see the fiftieth anniversary of my advent to what is now Minnesota, and to witness the transformation of this region from a howling wilderness, tenanted alone by wild beasts and savage men, into a proud and powerful commonwealth; and I especially thank him for surrounding me in the evening of my days with troops of loving friends of both sexes, who overlook my many imperfections in their desire to smooth my pathway to the grave.

“It is a great consolation to me that I can at least leave my children the heritage of an honest name, and to my many friends a remembrance, not only of my devotion to them, but of my earnest and long continued labors to advance the interests and welfare of our beloved Minnesota. God grant to each one of you a long life and a full measure of prosperity.”

PERSONALLY,

Gen. Sibley is a tall, finely-developed man, and in his younger days was a splendid specimen of a rounded, well-moulded physical organization. In early life he was very fond of fishing and hunting. He has a well-formed head; strong features; a large, black, piercing eye, and he looks at you with the gaze of a hawk, and this is one of his peculiar, striking characteristics. He is very systematic, neat and prompt in matters of business; moves quietly and moderately; is cautious and prudent; weighs subjects upon which he has to act with due consideration; is strictly honest, very jealous of his reputation, and has a high appreciation of a man of integrity and honor. Honorable and upright himself he spurns meanness in others, and in passing down into history he will leave a grand record and a name unsullied and revered.

NICHOLAS POTTGIESER, JR.

Nick” is a chip of the old block, only more so, there being more of him—physically. He was born in St. PAUL on the site of the present Custom House, in 1854; was educated in this city and aided his father in his hotel up to 1875, when he married Miss Handlos, and started business for himself on Wabasha street, where he now is. He was connected with the Great Western Band for fourteen years, entering the service as a mere drummer boy. He was also a member of the Board of County Commissioners in 1881, and served for two years. He is a man of force, power, push; a good deal like his own beer, running over with geniality; kind, generous, sympathetic. He walks and acts much like his father, yet he is brimful of sunshine and of good-

nature, always cheerful and always the same pleasant, jovial "Nick."

THAT LITTLE BLACK-EYED WOMAN.

For many years Nick Pottgieser's place has been celebrated for its excellent baked beans, and the writer has often partaken of this savory dish there as have many others. Nick is justly proud of his beans, and once upon a time his friends put up a job on him in which this vegetable played an important part.

"Have some beans this morning?" asked Nick. "They are elegant."

"Don't care if I do," replied the customer. He tastes, smells, looks at them, and pushes the plate back.

"What's the matter?" asks Nick.

"Well, I don't know, but they seem to have a taste of soap."

"A taste of soap! Let me see." Takes a teaspoonful, smacks his lips, and exclaims—"I don't taste any soap." Another customer comes in. "Beans, if you please." "Yes, yes," says Nick; "fine beans." "Yes," says the customer, "but don't you think there is some mistake here?" (tasting.) "What's that?" asked Nick. "Why, I guess the cook put soap into the beans instead of pork," said his second customer. Nick began to feel the blood rush to his head. "There is no soap in these beans," he replied. "Yes, there is," said the customer; "I can taste it very plainly." Nick tastes. "Well, it does taste a little that way, it's a fact." Out goes customer in a huff. "D—— the luck," said Nick, "there's soap in those beans, sure." In comes another customer. "Nick, 'morning. Some beans, please." Nick piles up the plate, exclaiming—"We have always good beans here." Customer takes one mouthful and then rushes for the door. "What's the matter?" asks Nick. "D—— those soapy beans, they make me sick!" and away he went thundering down the street, while Nick made his way back to the pan of beans, took one big mouthful, spit it out and roared—"Soap! soap!" and then pitched the whole dish into the street, muttering—"I'm not going to keep any soapy beans in my establishment if I know myself." In come Nick's three customers, as sober as deacons, and as they approach the bar one says—"Come, Nick, set 'em up!" "For what?" he asks. "The beans. All a joke; no soap;

beans first-rate—sold!” And Nick set ’em up, while that little black-eyed woman who did the cooking and who had heard the imputation cast upon her most excellent culinary qualifications, laughed heartily as she peeked through the door-crack and saw the chagrin of her great, big, good-hearted husband who really thought that his little black-eyed wife had put soap into the beans! And Nick grew awfully small in his own estimation, while his little wife never looked so charming.

CHARLES POTTGIESER,

Only living brother of “Nick,” was born and educated in this city; took music lessons with Frank Wood; then went to Boston and attended the Conservatory of Music there for five years, and finished his education in Berlin, Germany. He made his first appearance in his old home, ST. PAUL, on Sunday, January 11, 1885, at Turner Hall, where Prof. Seibert’s orchestra gave some splendid music, and where young Pottgieser astonished the audience by his masterly performance on the piano. He ought to win a grand name in the musical world.

GILBERT POTTGIESER.

Mr. P. was a young man of many fine traits of character; a universal favorite with his friends, but his early life was cut short by that dreadful disease, consumption, and he died at the age of twenty-nine.

And so roll on the years and with them go the old settlers, and their wives, and their children, and neighbors, and friends, who pass off the stage of life forever and a new generation of people spring up to take their places, and wonder what manner of looking creatures those were who preceded them in the race of life. And while wondering, the echo comes back—“race of life!”

JOHN B. SANBORN—MILITARY AND OTHER OFFICES.

Gen. Sanborn was born in New Hampshire in 1826; received an academic education and attended Dartmouth College one year, when he commenced the study of law; removed to ST. PAUL in the latter part of 1854; in 1859 was elected a member of the House, and in 1861 a member of the Senate. The law firm for

many years in this city was Sanborn & French, and then Sanborn, French & Lund, and of this firm only Gen. Sanborn now remains, the other two having died several years ago.

On the breaking out of the civil war Gov. Ramsey appointed Sanborn Adjutant and Quartermaster General of the State, and he organized and equipped four regiments that year, which required a great deal of labor but which was satisfactorily accomplished. He was then appointed Colonel of the Fourth Regiment, and was in command at Fort Snelling and of all the troops in the district during the winter of 1861, and in the spring of 1862 was ordered to Mississippi where he entered the Corinth Campaign. Here he was placed in control of a brigade which subsequently became a part of the famous Seventeenth Army Corps, and in the terrible battle of Iuka he lost 600 of his 2,200 men, and for the gallant part he took in this battle he was promoted to the position of Brigadier General. He was in many other important battles, such as Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and the assault on Vicksburg, and when the latter place surrendered he was placed in command of the southwest district of Missouri, and after the campaign against Price he was promoted to Brevet Major General "for gallant and meritorious services." In September 1867, after leaving the army, he was appointed one of the "Peace Commission," in company with Gens. Sherman, Harney, Terry and N. G. Taylor, Tappan and Senator Henderson, to negotiate treaties with certain tribes of Indians, and was engaged in this labor eighteen months. This was an important treaty and embraced the following Indian tribes: Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apallaches of the upper Arkansas, Navahoes, Bannocks, Brules, Unkappapa, Blackfeet, Minnecongu, Ogaiallas, Sansarcha, Yankton and Yanktonnais. The recommendations of the commission were indorsed by Congress, except the most salient point, which was compulsory education. Previous to this Gen. Sanborn had served on another Indian commission after the massacre of Fort Phil. Kearney, with Gen. Sulley, Col. Parker, N. B. Buford, and G. P. Beaufaize. On his return home he was elected a member of the House in 1872 and a member of the Senate in 1881; was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce fifteen years, and president of the same three years; is now president of the

German-American Hail Insurance Company; president of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company; president of the Roller Flour Mill Company; has been president of the German-American Bank twelve years; is one of the board of directors; is one of the executive council of the Historical Society; was in the service of the United States nearly eight years, and has been actively engaged in the practice of law twenty-four years. Indeed he has been an important factor in the growth of this city and State since 1854, or thirty-two years ago, and has been a good deal of that time in public positions, giving to the country a great deal of gratuitous labor.

THE SENATORSHIP.

Some twenty-three years ago M. S. Wilkinson, Gen. Sanborn, Sam. Mayall and others were candidates for the United States Senatorship, although Sanborn was a dark horse. Mayall, in order to grease the political wheels, put some \$10,000 in a secure spot and placed the key in the hands of a friend in order to effect his own election. When the fact became generally known, probably from Mayall himself, from some cause or other Sanborn ran up to within one of an election, which frightened both Wilkinson and Mayall almost out of their boots, while Sanborn gave one of his "broad smiles" and accepted the situation. At that time there was a bitter feeling on the part of the rural members toward ST. PAUL, and when they found that Sanborn, a ST. PAUL man, was likely to be elected, they turned and elected Wilkinson, although he was not their original choice. Mayall subsided and passed into political oblivion, but it was a narrow escape for Sanborn.

AS A MAN.

Gen. Sanborn is a strong, robust man, with a good deal of push and power in his composition, evidently the descendant of a very hardy race. In early territorial times he was ambitious, both as a lawyer and as a politician, and when he embarked in either one of these professions or both, he went in to win, if possible, no matter at what cost. The same characteristic was prominent in his services during the war, and hence I find him always at the front. He is a good lawyer, a pleasant speaker at

the bar, though not especially eloquent; is social and agreeable in his nature; is liberal in his gifts, and would have been glad if circumstances had permitted, to have crowned his career by a seat as a Circuit Judge of the United States Court. He has spent thirty-two years of a useful, active, energetic life in our city, and will pass down to history as a prominent and honored citizen.

C. D. GILFILLAN—WATER WORKS—GILFILLAN BLOCK—OFFICES.

Mr. Gilfillan was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1831; passed through the public schools and finished his education in the Homer Academy and Hamilton College; came to Minnesota in 1851; settled in Stillwater; taught school the first year in that city; studied law afterwards; practiced in Stillwater; removed to ST. PAUL in 1854 and was engaged in his profession altogether thirteen years. During these latter years he made some money out of the claims of the settlers for depredations by the Indians, and entered largely into politics.

He then commenced single-handed to build the present ST. PAUL Water Works, and with what money he had and that which he borrowed he inaugurated and carried to completion an enterprise which ought ever to remain as a monument to his genius. He sold the Water Works to the city for over a quarter of a million of dollars, and then engaged in banking, farming and building, in which business he is now employed.

The Gilfillan block in its massive solidity and architectural beauty, will remain long after its owner has passed beyond the sight of man. It rears its lofty head where once was a deep ravine down which meandered a stream of water, and the gully through which this stream ran was the only natural road from the river up on to Jackson street. Now that section is the busiest part of the city. The building itself is six stories high, made as near fire-proof as it can be, and cost close on to \$200,000. Mr. Gilfillan at one time owned part of the Merchants' hotel with Mr. Potter, but in dividing the property Potter took the hotel which he subsequently sold to Allen, and "Gil." became the possessor of the corner property he now owns.

In early days Mr. Gilfillan was a powerful and very active Republican party man, and he can tell more about the outside and inside of the early politicians of this State than any

person living. He was at one time Recorder at Stillwater; member of the House of Representatives three terms; member of the Senate four terms; on the organization of the Republican party in 1855 he was made chairman of the Central Committee for three years, and was a member of the committee six years; was president of the old Water Works and commissioner for the new; is vice-president of the First National Bank, and has held many other offices of trust and of responsibility. Of course all the real estate of Mr. Gilfillan has greatly advanced in value since his purchase, so that he may safely be set down as worth \$500,000, although he himself says—"They used to have a saying in Cincinnati in its days of porcine greatness, that you could never tell how much fat there was in a hog until he was dead and cut up, so no one can be rated until he is dead and his debts paid. It may be something or nothing," but he adds—"although I have now real estate enough to break me, yet at the same time it is helping to support me."

HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Gilfillan is not a large but a fat man, weighing over 300 pounds. He has a good-sized, massive head and great brain power, and this coupled with unbounded energy and unwearied indefatigability, have made his life a success, although at one time I knew him when the income of his law practice would not pay his office rent. One looking about and noting the changes in different men's lives, is almost forced to the conclusion that Shakespeare was right when he said:

"There's a divinity," etc.

"Gil." started out as a school teacher, but poor; then as an inexperienced lawyer, then as a politician, then as a business man, then a banker, then an owner of real estate—now a millionaire. Of the one hundred who commenced the race for life with him, eighty were poor then and eighty are poor now. "Many are called but few are chosen." And why it is so I don't know, but the facts nevertheless are indisputable. Call it luck, or brains, or genius, or force of character, or industry, the cards always come up the same way,—a few are rich while many are poor. Mr. Gilfillan is a man of no ostentatious peculiarities, or

puffed up with pride. He is very plain in his appearance, democratic in his ideas of life, careful, prudent, safe, and would make an excellent Governor of the State, for he is a man of broad conceptions and fine ability, and is one of ST. PAUL'S most conservative and solid citizens.

JOHN S. PRINCE.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1821, Mr. Prince worked in a shoe store at two dollars per week, and then served as an apprentice to the commission business in 1836; resided in Cincinnati until 1840, when he entered the employ of the American Fur Company at Evansville, Ind., and when that company suspended operations he engaged with Pierre Choteau, Jr., & Co. in 1842 and became the purchasing agent for the company in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and the Territory of Wisconsin. This company having interests in ST. PAUL, Mr. Prince came here in 1854 to look after those interests, and he superintended the first saw mill in the city, which was located down on the swampy flats now covered by railroad tracks. While attending to the real estate of this firm he gradually became interested in land himself, and met with flattering success. He has constantly had charge of the property of rich parties in St. Louis, and though those who put him in keeping of their real estate forty years ago have died, yet their descendants still trust him, a high compliment to his manhood and his honesty.

OFFICES—EARLY LIFE AND MARRIAGE.

He was one of the incorporators of the Fire and Marine Insurance Company, and of the ST. PAUL & Sioux City Railroad; a director in the latter company up to the time of its sale; was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1857; was on Gen. Sibley's staff; was Mayor of the city in 1860, 1861, 1865 and 1866, and the last time was elected without opposition; was president of the Commission on Assessments one year; and of the Board of Public Works three years; was originally cashier of the Savings Bank of this city and is now its president.

Col. John Stoughtenburgh Prince is an American, although of English descent, and is one of eight in the family who bears the name of John. His father died when he was twelve years

old, and the boy then went out into the world to earn his own living, and he is a notable example of a self-made man. As a boy he was industrious, studious and independent. He married Miss Emma L. Linck in 1844, who has had twelve children, seven of whom are living. He is a devout member of the Catholic Church, and it used to be a common saying—"You can't beat Prince for Mayor."

INCIDENTS OF HIS BOYHOOD—PERSONAL.

Mr. Prince received only \$160 per year for his service as an apprentice to the commission business, and out of this he had to pay \$3 per week for his board, or \$156, leaving him \$4 for his clothes per year. His quick wits enabled him to pick up some money on the outside, so that at the age of nineteen years the firm dissolved and he was offered \$400 per year. When young he had a natural adaptability to business, and had he remained in Cincinnati he would have been a very rich man. When he assumed the arduous duties for the fur company, he was obliged to ride many miles on horseback, and five hundred miles at a time was no uncommon event, as in those early days there were no railroads and very limited stage accommodations.

Col. Prince is a well-made man physically, and well proportioned. He is quick in speech, easily aroused, quick in comprehending and quick in motion. He made a good and very popular public officer, and has done much towards building up the city. I remember him as among the first to erect a dwelling in lower town, and following, Thompson, Sibley, Merriam, Wilder, Drake, and others constructed elegant residences near him, and then what had hitherto been considered a sand bank, with low, scrubby brush, became all of a sudden a popular part of the city and has remained so ever since. Col. Prince has led a very active, stirring life, and he may very justly be classed among our honest, worthy, self-made, honorable citizens.

EARLE S. GOODRICH—JOURNALISM.

In 1854 journalism in ST. PAUL took a march forward. There were then in the city the *Weekly Pioneer*, the *Weekly Democrat* and the *Weekly Minncsotian*. The writer of these articles was at this time an associate editor with Mr. Brown on

the *Pioneer*, when in the spring of 1854 a comparatively young man, elegantly dressed and with brown, curly hair, made his appearance in the office, and after a brief consultation with Mr. Brown, left for the East, and it was soon after rumored that the paper had changed hands and that the new proprietor was Earle S. Goodrich. It was also announced that he intended to start a daily paper. Williams, in his history, says:

FIRST DAILY PAPERS.

"The *Democrat* and *Minnesotian* at once determined to follow the lead of the *Pioneer*, the former appearing on May 1, the same day as the *Daily Pioneer*, and the latter on May 12. On May 15 the *Daily Times* made its appearance, edited and published by Thomas M. Newson, who had for six months or more been engaged as a writer on the *Pioneer*. With him was associated J. B. H. Mitchell and M. J. Clum. Mr. Newson subsequently secured the interests of both these gentlemen and continued the *Times* with much success until 1861, when it was leased to William R. Marshall."

So at this period there were four daily papers in the city with the following editors: *Pioneer*, Earle S. Goodrich; *Minnesotian*, John P. Owens; *Times*, T. M. Newson; *Democrat*, David Olmsted. The *Pioneer* was really the organ of the Democratic party; the *Minnesotian* was Whig; the *Times* independent; the *Democrat*, Democratic. These were the first daily papers published in the city or in the State. Two of the editors are dead, Owens and Olmsted, and two are living, Goodrich and Newson, one entirely out of the harness, the other partially so.

WHEN BORN AND EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Goodrich was born in New York in 1827; early conceived the idea of fitting himself for the editorial profession, and to that end learned the printing business; also studied law and was admitted to practice; removed to Wisconsin and in 1848 ran a campaign paper at Sheboygan for several months; was elected Clerk of the Court, but resigned and removed to Green Bay, was County Clerk of Brown County from 1850 to 1854, when, in March of that year he removed to St. Paul and commenced the publication of the *Pioneer*, which he continued for ten years; was commissioned Captain and aide to Gen. McClellan in 1862, but by a blunder of the War Department was sent to the Shenandoah valley, and here he served some time and was finally

ordered to ST. PAUL, where Gen. Pope was then stationed, but Goodrich and the commanding officer not agreeing the former resigned. He immediately followed up Gen. Pope with many bitter articles in his paper, until at last headquarters were removed to Milwaukee. In 1865 Mr. Goodrich disposed of his interest in the *Pioneer* and purchased the stock of the ST. PAUL Gas Company, which he controlled for two years; then entered largely into the manufacture of peat; engaged in railroad construction for a time, and I believe has recently been dealing in mining enterprises.

INCIDENTS OF EARLY JOURNALISM—PANTING FOR HIS BLOOD.

In 1854 Mr. Goodrich came out strongly against one of the Democratic candidates for the purpose of killing him off, as he was obnoxious to a large number of the party. The man attacked retorted on Goodrich with the threat to kill him, and Goodrich left his office, came to the Winslow House and took tea with the writer, while the injured politician was about the streets with a revolver hunting for his victim. Several days after when the heat of passion had subsided, the matter was dropped and no blood was spilled.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, I think in 1855, when Charles H. Parker, then a banker in this city, turned the corner of the old Winslow House from out Fort at Seven Corners, and with rapid tread, a flashing eye and pale face hurried by me as I stood in the door of the hotel.

"Where going, Parker?" I asked.

"Going to kill that infernal devil, Goodrich," he replied.

"What's up?"

"I'll shoot him!"

I drew near him and found that he was not only in earnest but that he had a six-shooter loaded to the muzzle, and as matters looked a little skittish I proposed to go along. During our journey to the office Parker was unrelenting, determined, desperate, and all efforts I made to avert the coming calamity only seemed to make the matter worse. The cause of this grievance was, that in his recent failure Goodrich had charged that he (Parker) had not treated his depositors fairly, and in this Goodrich was correct, for, as a matter of history Parker had used

some of the money of his depositors with which to buy real estate, and failing to realize on this real estate in time he had to go under, and this Goodrich knew; at least I am so informed by one of the clerks in Parker's office at the time. We entered the editorial room together. There was Goodrich, who I must confess was exceedingly cool, and whom I expected any minute to see lying a corpse upon the floor, but a word from myself that we were all Masons and ought to adjust the matter satisfactorily, opened a soothing influence and the misunderstanding was amicably settled. Mr. Goodrich assured Mr. Parker that he had no motive to misrepresent him and did not wish to do so, and Mr. Parker being satisfied with the explanation, I withdrew from the interview with a long breath, gratified at the turn events had taken. Parker is in California; Goodrich and Newson still live in ST. PAUL.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

During the early period of the old *Daily Times* I received many threats as to my being killed, horse-whipped, etc., but during my editorial career was never struck or injured. At St. Patrick's supper, however, held in the hall of the old market house—now pulled down—I was called upon to respond to the toast of the Governor of Minnesota (Gorman, now dead,) and in the course of my remarks I spoke of corruption which ran knee-deep through our legislative halls and complimented the Governor for his efforts to stay the tide. I cannot just now remember, but must have made some personal allusion to some of the members who were then present, for soon after my speech six persons desired to go home with me, and I finally learned that my life had been threatened by parties then in the room; and so, sure enough, I was escorted to my boarding house by several of my friends, some now dead, others living. Among these was Justus Ramsey, Jack Morgan, Mike Cummings and three more. Twice I confronted men in my office with loaded revolvers, but for some cause or other the weapons didn't go off—but the men did.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

Such were the journalistic experiences of Mr. Goodrich and myself in 1854, both of whom commenced daily editorial life in

ST. PAUL in the same month, and in the same year, and what is remarkable, both were born in 1827, and in the same State, and lived on the same street, and have both retired from the exacting cares of a modern daily newspaper life; a little older, less ambitious, more conservative, and better satisfied with those quiet pursuits incidental to declining years, and yet neither one nor the other is old or in any degree superannuated.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Mr. Goodrich is a man of ordinary size, and in early life was very precise and very particular in his dress and in his personal appearance. He was cool, cautious, calculating, reticent and undemonstrative. As a writer he was caustic and finished, and in some of his articles on Gov. Gorman and others, he reminded one of the incisive characteristics of "Junius," his particular forte being in this special line of writing. He is a great lover of the fine arts, of music, and of the beautiful, and delights in elegant architectural designs or buildings; is cultivated in his tastes and if he had \$1,000,000 would spend it in adornments, paintings, and in erecting an elegant home with all its comforts. He has a broad comprehension of business; is polite, pleasant, courteous, affable—says but little—thinks a good deal.

PENNOCK PUSEY—PERSONAL.

Mr. Pusey was born in Pennsylvania, of English descent, in 1825; one of his relatives was the trusted friend of William Penn; he (Pusey) was educated at the West Town Quaker Academy in the Keystone State, and very early in life became deeply and sincerely interested in the anti-slavery movement; in 1849 he engaged in farming in Maryland; in 1854 came to ST. PAUL and was connected with Henry McKenty until 1862; in 1863 he became Assistant Secretary of State under Gen. Baker; also Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction; Commissioner of Statistics; in 1872 Commissioner of Insurance; was married in 1867; resigned his office in 1873; visited Florida; became private secretary of Gov. Pillsbury in 1875 and continued so two terms, when he visited the East, made a tour of Europe, and returned to ST. PAUL a gentleman at large, where he now is.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Pusey is rather under the medium size as a man; is well filled out, carrying a round, well-developed head, a smiling face, with gold spectacles, and has a pleasing, courteous manner. He is a gentleman of culture and education, and has written many able articles for the press, principally against slavery and ignorance, and in favor of art and music. His life has been so pure and so uniform that I find nothing startling or exciting in it, and yet as a whole it makes up a mellowed, completed manhood worthy of imitation by those who may come after him.

HENRY L. CARVER.

Captain Carver was born in New York in 1830; educated at the common and high schools; studied law with Luther C. Peck; graduated from the National Law School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1854; admitted to the bar the same year, and came to St. PAUL in 1854, where he soon after engaged in the practice of law with W. A. Spencer, Clerk of the United States District Court; enlisted in Company G, Sixth Regiment; promoted to First Lieutenant; then was appointed Quartermaster with the rank of Captain; breveted Major, and at the close of his term of service Colonel; served in the Indian campaign with Gen. Sibley; was on his staff and that of Gen. Corse until the end of the war; was a member of the Legislature in 1862; married Miss M. Ashley in 1857. Captain Carver has been an active, public-spirited man, and it was principally through his influence that the old Opera House was built, as well as the street car tracks. He was at one time part owner of the old *Pioneer*. He has a peculiar expression of the face which gives him an individuality, so that Carver would be Carver in any part of the world. He has seen St. PAUL grow from a mere nothing to what it is to-day, and during that growth has been a part of it.

PERSONAL.

Captain Carver is a good-sized man; very quiet and moderate in his movements. He had a hand in the building of the post office and Custom House, and it was through his instrumentality that the building was located upon its present site; has been an active member of the board of directors of the St. PAUL

Public Library since its organization; has also served as chief officer in the different Masonic bodies in the city for a number of terms, and also as the Grand Commander of Knights Templars of the State. He is now president of the board of directors of the "Masonic Temple Association."

LOUIS E. FISHER.

Mr. Fisher was born near Boston, Mass., in the year 1821; was well educated; learned the printing business in Boston; left Boston in 1841 to witness the inauguration of President Harrison in Washington; remained there until Harrison's death, and then came west over the mountains to Wheeling, Va., thence to Madison, Ind., where he had relatives; read law with Hon. Jesse D. Bright for six months, and then went down the river, and after a cruise of two years returned to Boston, having seen nearly all the States in the Union; became foreman and afterwards reporter on the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, where the reading of the *Weekly Pioneer* of ST. PAUL from 1849-'53 determined him to make Minnesota his home; reaching ST. PAUL April 1854 he assisted in getting out the first *Daily Pioneer*, May 1st, 1854; for a year was foreman of the *Real Estate Advertiser*, edited by J. A. Wheelock; then returning to the *Pioneer* was in succession foreman, city editor, general news editor, managing editor from 1861 to 1865; from 1866 nearly up to the time of the consolidation of the *Pioneer* and the *Press*, in 1875, was editor-in-chief of the *Pioneer*; became general news editor on the *Pioneer Press*; subsequently, when, like Horace Greeley, at fifty he "ceased to enjoy sitting up all night with a morning paper," resigned to prepare matter for the newspapers printed by the Northwestern Newspaper Union. There is scarcely a branch of the printing business, from roller-boy to editor-in-chief with which he is not familiar.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Fisher is a good writer and has had a large experience in the newspaper business, as the above clearly shows. In his short, pithy articles he exhibits ability and incisive points and a good deal of wit coupled with sarcasm, and has uncommon good judgment in selecting from other papers. At one time his name was very favorably spoken of for Democratic Governor. He is

a fair-sized and robust-looking man, moderate and dignified in his movements, full of good humor, modest and retiring, cautious in his nature, studious and correct in his habits, quiet and industrious in his every-day life, and an excellent citizen, and ought to have been a rich man, and yet he has a consciousness of having made the world better for having been in it.

LUCK!

Some men start out in life bright, happy and hopeful, and by their superior attainments and industry build up excellent avocations that from causes over which they have no control, drop into other hands, and when years of toil and labor have passed, they find they have been going up the hill just "for the fun of the thing," to accommodate somebody else, and are now going down the hill at a rapid rate, without any brakes, which they find isn't quite so funny, especially if they have turned the corner of forty-five years! We may turn and twist the question of success in any way we please, when the whalebone of circumstances will always snap back to one proposition only—luck! For some men are lucky in everything they touch, while others, no matter how hard they may work, or how honest they may be, or how economical, or how devoted, or how shrewd or sagacious, or how much business talent they may display, a series of concatenating circumstances will arise to push them down to the base of the hill and keep them there, while men with none of the elements of success will rise to the summit under the buoyant effects of good luck!

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

In 1854 a little house stood upon the bank on Robert street, and in it dwelt two beautiful girls, the daughters of Curran, proprietor of the World's Fair Store, which occupied the corner of Third and Robert streets. I remember these girls with their black hair and black eyes and beautiful complexion and winning ways, and they attracted a great deal of attention and were very justly admired. One married Theodore Borup and still lives, a beautiful woman, and the other married David Oakes, and still remains a charming widow. They must have come to ST. PAUL about 1853.

T. M. METCALF.

Mr. Metcalf was born in the State of New York in 1827; his father was an eminent physician and young Metcalf was schooled in Geneseo, Livingston County, when he entered into mercantile pursuits at Hammondsport, N. Y., until 1850, and then moved to Michigan and was assistant paymaster on the Michigan Southern Railroad for two years; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; kept a grocery store on Third street; was employed as assistant paymaster under Major Leslie; was Comptroller of the city from 1856 to 1858; was elected Auditor of Ramsey County in 1860 for two years; was for some time during the war chief clerk in the Provost Marshal's office; after the war in 1866 became engaged in real estate; in 1873 was elected to the Legislature; further along carried on the seed business as successor to Hollister & Castle, and of late has been enjoying farming in connection with his present occupation as a large dealer in seeds.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Metcalf might be called a somewhat pussy man, as he must turn the scales at considerably above 200, and yet he is active and apparently in the full bloom of health. He used to be a good deal of a politician, but after having "learned the ropes" thoroughly, he has dropped out to give "the young men a chance." He has been a good citizen, but like many others is now backing into the ranks of the past, satisfied with having done his part toward the growth of a great city.

MARTIN B. BRUGGEMANN

Was born in ST. PAUL in 1854; his parents moved to Henderson in 1856, and after a short period of hotel-keeping they returned to ST. PAUL, when young Bruggemann commenced his mercantile career in the house of Lindeke & Co. He was at one time connected with his brother in the commission business at Seven Corners, but sold out his interest in 1881 and purchased an interest in the dry-goods house of B. F. Zahm, where, I think, he now is. He is a gentleman of fine business character and a worthy son of worthy parents.

C. C. BERKMAN.

Mr. B. was born in Ohio in 1831; received a common school education; removed to Vernon, Ind., and then married at the age of twenty, in the year 1851, a Miss M. A. Sperry; came to ST. PAUL in 1854 and commenced the practice of his profession, that of veterinary surgeon; purchased two lots at St. Anthony and erected a dwelling thereon; his neighbors at this time, independent of the Indians, numbered five, where there is now a city of over 120,000 people; in the latter part of 1854 Mr. Berkman was called to Fort Snelling to treat horses belonging to the battery of Gen. Sherman; joined the Third Minnesota Regiment and went South; returned in 1862 and became veterinary post surgeon at the Fort; received his discharge March, 1864; returned to ST. PAUL, and has remained here ever since. Mr. B. has made his profession a specialty and is probably as well posted on the diseases of horses as any man living.

P. CHURCHILL.

A native of Ireland and born in 1844, Mr. Churchill arrived in this country in 1849; resided in Ohio until 1854, when he came to this city; joined the volunteer fire department in 1868; was a member until they disbanded in 1877, and then became a regular fireman of steamer No. 8. He was enthusiastic in his profession and served the cause he espoused ably and well. He is a small man, very quick in his movements and very industrious—a hard-working, worthy citizen.

PATRICK CONLEY.

Mr. Conley is a native of Illinois, born in that State in 1851; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; removed to Dakota County, where he received a practical education, and then struck out to see the world, and after "sowing his wild oats" he returned to ST. PAUL and opened a variety theater, which he has run quite successfully for several years, and which is now merged into what is known as the Olympic, on Seventh street.

Mr. Conley is a bright, active, pushing young man, having a special aptitude for running a variety theater, and he is the only one who has succeeded in the business in this city. He is a good business man and a good manager.

M. GORDON CRAIG.

Mr. Craig was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1851; his parents brought him to ST. PAUL when only three years old, or in 1854, and he was educated in our public schools. The elder Craig is quite extensively known as a most successful house-mover, and his son learned the trade of a joiner and builder with John Summers, until the spring of 1878, when in company with Mathew Taylor, he succeeded Mr. Summers, and they have ever since carried on a large trade of contracting and building, employing a good deal of capital and a good many men. Mr. Craig is a quiet sort of a man, but is a pusher in business and is a good illustration of what can be achieved by straight-forward, manly effort.

ALFRED DUFRESNE.

Black hair, black whiskers, black eyes, with a dark complexion, and a quick, nervous movement, are characteristics which mark the next best man in Pat Kelly's large grocery establishment on Third street. Mr. Dufresne is a striking character, and a very important spoke in a very large wheel. He was born at Rivier du Loup, Province of Quebec, in 1836; educated at the public schools; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; for several years clerked in the wholesale grocery houses of Temple & Beaupre, and Beaupre & Kelly, and is now one of the firm of P. H. Kelly & Co., where he has been for many years. He married Miss Marie Louise Gauthier, and has had a family of ten children, five of whom survive. I can only add that Mr. Dufresne is lightning on wheels in his special department, and when connected with Pat Kelly they two make a first-class, enterprising team.

J. G. FREEMAN

Came to ST. PAUL in 1854; born in Vermont in 1832; acquired the trade of a machinist; worked in the mills of the city; built the Long lake lumber mills; owned one-half of a mill at Monticello; sold out and went to Chicago; returned in three years to ST. PAUL and commenced dealing exclusively in engines; then moved to Third street, and has built up a large and profitable trade.

Mr. Freeman is a person of florid complexion and is "old business" in every sense of the word, dealing largely in all sorts of heavy machinery and has met with financial success. As a man he is undemonstrative, but no less a quiet, careful, good citizen.

HENRY HABIGHORST.

Born in Germany in 1824 Mr. Habighorst learned the trade of a tailor in the old country, and in 1847 came to America and located at St. Louis; removed to ST. PAUL in 1854; worked at his trade three years, when he entered a dry-goods firm as salesman and continued there nine years; was in St. Louis nearly two years, when he returned to ST. PAUL and commenced the dry-goods business for himself on Fifth street, and now has one of the largest stores on Seventh street and is the owner of an elegant block. His career has been remarkable, but he seemed to strike the right groove at the right time, and has gone on in a very successful way. He is a solid, substantial, energetic man.

G. R. HART—A COMMENDABLE ACT.

Mr. Hart was born in New Hampshire in 1826; came to ST. PAUL in 1854 and engaged as foreman in the then furniture establishment of Stees & Hunt, and has remained there ever since, or thirty-two years. He has always been found at his post as true as the needle to the pole, and has been of great service to the proprietors on that account.

When the hard times of 1857 came on, Mr. Hart went to the firm and said—"Gentlemen, times are hard; I want you to reduce my wages; when times get better we can go back to the old prices, but I am quite willing and think it right for me to bear my portion of the burden with you." The proprietors were surprised, and at the earnest request of Mr. Hart reduced his wages until times got better, and the result has been that Mr. Hart has kept his place during all these long years, and not only that, but he has accumulated enough property to make him comfortable for life. And he deserves all he has and much more, for he is a man rightly named—H(e)art.

PETER HAUPERS.

Born in Germany in 1837; emigrated to America in 1846 and landed at Chicago; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; engaged in the blacksmithing business until 1867, when he became a partner with George Mitsch in wagon manufacturing, which he continued up to 1881, when he retired. He was married in 1862 to Barbara Stolz of Bavaria. I don't know Mr. Haupers, but am informed that he is a very worthy man and citizen.

HORATIO HOULTON.

A quiet, unassuming, hard-working man is Mr. Houlton, who, born in Maine in 1834 and educated at the common schools in that State, came to ST. PAUL in 1854, and in 1880 engaged in the lumber trade with John S. Prince, which he has continued for several years. He is a steady, industrious, honest man, uncommonly undemonstrative and very deserving.

JOHN B. OLIVIER—AS A MAN.

Born of French-Canadian parents in Canada in 1836, Mr. Olivier received an academical education in his native place and came to ST. PAUL in 1854; was clerk in the office of Register of Deeds three years; was a member of the Legislature in 1859-'60; was in the real estate business several years; in the army two years—Eighth Minnesota; was engaged in the office of the abstract of titles and selling land up to 1872, when he was elected Auditor of Ramsey County in 1873; was appointed Abstract Clerk, which position he held with great credit for several years and then resigned the office and began dealing in real estate and examining titles, in which he is now engaged, and has built up a large trade, having spent all his life in this special line of business; married Miss Marie Louise Capistrant who has had nine children.

Mr. Olivier is a somewhat tall man, possessing all the inherent qualities of the French nation—politeness—and is recognized everywhere by this trait of character. He is genial, social, industrious, and has had a strong influence with the French of ST. PAUL, and indeed has it now. He is a very agreeable gentleman; in this respect has no equal, and is well known and much esteemed among the old settlers.

HENRY JUSTUS—FIRST WAGON-MAKER.

Mr. Justus is a German by birth, born in 1828; emigrated to this country and settled in Chicago in 1850; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; engaged in the manufacture of wagons and carriages, and was the first wagon-maker in this city and State. He prides himself upon this distinction and well he may, for the reputation of his work has enabled him to build up a large business. He is a worthy gentleman, unassuming and deserving.

J. C. KAHLERT.

A small man with intense black eyes and hair, quick in his movements and methodical in his business, is J. C. Kahlert, who, born in Germany in 1820, learned the dyeing trade and traveled through many parts of Europe; came to America in 1846; carried on the dyeing business in Maryland and Frederick City until 1854, when he removed to ST. PAUL, and was the first man in his business in this city; has continued in his special line of trade thirty-two years; lost by fire on upper Third street, then by the falling of a building in Empire block, but has come out ahead of all his disasters and is now permanently settled and doing a good business. He is a thriving, industrious, steady man.

SICK.

In 1854 the writer was seriously sick in the Winslow House with typhoid fever, and so impressed was he with the idea that his sickness came from the water in the hotel, that he gave a servant a twenty-dollar gold piece to furnish him a supply for one week from out a bubbling stream that ran across Third street in front of the hotel, but this did not arrest the disease, and he came very near passing over that other stream from the distant shores of which no traveler ever returns. It is somewhat remarkable that the physician who attended him, (Dr. Wren,) the man who watched with him, (George W. Armstrong,) the minister who prayed with and for him, (Rev. Dr. Van Ingen,) and the friend who sympathized most deeply with him, (Gen. Simpson of the United States army,) have all passed away, leaving him the only one alive of that old settlers' group. I mention this as a striking illustration of the mutability of human

life. A quarter of a century wipes out a large proportion of the human race, and the law is not only inexorable but universal.

“Fleet are the rapid moments—fly they must,
Not to be stayed by mask nor midnight roar—
Nor shall a pulse among that mouldering dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more.”

HUGH B. MONTGOMERY.

A native of Canada, born in 1834, Hugh B. being the oldest child, under the laws of that country he fell heir to his father's estate, and so far as I can learn received all the property and at the age of eighteen years left home; in 1842 became a cabin boy on a steamer; was employed in a hotel in Detroit one year and a half; returned to his home; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; opened the Mansion House which stood on the bluff where the government supply building now stands; he soon after sold out and started the La Belle saloon; disposed of this in 1855 and opened a small pioneer store at Superior City, Wisconsin, where he remained two years; removed to Milwaukee and was steward in the Newhall House three years; returned to ST. PAUL in 1862 and started a restaurant on Bridge Square; went to the Black Hills in 1877; became completely “strapped;” returned home and opened an all-night restaurant, first in the old place once run by Guy Saulsbury on Third street, then on Jackson street, where he remained for a number of years, and where he made money. In his rambles sometime previously he purchased a third of a claim made by W. H. Stuart where Crookston now is, and as the railroad was obliged to cross there, it made the town and the town made Montgomery. Lots which cost him three dollars he has been selling for \$500 and \$800, and with his money he purchased property in this city, so that the little cabin boy of years ago now owns some twenty-four houses in this city, stock in the Crookston and other banks, and is the vice-president of the former. He is probably worth not less than \$100,000, while in 1877 it would have been difficult for him to have raised \$5! Such is the combination of good luck and good management.

PERSONAL.

He is a tall, slender, gentlemanly, fine-looking man, very quiet in his manner; cool, clear-headed, self-reliant, industrious,

temperate, social. He has shown his ability and sound judgment in taking care of the money and property good luck has brought him, but he is just as unaffected to-day with all his wealth as he was when I met him in the Black Hills eight years ago with a large amount of good nature and ten cents in his pocket. His first wife, Lydia M. Houghston, died in 1869; his second wife is Lizzie E. Morgan, to whom he was married in 1871. Mr. Montgomery sold out his restaurant in 1884, and is now giving his attention to his real estate and cattle raising, having a ranch in Montana. He died in ST. PAUL October 16, 1885, aged 51 years, since the above was written.

ANDREW NIPPOLT.

Born in Illinois in 1848; came with his parents to ST. PAUL in 1854; learned the trade of a carriage-maker and worked for Quinby & Hallowell about twelve years; commenced business for himself in 1876; was burned out in 1877; moved to the corner of Seventh and Sibley streets, and then to Sixth street, and subsequently was made to move on with the times and make room for the splendid Hotel Ryan, and then opened a large and commodious shop on Eighth street, near Jackson, where he is doing a nice business. Miss Julia Feldhauser, his wife, was the daughter of an old settler of that name who came to ST. PAUL in 1853 and who was engaged in the boot and shoe business, but who is now in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Nippolt is a large man, with much force of character, a rustler in business, and yet he is quiet and pleasant in his manners and impresses one as a gentleman of great amiability. He is a self-made man and fully deserving all the success he has attained.

CHARLES A. F. MORRIS.

Mr. Morris is a peculiar man; short, thick-set, quick, decisive, but he is a man of decided ability in his profession, that of civil engineering. He was born in 1827 in Ireland; his father's ancestor was colonel in the army of William the Conqueror; his mother, though born in Ireland was of French extraction; the family tutor taught Charles when he afterwards finished his education at the select school of J. T. Sturgeon; then he was two years in the government engineering department; served as an

apprentice three years to Sir John Neill; came to America in 1849; took a position on the Hudson River Railroad and remained there until that road was completed; located in ST. PAUL in 1854; was drafted during the war but was exempt; was City Engineer in 1862; served on several English and Irish railroads; was an engineer on the Hudson River, Albany & Troy, Long Island, Chicago, Alton & St. Louis, ST. PAUL & Minnesota, ST. PAUL & Pacific, Winona branch, Stillwater branch, ST. PAUL, Minneapolis & Manitoba and others. At one time he had 5,000 men at work under him in counties Clare and Galway, Ireland, building sea-walls, piers, bridges and roads. He is now connected with an important branch of the engineering department of the Northern Pacific road and is stationed I think at Portland, Oregon. He married Miss Mary Ellen D. Reid, of Scotch nationality, a genial, pleasant woman.

Mr. Morris is an active, prompt business man, fully alive to the importance of his profession, and a gentleman of unexceptionable character. He is a devout and active member of the Episcopal Church, and though quickly-spoken in manner and impulsive in his nature, yet very few men have so many and so good friends as Charles A. F. Morris.

WILLIAM SPRIGG HALL—PERSONAL.

Judge Hall was born in Maryland in 1832; educated at St. John's College in that State; studied law and was admitted to practice in 1854; came to ST. PAUL that year and formed a partnership with Harwood Iglehart; in 1856 was appointed Superintendent of Schools of the Territory of Minnesota; in 1857 was chosen a State Senator; in 1867 was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; was re-elected in 1875 without opposition, on the recommendation of the Ramsey County bar, and held his office until he died, which was on the twenty-fifth of February, 1875, having expired on a railroad car on his way home, aged forty-two years.

Judge Hall was a very popular man in the day in which he lived, and was one of the most respected lawyers as well as one of the purest jurists that ever sat on a bench. I remember him as a small man, with a swaying, southern motion when he walked, always accompanied by a cane, exceedingly polite, very

pleasant in conversation, and a man of strong, sterling character. He was greatly esteemed by the members of the bar, and was a great favorite with the people. He married Miss Elizabeth Sellman Welsh of Maryland in 1857, and left a widow, two daughters and a son, all now living in ST. PAUL, the son being a young man of fine abilities and following in the footsteps of his illustrious father—that of a lawyer.

WILLIAM H. ACKER.

Capt. Acker was born in New York in 1833; was educated in Michigan, and from thence came to ST. PAUL in 1854; was book-keeper in the banking house of William R. Marshall for several years; was among the first to organize the old popular Guards, the pioneer military company in Minnesota, and was at one time its Captain; was appointed Adjutant General of the State in 1860; resigned in 1861; recruited a company for the First Regiment; was in the famous Bull Run fight and was wounded, and afterwards commissioned Captain in the Sixteenth Regulars, and was killed at the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862, aged twenty-nine years.

Capt. Acker very early in life was thoroughly imbued with true military spirit. Long before the war he was esteemed as the best natural military genius in the city or in the State, and was the moving spirit in the old Pioneer Guards, and on the breaking out of the war he had no equal as a drill-master. He was tall and straight and had a military bearing and moved about like one born to command. His private character was unexceptional. His body was brought to this city and buried with great military honors, and the long procession of soldiers and citizens who followed it to the grave and the thousands who witnessed the scene, clearly showed the high esteem in which the deceased was held by his neighbors and his friends.

RICHARD L. GORMAN—AS A MAN.

Capt. Gorman was born in Indiana in 1837; educated at the University of that State; located at ST. PAUL in 1854; entered the ranks of the First Minnesota Regiment as a private; was promoted to the position of Captain of the New York Volunteers, and served in the army three years. He married Miss C.

A. Irvine, daughter of the late John R. Irvine, in the year 1863; was made Secretary of the Board of Public Works in 1873, which office he has held ever since and holds now; was elected to the Legislature of 1885, and made a good, faithful member.

Capt. Gorman is a son of the late Gen. Gorman, and is a gentleman of quiet habits, slenderly built, somewhat gray, stands erect; when interested in conversation talks energetically, and, like his father, is a good deal of a politician, but a great deal less demonstrative. He is a cautious, prudent officer, and an unaffected, worthy citizen.

JOHN W. WILLIS.

Mr. Willis was born in ST. PAUL in 1854 and educated in the schools of this city. He was Latin instructor in the ST. PAUL High School for two years; studied law with Gilman & Clough; was admitted to the bar in 1879; was a candidate for Attorney General on the Democratic State ticket in 1884; has taken an active part in politics on the Democratic side, speaking in several campaigns, and is constantly building up an increasing practice; has been a member of the School Board, president of the Pioneers of 1860, and married a Miss Forsythe.

THE MAN.

In 1873 Mr. Willis entered the freshman class in the University of Minnesota, and in the next year the sophomore class at Dartmouth, whence, in 1877 he was graduated with the highest honors. Adopting the law as his profession he soon gained a lucrative practice. In 1883 he received the unanimous nomination of the Democratic State Convention for Attorney-General, and as a tribute to his personal popularity his vote ranged several thousands in excess of that of his party, the excess in Ramsey County alone being 2,200. In important litigations, both civil and criminal, Mr. Willis has already become a marked character. In causes bristling with abstruse points and dangerous with technical strategy,—causes in which the veteran practitioner rarely meets the youthful aspirant for forensic renown,—Mr. Willis has gallantly kept afloat “the white plume of Navarre.” He has represented and continues to represent the Northern Pacific Railroad in important litigations involving large interests,

wherein he has successfully advocated the general welfare against bitter local jealousies and combinations. His practice in criminal cases includes the somewhat remarkable one of the State against Sorenson, where, as counsel for the prisoner he reduced a hotly-urged prosecution for murder in the first degree to a conviction only for manslaughter in the second degree, and maintained it in the Supreme Court against strong opposition; and the recent case, still remembered by the public at large, the State against Hanley, tried in Minneapolis on a change of venue, wherein he led the prosecution—a trial which resulted in the first verdict of conviction for murder in the first degree ever obtained in Hennepin County.

Controlled by classic tastes, a lover of classic models, a proficient in the art of eloquence, John Willey Willis bids fair to be to Minnesota what Wendell Phillips was to Massachusetts, and, with the mantle, to deserve, too, the title of him of "the silver tongue."

He is a tall, well-proportioned young man, dignified in his bearing and a gentleman of unexceptionable habits, one destined to occupy a prominent place in the history of our State.

A RETROSPECT.

The year 1854 began to open up a new impulse to the young and throbbing heart of ST. PAUL. The city had become incorporated this year; four daily newspapers had been ushered into existence and were constantly setting forth in glowing colors the great advantages the city and the Territory possessed for emigrants, and people from all parts of the world began to land at our levee. The little cluster of houses grew wonderfully fast; new streets were opened; new hotels erected; new enterprises inaugurated; new blood infused in the community; Capitol building completed; first Mayor elected; first railroad excursion; first police force organized; first Board of Trade; first hook and ladder company formed; new cemetery bought; population 4,000; city valuation \$1,300,000. Everybody was busy and real estate began that terrible boom which ended in the disastrous collapse of 1857. This year M. N. Kellogg built his residence on Sixth street, in what was then known as a swamp, and there was no building above the City Hall, or above the resi-

dence of Mr. Neill on Fourth street, afterwards owned by J. W. Bond, except a small house occupied by Mr. Ireland, in all that section of the city now worth millions of dollars and to-day thickly populated.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A Chicago man died and found his wife waiting for him on the other shore.

"Why, John," said she, "I thought you would come sooner. What on earth delayed you so long?"

"Oh, that confounded bridge was open again."

Just so with the writer—when he tries to get ahead into other years he finds the door of memory open and hundreds of events tripping in before him over the bridge of the past, which demand attention, and so perforce of habit he lingers until the draw closes, while his readers, a good way ahead of him, are waiting for his coming.

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."

Tom Hood, the Irish poet of the heart, says :

"I remember, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

"I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky ;
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy."

Who cannot remember, when young, the log cabin in the West of early days, with "the fir trees reaching to the skies" and the feeling that came over him of some grand event to transpire in the future of his life, of which, however, he had no definite idea? And then after years of labor and trouble in the

great world of strife, how the heart wanders back to the simple old homestead, and amid his crushed hopes and baffled schemes, the old settler gazes on the scenes of his early childhood, sees the tall trees again, the rock, the stream, scans the "little window where the sun came peeping in at morn," and exclaims—"I'm farther off from Heaven than when I was a boy." His innocent early days; his playmates; his parents; the happy hours of years long gone; the clinging memory of childhood, all come back to him, and catching a glimpse of "the old house where he was born," he regrets to think that before added cares and woes and sorrows and sins came to him he could not have passed away into that unseen and better land where the weary are at rest, and yet he remembers, oh! how he remembers.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

Born in Ireland in 1847; came to America in 1846; located at ST. PAUL in 1854; learned the tinner's trade with Joe Horn; appointed torch-bearer in the fire department in 1863; went to Kansas in 1864; returned to ST. PAUL in 1868; served as assistant chief engineer one year; in 1880 was elected foreman of hose company No. 3, which position he held for many years. Mr. Churchill is an active man, and takes great interest in the fire department with which he has been connected many years. Married Miss Ellen O'Leary in 1877.

JAMES THOMAS.

Born in Ireland in 1823; came to America in 1852; located in ST. PAUL in 1854; bought a farm twelve miles out from the city, cost \$200, worth now 7,000; resided at Mendota seven years; was justice of the peace for that time; removed to Austin and from thence to Minneapolis, where he kept a hotel. He is a quick, active man, and is noted for the expression—"Oh! if I had but just taken that chance! What a pity!"

WILLIAM THOMAS,

Son of the above, was born in Ireland in 1844; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; has been a locomotive engineer for many years, and is the oldest engineer now running on the ST. PAUL & Duluth road. He ran the locomotive William L. Banning ten

years. There are five engineers in the family, and William pulls down the scale at 235 pounds and stands six feet and one inch in his stockings. His brother Joe is one of the oldest engineers on the St. Louis & Minneapolis road, but William is a "buster," a real genuine specimen of the prolific soil of "auld Ireland."

PATRICK FALLIHEE.

A native of Ireland Mr. Fallihee came to ST. PAUL in 1854; pre-empted a claim at Kaposia in 1855, which he held at the imminent peril of his life, and which he finally sold and invested his money in land in Washington County; bought some lots and built on them at Columbus; returned to ST. PAUL and opened a shoe store on Robert street, where he remained until just before the breaking out of the war; removed to Stillwater and enlisted in Company B, First Minnesota Regiment, and in the many battles in which this regiment was engaged—I think some twenty-two—he never missed one, from Bull Run to Gettysburg, although once he came very near being taken prisoner. Only thirty-six of his company entered the famous battle of Gettysburg, and out of six unharmed in that engagement he was one of them. Returning home with his regiment he removed to Wright County, where he remained in mercantile pursuits for about fourteen years, when he removed to ST. PAUL to spend his remaining years free from care, in the quiet of a pleasant home. During his absence in the army his intelligent and excellent wife supported her two boys and herself by teaching school. Mr. Fallihee is greatly respected by those who know him. He is a man of a few words, honest, lenient, generous, kind, brave, manly.

NARCISSE MICHAUD.

Mr. Michaud was born in Canada in 1840; acquired a collegiate education and came to ST. PAUL in 1854; removed to Canada and remained there until 1878, when he returned and entered into the grocery business with his brother, and by fair dealing and gentlemanly treatment built up a large trade. Narcisse now carries on a grocery store in the market building. He is a polite, obliging, pleasant gentleman, never idle but always busy advancing the interests of his customers.

AUGUST RÆDLER.

Born in Germany in 1832; came to New York in 1850; resided two years in the city and two at Rochester; located in ST. PAUL in 1854; entered the employ of Bailey & Primrose, furniture dealers; became one of the firm of Bailey & Co. in 1863, and in 1879 Bailey withdrawing Mr. Rædler took the business into his own hands and has carried it on ever since. Married in 1858 to Miss M. Smith of ST. PAUL. Mr. R. is a steady, cautious, industrious, careful man, and has built up a large trade.

“BACKWARD, FLOW BACKWARD.”

“Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears—
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
 Take them and give me my childhood again!
 I have grown weary of dust and decay—
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
 Weary of sowing for others to reap—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!”

In my PEN PICTURES of the early settlers I am not unmindful of the fact, that among those who came here in the vigor and beauty of years, were our mothers, our sisters, our wives, our sweet-hearts, and some of them after a period of excessive toil and of labor, looking back upon the past and seeing but little to reward them for their pioneer hardships, long for the days of their childhood, and pine for scenes which will never come again. All their bright hopes of early youth have been dashed to the earth; all their gay dreams of wealth have passed away as the morning dews, and still they live and are toiling on to the end. No wonder they think of mothers, of homes, of childhoods, of the pleasant pleasures incident to youth, and in moments of almost despair murmur:

“Weary of sowing for others to reap,”
 Wishing mothers would rock them to sleep.

Oh, how many heart-burns, how many sad, weary hours the young wives of pioneer days have endured, waiting, hoping, wishing, praying, pleading for the better times which never come, and yet through those long years of constant waiting, so hopeful and so patient! Aye, in agony they cry out:

“Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
 Yet, with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again.
 Come from the silence so long and so deep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!”

JAMES NUGENT.

Born in Philadelphia in 1846 Mr. Nugent came to ST. PAUL in 1854; served several years in the fire department; was the first driver of engine No. 2; was appointed on the police force in 1872, and has remained there ever since. While in pursuit of a burglar he fell into an excavation in a private alley, and so injured his arm that it had to be amputated. He now occupies a responsible position on the police force at the City Hall. Mr. Nugent is a fine-looking man and a splendid officer, and is very generally esteemed by his cotemporaries on the police force. Had the alley in which he met his accident been a public highway he would have secured several thousand dollars damages, as it was not he received but a moiety of what he should. He is a steady, sober, industrious man. He married Miss Julia Gorman, who has had eight children, six of whom are living.

J. G. C. RANK.

Mr. Rank was born in Germany in 1832, and received his educational advantages in that country; dealt in stock with his father; came to America in 1852, locating at New York; removed to ST. PAUL in 1854; surveyed lumber for Thomas Yardley; opened a seed store; became a resident of Minneapolis, where he manufactured brick; moved to Greenleaf and engaged in mercantile trade; held the offices of justice of the peace, Town Clerk and Assessor; returned to ST. PAUL; engaged in the liquor business; is the inventor of the broad-cast seeder; and finally became the landlord of the Farmers' hotel, in WEST ST. PAUL. I do not know Mr. Rank personally, but he is what miners would call “a rustler,”—a man of original ideas and much force of character.

JOHN E. NEWELL.

Born in Ireland in 1847; came to America in 1848; lived in New York, Rhode Island, Wisconsin and Chicago three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; in 1864 began learning the tinner's trade; completed it and worked at it until 1878, when he was appointed on the police force and has been there ever since, an efficient officer and a good citizen. Mr. Newell married a Miss Mary Dunn of Dakota County.

WILLIAM GIES—OFFICES.

Mr. Gies was born in Germany in 1824; educated in the old country; came to America in 1851; worked at his trade as a baker in New York city; went to Detroit; was employed by an uncle in the grocery business; arrived at ST. PAUL in 1854 and engaged for George Spence, the first baker in the city, who was a Scotchman and who came here in 1850. Mr. Spence kept a bakery first on Eagle street; then removed to the Seven Corners, and here is where Mr. Gies went into partnership with him. After Campbell of Galena sold the corner lot to Moore, Spencer & Gies moved to Third street, a few doors from the corner. Who does not remember that little old bakery of over a quarter of a century ago, with its pies and candies and doughnuts? Then the firm bought a lot on Fourth street, nearly adjoining the present Winslow House, once known as Gruber's hotel, and here in 1856 they built a three-story brick building and moved the Eagle bakery into it. The firm continued up to 1857 when Spence removed to St. Anthony and Gies continued the business up to 1867, and then in connection with the Eagle bakery he started a steam bakery at the foot of Robert street and took in Charles Passavant as partner. In 1868 Mr. Gies went to Europe to visit his father, the firm giving up the Eagle and carrying on the steam bakery, and represented ST. PAUL as one of the sharp-shooters, and he says the shooting feast was one of the grandest things he ever witnessed, the dining-hall where the crowd assembled seating 6,000 persons, and dinner was announced by a call of the bugle; started for home in 1868, and soon after arriving was obliged to give up his steam bakery and went back to that on Fourth street.

Mr. Gies was Alderman in 1866 from the Third ward to fill out an unexpired term ; was a member of the School Board for three years and a half ; was an active fireman for eight years and belongs now to the Exempt Firemen's Department. He is an old resident ; a man of medium height ; quiet in his manner and has seen much trouble and many changes. He is the father of six children—one boy and five girls, and is at present engaged in the real estate commission business.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

The early settlers of this city were mostly French Canadians, but for some cause or another they began gradually to drop out in the years 1853-'54 and the German element began to drop in, so that to-day we see comparatively but few Frenchmen to offset a large German population. This element inaugurated its migration to ST. PAUL about the years 1853-4-5, and numbers now probably more than one-third of our present population, and a very valuable acquisition it is, composing at present some of our most solid citizens. The Frenchman is quick, vivacious, nervous, anxious to rush matters, while the German is slow, careful, prudent, economical, saving, so that the one race has come to the front while the other has scattered and dropped in the rear. The Swiss-French of early days who settled in this city, were a worthy class of people and I commend them in the highest degree, but the sunny climate of France would not permit them to endure the more rigorous climate of the Northwest, and hence our State is rapidly filling up with a more hardy people—Germans, Swedes, Scandinavians and Norwegians.

EDWARD A. BOYD

Was born in Maine in 1816 ; educated at the common schools ; subsequently attended the academy of Bishop Hopkin in Vermont ; began the practice of medicine in Andover, Me., in 1843, or forty-two years ago, and received his diploma from the Homeopathic State Institute ; came to ST. PAUL in 1854, and is now the oldest homeopathic physician in the city. At one time Dr. Boyd was the Worthy Chief Templar of the grand lodge of Good Templars, and he was once Justice of the Peace for Ramsey County. Married Miss Sarah B. Farrington of Andover, Me., who has had eleven children, seven boys living.

Dr. Boyd lived in Little Canada at one time but is now a resident of this city. He is a patriarchal-looking man, with gray hair, gray whiskers, always cheerful and hopeful, and bears with grace and dignity the honor of being the oldest homeopathic physician now living in this city or State. In early days he purchased 100 acres at Little Canada and held them for over a quarter of a century, when he sold them last year and is now investing in ST. PAUL. He is a hale, genial, pleasant gentleman.

I. C. GEORGE.

All the old-timers will remember Capt. I. C. George, for he was a man of fine social qualities and the first railroad ticket agent in the city or in the State, and kept his office under the Winslow House, Seven Corners. Billy Snell, Ward, Rich, King and others of his associates all come up before me in vivid array. Snell was a small man and ran the bar for the Winslow House. Ward was also a small man and was clerk for Deuel, the landlord, and subsequently married one of his daughters. Rich was a handsome man, in the furniture business, and King, a regular harum-skarum fellow, in the carpet trade. Altogether they were a jolly crew; I do not mean boisterous from liquor, but from the natural overflow of good nature. George, Rich, Snell and Ward are dead. King, I believe, is in the South. Two of Mr. Deuel's daughters are also dead.

Capt. George was born in New York in 1815, and left an orphan at the age of eleven years; married in 1839; came to ST. PAUL for his health in 1853, and to reside here permanently in 1854; opened a railroad office already mentioned, and continued in the business up to 1867, when his health failing he was obliged to abandon his office, and died in June 1872, aged 57 years. In early days he purchased a lot then away out of the city on the Fort road, and here his wife opened the

FIRST DRESS-MAKING ESTABLISHMENT

In ST. PAUL and has continued it from that day to this. During the war the Captain had a flag flying from the top of his house, and when the Union soldiers won a battle he unfurled it to the breeze right side up, but when they lost he turned the stars and stripes upside down and moaned over the result, for he was a

great Union man. He was a somewhat tall, slender person, deliberate in his movements and social and pleasant in his ways. During his sickness it is said he coughed up a pin from his lungs, but that did not save him from that dread destroyer consumption, and he died shortly afterwards.

JEREMIAH M'CARTHY,

Or better known as "Jerry" McCarthy, is a character, a sort of original genius in his way of viewing the world. He is a short, well-developed man, with a florid complexion, quick as lightning in thought and in action; bold, pushing, daring; a sort of—"Come on, boys; I'll lead!" full of wheels; social to a marked degree; running over with dry humor, and impressed with the belief that "the end justifies the means;" an earnest, active (has been) Democrat; a knock-down and drag-out politician, believing in the Jacksonian doctrine; a forty-horse steam engine, plowing, pushing, pulling, driving, always on the go, but forgetting that the human system like everything else in the material world, can be injured by too much use.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Mr. McCarthy was born in Ireland in 1833 within two miles of the Lakes of Killarney; received but little education; when a boy he herded cows in his native land, his parents dying when he was seven years old; emigrated to America in 1852; soon after coming here he carried water for a living in the cars in Indiana; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; made a claim on the Fort Snelling reservation; subsequently worked in Dawson's stone quarry in WEST ST. PAUL; was Deputy Sheriff of Dakota County; married Miss Mary Finerty in 1860; ran a grocery store in WEST ST. PAUL in 1860; also in 1868-9 to 1872; moved to Farmington in 1875 and prosecuted farming; returned to WEST ST. PAUL and continued his store up to 1882, when he sold out to his son; he was a member of the Legislature from Dakota County three terms; was one of the first Aldermen from the Sixth ward, and continued such eight years. He opened a farm near Morris, in this State, in 1877, and put under cultivation 1,100 acres, while at the same time he took contracts for ST. PAUL streets and sewer work; laid Third street to Sibley; built

the Stillwater Railroad; also the Chicago & ST. PAUL from Hastings to Red Wing; Milwaukee road from WEST ST. PAUL to Mendota, around Fort Snelling; in 1882 constructed the Little Falls road from Morris to Skandaville, Stevens County; has two children, a boy and a girl. The junior McCarthy is a fine, pleasant-looking man, with a great future before him if he embraces opportunities. "Jerry" McCarthy, his father, was one of seven brothers and three sisters, and is a self-made man and has been a man of much force of character and unbending energy. He died since this was written, in ST. PAUL, September, 1885, aged forty-nine years.

GEORGE SCOTTEN—THE MAN HIMSELF.

Mr. Scotten was born in England in 1808; educated in the old country; emigrated to America in 1837; learned the trade of a book-binder, and at one time published a Democratic newspaper in Ontario County, New York; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; clerked for Starkey & Pettys; was a notary public and dealt somewhat in real estate; in 1860 opened a brewery for the manufacture of ale, at the foot of Dayton's bluff, and the firm was Drewry & Scotten; ran it four years, when he sold out and purchased in 1879 four acres on the Hastings road, one mile and a half from the Merchants hotel, for \$40 per acre; worth now \$20,000. Upon part of this land he started a nursery and has it largely in grapes.

Mr. Scotten is a short, somewhat chunky man, very energetic in his movements and is upright in all his dealings. He has a large head, and is noted even now in his advanced age for his quick step. I had not met him for ten years, when I found him at the age of seventy-seven in his garden, cultivating his fruits as active and as vigorous as a man of fifty.

GEORGE MITSCH.

Mr. Mitsch was born in Germany in 1825; emigrated to America in 1846, landing at New York, where he remained three months; then moved to Chicago and worked at his trade, that of a blacksmith, for three years; went into business for himself in 1849; married that year; caught the gold fever and went to California in 1850, taking the overland route and being

one hundred and sixteen days on the trip; found plenty of gold, "but the d—— was to get it;" mined for a while; went to Sacramento, where he worked for five dollars per day and his board; couldn't stand the pressure; again went to the mines; borrowed six dollars to get back to Sacramento, where he again worked at his trade; returned to Chicago in 1852 and came to ST. PAUL in 1853, where he purchased some property; went back to get his wife and came here to reside permanently in 1854; opened a blacksmith and wagon shop on Seventh street (there wasn't any street there then,) and he has remained at this place ever since, now some thirty-two years.

REAL ESTATE—OFFICES—PERSONAL.

He purchased a lot on Seventh street in 1854, cost \$300; worth \$30,000; that corner of St. Peter and Seventh in 1855, cost \$800; worth \$25,000; the triangular corner of Washington and Seventh in 1864, cost \$1,400; worth \$22,000; a lot on Rosabel street, between Sixth and Seventh, cost \$400; worth \$20,000; a lot on Third street cost \$1,200; sold for \$20,000; worth \$30,000; one on St. Peter street cost \$2,000; worth \$20,000; his home on Pleasant avenue, worth \$20,000.

Mr. Mitsch was a member of the Legislature in 1859; was a member of the City Council in 1866 for three years; was a member of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1872; in 1875 started the Catholic Aid Society, and has been president of it from its first organization to the present time, and it has increased from one society to thirty-two. Mr. Mitsch is especially proud of this association, and well he may be, for it is a very meritorious institution. In 1871 he was connected with Mr. Dries in the drug business; in 1883 was elected County Commissioner, which position he still holds. His family consists of one boy and four girls.

Mr. Mitsch is a short, thick-set man; has been very industrious all his life; prudent, conservative; a common-sense and valuable citizen, while at the same time he is gentlemanly and pleasant, yet when necessary determined and solid.

GEORGE J. MITSCH

Was born in ST. PAUL in 1854; educated at the German Catholic school, the Cathedral, and also St. John's College;

entered a drug store in 1869, owned by his father; attended the Pharmacy College at Philadelphia and graduated in 1876; returned to ST. PAUL and again became a clerk in the drug store of his father, and finally started in business for himself on the corner of St. Peter and Seventh streets. In 1884 he ran for Sheriff but failed of an election, and is now in business where he first started for himself. Mr. Mitsch is a fine specimen of a physical man and a gentleman who has many friends, social, pleasant and unostentatious.

M. C. TUTTLE.

Mr. Tuttle is a man of ordinary size, hair turning a little gray, and yet his step is as elastic as that of a person of thirty years. He has a pleasant word for his acquaintances and has lived here so long that he is a part of the history of the city. For many years he engaged taking shadows, and now in turn he himself is taken in PEN PICTURES, to be perpetuated in history. He is very social in his ways, always cheery, hopeful, somewhat cautious and yet venturesome enough when he thinks he sees his way clear. He was among the first daguerreotypists in the city and finally merged into photography. He was born in Maine in 1830, educated there and learned the trade of a daguerrean artist; removed to St. Anthony in 1853 and in 1854 came to ST. PAUL, and in 1861 bought out C. T. Whitney's gallery and carried on the business for a good many years. He early joined the Pioneer Guards and was in the celebrated Wright County war when Col. Prince did the commanding and Col. Crooks did the prompting and the troops did the fighting—over the camp-fire with stolen chickens and pigs—and Mississippi water! Tuttle says the pigs didn't squeal, nor did any of the boys. Some of the soldiers were wounded in the neck and were brought home in ambulances because they were sun-struck! After his experience in this war he helped raise Company D, Second Regiment, and was elected First Lieutenant. The fatigues of the first war so shattered his health that he could only serve two years in the Union army, and then resigned, returning to ST. PAUL where he engaged in the photographic business and continued ten years. For some time past he has been dealing in real estate. Like many other old settlers Mr. Tuttle

has begun to realize that the fundamental basis of all success in this utilitarian age is money, and so he is reaching out to see if he can't get some of the plums by buying and selling a little of mother earth.

FRED LUHRSEN.

Mr. Luhrsen was born in Germany in 1821; emigrated to Chicago in 1849; made the first piano in the State of Illinois; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; opened a music store; then engaged in the furniture business on Third street, where he was burned out; then opened what was known as the Elevator saloon, corner of Third and St. Peter streets; kept it a few years; sold out and has now retired from business. I remember Mr. L. as a good-sized man, quiet in his ways, industrious but undemonstrative—always busy, a pleasant gentleman.

W. F. DIETER.

Mr. D. was born in Germany in 1828; emigrated to New York city in 1848; went to Philadelphia and engaged in the shoe business up to 1854, when that year he came to ST. PAUL and worked as a journeyman for two years and then formed a partnership with the late J. Geib; dissolved partnership in three years and removed to Third street, where he remained six years. Soon after, in the year 1872, he retired from business, and at the end of four years again engaged in trade and has continued up to the present time. He is a small man, of pleasant address, rather quiet in his manner and a good substantial citizen.

JOHN P. FOSTER.

Mr. Foster was born in Germany in 1816 and educated there; learned the trade of a carpenter; emigrated to Chicago in 1849, and came to ST. PAUL in 1854; carried on business here for many years, doing the wood-work for the German Catholic Church, building the tower on St. Anthony Hill, and also the railing around the St. Joseph Hospital. He was extensively engaged in contracting and building, and was an upright, industrious man.

STEPHEN P. FOSTER,

His son, is a young man of medium size, a little deaf, and yet a pleasant, amiable gentleman. He was born in Germany in

1848; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; educated here; formerly lived with Hon. H. M. Rice; at one time ran the billiard hall on Jackson street, but has been employed more or less as barkeeper. He is social in his nature, good-hearted, industrious and a pleasant citizen.

J. S. SEWALL—PERSONAL.

Mr. Sewall was born in Boston in 1827; received a high school education; studied engineering, and was assistant engineer on the St. Andrew and Quebec Railroad in 1849-'50; assistant engineer on the Rock River Valley Railroad, from 1850 to 1852, now the Chicago and Northwestern; resident engineer of Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad in 1852-3; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; was engineer of the Wabasha bridge from 1857 to 1859; engineer of the ST. PAUL, Stillwater and Taylor's Fall Railroad in 1871; engineer of the Fort Snelling bridge in 1878-9; City Engineer from 1876 to 1881; engineer for the ST. PAUL Warehouse and Elevator Company in building elevators A and B from 1874 to 1879.

Mr. Sewall is the concentration of individualization, being somewhat of a marked and by some might be deemed an eccentric character in his looks, his speech and in his movements, and yet in his profession he is a man of ability. He is quiet, unostentatious and unpretending and moves over the sidewalk with long strides and a straight forward motion; always minding his own business.

ADAM DECKER.

Mr. Decker was born in Germany in 1831, educated in the old country and emigrated to America in 1850, landing in Ohio, where he remained only a short time and moved to Pittsburg, Pa. He learned the trade of a tinner at Marietta, O., came to ST. PAUL in 1854, worked for Mayo & Clark one year, and for H. E. Baker four years. In 1859 he went into business for himself in a building on Third street; was burnt out in 1860 and then moved to Jackson street above Fourth, and in 1868 he built his present building where he has remained seventeen years. He carried on the tin trade for some time when he added hardware, in which business he is now engaged. In 1856 he bought property on Third street where the old *Dispatch* office now stands,

for \$100 per foot, worth at present near \$1,000 per foot. His present property on Jackson street cost him \$100 per foot, worth to-day \$700 per foot. Mr. Decker is a medium-sized man with strongly marked features; very quiet in his ways yet a man of great prudence and industry, and who has built himself up from humble beginnings to his present comfortable position. He is one of the staunch, steady, sagacious, careful, sound firms of the city, and as a man he is quiet, pleasant, plain, unobtrusive and very much respected.

J. P. POND—A MILITARY MAN.

Maj. Pond is a medium-sized gentleman with flowing beard, and in his movements he is as quick as lightning. He can turn a corner so rapidly that he finds himself ahead of his shadow, and that is executing a movement much better than most men can do. He is straight, with a military air, and when he and Col. Crooks lock arms and walk down the street together, then look out for the tread of armies. He is an old settler and is as well known as any old settler can be. Was born in Vermont about 1822; educated there and also in Troy, N. Y.; was clerk in a drug store for three years; was in a hardware establishment three more; removed to New York, and from thence went to Detroit, where he opened a store consisting of paints, oils, etc.; returned to New York city and again entered the hardware business, where he remained two years; then formed a partnership with Halstead & Dash, and continued ten years; spent a short time in business in Buffalo, and from thence went to Cincinnati in 1851; commenced business under the firm name of Young, Nurse & Pond, and in 1854 sold out and came to ST. PAUL; connected himself with J. L. Farwell & Co.; purchased their interest in 1858 and disposed of the business in 1860; spent a year in New Orleans, and on his return entered the Adjutant General's office where he remained two years, performing nearly all the duties of the office; then was with C. D. Strong in the hardware business in 1866; in 1868 formed a partnership with C. E. Mayo & Co.; sold out in 1874, and since then has been engaged in various businesses, such as real estate, rail-roading, etc. He was one of the incorporators of the Mercantile Library Association, was the president of the same, is and has been a director,

and has been one of the strongest supporters of this institution. He married his second wife, a lovely woman, Miss Stultz, in 1878, who died in 1883.

Maj. Pond belonged to the Fourth Regiment of New York city and was with that regiment at the time of the Astor Place riot. He was also in the line of procession at the funeral of John Quincy Adams, and earned his title as Major of the regiment by his military duty. He is a pleasant, social and polite gentleman, quick in thought as well as in action, and has rode life's waves bravely.

GEORGE A. NASH.

Mr. Nash was born in New York State in 1829; educated there; clerked for Saunder Crane four years; with George Benham two years; was in a drug store seven years, and came to ST. PAUL in 1854; entered the employ of Mr. Hickox, who kept a drug store on the corner of Third and Cedar streets; then removed to St. Anthony and purchased the drug store of H. P. Sweet; was there until 1855; bought forty acres where Minneapolis stands for \$1,500; worth now \$500,000; built a farmhouse and barn on it, and for a time worked his farm; traded ten lots for a top-buggy; same lots worth \$25,000; made a claim near where Hon. E. M. Wilson's house now is, in Minneapolis, of eighty acres; sold his pre-emption right for \$1,200; property worth \$2,000,000; was at Minneapolis when there were but two houses; also when the government order came throwing the land upon which Minneapolis is situated, open to settlement; traded his forty-acre farm for a house in St. Anthony; on the breaking out of the war took an active part in raising troops; tried to enter the army; was prevented by a lame leg; went with his brother in 1864 with the Sixth Regiment as assistant sutler; after the war he traveled for a wholesale drug house two years; opened a livery stable in ST. PAUL; sold out and was appointed general agent of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, and continued agent eight years; became the general agent of the *Ætna*; was in business with E. G. Hodgson; took the agency for the Northwest of the Union Mutual of Maine, which he now holds. He purchased a lot on Dayton avenue in 1880, for which he paid \$6,250; sold for \$10,000; worth \$18,000;

bought the corner on Third street and Pleasant avenue for \$4,500 ; worth \$18,000, and upon this ground he has erected a block of dwellings which cost him \$26,000.

A GREAT LOVER OF HORSES—PERSONALLY.

George Nash knows a good horse when he sees him, and this knowledge has enabled him to purchase animals for \$300 and sell for \$1,500, and thus he has made considerable money in this specialty. He is a great lover of the horse and has a sort of intuitive conception of his good points.

He is a wiry man of great energy of character, at one time the possessor of black hair and black beard, now a little gray. He walks and talks and acts promptly, decidedly, and is never idle—always on the go. Whatever he does he does according to Scripture, with all his might. He is positive in his expressions, rapid in his movements, and is as good a judge of horse-flesh as any man in the Northwest.

D. C. PRICE—AS HE IS.

Dr. Price, dentist, was born in New York in 1830 ; educated there and studied dentistry ; removed to St. Louis in 1851 ; opened an office and practiced his profession ; married in 1853 ; remained in St. Louis nearly four years and came to ST. PAUL in 1854 ; took dentistry rooms over Combs' book store in upper town, Third street ; moved to the old Rice red brick house, which used to stand on the corner of Third and Washington streets where the Metropolitan now is, and here he remained eight years ; then occupied rooms over the United States Express office, corner of Third and Cedar streets, and finally removed to his present quarters on Third street, above Bridge Square, where he has remained some fifteen years. He is the oldest dentist in the city, and was the first president of the first dental association in the State.

Dr. Price is a fine-looking man, well-proportioned physically and walks very erect, much like a man bred in a military school. He is dignified in his bearing, yet courteous, and though not mingling much with the people yet he is a gentleman of fine feelings and cultivated tastes. He has been in the dentistry business thirty-four years, and during five years of that time he

did not lose ten days from his office. Very few men have been more devoted to their profession than Dr. Price, and though he has turned the corner of fifty yet he is a young-looking man, and with his profession and his lovely family about him, he gets as much happiness out of this world and glides as quietly through it, as most men I meet.

JOHN WAGNER.

Mr. Wagner was born in Germany in 1836; emigrated to America in 1852 and remained in Illinois two years, when, in 1854 he came to ST. PAUL and his first work was to mow hay on the road to Fort Snelling. His next move was to buy a blind horse and an old dray and go into the express business, and in this he made from \$10 to \$15 per day. He was with Henry Timme three years, but in 1857 started the California saloon and continued this up to 1859, when he went into the ice business and remained in that up to 1874; opened a store on Robert street, but is now dealing largely in coal and wood. Mr. Wagner is a well-moulded, compact man, of medium size, always pleasant and agreeable, and is a solid citizen. As a specimen of his financial genius he says he had only \$70 to buy the blind horse with, and borrowed \$4 to make up the amount, and after using the animal some time sold it for \$100. Mr. Wagner is a good citizen and a solid man.

N. P. INGALLS.

A tall, fine-looking man was Mr. Ingalls of thirty years ago, with black hair and black whiskers, and he is a good-looking man now, only he is considerably gray, with a step less elastic and an eye less bright. He was always a quiet man, and moved in his especial line of business without a ruffle. He was born in New Hampshire in 1822, where he was educated and received a musical training; taught music in Concord for some time; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; was engaged in teaching music up to 1861, when he entered the army as the leader of the First Regiment Band. Of late years he has been a tuner of pianos, in which business he is now engaged.

GEORGE FETSCH.

Mr. Fetsch was born in Germany about 1837; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; engaged in the retail cigar business in this city

for fifteen years, part of the time in the wholesale trade. He commenced quite young and worked very energetically and faithfully until his health failed him, when he removed to Forest Lake, where he died in 1884. He entered the business when a mere boy, and his great efforts to build up a trade brought on a peculiar nervous disease, no doubt largely superinduced by an affection of the heart, and this terminated fatally. He was a small, active, busy, industrious man, and he and his brother worked up a trade from the manufacture of a few cigars which now give the house the pre-eminent lead in its particular line. Mr. Fetsch though positive and impulsive was a good man. Adam Fetsch, his brother, still carries on the cigar business in this city.

FEET NOT EMPTY.

Some people who come west have no more brains than the law allows. One of these so-called professors greeted his scholars as follows:

"If I should stand on my head," said he, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser—"if I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, doesn't it?"

No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet why don't the blood all rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's brother, "because your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, but Flipkins said he couldn't see any joke. It is needless for me to state that the professor was an old-timer.

TIMOTHY DELANEY.

Close to thirty years ago a quick-witted, prompt, bustling Irishman with the above name, entered the printing office of the writer and took charge of the running of his press. He proved a great worker and a valuable man, and his fidelity to his employer's interest never flagged, so that I came to treat him with unbounded confidence. This person was Timothy Delaney, and during the many years he was in my employ I always found him an honest, worthy, industrious man. He was born in Ireland in

1837; educated at the common schools; emigrated to America and landed at New York in 1851; resided in New Jersey three years and took care of a farm; was connected with the fire department at Paterson, N. J.; came to Minnesota in 1854, and in 1855 was in the employ of the government at Fort Snelling; moved to Galena the same year and worked in the office of the *Gazette*; returned to ST. PAUL in 1856 and entered the employ of T. M. Newson, as pressman on the old *Daily Times*, and continued there up to 1860, at the period the paper was leased to William R. Marshall and became the *Press*; then was appointed jailor and turnkey under Sheriff Robertson; was appointed policeman under Mayor Stewart; became overseer in a branch of the Commissary Department in the army under the writer, where he remained two years and a half; was one of the earliest volunteer firemen; went to Vermillion in 1866; then became a private detective and watchman for the Metropolitan hotel for two years; entered the Fire Department on Christmas Day and after remaining eight years, retired from it on a Christmas Day; was at one time foreman of Hope Engine, No. 3; was for several years in ill-health and did little or nothing, but is now watchman at the central fire department headquarters in this city. Mr. Delaney is a medium-sized man, more moderate and more careful in his movements than he used to be, and yet he hates hypocrisy, meanness and dishonesty. He is a liberal thinker; has been impulsive in early years, but this sprang from his good and generous motives, and when weighed in the balance he will prove to be a good deal more of a man than the world has yet given him credit for, and a good deal more of a man than many who now lay claim to that title.

ALFRED J. HILL.

Mr. Hill was born in England in 1833; received a common school education and learned mechanical engineering; came to ST. PAUL in 1854 and entered the employ of Capt. J. H. Simpson, government engineer, and was in the employ of the government for several years; then engaged his services at the State Capitol; enlisted in Company E, the Sixth Regiment, and served in the Indian campaign in 1862, and as a topographical draughtsman under Col. George Thorn at Washington; rejoined his regi-

ment at Helena, Ark., in the summer of 1864 and served until the close of the war. On his return to ST. PAUL he became connected with the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad Company; was appointed land clerk by Charles McIlrath, State Auditor, and retained his position six years; was clerk in the pension office; was made land clerk and draughtsman when the United States Court appointed a special commission to sell lands in dispute between the Northern Pacific and ST. PAUL & Pacific Railway Companies; was transferred thence into the service of the ST. PAUL, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company, where he remained until 1884. Mr. Hill is a small man, quite quick in his movements, and has great preference for geographical and historical studies, and in the early days of the State government devoted much of his leisure time to the correction and adjustment by legislative enactment of the tangled county boundaries. He also in former years paid some attention to the neglected subject of the archæology of our State, and is a man of much thought and much research.

J. C. PRENDERGAST.

Mr. Prendergast is a somewhat thick-set man, of moderate size, quite cautious in his movements and very careful in his actions. He started out with nothing but his own labor and his will-power, and the firm now does a business of \$200,000 per year. He has been in trade in this city thirty years, and is still the same prudent, careful man of a quarter of a century gone. This is the oldest house of the kind in the city. He was born in Ireland in 1834; emigrated to America in 1847; located at New Haven, Conn.; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; learned the trade of a tinner with H. E. Baker; went into business with Thomas Howard; was chief engineer of the fire department in 1875; was an active fireman for many years; is now exempt; has been a member of the Board of Fire Commissioners since the organization, and is in every respect a valuable, worthy citizen.

HARWOOD IGLEHART—PERSONAL.

Mr. Iglehart was born in Maryland in 1829; graduated at the old St. John's College in 1848; studied law and received his diploma in 1852 at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.;

practiced law at Annapolis, Md.; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; carried on his profession here and dealt in real estate; laid out several additions, built several houses, and Iglehart street is named after him. Mr. Iglehart was an early member of the old Pioneer Guards; was commissioned a Major in the State militia and was on Gen. Sibley's staff; was also member of the Episcopal Convention which elected Bishop Whipple Bishop; was a lay delegate to the general triennial convention of the Episcopal Church which met in the South before the late war. He has always been largely engaged in church matters. He has been a member of the Historical Society since 1861; was president of the Mercantile Library Association; was sub-commissioner for the Mount Vernon Association; was one of the first Board of Trustees for St. Luke's Hospital and treasurer of same; for over twenty-five years has been a Mason and Odd-Fellow. His brother, W. T. Iglehart, who in early days was a lawyer in this city, has been recently appointed postmaster at Annapolis, Md. Mr. Iglehart married Miss Kent in 1866, who has had three sons, two living. Latterly he has not been interested in active business affairs, but still has great faith, as he always has had, in the future growth of ST. PAUL, and is at present operating only in a small way. He believes the two cities will yet come together and combined will have a large population.

Mr. Iglehart is a man of ordinary size, straight, quick; moves energetically and talks as he moves. In early days he did a good deal of business in real estate, and if he could have kept his property at present prices he would have been very rich. His family resides in Maryland, and one son graduated from St. John's College a short time since. He is gentlemanly and courteous in his bearing, kind and considerate, and well known to all the old settlers.

CHARLES N. MACKUBIN.

Born in Maryland; educated there; did business for a time in Illinois; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; invested largely in real estate and engaged in banking here under the firm name of Mackubin & Edgerton, and opened his first bank in the old Winslow House building; then moved to the corner of Third and Franklin streets; built a number of fine buildings, and his transactions

in real estate were quite extensive. He was a bold operator, a member of the Senate in 1860 and died in 1863. I remember Mr. Mackubin as a gentleman with a fine face, indicating good blood, and a man who always wore gold spectacles. He was quiet in his manner, yet an able business gentleman, and one of St. PAUL's early stirring business men.

JOHN ADDISON BERKEY—PERSONAL.

Mr. Berkey is a native of St. PAUL, born in 1854, his parents having come here in 1853. He was a pupil at our public schools and finished his education at the Polytechnical Institute, Troy, N. Y. When quite young Mr. Berkey entered into partnership with Charles R. Groff in the sale of baking-powders, teas, spices, coffees, etc., etc., and then ran the establishment alone for a year or so, when he took in a partner by the name of Talmadge, and the firm now continue the business.

He is a young man of excellent business qualities, and is a steady, industrious, worthy citizen. He married Miss Minnie De Graff in 1877, a lady of fine personal appearance, and is himself a pleasant and agreeable gentleman.

WILLIAM A. VAN SLYKE—PARKS.

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever,” and the man who can produce this result ought to be perpetuated in bronze or marble in one of our parks, so that all classes can gaze upon the placid features of the benefactor whose artistic genius has made nature blush in her efforts to compete with the superior attainments and handiwork of man. He who makes two blades of grass grow where there was but one, is deserving of the highest public commendation, and he who goes farther than this and makes roses bloom and flowers shed their fragrance on the air, and God's grand sentinels, the trees, to spread their brawny arms and shield the wayfarer from the piercing rays of the noon-day sun, has accomplished a feat grander and more lasting than the hero on the battle field or the politician in the forum of the Senate. Take away the grass, the trees, the flowers, the birds, the sparkling water, the quiet nooks and dells in the household of nature, and man's heart becomes seared, and blackened and dwarfed and narrow. He lives, he struggles for one end—money. His

brain revolves to one point only—business. He dies for no other purpose than—to economize. But give him nature in all her elegant appointments; give him the balmy air, the rippling streams, the carol of the songsters, the ravine, the mountain, the forest, the diadem of the prairie, with its variegated colors, the green, velvet lawn, and the thoughts of the Creator as they assume form in the bursting petal of the rose, or the purity of the calla-lily, or the clinging affection of the creeping vine, and he broadens out into the sublimest elements of manhood and ripens for that ultimate end, the perfection of a better life.

“Amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free.”

Free from the corroding elements of life—free from the burning, insatiate desire for gold—free from the corrupting influences of society. Standing under the blue canopy of God, with its all-elegant surroundings, man expands in his soul-power, he broadens in his mentality; his aspirations are higher, grander, purer; he is more charitable, more genial, kinder, nobler, better. And so he who educates the people to a proper appreciation of nature, and whose untiring efforts to this end have produced most salutary results, deserves to be remembered, for he is a part of and lives in the hearts of the masses. A marble shaft, pure and symmetrical, should stand where it can be seen of all men, upon which should be inscribed:

“WILLIAM A. VAN SLYKE,

“The Friend of Nature and the Friend of the People.”

That which impresses me most earnestly, is the apparent reserve artistic power of Mr. Van Slyke. I admire his tastes, his genius, his overpowering personality in his arrangement of our parks, but his possibilities are greater than his acts, and hence the real strength of the man can only be brought out in a wider field of usefulness, and I trust that may be found in the adornment of our great park on the shores of Lake Como.

One knowing Mr. Van Slyke and his career of life, is surprised at his peculiar talents. Tall, modest, unassuming, kind-hearted, philanthropic, benevolent, he is one of the most public-spirited men.

in our city, and every celebration is unfinished without his hand. He is the originator of our electric light shafts, obtained at considerable cost, and for which he is still financially largely responsible; he was the moving spirit in our beautiful arches—he is, *per se*, the man above all other men who has transformed our dirty, sombre, dark, forbidding parks into gems of loveliness—is always collecting money for charitable objects; is never idle in acts of benevolence; and still, with all these burdens upon his back he trudges on in the daily routine of business life.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN, ETC.

Mr. Van Slyke was born in the State of New York in 1838; educated there; clerked in a dry-goods and grocery store in Cooperstown, N. Y.; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; entered the employ of William Cooley and continued with him up to 1856, when he commenced business for himself; was a Lieutenant in the old Pioneer Guards; on the breaking out of the war raised Company G, of the Fifth Minnesota, and became its Lieutenant; served two years; was discharged from the army in consequence of sickness, and continued ill for a year and a half; then entered the grain and commission business, his store being in various parts of the city in lower town, until he moved to Sibley street, his present quarters, where he has been for twelve years.

THAT OLD SIGN—AND THAT OLD HOMESTEAD.

Mr. Van Slyke has the same old sign on his present store that he started business with in 1856, or twenty-nine years ago. It has survived fire and hard usage incident to moving, but is still legible and is emphatically “an old settler.”

All good artists cling to the old things of the past, and Mr. Van Slyke is no exception. He built the present house he lives in, in 1857, and he has resided continuously there for twenty-eight years. Of course the trees, and the shrubbery, and the little unpretending nooks, and the familiar points of the dear old home still evoke lively emotion, for it was here he took his young bride; it was here his children were born; it was here where supreme happiness was found, away from the jarring elements of the world; it was here where sorrow came; it was here when sick and weary of the burdens of life, gentle hands and kindly

voices smoothed the weary brow and calmed the aching heart ; it was here in this sequestered little spot called home, where the best part of life found a lodging place. The man is less ambitious than he was over a quarter of a century ago ; the brow shows more furrows now ; the eye is more pensive, and gray hairs sprinkle locks once brown. The little boy has grown to manhood and the little girl is growing to womanhood ; there are vacant chairs ; memories of babyhood. God bless the dear old home.

BURNED OUT—OFFICES.

In 1859 a fire swept both sides of Third street, and among the sufferers was Van Slyke. Many goods not burned were stolen, so that when the rubbish was cleared away Van had but little left, still with a brave heart he started anew, and can now exclaim—"Richard's himself again!"

Mr. Van Slyke has been Alderman three years ; chairman of the committee on parks, chairman of the committee on the Villard reception, and chairman of the committee on decorations at the time of the Garfield funeral, all of which positions he held with great credit. For several years past he has given more than half of his time to the interests of the city. He has had one son in Europe studying medicine, but who is now in the city, while the home circle is the Mecca to which his heart always travels. He is a quiet, modest, unpretending gentleman, plain in speech and in dress ; but beneath his hat he carries a head unsurpassed for its artistic and cultivated taste, especially in arranging the drapery which enfolds the beautiful and attractive form of nature, and beneath his coat beats a heart always alive to the sympathetic calls of the human race.

PHILLIP DE ROCHEBRUNE.

Mr. De Rochebrune is of French descent, born in Maryland in 1826 ; was educated at the Dickerson College at Carlyle ; read law in Maryland and also with Judge Cooper in this city ; came to ST. PAUL in 1854 ; was admitted to practice here, and engaged in his profession and also in the purchase and sale of real estate. In 1854 he bought a block of lots on the corner of Dayton and Virginia avenues, which cost him \$2,400 ; worth now \$50,000.

He is physically strong aside from his affliction of an unsound limb. He is a man of positive convictions, and one who has seen ST. PAUL grow from a small village to a great city.

LOUIS FISCHER.

Born in Switzerland in 1830; learned the trade of a tailor, and traveled over the continent; came to America in 1853, landing at New York, but was in Chicago up to 1854, when he came to ST. PAUL; enlisted in the Sixth Regiment in 1862, but was soon after discharged for disability; was in the Indian battles of Birch Coolie and Yellow Medicine; subsequently he opened a clothing house under the Metropolitan hotel, which he ran eight years; removed to corner of Seventh and Franklin streets, where he continued his business up to the time of his death in 1884. He was Alderman from 1882 to 1884; was the organizer of the Druids, the German Odd Fellows, the Sons of Herman and the Workmen. Married in 1856. Four children and a widow now live in this city, his oldest son being largely engaged in building societies.

Mr. Fischer was a very popular man among his own nationality; very active; always reaching out ahead of the world; short, somewhat stout, a leader of men, and his inspiring and pleasant disposition always made him a favorite.

E. C. PALMER—PERSONAL.

Judge Palmer was born in Vermont about 1825; studied law and was admitted to the bar; came to ST. PAUL in 1854 and formed a law partnership; in 1856 was Lieutenant in the old Pioneer Guards; in 1857 was elected the first State Judge of the District Court; prepared the revised statutes in 1866; was attorney for the old Sioux City Railroad for about seventeen years; became the attorney for the First National Bank; has been married.

Judge Palmer is a large man, well developed physically, and a sound, solid lawyer. His Revised Statutes rank among the best, while his cases always bear the marks of a master-hand. He never indulges in glittering generalities but gets down to business like the winning horse in the race. "Does the razor pull?" asked the barber of his customer. "Yes, it does," re-

sponded the suffering patient. "O, well, the beard is bound to come if the handle don't break," replied the polite manipulator of the blade. So with Judge Palmer, he is bound to win his cases if he lives. He is a man of little demonstration; a close student, was an upright and able judge, and is an honored and an honorable citizen.

CHARLES KOCH.

Mr. Koch was born in Germany in 1829; emigrated to America in 1854, and came the same year to ST. PAUL, where he carried on the carpentering and contracting business and had a little old shop on West Seventh street; entered the army in Company E, Fifth Minnesota Regiment, and served in the South for a year and a half, when he was obliged to return home in consequence of sickness; was the president of the German Reading Society, and as such cast the vote which retained its name; was also the originator of the German theatricals and an actor himself; died in 1863 from disease contracted while in the service, and as his was among the first military funerals of the war, it was a very large one. He was a short, somewhat thick-set man; quick in his movements and an active member of the German Society. He left two sons, one the foreman of the *Globe* and the other a saloon-keeper, both intelligent, pleasant men.

C. F. HAUSDORF—PERSONAL.

Mr. H. was born in Saxony in 1840; emigrated to America in 1848; attended the public schools in Detroit, Mich., up to 1854, when he came to ST. PAUL and was a pupil in the public schools here until 1856, and was in college two years. In 1861 he claims he was the first man in the United States to enlist under the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers for three months; but this claim is also set up by Col. J. R. King; claims he was the first man in the first company of the first regiment of the first troops from Minnesota who enlisted for three years, and the First Minnesota was the first regiment in the United States sworn in for three years; was private in 1861; appointed corporal in 1861; Sergeant in 1862; First Lieutenant in 1864; Captain in 1864; Major in 1864; Lieutenant Colonel in 1865; was in all the engagements from the beginning to the close of the

war in which the regiment took a part, or that were fought by the Army of the Potomac; was nearly four and a half years in the war and with the old Minnesota First; was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg in 1863; was in command of the First Regiment of Minnesota for ten months; was four years in California; has been bookkeeper and salesman; has been in the wholesale iron and hardware trade, and is now running a grocery business of his own in WEST ST. PAUL, where he has some fine property. He was married in 1867, and has three children; is the permanent secretary of the First Regiment of the Minnesota Volunteer Association, and at present is grand secretary of the Ancient Order of Druids of the State, as well as a member of the Junior Pioneers. He lived a charmed life, for he never was wounded but once during the war.

Mr. Hausdorf is a man of ordinary size, closely and compactly built, with black hair and black whiskers, and with an air of self-possession which marks the man. He is a gentleman of excellent reputation, honest and upright both in public and in private life, and the city ought to erect in one of our parks a full-size statue of the man in memory of his peculiar services to his country, if it be true that he was the first soldier in the Union army during the war of the rebellion.

THOMAS B. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell is a tall, slender man, with strongly marked features, very quiet and undemonstrative and one of a class of citizens who mind their own business and never interfere with the affairs of the public. In this respect he is rather remarkable. I have known him for over a quarter of a century, and in this regard he is the same to-day that he was then. He was born in New York State in 1830; educated in his native place; then clerked with a brother in the mercantile business in Havana, N. Y.; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; entered the employ of Cathcart & Co. where he remained two years; was in the bank of Truman M. Smith for three years; in 1859 opened a retail clothing store in the old Lambert block on Third street, where he remained one year, and then occupied a store in the Bernheimer block, and continued there five years; Henry Burbank became connected with Mr. Campbell, and the wholesale business con-

tinued in the old Paul block, corner Third and Robert streets, up to 1881, when the firm moved to lower Third street, and is now Campbell & Burbank, and has been in the wholesale trade for twelve years. Mr. Campbell was married in 1855.

FREDERICK EMMERT.

I remember Fred Emmert for over thirty years, as a strong Republican politician and as an active, stirring citizen, and a great political friend of Hon. A. Ramsey. He was born in Germany in 1831; was educated there and learned the trade of a cooper; emigrated to America in 1849; made flour barrels in Mansfield, Ohio; worked in Columbus and Milwaukee as a butcher; went to Chicago and opened a wood-yard; was engaged in the Emigrant House; lived in St. Louis, Council Bluffs and Iowa and came to ST. PAUL in 1854; opened the ST. PAUL House with Julius Gross on Third street; in 1855 moved to Bench street, and kept the ST. PAUL House; in 1856 built the Emmert House on Bench street, near Bridge Square; he and Adam Heck kept a saloon on Robert street and sold two glasses of beer for five cents; opened Oak Hall, corner of Third and Washington streets during the war; in 1865 engaged in the brewery business corner of Eagle and Exchange streets, where he now is. He purchased Dominick Troyer's interest in the brewery who traveled through Europe on foot; his first and last choice for President was Alexander Ramsey. Mr. Emmert visited Europe in 1885, and when there he was a great Bismarck man, which gave him the *entrepot* to every point in Germany, for it was a novel thing to find a German-American a great admirer of Bismarck. Emmert is a small man, very social and very pleasant, and one of the oldest of our old citizens.

CHAPTER XVI.

 1855.

First Survey of the City—First Annual Report of the City Justice—First Organization of the House of Hope—First Fire Department—First Republican Fight—First Surgeon in the War—First Public Hall—First French School—First Lock Picker—First Good Shepherd School House—First Omnibus Line—First Catholic Paper—First Steam Marble Factory—First Gun Store—First Billiard and Concert Hall—First Hack in St. Paul—Including Every Event and Every Old Settler in the Year 1855.

CONDENSED EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

This was the sixth year that the Legislature had met in St. PAUL and the year the survey of the city was made by S. P. Folsom, costing \$3,500. Alexander Ramsey was elected Mayor; first annual report of City Justice, 95 cases, \$137 collected. This too was a year of the beginning of great speculation in land. Henry McKenty dealt in "broad acres" and was the king operator. Population, city, 4,726; county, 9,495; Territory, 53,600. The Daily *Free Press*, championing the cause of Gov. Gorman, made its appearance; *Pioneer* and *Democrat* consolidated; Good Shepherd School house built; House of Hope Presbyterian Society organized; 30,000 people arrived during

the season, and the city was fairly overrun with parties looking for new homes.

JOHN C. BECHT.

Born in Prussia in 1831; came to America in 1853; lived two years in Chicago, when he removed to ST. PAUL in 1855; entered the army as Captain of Company E, Fifth Minnesota Regiment; served during the war and was promoted to Major; formed a partnership with George Benz in the wholesale liquor business in the year 1865, and continued with him up to the time of his death; was elected Sheriff of Ramsey County in 1875; re-elected in 1877, and died while in office in 1878. Married Miss Sarah Schilling.

Mr. Becht was a short, thick-set man, with dark complexion and heavy whiskers, and was a man of but few words. He was quiet, unsophisticated in his ways and very reticent, and yet he was a popular man and a good officer.

TRUE S. WHITE—WHEN AND WHERE BORN.

Mr. White was born in Ohio in 1841; worked on a farm; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; entered the book store of William S. Combs, his brother-in-law, and remained with him until 1862, when he joined the Second Regiment of the Minnesota Volunteers, but not being of age was not mustered in; later in the same year he made a visit to his old home in Ohio, where he enlisted in the Ninety-third Regiment of that State and served until the close of the war; was mustered out as Captain and returned to ST. PAUL to live. He then became employed in the wholesale paper and stationery house of Averill, Russell & Carpenter as bookkeeper and salesman. He remained with this firm up to 1875, when he commenced business for himself as T. S. White & Co., afterwards as White, Stone & Co.; ran the business successfully and subsequently consolidated with D. D. Merrill & Co., organizing the ST. PAUL Book and Stationery Company, and remained in charge of the wholesale department of that establishment until 1881, when he resigned and started again as T. S. White & Co., wholesale paper and stationery; sold out in 1883; started again doing same business in the Drake block; was burned out; lost everything; then started the whole-

sale paper and stationery department of the *Pioneer Press* Company, where he now is as superintendent. He is a prominent member of the G. A. R., and has served in important official positions in that organization, including the State department.

Mr. White is a man of moderate size, inclined to corpulency, and yet he is quick and energetic in all his movements. He is a gentleman of excellent business qualities and lacks only one essential element to success—good luck! He has nerve, push, ability; is social, pleasant and accommodating; is self-reliant and possesses largely the elements of popularity, and yet all his life-time has been spent in planting and nurturing the tree while somebody else has been gathering the fruit.

MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR

Is, as his name indicates, of genuine Irish stock, though born in London, Eng., in 1833; emigrated to America in 1836; received a public school education in New York; removed to Chicago in 1848; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; engaged with his father in a gents' furnishing and tailoring establishment on the ground now occupied by the *Pioneer Press* office; was a member of the Common Council from 1859 to 1862, refusing to be a candidate for re-election, but responded to the President's call for troops and recruited for the Tenth Regiment, Minnesota Volunteers; was chosen Captain of Company K; took part in Gen. Sibley's campaign in fighting and driving the Sioux Indians across the Missouri river; went south with his regiment in 1863; was appointed Assistant Inspector General at St. Louis and saw hard service while on inspecting tours, riding through Southwestern Missouri; in 1864 his regiment was attached to the Sixteenth army corps and took part in the engagement at Tupelo, Miss., routing the combined forces of Forrest and Chalmers; served under Gen. A. J. Smith part of the summer of 1864; was with the Tenth and a picked corps under Gen. Mower, who were ordered to follow the Confederate Gen. Price, and encountered one of the most severe campaigns of the war, marching thirty consecutive days through Arkansas and Missouri, which terminated in the fight on the Little and Big Blue rivers, at which Marmaduke and a large force were captured and Price finally driven from that section of the country. On the

return of the Union forces south Capt. O'Connor was left in the hospital in St. Louis, but recovered in time to join his command at Vicksburg, and took part in the twenty days' siege of Spanish Fort and final capture of Mobile. This being about the last battle of the war he returned home with his regiment having seen service from our northwestern boundary at Devil's Lake and the Missouri river, thence southward to the Gulf. Was mustered out at Fort Snelling in 1865; the following fall was elected City Treasurer, which position he left to go in business with his brother, where he continued until 1870, when he was elected City Clerk, which office he filled until 1879, when he formed a partnership with Martin Delany, and they together built the Northwestern stock yards. He is a member of the G. A. R., and in November, 1855, married Mary Fitzpatrick, only daughter of Dr. Walter Fitzpatrick of Ireland, who has made a most amiable wife and mother. He is also the father of a bright family of boys and girls.

THE CAPTAIN AS HE IS.

Capt. O'Connor is a tall, symmetrically-formed man, with a military step and a military air, with long whiskers and with but few gray hairs, although having passed the boundary line of fifty years. He is quick, active, stirring, prompt, positive, and a man of excellent ability and good habits; is decided and emphatic in his opinions, yet an upright and manly citizen.

EMIGRATING TO THE FRONTIER.

The rougher element of society, half-breeds and gamblers, began to look about this year for other places to go, as the more respectable part of the population were crowding them out. New features of civilization were introduced constantly; five daily papers were in full blast, the *Pioneer*, the *Democrat*, the *Minncsotian*, the *Times* and the *Free Press*; six or eight steam-boats were arriving at our levee; every stage went out crowded; real estate began to boom; everybody was stirring; the papers set forth the beauties of Minnesota and praised its salubrious climate; letters of inquiry came from all parts of the country; and from this time forth St. PAUL became a fixed fact. Then the gray-headed men of to-day were young. Then the gray-headed

men were the stirring spirits of the times. Then the gray-headed men moulded and builded the foundation upon which the city now flourishes. Then they had faith in the growth of the city and of the State, and upon that faith many of them have spent a quarter of a century delving, and digging, and toiling, and sweating, while others come in and reap the reward of their labors.

H. P. GRANT.

Born in Vermont in 1828; at the age of eighteen years young Grant went to Boston where he was employed as a clerk in a wholesale boot and shoe store; removed to ST. PAUL in 1855 and started a wholesale establishment on Third street in his line of goods; was among the first firemen in ST. PAUL, and was elected foreman of Minnehaha Company, No. 2; was elected Alderman for three years in 1862; was Captain of Company A, Sixth Regiment; was in command of the troops at Birch Coolie during the Indian fight; went south in 1863 with the rank of Major; was promoted that year to the rank of Colonel, and held it until the close of the war; returned to ST. PAUL and engaged in the grain and commission business, in which he is now employed. Mr. Grant is a sturdy-set man, quiet and undemonstrative, and is active in his business relations. His amiable wife, who was Miss Isabel McLeod, died in 1884.

W. T. WELSH—OLD FIREMAN—PERSONAL.

Mr. Welsh was born in Maine in 1819; received a slight education; moved to Massachusetts in 1832; learned the trade of a shoemaker and worked at it up to 1839; carried on a shop at Detroit, Michigan, four years; went to farming and continued that four years, when in 1855 he sold out and came to ST. PAUL; formed a partnership with Mr. Heinbach and conducted the shoe business fifteen years in a small building on upper Third street; purchased 200 feet on Arkwright street eight years ago, for which he paid \$675; worth now \$4,500; married Miss Bancroft in 1841, and has been married forty-three years, and has made up his mind that he has as good a wife as lives.

Mr. Welsh was among the very earliest firemen in the city, being connected with the first organization some thirteen years,

and continued with it until it disbanded. When that event took place the company presented him with the photographs, the flags and the books of the organization out of respect for his faithful services.

In 1855 there was a good deal of rowdyism, mostly by young boys; so one night nearly all the signs in the city were changed, and Mr. Welsh found in the morning that he had the sign of a millinery establishment on his shop, while the milliner had a shoemaker's sign on hers. One of the principal saloons had a sign of a temperance house placed on it, while the temperance house was honored with—"A good sour mash, ten cents a drink!" The change of signs was almost universal throughout the city and created much laughter when the next morning brought to view the ludicrous scenes.

Mr. Welsh is a man of uncontrollable impulses, which he has greatly regretted. Yet he is kind-hearted, honest and honorable. He is at present a switch-tender on the Manitoba road, near Lafayette avenue, and though crippled somewhat by exposure in early days, still he is well satisfied with his lot and enjoys life quite as well as his more wealthy neighbors, Kittson and Hill.

BOATING—FIRST FIRE DEPARTMENT—A YEAR OF IMMIGRATION.

The Packet Company this year declared \$100,000 dividends on the season's business. The War Eagle and City Belle alone paid \$74,000 profit, while the whole amount of profits would exceed \$150,000 for 1855. The total number of arrivals was immense.

In March, 1855, the Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company was organized with twenty-eight men. The City Council voted \$200 towards its support, while sufficient money was subscribed by the citizens to enable the purchase of a truck and ladder and also a small engine, which were used for years with much success. Now there are six steam and two chemical engines, and the value of the property is \$202,375.

Every boat this year came laden with passengers, the War Eagle bringing up in one trip 814. One can imagine what a stirring scene that was on the levee, and how eager the citizens of that day were to get any information from the outer world,

as there were then three mails per week between Dubuque and ST. PAUL.

GLORIOUSLY EXHILARATING.

It was gloriously exhilarating on hearing the whistle of a boat, to rush down to the levee and when it arrived to board it, beg papers of a late date from the passengers, or listen to the recital of some event unknown to the pilgrims in the far-off Northwest, or grasp by the hand some old acquaintance whom one had not met for many years. And then to see the importance of the captains, and the activity of the clerks, and the overbearing manners of the cruel mates, and the weary, busy crews, and the importuning reporters; and then, again, steam is up, the boats move away, glide through the water, and all is still! Good old days! gone forever! and the boats are gone, and the commanders are gone, and the crews are gone, and most of the passengers are gone, and in their places come the clingy-clangy, hurdy-gurdy, rattling, ringing, banging, puffing, wheezing, whiffling cars! It is all right enough, only I sometimes wish I was back again in the good old days of steamboats and stages and the primitive mode of living, for, somehow or other it seems to me as though I obtained more real enjoyment out of life than in the present struggling, tugging, eternal and everlasting effort to get through the world in the least possible time, with the least possible amount of comfort! Dear old days, good-bye forever!

JOSHUA BRADLEY.

“Father Bradley,” as he was more generally known, was a kind, lovable, Christian gentleman, the pastor at one time of the Baptist Church, and lived down under the hill near Charles Symond’s ice-house. I never knew any facts connected with his history, only he was an estimable man, and at the time of his death in 1855, must have been close to eighty years of age. He was a good, Christian minister. An Ohio paper speaking of Mr. Bradley, says:

“Mr. Bradley, a minister of the Baptist denomination, was a very superior preacher, being by the help of God instrumental in the salvation of many hundreds. He was the organizer of several societies in the different States for systematic benevolence, was prominently connected at different times with a number of educa-

tional institutions, and was the founder of two or three colleges, one of which was the college at Granville, Ohio, now called Dennison University, of which the Baptist denomination are so justly proud."

Mr. Bradley died December 16, 1855, aged eighty-two years and Mrs. Bradley died in 1886.

A BUSY PLACE.

ST. PAUL was now a busy place. "The hotels and boarding houses were crowded, the stage lines worked night and day, people were even camping on the streets, stores were doing a perfect rush of business, livery stables coining money, saloons reaping brisk profits, real estate dealers fairly ecstatic and mechanics not half able to keep up with the work pressing upon them." Streets were opened and graded, trees were cut down, brush removed, hollows filled in, bridges constructed, small and large houses made their appearance, while the tepee of the Indian took up its march westward toward the setting sun. And in the midst of all this activity and bustle real estate began to advance. Henry McKenty had made \$23,000 on one transaction and then others fell into line and common dirt went up like a balloon. And to add to the fever this year the many reporters who came out on the Rock Island Railroad excursion poured through their papers glowing accounts of the beauty and resources of the country, and this sent capital forward for investment and corner lots and paper towns went whooping, and the owners almost grew wild with excitement. This was the beginning of the real estate craze which culminated with disastrous effects in the year 1857.

JOHN M. BURCH.

A native of Prussia born in 1831; came to America in 1846 and settled in Michigan, where he learned the trade of tanner and currier; located in ST. PAUL in 1855; enlisted in the Sixth Minnesota regiment in 1862 and served until 1865, principally against the Indians; on returning to ST. PAUL engaged in the furniture business for five years; bought the St. Peter House and stock yards; in 1867 opened the Farmers' Home which he ran three years and then engaged in the grocery and liquor business. He is a stirring, active man.

A SQUARE REPUBLICAN FIGHT—THE PAPERS.

This year also witnessed the first square Republican fight in the Territory. William R. Marshall was the Republican candidate for Congress, brought out by the writer, and ran on the straight Republican issue against David Olmsted, anti-Nebraska Democrat, and H. M. Rice, regular Democrat. As a matter of political history it was agreed that in case there was no show for Olmsted, and there certainly was none, his supporters should go to Marshall, in which event Marshall could have been elected, but towards the last of the campaign Gov. Gorman, who made the contract with the writer, violated it, and Marshall was defeated, but it was a fair, square Republican fight, and the first issue of this kind made in this section of country.

Of the five daily papers in the early part of this year two "kicked the bucket," the *Democrat* merging into the *Pioneer* and the *Free Press*, a personal organ of Gov. Gorman, was discontinued the next spring. This paper was published by Samuel J. Albright & Co., and edited by

A. C. SMITH—A MEMORY.

Mr. Smith was a rabid Democrat; tall, slender, gaunt, somewhat awkward in his ways, with the inevitable literary stoop in the shoulders, and wore a pair of gold spectacles; was decided in his nature, and these elements combined gave him somewhat an impressive appearance. He was a man of ability and had held positions of trust before he came to the State, and after leaving the *Free Press* received an appointment in the land office at Litchfield, at which place he lived and died. He was an old-line Democrat, and one of the most devoted kind, and came to ST. PAUL in 1855.

That little dingy old joiner's shop on the corner of Fifth and Market streets, and fronting Rice Park, was in 1855 occupied by a man by the name of E. Howitz, a foreigner, with a large head and long, flowing beard. He had the appearance of an honest man, but one evening turned up as a forger on Marshall & Co.'s bank to the tune of \$5,000, and left the country and is now probably in Europe enjoying his Rhine wine, but the little old building still stands intact to remind one of the crime committed within its walls.

GEORGE W. FREEMAN.

Mr. Freeman was born in England in 1845; came to America when only eight years old and remained two years in Cleveland, Ohio; came to ST. PAUL in 1855. He was educated in the schools of this city, and in 1850 entered a boot and shoe firm and remained there up to 1868, when he engaged as a traveling salesman for C. Gotzian & Co. until 1876, and then became one of the partners. Married Miss I. Dony in 1868.

Mr. Freeman has been an old fireman, and was for several years secretary of the Hook and Ladder Association, and is now vice-president of the State Firemen's Association of Minnesota. He is a gentleman of fine address, fine-looking, has an excellent reputation, and is very generally esteemed for his manly traits of character.

J. H. STEWART—PERSONAL.

Dr. Stewart was born in New York in 1829; graduated at the university of that State in 1851; practiced medicine at Peekskill from 1851 to 1855, and the same year came to ST. PAUL; in 1856 was appointed physician for Ramsey County; in 1860 was elected State Senator; was surgeon in the First Minnesota Regiment in 1861; taken prisoner at Bull Run; held a prisoner at Richmond, but was finally exchanged; was elected Mayor of ST. PAUL in 1864; appointed Postmaster in 1869, which he held up to 1874; in 1868 was again elected Mayor, and re-elected in 1872; was a member of Congress from the Fourth District in 1876, and served one term; was appointed Surveyor General of Minnesota in 1879, and held the office for four years; in 1857 he married a Miss Sweeny, who survives him; formed a partnership with Dr. C. A. Wheaton, and the firm at the period of his death was Stewart & Wheaton. They were at one time city and county physicians. Died August 25, 1884, aged 55 years.

I remember Dr. Stewart in 1855 as a small, slender young man, with reddish hair and whiskers and a bright, gleeful, boyish air. I was the first person to get him the position of physician for Ramsey County, his first office. He went on from point to point until he entered Congress. He was the first surgeon mustered into the service at the commencement of the war, and

during his life was largely interested in public affairs. As he grew older he grew more rotund and more sedate, but in his earlier years he was noted for his love of fun and his genial nature.

WILLIAM L BANNING—HOW LONELY AND YET HOW GLAD.

Capt. Banning was born about 1816 in Delaware; was well educated; studied and practiced law; removed to Philadelphia and was associated with the late William Hollinshead in the legal profession; in 1845 was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and engaged in the banking business on upper Third street; in 1860 was elected a member of the House of Representatives; in 1861 retired from his banking business; was appointed commissary of subsistence in the army with the rank of Captain, and remained in service two years; in 1864 became connected with the ST. PAUL & Lake Superior Railroad as president; enlisted Jay Cooke and others in the enterprise; went to Europe to negotiate the bonds, and while president of the road for seven years put it upon a solid foundation; was an influential member of the Chamber of Commerce; ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket; vehemently opposed the \$5,000,000 railroad loan bill, and has been a valuable member of society.

When Capt. Banning landed in London as president of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company with several millions of dollars in bonds to negotiate, he climbed upon an eminence which overlooked the great, throbbing, crowded, bustling city of the old world, and amid all that seething throng that jostled in the streets below him, he knew no one—not a soul! He says he never felt so lonely in all his life. With millions locked up in the little tin box by his side—with plenty of money to pay his way—with letters of introduction to the financial magnates of the great city—with a reasonable degree of assurance in the success of his measure, he felt sad and depressed, for of all the crowd before him he knew none. Gazing down upon the moving masses he saw policemen clearing the way for a noted gentleman, and as he gazed the tall form of what appeared to be one of London's most distinguished men made its appearance headed and surrounded by the police. The gentleman was bow-

ing politely, and at first he thought it might be the Lord Mayor himself, but a second look startled him! Could it be possible? He crept closer to the crowd; gazed more intently; his heart beat more rapidly; that face was familiar; he drew nearer and nearer; yes, he had seen that man somewhere before. Could it be? No—well—possibly. They met face to face! and he recognized his old friend—Hon. Edmund Rice of ST. PAUL, Minn., who had just returned from the office of the Lord Mayor under an especial escort of a squad of police. Both were in Europe on the same mission—that of negotiating bonds, and of course the meeting was a warm and a friendly one, and Banning felt better.

MR. BANNING AS A MAN.

Capt. Banning may well be considered a solid man, both mentally and physically. In the judgment of the writer he is a gentleman of superior ability. If fate had only thrown him in a position to bring out the mental faculties with which he has been blessed, he would have made a most excellent United States Senator, dwarfing to insignificance by the brilliancy and power of his mental forces the many tallow candles now strutting their brief political existence upon the stage of life and glimmering faintly in their feeble efforts to follow their own shadows. He is a man of solid reasoning powers; decided and deliberate in his utterances; strong, steadfast, iron-bound in his convictions; determined, persevering in his efforts; cool, philosophical in defeat; earnest and sincere in his opposition. It seems to be a law that men of high mental attainments should never obtain any great wealth, except by accident, or if obtained to lose it, and while therefore Capt. Banning is comfortably well off he is not rich in the common parlance of the world, and yet he has been and is now a very valuable citizen.

“I KNOW IT IS ALL RIGHT.”

The earnest faith of the old settlers in the ultimate destiny of ST. PAUL, was something like the reasoning of the old woman who said she “thought so because she thought so,” and hence the early comers thought ST. PAUL must be in the future a large place, because they thought so—they knew it must be all right.

This reminds me of the simple creed of the child so pleasantly told by Miss Wheeler :

“They were talking of Creeds and Isms—
Of this belief and that,
Silent and still among them
A little maiden sat.

“They argued about the Bible
And spent much idle breath
In wrangling o’er translations
And the meaning of Life and Death.”

“‘Now what is your creed, my wee one?’
Said some one to the child.
She turned her sweet eyes upward
And her voice was low and mild:

“‘I have no creed,’ she answered,
And her fair face shown with light,
‘But whenever I think about it
I know it is all right.’

“O, better than lengthy dogmas—
Better than creed or text
Is the faith of a child: it answers
For this world and the next.”

The simple faith, the plain, unpretentious habits, the honest motives, the sincerity of the heart, destitute of hypocrisy, destitute of meanness, destitute of cunning, artless, innocent, unselfish; how the world has drifted away from these earliest and best elements of the human race into the discordant whirlpool of inharmonious selfishness! and yet amid all this meanness of human nature I turn to the pure and gentle nature of the child and there I find confidence in the All-wise Power—“We know it is all right.”

GEORGE L. OTIS—WHERE BORN—OFFICES.

A man who was much respected in the day in which he lived, and who built up a large law practice upon a reputation gained for honor, honesty and manhood, was George L. Otis, a small, quiet, pleasant, unpretending gentleman, who was probably one of the most devoted and studious lawyers ST. PAUL ever had. In his early professional life he seems to have struck out into an original course of action for himself, and so conducted

his cases as to win entire confidence, and especially was this true in the disposition of money entrusted to his care; so that with industry, study and honorable dealings with his clients, coupled with a rare amount of self-reliance, Mr. Otis obtained a large practice, the result of his own inherent abilities and individuality. In trying a case he was noted for the sincere manner in which he brought it before the jury, not for any display of oratory or extraneous efforts, but by the evident merits of the case itself as elicited by himself. He was no orator, but cool, calm, collected, earnest, he appealed more to the manhood of the jury than to their feelings, and hence was successful. His especial *forte* was office work—digging out the law and giving advice—rather preventing trouble than helping people out of it—in a word he was denominated by the world as a quiet, prudent, careful, honest, honorable lawyer, and with this reputation he died, aged about fifty-four years.

Mr. Otis was born in New York in 1829; removed to Michigan in 1837; studied law there and was admitted to practice; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and built up a large and profitable business, which he maintained to the day of his death.

He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1857-8; of the Senate in 1866; Mayor of ST. PAUL in 1867 and in 1869; was the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor; was for years one of the managers of the State Reform School, and held a high position in the Masonic order.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Otis was a very quiet man, and very rarely ventured outside of his office or of his house. He usually walked deliberately along the street with head inclined to the sidewalk and hands behind him, nodding now and then, and always wore a pleasant smile. He purchased three lots on Summit avenue some twenty-three years ago, where his widow at present resides, for which he paid \$1,000; worth now some \$50,000. He was a man who made no show; attended diligently to his business; treated the world kindly and considerately, and quietly laid down his burden to the great regret of the members of the bar and of his fellow-men.

D. W. INGERSOLL.

Mr. Ingersoll was born in New Jersey in 1812; educated at the common schools; at the age of fourteen years he commenced mercantile pursuits, entering the store of John S. Potwin, and on Mr. Potwin removing to Burlington, Vt., young Ingersoll went with him, and he became ultimately his partner, and subsequently the firm read D. W. Ingersoll & Co.; removed to New York in 1837; engaged in the wholesale dry-goods trade up to 1854, when health failing he removed to Irvington, N. Y., and from thence to ST. PAUL temporarily in 1855; in 1856 opened a dry-goods store, which is in existence to-day, and which is the continuously

OLDEST DRY-GOODS HOUSE

in the city or State. It was originally on Third street, nearly opposite the Presbyterian Church, but was subsequently removed to McClung's building, corner store, Bridge Square, now occupied by a saloon, and underneath it, in the basement, was the publication office of the old St. Paul Daily *Times*. In 1857 Mr. Ingersoll purchased the triangular piece of property corner of Third and Wabasha streets, for \$11,000, and in 1860 commenced the erection of the present Ingersoll block. At that time the ground was partially covered by two small one-story buildings, one occupied by Col. Le Duc as a stationery store and the other by Lyman C. Dayton as a real estate office. Just a short distance back on Bench street was the office of the old *Pioneer*. The present Ingersoll property is worth from \$40,000 to \$50,000 without the building, with it not less than \$75,000.

INGERSOLL HALL—OFFICES—AS A MAN.

The really first public hall of any note in ST. PAUL, was that in the top part of the new building erected by Mr. Ingersoll, and which for so many years bore his name. It was finally cut up into offices and then remodeled to suit the purposes of a public library. The ground floor of this building was for years occupied by Mr. Ingersoll as a dry-goods store and the Second National Bank, and the Second floor by offices. It is a solid and valuable building—a substantial landmark of the past.

Mr. Ingersoll was a valuable member of the School Board from 1865 to 1877, or twelve years, and for some time was its

president; was appointed president of the Board of Managers of the State Reform School in the year 1867, and he has held this position ever since, or eighteen years; has been president of the State Temperance Society, has also been an active, energetic member of charitable associations, superintendent of Sunday schools, first treasurer of the ST. PAUL & SIOUX CITY Railroad Company, was the first president of the Elevator Company, a member of the Chamber of Commerce and has held other offices of honor and of trust.

Mr. Ingersoll has always been, up to a short time since, one of the most energetic business men in the West, only last year dropping out publicly from his firm although still a member of it, which has done an immense business since 1856, or for twenty-nine years; and although apparently out of mercantile trade, yet he is equally as busy in erecting tenement houses and superintending other important matters with which he is connected. Seventy-three years of age, one would hardly think he could be much over fifty, for his step is elastic, his movements quick, his brain clear, his mind unclouded, and if his hair and whiskers were colored black he might be taken for a man of forty. Of ordinary size, with white locks flowing in the wind while he moves rapidly from one place to another, he appears like one whose mental forces draw the physical organization after him, the brain leading the man. He is positive in his character; impulsive; unbending in his beliefs; earnest in his nature; tireless, vigilant, and though for the time being dropping active business, yet he is never still, for he shifts one foot with the other when trying to be quiet, and exclaims rather impatiently—"Yes, yes, yes!" showing the peculiar and nervous characteristics of the man. He is an earnest worker in the city and an earnest worker in the interest of the church, but the grandest efforts of his life will live in history and be forever associated with the great good he has accomplished while president of the Reform School of the State of Minnesota, for during all the time he has been president of this institution he has never received one dollar in pay for his services.

J. W. M'CLUNG.

Mr. McClung was born in Kentucky in 1826; his father was eminent as an author, a lawyer, an orator, legislator and divine,

and was a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall; young McClung received a classical education at Centre College, Louisville, Kentucky; studied law with his father; graduated at the law department of the Transylvania University in 1847; practiced two years; then entered the grocery and commission business, in which he continued several years; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and opened a law and real estate office; gave his whole attention to real estate in 1856 and since then; built a block of wooden stores on Bridge Square, which soon after burned down uninsured; erected the present stone block at a cost of \$10,000; in 1864 was burned out again without insurance, and after struggling for twenty years came out ahead and paid up all his debts, having passed through two crises without capital, two fires without insurance, two wars without a contract, and still is able to pay one hundred cents on the dollar. He organized the first building association in 1869 west of Ohio, and has been secretary and manager seventeen years, and is known as the father of these institutions in the West, full forty of which have grown up from the original. In 1868-9 he was the chief editor of the old *Pioneer*, and contributed liberally to the press of the city over the *nom de plume* of "Merrimac," and won a good reputation as a writer of humor, crisp, sharp, pungent; was elected a director of the Chamber of Commerce in 1871 and has been re-elected ever since; was the first to inaugurate our system of parks, and Como Park was the result; proposed the annexation of WEST ST. PAUL in the Chamber and worked the bill through the Legislature, the City Council and before the people; introduced into the Chamber the first resolution which resulted in calling the first River Convention for the Upper Mississippi in 1877, the subsequent convention at St. Louis and also the last one at ST. PAUL.; was a delegate to these conventions, except at Quincy, and to this he sent a letter which was received with applause; wrote the memorial to Congress which secured \$65,000 for the Fort Snelling bridge, and aided by his voice and his pen to carry the measure, and was successful; wrote the several memorials concerning the WEST ST. PAUL harbor; was active in securing the State Fair grounds; proposed the extension of the city limits; and these are only a few of the many measures he has inaugurated for the benefit of ST. PAUL, and had he worked as hard for

himself as he has for the public, he would have been a very wealthy man. As a real estate dealer Mr. McClung has been an improver, furnishing lumber to build with, and thus has aided people of moderate means.

He was County Commissioner in 1860; City Assessor from 1864 to 1869; clerk of the Board of Public Works in 1872; County Assessor in 1875, and one of the incorporators of the ST. PAUL Library Association. He issued a work entitled "Minnesota As It Is in 1870," which was a model of pith and brevity, and aided strangers to see us as we are. While a public officer he had one merit indispensably necessary to a correct performance of duty, and that was courage to do right.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. McClung is a man of ordinary size, with full, flowing whiskers and a pleasant expression. He is undemonstrative in his nature, yet open and decided in the expression of his opinions, original in his methods of thought, independent in his nature, a pungent and able writer, strictly honest in his dealings and a pleasant, affable gentleman. He is a highly respected and excellent citizen, and ought to be Mayor of the city of ST. PAUL.

H. J. HORN.

"Our Harry," as he is familiarly called by his friends, is a little, short, thick-set man, with a jolly face, a pleasant smile and a never-forgotten courtesy of manner. He looks more like a young student with his books under his arm than a man creeping quietly along to three-score-and-ten, and yet the face denotes strength, character, ability. He belongs to the old school of lawyers of common sense, and not to the glittering generalities of the new-fangled modern devotees of Blackstone. In this respect he resembles somewhat the late George L. Otis, for both lawyers were similar in their treatment of cases over a quarter of a century ago; both anxious for an honest administration of justice. He might be considered a little "fussy" in the trial of his cases, and yet this arises more from an over-anxiety to bring out every point than any disposition "to take up the time of the court with irrelevant matter." He is especially thorough; a good lawyer; an earnest speaker; an able advocate; a kind gentleman; a worthy citizen.

NATIVITY AND EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Horn was born in Philadelphia in 1821; received a good school education including the classics; read law with Henry D. Gilpin, then Attorney General of the United States; was admitted to the bar in 1849; practiced in his native city; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was a partner with Reuben Galusha and W. W. Billson; was City Attorney in 1857; County Attorney in 1864-6; member of the School Board in 1857-9; also in 1884; was at one time corporation counsel; has long been an elder in the House of Hope Church; married Miss Fannie Banning in 1859, and has done a good deal towards the advancement of Christianity and of Sunday schools in general. Mr. Horn has mingled but little in politics and may be classed with the independent Republicans. He is among the able lawyers of the Minnesota bar.

JOHN FLETCHER WILLIAMS—WELL-FITTED—AS HE APPEARS.

Mr. Williams is a descendant of the Welsh in the person of John Williams, away back in the seventh generation, but J. Fletcher was born in Ohio in 1834, where he attended Woodward College in Cincinnati, then the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware; graduated in 1852, and came to ST. PAUL in 1855. Here he engaged in journalism for about twelve years, being at one time connected with the *Daily Pioneer, Press, Minnesotian* and *Dispatch*, when in 1867 he was elected secretary and librarian of the Historical Society, which position he still holds. In addition to this he is corresponding secretary of the Old Settlers' Association, and also of the Ramsey County Pioneer Society, and has been secretary of the Minnesota Editorial Association. Besides, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Rhode Island, Maine, Buffalo, Montana and the New England Genealogical Society have made him a member of their associations. He is also the author of the History of St. Paul and Ramsey County, and of many interesting papers and valuable sketches; is an active Odd-Fellow, having held almost every prominent office in the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of the State; is at present grand scribe of the latter. He was a member of the United States Centennial Commission for Minnesota in 1871, and served as such up to 1876; was a member of the School Board from 1864-7, 1868-71.

Very few men are better fitted for the position he occupies than Mr. Williams. When a reporter on the press he was constantly writing historical and biographical sketches, and his mind naturally turned to researches in the past. When he entered upon his duties as secretary of the Historical Society, he found it in a dilapidated condition and went earnestly to work to build it up, and has done so in the most gratifying manner. Of course the State has furnished the means.

Mr. Williams is a somewhat peculiar character. He is small, polite, obliging, industrious, and is a walking encyclopædia of the dead past. He is like a singed cat, a good deal better than he looks, especially so in his line of duty as secretary. When gazing at or conversing with you his mind seems to be wandering amid the pyramids of Egypt, and yet he responds with alacrity to the requests made upon him. He is exceedingly cautious, politic, and on certain subjects though he may talk a great deal, says but very little, while upon other subjects he becomes quite loquacious and quite frank. He is a man of ability, unpretentious, steady, upright, studious, and is very valuable as secretary of the Historical Society.

EDMUND MARTIN.

Born in Indiana in 1836; moved to Iowa with his parents in 1840; learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Burlington Gazette*; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; worked on the old *Pioneer* in the winter of 1855-6; subsequently in the offices of the *Times*, *Minnesotian* and *Free Press*; left ST. PAUL in 1858; returned in 1862; left again in 1864, and did not return until 1882. when he opened a saloon on Jackson street; ran it about one year; left the city again, but is once more among us. Mr. Martin is the youngest brother of Cole Martin, and was early left an orphan. In one of his peculiar freaks he put up a printing office in Galesburg, Illinois, worth \$400, over a game of cards and lost, but turned over the office to the winner. He is a slender, delicate man, one of the oldest printers in the State, and a pleasant gentleman.

EXCITEMENT IN REAL ESTATE.

The excitement in real estate in the early part of 1855 was simply astonishing. Men became wild over their successes; new towns sprang into existence and new cities on paper multiplied

faster than the wild locust of Egypt. City lots jumped so high over night that the tallest ladder could not reach them in the morning, and the spirits of the dealers in real estate were kept up by pouring spirits down. It was land for breakfast, land for dinner and land for supper! The man who hadn't a corner lot was a nonentity and men who had corner lots were millionaires. And such cheek! Paper towns and swamp lots were offered for \$100 apiece—worth ten cents! Strangers looked at these land speculators in wonderment! Such perfect self-complacency! Such utter abnegation of money! Such cool equanimity and presumption! Such cheek! I have never seen it equaled.

And so real estate people grew rich while the writer plied his pen serenely and thought as the boy did who went through the kitchen and seeing a lot of cake on the shelf, exclaimed:

“Mother, mother! there's a lot of gingerbread on the shelf,” and then growing suddenly sedate and thoughtful, he continued, “but I suppose that's nothing to me,” and so the writer thought it was nothing to him and kept on the even tenor of his way.

JOHN B. COOK—AS I SEE HIM.

Mr. Cook is a native of New York, born in 1818; moved to Pennsylvania in 1828, where for several years he carried on merchandising; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; in 1864 purchased over two hundred feet on Third street opposite the Merchants hotel and opened a livery stable; in 1868 started his omnibus line; in 1871 erected a large stone barn on Fourth street, at present known as the Greve block, which was three stories high, and since then he has greatly enlarged his omnibus business until it is now the only line of any magnitude in the State. Fourteen years ago when Mr. Cook built on Fourth street, that street was then not open to Rosabel, and he graded from Jackson on Fourth to a little way beyond his barn; now that street below this point is a solid mass of wholesale business houses. About two years ago Mr. Cook sold his property on Fourth street and purchased of Constans on the upper part of Jackson street, a good piece of real estate upon which he erected large and commodious buildings for his business. He married Miss Ellen E., daughter of Commodore Champlin of the United States Navy, in 1853, and has lived in ST. PAUL thirty years.

Mr. Cook is a prompt, energetic, stirring business man; of ordinary size; somewhat slender, and yet capable of great endurance. He is very much devoted to his business and very few men have labored more faithfully than he to accomplish the good results he has achieved. He has one son who is in business with him and the firm ranks among the best in the city. He is a quiet, undemonstrative, excellent citizen.

GATES A. JOHNSON.

Born in New York in 1826 Mr. Johnson received a common school education, and his father dying when young he was obliged to take care of himself and his mother, and so at an early age he commenced his chosen calling, that of a civil engineer. In this capacity he was engaged on the Ogdensburg, New York, road as an axeman, and was promoted by the death of two officers ahead of him to the position finally of chief engineer. He was also employed on the Great Western road of Canada; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was soon after engaged in the preliminary survey of the Hastings & Dakota Railroad; became chief engineer of the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad; completed this important line and the immense bridges upon its route which have stood fourteen years of travel, were planned by Mr. Johnson; was superintendent of the same road for two years; was chief engineer of the White Bear & Stillwater road; was City Engineer in 1860 for one year; was Alderman from 1871 to 1876; was County Surveyor from 1864 to 1866; was elected Alderman in 1883, re-elected and served one term; and is now Alderman and Building Inspector of the city, having been appointed to the latter office in January, 1884, and reappointed in 1886.

REAL ESTATE—AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

In 1866-7 Mr. Johnson purchased one block of twelve lots in Rondo's addition, facing Nelson avenue, for \$4,000; worth now \$40,000; two lots fronting on Nelson avenue for \$300 each; worth \$6,000 each; four acres on University avenue for \$1,000; worth \$27,000; a lot, corner of Fourth and John streets, for \$600; worth \$10,000; one-third of a lot near the Capitol, cost \$600; worth \$10,000. This was in 1866 and in 1867.

Just before the war, when times were very hard, in the winter of 1860, Mr. Johnson applied to W. D. Washburn, the Sur-

veyor General, for work, and fortunately secured a contract of \$20,000 to survey some land away upon the Mississippi river. Mr. Johnson had a partner from Houston County, but both were poor and how to obtain money to start with was a serious question. Finally Johnson mustered up courage enough to call upon the Thompsons of the Second National Bank, and laid his case before them, stating that he could only give them the word of a gentleman that the amount would be paid; they thought that was "thin security," but consented to advance him \$2,000 without any security, or even his note. So he procured his outfit and started in on the contract. The winter was very severe, when, just as the parties had got fully under way up came the United States Marshal conveying the gratifying intelligence that Mr. Johnson's partner had been drafted, and through his father this partner had to raise \$300 which he did, and the two contractors again went ahead with their job. It was not long before the marshal made his appearance the second time with the news that Johnson's partner had again been drafted, and this time he could not pay \$300 but was obliged to either go himself or procure a substitute and this cost him just \$1,000. Then they soon after exhausted the \$2,000 advanced to them by the bank, and were forced to go to their moneyed friends again for more, and they received \$2,000 additional from the bank, and at the expiration of a year completed their contract and divided the profits of about \$500 apiece out of their old broken-down outfit, not receiving a single penny in money for their year's work.

Mr. Johnson is an active and young-looking man, with long, sandy whiskers and a stirring air of business. During his residence of some thirty years in this city, he has been connected with various branches of trade, but civil engineering has been his principal employment. As an Alderman he performed his duties well and met the wishes of his constituents, and as a citizen he is much respected. He has also been closely connected with the church, and has proved an efficient aid in its support. Though he has had many an up and down in life, yet he is well preserved and still ready for the fight.

THE OLD SETTLER'S HEART.

Deep down beneath the hard casement of experience; inside of the iron-clad elements of a long and an eventful life;

hidden from the vulgar gaze of the public and rippling in its early innocence, is a stream of pure friendship, covered with years of troubles, and trials, and falsehoods, and perfidy, and meanness from the outer world, and yet still there it is, in its native simplicity, welling up and flowing all over in its tenderness for the welfare of those who trod life together a quarter of a century ago. Scared, and blackened, and old, and tough may be the outer covering, but within is the dwelling place of the noble hearts of those who respond promptly to the calls of their companions of younger days. The magic touch of the past stirs the latent bonds of friendship, and the heart of the pioneer leaps to the front to aid the helpless and strengthen the weary down the hill of life. God bless the old settlers!

ALBERT KNIGHT—EDWARD ZIMMERMAN.

Mr. Knight was born in New York in 1829; was educated at Union college and went to St. Louis in 1840, and remained there till 1849; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was for a time engaged in the boot and shoe business on Third street; became a citizen of St. Peter in 1858; was Mayor of that city; president of the St. Peter Company; was one of the originators and owners of the new hotel there, and during his life was largely identified with the history of the place. Mr. Knight was a slender man, very bright and quick in his transactions and noted for his public spirit.

Mr. Zimmerman was born in France in 1821; resided in the department of Alsace until 1848, when he came to America to avoid the revolutionary troubles then in France, and landed in New York the same year; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and engaged in the mercantile business and became widely known and respected. He was a member of the School Board from 1862 to 1866. He was a man of fine personal appearance, amiable in his nature and affable in his manners. He died in 1866.

JOHN C. DEVEREUX.

Born in Ireland in 1831, Mr. D. received a practical, common school education, and left his native land in 1839 settling at Pittsburg, Penn., with his father. When nineteen years old he went into business in Evansville, Ind., and from thence came to

ST. PAUL in 1855; clerked for Mr. Presley that year, but in 1856 opened up trade for himself and continued until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted in Company G, Third Minnesota Regiment, and was soon after commissioned Second Lieutenant, then First Lieutenant, then Captain. After his return from the war to the city he started the *Northwestern Chronicle*, a Catholic journal and the first one of the kind this side of Chicago, and continued it up to 1876, when he disposed of his interest and engaged in various occupations, among which was that of Deputy Register of Deeds in 1878-9, and Deputy County Assessor for 1883-4. In January 1885 he became the general manager of the *Chronicle*, where he now is. He was a member of the first Board of Immigration four years—no fee or reward. Sent 5,000 pamphlets to Ireland. Married Agnes E. Coulter in 1864.

IMPEDIMENTS OF LIFE.

There are some roads full of ruts and some people are obliged to travel over them whether they will or not, while there are other roads smooth and delightfully pleasant, and on these roads the lucky ones drive to success. It is generally the kind-hearted, the sympathetic, the generous, the noble, the philanthropic, and even the learned, the wheels of whose life's carriages stick in the mud holes and the ruts on the thoroughfare of our existence, and not the selfish, or the cruel, or the money-getting, or the hard-hearted men of the world, who, as it were by mere chance glide into the good things of this life. The better the man the deeper the mud, and the nobler the purpose the more difficult the rut; the greater the struggle, the less success. And yet, just over there, on the other road, whiz! go the lucky chaps, and there are no mud holes or ruts to impede their progress, though they may reel in drunkenness and fester in corruption. This problem of life is yet unsolved; perhaps it never will be; but why the good, and the true, and the manly, and the virtuous, and the honest are checked in their careers of success, and the bad, and the indolent, and the vicious are permitted to prosper, is an incomprehensible wonder to the thinking mind. And so Capt. Devereux and many others have had impediments in their paths of life, not of their own making, or growing out of any seeming neglect on their part, but insurmountable barriers have

been thrown in the way of their progress and their success, whether for their good or their injury, the end of life only can tell.

The subject of my sketch is a pleasant gentleman, with a flowing beard and a kind heart. He has fought life's battle bravely and has left a record that he can carry with him into that unseen land which is the destiny of all, for all are marching, slowly but surely marching to join that grand army gone before.

PETER JOSEPH DREIS.

Mr. Dreis was born in Prussia in 1842; came to America in 1852; landed at Chicago and was educated there; removed to ST. PAUL in 1855; learned the drug business with Bond & Kellogg, and entered the store of Dr. J. W. Jarvis, who being succeeded by Mr. Schrœder, he remained with him two years; attended the Adams school, and in the spring of 1859 took a position in the drug store of A. N. Jenks, and remained there up to 1871; then with Gordon, when in company with George Mitsch he commenced business under the firm name of Dreis & Mitsch, and continued the partnership for several years, and then the firm was dissolved and Mr. Dreis opened a store of his own. He was secretary of the Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company from 1864 to 1869; was president of the old Exempt Firemen's organization; treasurer of the ST. PAUL Fire Department Association in 1879; Alderman of the Third ward in 1878-9; since 1884 he has been treasurer of the St. Joseph German Catholic Orphan Society. He married Miss Mary Schneider, who has borne him ten children—seven living.

On the night of February 3, 1868, the old International hotel which stood on the corner of Seventh and Jackson streets, burned down, and the equally old building which then existed where J. P. Allen's drug store now is, took fire, and a piece of cornice falling struck Mr. Dreis on the head and felled him to the earth. He was taken up as dead, and the papers so announced, but although very seriously injured he recovered. "Joe," as he was familiarly called, was a great fireman in his day and was always in the lead. He was a boy among the boys and never flinched in the discharge of his duty.

He purchased a lot on Tilton street in 1868 for which he paid \$500; worth \$4,000; he has a lot and brick block on the corner of Ninth and St. Peter streets worth \$18,000; also a farm of 343 acres in Big Stone County. "Joe" is a bright, active, honorable man, not large, but full of business, as active as a cat and well posted in his special department as a druggist. He is a kind, pleasant, affable gentleman, and a good citizen.

M. D. FLOWER—A POLITICIAN.

Born in Ohio in 1841; received an academic education; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; left school and joined the army as a private; served as such two years; was promoted for meritorious services to the rank of Captain; was appointed Adjutant General of Minnesota by Gov. Austin, and served during his administration; was reappointed by Gov. Davis, and served during his term; was elected Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives of the Minnesota Legislature in 1878; re-elected in 1879; was appointed Collector of Customs the same year; in 1880 was appointed Supervising Inspector of steam vessels, which position he has held until recently. He formerly ran the hotel at Lake Elmo and also the hotel at Lake Osakis.

Gen. Flower is a natural politician, and in the past has taken a very active part in the counsels of the Republican party. He was elected to the Republican State Convention in 1878, and has been for a long time secretary of the State Central Committee, and delegate to all kinds of Republican Conventions. During the past year he has been gradually dropping out of politics, and just now with the Democracy in power, he is quite willing to let somebody else run the ship of State. He is a small man, quick in his movements yet slow to act until the matter has been fully canvassed, and then he is energetic in carrying out his plans. He is quiet, unobtrusive, social and amiable, well qualified for the position he has just vacated.

HENRY GALVIN.

That familiar face and those familiar buttons, that steady tread and that good-natured bearing, that pleasant smile and that soldier-like performance of duty, fully remind me that Henry Galvin has been on the police force for twenty-nine years

and ranks as the oldest policeman in the city. He is a landmark and his star always twinkles. Born in Ireland in 1830, Mr. Galvin acquired a common school education and came to America in 1852. He spent three years in Connecticut and removed to ST. PAUL in 1855; in 1856 he was appointed on the police force of this city, and has continued in that capacity for over a quarter of a century. Since 1875 he has been assigned to the railroad depots and has performed his duties with great moderation and discretion, yet promptly and faithfully. He married Miss Mary Mullen in 1855. Mr. Galvin is a well-formed and a well-preserved man; always self-poised; strictly temperate, watchful, careful, prudent, gentlemanly, and is never off his beat. He is greatly esteemed by those who know him, and fully appreciated by the citizens whose interests he so faithfully guards.

CONRAD GOTZIAN.

Mr. Gotzian was born in Germany in 1835; came to America when quite a youth, and after spending a few years in eastern cities arrived in ST. PAUL in 1855. At about this time his business career may be said to have commenced. It was then that the foundation was laid, small but solidly and well, upon which the present weighty superstructure was subsequently built. The business, started in a modest way, gradually but steadily and surely developed in proportions, and in 1866 merged into a strictly jobbing trade and was carried on in the present prominent location.

Mr. G. is a tall, strongly made man physically; quiet and thoughtful in manner; industrious; far-seeing; self-reliant; broad and liberal in his ideas of business methods and generous in his disposal of favors pecuniary and otherwise; yet withal a prudent, conservative man, who, in his present independent position, doubtless derives much inward satisfaction from the fact that his business has always run successfully from the start; entirely free from financial embarrassment at all times and with a commercial credit strong and almost unquestioned. He is an apt and living illustration of what good common sense, industry and faithful attention to the details of a business will do in carving out one's fortune. He is a pleasant gentleman and a solid, popular citizen. Was a Legislative member during '82 and '83.

JOHN E. HAGGENMILLER

Is a native of Germany, born in 1831; removed to Detroit, Mich., in 1854, and came to ST. PAUL in 1855; steamboated for a short time on the Mississippi river; was employed in a restaurant; subsequently engaged in the liquor business for seventeen years, when, with a Mr. Kuhl he opened a wholesale liquor house; sold his interest to his partner in 1880, and in 1881 became associated with George Benz; dissolved with Mr. Benz in September 1884, and is now engaged in no business. Married Laura Presley, and has a splendid family of children.

In 1859, without his knowledge or consent, Mr. Haggemiller was elected a delegate to the Democratic Convention to nominate city officers, and immediately thereafter his friend, John Wagner, asked him to vote for Mr. Gibbs, a Republican, for City Justice, and he promised to do so. King, a partner of William P. Murray, was running for the same office on the Democratic ticket, and feeling sure that Haggemiller was all right, King called at his place of business and took him in his carriage to the convention, but said nothing to him about voting, so when the members came to act Haggemiller voted for Gibbs to the great consternation of his Democratic friends who glared at him with eyes of fire and charged him with being bought, when the fact was Haggemiller being entirely ignorant of the rules of politicians simply carried out the promise he had given to his friend Wagner, not being in any degree aware of the consequences which would follow. Gibbs was elected and of course the howl was greater than before, and that cured Haggemiller of politics, and although he had afterwards many requests to permit his name to be used, he invariably replied—"Nein!" He was a member of the fire department from 1857 up to the time the paid department came into existence; he was first assistant foreman of the Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company in 1863.

Mr. Haggemiller is a fine-looking man, with a florid complexion and is one of the most social and popular Germans in the city. For a long time he kept a favorite saloon "just round the corner" on Robert street, and has recently been in upper town with Mr. Benz, though now out of the firm. While always affable yet he is a good business man and has greatly prospered,

and deserves it, for he is a deserving man and a deserving citizen. At present he is in no business.

FRANCIS VON HEYDERSTAEDT.

Mr. H. when twenty years of age emigrated to America, but was born in Germany in 1832; lived in Illinois and Wisconsin until 1855 when he came to St. PAUL and engaged his services in a commercial establishment for \$250 per year; located at Belle Plaine in 1858 where he married Miss Rudolph; returned to St. PAUL in 1866 and commenced the buying and selling of grain and dealing in produce and provisions, which in 1869 led to pork packing and in this he was associated with Mr. Saunders. In 1870-'71 he built two stores on Seventh street, one of which he formerly occupied as a grain and commission merchant. Saunders went out of the concern in 1880, Heyderstaedt retired in 1881, and formed a partnership with Schutte in 1883.

Mr. Heyderstaedt bought two lots on Sixth street twenty-eight years ago for \$300; worth now \$24,000; a lot on Seventh street for \$15,000; sold for \$35,000; a lot on St. Peter street for \$3,000; worth \$8,000. He also owns a brick building on the corner of Broadway and Eighth streets, worth \$16,000, besides other property of value. In making these comparisons in the prices of property I do not say that the parties who once owned the property own it still, but simply state the fact that at one time the lot alluded to was worth so much, now it is worth ten times more than that, showing the rise of real estate in the city during a certain number of years.

Mr. Heyderstaedt is a self-made man, having worked himself up from nothing as it were to a fine property. He is a very quiet, pleasant gentleman, of medium size, possessing a florid complexion, is quite cautious and very careful in his business arrangements, and never steps where the ice is thin.

EDMUND R. HOLLINSHEAD.

Mr. Hollinshead was born in this city in 1855; received his education here; studied law and was admitted to practice in 1877, and in the Supreme Court in 1881. He was a young man of considerable ability and continued his practice until a severe sore throat admonished him to seek a sunnier climate, which he did, but his disease progressed rapidly, and he died I think in

1883. He was a small man with red hair, social in his nature, and a lawyer of a good deal of ability, and had many amiable qualities, and yet in the full vigor of manhood he went down to the grave a blasted young life.

ROLLIN A. LANPHER—AS A MAN.

Mr. Lanpher was born in Illinois in 1843; was educated in his native State and completed his studies in a commercial college at Chicago; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; enlisted in the Second Minnesota Regiment in 1861 and served three years; in 1864 was employed in the office of the Adjutant General; in 1867 entered the service of Forepaugh & Co.; in 1868 began business for himself under the firm name of Hines & Lanpher, which is now R. A. Lanpher & Co.; in 1871 he married Miss Lotta M. Taylor.

Mr. Lanpher is a small, slender person, yet possessed of great energy and excellent business qualities. He is a self-made man; prompt, decisive, and honorable in his dealings, and is a successful business man.

JACOB MAINZER—"PLEASE SHOULDER ARMS."

A square-built, short, chunky man, with the courtly bearing of a member of the imperial family of Kaiser William, Mr. Mainzer is an exception to the general rule of men. The inherent quality of politeness bubbles all over him and is as much a part of his nature as is the life-giving principle of his existence. He was born in Germany in 1834; was educated there, and especially in the studies at college; came to America in 1853, landing at New York, and to ST. PAUL in 1855, where he has ever since resided. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1860; was elected justice of the peace in 1859; at the beginning of the war, in company with Col. Kiefer, he raised the first German company in the State; was appointed Lieutenant and continued in the service for over two years, and resigned in consequence of ill-health; in 1863 was elected County Commissioner for three years; elected Register of Deeds for Ramsey County in 1865, which office he held four years; in 1873 invented a system of book-keeping, embracing abstracts of titles to property in Ramsey County, and in 1863 married Miss Caroline Gendron of Canada East.

The following joke on Maj. Mainzer is told by Col. Uline: When in the army Squire Mainzer's politeness made itself visible in various ways. One day when in command of the company he cried out in his softest and sweetest strain—"Will the company please shoulder arms?" Of course the "boys" broke out into a giggle and cheerfully complied with the request, for it was rather an uncommon thing to find so much politeness in a First Lieutenant, especially in time of war. While Mr. Mainzer is a true-blue gentleman, yet this joke is greatly enjoyed by his friends, as it illustrates the dominant character of the man.

"Squire" Mainzer is a square man. He is kind-hearted and has helped many "a poor soldier" to get his pension papers through the office at Washington. He is industrious and economical, and with the practice of law and his abstract business, contrives to feed the "vrow" and the little "bairns," who so politely ask him for bread and butter, while a new house seems to show the prosperous sea in which he is sailing. I hope at the proper time he may be able to climb "Jacob's" ladder of old and reach the promised land.

THOMAS W. M'ARDLE—G. W. MERRILL.

Born in Ireland in 1827 Mr. McArdle came to America when eight years old, locating in Philadelphia, where he learned the trade of carpenter and joiner, and removed to ST. PAUL in 1855. He commenced contracting business in this city in 1861, his first work being for Dr. Day. In 1871 Felix Rivard became associated with him in business, and for years they have been doing a fine trade. He married Mary McGeehan of Philadelphia in 1854. McArdle is a stirring business man and an upright, manly citizen.

Mr. M. was born in Maine in 1829; received a common school and academic education; learned the business of ship joiner of his father, who in this line was famous in his day; worked at his trade in many of the principal cities of New England until 1855, when he came to ST. PAUL, where, in 1864 he engaged in contracting and building, and has continued his business ever since. In early life Mr. Merrill became connected with the Masonic order, and has taken a very prominent part in the various organizations ever since.

FERDINAND WILLIUS.

A pale, slender, cool, quiet young man was Mr. Willius over a quarter of a century ago, and now he has rounded out into middle age and is traveling in Europe on the money he made in this city during the last thirty years. He was always industrious and attentive to business, and each year found him richer than the year before, so that at that age of life when money is of some service he has all he desires to make him comfortable in his declining years. He was born in Germany in 1829 and received an education there; emigrated to America in 1854 and came to ST. PAUL in 1855; opened a bank in 1856, the firm being Meyer & Willius; then Meyer, Willius & Brother; then Ferdinand & Gustav Willius; then Willius Brothers & Dunbar; then German-American Bank; now National German-American Bank. Mr. Willius was president of the old German-American Bank for ten years, and was also director. He was Alderman of the City Council for some ten years, and president of the same; was director of the Chamber of Commerce, and Willius street takes its name after him; was married in 1859; retired from the bank voluntarily and is now sojourning in Europe at his leisure. He is a man of a good deal of financial ability and sagacity, and has steadily pursued one calling; is cool, meditative, industrious, careful, prudent, safe.

ANDREW R. KIEFER—PERSONAL.

Col. Kiefer was born in Germany in 1832; left there in 1849 and arrived at ST. PAUL in 1855; was engaged for some years in the millinery business, and soon after the breaking out of the war in 1861 was appointed Captain of Company G, Second Regiment; was for several months stationed at Forts Ripley and Snelling; in 1861 started south with his regiment and in 1863 participated in the battle of Mill Spring, the first battle which resulted in victory for the Union troops; was also in the fight at the battles of Corinth, Springfield, Perryville and a number of others of minor consequence; was for a time Provost Marshal of Tennessee and was subsequently promoted to the position of Colonel; was enrolling clerk of the Minnesota House of Representatives in 1859; a member of the Legislature in 1864; was in the wholesale liquor trade as Kiefer & Heck; ran a distillery

near Post Siding; was Clerk of District Court of Ramsey County in 1878; was one of the originators of the Hail Storm Insurance Company, and is now a principal officer; deals largely in real estate, and is a stirring business man.

Col. Kiefer is a very popular man and has a very taking way with him. He is full of vitality and magnetism and attaches people to him by a peculiar politeness blended with the best of good humor. He is like a sunshiny day throwing out shimmering rays of warmth wherever he goes, and yet he is energetic and a strong business man, a good deal of a politician and a gentleman greatly respected not only for his moral worth, but for his social qualities.

ORVILLE G. MILLER

Was born in New York in 1832; received an academic education and learned the trade of a printer; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and worked for T. M. Newson in the old *Times* office the same year; then in the *Pioneer* office, and finally started an office of his own, which he continued several years, and then in 1884 gave it up; and was employed in the job office of the *Pioneer*. Mr. Miller is a fat man, turning the scale at 230 pounds. He is moderate in his movements and quiet in his habits, and is well-known by the craft as an excellent workman.

Miller used to play, I think, the trombone in the band, and once upon an excursion the members becoming tired out, lay down under the trees—nearly all full—of weariness. When once more on the march Miller commenced his blowing, when eyes, ears, nose and mouth were filled with sand, caused by some mischievous “cuss,” who, not wishing the instruments to be different from the owners, filled them up—with fine dirt—which made sad havoc with the blowing qualities of the musicians.

WILLIAM L. MINTZER

Was well-known to all the old settlers of a quarter of a century ago—now dead. Born in Philadelphia in 1818; was educated in his native city and in Washington; in early life began the livery business as well as merchandising; went to Canada in 1853; dealt in horses; also resided in Vermont; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; invested in real estate, and at the time of his death

in 1883, he was rich, money made from the rise of his property; in 1857 he established a sale stable in this city; opened a farm of 100 acres in WEST ST. PAUL, and during all his life-time dealt largely in horses, and latterly in other stock.

Mr. Mintzer was a queer man with many eccentricities, and yet he was strictly temperate and gave his influence strongly in favor of temperance. He owned valuable property but was awfully averse to paying taxes or assessments for improvements on it, and his opposition to the tax-gatherer was almost a mania. He dressed shabbily and always complained of being poor, but he was a social, pleasant man, and because of his peculiarities will be more vividly remembered than many others. He died of heart-disease in St. Luke's Hospital, this city, in 1884, and it is still an unsettled question whether he was married or not.

JOHN NICOLS.

"Honest John Nicols" is remembered by those who knew the merits of the man. Descended from an old English family, he was born in Caroline County, Maryland, in the year 1812, and grew to manhood among relatives who had lived in one place continuously for over two hundred years. At the early age of twenty-four years he was elected to the Maryland Legislature where he served three terms in the House and Senate, and while the Mexican war was raging he raised a company and was commissioned its colonel, but the war came to a close before his troops could be ordered to march. Though an owner of slaves yet he was opposed to slavery and in 1847 he gave freedom to all his servants who had reached their majority, and continued to do so until all were manumitted. He entered mercantile life in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1847, where he remained most of the time up to 1885, when he came to ST. PAUL; bought out William R. Marshall and engaged in the iron trade with Peter Berkey and continued the business to the time of his death.

OFFICES—WORTHY OF NOTE—PERSONAL.

Mr. Nicols was a member of the Board of Education in 1862-5; County Commissioner in 1860-1, 1871-3; member of the State Senate in 1864-5, 1872-3; Regent of the State University for several years; treasurer of the Board of Regents;

was one of the first of two lay delegates sent from Minnesota to the general Methodist Conference, and was a liberal supporter of the Methodist Church. In politics he was an old-line Whig up to the breaking out of the war, and then he became a Republican and an unflinching Union man.

The writer was a reporter for two newspapers in the State Senate at the time Mr. Nicols was a member, and he had ample opportunity to watch the man and he unhesitatingly says that John Nicols had no equal in industry or in the conscientious and faithful discharge of his duties, and in point of honor, honesty and manhood he had no peer anywhere.

Mr. Nicols was a thin, spare, plainly-appearing gentleman, and walked a little bent over, or rather his head projected forward as he walked. He was a man of earnestness, very conscientious, strictly honest, a sincere member of the church, and a most excellent citizen; a rare man in every sense of the word.

PATRICK O'REGAN.

Mr. O'Regan was born in Philadelphia in 1842; received a limited education; came to ST. PAUL in 1855, and was in the employ of the late William H. Forbes; returned to Philadelphia where he remained up to 1861 and then enlisted in the army and became sergeant; was discharged in 1864, having been in all the battles in the army of the Potomac; in 1866 he returned to ST. PAUL and engaged in the liquor trade and has lived here ever since.

MUSINGS.

Never say good morning to the devil until you see him, but when he comes treat him politely—that is, never borrow trouble, try to avoid it, but when it overtakes you, meet it manly. Two old settlers put up at a hotel, one occupying a room over the other. The occupant in the upper room kept the gentleman in the lower one from sleeping by his constant walking. Out of patience the man disturbed knocked at the door of his fellow-lodger and said—“What the devil is the matter with you? What are you walking the floor for?” “Oh, my dear sir,” said the poor fellow, pale and haggard, “I’ve a note to pay in the morning and don’t know where I shall be able to raise a dollar.” “Is that all?” asked the man. “You d——d fool; go to bed and let the fel-

low who holds the note walk the other half of the night; you have done your duty," and then he hobbled off to his couch. We are fretting ourselves into premature graves over matters we can't control. Every man is the creature of circumstances, and most of our boasted ability is only the lucky turn of an event. We must keep doing something, but nine business men out of every ten fail in their various avocations of life. Hope, however, buoys us up from day to day. "Well, perhaps to-morrow matters may be better," and so this grand element in the human heart holds us above the sea of despair, of suicide, of ruin, and amid all our disasters we float out on to the ocean of life still dreaming of something better beyond our present troubles. Hope teaches us philosophy. Hope aids our ambition. Hope is the life-giving principle of man. Without Hope all is gone—lifeless, cold, inanimate, dead.

"CHRIS." STAHLMANN.

Among the former well-known Germans of this city, was Chris. Stahlman, the celebrated manufacturer of beer. He was a large man, with full habits, rather quiet in his manners and yet a man of great business force of character. In early days he went out to what was known as the old Fort road, now Seventh street, and purchased several acres of land there and built his brewery thereon. These acres were then considered away out of the city, but are now within the city limits and very valuable. He was one of the very first brewers, if not the first in ST. PAUL, and his beer was celebrated for many years. He was born in Bavaria in 1829; came to the United States in 1846 and located in Indiana, where he remained two years, and then moved to Cincinnati; resided there five years; lived two years in Iowa; removed to ST. PAUL in 1855, and erected his brewery the same year. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1871 and in 1883; was County Commissioner in 1871, and held several other minor offices. He was a good-sized person, slow in his movements, yet a man of a good deal of business tact and sagacity, and very generally known throughout the city.

CHARLES PASSAVANT.

Mr. Passavant was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, one of the three free cities of Germany, in 1832; received a mercantile

education; worked on a farm for three years and attended an Agricultural College two terms; came to America in 1854 and located at Pittsburg, Penn.; removed to ST. PAUL in 1855; was engaged in various occupations until 1858, when he became editor of the Minnesota *Deutsche Zeitung*, the first German Republican paper in the State, and during the same year he was appointed Deputy Register of Deeds which he held up to 1860; then read law with C. D. Gilfillan, Esq., and in 1862 took charge of the office of Register of Deeds to which he had been elected in 1861; held the office four years; visited Germany and remained there four months; on his return home entered partnership with Mr. Geis in the Northwestern Steam Bakery; sold out and served as City Assessor from 1870 to 1874, and from thence to 1880 he was in the insurance and real estate business; purchased an interest in the ST. PAUL flouring mills in 1880 and ran them up to 1883, when he was appointed Abstract Clerk and held that position up to a short time since. Married Miss Schlieff in 1856, who has had thirteen children, ten of whom are living.

Mr. Passavant is a small man, with sharp features and sharp ideas. In early days he was a very active politician, well posted, and untiring in his efforts to advance the interests of the Republican party. He has a brain which acts very quickly, and he moves rapidly, accomplishing a good deal of work in a short time. He has a nervous temperament, and speaks and acts positively as though satisfied in his own mind as to the correctness of the positions he has assumed. He is a man of industry; never idle; and for twenty-five years past has performed labor enough to entitle him to a season of rest and ease, but if he is like many other old settlers he will find it only in the grave.

CHARLES H. SCHNITTGER.

Born in Germany in 1836 Mr. Schnittger came to America in 1844, and to ST. PAUL in 1855; learned the trade of a shoemaker, and acted as a salesman up to 1857, when he became a partner with F. Knauf in the grocery business; sold out in 1859 and became again a salesman until 1862; then entered the notion trade, and later engaged in the dry-goods business with H. H. Timme; Mr. T. retiring in 1879 and Mr. Schnittger continued the

business. He is a gentleman of versatile attainments, possesses more than ordinary ability, and is a good citizen.

T. L. SCHURMEIER.

Mr. Schurmeier was born in St. Louis in 1852; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; educated at the Baldwin University, Ohio; was in J. J. Hill's railroad office for five years; entered the First National Bank as bookkeeper; afterwards as teller up to 1858, when he assumed the financial department of Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier. He is a young man of fine business qualities and of excellent habits, and in connection with his partners is building up an elegant trade. Quiet and undemonstrative he is a worthy, solid citizen, while at the same time he is an affable, pleasant gentleman.

J. F. TOSTEVIN.

Mr. Tostevin was born in the highlands of Jersey, Europe, in 1823; went to Exeter, Devonshire, England, with his parents, where he was educated; moved to London at the age of twenty-one years and engaged in the marble business; emigrated to America in 1849 and located at Buffalo, N. Y.; superintended large marble works there until 1855 when he came to ST. PAUL, and soon after engaged in his old business, and for many years was the owner and is now of the only steam marble factory in the State. He was married in London in 1844, to Miss Sibylla Smallridge, who has borne seven children, four of whom are living.

INCIDENTS.

Mr. Tostevin has been in the marble and stone business for forty-eight years, thirty of which have been spent in ST. PAUL. He opened his factory on one of the corners of Robert and Eighth streets in 1855, where he remained for twelve years, doing most of the work himself, and then removed to the opposite corner, where he now is and where he has been for eighteen years. At the time of the opening of his establishment there were but a few houses near him and the Indians were all about him, and frequently pointed to his monuments and exclaimed—"Dead-live-white-men." The ground north of his shop was a swamp, and water stood in holes. Mr. Tostevin was the first

marble manufacturer in the city or State, although a man by the name of Amidon did a little business, assisted by "Squire" Mainzer, in rubbing down the monuments. Mr. T. sold out to Truman M. Smith, but returned again to the old establishment. He once owned forty acres near Mr. Brainerd's; cost \$800; sold for \$7,000; worth \$35,000. He also owned other real estate upon which he made money and which is now very valuable. He did not think ST. PAUL could possibly be the city it is, and yet he has lived to see its growth.

Mr. Tostevin is a man of medium size, very quietly spoken, deliberate in his expressions, honest and conscientious in his dealings, upright, manly, plain, cautious, sincere, modest, natural; and his word is as good as his bond. From very small beginnings by unceasing industry he has built up a large business and has the gratification of seeing his sons well-to-do in life, one being with him in business and the other engaged in developing a fine quarry at Dresbach, opened by his father. Mr. Tostevin is really "a fine old English gentleman all of the olden time," and very few men could pass through what he has and come out like the burnished gold, as he is. An uninterrupted acquaintance of over a quarter of a century leads me to the conclusion that there are very few better men than J. F. Tostevin.

"THE MOON WENT RIGHT ON."

Old settlers are apt to be a little sensitive over the march of events, feeling as though they might have reaped a golden harvest had they only jumped in in time, but they should bear in mind this fact that all can't be rich or famous, and that each one in his individual capacity, no matter how humble, has done his part towards the completion of the great whole. Some had to dig the cellar, some to lay the foundation, some to raise the frame, some to fill the chinks, and some to complete the edifice, and here it stands, in all its grand proportions, and each is entitled to his full meed of praise. Don't fret over the past; let it go. Suppose little dogs do bark at you; heed them not, but press on to the end of your journey. And this reminds me of a little story. An eminent judge had decided against some young sprigs of the law who thought they knew it all, and becoming incensed over his decision they said many unkind

things of the eminent jurist. Walking home they all stopped at the village tavern, as was the usual custom in the olden time, when in strode the Judge, and as he was a good story-teller, they forgot their anger for the time being and requested him to favor them with one of his delightful romances.

"Well," said the Judge, "it was a beautiful night and the moon rose in all her grandeur—full, round, serene,"—and he paused.

"Well, what then, Judge?" asked his listeners.

"By the road-side," continued the Judge, "stood a beautiful white cottage, with its green blinds, and smooth lawn, and creeping vines,"—and the speaker paused again.

"And what then, Judge?" broke in a number of voices.

"Nothing," responded the Judge, "only the moon shone beautifully down upon that little cottage, and the air was serene and quiet, and nature was reposing in all her voluptuous loveliness, and the great luminary moved majestically across the azure sky, and the dim stars seemed to twinkle in glorious happiness, and the perfume of the roses exhaled the air, when all of a sudden a little snarling, snapping, homely, yellow dog ran out from behind that little cottage, and looking the moon full in the face, barked, and barked, and barked,"—another pause.

"And what in Heaven's name occurred next?" asked his now eager listeners.

"Why, the moon went right on and paid no attention to him," and in an instant the Judge was out of the room leaving his vilifiers to ponder over the lesson he had taught them.

No matter what have been the mishaps of life old settlers should learn to imitate the moon and let little dogs bark, for they lose what Huxley calls "the protoplasm of life," while the old settler lives to forget their memories.

JOHN H. DODGE.

Mr. Dodge was born in Vermont in 1831; removed with his parents to Michigan in 1836 and here he received his education at the common schools. When quite a young lad, not more than sixteen years of age, he engaged in steamboating on Lake Superior and followed the business three years and then removed to St. Ste. Marie, where he engaged in the grocery trade and

which he continued up to 1855, when he came to ST. PAUL and opened a grocery store on upper Third street, and continued this until 1859 when he was elected City Clerk and remained in that office including most of 1861, and then became the presiding genius at the counter of the old American House and held his position until that noted hotel was burned. When Col. Allen took possession of the Merchants hotel Mr. Dodge became his clerk, and he has been a fixture there ever since, now some twelve years. He was at one time in the employ of the American Express Company, and I think also a clerk for Col. Shaw.

Very few men are better known throughout the city and the State than John H. Dodge, for as hotel clerk he must of necessity come in contact with a great many men and of course they must know the accommodating gentleman who treats them so kindly. Mr. Dodge's long familiarity with human nature and his peculiar temperament have won him the reputation of "the model man," and he takes the ribbons as the best hotel clerk in Minnesota. He is a quiet, even-tempered gentleman, and can stand a volley of questions with the same immovability as the rocks of Gibraltar can withstand the never-ceasing waves of the ocean as they dash against their solid base. But he is more than this—he is an excellent accountant, and above and beyond all—honest! He is a man of ordinary size, with a good, clear complexion, sometimes using spectacles, and moves as quietly in society as a well-conceived thought, creating no jar but none the less effective in his undemonstrative efforts to make the world better for his having lived in it.

SAMUEL J. ALBRIGHT.

Mr. Albright, the publisher of the old *Daily Free Press*, edited by A. C. Smith, was a printer by trade, and was formerly connected with the *Pioneer*. He is a man now rising fifty years. In his young days he was full of energy, and for that matter is now; short, of ordinary size, with a florid complexion and gold spectacles, he moves with the celerity of light. After leaving the *Free Press* he became connected with a townsite scheme and newspaper enterprise in Dakota, and from thence drifted to Chicago where he now is. He came to ST. PAUL in 1855; is a social, pleasant gentleman and a great favorite with those who know him.

H. M. DODGE.

“Squire” Dodge, father of John H. Dodge, will long be remembered by those who knew him. His position as justice of the peace for many years in a little old building on upper Third street, gave the public an opportunity to know the man, his quiet ways and his peculiar traits of character. “Yes, yes, yes,” with a roll of the tongue under the cheek and between his teeth, was a marked characteristic, while his kindness of heart won him many friends. The old, dingy room, the long benches, the dark, forbidding desk, the gray-headed “squire” in his spectacles, the solemn grandeur and the pure ministerial wings of justice, all come up before me like a troop of happy children romping home from school—how memory dates back, but the old “squire” is gone.

Mr. Dodge was born in Chelsea, Vermont, in 1802; received a common school education; kept a hotel in his native place for several years; emigrated to Southern Michigan in 1836, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits for ten years and where he was elected County Treasurer; moved to the northern portion of Michigan in 1846, and was appointed Custom House officer by the United States government, and elected justice of the peace and Clerk of the District Court, and a member of the Legislature, and with Gen. Stockton collected revenue for the United States for mineral lands; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; engaged in the grocery business for four years; was Alderman in 1858 and in 1861, and part of the time president of the Council; was justice of the peace for fifteen years, and had in trust a large amount of property belonging to other parties. He was esteemed an upright, honest man, and an honest “squire.” He lived in the house in which he died twenty-two years. “Naturally of a legal mind, patient and laborious in researches, determined to reach the truth and courageous in rendering his decisions without fear or favor, the verdict finally accorded him as ‘justest justice’ is the brightest diadem in his crown of a long life most worthily lived.”

C. C. MILES

Is a native of Philadelphia where he was educated; born in 1832, came to ST. PAUL in 1855, engaged in business as bell-

hanger, locksmith and dealer in safes ; picked the lock of the first railroad car which came to this city, and has been picking locks ever since, and has thus far evaded the penitentiary. Married in 1858 to Miss Helen A. Bedell of this city.

“Charlie” Miles is a specialist in his line of business, and a good one at that. He is a bright, active man, quick as lightning, always pleasant, always cheerful, and always the gentleman, and withal he is a good business man, and has built up a large trade by straight-forward dealing. While he can get inside of a lock where nobody else can, he is always “safe” in the ultimate end of his undertaking.

D. D. MERRILL—OFFICES.

“Great oaks from little acorns grow,” and so Mr. Merrill has grown from a small beginning to huge proportions—I mean in business, not physically. He was born in Michigan in 1834 ; received a common school education ; passed through Kalamazoo College and came to ST. PAUL in 1855. He was engaged for a time with Folsom, Rohrer & Banker, who were real estate dealers and Mr. Merrill kept their abstract books ; he then became Deputy City Treasurer ; went to Oneota, Lake Superior, in 1857, and had charge of Mr. Ely’s store and mill ; returned to ST. PAUL the same year and entered the employ again of Dan Rohrer who was City Treasurer and dealt in real estate ; remained with him until 1859 ; was secretary of the Republican Committee and made a tour of the State with Schurz, Grow, Colfax and other prominent Republicans ; same year married Miss Alice A. King ; in 1860 opened a little store, 14 x 30, for himself on Third street and stocked it with books and stationery, a friend advancing \$1,500 and Mr. Merrill putting in his time to offset the money ; in 1865 he bought a building next to him and began to branch out ; moved across the street where he remained two years, when in 1877 Mr. Schurmeier erected a building for him just below Cedar on Third street, where he continued until 1879 when the firm of White, Stone & Co. was merged with his own firm and the ST. PAUL Book and Stationery Company became incorporated and moved to its present commodious quarters on lower Third street, and here business has been transacted for the past six years.

Mr. Merrill was a member of the School Board from 1865 to 1868; during the war he was secretary and treasurer for the United States Christian Commission and handled a large amount of money, goods, clothing and hospital stores for the soldiers, swelling the total up into thousands of dollars, and this he did for four years without pay; he has been treasurer of the Minnesota Baptist State Convention for twenty-one years; has been the depository of the Bible Societies of the United States ever since he started in business, now some twenty-five years, and has been an active and valuable member of the Baptist Church for over a quarter of a century. Indeed, I may say Mr. Merrill has been identified with every conceivable Christian effort to benefit the city and the State during his early manhood up to the present time. As an illustration of his character, when learning during the war that Mr. Prentiss, of the Louisville *Journal* was advocating the cause of the Union, he procured two hundred and sixty subscribers for his paper in ST. PAUL and sent him the money, to which Mr. Prentiss made an eloquent response

REAL ESTATE IN WEST ST. PAUL—STATE SCHOOL BOOKS.

Some twenty years ago Mr. Merrill put about \$12,000 in WEST ST. PAUL property, its present value being about \$500,000! Lots he purchased then for \$25 and \$30 apiece, have been sold for \$5,000 and \$6,000, but out of 500 lots he originally owned there he has about 200 left, averaging not less than \$300 per lot.

About ten years ago the school-book manufacturers of the United States combined and were making enormous profits upon their stock, when the question arose as to the propriety of the State manufacturing its own school books, and finally Mr. Merrill was called upon to point a way out of the difficulty which he did and which culminated in the present law whereby books that hitherto cost twenty-five cents can be obtained now for one-third to one-half less under the contract made by the State with Mr. Merrill. This law broke the back-bone of the combination and gave to the school children books at a reasonable rate, and no man worked more earnestly to this end than did D. D. Merrill.

QUICK AND UNTIRING.

Mr. Merrill is a medium-sized man and of unbounded energy and untiring industry. He is just in the vigor of manhood, and notwithstanding the great strain that has been upon him for years yet he does not look older than forty-five. A man of ready comprehension he has the nerve to back the self-reliant element of his character while the foundation for his success lies in his prudent management and honorable dealing. He is a good man and a good citizen. His mother was the sister of the late Charles H. Oakes and his grandfather died at the age of 95 years, some twenty-eight years ago.

CASPER H. SCHURMEIER.

Among one of the earliest old settlers with whom I became acquainted, was the subject of my sketch. He was a typical type of the German nation—solid, cool persistent, industrious, self-reliant, calculating, with a remarkable faculty for making money. He was a man of fine physical organization; very quiet and very moderate in his ways, and still when he moved it was always to some purpose. He was honest and honorable and I know of no one who would wantonly kill a blade of grass which grows upon his grave.

Mr. Schurmeier was born in Germany about 1820; emigrated to St. Louis in 1840, where he engaged in the wagon-making business; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and opened a shop on Franklin street, where he continued many years; purchased a homestead on the corner of Ninth and Canada streets and here he lived thirty years and here he died, and here his widow now resides. Mr. Schurmeier was an Alderman in 1855, 1861, and 1868; was County Commissioner in 1872-3, and in all these positions he performed his duty acceptably and well. He died in March 1873, leaving three daughters and four sons. Theodore is one of the firm of Lindekes, Warner & Schurmeier, and Gustave of Foot, Schultz & Co. He was only the forerunner of a German element which is now an important factor in the up-building of our city.

JOHN M'CAULEY.

Mr. McCauley is a medium-sized man with a vivacious temperament and a pleasant address. He has been a worker all his

life-time, and is an honorable, upright citizen, and yet the fates have decided against him, and just now as Father Time is sprinkling his beard with gray he feels as though he would like to have some rich Vanderbilt adopt him and leave him heir to some of his vast estate. "Mac" is quite positive he could take care of the amount he might receive, if somebody would only give him a chance. He certainly is deserving of all he may ever get from that source or from any other. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1836 and educated at the common schools of that State; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; clerked in a grocery store and was among the first traveling men who went out of ST. PAUL to solicit orders; in connection with Mr. Fink he opened a grain and commission house on Sibley street in 1880, where he is now. There are no remarkable events in his life only that everlasting struggle which is incident to every old settler who was not born with a gold spoon in his mouth. "Mac" is a good man. Married with a family.

M. R. PRENDERGAST—THE MAN.

Mr. Prendergast was born in Ireland in 1842; emigrated to America in 1847 and settled in New Haven, Connecticut, where he was educated; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and learned the printer's trade with T. M. Newson; soon after he entered the Union army and joined the Tenth Regiment. John Grace, Tom Howard, Prendergast, Capt. Sullivan and others attempted to get up a company, but they didn't procure men enough to go 'round for officers to say nothing of the privates, and finally consolidated with another company. Prendergast went into the army as a private and came out as a Commissary Sergeant. He then removed to Le Sueur and started the *Courier* in 1867, and the *Henderson Democrat* in 1869; published one of these papers seven years and the other five, when he came to ST. PAUL in 1873 and went into partnership with his brothers in the plumbing and stove business, where he has remained ever since. In early days Mr. Prendergast carried around the whole edition of one paper and distributed it to subscribers in the city. One of his brothers, James, died, which left the firm as J. C. and M. R. Prendergast. Mr. Prendergast made a visit to his old home in Ireland in 1885.

The boy, when an apprentice, foreshadowed the character of the man, for he was one of the most industrious lads who ever set a type, and in manhood he has fully carried out this trait of character. He is remarkably quick in his conclusions and in his actions; never idle; always cheerful; a good business man; a pleasant gentleman.

H. ORLEMAN—FIRST BILLIARD AND CONCERT HALL.

A very quiet, unostentatious man is Mr. Orleman, so utterly oblivious to public sentiment that he has never run for a political office and consequently still retains his good name. He has done a great deal of shaving, but it has been outside of the walls of a bank, and while he has sought to cover up deficiencies it has been to head off growing evils, so that he has been a public benefactor. He was born in Germany in 1834; educated in the old country and landed at New York in 1851, where he remained four years as a barber, hair-dresser and wig-maker. He arrived at ST. PAUL in 1855 and opened a barber shop on East Third street, then in the American House, then in the old building of John R. Irvine, including hair-dressing and wig-making, and is now the oldest barber in ST. PAUL. He continued his profession here for many years, his principal place of business being on upper Third street. He joined the fire department in 1857, continuing with the old Hope Company nine years; was a member of the German Reading Society; is a member of the ST. PAUL Turnverein Society, and helped organize it.

The first legitimate billiard and concert hall in this city was opened by Mr. Orleman in 1868, occupying the basement under his present store and that of George Benz on Third street. At these concerts Papa Esche, Siebert, Hankie, and other well-known German musicians took part. In connection with them he also kept a saloon, having continued in the same place seventeen years. He married in New York in 1854 Miss Susan Benz, a sister of George Benz. His oldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Grote. Mr. Orleman is a square-built man, with square features, hair considerably sprinkled with gray, and has a happy faculty of minding his own business. He deals largely in imported beer, and "is a good old German gentleman all of the olden time."

E. A. WELLER—REAL ESTATE—A BALLOON.

Mr. Weller was born in Connecticut in 1818, where he received his education; learned the trade of a cabinet-maker; worked at it in New Milford, when he went to New York and engaged in the hotel business; opened a hotel in Bridgeport, Conn., for himself; sold out in 1855 and came to ST. PAUL that year and was superintendent of the old Winslow House—burned; in 1859 took charge of the Winslow House at St. Anthony—building still standing; returned to ST. PAUL and bought and sold real estate until 1865, when he went East and remained there ten years; returned to ST. PAUL in 1875; in 1878 opened a grocery store on upper Third street and continued it three years; since then he has been in the real estate business.

He purchased forty acres in Ramsey County just this side of the Hennepin line, some years ago, for \$1,200; sold for \$1,600; worth \$40,000 now; bought two lots on the corner of Third street and Pleasant avenue, for which he paid \$3,300; worth now \$15,000; with improvements \$25,000. He has been married twice and has one son, and one daughter by the second wife.

When in Bridgeport he agreed to bring 20,000 people into the city by the ascension of a balloon, and for this purpose the great French balloonist in New York was engaged with a balloon of the capacity of 3,000 yards. The 20,000 people came, the balloon went up, but it was the wrong way, for it struck the side of a barn and disappeared as a good many other things have—in gas. Still, on second trial it was a success, and so were the 20,000 people.

One morning in 1862 Mr. Weller found forty-two Chippewa chiefs encamped upon the ground on upper Third street, now occupied by the late residence of Judge Nelson, and directly opposite that of Mr. Weller's own home, having arrived there during the night, and here they had gathered to tender their aid to Governor Ramsey to fight the Sioux, who were then in open warfare with the whites. The Governor, however, declined their services, and after entertaining them very liberally with a good dinner, they took their departure for home. Such a scene now would be quite a curiosity.

Mr. Weller is a small man, but possesses great energy of character, and has been all his life-time an indefatigable worker.

He accumulated a good deal of wealth but lost it through others. Yet he has surmounted all obstacles, and now owns land and four houses worth \$30,000. He is a quiet man who minds his own business and looks out for his own interests.

WILLIAM GOLCHER.

All the old settlers knew Golcher, now of California, and before the war all the Southerners who came to this State knew him, for it was to his store on Third street, above Cedar, that sportsmen and fishermen drifted for their outfits and Golcher then was the "king bee;" He kept, I believe, the first legitimate gun store in the city or State, and held the ribbons for a good many years. He was born in England in 1834; emigrated to Philadelphia with his father in 1840; aided him in supplying the government with a large number of flint locks for the Indians. In the factory he showed his mechanical skill, and at the age of seventeen years was foreman of his father's shop and made a complete rifle and has it yet. He came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and opened a store on Third street. Here he built up a large trade, not only with the whites but with the Indians. He originated the first sportsmen's club, and it has been remarkable that all through his life he has been noted for missing just one bird, that is, he can shoot eleven birds but he can't shoot twelve, which carries off the honors of the day. In 1873 he leased his property and went out of business. He was a member of the fire department for fifteen years, and was Alderman some four years; was at one time Fish Commissioner; invented two guns; in 1877 visited England; in 1878 made a trip to California, and there formed a copartnership and there he now is.

Mr. Golcher was a fine mechanic and very fond of sporting. He was devoted to his business and made but few acquaintances, as he was a quiet man, and rarely, if ever, went outside of a certain line of conduct, yet he was a good citizen and a man of irreprouchable character.

EGBERT E. HUGHSON.

The Hughson of early days and the Hughson of to-day are somewhat different beings apparently, yet both are the same. The Egbert Hughson of twenty-five years ago was a young man of stirring political energy who was always ready to advance the

interests of his party or of his country, while to-day he is the sedate business man leaving politics to take care of themselves, and in this he is perfectly right. He is a man of moderate size, uniform in his habits and much devoted to his business. Born in New York in 1832 early in life he moved to Buffalo, where he attended school and clerked for a time, when, in 1855 he came to ST. PAUL and entered the employ of C. C. Hoffman, who kept a boot and shoe store on upper Third street, and continued with him up to 1857, and then in 1858 he bought out his employer and took in George W. Farrington as partner, and in 1862 sacrificed his stock at auction to enter the army; raised one or two companies and finally joined Company H, Eighth Regiment; became First Lieutenant and was detached as A. A. Q. M. and A. A. Commissary and was stationed at Sauk Centre; went out on the plains with Col. Thomas' expedition and was commissary of same; built the fort at Sauk Centre, and was finally ordered south to join his regiment, but not readily finding it he was assigned to duty as a Brigadier and Division Commissary, and during the war performed his duties in such a commendable manner as to receive recognition and promotion. He issued rations to the rebel soldiers at Charlotta, N. C. Maj. Hughson was mustered out of the army in 1865, returned to ST. PAUL and entered the boot and shoe business under the firm name of Pratt & Hughson, and in 1867 he commenced the insurance business and has been in it ever since, the firm being Hughson & Heminway.

He was a first-class officer in the army, as I can fully attest, and at the conclusion of the war he returned to private life with quite moderate means, fully demonstrating the honesty of the officer. He is a careful, prudent gentleman and a safe business man. With the exception of serving as one of the Fire Commissioners he has held no public office, but is ranked highly as a first-class member of society.

JOHN CLARK.

Chief of Police John Clark is a large man about six feet tall, of dark complexion, well built, and physically probably the largest man on the police force. He is especially noticeable for his undemonstrative ways and his quiet manners, and yet he is

effective in the discharge of his duties and is always on the alert for the public good. He manages the force so quietly that one sees no friction, and hears no jars, and in this particular he is somewhat remarkable. He is commanding and dignified, and his very presence inspires confidence in the force, which is the guardian of the people's interests. He was born in the State of New York in 1845; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was engaged in various occupations up to 1871, when he entered the police force as a patrolman; admitted as a sergeant in the spring of 1875; was made captain in 1878 and chief in 1882, and has held the position ever since. He makes a good chief.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams was an artistic painter of considerable ability, who, in early days carried on his profession in this city. He was English in his ways and manners, yet was a man much respected for his sterling worth. He was born in Gloucestershire, England, in 1808; was educated in that country and learned the trade of a painter; emigrated to America in 1831; resided in New York city five years; in Detroit eighteen years; was chief engineer of the fire department of that place; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; continued his business here until 1862, when he died.

E. H. DEUEL.

A fine man, fine looking, with a fine family, was the old landlord of the Winslow House as I knew him in 1855, or thirty years now gone. His pretty girls went out to battle with life with their male companions a long time ago, and three of them have returned widows, and two will never return again. The pleasant and smooth-faced boys have grown to manhood, with mustaches and whiskers. The father and mother are gray, with footsteps feeble. The old house has gone to ashes. The trees have been cut down and the little stream that crossed the road has been dry these many years. I look for familiar faces but they come not. I listen for dear voices but all is still. I tread the sidewalk and only the echoes come back—thug, thug, thug, thug! How lonely! Even the dogs that used to gambol about the doorway are gone! The old stages that rattled up to the house to receive passengers have been pushed out on to the extreme frontier by

the rapidly multiplying railroads, and the old times, and the old buildings, and the old faces are going—going—going!

Mr. Deuel was born in New York State in 1818; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and became landlord of the Winslow House, which he kept for nearly seven years. It stood on the corner of Third and Fort streets (Seven Corners,) where Mr. Forepaugh's building now is. He had four girls and two boys, and left the city in 1862, and is now I believe keeping a hotel in Oswego County, New York. He was a popular landlord and an excellent good man, and had a very lovely family over a quarter of a century ago.

ANDREW ERICKSON.

Mr. Erickson was born in Sweden and educated in the old country where he learned the trade of a cabinet-maker; emigrated to America in 1852 landing in New York, where he worked at his trade for three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was employed in the erection of the Fuller House, Winslow House, First Episcopal Church, Merchants hotel, Ryan hotel; made the first railroad turn-table in the State and worked on the last one on the Manitoba road at St. Vincent; had full charge of the military post at New Red Cloud on the Missouri river; was bridge receiver in ST. PAUL for two years in 1872; was in the furniture business four years; in the post office one year; in Wisconsin three years; in the army three years—Eighth Minnesota Regiment; on returning to ST. PAUL he has continued working at his trade. He remembers distinctly when the Indians and whites ran a foot race down Third street from Ingersoll's block to the corner of Robert street. Mr. Erickson is the father of ten children, two of whom only survive, while his wife for years has been in feeble health. He is a pleasant, quiet, hard-working man, deserving of a better fate than that which has followed him.

T. J. CONNOLLY.

Mr. Connolly was born in Canada, of English parentage, in 1838; came to ST. PAUL about 1855, and was early an engineer, as his father was before him. He was an engineer on the Mississippi river from 1855 to 1874, and then he emigrated to the Red river, where he became the chief engineer of the Kittson line of steamers, and remained there up to 1883, when he re-

turned to ST. PAUL and became the engineer of fire steamer No. 2, which position he held up to the time of his death. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow, and though a man of quick impulses yet he was generally esteemed by those who knew him, having been one of the early engineers of the upper Mississippi. His age was forty-seven when he died, and he left a widow and six children.

A. D. HASLETT.

A tall, fine looking man was Mr. Haslett in the year 1855, when he kept a small gents' furnishing store on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, in a wooden building which stood where the Second National Bank now is. It was a cozy little place, his trade was good, and probably the owner had more real comfort there than he has ever had since. He was a man of marked ability in his special line and very social in his nature, and didn't know at that time what he has since sadly learned, that he was doing well. He was the picture of health, with a ruddy complexion, bright eyes and vivacious manners; now how changed! Thirty-one years have brought lines of care in his face, gray among his hair, a troubled look, a less firm step; still, like us all he hopes on, bears his burden of misfortune as best he can and to the outer world appears happy. The universe is full of just such people, and we only catch their inner lives by mere accident, and yet it is a law and thousands in the past as well as thousands in the future must succumb to it. We can't always be young, always happy, always prosperous; old age will come, health will fail, troubles multiply, and then—the grave!

Mr. Haslett was born in Pennsylvania in 1824; received an academic education, after which he went to Philadelphia and became a clerk in a mercantile establishment, and in 1848 commenced business for himself; removed to New York in 1852, where he continued his mercantile pursuits; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and opened a gents' furnishing store, with hats and caps, where he remained five years; went to Philadelphia in 1861 and again engaged in business; on his return to the city he became a woolen commission merchant, in which trade he continued up to about one year ago, when he opened a book store on Seventh street, which he has now sold out. There are two

kinds of luck—good and bad ; some get the good, some get the bad ; if the good, the world says “ He’s smart ; ” if the bad, the world says “ He’s a d—d fool ! ” But the world isn’t always right.

J. C. QUINBY.

A slender, well-moulded man, with a bright, spirituelle and pleasant expression, exceedingly indifferent to publicity and modest and retiring in his ways, Mr. Quinby may be justly classed among our very best citizens, for if a long life of manliness entitles him to this recognition, the appellation is not inappropriately applied. He was born in Maine in 1835, and with a moderate education entered the carriage factory of his father, where he learned the trade, so that at the age of eighteen years he was competent to and did work at the business. By mere accident he learned of ST. PAUL and decided to come here, expecting of course that he would be obliged to take his ax and cut timber for a living, but on arriving in the city in 1855, he spent only one hour looking for work, and then found all he could do with a Mr. Pensfield, who kept a shop over the livery stable of the late Willoughby & Powers, and here he continued until in May, 1857, when he formed a partnership with Mr. Cavender who had previously built a wooden building midway of the block between Fourth and Fifth streets on Robert. Here he remained for four or five years, when his wife’s health failing, he went East, and on his return Cavender went out of the firm and the new firm of Quinby & Hallowell came into existence, and this continued until about two years ago when the old firm sold out and dissolved, Quinby going in with a Mr. Abbott in the furniture business and Hallowell continuing carriage-making with his two sons. Mr. Quinby was in and about the premises where he first started his career for some twenty-six years. He was a member of the Common Council for two terms, of the Board of Public Works two or three years, member and director of the Chamber of Commerce, prominent in the Methodist Church as trustee, treasurer and steward, and is at present a member of the Board of Public Works. He is a quiet man and much esteemed by all who know him.

FRANK LAMBRECHT.

Mr. Lambrecht was born in Germany in 1829 ; was educated in the old country and engaged in the mercantile business

there until 1854, when he emigrated to America and came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was clerk in the Register of Deeds office two years; kept store about fifteen years; became Inspector of Customs and store-keeper at the Custom House in 1882, where he has remained ever since. Married Miss Schleif in ST. PAUL in 1855. He is a very quiet man, but a good, solid citizen, of ordinary size and of decided pushing characteristics.

DAVID BURKE.

David Burke's tall form and gentlemanly characteristics are as familiar to the public as Rice Park or any other noted object within the city limits, for he has been upon our streets for nearly thirty years, and when one comes to know the history of the man he grows in the esteem of all good-thinking people. He was born in Ireland about 1832, and emigrated to America in 1849, landing in New York, and soon after removed to Connecticut, where he worked on a railroad for sixty cents per day; then became the assistant foreman of a stable of one hundred and fifty head of horses, owned by the Middlesex Quarry Company, where he worked three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; was employed by H. Rogers, Long & Bro., Burbank & Co.; drove stage between Lake City and Wabasha one winter; was engaged at the International stables; went on a railroad survey which was made from Minneapolis to Forest City; was in the livery stables of Eddy & Crumby, also Pope's stables, and finally started the first public street hack in the city, somewhere about 1865, and has continued that business up to the present time. He has but recently erected a large barn, costing about \$10,000, while his whole investment in horses, hacks, etc., cost \$35,000. He started with seventy-five dollars in money and one hack over twenty-five years ago. Mr. Burke is a quiet, thoughtful, steady man, and gives his personal attention to his business and has gradually worked his way up from a common laborer on a railroad track at sixty cents per day, to a man with a fine home and a splendid business.

HARVEY OFFICER—PERSONAL.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1834, Mr. Officer was educated at Nachez, Miss., where he studied law and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of that State, coming to ST. PAUL in 1855,

and here he acted as clerk for Ames & Van Etten, and remained with them until 1857, when he went into partnership with them and continued one of the firm until 1864, and then entered the army as Captain of Company D, heavy artillery, and served on the staff of Brig. Gen. Judah until July, 1865, when he returned to ST. PAUL and became assistant mustering officer under Gen. Averill; was mustered out of service that year and resumed the practice of law. Was City Attorney in 1868-70; County Attorney in 1870-72; reporter of the Supreme Court in 1858 to 1864; has been married three times, his last wife being Miss Sarah M. Gordon of New York. He is now attorney for the ST. PAUL Trust Company of this city.

Mr. Officer is a quick, energetic man of medium size, and moves with celerity along the sidewalk as well as in his office. He is a good, sound, careful, prudent lawyer, and is conscientious in what he does. He is esteemed among his fellow citizens as an upright, worthy gentleman, and as an old settler there are very few who are more respected as a man and as a citizen than Harvey Officer.

ADAM FINK.

A trim-built, moderately-sized man is Mr. Fink, who is not only unostentatious but modest and retiring in his ways. He is a fine type of a German, and isn't selfish enough in his nature to make money, and yet he is a good business man and a good citizen. He was born in Prussia, Germany, in 1831; educated there at the public schools; emigrated to America in 1847; farmed for a while near Milwaukee; clerked in a grocery store until 1855, when he came to ST. PAUL and engaged in the rectifying of whisky and vinegar; in 1874 opened a hat and cap store in Milwaukee, while still a resident of this city; was for a time on the sick list, when, in 1880, in connection with Mr. McCauley, he started a grain and commission house on Sibley street where he now is. Mr. Fink is a very pleasant gentleman, a quiet, solid citizen; is married and has a family.

GEORGE W. SHERWOOD

Was born in 1833 in New York, and after acquiring a common school education, came to ST. PAUL in 1855, and has been largely engaged in lumbering and railroad contracting more or

less ever since. Mr. Sherwood is a medium-sized man; still young; quick in his movements; of good business qualities, and a gentleman very generally respected for his many good traits of character.

N. A. COOK.

Mr. Cook is a fine looking man, resembling somewhat Commodore Davidson, with regular features and clear complexion. He is a man of medium size, quiet and gentlemanly in his ways and unaffected in his manners. He was born in New York State in 1825; moved to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he was educated and where he learned the trade of a ship-carpenter; ran on the lakes, working at his business, when, in 1855 he came to ST. PAUL. He laid out the townsite of Champlin, in Hennepin County; removed back again to ST. PAUL in 1859; steam-boated on the river until 1872, when he opened a restaurant; ran the Warren House for five years, and is now owner of an eating house on Seventh street.

F. R. SMITH.

Dr. Smith is a tall, slender, unexcitable man, who moves moderately and speaks moderately, and who has made his money by his large practice. He is a man of no display; has held no offices, and there is no more honorable or quiet or better citizen residing in ST. PAUL than Dr. Smith. He was born in New Jersey in 1809; educated in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania; graduated in 1838; practiced in the northern portion of that State, and came to ST. PAUL in 1855; in 1879 he relinquished his practice, which was taken up by his son Dr. Charles Smith. He is married and has two sons.

JOHN E. O'BRIEN.

Mr. O'Brien was born in Ireland in 1834; educated there; emigrated to America in 1849; learned the trade of a stone-cutter in New York State and worked cutting stone on the Genesee valley canal one year; removed to Cincinnati, Keokuk and Missouri, where he worked at his trade; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; began contracting; built the Fifth ward sewer; opened streets; erected the new Opera House, the Court and Union blocks, Exposition and many other buildings, and has been con-

tracting and building ever since he came here. He is a well-proportioned man physically; quiet in his movements, steady in his purposes, and a straight-forward, honest, industrious man.

PATRICK BUTLER.

Mr. Butler is an exemplification of the fact that it doesn't require whisky or beer to get along in life. He has abjured both and has come out ahead of the heap and is away in advance of many others who indulge in the "creature." He was born in Ireland in 1829; educated in that country; came to America in 1851; resided some years in Philadelphia and then in Illinois up to 1855, when he came to ST. PAUL and pre-empted land in Scott County. He drove government mules to Forts Ripley and Ridgely in 1856, and he remembers encountering snowdrifts thirty feet high, it being impossible for the mules to make the trip, but oxen were placed on the other side of the drifts to draw the loads through them by means of chains, which were thrown over the top of the snow. On returning to ST. PAUL Mr. Butler became the transfer agent for the railroad companies, and he continued in this business for ten years, and then retired from active service and is now engaged taking care of his property. He had charge of the old wharf-boat in 1868 and 1871, and was wharf-master in 1869-'70-'71. He married in November, 1860. He is a temperate, manly, frugal, industrious, quiet, steady, worthy man.

JOSEPH I. BEAUMONT—PERSONAL.

A straight, prompt, quick, fine looking man is Mr. Beaumont, and though passing on to sixty years yet he is as supple as a man of forty. He has a distinguished appearance, and is always the gentleman. His path has not been strewn with roses, and yet he is philosopher enough to take things as they come and to trudge on to the end, and when an old settler or anybody else gets to this status in life he shows wisdom obtained from experience. Nothing is gained by foaming and fretting over matters beyond our control. If, after years of industry and perseverance we fail to obtain the goal of our ambition—if obstacles are thrown in our way which we cannot remove—if all our efforts are unavailable and we find it utterly and totally impossible to succeed, why rant and tear, and swear and sweat?

Calmly and placidly say "Good morning, Mr. Devil," and he will respect you for your politeness, if for nothing else, and possibly aid you out of sympathy. The world admires a brave man, and it requires more courage to fight the battles of life of every day than the sanguinary engagement on the battle-field of contending armies; so he who holds out unto the end and maintains his manhood unimpaired, is a gallant soldier and a brave man.

Mr. Beaumont was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1827; was educated at that place and clerked there for a year or so, and for six years at Vicksburg, Miss.; came to ST. PAUL temporarily in 1854, but removed permanently to this city in 1855; engaged in the grocery business in 1856, the firm being Beaumont & Gordon; bought out Gordon in 1862; in 1866 he opened a wine and liquor store and continued it up to 1876; in 1877 was appointed Assessor of Ramsey County and has been re-appointed four terms since and still holds the office. He was a member of the Common Council in 1866-7; was Lieutenant of the old Pioneer Guards; was in the fire department for five years and has a certificate of exemption; was chief fire warden of the city; was one of the vestry of the old St. Paul Episcopal Church; in 1877 became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, and he and all his family joined that church.

Mr. Beaumont has made an excellent Assessor, and as a public officer is very generally liked, while as a man he is much esteemed. He is a quiet, pleasant gentleman, of ordinary size, standing very erect, with a good deal of the military about him, and yet he is as worthy as he is unpretentious.

CORNELIUS RILEY.

A tall, slender, fine looking man, with black eyes and black beard sprinkled with gray, whose motions are easy and graceful, and who has had a somewhat remarkable career, is Cornelius Riley, who, by the force of his own exertions and good luck, has climbed the ladder from the bottom round to the top—a striking illustration of a self-made man. In all my PEN PICTURES there are but few men who stand out in bolder relief "as architects of their own fortunes," than the subject of my sketch. He was born in Ireland in 1836; partially educated in the old coun-

try and partially in this; landed at Quebec in 1850; was employed in a hotel at Montreal; came to ST. PAUL in 1855, and soon after became the head steward of the old Winslow House, then on the corner of Third and Fort streets, now Seventh, where he remained for five and a half years; was steward of the Winslow House in St. Anthony in 1860, at present a college; was connected with the International of ST. PAUL in 1861; went to Little Rock, Ark., but finding it too hot returned to the International and continued there eight and a half years, or until it was burned down; then he entered the employ of the Park Place hotel.

: FIRST NEWS STAND—PAID PROMPTLY—HOUSES—AS HE IS.

In connection with the late Mr. Thompson he established the first news stand in ST. PAUL. Soon after the opening of the Metropolitan he was employed as steward, and when he left this hotel he went into the news business direct, having a news stand in the Park Place, the International, the Metropolitan and the Merchants. At this time he also began his business on the railroads, selling books and fruit, and at one time controlled the trade of all the Milwaukee road west of the Mississippi; also on the Northwestern to Eau Claire; now he controls the west end of the Omaha and also the Northern Pacific through to Portland and on all its branches; the Oregon River and Navigation Company lines; Oregon Short Line, Oregon & California and Duluth roads. He also has control of the Union Depot at ST. PAUL.

When fire destroyed the depot many parcels and other packages left in Mr. Riley's care, were either stolen or destroyed, but he came forward promptly and paid up every claim reaching into several thousand dollars, to the great gratification of his customers.

Several years ago he quietly purchased property on and near Nina avenue, and on this property he erected nine houses, and is now engaged erecting two more, and from these houses he derives a good income. The real estate upon which these dwellings stand, cost him in 1870, \$5,000—worth now close to \$50,000. He has two sharp, bright, industrious sons, who have taken the burden of business off his shoulders, while he devotes

his time principally to real estate, although he still continues at the head of the firm.

Over a quarter of a century ago I remember Mr. Riley as a slender, pale, careful, quick, steady, polite, industrious young man, a steward in one of our hotels, and also as a caterer at the parties of some of our best citizens. I saw him later, pale, haggard, worn down, in ill health. Again he loomed up on my vision, fresh from Europe, having returned from a trip to "Erin Mavourneen, Erin go Bragh," and then again I find him immersed in business, building houses, laying out a suburban home, and managing an immense trade upon many lines of railroads. To-day he is in the prime of life; good-looking, with a clear, black eye and flowing beard, quiet yet affable, cool and deliberate in his movements, generous in his nature, moderate in his walk, and he passes along the sidewalk with his head always in advance of his body, a striking illustration of a self-made, genial, thoughtful, pleasant and excellent business man.

W. J. JEBB

Came to Minnesota in 1850 and to ST. PAUL in 1855, and learned the trade of a printer with the writer; then worked for a while in the office of the *Pioneer Press*; secured a farm in Meeker County where he now is. He was born in Jersey City in 1838. Mr. Jebb is a quick, energetic, very intelligent gentleman, and has been all his life industrious. He is like his brother, tall and slim, and is in every sense a deserving man.

SAMUEL S. EATON—OLDEST INSURANCE AGENT—PERSONAL.

Mr. Eaton was born in Vermont in 1825; educated at the Newbury Seminary; engaged in lumbering in Canada; went to California in 1849 by the way of Cape Horn, where he dealt in mines; located in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1851, and commenced the insurance business there, thirty-four years ago; married in 1853; came to ST. PAUL in 1855, and has been engaged in the insurance business here ever since, and to-day ranks as the oldest insurance agent in the State, having done business in this city thirty years. He was connected with the Fire and Marine Insurance Company in 1865 as secretary, and remained as such up to 1871; then he became the general agent of the Manhattan

Fire Company of New York, and continued such ten years. He is now local agent and special adjuster for some ten companies, and has so established his business that it runs along smoothly and profitably. Married.

Almost everybody knows "Sam Eaton," as he is very generally recognized. He is a man of compact physical organization; capable of great endurance; positive in his nature; always strikes from the shoulder; very earnest in what he does; very quick in speech, in motion and in action; is a clear-cut business man; is a sort of general locomotive crushing down all obstacles in his way; is self-reliant, and by a steadiness of purpose has built up an excellent insurance business and stands at the head of his profession. No man has a wider or better reputation for fair dealing than has Samuel S. Eaton. He has obtained a competency and gets about as much out of life as any man can. He is rugged in nature with many strong points of character.

FRANK KELLY, SR.

Mr. Kelly was born in London in 1827; emigrated to America in 1855, and came to ST. PAUL the same year over the plains with Mr. Kittson; learned the trade of a shoemaker, and in early days worked for Mr. Schliek; was Constable for several years; at one time kept a little old shoe-shop on the levee; in 1877 opened what was known as the Western House on the corner of Minnesota and Fourth streets, the ground now occupied by an immense brick livery-stable, where he remained for five years. He died of cancer in the throat. Mr. Kelly was a small, slender man, quiet in his ways, always cleanly shaven, and a gentleman much esteemed; married and left a widow and several children.

WILLIAM LEIP.

Mr. Leip is a man of full habits with a tendency to corpulency, and has a ruddy complexion and a very healthy look, just as though he received most excellent living at White Bear lake, where he has for so many years catered to the wants of the most fastidious and where he still reigns as "our most genial landlord." He is full of animal life, possesses great energy, is most always in good spirits and never idle, constantly improving his place and constantly adding to his wealth. He has always

paddled his own canoe and has always been financially above board. He was born on the Rhine in Germany in 1832; was educated in Brussels; emigrated to America in 1847; lived in St. Louis seven years, when in 1855 he came to ST. PAUL, and soon after entered the wholesale liquor trade on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, and continued it up to 1861; then he removed up town and started a brewery, and Leip's ale was "all the go" for a time; he remained in this business for four years, then bought a hotel at White Bear lake run by a man by the name Barnum, and also thirty-eight acres; amount paid \$4,500; worth now \$100,000. He is a man of medium size, dark hair and whiskers, affable in his nature and yet Leip never misses a chance in any thing that will advance his pecuniary interests, and hence he has built additional cottages and additional rooms at White Bear lake to accommodate his numerous guests.

"BILLY PHILLIPS."

I don't know just when "Billy Phillips" (I believe an Englishman by birth,) came to ST. PAUL, but it must have been either in 1854 or 1855. He was a short, thick-set man, with a good bay window and a pompous manner and made and kept some of the finest cigars of his day. He was an inveterate eater and every restaurant in the city gave him a wide berth. Yet he was polite, though untidy, and possessed many good qualities. Rus Munger used to buy cigars of him on "tick," and when he entered the store he would exclaim—"Well, Billy, what do I owe you now?" and Phillips would always give him the correct answer. One day Munger came in and yelled out—"Well, Billy, what is my bill now?" "Mr. Munger," said Phillips, in a soft, low voice, "you wait until your bill is \$5, just \$5, and then you pay me—you oblige me—just \$5." So Munger ran the bill up to \$4.95, when he bought his cigars of somebody else and didn't go near Phillips for two months! One day he entered the store and asked for a cigar and Billy accosted him—"You buy no cigars of me—what is the matter?" "Well, the fact is," said Munger, "you wanted me to oblige you to let the bill run until it reached just \$5; I'm trying to accommodate you! I can't afford to buy of you because a cigar would cost me \$5, when I can get it anywhere else for five cents. You wanted

me to let the bill run to \$5; I owe you \$4.95; one more cigar and I will be obliged to pay you \$5. I can't do it," said Munger with a sober face for which he is noted. "Oh, my God," said Billy, in great astonishment, "that bill may run for twenty years!" and he walked rapidly across the floor in great excitement. "Just so," said Munger, "just so," and coolly walked out of the store. Phillips went forthwith and put on a clean shirt and as soon as Munger saw this (he had worn his old garment three months without washing, he paid him the \$5 to the great delight of Phillips and the great delight of the community at large. He died several years ago, and very few, if any one, knew anything about his early history.

A. WILSON.

Mr. Wilson was born in Pennsylvania in 1813; educated there and learned the trade of the tin and copper business in his native place, where he worked for about one year, when he removed to Ohio and continued in business there for some twenty years; came to ST. PAUL in 1855 and opened a shop on Jackson street; removed to Broadway, where he now is and where he has been for the past eighteen years. He served one year as justice of the peace, but has held no other offices. Mr. Wilson has been peculiarly afflicted by the death of six out of his seven sons—John, former mail agent and politician; William and Charles, drowned in White Bear lake, the former a good singer and also a politician; Harry, Pomeroy, and then Joseph, among the youngest; James still survives. As Mr. Wilson has reached the ripe age of over three score and ten years he retired from active business over a year ago, and he and his wife are only waiting the summons to join their boys in the better land. He has been a hard-working and industrious man, and is a worthy citizen.

HENRY D. MATHEWS.

A good, solid, fine-looking man, with a florid complexion and pleasant, gentlemanly ways, is Henry D. Mathews, of the firm of Sanders & Mathews. He came to this city when only ten years of age, and is what might be termed an old-young settler. He is well known for his quiet, even traits of character, his industrious habits and manly dealings, and is noted as an

excellent citizen. He was born in New York city in 1845; educated there; came to ST. PAUL with his father in 1855; entered the employ of William Golcher, who kept a gun store on Third street, where he remained up to 1862; then enlisted in Company G, Sixth Minnesota Regiment, and continued in the service, being with the regiment at the South until 1865; was in the employ of J. J. Hill from 1866 to 1869; was with J. H. Sanders from 1869 to 1877, when he became one of the firm, where he now is; was wharf-master in 1872; agent for the Diamond Joe line of steamboats from 1877 to 1881; has been secretary and treasurer of the Northwestern Lime Company since June 1, 1885, and is a worthy, useful man.

JAMES H. MATHEWS.

Mr. Mathews was the father of Henry D., and was born in New York city in 1822; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; entered the employ of William Golcher, gunsmith, and continued with him up to the time Mr. Golcher left for California; after that he did little or nothing up to the time of his death. He was at one time foreman of hook and ladder company and president of the Exempt Firemen's Association. He was an ordinarily tall man, straight, with gray hair, steady as clock-work, and much respected.

PATRICK DOUGHER—PERSONAL.

Mr. Dougher was born in Ireland in 1829; educated in that country; emigrated to America in 1847; landed and remained at St. Johns, N. B., one year, when in 1848 he removed to Portland, Me., where he continued for eight years—first as bell-boy in a hotel, then as night clerk and then head waiter; came to ST. PAUL in 1855, and that year went to the Merchants, then kept by a man by the name of Capt. Allen—not Col. Allen—and this man was followed by Col. Belote, with whom Dougher remained five years as porter; then he was employed in the International until it burned in 1869; then he was in the Park Place hotel one year and a half; then he became connected with the Metropolitan and continued there ten years; in 1881 he opened the St. James hotel on the corner of Third and Cedar streets, and has been the landlord of this hotel ever since. He is another exemplification of a self-made man, climbing the lad-

der from bell-boy to proprietor. When he came to ST. PAUL he possessed \$900; he is now worth \$30,000.

Mr. Dougher is a short, thick-set man, with a round, bald head and bright eyes; very quick in his movements, philosophical in his nature, never growling, always busy, and makes an excellent landlord and is a worthy, honest citizen. "A-l-l a-b-o-a-r-d f-o-r t-h-e M-i-l-w-a-u-k-e-e t-r-a-i-n."

SAMUEL G. SLOAN—PERSONAL.

Mr. Sloan was born in Philadelphia in 1834; educated at the common and high schools; studied conveyancing and was considered the best engrosser of legal papers in Philadelphia; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; opened an office nearly opposite the American House on upper Third street and did a successful business. In this building Nininger & Sloan carried on business, Mr. Sloan buying and selling a great deal of property for Nininger. The Fillmore farm (now Summit Park addition,) was bought for \$151 per acre, now worth \$10,000 per acre. Sloan's investments were all good, but the disastrous panic of 1857 proved too much for him. In 1861 he was made Secretary of the ST. PAUL & Pacific Railroad Company, and with the president of the road went to Philadelphia to make a contract with capitalists, and failing in this he lost his position. Upon the assurance of this position he married. He then turned his attention to the livery business, and with his great fondness for riding and his intuitive knowledge of horses he bought out Crumby at the Seven Corners and for a time Berkey & Sloan carried on the business. Mr. Sloan's fine tastes and extreme nicety about his "hitch-ups" attracted attention and a large trade was the result. He then dissolved with Berkey and opened a stable on Seventh street, near Jackson and close to the International hotel, but when that hotel burned his patronage decreased and he turned over a thirteen years' lease for which he had paid \$2,500. He then dealt in real estate, insurance, etc., until the summer of 1877, when he met with a very severe and painful accident, producing a curvature of the spine, and finally went to Philadelphia for treatment. Recovering somewhat he took a position with Charles Caffrey, a carriage-builder. In 1881 he returned to ST. PAUL to act as agent for James Stinson, and with the experience of pre-

vious years and with some of the fire of his youth still left in him, he resolved to once more "pitch in," and try to recuperate his shattered fortunes, and he has succeeded, for he has some real estate which ought in time to make him well off. He is the representative of the largest real estate owner in the Northwest, and this, with his natural ability and industry are building up a fine trade.

Mr. Sloan is a tall, finely-proportioned gentleman, with black hair, black eyes and black whiskers, and has an extremely polite and pleasant way with him. He dresses well and is always neat in his personal appearance. He is kind and affable in manners, and a good horse and a fine rig and Sloan are synonymous, for he is a great lover of these elements of happiness. He is a Jefferson-Jackson-Douglas-Democrat, and yet he has never mingled in politics and has never held any office. All the old settlers are glad to know that he is climbing the hill of prosperity, and none would regret to learn that he was as rich a man as Kittson, for Kittson deserves it and so does Sloan.

JOHN STEELE.

Dr. John Steele was born in Pennsylvania in 1809; studied medicine and graduated at the Jefferson Medical College of Pennsylvania; began his practice at Strasburgh where he continued until 1855, when he came to ST. PAUL and immediately entered upon his profession here, which he continued with success for twenty-eight years, when he retired and gave his attention to his real estate. Having accumulated a good deal of money he loaned it out and built some fine buildings, among which are a business block on Wabasha street and a residence block on Washington street. He was married to Catharine McClung and leaves a son and three daughters.

Dr. Steele was a tall, spare man, quite straight, with gray hairs; very moderate in his movements and in his expressions; rather retiring in his nature and yet he was quite a public-spirited citizen, having built several fine buildings. He was but little before the public and never held any civil office, his time being absorbed principally by his own increasing business. He died in this city of cancer of the mouth, December, 1885, aged seventy-six years.

CHAPTER XVII.

 1856.

First Military Company Organized—First Brass Band Organized—First Typographical Union Organized—First Policemen—First Vigilance Committee—First German Zeitung Paper—First Laying Corner Stone of the Cathedral—First Laying Corner Stone of the Historical Society—First Conductor on First Railroad Train—First Independent Job Printing Office—First Opening of the International Hotel—First Board of Education—First German Catholic Church Built—And All the Events and All the Old Settlers of this Year.

AUSPICIOUSLY BEGUN.

The year 1856 opened auspiciously for the young city. A large number of steamboats arrived almost daily at our levee, and hundreds of emigrants not only dropped into our city to remain, but thousands made their way into the Territory to settle upon our prolific soil. The crude condition of the frontier village disappeared and in its place came the airs of a metropolis. All was bustle. Our streets were crowded with strangers; our stages filled with passengers; our hotels over-run with visitors; our real estate men were as thick as blackberries; new buildings popped up on every side; streets began to be leveled; new hotels were erected; capitalists made their appearance, and there was a general air of activity in every direction, while ten and sometimes twelve steamboats lay at our levee.

RAMSEY COUNTY—MARK THE PROPHECY.

It may not be generally known to the reader, that at one time Ramsey County ran up in a long strip of land and included Pembina, and that we had members of the Legislature from that section; subsequently this strip was detached and added to other counties, and that in 1856 St. Anthony was cut off entirely from Ramsey County and our county limits have for years remained as they now are. As events have transpired it is unfortunate that St. Anthony was ever detached from Ramsey County, as in all probability it would in a few years have been a part of this city, and indeed I may say only a short time longer will suffice to make ST. PAUL and Minneapolis one great metropolis.

Fifteen years ago I was the first to advance this proposition in a letter to the ST. PAUL *Dispatch*, only I went further and placed the Capitol of the State between the two cities, which in time will be in the center of the one great city, and I have no reasons even now to change my mind. The two cities will be one, and the State Capitol ought to be, and will be, in the center of that large metropolis with a population of 500,000 people! Mark the prophecy made June, 1855!

GIRART HEWITT—DECEMBER EXCURSIONS.

Col. Hewitt rode into public notoriety on the incoming wave of real estate. Tall, once muscular, and even in 1856 commanding in his appearance, he was a man of many excellent traits of character, although exceedingly nervous, produced by ill-health. He was among the first to take up real estate in this city and push it, and had he lived until now the increased value of his property would have made him a very rich man. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1825; studied law and removed to Alabama, where he remained twelve years; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; opened up a real estate office and in connection therewith issued an immigration pamphlet which had a very large circulation not only in this country but in Europe, passing through twenty editions. It was the first pamphlet of the kind and brought the Colonel a great deal of business at the same time it greatly aided the State.

Col. Hewitt was the originator of the celebrated December excursions. Finding that the impression prevailed East that the Minnesota winters began in September, when the fact was the river did not freeze over until many times in January, he conceived the idea of a steamboat excursion in December of each year, and for this purpose a steamboat was chartered, music secured, regular fare charged, and the amount received divided between the Protestant and Catholic orphan asylums. On these excursions some of our citizens appeared in linen dusters and fans, and as all the papers made elaborate reports of the affair Eastern sentiment became greatly modified. When Mr. Hewitt died our December excursions died also. Col. Hewitt was no office-seeker, but he would have liked the position of secretary of the Immigration Board, but it was given to another, and from that time forward he became disgusted with paying out money to induce emigrants to come to Minnesota. He was a member of the School Board in 1859-'61; ran for Alderman once, but was beaten; took part in the incipient Indian war in 1862; was a prominent and popular and influential member of the Chamber of Commerce, and an energetic real estate dealer. He was nervous, quick, having great faith in the growth of St. PAUL and often talked with the writer on the probable union of the two cities which to him was a hobby. He was impulsive but his impulses were for good. He was public-spirited; sympathetic; sagacious, and before he died was in the employ of the ST. PAUL & Milwaukee Railroad Company, securing a right of way for the short line to Minneapolis, and real estate was just on the edge of a boom, which, had he lived to have seen it would have made him almost insane, for he had struggled long to hold his property and the silver lining to the cloud was just visible. He was a good and valuable citizen.

JOSEPH A. VERVAIS.

Dr. Vervais was tall, slender and of medium size, with a well-set head upon his shoulders and a gentleman of great urbanity of manners. He was a good surgeon and a good physician, and I remember him as he moved energetically about and promptly answered to the calls of his patients. He was very kind-hearted and obliging, and was much esteemed by those who

knew him intimately. He was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1822; studied and completed a course of physics and surgery in McGill College in 1843; attended college also at Geneva, N. Y., where he received his diploma as M. D.; returned to Canada in 1844 and engaged in the practice of medicine; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and established himself in his profession; was County Physician of Ramsey County in 1858-9; in 1862 was Assistant Surgeon of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers; resigned in consequence of ill health; was Surgeon of the Second Cavalry in 1864 and served until the close of the war. He died in October 1869, leaving a widow, three sons and a daughter.

JOSEPH O. VERVAIS—T. A. VERVAIS.

Mr. Vervais was born in Quebec in 1846 and received a collegiate education in Missouri and also at Niagara, N. Y.; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was employed in the post office department in 1869; was appointed Deputy Register of Deeds in 1870; was Assistant Abstract Clerk in 1872; received the appointment of Abstract Clerk in 1885.

Mr. Vervais is pleasant, obliging, quick, social, and possesses all the elements of popularity; is fully competent to perform his duties, and is a very worthy gentleman. He is of medium size, with a clear complexion, quiet in his disposition and very industrious—characteristics which commend him as a man and a citizen.

T. A. Vervais was born in Canada in 1848; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was educated at the High School and commercial college of this city; was with Cariveau Fontaine for eleven years, when he entered the post office and has been there ever since. He is very much like his brother and is an excellent young man.

JOHN A. STEES.

Mr. Stees was born in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, in 1839; was educated at the common schools and clerked in a drug store until 1856, when he came to ST. PAUL and took charge of J. B. Holmes' hardware store; in 1857 clerked for Washington Stees; entered business for himself in 1860; became a partner with W. M. Stees in 1862, and the firm continued together until 1883, when they sold out, and since then he has

been engaged taking care of his real estate. He is a medium-sized man, with black hair and black whiskers; quick in his motions, and very much devoted to business; has held no public offices, and is one of the most unostentatious and undemonstrative men in the city, a pleasant, amiable gentleman.

FIRST MILITARY COMPANY—SOME EVENTS OF 1856.

The Minnesota Pioneer Guards were organized this year, (1856,) with A. C. Jones, Captain; E. C. Palmer and Lyman C. Dayton as Lieutenants. This was a first-class company and the first organized in the Territory, but the war for the Union absorbed its members and its organization ceased.

The Legislature met this year for the seventh time, but no special acts were passed for the benefit of the city. ST. PAUL Lodge of Masons No. 3 was instituted; C. S. Cave succeeded W. H. Forbes as Postmaster; Robert Smith was appointed County Treasurer; Edmund Rice was elected County Commissioner; Board of Education created; brass band for the Pioneer Guards was organized, fourteen members, with J. C. Terry as leader; a long row of wooden buildings on the bluff, erected by J. H. Stewart and J. W. McClung, was burned; corner stone of the present Cathedral laid; German Catholic Assumption Church built; first priest, Rev. D. Marogna; City Hall completed; Methodist Church, Jackson street, erected; Damascus Commandery, Free Masons, instituted; Minnesota Grove No. 1, U. A. O. Druids chartered; ST. PAUL Typographical Union organized; Wabasha bridge commenced, and Myers & Willius opened a banking business.

HIRAM ROGERS—PERSONALLY.

Mr. Rogers was born in Pennsylvania in 1806; when twenty years of age he removed to Philadelphia and carried on the manufacture of morocco quite extensively; emigrated to Zanesville, Ohio, in 1836, where he was largely engaged for some twenty years in the production of leather and boots and shoes; returned to Philadelphia in 1855, and in company with his son opened a house similar to that in Zanesville; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; purchased a strip of bluff property on Third street and erected what is now known as Rogers' block; in the basement of this building he engaged in the tanning and leather business,

when he retired from the trade and gave his attention to his real estate. He built another block of brick adjoining his stone one, and also erected the building formerly occupied by the ninety-nine-cent store on the opposite side of the street.

Mr. Rogers was a very active man, of medium size and very industrious, but a man of strong prejudices and of quick impulses. Although a man rising three-score and ten he was very active, and was a pushing, bustling business operator up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1879. He was married in 1827 to Miss Hannah Dice.

WILLIAM D. ROGERS,

His son, came to ST. PAUL in 1856; born in Zanesville, Ohio, about 1830; was engaged with his father for many years; was at one time mail agent on the Duluth road; was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for two terms; succeeded his father in business after his death; kept hotel for several months; engaged in real estate; ran as a Pullman car conductor, and is now in California.

"Billy," as he was generally called, possessed all the stirring and business elements of his parent, but he didn't seem to have the same bull-dog grip. He is a small man, very quick in his movements and very social in his nature, quite as impulsive as his father, but not as careful or as prudent.

FIRST POLICEMEN.

Previous to the appointment of the first policemen in 1856, William Miller, the City Marshal, acted in that capacity, but the city got to be too large for him to handle easily, so the Council appointed four policemen, viz: John Gabel, Nicholas Miller, M. C. Hardwig and Edward Maher. A short time later the force was increased to twelve men, and Henry Galvin, now on his beat, was one of them, and he is therefore the oldest policeman in the department.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.

The necessity for policemen grew out of the fact that with the arrival of a great many boats came also a great many roughs, and these roughs began to rob and to murder. One of their victims was George B. McKenzie, proprietor of the Man-

sion House, located on the bluff, just back of the Mannheimer block, and whose body was found in the river July 9, 1856, robbed of money known to have been previously in his possession. A man by the name of Robert Johnson was also robbed one night and his body thrown over the bluff, he dying from the effects of his injuries. In fact these crimes became so frequent that a public meeting was called and a vigilance committee appointed to rid the city of bad characters, and they accomplished their purpose. This is the only time in the history of ST. PAUL where measures of this character were deemed necessary to preserve the peace and lives of the citizens, but they had the salutary effect.

THE FULLER HOUSE, OR INTERNATIONAL.

The Winslow, the Merchants and the old American Houses were having a great run of custom, when a man by the name of Alpheus G. Fuller proposed to build another hotel, with a little help, which would eclipse all the rest; so he received a bonus in the shape of land and \$12,000, and with this he erected an elegant hotel corner of Jackson and Seventh streets, costing \$110,000. Two brothers by the names of Stephen and Edward Long, who formerly kept the American House, leased it. At first it was called the Fuller House, but the name was changed to that of the International, and it was run for several years until it burned, February 3, 1869; loss, \$125,000.

JAMES DAVENPORT—AS HE IS.

Mr. Davenport is a descendant of Rev. John Davenport, one of the founders of the New Haven colony, Connecticut, in which State Mr. Davenport was born, July, 1812. He was raised in New York city and educated for college, but was unable to enter the classical course in consequence of ill-health. When quite a young man he became a member of the firm of Van Vleck & Davenport, and opened a book store on Broadway, New York, but subsequently the firm became Davenport & Wood, and in 1846 it became Dewit & Davenport. It was a leading establishment and published some of the most popular books of the day. The sale of some of these books reached close on to sixty thousand copies. In 1856, in consequence of the ill-health of his wife, Mr. Davenport came to ST. PAUL and

opened a book store on Third street, below the Metropolitan; in a few years later he removed lower down on Third street, near the bridge, where he continued up to 1885, when he sold out and retired from business altogether. He was engaged in the book trade for forty-five years. His wife's health grew worse after coming to Minnesota and she died in 1875, leaving three sons, Rufus, James and Alfred, all of whom are young men of fine promise, one an engineer and one an eminent doctor.

No more venerable looking man walks the streets of ST. PAUL than James Davenport, and no citizen is held in higher respect than the well-known book-seller who for forty-five years has familiarized the public with the expression "He's got 'em!"—a favorite mode of advertising. Mr. Davenport is a gentleman of fine literary tastes and has written a number of popular stories and sketches, some of which have been published here and some East. He has lived in a time of great improvements; has seen the power of steam amplified as applied to boats, railroads built, canals constructed, telegraphs utilized, ocean steamers inaugurated, telephones perfected, elevated railroad tracks made available and electric lights take the place of candles, oil lamps and the universal gas. For years Mr. Davenport has been suffering from a stricture which has made him appear very feeble, and yet up to a short time past he has been at his store almost every day for twenty-nine years. He is moderate in his movements and conversation, but is a kind, genial, intelligent, pleasant gentleman.

ARRIVALS—ITEMS.

The arrivals at the hotels for some months of this year exceeded 1,000 each, and for the whole season immigration was quite large, reaching as high as 28,000. The city valuation was \$3,278,250. Rev. John Mattock arrived this year and became the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, which stood on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets; William L. Banning's residence was burned, also the old red brick Rice House, which stood on the corner of Third and Washington streets, in which one session of the Legislature was held, the ground now occupied by the Metropolitan; the Wabasha bridge was commenced; the *Staats-Zeitung* was established by E. Orthwein; Royal Arch Masons No. 1 instituted; William Sprigg Hall was made Super-

intendent of Public Instruction; D. L. Fuller, J. S. Brown, a banker, and Charles J. Henniss, an editor, died; Luke Marvin was drowned. No events of any startling nature occurred in 1856 except the robberies and murders already alluded to, although the city continued to grow and to improve. New stores and new residences were erected, and there was a general tendency towards metropolitan life.

WILFORD L. WILSON.

Mr. Wilson is a native of New York, born in 1815; he received a good education preparatory to entering the higher branches of study in order to fit him for the ministry, and to this end he entered Hamilton College and continued there one year; was in the University at Middleton, Conn., in 1837, and remained there two years; was at one time employed as an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Association; then in 1838-9 was engaged with the State Anti-Slavery Society; entered the theological department of Yale College in 1839 and graduated with the class of 1842 and had a license to preach, and did preach in the summer of 1844; gave up preaching and engaged in merchandising, which he carried on for several years; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and engaged for a time in farming in Rose Township; became Assistant United States Assessor for Ramsey County, and then Assessor of the district; has been employed in the pension office, and has done special duty in that department; was private secretary to Gov. Davis during his administration; was appointed Appraiser of Customs in 1876; in 1881 was appointed Deputy Collector, Inspector and Examiner of Customs, which position he held up to a short time since.

Mr. Wilson is a good-sized man, quick in speech and action, with abundance of pluck. For the last twenty years he has been much in official life, with political prominence in the Republican party, yet that has not obscured the Christian elements of his character. He is an active worker in religious circles, and has been for nearly thirty years a member of the sessions of the House of Hope, or of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Churches, in the latter of which he is now. He has also been closely identified with the benevolent movements of the day, temperance, anti-cruelty to animals, the relief of the poor, and whatever he has considered beneficial to humanity.

E. D. K. RANDALL.

Mr. Randall was born in New York city in 1839, and is a son of William Randall, one of the early and prominent settlers of ST. PAUL; was well educated; came to this city in 1856 and engaged in a wholesale notion and toy business on Third street, which he continued for a number of years. For some time past he has been engaged as a traveling man for Forepaugh & Tarbox. He is the oldest member of the present Baptist Church, and has been an important element in that society. He is a stirring man, full of energy, full of hope, full of good deeds.

WILFORD C. WILSON.

Captain Wilson was born in the State of New York in 1847; came to ST. PAUL with his father in 1856, coming part way up the river in the ill-fated steamer Lady Franklin on her last trip. He lived for a time in Rose Township; attended the Jefferson School, from which he enlisted in Company B, Eleventh Minnesota Volunteers, and was promoted to the non-commissioned staff in 1864. In 1865, after being honorably discharged with his regiment, he attended Fairfield Academy, New York; returned to ST. PAUL in 1867 and was connected with the river survey under Gen. Warren; was principal of the Lakeland School, Washington County. In the fall of 1868 he became connected with the firm of Wilson & Worley (now Wilson & Rogers) where he is at this writing. In 1869 he assisted in organizing the "Governor's Guard," an independent military company, and was made First Lieutenant; later he was made Captain of the company, and it was known as Company A, First Regiment National Guard S. M., the first militia company organized after the war. Is Past Commander of Acker Post No. 21, G. A. R.

Captain Wilson is a bachelor, good-looking, of good address and of good business qualities; energetic in his movements and energetic in his speech.

E. C. BELOTE.

Mr. Belote has been a somewhat prominent man in the history of our city, for most of the time he has been before the public and is very generally known. He is a tall, slender gentle-

man, pleasant in his address, moderate in his manners and has been a successful landlord, Mrs. Belote, a large, splendid looking woman, having added very much to his popularity by her excellent house-keeping qualities and her affable manners. Mr. B. was born in New York in 1812; was raised on a farm; came to Minnesota in 1855 and to ST. PAUL in 1856; was landlord of the Merchants hotel previous to Col. Shaw, for five years; then mine host of the International until it burned in 1869; retired from business ten years in consequence of ill-health, and in 1879 took possession of the Metropolitan, where he remained up to about 1884, when, falling from a carriage he injured his hip and was obliged to abandon the hotel business, and is now engaged looking after his real estate. He served nine months as Alderman by appointment. Although a man above seventy years of age yet he looks much younger, and were it not for his lameness he would be good for ten years more of active service. He is a land-mark of the past to whom hungry tramps look with longing eyes, but just now they look in vain.

GEORGE BENZ.

Mr. Benz was born in Germany in 1838; received a good education in a private school and was prepared by his training to teach; emigrated to the United States in 1854 and was employed as a clerk in Chicago for one year and a half and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; in connection with F. A. Renz he opened a wholesale liquor store but subsequently Mr. Renz sold out his interest to Maj. J. C. Becht, who, dying in 1878, the partnership was dissolved and Mr. Benz continued the business up to 1880 when the firm of George Benz & Co. was formed. Mr. Benz was a member of the Legislature in 1873-4-5; was on the School Board for two terms, and is now in the wholesale liquor business on Third street. He is a man of strong, vigorous character, very positive in his nature and very decided in his opinions; of a bilious, nervous temperament, and yet he is a man of many excellent traits, a solid citizen and has done much to advance not only the interests of our schools but the interests of our city. He is a man who has traveled in Europe and has fine tastes, and a proper appreciation of the commercial importance of ST. PAUL.

JOHN B. BRESETTE.

Capt. Bresette as a detective has played an important part in this community and is very generally known for his brusque, quick, off-hand way, and yet he is as plausible as an angel if it is necessary to be so. He is of French descent, a good-sized man with a florid complexion, and is always busy, and for the amount of care and trouble he has passed through he is a well-preserved detective. He has several peculiar traits of character, among which are his earnestness, his devotion to his profession, his activity, his determination and his perseverance. Born in New York in 1838, at the age of eighteen years he struck out for the far West and brought up at St. PAUL in 1856; worked that year in a lumber mill, but in 1857 was appointed on the police force and served up to 1862, when he enlisted in the army, Eighth Minnesota, and served to 1865, and was then discharged on account of disability; on his return to the city he was re-appointed on the police force and in 1872 was made a special detective; is now captain with detective duties. Married Miss Herman Brosseau in 1856. Bresette is a terror to wrong-doers and they all give him a wide berth, as well they may.

JOHN W. BURDICK.

Born of English descent in Connecticut in 1842, Mr. Burdick's father moulded the first clipper ship East and the son drifted to St. PAUL in 1856; removed to Scott County, where he resided three years; to Martin County in 1861; engaged in the fur trade and opened a store; enlisted in the Sixth Minnesota Regiment; removed to Fairmount and opened a store again; sold out and traveled two years for H. A. Bromley of this city; then he became engaged for A. C. Bailey; settled permanently in St. PAUL in 1879; was elected secretary and treasurer of the Bailey Manufacturing Company; was County Surveyor of Martin County two years and County Commissioner and School Superintendent. He is a man of great energy and good business qualities.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

This immense building was commenced in 1854, the corner stone was laid in 1856, and the building completed in 1858. It

was originated by Bishop Cretin who died before it was finished. It was Bishop Cretin who suggested Rev. John Ireland for the ministry. The Cathedral was opened for service on the 13th of June, 1858, and on that day \$428 was collected. On Christmas night 2,000 persons attended mass. The building cost nearly \$45,000. The Catholic population of ST. PAUL is about 20,000.

REIM H. CAPISTRANT—GEORGE W. GRAY.

Mr. C. is a native of Canada, born in 1837; was educated in the common schools of Massachusetts and finally graduated from the College of St. Hyacinthe, Canada; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; served in the Eighth Minnesota two and one-half years and in the heavy artillery fifteen months; taught school for fourteen years; was a farmer for a time; then abstract clerk and clerk in a dry-goods store; was justice of the peace thirteen years and County Commissioner six years. Married Miss Zoe Morisette of Ramsey County.

Mr. Gray was born in this city in 1856 and educated here; was deputy postmaster in WEST ST. PAUL for a time; followed civil engineering for two years and assisted in laying out WEST ST. PAUL; worked in the machine shops of McAfee Brothers one year; followed the trade of a carpenter for a short time; was night watchman on the steamer Manitoba on the Red River of the North; returning to St. PAUL he engaged with Noyes Bros. & Cutler; clerked in the grocery store of J. C. McCarthy; went into business for himself and was burned out; erected a store of his own and is now doing a good trade. He is a man of strong characteristics, of great energy and much intelligence, active, stirring, a worthy member of society.

MARK COSTELLO—JOHN DOWLAN.

Mr. Costello is a quiet, unobtrusive, industrious man, who for many years has been a principal contractor and builder in this city. He was born in Ireland in 1833; located in Pennsylvania after coming to America; learned the trade of carpenter and joiner; removed to ST. PAUL in 1856; has been a contractor and builder in this city for twenty-nine years and has had his shop on the corner of Market and Fifth streets for nearly a quar-

ter of a century. He is noted for his good work, his upright character and his quiet demeanor.

Mr. Dowlan was born in Ireland in 1829; removed to Canada when young; came to the United States in 1850; worked in a shawl and broadcloth factory in New York; went to Ohio; spent three years in California in gold mining; removed to ST. PAUL in 1856; engaged in the wood business and is now the oldest dealer of wood in the city; was elected Street Commissioner in 1863 and served three terms of two years each; was contractor on the city water works; elected Alderman in 1874-7; was president of the Council in 1881; re-elected Alderman in 1884, and still continues in office. Since 1870 he has devoted his entire attention to the wood business. He is a man of ordinary size, of good business habits, an active member of the Catholic Church, has proved a good Alderman, and is a quiet, worthy citizen. Has been a valuable man in public life.

CHAUNCEY W. GRIGGS—OFFICES—PERSONAL.

Away back in the past some thirty years ago, I remember Col. Griggs in business on Third street, and then in the grocery trade on the corner of Third and Seventh streets, or Seven Corners, and then at Chaska, Carver County, making and shipping brick, and then engaged in government contracts, and then dealing in real estate, and coal and wood in the city of ST. PAUL. He is of English descent, born in Connecticut in 1832; received a good academical education, and in 1851 left home for Detroit, Mich., as a clerk in a banking house. Was engaged in business in Ohio, Iowa and Michigan previous to coming to ST. PAUL, which was in the year 1856. In 1861 he enlisted in the Third Minnesota Infantry, and was soon after promoted to First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel, but resigned in 1863 in consequence of sickness, and returned to ST. PAUL.

Col. Griggs was a member of the House two terms, member of the Senate three terms, and an Alderman of the city seven years. He was interested in banking in 1872, and occupies a prominent position in the banking interests of the city now; is a director in three national banks, the aggregate capital of which is \$1,700,000. He is largely engaged in the wholesale grocery

business. He is also the president of the State Building Association, which office he has held seven years; vice-president of the ST. PAUL National Bank; a member of the board of water commissioners, appointed in 1882, "and represents a class of business men who have made our Western cities marvels of rapid growth and enterprise."

Col. Griggs is a fine-looking man, well-proportioned and possessing excellent business qualities. He is quiet in his movements, cool and deliberate, but effective in results, and has laid a basis upon which he is building up a fortune. He is exceedingly social and pleasant in his nature, yet back of all this he is shrewd and scheming. He has made a good public officer, more so by his earnest work than by outward display, and may very justly be classed among our sensible, sagacious, solid, able citizens. Col. Griggs married Miss Martha A. Gallup in 1859, an elegant woman of superior ability, of remarkable energy and charming manners, a young-old settler, so to speak, whose influence has always been for good. The Colonel himself having accumulated wealth, has cultivated with it a spirit of generosity which finds practical exemplification in all good enterprises.

THEODORE HAMM—AS HE IS.

Born in Baden, Germany, in 1825; learned the butcher's trade in the old country; emigrated to America in 1854; lived in Buffalo, New York and Chicago, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; followed his trade here until 1857; opened a saloon and boarding house, which he kept for eight years, when he purchased the grounds upon which his large brewery now stands, the other side of Trout Brook. In 1874, in company with Phillip Thon, he purchased the Brainerd flouring mills, which they have run ever since. Of course the property Mr. Hamm bought years ago has now become very valuable, and he has increased his facilities for brewing very largely. What was once a broken, isolated part of the city is now one of the most valuable. Hills have come down and valleys have been filled in until Hamm's grounds present a very comely appearance.

Mr. Hamm is a muscular man, strong, active, pushing, and yet he is gentlemanly and obliging. He is untiring in his devotion to his business and has built up a large trade upon the

merits of his manufactured article. He is greatly assisted by his son, and together they make a strong firm.

PATRICK KEIGHER.

Mr. Keigher was born in Ireland in 1837; came to America in 1845 and located in New York State, where he was educated, and then went to New York city and engaged with the American Express Company four years and came to ST. PAUL in 1856. He at one time clerked for L. B. Wait & Co., but finally started business for himself on the corner of Fifth and Wabasha streets, where he remained for many years. Mr. Keigher is a small man with sandy whiskers and has a quiet way of transacting business. He is not only popular among his own people but among the Americans. Indeed he is a pleasant, accommodating, kind-hearted man, more worthy of mention than many making greater pretensions.

A MEMORABLE EVENT.

On the 24th of June, 1856, the corner stone for a new building for the Historical Society was laid with great pomp and ceremony. The building was to be on the corner of Tenth and Wabasha streets, and after the lapse of twenty-nine years the lot is still vacant, or only recently leased for other purposes. Prof. Maury of Washington made the principal speech on the occasion, assisted by Mayor Becker and Rev. John Penman, and a great procession marched through our streets. The tin box containing the valuables was subsequently taken out of the corner stone and deposited in the historical rooms at the Capitol.

PETER KERST.

In a small shop on the corner of Seventh (formerly Fort) and Ramsey streets, years ago, Peter Kerst commenced business for himself after having worked as a journeyman for Mr. Mitsch about six years. His business was wagon and sleigh manufacturing and general blacksmithing, which increased rapidly until he was obliged to remove his shop to give place to a fine brick building erected by Gov. Ramsey. He is an industrious son of Vulcan and has built up a good business. Born in Germany in 1829, he came to ST. PAUL in 1856; married Miss Francisca

Rapp in 1862, who died in 1864; married Miss Josephine Rapp in 1865, by whom he has had six children, two of whom are living.

J. P. LEITNER.

A short, thick-set, chubby man is Mr. Leitner, who was formerly a printer, but who kept a cigar store for many years on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets. He was in the Union army and enlisted in the Sixth Regiment in 1862; was mustered out as Sergeant in 1865; was a member of the fire department in 1860; exempted from service in 1866; became a member of the U. A. O. D. in 1865; was grand secretary of the Grand Grove; is a member of Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 5, A. F. and A. M., and of Champion Lodge No. 13, K. of P., holding the rank of P. C.; held a clerkship in the post office in 1866 and remained there up to 1871; gave up his store in 1885 and was appointed clerk in the office of Register of Deeds, where he now is. Mr. Leitner is a good deal of a quiet politician, and is peculiarly noted for his smooth, low-toned conversation. He is an industrious, unobtrusive man. Born in Bavaria, Germany, in 1840, he received a good education in the common schools of that country, when he was admitted into the Royal Bavarian School of Husbandry, which he left in 1855 in anticipation of emigrating to America; came to St. PAUL in 1856 and has resided here ever since.

THOSE HOGS.

An old settler not many years ago went into the business of raising hogs, and after getting together a good crop he was obliged to drive them east to sell them, as there was no market at home. Of course the long journey and expense ate up the profits, and on his return his neighbors asked him how much he had made. "Oh," he said, "I lost money, but then I had the company of the hogs!"

WILLIAM LINDEKE—PERSONALLY.

The Lindeke brothers have built themselves up from comparatively nothing to affluence, and they deserve all they have secured, for it has been obtained by honest labor and strict attention to business. William was born in Prussia in 1835; received but a limited education; emigrated to America in 1854; spent

two years in traveling through the States; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; worked as a laborer in the lumbering business for six months and then learned the trade of a miller, and worked for three years in the old city mills, and in 1858 was placed in charge of the milling department and continued in that capacity up to 1862, when he rented the mill, purchased the ground the next year, erected the Union mills thereon, and kept both in operation until 1865, when he turned his attention to his own mills exclusively, assisted by his brother Frederick, who had had general charge of the business for some years. In 1871 Mr. Lindeke became associated with his brother, A. H., in the retail mercantile trade, but in 1881 sold to Lindeke, Ladd & Co., and since then he has been largely engaged in the wholesale department. He was County Commissioner for four terms, first by appointment and the following three by election.

Mr. Lindeke is a well-set man physically, denoting power and inherent push. He is about eight years older than his brother, of light complexion, hair a little gray, and wears a goatee. His face indicates strength of character, while his sunny disposition makes him a popular man everywhere. He is pronounced to be one of the best dry-goods merchants in the country, his judgment always being good in the purchase of stock, while he is a safe, careful, prudent man at the head of a great establishment, and an excellent citizen.

JAMES J. O'CONNOR—"A LITTLE CUSS."

One who hears of wonderful deeds on the part of some wonderful detective, is surprised on confronting him to find him only a man. And this reminds me of a little incident which occurred in my own individual history years ago. The paper I edited was the organ of the \$5,000,000 railroad loan bill, and on submitting the question to the people it was indorsed by a popular vote of 18,000 majority. Immediately afterward a gentleman from the rural district wanted to make my acquaintance, and on being introduced remarked—"I have a good mind to knock you down!" "Why?" I inquired. "Because," he said, "I took you to be six feet tall, but you are only a little cuss!" In imagination he saw me a large, tall, powerful man, when, in fact I weighed but ninety-five pounds, and was small and far

beneath his conception of what I should be for the amount of work rendered in the canvass just passed. And so we magnify men by their deeds, and Mr. O'Connor comes in for his share, although he is a man of considerable muscle, but not large and cumbersome. He was born in Kentucky in 1855, and in 1856 his parents removed to this city with him, where he received an education, and at the age of sixteen years was employed in the grocery store of J. & M. Butler; continued there until 1872, when he entered the wholesale grocery house of P. H. Kelly, and from that he was appointed detective on the police force, and is in fact a very efficient officer. He is cautious, careful, shrewd, quick, decisive, and with nerve enough to carry to completion anything he may undertake.

JOHN O'DONNELL.

Mr. O'Donnell is a native of Ireland, born about 1830; emigrated to New York in 1851; learned the trade of carriage-maker in Albany, N. Y.; worked at Herkimer one year; also for Wright & Willet of Chicago; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and opened a carriage establishment on Exchange street, where he carried on business fifteen years, when, in 1873 he started a livery stable near his old shops and ran it up to about one year ago, when he became a deputy in the Sheriff's office. He is a small man, with a round face and florid complexion, very undemonstrative and like many other old settlers has been on the teeter-taunter board of life, now up and now down, for some twenty-nine years, having seen a great deal of trouble and affliction growing out of sickness and death in his family.

D. L. CURTICE.

Mr. Curtice was born in New York in 1828; was a student of the late Dr. Taylor, deceased; also a student with Roscoe Conkling, Augustus and Frederick Seward, at the Auburn, N. Y., academy, and was prepared for college, but abandoned the idea and took a course in civil engineering; was in the engineering department when the first railroad was built in Canada West in 1851; was engineer on the L. O. A. & N. Y. Railroad from 1852 to 1855; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was with J. A. Case, City Engineer, ST. PAUL, in 1856 and 1857; was City Engineer in 1858-9; married in 1859; in 1862 located the ST. PAUL

& Pacific Railroad from Big Lake to St. Cloud; was City Engineer from 1869 to 1874, during which time by his recommendation the street grades were fixed leveling Baptist hill, now the wholesale district of the city. The owners of the property at that time declared the proposition to cut the hill down to its present plane not only ridiculous but insane, and that the generation then living would be in their graves long before the completion of the work. That property then worth \$75 to \$100 per front foot, is now worth from \$700 to \$1,000. Smith Park has been graded and is being beautified, and it is hard to realize that the old circus grounds on the park were once fifty feet above its present grade. Mr. Curtice has been County Surveyor, and at present is engaged in civil engineering. He is a small man, very methodical in his ways, attends to his own business and what he does he does thoroughly and well. He makes no display, is quiet in his movements and is an industrious, unpretending citizen.

GEORGE PALMES.

A really good man is the noblest work of God, and George Palmes is a good man. A personal knowledge of his career for over a quarter of a century ought to qualify me to judge of his character correctly, and when thoroughly analyzed but few men, in my opinion, are better than George Palmes. I remember him when on Bridge Square and carrying on business as Mott & Palmes, tailors; I remember him later when adversity swept the firm out of existence, and still later I remember him struggling for a foot-hold, and all through this he was the same kind-hearted, patient, industrious citizen, and so he has lived for over a quarter of a century, and so he lives to-day, plodding on his way with his hair a little grayer, his step a little weaker, but with his manhood unimpaired and his honesty unimpeached. Mr. Palmes is a trim-built gentleman, always pleasant, always attending to his business, always honorable, and by no means rich, yet he is the possessor of a humble, happy home, and has the universal respect of his fellow-men. He was born in LeRoy Genesee Co., N. Y., in 1828; was reared and educated in Michigan; came to St. PAUL in 1856 and has resided here continuously ever since. After his dissolution of partnership with Mr. Mott he started in business on a small scale, and has constantly

increased his trade until his establishment is now considered the best in the city. His shop is probably the oldest continuous tailoring establishment in ST. PAUL or in the State. He married Miss Hull in 1853, who died several years ago.

J. B. RICE.

Almost as long back as I can remember anything about railroads, especially in this State, "Judd" Rice looms up simultaneously with them, and becomes as it were a part and parcel of them. If my memory serves me correctly he was the conductor who ran the first passenger train on the then ST. PAUL & Pacific Railroad (now the Manitoba,) from this city to St. Anthony, and as I was one of the passengers on that occasion, July 2, 1862, or twenty-three years ago, I well remember how proud "Judd" was as the iron horse ploughed his way as it then seemed to me over a vast prairie, but now almost a solid city! Mr. Rice when only nineteen years old began working for the Michigan Central Railroad, and after coming to ST. PAUL in 1856, he was a conductor on what is now the ST. PAUL, Minneapolis & Manitoba road six years, and then in 1868 was made assistant superintendent of the same road and holds the position still, having charge of the Fergus Falls division. He was born in Yankee land, Vermont, in 1830. "Judd" is a small or rather spare man, very affable, always pleasant, prompt in the discharge of his business, energetic, and a competent, popular railroad official.

MERRILL RYDER.

A quiet, easy, pleasant man is Merrill Ryder, and when one comes to learn something of his early history he is surprised at his equanimity, for he was among the first to strike out into the Red river country in search of furs soon after the license of the Hudson Bay Company had expired in 1861, and on these trips he endured many hardships and incurred great dangers. He was in the Red river country when the Indian outbreak occurred, and on returning in 1862 all the passengers in the stage that followed him were massacred, while he came through safely. His brother was connected with him and others in a store at Big Stone Lake, and one day the lower Indian bands called him out, when some fifty fired at him and he fell dead. Mr. Ryder was

born in Connecticut in 1827; educated at the common schools; was in business in New Hartford for seven years, when he came West in 1854, and to ST. PAUL in 1856. After his return from the Red river country, as already stated, he continued the selling and buying of furs until 1867, when he added the manufacture of the same and began dealing in the hide and wool business and the traffic in game, and has engaged in this business for many years, having been a permanent resident of ST. PAUL from 1856. He is a man of moderate size, of pleasing address, and yet he is a gentleman of good business qualities and a quiet, unobtrusive citizen.

ROBERT SMITH—THE MAN.

Born in England in 1828; educated at the grammar school; emigrated to Buffalo, N. Y., in 1855; engaged in the butcher business; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; in 1857 was steward of the ST. PAUL Club; kept the house for Judge Nelson for a time after the club gave it up; engaged with the firm of Drewry & Scotten in 1861, where he remained seven years; was bookkeeper in the boot and shoe store of W. J. Smith & Co. in 1869, and then was with McCauley & Castner in the commission business; in 1873 became the chaplain of the Bethel mission of the Western Seamen's Friend Society; is now engaged in various missionary work; was for two terms and a half chaplain in the Legislature.

Such is the brief history of Robert Smith, and yet it is not all his history, for in connection with the material elements of life he has been a prominent factor in the promotion of good deeds, and like his master mingles with publicans and sinners to do His commands. There is something refreshing in Mr. Smith's mode of preaching, for there is an originality and an earnestness in the man which command attention. He is devoid of hypocrisy or mere show, and when he speaks it is from the heart and not from motives of policy in order to gain notoriety or popularity. He is a good representative of the genuine Englishman; has an excellent physical organization, considerable force of character, and has made himself a man and a good citizen by the strength of his own will-power.

JOHN SUMMERS.

Mr. Summers is an excellent specimen of a self-made man, and it is really through the force of his industry and individu-

ality that he has attained his present position as owner and landlord of the Windsor hotel. Years ago I knew him as a journeyman carpenter, then as Summers & Co., then he sold out and built and took possession of the Windsor hotel in 1877. He was born in Scotland in 1830; was well educated in the High School of Glasgow; learned the trade of a carpenter in his native city; emigrated to Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1852; to Chicago in 1855, where he worked three years, and then came to St. PAUL in 1856, with results as already narrated. Mr. Summers shows his Scotch characteristics by his strong and somewhat angular points of character, and what he has made financially has been by that unceasing and indomitable will-power which marks the man. He is industrious, prudent, careful, economical, self-reliant, cautious yet progressive, pleasant, a solid, business, common-sense citizen.

H. S. TEMPLE.

“Going! going! going! how much do I hear? one dollar! one dollar! one dollar! going—g-o-n-e!” This is the first memory I have of Mr. Temple, who, surrounded with piles of goods and a crowd of people in a store down on East Third street in the year 1856, was rattling off a lingo of words interspersed with fun, song and poetry. He was a fine looking man, with a fresh complexion, a pleasant eye and expression and a long, flowing beard. His voice was clear and melodious, and he held his audience by sheer force of good nature. And so he continued for years in that dingy auction room—“Going! going! going! gone!” Originally he was born in Maine in 1823 and naturally fell into the lumbering business with his father; then “went it on his own hook” for two years, and then entered mercantile pursuits and commenced his career in this city in 1856 as an auctioneer. He sold all the property confiscated by the State during the Indian war; all condemned property of the United States, and at one time a warehouse full of hard-tack. He then opened what was known as Moffett’s Castle and kept a good hotel for a year or so, when he sold out and started a dining-room on Jackson street, and from thence leased the Commercial hotel on Seventh street, where he has been for several years. Mr. Temple is a man of energy and of business tact, and makes an excellent landlord, and is a very worthy, pleasant gentleman.

CALVIN S. ULINE.

Very few men were more popular when in active business life in this city, than Col. Uline. He was a "hail fellow well met," liberal, kind-hearted, always one of the boys, and good nature was a predominant trait in his character. He was a young, sprightly fellow when he came to this city, but years have made him more sedate and have filled out the frame-work to a respectable degree of flesh, still he is the same old-time pleasant "Cal." Born in New York in 1833 he received an academic education at Charlottesville and removed to New Jersey in 1850, but in 1853 took up his residence in Indiana and became distributing clerk in the post office at Indianapolis. Arriving in ST. PAUL in 1856 he connected himself with L. H. Eddy and C. W. Griggs in the grocery business until 1861, when he enlisted in the Second Minnesota Regiment, and served over four years, being commissioned Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, Captain, Major and discharged as Lieutenant Colonel. He was elected Treasurer of Ramsey County in 1868 and held the office up to 1876, or eight years; was married in 1865 to a dear little woman, sister of Luther H. Eddy. In 1871 he held the position of salesman of lands for the ST. PAUL, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company; engaged in mining and lost considerable money; sold his homestead on Mississippi street for \$26,000 and moved to Devil's Lake, Dakota, where he now is. The many friends of Col. Uline wish him God-speed.

THOMAS M'MAHON.

A native of Ireland, born in 1833; came to America in 1850; lived in Chicago six years, when he removed to ST. PAUL in 1856; was Wall street commissioner of ST. PAUL one year and was appointed on the police force in 1874 and has been on the force a number of years. Mr. McMahan coming here twenty-nine years ago, saw a good deal of the hardships incident to pioneer life, but he has maintained his manhood and has proved a faithful servant of the city.

JOHN WEBER.

Mr. Weber was born in Switzerland in 1827 and educated in his native land; arrived at New York from the old country

and worked at his trade as a stone cutter for four years ; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and worked for six years for B. Presley, spent three years in the mines of Idaho, traveled through different States and finally returned to ST. PAUL and opened a grocery store on the old Fort road, now Seventh street, where he remained for some time. He married Miss Catherine Ayd in 1869. Mr. Weber is a quiet, steady man, and has built up quite a nice trade by years of industry and fair dealing.

JOSEPH MINEA

Came to ST. PAUL in 1856; born in Indiana in 1832; engaged in wagon-making and blacksmithing in 1858; entered into partnership with Michael Eaton in 1867; bought out his partner and carried on the business alone for four years; made a partnership with his brother; in 1881 became sole proprietor and has carried on the business in WEST ST. PAUL successfully, demonstrating what can be achieved by earnest, hard labor.

TERRENCE O'BRIEN.

Born in Ireland in 1832. Mr. O'Brien at the age of fourteen years removed to Montreal, Canada, then to Vermont, then to New York and Pennsylvania, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was a stone cutter by trade; worked on the Wabasha bridge; formed a partnership with M. Roche in 1861 and continued it until 1879, when the present partnership was formed. The firm is now carrying on a large business.

THOMAS P. WILSON.

Gen. Wilson was born in Connecticut in 1842; moved to Herkimer County, N. Y., with his parents, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; finished his education here at the ST. PAUL College, and taught school during the winter of 1860-'61. In the summer of 1861 he enlisted in the Fourth Minnesota Volunteers, and was made Commissary Sergeant of the regiment. In the early summer of 1862 he was made Second Lieutenant, and a month later was promoted to First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the Eleventh Louisiana Colored Infantry—a regiment which was nearly wiped out of existence at the battle of Miliken's Bend, an engagement in which the subject of this sketch took an active part. He was with the army at the siege of Corinth,

battles of Iuka and Corinth, and the siege of Vicksburg. He remained at various duties in Louisiana and Mississippi and Louisiana until 1864, when he was appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, and ordered to join Sherman at Atlanta; served as Quartermaster of one of the divisions of the Seventeenth Corps on "the march to the sea." After the grand review at Washington in 1865, he was placed in charge of the entire wagon train of Sherman's army on an overland trip from Washington to Louisville. From thence he was ordered to Denver and made Chief Quartermaster of Colorado Territory, after having been breveted Major for meritorious service. He resigned in 1866 and returned to ST. PAUL, engaging in the lumber trade. In 1868 he opened a furnace and plumbing establishment, under the firm name of Wilson & Worley; later changed to Wilson & Rogers, and from which he retired in 1885. During Gov. Pillsbury's first term he was appointed Quartermaster General of the State of Minnesota, with the rank of Brigadier General; was re-appointed by Governor Hubbard, and is now serving in that capacity.

Gen. Wilson is a gentleman of good business qualities, quick in his movements, energetic in character, and backed by a good corporosity. He passed through a severe ordeal in the army, but rides the waves of life like an iron-clad steamer, and appears good for any emergency which may arise.

CHARLES A. ZIMMERMAN.

"An Alsatian! It can't be possible!" Yes, sir; that bright, quick, courteous, gentlemanly-looking man, with dark hair, black eyes and dark whiskers, who is cute enough to catch the shadows before they fade, was born in Strasbourg, France, in 1844, and is the identical gentleman who shows his ability as a writer and his genius as an artist—a talented Franco-German-American. This trait of character was developed at the early age of fourteen years when young Zimmerman constructed his own camera and started out in his first attempt in the art of photography. At the age of four years he emigrated to America with his parents, and after receiving a good education came to ST. PAUL in 1856, and entering the old Whitney gallery, then on the corner of Third and Cedar streets, carved his own way up to

the ownership of an establishment at the rate of eight dollars per month, and then he purchased a building on Third street and devoted the four stories to his special profession.

Mr. Zimmerman's ability as a photographer was fully recognized when in 1871 he received the Philadelphia gold medal for the perfection of his art, and in 1876 the Centennial gold medal for the same. His literary works embrace contributions on light optics, the chemistry and the working of processes; papers to children in *St. Nicholas*; papers on out-door sports and rod and gun abound in the columns of *Forest and Stream*, *Chicago Field*, and *Scribner*. His best known water-color paintings are "The Light Shell," "Trying for a Double," "In the Gloaming," and "Interrupted." The copyright for the first two netted \$3,000. His largest painting, "Damascus Commandery Encampment," was finished in 1881. Mr. Zimmerman has been secretary and treasurer of the ST. PAUL Sportsmen's Club, and in 1881 became the commander and owner of a fleet of pleasure boats on Lake Minnetonka, which subsequently were merged into a company and of which he is now manager.

He is a tall, slender man, as already described, a lover of his own business and a worker in his own profession; is cordial and pleasant in manner, polite, as all Frenchmen are, industrious, progressive in his trade as well as in his ideas, pre-eminent in photography and able with his pen. He gives strict attention to his business, and is ever reaching out into unknown fields to achieve new results in the march of art and science.

EDWARD OSCAR ZIMMERMAN.

A brother of Charles, Mr. Zimmerman was born in France in 1842; emigrated to America in 1848, and in 1856 came to ST. PAUL. He enlisted in the Sixth Regiment in 1862 and was made Lieutenant in 1864 and served until the close of the war. He is somewhat interested with his brother in the photographic trade, and for several years was traveling salesman for Auerbach, Finch & Van Slyke. He is much like his brother, and still he is different in that he is more sedate, and yet is a solid, useful man.

DAVID RAMALEY.

One of the most tireless, most active and most industrious and hard-working printers I ever knew, was David Ramaley,

who to-day is just as unceasing in his labors as he was twenty-nine years ago. Rough, ready, prompt, quick, never sick, never off duty, he has made his daily rounds for over a quarter of a century, and still he is the same vigorous, energetic, bustling type of the past, the oldest continuous job printer in the city or in the State. Ramaley is really a character, and his peculiarities have individualized him among the craft. He was not the inheritor of a golden spoon, but even at the early age of eleven years entered the printing office, where he received his only education and where he has been for the past forty-six years. At the age of seventeen he became foreman of the office of the *Pittsburg Daily Gazette*; then published an agricultural paper in that city in 1851; also a paper in Monongahela City; emigrated to Minnesota in 1855 and commenced the lumbering business at Le Sueur; also worked in the office of the old *Democrat* of this city the same year; returned East and came to ST. PAUL to live again in 1856; started a saw or rotary mill on what was known as Ames' island down in the then old swamp now covered by a network of railroad tracks; then worked as a compositor on the *Pioneer*, finally became foreman, city editor and then business manager of the paper, and continued thus up to 1862, when he started the first job office, independent of the newspapers in the city; took in Giesen as a partner; then in 1866 H. P. Hall, and they ran a paper called the *Commercial Review*; became business manager of the *Minneapolis Tribune* in 1867, where he remained six months; in 1868 the present *ST. PAUL Dispatch* was started by Hall & Ramaley, who ran it together for three or four years, or to about 1871, when the partners dissolved, Hall taking the *Dispatch* and Ramaley the job office; in 1873 Ramaley secured the State printing by contract, which he held until 1878; entered into partnership with J. C. Cunningham; published the *Daily News*; continued the job printing business up to 1881 when he became connected with the type foundry; went out of that in 1884 and is now once more in the printing business for himself.

Mr. Ramaley was a member of the School Board in 1862-5; has published a small book for printers as a guide in their job department, but in other respects he has not been before the public. He was born in Pittsburg, Penn., in 1828, and is an old

landmark among the printers of the city. He is a short, thick-set man, with iron-gray hair and moves about with the celerity of a whirlwind, while he keeps up a rapid conversation by his "Yes, yes, yes; I think so, yes, yes; just so, just so—yes, yes, yes." Any one who knows David Ramaley will recognize the picture, but he is a good man and worthy citizen.

GUY M. SAULSBURY.

Mr. Saulsbury was born in New York in 1825 where he was educated; went to California in 1849; was engaged in mining there nine months; returned to New York in the latter part of the same year and ran on the packet passenger boats of the Erie Canal for six years; moved to Washington County, Minn., in 1853 and entered the lumbering business; came to St. PAUL in 1856 but did little or no business up to 1859, when he opened a restaurant and in connection therewith started a hotel on the European plan (the first in the city;) continued the hotel and restaurant business for ten years; made several trips across the plains to Montana, Idaho and Denver, and could at one time have purchased an interest in the latter city for \$5,000, worth now \$20,000,000! Guy says that when he thinks of this little matter and of other lost opportunities, he feels like hiring some ten smart, active lads, with new shoes, to kick him out of this world into some unknown and uninhabited part of another globe. In 1876 he went into the Black Hills and opened a commission business with the late H. B. Montgomery, and I shall never forget with what disgust he would rattle off the goods and then getting no bids would dash the articles down on the counter, and utter a—silent prayer. One night he got desperately mad, and after putting up about everything there was in the store and getting no bids, he drew out of his pocket a \$20 gold piece and asked the crowd if they would bid on that. And such a look, such a face, such utter hopeless despair—"How much for the \$20 gold piece? How much? Gentlemen, it must be sold! \$14, \$15, \$16, \$17, \$17.50, \$18! going, going; a \$20 gold piece for \$18!" Not a man smiled, not another bid was made! Guy looked over the crowd in utter contempt, paused a minute, shoved the money down into his pocket and exclaimed—"You d— fools. You shan't have it at any price," and jumping from

the counter he flew around like a crazy man, put out the lights, drove the crowd out of the building, locked the door, and the next day sold out his whole stock in a lump at about two-thirds less than it cost him, and the store was to rent. He left the hills soon after and walked the whole distance back, glad as he said to get on solid ground. Here he resumed his restaurant business on Third street and continued for five years; sold out; went to his farm of some 300 acres at Lakeland, where he now is, although at one time he was engaged in the patent and apple business. He was married in 1848 and has two children.

Mr. Saulsbury is a good, solid man physically; quick in his movements; a little nervous, and has passed through a great many hardships; has great energy; is always on the go, is always going to get fixed to live, but never gets there. Probably like all the other old settlers when he gets nicely situated old Time will come along and ask him to take a walk and he no doubt will consent for Guy has great respect for an officer whose commands he knows must be obeyed.

WILLIAM MARKOE.

Very few old settlers have led a more quiet or a more serene life than Mr. Markoe. My earliest recollection of him was his connection with a balloon in which he made several ascensions from this city, and from that time to this I have always found him the same high-toned, elegant gentleman that characterized him nearly thirty years ago. He was born at the old Markoe House in Philadelphia, in 1820; was well educated and graduated at the theological seminary of New York; was for seven years a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Wisconsin; subsequently he embraced the Catholic religion, and has ever since been a devoted member of that church; came to ST. PAUL in 1856, just in time to have the full benefit of the crisis of 1857; in 1856-7 made two balloon ascensions, one with Messrs. Eaton and Brown, who, after sailing around in the air landed in the top of a tree some forty miles north-east of ST. PAUL, among swamps and impenetrable forests. While preparing for a third ascension the balloon burst and doubtless saved the lives of the three parties who were about to ascend, as there was a strong gale blowing at the time which would have

dashed the air-ship against the old International hotel. Mr. Markoe was at one time, against his own inclinations, selected by both parties to the City Council; was chairman of the Committee on Streets, and was the originator of the ordinance requiring sidewalks to be built by individuals instead of by general taxes, thereby giving a great impetus to public improvements. He was also on the committee to found the Reform School, and was one of the framers of the charter. In early years he was afflicted with palsy, which prevented him from engaging in any active business. He married in 1849 and has a family of young men, who in point of ability and moral worth have but few superiors. Mr. Markoe is an able writer, a pleasant gentleman and one of our most estimable citizens.

JOHN MATTOCK.

A somewhat remarkable man was Rev. John Mattock, and yet a good man and a good scholar. He was a solid, sound preacher, according to the orthodox doctrine; a common-sense, matter-of-fact individual who believed in uniting the material with the spiritual world, for while he taught religion he also dealt largely with the hum-drum affairs of life. He was not an eloquent or a magnetic preacher, and yet he was a man of good, sound judgment and reliability. He was a minister in ST. PAUL nineteen years and died in 1875, having maintained his position uninterruptedly with his congregation during that long period. The father of Mr. Mattock was once Governor of Vermont and a member of Congress from that State for two terms. Mr. Mattock himself was born in Vermont in 1814, and graduating at Middlebury College in 1832 commenced the study of law, but gave it up for the pursuit of religion, and after fully preparing himself for the ministry, graduated at the theological department of Yale College. He was pastor of a congregation at Keeseville, N. Y., for eighteen years, when he removed to ST. PAUL in 1856 and succeeded Mr. Neill as the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and at the same time he became very much interested in educational matters, so that he was elected Secretary of the School Board and Superintendent of Schools in 1860, which position he held up to 1872. He was also a member of the Historical Society, much interested in matters and theories of an

antiquated nature, and a lover of geology. He was a quiet, pleasant man; moderate and consistent in his views and yet decided in his opinions, and had the faculty of holding the friends he made. His son, Dr. Brewer Mattock, was an exceptionally fine young man, at one time city and county physician of ST. PAUL. He was small, quick, affable, and a true, good, manly citizen, now living, I think, in Faribault.

A. B. BRACKETT—WHEN AND WHERE BORN—A COMPLIMENT.

There is probably no man in the Northwest who has been through so many perilous adventures and who has endured so many hardships, and who has come out so completely unharmed, and who is even now well prepared to vigorously fight the battles of life, than Colonel A. B. Brackett, our present United States Deputy Marshal. His history is one continuous series of stirring events; in the mountains among the miners, in the army among the bullets, on the plains amid the war-whoops, in the dens among the robbers, flitting here and there and everywhere, surrounded with danger, and yet he is as bold and vigorous to-day as he was twenty years ago. A man of fine physical proportions, very reticent, full of energy and courage, he moves down upon his victim like a tornado, and before one is aware of it he has him in his power. Very few men can fill the position of Deputy United States Marshal so acceptably as Colonel Brackett, and very few men made better cavalry officers in the army than the subject of my sketch.

He was born among the granite hills of New Hampshire in 1826 and educated at the common schools of that State, when at the age of fifteen years he removed to Boston and engaged in the grocery business and in 1848 sailed for California and entered largely into mining and remained in the mines four years; in 1852 took up another enterprise in which he continued until 1854 and then returned to Boston, and two years later, or in 1856, came to ST. PAUL. In connection with C. W. Griggs he opened a store on Third street, and was in business here one year, when he was appointed Deputy Sheriff by Tullis; served out his term and was re-appointed Deputy by Deacon Caldwell and Robertson, and then Deputy United States Marshal by William B. Gere, and in turn by Marshal Buck. In 1861 he entered the

army and was made Captain of one of three cavalry companies which were raised in this State to go south. On arriving at their place of destination these several companies were consolidated and called the Curtiss Horse Regiment, and of this regiment he was appointed Major by Gov. Ramsey in 1862. Finally an order came from the Secretary of War that the regiment must bear the name of some State, and it was called the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, and this accounts for the fact that as three companies of Minnesota cavalymen were merged in as a part of this regiment, and as Brackett was Major of said regiment, he did duty with his own soldiers while apparently hailing from another State. He served in the army three years, and then re-enlisted and entered the service at the head of Brackett's battalion, and was with Sully on the plains; served five years, was Lieutenant Colonel, and then breveted Colonel in 1864; mustered out in 1866. He engaged in business in Minneapolis for one year, or up to 1871, when he was appointed United States Deputy Marshal under Eaton; also under Marshals Armstrong, McLaren and Denny, and is now in that position, having been in this office some twenty-four years.

Gen. Sully in his report says:

"A very large body of Indians collected on my right for a charge. I directed Brackett to rout them. This he did gallantly, driving them in a circle of about three miles to the base of the mountains and beyond my line of skirmishers, killing many of them. The Indians, seeing his position, collected in large numbers about him, but he repelled them, assisted by some well-directed shots from Jones' battery."

Just before Maj. Brackett's battalion left ST. PAUL for Sioux City, some of his friends here met and presented him with a beautiful sword costing \$800. Of course the recipient was overcome with feelings of gratitude for the act, and expressed himself in fitting terms. This was a testimonial for real merit, bravery, friendship, and the faithful discharge of duty.

About twenty-five years ago, when editing the *Times*, my local editor charged Mr. Brackett with neglect of duty while acting as deputy under Sheriff Caldwell, and in return he sued me for \$10,000 damages. The case, however, was withdrawn and never came to trial, and no allusion has been made to the matter by either of us from that time to this. It was an episode of the early times having no particular significance, and is only

now alluded to as a matter of history. No better friends could possibly exist to-day than Maj. Brackett and the writer.

POOR AUNT MILLIE!—PERSONAL.

When down South in the performance of his duty, Maj. Brackett was forced to take several contrabands into his camp and among them an old negro woman called "Aunt Millie." He treated her kindly and she became cook at headquarters and was with him in all his skirmishes and battles. On his way through the South Aunt Millie, wearing a Union soldier's coat, reached her old home and met some of her old friends who tried to persuade her to remain with them, but she exclaimed—"No, I'se gwine with Massa Lincoln's army of de Lofd," and continued with Maj. Brackett until he reached ST. PAUL, when the Major being ordered to join Gen. Sully, left Aunt Millie with George A. Brackett of Minneapolis, who, when she died in March, 1885, aged over 100 years, had her buried in his own family burial lot, and the Major attended the funeral.

Maj. Brackett is a large man, with great energy of character, quiet in his movements and very decided and emphatic in his acts. With all this he is mild and lenient. He is a man of wonderful industry, has been and is now always on the go, and as a soldier he was prompt, brave and full of activity. He is as well known throughout the Northwest as any man in it, for there is scarcely a village or hamlet he has not visited in pursuit of some criminal. He is a man of large heart and sympathies, and socially very much liked. One of his striking peculiarities is the manner in which he responds to you in conversation. He brings his right hand rapidly across his goatee and nodding his head, says—"Yes—yes—just so! Yes! No!—You don't say so!—Y-e-s—y-e-s!—Well—I declare—Y-e-s!" Maj. Brackett's success in capturing a prisoner is brought about by his firmness and his kindness, and while his duty has called him into many dangerous places yet I have never heard of his being shot or in any way injured. He is a quiet, pleasant man, a good officer and a good citizen.

JAMES DILLON.

Who of the old settlers does not know James Dillon, the intelligent and industrious blacksmith, who, for years has been a

prominent figure in the Democratic party? And who does not know him as at the head of one of the most prominent temperance societies of this city? Who does not know him as the active, pushing, wide-awake business man, who has accumulated a fine property by the sweat of his brow? In the olden times some of the best Democratic speeches made on the stump when Gov. Gorman was in his vigor, were made by Dillon, sharp, crisp, incisive, full of common sense, and no man was more active or more influential in the ranks of the party than he. He is a small gentleman, very energetic, quick to comprehend and like a polar bear—always on the go—but he is better than the bear in that he has a kind and sympathetic heart. He was born in Ireland in 1825; educated in the old country; learned the trade of a blacksmith, and traveled in various parts of Europe; was in France during the revolution in 1848, and emigrated that year to America and landed at New York, where he remained four years and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; here he continued his trade up to a few years past, when he began dealing in real estate and has continued in that business ever since. He is a fine specimen of an intelligent, industrious and worthy Irish gentleman—a self-made man.

RUSSELL BLAKELEY—THE BONES OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

One of the very first and excellent good men I met with when on my way to this city, was Captain Russell Blakeley, commander of the steamer *Nominee*. Indeed his boat brought me to ST. PAUL and I have a very vivid recollection of the man, especially as he gave me the first information about this city and its surroundings. He is a tall gentleman, very moderate in his speech, exceedingly pleasant in his manners, and yet he is well adapted to command. During the whole trip, notwithstanding he was plied with many questions by the passengers, he was still the same mild and elegant gentleman then as he is to-day. He is one of the pioneer steamboat men of the upper Mississippi, and was born in Massachusetts in 1815. At an early age his parents removed to Leroy, Genesee County, N. Y., and here he grew to manhood; removed to Illinois in 1836; to Galena in 1839; to Virginia in 1844; to Galena again in 1847. In the history of Ramsey County I find the following:

“When the *Argo* was put on the river in the year 1847, Captain Blakeley was engaged as clerk, and then on the *Dr. Franklin*, running the latter part of the time as captain. In 1853 he ran the *Nominee*, and in 1854 took command of the *Galena*. * * * In 1855 he was appointed agent at Dunleith of the packet company, and soon after bought out the interest of Charles T. Whitney in the Northwestern Express Company, the firm then becoming J. C. Burbank & Co. Captain Blakeley visited ST. PAUL in 1847 although he came here to reside permanently in 1856, and became interested in mail contracts, stage and transportation lines, etc. Mr. Burbank retired from the company in 1867, and the business is now continued by Blakeley & Carpenter. Captain B. was also largely interested in the old Sioux City Railroad Company, and was at one time a director in it.”

While Captain Blakeley has been a strong Republican and chairman of the State Central Committee several times, yet I know of no political office he has held, or of any office he has ever sought, and yet he is, in the opinion of the writer, one of our very best citizens. He has long been a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce from its organization; also vice-president several terms; is largely interested in our local affairs, and is never afraid to express his convictions as to the best interests of our city. While he is positive in his nature and no trimmer, yet he is not offensive in the expression of his views. He is director in the Fire & Marine Insurance Company; was president of the old ST. PAUL, Stillwater & Taylor's Falls Railroad Company, and worked up the scheme; is the vice-president of the Historical Society; was on the Indian commission to assess damages for the overflow of the reservoirs on the upper Mississippi; has been, from its organization in 1877 to the present time, president of the Northwestern Stage & Transportation Company, and is the same courtly gentleman, although somewhat older and grayer than when I first met him, now thirty-two years ago.

A short time after Capt. Blakeley had been instrumental in getting a boat to ply on the Red River of the North, he received a unique letter from the Indians in that neighborhood, stating that the “water fowl” disturbed the bones of their ancestors but the matter could be amicably adjusted if he would send them several kegs filled with \$10 gold pieces; and although the old Indians' bones continued to rattle in their graves as the boat puffed up and down the river for years afterward, yet the Captain was just hard-hearted enough to let them rattle, and they are rattling still, for the gold was never sent forward. I can only

add that Captain Blakeley is one of our most valuable and respected citizens.

JAMES SMITH, JR.

Mr. Smith has been so closely identified with ST. PAUL and her interests for over twenty-five years, that to speak of one without the other would be to produce Hamlet without the central figure. I remember the firm originally as Emmet & Smith, and then as Smith & Gilman in the old McClung block, which copartnership continued for quite a lengthy period, and then Mr. Smith became the attorney for the ST. PAUL & Duluth road, in which capacity he has acted for not less than twenty years. With his law business he mingled politics, and in early days had an ambition to go to Congress, and just at a period when he could have been successful he threw away his chance.

Mr. Smith was a member of the Senate in 1861, '62, '63, '76, and for several years afterwards a member of the House and Senate, and also president and attorney for the Duluth Railroad Company, in all of which positions he was faithful and industrious.

He was born in Ohio in 1815; was well educated; read law and was admitted to practice in 1839, and became a partner of Col. I. M. Vance; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and has resided here ever since. When quite young his eye-sight was seriously impaired, but his ambition and perseverance pushed him on, and it is almost a miracle that he has accomplished what he has with so great a difficulty to encounter. Four years ago Mr. Smith probably served his last term in the Legislature, and is now greatly engrossed in the duties pertaining to the attorney-ship of the ST. PAUL & Duluth Railroad Company. He is a peculiar-looking man; tall, slender, hair all awry, full whiskers, and yet he is very polite and gentlemanly, and this has greatly aided him in getting through the world. He is an able lawyer, energetic, determined, persevering, and no more industrious man lives than James Smith, Jr. As a legislator he was sincere, faithful and able; as a man and a citizen he is greatly respected.

LORENZO ALLIS.

Among the leading lawyers in his day in the city of ST. PAUL, was Lorenzo Allis, a delicate, light-complexioned gentle-

man, who came to this city from the South for his health and who immediately took rank as one of the bright lights in the legal fraternity. He was born in Vermont in 1823, his ancestors having landed at Salem in the third voyage of the *Mayflower* in 1640; graduated from the university in 1845; married Miss Castle the same year; went to New Orleans where he practiced his profession and became one of the editors of the *Picayune*, at that time the leading and most powerful paper in the South, and from thence he came to ST. PAUL in 1856, where he practiced law for over a quarter of a century, being engaged in some of the greatest cases ever brought before our courts. He was what I would call "a clean-cut lawyer," that is, he was analytic in his dissection of a case and moved forward in his argument with ideas rather than words. He was always in earnest, and I scarcely ever knew him to indulge in anything frivolous when before the jury or the judge. He was an industrious man and prepared his cases with great care. Withal he was a pure, good man. He was earnest, sometimes a little nervous over delays, and yet he has left an excellent record as a citizen and a lawyer. His two sons, Frederick and Edmund Castle Allis, succeeded him in his law business and keep up the name of their father. The third son, Harold, is in the Quartermaster's Department. Mr. Allis died March, 1883, aged sixty years.

EDWARD HEENAN—LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

Heenan was a character. He was of Irish descent, born about 1827; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was engaged for a time in the dry-goods business, and then bloomed out into a full-blown politician and became the Register of Deeds of Ramsey County.

When Heenan was Register of Deeds, the Democratic County Board advertised for bids to publish the tax-list, and the writer, then editor of the *Times*, was awarded the contract as the lowest bidder, but Goodrich of the *Pioneer* claimed that he was entitled to the list on the ground of being the Democratic organ, and also that his contract as county printer covered the list, so he and his friends conspired to secure it, and to this end the officer who had the making out of the tax-list turned the copy over to the *Pioneer* and left the *Times* out in the cold. The law said that

in case the list was not published at a given time, the contract would be violated. Goodrich had the tax-list in his possession, had it set up, would have it printed in his paper under the law in the morning; I had the contract but had no copy. What to do I did not know, so I called on Heenan and laid the case before him. The list must be set up that night or I was gone up on my contract. "Go to your office," said Heenan, "have twenty or thirty printers ready, and I will take care of the copy." I did as he suggested, and at 7 o'clock in the evening I walked Heenan with a copy of the *Pioneer* with the printed tax-list, and before morning the names were set up and published in the *Times*, and the only copy of any paper stuck up on to the old court house according to law on the morning of that eventful day, was a copy of my own paper instead of the *Pioneer*. It seems that the *Pioneer*, in order to more surely comply with the law to have the list on the walls of the court house at a specific time, had a copy pasted up at 5 o'clock that evening, but at 7 o'clock, or two hours later, that same copy was in my hands. Who put it there I leave the reader to guess. But my paper was out in time under the contract, and I had fully complied with the law in printing the list. The case was taken before the County Commissioners, and after a desperate fight my bill was ordered paid, and as a compromise, Goodrich's bill was also allowed. How Newson got a copy of that tax list has been a conundrum for a good many years, and this is the first time an explanation has been given to the public. Heenan married a daughter of the late James M. Winslow, and soon after symptoms of insanity made their appearance and he finally died in an insane asylum, I think in St. Louis. He was a firm friend of one he liked, and a man of lion courage. I never saw his equal; he dared to do anything; as a friend he was as firm as steel.

JOHN M. WARNER.

Mr. Warner is a smallish man, a little gray, and quite active in his movements, always pressing his head forward and looking down upon the pavement when he walks, and his walk is peculiar inasmuch as his steps are short and he moves right along rapidly to the point he wishes to reach. He is a thoughtful man and says but little, and for years has been as steady to business

as the tick of the clock. His labors have been rewarded by the accumulation of a competency, and he now devotes himself to his real estate. He was born in Connecticut in 1829; was educated in his native State; learned the trade of a hatter in Danbury, Conn., where he remained five years; removed to Chicago in 1849 when that city had about 20,000 inhabitants. This was the year of the cholera when twenty-five persons died daily, and Mr. Warner says that times then were simply awful. He continued in Chicago in the auction and commission business for seven years, when in 1856 he came to ST. PAUL and in connection with his brother opened an auction and commission store on Third street, one door this side of Presley's, where he remained one year; then he occupied the corner opposite the Merchants hotel—now the Prince block—where the firm continued about five years; removed to the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, now Warner's block; was burned out and took possession of the corner of Third and Cedar streets, where the brothers remained some fifteen years. Reuben Warner sold out in 1878, and J. M. sold out in 1884.

That familiar sound which all the old settlers have heard for the past quarter of a century, has passed into silence now, and though in imagination I hear it ringing in my ears again and echoing, "Going! going! gone!" yet the truth has become verified, for the old sign, the old auctioneer, the old faces, the old times that used to cluster about Warner's auction store, have gone forever! Echo comes back and whispers—"Gone!" And so the world moves on; the years come and go; nature smiles as serenely to-day as she did 6,000 years ago; the stars shine just as brightly; the old pass out into the unseen land; the young take their places, and they in turn drop into obscurity to give others room, and thus for ages and ages the great world has moved upon its axis, unheeding the moaning heart which cries out in agony—"Stop the wheels of time and save our old scenes and our old friends." But the world moves on and we pass away—where?

FRANCIS BINGHAM.

Mr. Bingham was born in New Hampshire in 1809; removed to New York in 1815, and from thence to Boston, where, at the age of nineteen years he engaged in the grocery business. He

remained nine years in Boston, when he returned to New York State and engaged in farming and the dairying business. His health failing him he came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and commenced the manufacture of cordage and brooms, made from material raised by himself. The hard times coming on forced Mr. Bingham to relinquish this branch of trade, and he became a collector, which business he followed successfully for many years. He was a tall, handsome-looking man, with red cheeks, which he retained up to several months before his sickness. He was always courteous and always the gentleman, and this had much to do in making him a popular collector. He died at the ripe age of seventy-six, and many who knew him socially will never forget his kind and pleasant ways and his tall and commanding person.

A. D. DAVIDSON.

A patriarchal-looking man is Mr. Davidson, now seventy-one years of age, but with a step as elastic as that of a boy; he is of medium size, with white flowing whiskers and hair and a clear and fresh complexion; is very active and very conscientious. He has been a man of labor all his life-time, and only a few months since was working on the new Protestant Orphan Asylum, driving the saw and the plane as actively as any young man could do. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1814; was well educated; learned the trade of carpenter and worked at it in Rhode Island, New York, Kentucky and Indiana, generally contracting and erecting buildings; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; opened a shop near the old rotary mill on the flats and commenced business. The first house he built was for William Branch. He erected the Washington school house, ST. PAUL Church, the residence of Dr. Patterson, the Paul block on Third street, first Methodist Church, first Hamline University, etc., etc., making some sixty buildings in all. Mr. Davidson was one year old when Wellington won the battle of Waterloo, and being of English birth he celebrates the event every year. He is a good man, strictly temperate, moral, upright, a devoted member of the Methodist Church, a worthy citizen, and a prohibitionist of the strongest character. Thomas, his son, who was formerly a printer and then a contractor at Duluth, is now in Portland, Oregon.

REUBEN WARNER.

Mr. Warner is about as quiet a man as his brother, J. M., but has more venture in his composition, so that he has picked up some money in speculation outside of his ordinary business. He was an important spoke in the old firm, yet not contented with his business, or believing he could do better, he formed a partnership with Lindeke & Schurmeier, and has added a cool \$100,000 to his other possessions. Mr. Warner is a good-sized man, quite reticent, moderate in his ways, minds his own business, is very gentlemanly and pleasant, and is a model citizen. He was born in Connecticut in 1831; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and was in business with his brother up to 1878, when he became one of the firm of Lindekes, Warner & Schurmeier, where he now is. The history of one brother is mainly the history of the other, but the firm has been well known in ST. PAUL for over a quarter of a century, and among all our citizens none bear a better name than Reuben Warner.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS

Is a son of the late C. W. Williams and was born in England in 1831; emigrated to America with his father in the same year; learned the trade of a painter; moved to Detroit in 1836; was educated at Notre Dame in Indiana, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856, where he continued his business. In 1857 he joined the first organized fire company in the city; was assistant foreman and a fireman for many years. In 1868 he was elected City Clerk and held the office two terms, or until 1872; in 1874 was elected secretary of the legal commission appointed to revise the city charter; in 1885 was appointed clerk of the Board of Control and now holds that position. Mr. Williams is a medium-sized man and in his day has been a great Democratic politician. Like all the old settlers he has had his ups and downs, more downs than ups, and yet he has become a philosopher and now goes along with the world instead of trying to push it ahead of him or fight it. He is a pleasant gentleman and an unassuming citizen, a man of an excellent education who ought to have occupied a higher position in life.

WHY?

“Why didn't you buy all the land embraced in the present limits of ST. PAUL? I would if I had come here thirty-three

years ago. Why just think what a rich man you might have been! That property you could have bought in 1854 for a thousand dollars is now worth \$1,000,000! I'd a done it if I had been here; yes, I would, sure!" "Just hold on a bit, my friend. Suppose you didn't possess the \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, or \$50, and couldn't even borrow \$10, then what? Suppose there was plenty of land but no money? Suppose you had purchased all the property you speak of and had held on to it until now, where would have been your ST. PAUL of to-day?" "Oh, well, I would have borrowed the money just the same; stolen it, got it some way, but I would have purchased this land and held it, you bet." How much easier is it to preach than to practice! How much easier to be a man in comfortable circumstances at the East than a poor devil on the frontier struggling for a home with barely money enough to get a very precarious living! The man of capital doesn't come West and cut down trees and build cabins and fight Indians; not a bit of it. He waits until the property becomes valuable, and then he buys and wonders why that poor outcast of a pioneer didn't grab all the land in sight! He reminds me of the hungry miner who went into a restaurant and wanted "a good, square meal," and seating himself at a table where two gentlemen were indulging in a social glass, as soon as his dinner was brought to him he waded in as only a hungry miner can. Presently he reached over and seized the whisky bottle of his companion. "Hold on," said the gentleman, "that's private!" "Ah, yes," said the miner, "that's all right," and immediately everything on the table disappeared down his capacious throat. Discovering another bottle on the left he reached out to take that, when the owner growled at him—"Private, sir!" which only evoked the response—"Yes, just so!" Soon after the waiter brought in a huge pudding, and placing it in front of the miner disappeared. "Some pudding, please," said one of the gentlemen, passing his plate. "No sir; not a — bit of it," said the miner throwing his brawny arms about it and drawing it towards him. "This is private pudding and I will eat the whole d—d batch of it if I bust!" and he did eat it to the great consternation of his dude friends, who were afraid to interfere in the face and teeth of three huge pistols which dangled in his belt! Some men are land hungry; they want the whole

pudding, and when they have eaten it they bust, and for many striking illustrations of this fact consult old settlers.

WILLIAM H. KELLEY.

Mr. Kelley is a small, modest, retiring gentleman, who goes through the world as quietly as a snow flake. He is an excellent book-keeper, as steady as the needle and as unostentatious as a prairie flower, and yet he fills an important niche in the great temple of society. For his recreation he has found time to collect and analyze about half of the flora of Minnesota, besides giving a great many of his spare hours to the ST. PAUL Library Association (to which allusion has already been made,) having been a director from the beginning of its organization and at one time its president and was secretary for fifteen years. Since the establishment of the Public Library he has been the secretary of the Board of Directors, and is deeply interested in making the library one of the best in the world. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1819; received a fair education; learned the trade of a sign and ornamental painter; entered his father's clothing store and became a partner at the age of twenty-one years; came to Minnesota in 1855 and spent a year at Itasca, where his parents and two brothers were making a farm. In 1850 his brother, O. H. Kelley, took a claim near the town and that year one branch of the Legislature passed an act making Itasca the Capital of the Territory.

Mr. Kelley moved to ST. PAUL in 1856 and was employed in the store of G. G. Griswold; then became secretary of the ST. PAUL Bridge Company, secretary of the ST. PAUL Library Association for fifteen years, and was for many years book-keeper in the First National Bank; then was sick for a long time and then resumed his old place in the bank, where he now is. He is a gentleman who makes no show, but possesses real merit.

GUSTAV WILLIUS.

Mr. Willius is a brother of Ferdinand and was born in Germany in 1832; educated in the old country and came to America in 1856, and the same year to ST. PAUL. He was book-keeper at one time for Ambs & Co., liquor dealers, where he remained one year, and then joined the banking firm of Meyer & Willius, and has been in the bank during its various changes up to its reorgan-

ization as the National German-American, and is at present its president. He married in 1871. Mr. Willius is a frail-looking gentleman, and yet he appears to have the iron constitution of Bismarck, for during many years of hard labor he has constantly kept to his work and is at it still. He is a very cautious yet affable man, and deserves all the money he has made, for he has earned it. He is a quiet, cool, calculating, careful gentleman, and one of our most unobtrusive citizens.

WILLIAM A. SPENCER.

Born in New York State in 1824 Mr. Spencer received a good education, studied law and practiced in his native State for eight years, when in 1856 he came to ST. PAUL and for a time dealt in real estate, then became a partner in the firm of Brisbin, Spencer & Green, then Spencer & Green, and then Spencer & Carver. In 1863 he was appointed clerk of the United States District Court and has remained so ever since, some twenty-three years; was Supreme Court reporter for ten years, but has held no political offices. Mr. Spencer is a man of medium size, somewhat delicate looking, and yet he is an excellent citizen, very quiet and generally very reticent, a good man; is married and has three talented sons.

AUGUSTUS R. CAPEHART.

Mr. Capehart is a gentleman of medium size, with a trim-built physical organization and of polite and dignified manners. He is the production of the "sunny South," and has all the characteristics of Southern affability. In a word he is a gentleman, and yet when he gets locked in the horns of the law he can fight as desperately as any man I know of. He came here to better his condition and he has done it, as a fine hotel building and an elegant block called Clifton hall, on Fifth street, fully demonstrate. He detests meanness and hypocrisy, and if he had plenty of money he would shake up the dry bones of fraud and corruption and purify the political and social atmosphere of their deleterious influences. He is a man of thought, and with a silk hat, a small cane, and a head bent towards the sidewalk, he peoples his ideality with a regiment of human beings who come and go at his bidding, while the material world has but very little charm for his contemplative mind.

Mr. Capehart was born in Georgia about the year 1836; removed to Louisiana, and in Bardstown, Ky. he attended a Jesuit college and took his degree of A. B. at the same time Garland, the present Attorney-General of the United States, took his degree as Master of Arts. There were but two Protestants in the graduating class of this college—Gus Garland and Gus Capehart, and they were strong friends then and have been ever since. After graduating Mr. Capehart went to Louisiana, where he read law, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; entered the office of Ames & Van Etten; remained with them about one year, when he went into business for himself on Third street, between Minnesota and Cedar. He has never held a political office but has given his whole attention to his profession, except in the purchase and improvement of some real estate, of which he is still the owner. He was one of the original incorporators of the ST. PAUL library, and has always been its friend.

Like many an early settler in ST. PAUL Mr. Capehart became at one time disheartened and homesick, and finally made up his mind to go home, so he wrote a letter to his relatives and friends that he was coming back, but on the way to the post office to post the letter he began to think that it was a good deal like child's play to come away out to Minnesota and then return, so he destroyed the letter and is now glad that he made this decision. In 1878 Mr. Capehart purchased a lot on Fifth street for \$3,000, worth now \$20,000; has recently purchased Mrs. Taylor's old place, 50 x 150, for which he paid \$8,000, worth \$25,000. Upon this property he has erected a fine hotel building which must of necessity bring him a splendid income. He is a good lawyer, a pleasant gentleman, an enterprising citizen, a good man.

EDWARD H. WOOD—HIS LIFE.

A large man, with large brain, and large heart, and large sympathies, is Judge Wood, who moves slowly but surely and effectively in every enterprise he inaugurates. He has a well-developed physical organization which supports a more than ordinary-sized brain, and which requires extraordinary opportunities to bring it into play, as it moves slowly but powerfully when called into action. The Judge has mistaken his calling;

he ought to have been a politician—in one sense he is such now, but I mean a national politician, and then when in the House of Representatives or in the Senate he could have displayed those qualities of the mind which are now hidden from public view. Circumstances backed by ability would push him to the front very rapidly, and when there he would be the master of circumstances. Men of less brains and more ambition have climbed to giddy heights, but, unable to sustain themselves have fallen, while Judge Wood when once up would stay there, demonstrating the difference in the preponderance of mentality. The Judge moves moderately, speaks deliberately, thinks deeply, expresses an opinion cautiously, weighs matters carefully, and would have made an excellent judge of one of our courts. He is genial and social in his nature, kind-hearted, attracts men to him, and yet when aroused on any matter which enlists his sympathies, he is positive and powerful in his opposition. He admires genius and generosity, hates meanness and trickery, is a good lawyer and made a most excellent justice. The home circle is his ideal conception of heaven, and there he shows his best elements as father, husband, friend.

He was born in Kentucky, near Louisville, in 1836; was the youngest son of Maj. Nathaniel B. Wood, one of Kentucky's soldiers of the war of 1812; received an academic education in Louisville, and on the death of his parents went with his eldest brother and the Kentucky settlement to Texas, near Gonzales, on the Guadalupe river, in 1841, and returned home in 1848. He remained at school until 1856 when he came to ST. PAUL and at once entered the employ of Henry McKenty as an assistant surveyor in surveying Como villas; in the fall of the same year he joined the Parker H. French party which undertook to boom Watab, a small town on the upper Mississippi river, but which failed; went to Anoka and clerked in the store of E. P. Shaw; then taught school in Round Lake district near there; commenced reading law in 1857, and had the nucleus of a law library presented to him by Gen. C. C. Andrews, late minister to Brazil; taught school and read law up to 1860 when he was admitted to the bar at Taylor's Falls, Senator S. J. R. McMillan being the presiding judge. The same year he married Miss Helen S. Bolles, daughter of the then presiding elder of the ST. PAUL

district Methodist Episcopal Church; practiced his profession at Taylor's Falls until the war, when he entered the Seventh Minnesota Regiment as private; was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant on the organization of the regiment; passed the military board as First Lieutenant and was assigned to duty in the army of the Cumberland under Capt. J. W. Bond, who was Chief Commissary of that district, and bore the title of A. A. Q. M. and A. A. C. S.; was mustered out in 1866, and in 1867 settled in WEST ST. PAUL, where he taught school several terms and inaugurated the scheme to annex the West Side to the city of ST. PAUL; was a member of the Town Board several terms; was Alderman from the Sixth ward in 1875; ran independently against an opponent who was nominated by both parties and won; was justice of the peace in this city for five years and declined a re-nomination; is now engaged in real estate business in WEST ST. PAUL. Judge Wood is a very popular man because he gets down into the hearts of the people, and the people are always quick to appreciate their friends.

PHILIP FABEL.

A good, solid man is Mr. Fabel, who has gone on his way quietly yet prosperously. He was born in Germany in 1835, where he received a schooling; came to America in 1851, resided four years in Philadelphia, and made ST. PAUL his home in 1856; was engaged on a steamboat, and in a saw-mill, when he began working at his trade as a shoemaker; made a claim in Carver County; opened a store for himself in 1865, and has been in his present place of business for twenty years, a quiet, steady, careful, honorable citizen.

WESTCOTT WILKIN.

Judge Wilkin of the District Court, is a man of medium size, somewhat slender, very gentlemanly and courteous in his bearing, and possessing all the characteristic dignity of a judge. He is very simple in his tastes and quiet in his ways, and yet as a judicial officer on the bench he commands the highest respect for his impartiality and sound decisions. He considers his cases with great care, and it has been very rare that an appeal has been taken from him to the Supreme Court, and very few appeals when thus taken have been sustained. He was born in

Goshen, N. Y., in 1827; received a good education, and graduated at Princeton College in 1843; attended law school in New Haven, Conn., in 1846; studied law with his father, Hon. Samuel J. Wilkin; practiced law in Sullivan, N. Y.; was County Judge for three or four years; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was in partnership with I. V. D. Heard; elected Judge of the District Court in 1864; re-elected in 1871; elected again in 1878 and in 1884 without opposition, having occupied the position some twenty years.

Judge Wilkin wears long hair now sprinkled with gray, and a long, flowing beard now nearly white; is a little bent in the shoulders, with a pleasant expression on the face, and is never without a courtly bearing. He is of a slight physical build—not large; has a well-developed head; is cool and calm in his utterances and undemonstrative in his ways; is social in his nature; a close student, a keen lawyer, a pure judge, a pleasant companion, generous and just, and a good citizen. He is unmarried and wears his age as he wears his honors—with becoming modesty.

THEODORE C. FIELD.

A little boy, so to speak in 1856, being born in 1837; a man of mature years in 1886. Young, active, industrious, Mr. Field came to ST. PAUL with Mr. Ingersoll in 1856; clerked for him; married his daughter in 1859; became a partner in 1861, and continued as such up to 1884, when Mr. Ingersoll retired from active participation in the partnership, and it became Field, Mahler & Co. He has been in the same firm and almost the same place, and in the same business for twenty-eight years—a quiet, honorable, unostentatious dry-goods man; never deviating from his special line of business, always treading the same track. He is a man of medium size, somewhat gray, a straight-forward business gentleman and a solid citizen.

CHARLES F. MAHLER.

What has been said of Mr. Field can be said of Mr. Mahler. He too came to this city with Mr. Ingersoll in 1856 and has been with him ever since. Born in Germany in 1836 he arrived in America in 1847; settled in Waterville, Ohio; was educated there; clerked for Mr. Dodd and Gen. Stedman, and on arriving in this city entered the employ of Mr. Ingersoll and has been

with him ever since. He became one of the firm in 1857. Mr. Mahler has had his troubles, but he has outlived them all, and is a very pleasant, agreeable gentleman—a fine type of an industrious citizen. He was the first man who sold dry-goods for a firm in ST. PAUL outside of the city—in fact he may justly be called the pioneer dry-goods drummer.

WILLIAM WAKEFIELD.

William Wakefield was born in Rhode Island in 1825; was educated there and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; soon after coming here he entered the employ of Knox Taylor in the dry-goods business, and continued with him until after the war. Of late years he has been dealing in real estate. He purchased on Dayton's bluff, then outside of the city limits, in 1860, four acres of land for about \$300, worth now close to \$30,000. He has adorned his place with beautiful trees, and it is a very lovely and a very desirable home.

Mr. Wakefield is a slender man, unpretentious and undemonstrative, very conscientious in his beliefs and always anxious to do right. He lives a quiet life, and in his own home circle finds pleasures the world cannot give; and well he may, for he has one of the finest home-surroundings in the city and an amiable and lovely wife.

JOHN ROCHE.

Comptroller Roche was born in Ireland in 1831 and arrived at New York city when three months old. He has English, Scotch and Irish blood in his veins, which may account in a measure for the bull-dog vigilance with which he guards the public treasury. He received a good academical education in the Empire City, and becoming interested in ancient pottery took up the profession of terra-cotta and manufactured it on quite an extensive scale. The beautiful designs over the windows of the Cooper Institute, New York, were made by Mr. Roche, as well as the lion's head over the side doors of Trinity church, the terra-cotta being made durable and elegant by an ingredient known only to Mr. Roche. He also manufactured sewer pipe. He continued the business until he was burnt out, when, in 1856 he came to ST. PAUL and entered the employ of Culver & Farrington as book-keeper, where he remained nine years. In

1864 he was elected City Comptroller, and has been in this office twenty-one years. Every dollar of ST. PAUL'S financial obligations has been signed by Mr. Roche, except about \$2,800 in bonds issued before he came into office. There are no lithographs of his signature, and the labor of signing thousands of bonds has been great, but there is much satisfaction in the reflection that when Roche goes out of office he will be able to detect the genuine signature from the spurious. He is a man of good proportions, straight, deliberate in his movements, with a full sandy beard, quiet yet impressive in conversation, cool, decided, obdurate, when necessary, and always self-possessed. Nobody can drive him. He is methodical in his accounts and correct, but he must take his own time. He looks much younger than he really is, and possesses one trait of character not usually found in a public officer, viz.: courage to resist a pressure to do wrong. He is a quiet, undemonstrative man, and moves along in his daily duties like the everlasting revolutions of machinery, and will probably run a full quarter of a century in office before he comes to a halt.

M. W. BROWN.

A tall, muscular man with a powerful physique, is Mr. Brown, who was born in Canada in 1818 and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; engaged in building and contracting, but of late years has aided in toting the children of the Kindergarten to and from school. Mrs. Brown established the first school of this character in this city or State, and in connection with a home school now runs it. Her husband's black covered wagon, with the little tots in it, is a familiar and a pleasing sight, and when gathered about him one is reminded of Gulliver and the little people who tried to bind him with ropes, and thus he goes smiling along cheered by the group of innocence and beauty which delight him on his way. A happy man.

MAURICE LYONS.

Mr. Lyons is a large, well-preserved man, and was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1827; was educated there and brought up to horticulture and agriculture; emigrated to America in 1850 and pursued his regular calling in New York and

Ohio. Following the advice of the late Horace Greeley he pulled up stakes, moved west, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856. On his arrival he took charge of the big saw mill of Stewart Cobb & Co. on the upper levee, and continued in that business until 1862, when he engaged in the wholesale liquor trade with the late George P. Peabody, and continued so until 1872, when Mr. Peabody retired. He then formed a partnership with W. L. Perkins, under the firm name of Perkins, Lyons & Co. Twenty years ago he bought a residence lot (on what was known then as Baptist hill,) corner Sixth and Sibley streets, for \$1,500, now worth \$40,000, on which he is erecting a handsome and substantial five-story block to cost \$45,000. He is owner of other valuable property in the city of ST. PAUL, among which is his handsome residence and well-kept grounds on East Tenth street. He has several hundred acres of land in Minnesota and Dakota; is largely interested in Grand Forks real estate; is a partner in the flour milling business in that city with his son-in-law, Secretary McCormack. Mr. Lyons is one of those men who always had implicit faith in Minnesota and ST. PAUL in particular. He has kept pace with her upward and onward movement since he came to the Territory. He is well fixed financially; is also an ardent lover of music and the fine arts, which can be seen by the drawings and paintings which adorn his residence, being the work of his highly-educated and accomplished daughters, who are amongst the finest musicians in ST. PAUL and proficient performers on the harp, that grand old instrument of David, that once through Tara's hall sent forth its sweet music and adds to the charm of an already perfect home.

Mr. Lyons is social and pleasant in his ways, and yet he is a number one business manipulator, moving steadily and cautiously onward to success. He is a man of neatness and propriety and loves a well-regulated home; besides, he has a fine appreciation of the benefits of a good education, and has spared no expense on his children to this end. He has devoted his time strictly to business and home life, and is one man among a thousand who has been favored by good luck in all the elements which go to make up a human existence, and what is pleasant in Mr. Lyons' case, he deserves it all.

JAMES J. HILL.

Among the many men in this city who have rapidly ascended the ladder of prominence and of wealth, I know of none who deserves that position more fully or who has more justly earned it than J. J. Hill, now recognized as the railroad king of the Northwest. Coming from humble beginnings, by the force of his own character he has achieved results which astonish his best friends and place him among the wealthiest of our citizens, while at the same time he is one of our most public-spirited and valuable elements of progress. Old settlers well remember the "Jim Hill" of early days, a youth of slender proportions but possessed of great activity, who beat all others in the handling of freight; they remember him as a man of great industry; always cool, never excited; always busy, never idle; always sober, steady, true, calm, quick; looking ahead of other men into the future; comprehending at once the situation of affairs and acting accordingly; very reticent yet confiding in those in whom he had confidence. Such were the peculiarities of the man thirty years ago, and such are, to a large degree, the peculiarities of the man of to-day. A short, solidly-built, closely-knit person, with a fresh, florid complexion, possessing a keen, black, penetrating eye indicating magnetic force and a nervous energy, one would not suppose that Mr. Hill possessed the power and push he has shown, and yet he is one of that kind of men who never exhausts all his resources at once but even in the greatest emergencies he is not only equal to the demands made upon him but has a reserved force left for any contingency. This characteristic is clearly defined and makes him one of the strongest men in the Northwest, capable of even greater results than he has already attained. He is broad in his ideas, and is somewhat ahead of the age in which he lives, but that does not weaken the correctness of his views or the soundness of his judgment, and hence I find him like Alexander looking for more worlds to conquer, while the great people stand back astonished at the wonderful leaps he makes as he marches on ahead of public sentiment. He not only grasps the railroad interests of the State but he comprehends the importance of agriculture and stock-raising, and with all this clearly discerns the ultimate destiny of cities. As a business man he is prompt,

clear-headed and emphatic. As a citizen he is social, pleasant, solid, and in many ways very valuable. As a man he is strong, sagacious, careful, yet progressive and bold, possessing elements of character which make him a natural leader among men.

INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE—HIS RAILROAD SERVICE.

Mr. Hill was born in Guelph, Canada, in 1838; received a moderate education and came to ST. PAUL in 1856. He was receiving clerk for Bronson, Lewis & White, commission merchants on the levee, in 1856-7; he then became the agent for the Northwestern Packet Company, and in 1865 erected the old wooden warehouse where the Milwaukee freight depot now is, and here he carried on a forwarding and commission business for about ten years, the boats being on one side of him and the cars on the other. He then went into the wood and coal trade, and the firm became Hill, Griggs & Co., then it became Hill & Acker. He also helped organize the Northwestern Fuel Company and was a director with Mr. Saunders, and I think is now. About this time, or somewhere in 1868-9, he formed a connection with Mr. Kittson to run steamboats on the Red River of the North, and after making a success of this he no doubt then first conceived the idea of purchasing the stock of the old ST. PAUL & Pacific Railroad Company, which was held at that time at about seventeen cents per share, and probably most of the stock was finally procured at less than ten cents per share. He owns a stock farm near ST. PAUL, upon which is some of the finest blooded cattle in the country.

I find that he entered the railroad service in 1875 as the local agent of the ST. PAUL & Pacific Company, and continued in this capacity for several years. His purchase of the old stock in connection with Kittson and Stevens, gave him a power in the new organization, and he was general manager of that from 1879 to 1881, when he became the vice-president and general manager of the ST. PAUL, Minneapolis & Manitoba road from 1881 to 1883, and from that date to the present time he has been president of the same.

It is probable that Mr. Hill's large experience in the Northwest and knowing its capacity for development, led him to seriously entertain the idea of purchasing the stock of the old

Pacific road, and especially in view of the fact that the company was losing money and the Dutch stockholders were disgusted with their investments, and with the additional fact that under proper management and the growth of the country he could make the road pay and advance the price of the stock, so, for a comparatively small consideration three parties purchased the stock and Hill came to the front as the leading genius of our local railroad interests. Concentrating all his energy in this especial direction he has succeeded in building up a powerful railroad interest which is not only advancing the welfare of the two great cities of ST. PAUL and Minneapolis but of the State at large, and in this he is doing a noble work for himself and the people.

Of course Mr. Hill is well off and his fortune will rank from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. He gave his wife \$1,000,000 in government bonds some time ago, the interest on which affords her some ready pin money. He is quite liberal in his gifts, contributing \$20,000 towards the bonus for the Ryan hotel and \$5,000 for the Medical College, and full-blooded cattle to farmers, while he is constantly aiding other enterprises both by his railroad and his means. He is modest and retiring in his disposition yet bold and aggressive in his plans, and is one of ST. PAUL'S foremost citizens, honored for his ability and respected for his worth. Mr. Hill was married to Miss Mary F. Mehegan in 1867, and has a family of nine children and an amiable and much-esteemed wife.

TIMOTHY REARDON.

Mr. Reardon was born in Ireland in 1837; when quite young his father emigrated to America and settled in New York State, where he now lives close to one hundred years old. His son, one of thirteen of a family, learned the trade of a carpenter in New York State, and in 1856 came to ST. PAUL, and soon after began contracting and building and has continued the business ever since. Married in 1860 and married again in this city. Mr. Reardon was in the fire department for sixteen years, during which time he was assistant engineer for about one year and a half; was also Alderman three years; justice of the peace and president of the old Fire Association some four or five years.

He is a large, robust man, of much energy of character, and a great worker in his special line of business.

J. W. IMESON.

Mr. Imeson was born in England in 1842; emigrated to America when a babe and settled with his parents in Detroit, Michigan, where he was educated; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; soon after worked on a farm; then went south and traveled over a good portion of the United States; was driven out of the South in 1860 for being a Union man and refusing to join the Southern minute men; went on a surveying party and on his return enlisted in the First Minnesota Regiment in 1861, and marched south; came back in 1864 in order to raise a company of sharpshooters; was tendered a commission in the Heavy Artillery, but declined it; went west scouting on the plains; came back in 1873 and was employed in the U. S. River and Harbor Improvement Service; surveyed and platted lots in Ramsey County; was connected with John T. Halsted for a time; in 1876 went to the Black Hills as messenger on the Northwestern Stage route; is now and has been since 1877 in the U. S. Mail Service.

A PRISONER.

Mr. Imeson found one of his comrades wounded on the battle field and he would not leave him, so with another companion they made a stretcher of a blanket on some muskets and attempted to carry the wounded boy out of the range of the guns, but they were overpowered and made prisoners. On the night of the death of his comrade, Imeson and another soldier escaped from their prison house, knocked down a guard and made their way to the river, but to their great surprise here they were met with a volley from the pickets on the opposite side and made their way down the stream, but were soon overtaken and returned to their dungeons, this time in chains. He was finally exchanged and secured his liberty, but not without many hardships and many narrow escapes.

Mr. Imeson is a gentleman of good proportions, very active; black hair and whiskers; kind-hearted, courteous, polite; an old soldier; a faithful officer and a good man.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

This organization was effected in 1856. The association began with eleven members; in 1885 it numbered 799, and the average attendance each day of last year reached as high as 200; from 75 to 100 in the evening. If this organization continues to grow at this ratio a few years hence will find it an important auxiliary in all important moral reforms.

MATHIAS KOCH—CUTTING WOOD IN RICE PARK.

Mr. Koch was born in Prussia in 1830; educated at the common schools; emigrated to America in 1854; worked at farming in Indiana one year; removed to Wisconsin in the fall where he also engaged in farming for one year; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was a common laborer for about twelve months; then ran an express wagon for eight years; sold out and opened a grocery store in 1864, and continued in the business up to 1879; was elected Assessor of the Third Ward in 1872; was appointed Assistant County Assessor in 1874 and reappointed in 1877; was a member of the Board of Public Works, appointed by Mayor Dawson, and re-appointed by Mayor Rice, and still continues a member, and is also Assistant County Assessor. Was married in Germany and married again in 1861, his first wife having died.

Mr. Koch has had a very diversified experience, having worked his way up from pinched circumstances to his present position, but he says he remembers nothing more vividly than after arriving here and not being able to get any wood, he was advised to go into Rice Park and cut the stumps of the trees existing thereon, and with his ax he followed the advice and secured a goodly amount of fire material from the old stumps of what were once fine forest trees.

Mr. Koch is man of strong characteristics and of great perseverance, physically well moulded and well balanced. He has made a popular and faithful officer, and is a fine illustration of how a man of pluck can climb from the bottom to the top of the ladder. He is a pleasant gentleman and a good citizen.

WM. W. FOLSOM.

Mr. Folsom was born in New Hampshire in 1824; removed to Stillwater in 1846; aided in building the Arcola Mills; car-

ried on lumbering in the winter of 1849-'50; cut the first logs on Kettle river in the winter of 1850-'51, and ran them to market; built the Chisago House, now the Dalles, in 1851; kept it until 1856, when he removed to ST. PAUL; dealt in real estate two years; opened the City hotel in 1858; sold out in 1859; removed to Stillwater in 1859 and conducted the Minnesota House one year; returned to ST. PAUL and opened a sewing machine agency in Rogers' block; sold out in 1861; went to St. Louis in 1862; took a position in the Quartermaster's department; returned to ST. PAUL in 1865 and was sick; purchased a farm in Mounds View and held it ten years; returned to ST. PAUL, where he has been doing no business, except in 1857 when he ran a grocery store. He was the first justice of peace at Taylor's Falls; is a member of no civil or religious society—a free-thinker—never drank; was at one time agent for R. Munger in the piano trade; married in 1852; has had no children, but has adopted several.

Mr. Folsom is an ordinary-sized man; has been very active all his life and has undergone many hardships, especially in the early days when all this country was a wilderness. He minds his own business; does his own thinking, and is quite independent in his "get up," a quiet, steady, temperate, worthy citizen.

CHARLES T. MILLER.

Mr. Miller was born in Illinois on the 22d of February, 1835; received little or no education; lived at one time in St. Louis; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; commenced merchandising in the stone block above the Metropolitan hotel, on upper Third street; removed to the corner of Sibley street and the levee; was connected with W. F. Davidson in the steamboat business for some fifteen years, being a clerk with J. J. Hill; ran a large farm at Cottage Grove; was in the commission business with Van Slyke for five years, and is now engaged taking care of his real estate. Some years ago he purchased 225 feet on the corner of Robert and Seventh streets for \$26,000; worth now, with buildings on, \$150,000; bought on the corner of Fifth and Robert streets for \$8,000, worth \$60,000; his rentals reach as high probably as \$20,000 per year. Mr. Miller is a tall, slender, quiet gentleman, who moves about his business in the most modest manner, and yet he produces good results. He has made several

lucky strikes, and is one of the few old settlers who has something tangible to show for his early hardships and labors, and still he deserves all he has, for he is a solid man and pleasant citizen.

CHARLES GERVAIS.

Mr. Gervais is a man of fine physical development, with black whiskers and black hair, slightly mixed with gray; has a quick motion; walks with a heavy cane; is a steady, honest, reliable, honorable, trust-worthy man, and is a descendant of the Gervais of early days. He was born in Canada in 1833; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; clerked in a grocery store several years; took a claim and left it to enter the army in the Fifth Regiment; lost his claim while in the service of his country three and a half years; was in the hospital six months for a disabled limb, and drew full pension; was married in 1865; has an amiable wife and three children; is in the employ of Corlies, Chapman & Co., where he has been fourteen years. Though in a humble sphere of life Mr. Gervais ranks high as a first-class man, and is much esteemed by those whose interests he serves.

HENRY HALE

Is one of our old settlers about whose history I can glean but a few facts, yet I learn he was born in Vermont in 1816; graduated at college; studied law and practiced in his native State; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; opened a law office on Bridge Square and at one time was in partnership with Judge Palmer; vehemently opposed the \$5,000,000 Loan Bill and made a speech against it, and then gradually drifted into the purchase of real estate in which he has been engaged for many years. He owns a great deal of very valuable property, among which is the long brick building on Jackson street running from Third to Fourth, the rentals of which in themselves is a fortune.

Judge Hale is a solidly built man and physically well developed. He is moderate in all he does; is in no hurry, yet as a business man he is far-seeing and sagacious; calculates closely, builds economically and makes one dollar earn another quicker and surer than any man I know. He is a quiet, undemonstrative man; has never mingled in politics or taken any particular part in public affairs and yet he has done considerable in

building. He has lived a quiet life and is known as a quiet, solid citizen; walks erect and steps upon the sidewalk like one who has a sure foundation, and having traveled in Europe he has the airs of a man of wealth as he really is. He is about sixty-five years old.

WILLIAM H. TEMPLE.

Mr. Temple was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1837; emigrated to the United States in 1848; settled in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he attended school for two years, and then went into his uncle's clothing store who was a large manufacturer and dealer; three years later became connected with his brother in the same business; in 1856 came to ST. PAUL and opened a large stock of clothing in a building on upper Third street, where he continued for several years. Soon after the \$5,000,000 loan bill passed the Legislature and became a law, he sold a large amount of clothing for the bonds based upon the credit of the State, so that next to Mr. Chamberlain he had the greatest number of bonds when the State redeemed them. He at one time owned a great deal of real estate in ST. PAUL and Minneapolis, and owns a good deal still. He has been absent from the city from time to time, but has always made ST. PAUL his home, and is now engaged largely in the commission business.

Mr. Temple is a medium-sized man with a florid complexion; very quiet and retiring in manner and very modest in his disposition; pleasant yet undemonstrative, and still he has played his humble part on the great stage of life like hundreds of other old settlers, who, though unknown to fame have all helped fill up the chinks in the great log cabin of what is now a metropolitan city.

CASPER REINHARD.

Among the early settlers of ST. PAUL are the names of many who did not occupy prominent positions in what is called public life, but who nevertheless did much towards laying the foundation of the embryo city, and contributed their share in building up the present metropolis of the Northwest. In this category may be classed the name of Casper Reinhard, who was born in Bavaria, Germany, in 1825, and came to this country in 1849. He located first in Cincinnati, Ohio, where, in 1852 he was mar-

ried, and from thence removed with his wife and two children to ST. PAUL early in the year 1856. He followed the somewhat humble occupation of stone cutter and builder; suffered from the disastrous financial revulsions of that and the subsequent year, and from that time until his death, August 24, 1866, he labored hard to maintain his family, hewing his way through by the sweat of his brow. He was a quiet, honest, industrious man, much respected, and has left behind him a family noted for many good traits of character. One son, Louis G. Reinhard, is a well-known business man on Third street, while the other son is Superintendent of Schools in Washington Territory, and both are well-to-do and pleasant gentlemen.

MARTIN FLANAGAN—RODNEY C. GOODING.

Mr. Flanagan was a native of Ireland, born in 1824; came to America in 1843; lived fourteen years in Vermont; arrived in ST. PAUL in 1856; was employed in a wholesale liquor store for five years; worked for Walter & Wells for six years, then formed a partnership with Peabody Brothers, and died some years ago. He was a tall, slender man, always prompt, always obliging, and always industrious.

Mr. Gooding is a native of New York, born in 1846; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was educated in our public schools; was clerk in an insurance office; was for some time cashier for the ST. PAUL and Sioux City Railroad depot, and has been for many years connected with the establishment of P. H. Kelly as cashier. Mr. Gooding is a man of fine commercial attainments, and the responsible positions he has filled is sufficient evidence of the esteem in which he is held by the business community. He is a reliable, steady, honest, worthy man.

WM. M. LEYDE.

A rather spare man, yet full of energy, is Mr. Leyde, who for years has struggled manfully in the battle of life and who is now reaping the rewards of his merit. He is very industrious, and an excellent mechanic; was born in Pennsylvania in 1824 and educated in that State, where he built and ran a large flouring mill for three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; opened a mechanical shop in this city, but finally went to farming near

Newport, and during that period invented what was known as the Leyde Thresher, a number of which were manufactured and sold, but for want of capital to prosecute the work the business was abandoned. He then started a shop in WEST ST. PAUL, but was obliged to give it up in consequence of sickness brought about by improper sewerage. On the breaking out of the civil war he recruited one thousand men for the service, raised a company for the Minnesota Artillery, went south and with his guns held several forts at various times until reinforcements arrived, and for meritorious services was promoted to Lieutenant. He was also in the Indian war on our frontier, and with Capt. Hendricks and others relieved Birch Coolie. He was also bearer of dispatches during these troublesome times. He is now engaged in the stone-crushing business in this city, having been an engineer since 1856, and is doing well, fully illustrating the axiom that "it is a long road that has no end."

CHARLES L. WOOD—ROBERT M'MENEMY.

Mr. Wood was born in Ohio in 1834; worked on a farm; removed to Zanesville, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856; was ticket agent for the Milwaukee road eight years; was station agent for the Minnesota Central at WEST ST. PAUL; was agent for the Minnesota Valley Road three years; with two others took a contract to build thirty miles of the Wisconsin Central; was engaged in the lumber trade at Hillsboro, Dakota, while at the same time he carried on farming; was in the employ of Auerbach, Finch & Van Slyke about two years. He is a tall and slender man; quick in his movements and somewhat retiring in his disposition, and has had the usual ups and downs incident to the life of an old pioneer.

Mr. McMenemy was born in Ireland in 1828; educated in the old country and emigrated to America in 1851; removed to Ontario, Canada, in 1852; remained there until 1856, clerking in a dry-goods store, when the same year he came to ST. PAUL. Here he entered the employ of J. W. Bass and Beaumont & Gordon; was with Temple & Beaupre eight years; then rented the old St. Pierre farm, just beyond the late residence of Hon. Edmund Rice; bought twenty acres near by for \$50 per acre, now worth \$5,000 per acre; lost ten acres, but continued to hold

on to the balance, after selling five acres for \$8,000, and that which is saved he proposes to retain for his family. He was in the employ of Auerbach, Finch & Scheffer for fourteen years. Has been married.

Mr. McMenemy has been a hard-working man, and by mere accident good luck has come to him in the erection of the Northern Pacific shops, from the effects of which his property has greatly increased in value and made him comparatively well off.

ADOLPHUS MOORE.

Mr. Moore was born in London, England, in 1822; was educated at the common schools there and learned the fur-cutting business; worked at his trade in the old country five years; emigrated to America and continued his trade in New York; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and engaged in the raw fur buying business, and has been in that department ever since. He opened a fur store in Concert Hall block in 1857; then moved to East Third street, between Wabasha and Cedar; then occupied a building on Third street, nearly opposite the First National Bank, where he remained six years; gave up the retail fur business in 1864, and has continued the buying of raw furs from that date to the present.

Commodore Kittson sold to Mr. Moore in 1864 six thousand Hudson Bay mink for nine dollars apiece, or \$54,000, the largest number ever brought together in one lot. The same class of goods can now be purchased for fifty and seventy-five cents apiece! He also bought about this time 18,000 buffalo robes for nine dollars apiece. Buffalo robes command now almost any price.

He is married and has three daughters. He is the oldest continuous president of any building association in this city or State, having been fifteen years continuously in that office, besides organizing a vast number of other associations. In personal appearance Mr. Moore is tall and slender; quite moderate in his ways and in his speech; unaffected and sincere in his acts, and is an upright, honest, worthy citizen.

JAMES M'DONALD.

No more quiet man lives in the city of ST. PAUL than Mr. McDonald, though he is very generally sought after and very

generally esteemed when found, for he deals in just those things which are universally liked—ice-creams and confectioneries. He learned his trade with Nathan Clark, a celebrated caterer in his day, who had an establishment in Broadway, New York; when of age he continued five years in business for himself and in 1852 went to New Orleans, and then to Cincinnati, Ohio, remaining there from 1854 to 1856, when he came to ST. PAUL and since then has been constantly in the ice-cream, confectionery and pastry business up to the present time; first opening a store on lower Third street, and then locating on upper Third street, where he now is, having been in one place twelve years, and in business in this city twenty-eight years, and during that time he has made over 75,000 gallons of cream. In all his long experience Mr. McDonald says he never found a person who did not like ice-cream. He is a tall, slim, angular person, showing his Scotch descent; has attended strictly to business, and the result is he has property worth at least \$60,000. Is married and has two sons.

MICHAEL TREACY.

Mr. Treacy is an ordinary sized man, with a quiet movement, possessing a good, round head, stoops a little, and lopes somewhat when he walks. He was born in Massachusetts in 1844, where he was educated; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; worked for T. M. Newson in 1859, and learned the trade of a job printer; was in the job department of the *Pioneer Press* for twenty-two years, when in 1882 he commenced business for himself and the firm is now Brown, Treacy & Howard, who are printing PEN PICTURES for the author.

Mr. Treacy was always an apt apprentice and very industrious, and he has carried these qualities into manhood, and they are rapidly making him well off. His big hold is his steady, persistent, determined industry, coupled with excellent artistic taste in "the art preservative of all arts." He is a quiet man, with eyes that laugh and an expression that is pleasant, and is a very deserving citizen. JOHN TREACY, his brother, was born in Massachusetts in 1850; learned the trade of a printer in the office of the *Pioneer Press*, and is now working for Brown, Treacy & Howard. He is a small man, full of humor, likes fun, and yet is a good printer.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

It is quite proper that I should top out my monument of personal events for 1856, with a name that will live long after nearly all other names in the Northwest have passed into oblivion. As a politician Donnelly, in one sense, has been a success—in another, a failure. He is bold, aggressive, original, ambitious, but lacks steadiness of political purpose. He is earnest, determined, positive, intellectually great, yet is destitute of that very element of character which marks the successful political career of Alexander Ramsey. He however is a fighting man and has none of the peculiar traits of a politician. It is true that Elihu Washburne in Congress objected to the reception of a purely local measure introduced by Donnelly, and out of this grew an acrimonious fight. Washburne then attacked Donnelly in the columns of the *ST. PAUL Press* in a severe article, and this drew out from Donnelly on the floor of Congress a bitter personal speech, and from that day to this Mr. Donnelly has had arrayed against him a strong political opposition. Had his sense of propriety or even policy enabled him to have endured the slings of his enemies quietly without making the retort that he did, it is possible he would have saved himself the opposition he has since encountered, but that would not have been Donnelly. He has the Celtic blood and the Irish spirit of resentment, and he resented what he felt was a wrong, of course taking the consequences very willingly upon his own head.

It was in 1857 I think, when a young man about twenty-six years of age, not much taller than myself and quite slender in person, just fresh from Philadelphia, crossed Wabasha street at Bridge Square, and after crossing and being introduced, handed me a pamphlet printed for private circulation, on "The Sonnets of Shakespeare." After an examination I pronounced the author a man of ability. His subsequent life is quite generally known to the public, and yet it may be interesting to trace his career from a boy to mature manhood.

Mr. Donnelly was born in Philadelphia in 1831; his father was a native of Ireland, his mother was born in Philadelphia; he was educated in the public schools and graduated from the Central High School in 1849 with the degree of A. M.; studied law for three years with B. H. Brewster, afterwards Attorney

General of Pennsylvania and of the United States; admitted to the bar in 1853; married in 1855; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; practiced his profession and engaged in farming and literary pursuits until 1859, when he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State of Minnesota, at an election when the State was carried by the Republican party for the first time; was re-elected Lieutenant Governor in 1861; was elected to Congress in 1862; re-elected in 1864 and again in 1866. In 1868 he was re-nominated for the same office, but defeated by a combination in which money was freely used to effect the result.

After Donnelly had been nominated by a wing of the Republican convention, those opposed to him met and put in nomination Gen. L. F. Hubbard, now Governor of Minnesota. Hubbard perceiving that he was simply being used as a cats-paw to defeat Donnelly, declined to run; and Gen. Andrews took his place. Of course there being two Republican candidates in the field, it threw the election into the hands of Hon. E. M. Wilson of Minneapolis, the Democratic candidate, and he was sent to Congress from a strong Republican district. The next year the very man who had been instrumental in defeating Donnelly, proposed his name for the office of Governor on the ground that he had been treated unjustly by the party. Mr. D. refused to make any effort for the nomination, but would have been nominated but for his refusal to secretly pledge his support to a certain gentleman for United States Senator. He subsequently sustained Gov. Austin for Governor, but it becoming evident that the Republican party was in favor of Protection he ran for Congress in 1870 as an Independent, the Democrats supporting him although not nominating. He came very close to success, but was defeated. In 1872 he took the stump in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan for Greeley for president, as a Liberal Republican, but was again doomed to disappointment, as Greeley was unsuccessful. In 1873 he was elected by the Democrats and Anti-Monopolists State Senator from Dakota County, and did good service in the Legislature. Later along he started a paper devoted to anti-monopoly principles and ran it a few years; then was again nominated for Congress by the Anti-Monopolists and the Democratic party, and made his great run on the "brass kettle" issue, being elected in the district out-

side of Minneapolis, and here the great fight was made against him, and which finally defeated him. At this time he was carrying on farming in a place called Donnelly, but after the election of his opponent, Washburne, he retired to his home at Nininger and engaged in literary pursuits, and astonished the country by the appearance of his "Atlantis," a work of remarkably startling theories and bold propositions. This was followed by his "Ragnarok." In 1884 he was nominated for Congress in the Third district by three conventions, Anti-Monopolists, Democrats and the People's party, and took the stump against Maj. Strait, Republican. He made an active campaign, and though not elected, yet he reduced his opponent's plurality from 10,000 to 1,300, and his majority to about 700. He has great power on the stump, and at political meetings always draws crowded houses, for his speeches are full of fun as well as sharp, bristling points.

HOW HE LOOKS, SPEAKS, ACTS.

Mr. Donnelly looks and acts like a young Falstaff, with a round, chubby face, a round, well-developed body, and round, chubby hands. He is a good liver, in the sense of eating plenty of plain, substantial food, and wears his sign on his countenance, but he uses neither alcohol, coffee, tea nor tobacco and one not knowing him would take him to be a jolly bishop of some Catholic cathedral. As a man he is very social in his nature, bubbling over with good humor and anecdote; an excellent conversationalist, and his hearty laugh is like the cholera, very contagious. As a speaker he ranks among the first, in argument, logic, ability, humor and conclusiveness. As a writer I place him among the ablest in the country in originality of thought as well as in original methods of arraying facts and hewing a way to conclusions. His "Atlantis" has won him a literary name which time can never efface, while his "Ragnarok" detracts in no degree from his well-earned laurels. In debate he is a stubborn, able political opponent; fearless in the expressions of his opinions and decided in his convictions; remarkably ready in repartee and inexhaustible in resources. The combative elements of the man have kept him in political hot water for nearly twenty years, but he seems to enjoy it and grow fat over it, while his versatile talents enable him to turn from the exacting cares of a political

battle to the quiet and serene realms of literary labors. In a word, Mr. Donnelly is an able man; as a politician he lacks policy and discretion; as a writer he challenges criticism; and I regret that circumstances have arisen to prevent him from occupying a place in the councils of the nation, for there he would be sure to make his mark as one of the rising men of this country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1857.

*First Balloon Ascension—First Stone Jail Still Standing—First Light Cavalry—
First Shields Guards—First Bishop Dead—First Library Association—
First Bridge Across the Mississippi at St. Paul—First State Legisla-
ture—First Fire Engines—First Big Fire—First School House
Built by the Board of Education—First United States
District Court—First Gas—First Denominational
Scrip—First Financial Revulsion in Real
Estate and in Everything Else—First
Efforts to Remove the Capital
—Events and Matters
in the Year
1857.*

CULMINATING YEAR—1857—CONCLUSION.

When the events and biographies of this year have been completed, I shall have traveled over a space of twenty years, beginning at 1838 when the first white settler erected the first house on the spot where is now a bustling city of 120,000 inhabitants, and coming down to the time when Minnesota assumed the garb of statehood in the year 1857, thus concluding my first

volume. During these twenty years I have sought to bring out every prominent event of the past and to preserve the history of those who came here in each year, and if I have failed to do so in all cases, it has occurred because I have been unable to reach the data necessary to this end. The year 1857 may be classed as among our most exciting and memorable years. It was the turning point in the destiny of the city. It was the period when the young metropolis raised side-whiskers and mustaches, and strutted upon the platform of manhood. It was the beginning of that age when self-esteem marked the characteristics of the growing young city, and this was especially noticeable when the Territory became dressed in the garments of a State. In the early part of this year ST. PAUL contained about 6,000 inhabitants, and there were about 158 firms, but two of which remain to-day—William Constans and A. L. Larpenteur. In October of the same year the population had increased to 9,973. The city valuation in 1857 was \$6,437,285 against \$3,287,220 for 1856, and the number of buildings erected during the year was 343.

TWENTY-FOUR BOATS AT OUR LEVEE.

Never in the history of this city had immigration poured into it so rapidly as this year, and ST. PAUL was claimed by strangers to be the liveliest town on the Mississippi river, a reputation it has sustained ever since. In the early part of the year business was thriving and the hotels, the boarding houses, the saloons, the livery stables were taxed to their utmost, while mechanics were driven with work and the public improvements inaugurated by the city in the way of grading streets, were really phenomenal. The city continued to fill up with all classes of people, among which were tourists, speculators, sporting men and rougns, most of these, however, being of the floating character while others came as permanent residents. It was not an uncommon thing to see some sixteen and eighteen steamers lying at our levee at one time, and about May 7 some twenty-four steamboats stuck their noses close up into our river bank, the largest number ever seen at our landing in one day. The reader should remember that then we had no railroads, and that all travel came by boats and stages, consequently the river trade for 1857 was simply enormous.

W. A. CROFFUT.

In a little old country town by the name of Orange, between Birmingham and New Haven, Conn., the subject of my sketch was born in the year 1836; was educated at a country school and brought up as a farmer's boy. When the writer sold out the first paper with which he was connected as owner and editor, in the town of Birmingham, Conn., in the year 1852, Mr. Croffut, then a very young man, got his eye on the place, shortly bought the paper, and a few years later while on a visit East, discovering his sparkling abilities, the author of these PEN PICTURES induced him to come west, and he became connected with the old St. PAUL Daily *Times* as city editor in the year 1856, and of which the writer was then editor-in-chief. He was a young man of bright intellect, quick of comprehension and wielded a ready pen.

“FOSTER FATHER.”

In a letter from New York city dated May, 1885, Mr. Croffut writes me as follows :

“In the matter of journalism I regard you as my foster-father and sponsor. You gave me my first word of encouragement from the ranks editorial, and you did more than anybody else to give me scope and draw me out. Your readers suffered; but while I apologize to them I am grateful to you. I was just twenty years old when I edited the *Times* that spring during your absence in the East.”

Before my return from the East Mr. Croffut removed to Minneapolis and purchased the St. Anthony *Republican* and started the Falls *Evening News*. In 1859 he returned to Connecticut and originated the Danbury *Jeffersonian*, and following purchased the New Haven *Palladium*; was employed on the New York *Tribune* for a year or so, when, in 1867-8 he wrote his History of Connecticut during the Rebellion; also, a work entitled The Helping Hand. From 1869 to 1872 he was managing editor of the Chicago *Post*; in 1873 and 1874 was editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune*; bought out and ran the *Evening Mail*; went to New York and joined the *Graphic* staff in 1875, where he remained four years; was on the *Tribune* and wrote the Bourbon ballads, 150,000 of which were circulated in the campaign of 1880; since that time he has been and is now the correspondent of nine different papers.

It was in the year 1857 when Croffut, reporter for the *Times*, stepped on board of the Grey Eagle in search of items, and Capt. Harris immediately went in search of the reporter and ordered him landed on shore. Soon afterwards it was discovered that Capt. Harris had made a mistake and had abused the reporter for the *Times* when he intended to have punished the reporter for the *Pioneer*, and while Croffut was on his way to arrest Harris, Ramaley, reporter for the *Pioneer*, was in a secure place with his hands upon his ham-strings and almost dying with laughter over the narrow escape he had made. Croffut was petrifiedly mad, and was a good deal madder when Justice Simons fined Harris only \$10 for his unjustifiable assault.

As this is a matter of history I allow Mr. Croffut to tell his own story in his own peculiar way :

“One thing I recall distinctly. I overworked, and was taken down with a hot fever at the Merchants hotel. There I lay and suffered for some weeks; when one morning the doctor told me I might go out for a few minutes if I would ‘be careful.’ I promised and out I tottered, and down to the levee where the Grey Eagle had just tied up. I pulled myself up to the pilot house somehow, and asked for papers from ‘the States,’ when Capt. Harris jumped up and shouted to the stevedores to ‘bounce me.’ I tried to explain, but six big fellows came for me. They yelled, they seized me by the collar, by the arms, by the legs, by the head, and they pushed, pulled, hauled and hustled me. I struck the deck below like a bag of meal falling from heaven; and when I clambered to my feet an antic Irishman poked me ashore with the business end of a marlin-spike. I was surprised, but the beautiful scene comes back to me as if it were but yesterday. I was as sore as if I had been through a threshing machine, but I climbed up the bank high enough so that I couldn’t roll back into the river, then I collapsed. Nobody came to pour Mrs. Winslow’s soothing syrup into my wounds, but Capt. Harris thoughtfully flung a quid of tobacco into the river and sent his clerk to inform me that, from the bird’s-eye view he was able to obtain of me as I lay recovering consciousness, he judged he had got hold of the wrong man, and that it was not I that he wanted to thrash. I thanked him and went away in a pensive mood. Harris was always a sort of left-handed pet of mine after that, as anybody can see by looking over an old file of the *Times*. During these years I was much indebted to a ST. PAUL lawyer named Palmer, for information and valuable hints from a brain well stored with varied knowledge. Is he there yet?”

PERSONAL.

Mr. Croffut is not only an excellent prose writer but he is a poet of considerable ability, and has written some very fine articles in this vein. As a racy, fresh, piquant correspondent he has no superior, and his published works show not only originality but thought and research. He has enlarged and comprehensive

ideas of human life growing out of his extensive experiences, and possessing a very active brain he grasps the situation at once and adorns the central thought with flashes of wit and sarcasm. He has been to Europe twice; has visited Cuba, Yucatan, Mexico, Bermuda, Canada and Nova Scotia; has boxed the compass in this country, so that his ready pen never wants for material for his always readable letters. He is a literary humming-bird, and if he lacks anything it is a literary anchor to hold him down to one thing in life. He is a man of ordinary size, with a well-developed head, quick, aggressive when he seeks to extract from you any desired information, and yet he is brimful of humor and his eyes dance with delight when he can get an idea that nobody else has thought of. He is a pleasant, agreeable, social gentleman; very correct in his habits and quite progressive in his ideas, and as he claims me to be his "foster-father," I do not hesitate to express my admiration for the many eminent qualities of my adopted son and early precocious protege. He has accumulated property worth \$30,000.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

In a biographical sketch of Miss Kellogg's life, I learn that the first time she sang in public was at the age of ten years. The biographer says: "The song was entitled and ended with the words: 'Who'll buy my little book?' the little prima donna extending to the audience her hand in which was a small book. 'I will,' exclaimed Thomas M. Newson, then editor of the *Derby Journal*, as he stepped up and gave the half-frightened little girl a bright silver dollar, the first one she ever received for her first song in public." (In explanation perhaps I should say, I boarded in Mr. Kellogg's family several years.) The writer also published the first poem of Miss Virginia Townsend, who subsequently achieved a reputation in literary circles; so that in pushing Croffut to the front, encouraging Miss Kellogg in song, and in following Miss Townsend in the realm of story-telling, somebody, sometime, somewhere in the future will give me credit for good taste, good judgment and due appreciation of merit, even in infancy.

UP IN A BALLOON!

This year our venturesome fellow-citizen Mr. Marcoe, made several successful balloon ascensions, in one of which Mr. Croffut

of the then ST. PAUL Daily *Times*, accompanied him and wrote a description of the upper regions. In another ascension S. S. Eaton and H. M. Brown went up with him. They sailed from the fair grounds and landed eighteen miles northward, where Mr. Eaton was thrown out, or fell out, or jumped out, and the valve ropes were broken off close to the neck of the balloon, and it shot up into the sky, when Mr. Brown, to save their lives, climbed up to the neck of the balloon by the network and secured the cords. The same year a good many went up in real estate balloons, but they never came down again and their balloons went to the ——!

WILLIAM CAINE.

Dr. William Caine was a slenderly-built man with auburn hair, quick in his motions and speech, possessing a bright, penetrating eye which seemed to read one's thoughts, and he had an affability of manner which made him a very popular physician in the sick room. He was born in the Isle of Man in 1818; emigrated to the United States in 1827 and settled at Cleveland, Ohio, where he was educated, and from thence he removed to Seneca Falls, New York, and there studied medicine; graduated at the Geneva Medical College (old school,) in 1845, and soon after began investigating homeopathy, and was so thoroughly convinced of its truths that in 1850-'51 he took his diploma at the Cleveland Homeopathic College and located at Ravenna, where he had previously practiced in the allopathic school. In 1857 his health became broken down by overwork and a violent attack of pneumonia left him in such a weakened condition that his life was despaired of, and in this condition he started for Minnesota on a cot bed. Shortly after arriving in this city in 1857, he commenced improving and gained so rapidly that he was urged to practice by his friends, which he finally consented to do, and soon had more business than he could attend to. He was a man most thoroughly devoted to his profession, and died from the effects of a sun-stroke received while conveying a patient from Wyoming to this city in an open carriage.

Dr. Caine was a perfect gentleman and an excellent physician. He was well known in the day in which he lived and especially in this city, and while honest and honorable he was conscientious in the discharge of his duty. His only son and his

only child, Dr. William H. Caine, is now a practicing physician in Stillwater, Minnesota, while his widow resides in ST. PAUL.

RAMSEY COUNTY JAIL—MILITARY COMPANIES.

The present stone jail now occupying a part of the Court House square, was commenced this year by Day & Grace, and finished in the fall. Contract price, \$75,000, but before it was finished it cost a good deal more, exceeding \$100,000. The old wooden jail had been previously torn down.

The ST. PAUL light cavalry, Capt. Starkey, and the Shields guards, Capt. John O'Gorman, were organized this year and on one or two occasions did effective work.

WILLIAM BANHOLZER.

A large young man is Mr. Banholzer, all business, very industrious and very worthy. He is a solid man, and by industry has built up an extensive business, his brewery ranking among the largest. A native of Germany, born in 1849, he came to America and located in ST. PAUL in 1857; here he received his education, and was in the employ of Auerbach, Finch & Scheffer nine years; was two years at Belle Plaine, in the mercantile trade, and in 1876 engaged with his father in the brewing business, and in 1879 purchased his father's interest and has continued the business ever since. Married Miss Louise Foot in 1878. The elder Banholzer is a man of great humor, and yet he has been a strong business man and possesses great energy even now.

ON THE WAR PATH—FRANK BREUER.

Great excitement existed in the city this year on the report that Ink-pa-doo-tah's band of Sioux Indians had been killing some settlers at Spirit Lake, near the Iowa line. The citizens became very much aroused, and the Pioneer Guards of ST. PAUL volunteered to go in pursuit of the red devils, but no transportation or ammunition could be furnished. Two fugitives, however, from the settlement came to the city and were provided for. This year the water company was incorporated, and the Dramatic Joint Stock Company, but no other legislation was had affecting the city. The ST. PAUL Episcopal Church was organized, Rev. A. B. Paterson.

Mr. Frank Breuer died in 1884. He was a medium-sized man and very much liked by those who knew him, especially in the fire department. He was rather undemonstrative in his manners and yet inspired the confidence of his friends. For a long time he was the president of the old Hook and Ladder Association, which kept up its annual Fourth of July celebrations, and when Breuer died that died also. He was chief engineer of the fire department for two terms; was also Alderman of the city. Born in Germany in 1839, he emigrated to this country in 1850; remained at Chicago until 1857, when he came to ST. PAUL and at first engaged with J. S. Dennison one year, then with Nichols & Berkey; in 1880 he went into partnership with Mr. Rhodes and remained there until he died. He was a popular fireman and a much respected citizen.

MAURICE AUERBACH.

Small physically, quiet, thoughtful, positive, quick, gentlemanly, busy—one would not suppose that he was the man at the head of the greatest wholesale dry-goods house in this city or State, and yet such is the fact. His career has been a peculiar and remarkable one, and only shows that good stuff can be wrapped up in small bundles. A man's reputation magnifies his materiality, and one not knowing Mr. Auerbach would suppose him to be six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds, and yet diamonds are valuable even though not large. Born in Prussia of German parentage in 1836, Mr. Auerbach was educated in the schools of his native place, and had some experience in the dry-goods trade before coming to this country. In 1857 he emigrated to America, and in the winter of that year came to ST. PAUL; was clerk for one year for D. T. Justice, an early dry-goods merchant of our city; was also clerk for Justice & Forepaugh; became partner with the firm name of Justice, Forepaugh & Co. in 1860; in 1868 commenced business with G. R. Finch and Charles Scheffer, and continued until the death of Mr. Scheffer, when, in 1875 the firm changed to Auerbach, Finch, Culbertson & Co.; then in 1881 to the firm of Auerbach, Finch & Van Slyke. Mr. Auerbach was one of the originators of the Merchants' National Bank, and was its president up to 1880 when he retired. He has held no political office or any other, but has given his best years to business.

He is a man of great sagacity and capacity, and especially so in his own line of business, and as the head of the present firm he has guided his great house into the ocean of prosperity. Here is a case where a man has made circumstances instead of circumstances making the man, and where his success may be attributed to his individual efforts more than to a series of pleasant surprises in the shape of good luck. He is a quiet, unostentatious, social, pleasant man, and a good citizen.

ITEMS OF INTEREST—DIRECTORY—A HORRIBLE MURDER.

Goodrich, Somers & Co. issued the first city directory in 1857, containing 1,700 names, which, multiplied by three gave a population of 5,100, but this was under the estimated number of inhabitants. The second directory was issued by Newson & Barton.

I see him still! so pale, so horrible! He sits on his work table; the hand with the needle has stopped on its way to the garment which lies in his lap; his eyes glare; his face is so white—he's dead! killed by an axe or a hatchet in the hands of an assassin. Twenty-eight years have passed and yet that sight is just as vivid to-day as when I first saw that murdered man in a little shop on West Third street, which stood where the Maxfield block now is, and where his industrious career had been arrested by the murderer's blow! He was a poor tailor and killed for his money, a considerable amount of which he had about him. A native of Louisville, Ky., Henry William Schroeder met his horrible fate a stranger in a land among strangers, and his murderer escaped the penalty of the law.

ALBERT ARMSTRONG.

For many years Mr. Armstrong was a power among the Democrats of this city, ranking with the very best of able politicians, but ill-health of late years has prevented him from taking any active part in politics, and I may also say even in business, although he can occasionally be seen upon our streets. He was born in Ohio in 1825 and held the position of clerk of the District Court in Columbiana County, Ohio, for three years; came to St. Paul in 1857; was Deputy State Treasurer for two years under his brother, George W. Armstrong; was Deputy

County Treasurer under Robert A. Smith in 1863; in 1865 was elected clerk of the District Court, which position he held twelve years. At the expiration of his term of office he went into the real estate and commission business, and latterly has been giving his attention to his private affairs. A marked peculiarity of Mr. Armstrong's management is the fact, that all his property brings him in an income; he has no dead real estate, but some five or six stores and three or four houses, from which he derives a handsome living. He is not a large man, but rather thin, with gray hair and a somewhat tired look, yet when in good health he was a man of much energy and one of the wheel-horses of his party. He is quiet, cautious, prudent, economical, a member of the Methodist Church and a good citizen. Mr. Armstrong is married and has one son, B. W. Armstrong, who has held several responsible positions with his father, and for two years was private secretary of Mayor O'Brien. He is quick, active, prompt, energetic; a good deal of a politician, and has the financial ability of "the old man," and withal is a social, pleasant gentleman.

CYRUS BROOKS.

Cyrus Brooks, D. D., was born in Vermont in 1811. In 1817 the family removed to Ohio and settled in Licking County, near Granville. From this town he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1833. His license bears date June 22d of that year, and late in the August following he was received into the Ohio Conference.

After serving twenty-four years in the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences, he came by transfer from the latter conference to Minnesota in 1857, and was located at ST. PAUL. Here he has spent six years in the pastorate in ST. PAUL, one in Minneapolis, three in Red Wing and three in Winona; and has served as Presiding Elder eight years on the ST. PAUL District and four years on the Minneapolis District. While in Ohio he represented his conference in the General Conferences of 1852 and 1856, and after coming to Minnesota, in those of 1860, 1868, 1872 and 1876. The D. D. was conferred upon him in 1860 by the Ohio Wesleyan University, of which he had been a trustee for many years before leaving Ohio. He is a married man and has two sons in the ministry in Colorado.

After a ministry of forty-nine years, rheumatism compelled him to retire from active service in 1882. With the exception of the seven years' pastorate in neighboring cities, he has been a resident of St. PAUL ever since he came to Minnesota in 1857, and so expects to continue to the end of his life.

Mr. Brooks is a tall, spiritual-looking man, with a gentle stoop of the shoulders, gray hair, clear, pleasant eyes, and always bearing an amiable expression on his countenance. He looks like a refined patriarch from another sphere, sent by his Master to do his bidding, and his acts never belied his looks—a real good man.

ANOTHER MURDER.

Out near where Stahlmann's brewery now is, used to be a bad house called "The Cave," the rendezvous of the very worst characters of both sexes, and one night two parties became involved in a fight, and a man by the name of Golden killed another by the name of Peter W. Trotter. Of course the murderer escaped as all others did, except a poor Indian and a defenseless woman, and they were hung. A few nights after this a large number of citizens held a meeting and decided that the house should be burned down, and headed by a Thompsonian physician, the crowd repaired to the place, entered the house, took out the furniture and valuables, and driving out the inmates set the building on fire, and after seeing it burn down, deliberately walked home, the writer being one of the crowd. Sometime afterwards a new building was erected on the old ground, but it did not remain there long, and the old house known as "The Cave" passed into history. A similar house on the Stillwater road called the "Cotten Farm," was kept by a man by the name of Tuttle, a good deal of a bully; and further along Bond Cyphers kept a half-way house, where good dinners were obtained, and these two houses have also passed into history.

C. E. DAVIS.

Captain Davis died suddenly in this city in the month of March, 1885, aged about fifty-three years. He was a tall, slender man, decidedly straight and military in his bearing, with an off-hand manner of meeting his friends, which was always cordial. He came to St. PAUL in 1857 and soon after was appointed

Deputy United States Surveyor, and in 1860 he assisted in the preliminary survey of the Lake Superior & Mississippi, now ST. PAUL & Duluth Railroad; enlisted in the First Minnesota Regiment in 1861; was promoted to the rank of Captain in Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps, but in the spring of 1865 he resigned and returned to ST. PAUL; was employed in 1866 by General Warren, and had charge of the Minnesota river survey; in 1868-9, with others, surveyed the battle field of Gettysburg; was appointed military storekeeper at ST. PAUL in 1877; made government surveys about Duluth; was for a time employed in the office of the Surveyor General, but of late had been doing nothing. He left a widow and several children.

DEATH OF BISHOP CRETIN.

Bishop Cretin, whose biography can be found in the proper year, arrived in ST. PAUL in July, 1851, and although the church was poor and the place was small, yet in five months from the time he came here he had caused to be erected the brick building on Wabasha street known as the old Cathedral or Catholic school house, and had laid the foundation for what is now the prosperous Catholic Church. He died on the 22d of February, 1857, after a long and painful illness, and his funeral was the most imposing affair that had ever taken place in this city. The priests, the robed boys, the children, the solemn music, the mournful procession of 1,500 people, clearly demonstrated the great esteem in which he was held, not only by the members of his own church but also by the citizens generally. Six years of arduous labor in this city ended in a triumphant death, leaving an excellent memory behind him.

SAMUEL MEDARY, GOVERNOR—ST. PAUL LIBRARY.

The first Governor of the Territory of Minnesota was Alexander Ramsey; the second Willis A. Gorman; the third Samuel Medary, who arrived in ST. PAUL on the 22d of April, 1857. W. W. Wheeler was his secretary. Medary was the last Territorial Governor. Gen. H. H. Sibley came in as the first State Governor soon after, or in October of the same year, though Minnesota did not become a State until the winter of 1857-8. Gov. Medary was a short, well-developed man, quite pleasant in his address,

and during the time he was in the chair he made an acceptable officer. He died many years ago, and his secretary Wheeler is in Montana.

The original incorporators of the original ST. PAUL Library Association, which was chartered in 1857, were the following gentlemen: Charles E. Mayo, J. W. McClung, R. F. Houseworth (dead,) S. D. Jackson, J. F. Hoyt, E. Ingalls, A. R. Capehart, William A. Croffut, Thomas Connolly and P. De Rochebrune. These gentlemen effected no decisive results under their charter towards securing a library, when the same year the Mercantile Library Association came into existence, and the incorporators of this institution pushed it to the front and gave it vitality. The Young Men's Christian Association had been organized in 1856, and had a library, and in 1863 it transferred all its books to the Mercantile Library Association, and then a new organization was effected which is now known as the present ST. PAUL Library Association, and the following gentlemen became active incorporators: D. W. Ingersoll, H. M. Knox, George W. Prescott, E. Eggleston, W. S. Potts, D. D. Merrill, H. Knox Taylor, T. D. Simonton, D. A. Robertson, William Dawson, R. Marvin, J. P. Pond, R. F. Crowell, W. B. Dean, D. Ramaley, R. O. Strong, C. E. Mayo, E. Hogan. D. W. Ingersoll was the first president and William H. Kelly has been secretary for some fifteen or twenty years, and has worked incessantly for the welfare of the institution. Later along Gov. Ramsey and other gentlemen became interested, and a year or so ago the library was turned over to the city and is now free, and is very generally patronized—a noble institution, reflecting credit upon the city and upon the originators.

THEATERS—CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

1857 was celebrated for its theaters. Sallie St. Clair's varieties opened at Market Hall and was really "the go" of the day, or rather of the night. Then Van Liew opened on the corner of Fourth and St. Peter streets, and subsequently built on Fifth street. He ran during the years 1858 and 1859, but the building on the corner of Fourth and St. Peter streets burned down in September of the latter year, taking fire while Schuyler Colfax and Galusha A. Grow were addressing a political meeting.

A Mr. Scott opened a People's Theater in Irvine's hall, upper town, now known as flat-iron block, so we had three theaters in full blast in 1857, as we also had five daily papers in full blast, but the hard times weeded them out and it is now found difficult to support two theaters with a population of 120,000 inhabitants, and only three daily papers; four with the German.

This year the Constitutional Convention was held and the following delegates were elected, all being from the Democratic party: Moses Sherburne, George L. Becker, Michael E. Ames, D. A. J. Baker, John L. Prince, Patrick Nash, Lafayette Emmett, William P. Murray, W. A. Gorman, William H. Taylor, William B. McGroarty and Paul Faber.

NICHOLAS WAGNER.

Born in Prussia in 1823 Mr. Wagner came to America in 1847; resided in New York one year; removed to Chicago and worked at the trade of a blacksmith in Illinois nine years; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; followed his trade until 1873, when he opened the Wagner House on St. Peter street, where he now is. He is an affable landlord and has built up a good business; is quiet, pleasant, industrious, and these qualities have brought him a nice property, which he deserves.

R. O. STRONG.

A small, spare man physically is Mr. Strong; very quiet in his ways; moderate in his speech and yet a gentleman who has figured prominently before the public in the capacity of chief engineer of our fire department for several years. He is cool and collected, and very seldom thrown off his base, and if he had had the fire appliances now in use during the time he was chief engineer, he would have been able to have made a much better showing than he did. He was chief engineer for some five years; is one of the most ardent members of the Old State Firemen's Association and is its secretary; was a devoted member of the old Hook and Ladder Society—now dead—and has in many ways shown his interest and regard for firemen generally, always aiding to the best of his ability their cause. No better friend of firemen ever lived than R. O. Strong.

He was born in New York in 1827; moved to Michigan in 1835; was a clerk in Jackson, Michigan, in 1844; was in business

with his father at Parma in 1850; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; opened a carpet store on upper Third street, which he conducted up to 1876; was elected chief engineer of the ST. PAUL fire department, which office he held for six years, and since then he has been engaged in associations connected with firemen, more or less. He is a quiet, cool, modest man, always self-possessed, and moves through the world with no noise and no tinsel, but with a consciousness that as a public officer he did his full duty.

JOHN H. RANDALL.

Mr. Randall is a son of the late William Randall, of whom I have already written at length, and if he had one-third of the property in this city once owned by his father, he would be a millionaire. He is an ordinary sized man, of light complexion and very much of a gentleman; pleasant in his manners and exceedingly industrious. He was born in Massachusetts in 1846; removed to New York City and entered a wholesale silk house at the age of fifteen years, where he remained until he came to ST. PAUL in 1857 to look after his father's business. In 1862 he entered the office of the chief engineer's department of the old ST. PAUL and Pacific Railroad Company, where he remained for some time; then he became general freight agent, assistant treasurer and chief clerk of the company under the administration of George L. Becker. In 1861 he entered the employ of the ST. PAUL Harvester Works, where he now is and has been for many years. Mr. Randall is a man of excellent character, whose whole life thus far has been one of labor, and if there is a gentleman in the city who lives up to his Christian faith, it is John H. Randall. Steady, upright, busy, manly, moral, temperate, unostentatious, as a philosopher he forgets "what might have been," puts his burden on his shoulder and trudges along over the path of life.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—WABASHA BRIDGE.

Several murders and numerous fires, with the arrival of a great many boats with some very bad characters, induced the citizens to get together and to discuss the question of self-preservation, and out of this grew a vigilance committee, the second and the last of the kind ever organized in our city. This com-

mittee was so thorough in its work that in a short time vagabonds and criminals vacated the place, and order once more reigned in ST. PAUL.

The Wabasha street bridge was commenced as a private enterprise in 1856 but for want of funds was stopped. In the fall of 1857 the Council voted \$50,000 towards its completion, and it was eventually passed over to the city. It was for a time a toll bridge, but was made only a few years ago a free bridge, and over it thousands of people pass per day to the West Side.

EDWARD CRAMSIE.

Mr. Cramsie was born in Ireland in 1800; removed to Belfast and there he was educated and there he learned his trade, that of white-smith and bell-hanger. Went to Manchester, England, and was married. In 1826 he came to America and settled in Philadelphia, and made the lock for the United States Bank, and this lock was then and many years afterwards considered the finest and best lock on the American continent, and was among the curiosities of the Centennial. In 1836 he settled in Friendsville, purchased a farm and became "The Village Blacksmith." He was also justice of the peace at this place for twenty years; a member of the Board of Education, and was known far and wide as the great peace-maker.

He came to this city in 1857; built the first blacksmith shop on Fourth street, just in front of the present skating rink, (but the shop like its former owner is now gone,) and here he and his sons carried on the blacksmith's business. Here the poet, the judge, the doctor and the philosopher met with the son of Vulcan and many and varied were the subjects discussed around the blazing forge, for here, as in all new places, the blacksmith's shop seemed to be a center of attraction, but in this case the attraction was mostly due to the fact that Mr. Cramsie was a well-read and well-informed man, fond of argument, genial, full of quiet humor, but just and liberal in his opinions. He was kind and honorable, winning the love and respect of all who knew him, and that meant, in those days, the entire population.

When the war broke out and his two sons enlisted, he accepted the position as agency blacksmith at Yellow Medicine. He was there at the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862, and was

one of the little band saved by Other-Day. He died November 2, 1879, an honored and honorable citizen.

TWENTY BUILDINGS BURNED—THEODORE H. MILLER.

On upper Third street, north side, near Market, was a Gothic dwelling boarding house kept by a Mr. Holland, an Englishman, called Holland place. In 1854 it stood out in bold relief, and from its porch was a beautiful view of the Mississippi river rolling along in majesty under the bluffs. In course of time other buildings were erected about it, and then one night, Aug. 4, 1857, the incendiary applied the torch, and some twenty edifices went down into ashes. On Aug. 18, a long row of buildings on Robert street, running to Fourth, were also destroyed by fire, and this and various acts of burglars led the people to conclude it was about time to act, and what they did has already been narrated in a previous article.

A regular "rustler" is Mr. Miller. He is full of energy and like a humming-bird flies from flower to flower. A native of Germany, born in 1841, Mr. Miller was brought to this country in 1842 when quite young, and his father settled in Michigan; then removed to Chicago where the boy acquired a practical education; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; worked as a day laborer for a year; learned the trade of a carpenter, at which he worked up to 1862, when he enlisted in the Sixth Minnesota Regiment, which fought the Indians, and then went south; was honorably discharged in 1865; worked at his trade two years; entered a chair factory and continued there until 1873; was in a carpet store until 1875, when he opened a sample room on Third street, and here he remained for some time. He is a man of genial temper, and very active in his nature.

A. F. KNIGHT.

I remember Mr. Knight as one of our earliest architects, when ST. PAUL had a few crude buildings and but little order had been evoked out of chaos. He is a tall and slender gentleman, making no display of his abilities and yet he is a man of fine tastes, as many of the buildings of which he is architect clearly indicate. He is among the earliest and oldest architects in the city, and his work has a classical character instead of being mere daubs. He was born in the State of New York in 1831 where

he was educated; worked on a farm for a short time and then learned the trade of a carpenter and studied architecture; removed to Chicago, where he remained two months, and came to ST. PAUL in 1857 and opened an office on Bridge Square. In 1859 he went to St. Louis where he remained two and a half years, returning to ST. PAUL and continuing his profession in this city ever since. He was the superintendent of the Custom House, architect of the Merchants hotel, Opera House, Hope Church, St Mary's Church, Pope's Church, and other buildings. He is very quiet in his movements and in his conversation, and glides through the world in an easy and unsensational manner.

OTTER DREHER.

Born in Germany in 1839 Mr. Dreher was left an orphan at the early age of eight years, and though prepared to enter the University, yet in 1853, at the age of fourteen years, he left for America, landing at New York and was thrown upon his own resources; reached Illinois where he secured employment; then worked in Madison, Chicago, Dubuque, and Peoria. His first appearance in ST. PAUL was in 1857 with a theatrical troupe with which he continued until 1859, when he entered the bookstore of Phillip Rohr, in a little old building which now stands on Fifth street, fronting Rice Park, but in 1861 he enlisted in the army for three months, and at the end of that time re-enlisted in the Third Minnesota and acted as Company Sergeant for seventeen months. He was subsequently promoted to the position of Second Lieutenant, and also to that of Captain of Company A for meritorious services on the field. During the Indian outbreak in this State he was on duty; was at the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi and in other important battles in the Southwest during the Rebellion. He served over four years in the army and was discharged in 1865. On his return to this city he was employed on the *Volksblatt* for a time; was in the Treasurer's office during Colonel Uline's term; was elected Register of Deeds in 1877; was re-elected in 1879; was in the furniture business; elected member of the School Board; and is now the secretary of that body.

Mr. Dreher is a short, thick-set man; very quick in his movements; quite an actor, and really "is the architect of his own

fortune," having struggled up from a poor orphan boy to where he now is. He has the German shrug of the shoulders, and whatever he does is on the German-French plan, that is, with celerity. He was one of the main movers in the formation of the German organizations of this city and is an active member of many of their societies.

M. B. FARRELL.

A native of Ireland, born in 1835; after receiving an education Mr. Farrell emigrated to America in 1849; remained in New York for a short time when he moved to Rochester and there learned the trade of a carpenter; resided in Penn Yan five years; removed to Canada where he remained also five years; married in 1857; came to ST. PAUL the same year and has been engaged ever since in contracting and building, having put up over a hundred houses in this city, among which was the old Court House, French church and other public buildings.

Mr. Farrell is a large man, active, industrious, and has done a good deal of labor. He moves energetically and is one who minds his own business. He mingles but little with the great crowd, and has never held any political office, and like many other old settlers is struggling on to the end, determined to go down with the flag flying.

CONCERT HALL BLOCK.

Above the elevator on Third street, on the south side, was erected in 1857 by J. W. McClung's father, a large building called the Concert Hall block, the remains of which can now be seen. It was near where was the first ten-pin alley in the city. In the basement of this block was a hall in which Tom Marshall, the celebrated Kentucky orator, once delivered one of his famous speeches, and the upper part of the building was devoted to offices. Mr. McClung erected some wooden buildings this side of Concert Hall, and one of these offices was occupied by J. H. Brownson, who, in a fit of insanity, threw himself from the back window falling to the ground below some one hundred feet, and of course killing himself almost instantly. He was a large man, a lawyer and a gentleman of good ability. The accident occurred in December, 1858. The building burned down a few years afterwards. Prior to this, or some time in 1854, the writer

strongly advocated in his paper the purchase by the city of all the river front on Third street from Bridge Square to above the Metropolitan hotel, and that it be forever held sacred as the bay window to ST. PAUL. He claimed that the scenery on the Mississippi at this point equaled anything in Europe, and it ought to be preserved, but it was not. Some day in the future his advice will be heeded—but at a big cost.

HENRY M. KNOX.

A small, energetic man, with sharp features, quick motions and a pair of gold spectacles adorning a thoughtful face, is Henry Knox. I remember him as a cashier in a private bank started by himself and his brother, Jno. J. Knox, in Dr. Stewart's old stone block on Bridge Square, in 1857. He was born in New York in 1830; received a good common school education and graduated at Hamilton College in Clinton, N. Y., in 1851. In 1854 he held a position in the Bank of Vernon, New York, then in the Merchants' Bank on Wall street, New York city; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; he and his brother, J. J. Knox, for some years Comptroller of the United States Treasury, opened a private bank which went down in the common ruin in 1858; was for a year or two assistant postmaster in the ST. PAUL post office; afterwards he became cashier of the First National Bank of this city, and in 1878 was appointed Public Examiner of the State of Minnesota; re-appointed in 1881 and 1884, which position he has held ever since. Mr. Knox has also been a prominent member of Hope Church; has been superintendent of its Sunday school; is the senior elder of that church and has visited Europe once with its former pastor; was twice chairman of the mileage committee of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church; was also delegate to the Presbyterian council at Edinburgh in 1877; suggested the consolidation of the mercantile library with that of the Young Men's Christian Association. He married Miss Charlotte Cozzens in 1857, a fine-looking lady, of a sweet and amiable disposition and a beautiful singer, and one who is greatly esteemed for her lovable and womanly qualities. Mr. Knox himself is a gentleman of excellent repute, an able, stirring, industrious officer, and one who is as well qualified for the responsible position he occupies as any man in the State. As

an old settler he is known by his quiet, unobtrusive ways and his steady devotion to business.

NICHOLAS HARDY.

"I had only twenty cents and borrowed five more to make the amount twenty-five cents, to pay the expressman for bringing up my trunk," was the remark of "Nick" Hardy as he laughed over the peculiar freaks of fortune in a man's life. He knew the world was before him and he was bound to make a living, and has succeeded. He first saw the light of day in Germany in 1842, obtained a very limited education and at the age of eleven years worked on a farm and then two years in a hotel; emigrated to America at the age of fifteen years, or in 1857, and after spending a few days in New York came directly to Minnesota and located on a farm in Rose Township, where he remained ten years and then became a permanent resident of this city, dealing largely in buying and selling horses, and in 1873 engaged in the ice business, which has now reached extensive proportions. The firm was until recently Defiel & Hardy, and they put up some 25,000 tons of ice per year and employed about fifty men.

Mr. Hardy is comparatively a young man in the full vigor of manhood; is of good size, weighing nearly two hundred pounds; cool, prudent, moderate, yet energetic; full of vigor and health and a general pusher in business. He is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman and a solid citizen.

JOHN M. GILMAN—PERSONAL.

Mr. Gilman was born in Vermont in 1824; was left an orphan when six months old, his father being Dr. John Gilman; received a good education and graduated at the Montpelier Academy in 1843; read law with Messrs. Heaton & Reed, and was admitted to the bar in 1864; removed to Lisbon, Ohio, where he practiced his profession eleven years; was elected to the Ohio Legislature in 1849 and served one term; came to St. Paul in 1857; formed a partnership with James Smith, Jr., and the firm continued for several years when it became Gilman, Clough & Lane, but is now simply John M. Gilman. Mr. Gilman has been continuously in the law business in this city for twenty-eight years; has served some six terms in the Legisla-

ture; has been the Democratic candidate for Congress twice; has been chairman of the State Democratic Committee, and has always been an active Democratic head-light.

A tall, slim, pale, thoughtful man is John M. Gilman, who moves along the street quietly, apparently sees nobody, is a little bent in the shoulders, and is always absorbed in his own meditations. He gives one the appearance of a gentleman in delicate health, and yet his arduous law labors demonstrate that he is a man of nerve and endurance. He is what may be termed a "clear cut" lawyer; earnest in what he does or says, and always speaking to the point, never wasting words on irrelevant issues. He is a great student and studies his cases thoroughly, so that when they come before the court or jury they are *multum in parvo*, or much in little. Mr. Gilman is an able and a very quiet man, much devoted to his profession and moves systematically forward in the even tenor of his way, quiet and undemonstrative, yet always earnest in whatever he does.

AUGUSTUS J. GOODRICH.

A tall, quiet, amiable gentleman, with a head somewhat covered with the frosts of years, is the secretary of the ST. PAUL Gas Company, who, for nearly a quarter of a century has filled his present position with great credit. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and minds his own business. He makes no displays; affects no airs; moves serenely over the path of life; attends strictly to his duties; never obtrudes himself upon the public, and may be classed among our most reliable and respected citizens. He was born in the State of New York in 1818; received a good education, and clerked in a store in LeRoy until the goods were shipped to Michigan, when he went there to dispose of them; in 1844 he opened a general dry-goods and grocery store in Paw-Paw, and here he remained five years; then removed to Detroit, where he continued two years; was at Kalamazoo three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; became connected with his brother in the *Pioneer*, where he remained up to about 1866, and then sold out and bought into the gas company where he has acted as secretary and treasurer ever since; has been a trustee in the First Episcopal Methodist Church, and has been a delegate to the general conference

of said church which was held at Baltimore. Mr. Goodrich is a very unpretentious man, but fills an important niche in the great auditorium of society. Mrs. Goodrich is the daughter of the late Mr. Friend, formerly City Clerk, and is a woman greatly esteemed for her many amiable qualities.

JOHN MATHEIS.

Mr. Matheis is "as plump as a partridge" and as active as a steam engine. He is a man of great energy of character and has built up an immense trade by his irresistible vim. He is one of ST. PAUL'S most solid business men and in the line of his goods leads the column. I remember him years ago as a small stripling of a lad clerking for Oscar King, and when King became involved Mr. Matheis stepped to the front and has remained there ever since, and he can very justly be ranked as among the oldest firms in the city. He has a large head, blessed by a respectably large physical organization and a large heart, and these, under the control of good judgment, has enabled him to exclaim as did the Roman General—" *Veni, vidi, vici,*"—I came, I saw, I conquered. He is exceedingly social in his manners and has a keen perception of human nature, and while on the one hand he pushes business on the other he cultivates the amenities of social life. He was born in Germany in 1837; received a good education at Bierbach; emigrated to America in 1854; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; clerked for Oscar King; went into business for himself in 1861, and has been continuously in business now twenty-four years. Matheis is a full team with irresistible push.

JAMES KING—A POLITICIAN.

Mr. King was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1834; emigrated to America in 1844, landing at New York city, where he remained ten years attending school, and then removed to Lafayette, Indiana, and clerked in a jewelry store four years; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; opened a restaurant on Third street in 1858; started a clothing and auction house in 1870 on East Third street, where I used to see him with his black hair and energetic movements. In 1870 he was elected captain and chief of police, which office he held up to 1878, when he was appointed Sheriff of Ramsey County to fill the unexpired term of Major Becht, who died. In

1879 he was elected Sheriff and held that office two years; was a member of the Common Council from 1863 to 1869. Some two years ago he leased for forty years the property corner of Fourth and Minnesota streets, 100 x 125, and upon this property he built a large brick building costing \$25,000, called the St. PAUL Horse Exchange, and here is where he is now in business. Mr. King has been a very active Democratic politician for over a quarter of a century, and he has given blows and taken blows. He is a wide-awake, energetic, pushing man; moves with rapid motion, and thinks and acts the same way. He is positive in his opinions and aggressive in his movements, and though his hair is silvered over with age yet his eye is as bright and his step as light as twenty-eight years ago. King brought with him here \$5,000, and if this had been invested in real estate and he had gone to bed and slept, on awakening in 1886 he would have found himself a rich man. He is a social, pleasant gentleman, and an active, stirring citizen.

JOHN CLARKIN.

Mr. Clarkin is a native of Ireland, born in 1830; emigrated to America in 1848, landing at New York; learned the trade of carpenter in New Jersey, where he resided five years; lived three years in Wisconsin, and came to St. PAUL in 1857, and has since then been more or less actively engaged at his trade. He has worked at Fort Custer, Lincoln, and Fort Snelling, many times having had a large number of men in his employ. Married in St. PAUL in 1859 to Miss Julia Hayes. Mr. Clarkin is a large, fine-looking man, with a good address, and is now inspector of all new engine houses, a position he is well qualified to fill and which he will maintain with credit to himself and the city, for he is a worthy man and a good citizen.

N. LANPHER.

Mr. Lanpher was born in New York in 1814; was well educated and taught school eighteen years in Canada West, and in New York and in Illinois; came to St. PAUL in 1857; was overseer of the poor six years, and has been actuary of the Oakland cemetery for fifteen years. During this time he has seen many old and some new settlers pass from life to death and still

he is at his post of duty, and still listens to the song of the old sexton who sings—"I gather them in; I gather them in." And this old sexton is Edward Lot, who, for twenty-one years has been faithfully at work in the cemetery. Mr. Lanpher has seen and made many improvements in the city of the dead which now numbers some 8,000 inhabitants, and from a dark and forbidding spot in the past it has grown to be a place of attraction and beauty, with its elegant mortuary chapel, its lovely flowers, its costly monuments, its green lawns, its weeping trees, its singing birds, its quiet and serene atmosphere, its subduing influence. Amid all these scenes and with death almost daily staring him in the face, Mr. Lanpher ought to be a good man, and he probably is. He lives in the new and cozy house at the cemetery gate, and almost constantly travels his daily round of sad duties. He is not a large yet he is an active and industrious man, and takes great interest in the general attractiveness of the cemetery over which he has presided so many years.

RUMBLING OF THE CARS—DISTRICT COURT—FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE.

In the fall of 1857 the cars of the Milwaukee & Chicago Railroad reached Prairie du Chien on their way up toward our city. The connection had formerly been made at Dunleith, many miles below, so we were all happy with the hope of at some time in the future seeing a railroad train enter Minnesota.

The United States District Court, Judge R. R. Nelson presiding, was convened on the 7th of September 1857, and four hundred cases were reported on the calendar for trial. The number of cases only showed the increased degree of civilization which permeated the community.

The first school house built by the Board of Education was the Washington, at a cost of \$8,433, which was dedicated this year. It stood on Eighth street for twenty-eight years, and was torn down in 1885 to make way for a better one.

In September of this year the gas was turned on for the first time. We had plenty of real estate gas, but it wouldn't burn!

FRED. LINDEKE.

Mr. Lindeke was born in Germany in 1839 and emigrated to this country in 1856; resided one year in Sheboygan, and

came to ST. PAUL in 1857, and after working on a farm for a year he engaged with his brother in the milling business and has had charge of the Union Mills. He is a steady, sober, industrious, practical man, devoid of show or ostentation, and yet is a man of genuine merit.

PATRICK LEO.

Mr. Leo is a representative of labor; a man who for years has dignified his calling, and who by his industry has accumulated something for a rainy day. "By the sweat of the brow shall ye live" is as true now as thousands of years ago, and when men learn this lesson and the lesson of economy, human beings generally will succeed in saving a competency for old age. None need be ashamed of labor, for it is the foundation upon which the prosperity of society rests. Mr. Leo was born in Ireland in 1838 and learned the trade of a stone mason; emigrated to New York in 1852, where he worked at his trade several years; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; laid the stone in Ingersoll's block and in the First National Bank; worked at Fort Totten, Fort Wadsworth, Fort Keough, and at other government places; was in the employ of Mr. Pollock for three years, and married in 1854. Mr. Leo is a sprightly man, always laboring and always engaged in enterprises which tend to advance the interests of the toiling million. A laborer himself, he knows how to appreciate the wants of others who toil for their daily bread.

JOHN J. HINKEL.

Mr. Hinkel was born in New York in 1851; lived one year in Buffalo and came to ST. PAUL with his parents in 1857; was educated in our public schools; went into business for himself at the age of 18 years—a supply store; was in partnership with his father in the meat and provisions trade, importing fish, cheese; engaged in the ice business with C. D. Gilfillan in the year 1876; bought him out, and one of his special transactions has been the sprinkling of the streets of ST. PAUL. Several years ago he purchased a tract of land midway the two cities, and laid out what was known as Union Park. He finally purchased an interest held by Mr. Grote, and divided his park up into lots, and out of the enterprise he will make a nice fortune. He is a

young man, with a fresh, florid complexion; of medium size; quite active in his movements and pleasant in manners; is a great lover of fishing and hunting, especially the latter, which he does in a truly scientific manner. Eight months ago there was not a house in Union Park; now there are thirty-six, and the aggregated value of these houses is \$125,000, and among the number is a residence of his own costing \$12,000. He is an active, stirring, wide-awake business man and an enterprising citizen.

R. M. S. PEASE.

Rev. Mr. Pease, ex-Baptist minister and ex-banker, was born in Connecticut in 1822 and educated at the Albany Academy; at the age of twelve years he became a dry-goods clerk for one year, for which he received the munificent sum of \$1! He then clerked in Albany, N. Y., one and one-half years; then eleven years was in the employ of the Canal Bank of Albany, N. Y.; then organized and was cashier for five years of the Iron Bank of Falls Village, Conn.; then note teller of the Metropolitan Bank of New York; then member of the firm of Bostwick, Pease & Co., ST. PAUL, 1857, afterwards Pease, Chalfant & Co.; then R. M. S. Pease & Co., which firm sold out to R. M. S. Pease, who, in 1859, together with eight other bankers in this city, went down like a row of bricks after the State of Minnesota repudiated the interest on her seven per cent. bonds issued to help build the railroads of our State, and in which, relying on the "faith and honor" of the State of Minnesota pledged for their payment, they, the banks, issued the so-called railroad currency. After this Mr. Pease gave himself a few years more fully to the ministry than while engaged in business, though during all the time he was in business he was often called upon to supply different pulpits in ST. PAUL and Minneapolis and many out-stations. In 1863 he was engaged by J. K. Slidel to organize and open the books for the Minneapolis Bank, which was afterwards merged into the First National Bank of Minneapolis, where he became clerk for seventeen years, and until from over-work his constitution was shattered by a nervous disease which compelled him to lay aside for some three or four years to recuperate his health. He has now retired to his homestead on Prospect Hill, Rose

Township, Ramsey County, where at present he resides. Mr. Pease is a tall, slim, now venerable-looking man, very quick in all his movements and has been a man of great force of character. He has passed through an immense amount of "head labor," and it is only a wonder that he has not succumbed to the inevitable long ago; and yet aside from his gray hairs and the lines of care and trouble which have cut their way deep into his face, he is as sprightly and as young as a man of forty. He is a pleasant, honest, toiling, well-disposed man, whose fate has been to suffer the troubles of life with no power to avert the blow, and yet he is a philosopher and endures unto the end.

BENJAMIN BRACK.

Mr. Brack is an Englishman, born in London in 1846; emigrated with his parents to America and resided at New York until 1857, when he came to ST. PAUL and was a cash boy with D. W. Ingersoll & Co.; enlisted in 1862 in the Eleventh Minnesota Regiment, Company F, and served until 1865, when he was honorably discharged, and on returning to ST. PAUL engaged again in the dry-goods business as a clerk until 1877, when he entered the employ of Auerbach, Finch & Culbertson and remained with them until the firm of Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier was formed, when he became their cashier and has remained with them ever since. He is a thorough-going, steady, trustworthy, honest man, and the place he fills is sufficient evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his employers.

THE SOCIAL ELEMENT OF EARLY DAYS.

Men knew each other more intimately in early days than they do now, and the social element was more largely developed than at present. Of course there was less public sentiment against drinking than to-day, and yet men go on a jamboree now just as they used to thirty years ago, only it is in a little more polished style. I remember at a social gathering given by an old settler now living, that after the wine had been repeatedly passed and the speeches made, he mounted the table and walked triumphantly over the dishes, smashing and kicking them in every direction, while the landlord and owner of the articles looked on complacently and laughed heartily over the grotesque figure he

made. Nobody made any resistance. The next day the dish-fiend appeared, asked for his bill, received it and paid the \$150 damages without a murmur.

It is an old saying that when whisky is in brains are out, but in the place of both of these elements there used to be a heap of good humor. One night three or four bloods put up a job on an editor, and while in his office cogitating, they forced an old horse into the outer room and closed the door, and on hearing the noise the owner of the quill opened the door and the horse stuck his nose into his face. The editor jumped out of the back window and ran for life.

JAMES GILFILLAN.

Chief Justice Gilfillan of the Supreme Court of the State of Minnesota, was born in Scotland in 1829, and emigrated to New York in infancy, where he received an academic education; studied law at Ballston Spa and Buffalo, and was admitted to the bar at Albany in 1850; came to ST. PAUL in 1857 and immediately commenced the practice of his profession. In 1862 he enlisted in Company H, Seventh Regiment, and was commissioned Captain in August of that year; served with the regiment in its Indian campaigns, and afterwards at the South, at Tupelo, Tallahatchee, and in other battles and campaigns. On the 7th of September, 1862, he was promoted to Colonel of the Eleventh Minnesota; commanded that until mustered out in June, 1865; in 1869 was appointed Chief Justice of the State of Minnesota; again appointed in 1875, and elected the same year for the full term of seven years. Judge Gilfillan is a large man, who walks very straight, and is naturally very reticent and somewhat reserved, yet he is a good lawyer and has made an excellent Chief Justice. Perhaps I cannot portray his character any better than to say that he is a solid man; solid in looks, solid in movement, solid in thought, solid in his decisions, and, withal, is a solid citizen. He moves in his own individual sphere and keeps his own counsel; is quiet and undemonstrative, and confines himself to his peculiar profession.

EDWARD L. ALLEN.

Some men slip along through life quietly and pleasantly, with no trouble, no sorrow, no mishaps, while others are doomed

to misfortunes of the most overpowering and of the most aggravating character. Why this is so I cannot divine, and especially is this unaccountable to me in view of the fact that those people who have the most trouble and the most sorrow are usually the best. The wicked flourish like "a green bay tree;" money flows into their coffers and material success attends their efforts, but the honest, hard-working, struggling man is overtaken with disasters which crush him to the earth. We all hope that there is a just and merciful Being, but sometimes our faith is greatly shaken when we see innocence suffer and good men weep over afflictions brought upon them by no act of their own. The most analytic and the most metaphysical thinker can't answer satisfactorily the question—"Why?" while the bare facts stare us in the face from a thousand sources.

Mr. Allen is a small but very active man; full of hope, of energy and of grit. He has been constantly in active business since he came West, some twenty-eight years ago, and there seems to be no let-up to his untiring efforts, and yet during those twenty-eight years he has seen sorrow enough to put an ordinary man inside the walls of an insane asylum. Hope, or faith, or something else has kept him up, and he continues his round of years, now and then peering out into the future to catch a glimpse of the loved ones gone before. He was born in Connecticut in 1829, where he was educated and where he worked on a farm until he was twenty-one years old, and then entered a store in Fishkill, N. Y., as a clerk and subsequently clerked in Newburgh for two years; came to St. PAUL in 1857; entered the dry-goods establishment of D. W. Ingersoll, and after serving in the capacity of employe twelve months, became partner and remained in the business up to 1860, when he removed to Minneapolis and opened a large dry-goods house there, and the respective firms were Allen & Howe, Allen & Fletcher, E. L. Allen, Allen & Blakeman. He bought out Blakeman in 1875 and the firm became E. L. Allen. The year previous he built a business block on Hennepin avenue, near the Nicollet House, and was so prosperous in his affairs that he had property all over the city. In the height of his prosperity that terrible disease, diphtheria, entered his household in the year 1875, and his wife and child died in one week, and from the 15th of May to the 24th

of the same month four of his family died and were buried—all from the same disease.

Disheartened he sold out his business; hard times came; his property slipped away from him and he decided to move to ST. PAUL. Before matters could be consummated his oldest and only daughter was taken sick with the typhoid fever and laid down the burden of life in 1880, and in 1881 he again became a resident of this city, where he has remained ever since. For several years he has acted as agent for Bradner, Smith & Co., but is now in business for himself. The property he lost in Minneapolis is now worth from \$150,000 to \$200,000, but he still trudges on, hoping unto the end.

ROBERT L. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton was born in Pennsylvania in 1827; educated there and learned the trade of a carriage maker; removed to Delaware where he remained one year; returned to Pennsylvania and carried on the carriage-making business three years; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; opened a shop on Robert street for the manufacture of carriages, and then removed to Jackson street, where he continued the business on a large scale until about two years since, when he commenced dickering in real estate, placing mortgages, etc. Like almost everybody else who came here in early days, Mr. Wharton has seen severe times, but he has paid up nearly all his indebtedness at the rate of one hundred cents on the dollar.

He is a prompt, quick-motivated man, sensitive, and has struggled manfully through years of adversity, but never lets go his grip. The black hair and black whiskers of over a quarter of a century ago have turned gray, and the once healthy complexion now bears the autumnal tints of age, still Mr. Wharton toils on, retaining his old-time independence and the hopefulness of the true philosopher.

JOSIAS R. KING.

Colonel King was born in Washington city about 1832; in 1847 he went to Florida for his health, and to effect this result connected himself with a surveying party, and after carrying the chain six months began to use the compass and learned the use of the transverse table; in a word he became a master of the pro-

fession; remained in Florida until 1850 when he engaged in government surveys; returned to Washington city that year; attended Georgetown College to secure a cadet-ship at West Point; in six weeks left for California; was detained at the Straits of Magellan until 1851; hunted ostrich and llama in Patagonia and Terra del Fuego; arriving at California he made directly for a place called Bodega Bay, and there with several others commenced the cultivation of potatoes, abandoning the idea of digging for gold; planted seven acres of the esculent; at the expiration of three months he and his friends sold out their prospective crop for \$5,000; purchased pack mules and miners' outfits and started for the mines. Potatoes commanded one dollar per pound in California; prospective crop, 168,000 pounds, or \$168,000; expense \$18,000; total loss on the trade, \$170,000. Col. King remained at the mines only a short time, when he entered the service of the gentleman who secured the contract for surveying the State; threw up his position and went back again to the mines, where he remained one year or more; joined a party of twenty rangers to go in search of the Mexican bandit, Joaquin, and after considerable hardship in the mountains returned to San Francisco in 1855; joined a party for the survey of the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, and after an absence of nearly one year returned to Washington; came to ST. PAUL in 1857 and engaged in surveying.

Col. King claims to be the first man enlisted in the Union army during the rebellion, although this is also claimed by Col. C. F. Hausdorf. The question still seems to be an open one, and I leave it to be settled in the future by unmistakable official or tangible evidence. Col. King was appointed First Sergeant A Company in 1861; promoted Second Lieutenant 18th September; engaged at the battle of Bull Run; action at Edward's Ferry, siege of Yorktown; action at West Point, Battles of Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, First and Second Malvern Hill; action at Viena, at South Mountain and battle of Antietam; had a horse killed under him at Antietam; action at Charlestown, and battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville (had a shell cut hind legs off his horse at Charlestown;) promoted First Lieutenant in 1862; made Adjutant Regiment in 1862; Aid-de-Camp to Brigadier-

General Sully in 1862; engaged in the Indian campaigns on upper Missouri and in battles of White Stone Hill, and Taka-on-Koutay on little river; promoted Captain in 1863; honorably mustered out of service at Fort Snelling in 1864; appointed by President Lincoln Lieutenant Colonel Second United States Volunteers; was a rebel prisoner of war in 1865; in command of regiment, and was assigned to the command of the third sub-district of the district of the Upper Arkansas; in charge of escort duty to Santa Fe, Arizona and California; commanded Forts Riley, Larned and Ellsworth, Kansas, and Forts Wynkoop and Lyon, Colorado Territory; honorably mustered out of service in 1865, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; appointed Second Lieutenant by President Johnson in 1866, and joined the Second United States Infantry at Taylor Barracks, Louisville, Kentucky; sent with a detachment to take post at Lebanon, Kentucky; promoted First Lieutenant in 1868; remained at Lebanon, Kentucky, in command of post two and one half years; in charge of Freedmen's Bureau, and engaged in suppressing illicit whisky distilleries and Ku-Klux organizations in Central Kentucky; A. C. S. at Atlanta, Georgia; resigned his commission on account of serious illness of his wife, and was honorably discharged from the service in 1871; returned to ST. PAUL in March 1871; did surveying, and then began the fire insurance business and has been engaged at this more or less ever since. At present is surveyor of the Underwriters Union at ST. PAUL; was appointed Assistant Inspector General M. M. G. with rank of Lieutenant Colonel, April, 1885; was promoted to be Inspector General, M. N. G. with rank of Brigadier General, September, 1885, and is still a Democrat. Colonel King is a large man, with a fine physique; very quick in his movements and decided in his actions. He has had a large experience "in the rough-and-tumble of life," and ought to be able now to get through the world without much help, and still "there's a divinity which shapes our ends rough hew them as we may."

SAMUEL PIERCE JENNISON.

Gen. Jennison was born in Massachusetts in 1830; educated at Harvard College; was the principal of the High School in Concord, N. H., two years; read law with Gen. Sanborn and

C. C. Lund in the Granite State; came to ST. PAUL in 1857 and conducted Rev. E. D. Neill's college that year; was a law partner with Judge David Cooper in 1858-'59; was an opponent of the loan amendment in 1858; took an active part in the canvass preceding 1857-9; was private secretary of Gov. Ramsey in 1860; resigned in 1861 and enlisted in Company D, Second Minnesota Regiment; was elected Second Lieutenant; promoted to Adjutant in 1862, and assumed the office at the battle of Mill Springs; was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth Minnesota in 1862; commanded the regiment from 1863 to 1865; received a gun-shot wound in the head at the battle of Nashville; after returning to ST. PAUL became a writer on the *ST. PAUL Press*, but the effects of his wound obliged him to relinquish his position; spent six months in Pithole, Pa., as agent of the celebrated Holmden farm; was appointed secretary of Gov. Marshall in 1867, and remained with him two terms; in 1870 removed to Red Wing, where he has since resided; engaged in the newspaper and printing business; was for three sessions, 1867, 1868 and 1871, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives; and through two sessions and the impeachment trial in 1881-2, was secretary of the Senate; in 1871 was elected Secretary of State, and re-elected in 1873; has been private secretary of Gov. Hubbard since the beginning of his first term in January, 1882; has been the president of the ST. PAUL singing society, and has given many leisure moments to the cultivation of music, and has a remarkably interesting musical family, himself being an excellent musician.

Gen. Jennison is a man of fine proportions physically and of impressive characteristics, with a large head and bluff manners. He is aggressive in his nature, a strong partisan, decided in his opinions and never afraid to express them; bubbling over with wit and humor, energetic, industrious, a ready and witty speaker, and was a brave and efficient officer in the army of the Union.

EDWIN GRIBBLE.

Mr. Gribble is a man of peculiar traits of character, and yet he possesses ability and has many good impulses. He is well read, quiet yet positive, and has his own opinion of men and things. He is combative in his nature and tenacious in his

views; a self-educated man, and a man of good moral character; of medium size, deliberate in his movements and persistent in his opinions. He was born in England in 1825; emigrated to America in 1834 and remained in New York six months, and from thence went to Patterson, N. J., to Salem, Ohio, and to Pittsburg, Pa., where he was educated; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; made a claim on Lake Minnetonka of 130 acres, which he holds yet; went to New Orleans in 1860 and returned in 1868, and has been here ever since. He commenced to study law in Pittsburg and in New Orleans, and was admitted to practice in this State in 1869. He is a descendant from the English and Swiss, and though somewhat eccentric in his ways, yet he is a quiet and inoffensive citizen and a man of no mean ability.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

"Well, by thunder!" said an old settler to another, "we meet very funny people out here in the West, don't we? Just look at that frightful-looking maiden in the doorway!"

"Well, I don't know," said the other old settler, "she isn't near so bad-looking as that disagreeable, scrawly young fellow talking with her."

"By Jove! that young fellow is my brother!"

"By jingo! apple snaps! that girl is my sister!"

Both old settlers looked soberly at each other, and then concluded it was about time to take a drink—of cold water.

CHARLES H. SLOCUM.

Mr. Slocum was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1836; educated at the common schools and attended an academy in Michigan; removed to Wisconsin in 1849; learned the printing trade and returned to Buffalo in 1853, and held a position in the *Christian Advocate*; removed to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1856, and was foreman and local editor of the *Daily Leader*; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; was connected with the *St. Anthony Express* up to 1860, when he removed back to ST. PAUL; worked for the writer until 1863; was telegraph courier for the old ST. PAUL *Press*; that is, Goodrich of the *Pioneer* had a monopoly of the line here and the *Press* had to send to St. Anthony to get the news, Slocum bringing the midnight dispatches down on horse-

back ; in 1863 went to Mankato and resurrected the *Independent* ; in 1867 removed to St. Charles, Winona County, where he established the St. Charles *Herald*, which he ran seven years ; while here he was elected assistant acting clerk of the House of Representatives, for five terms ; purchased the *Post* at Blue Earth city in 1874 ; appointed postmaster at the same time and held the position nine years ; returned to ST. PAUL in 1883.

Mr. Slocum is a small man ; very active ; talks quickly, and has been an aggressive partisan. He is quiet in his ways ; unobtrusive and industrious ; has energy enough to run a steamboat or a dozen political campaigns and has been in the State twenty-eight years.

JOHN DEVEREUX.

Mr. Devereux was born in Ireland in the year 1798, celebrated as the year of the Irish rebellion ; was well educated, and arriving at manhood engaged largely in the manufacture of tobacco and snuff in the south of Ireland. He emigrated to America in 1837 ; settled in Pittsburgh, Pa., and commenced the manufacture of all kinds of wall, wrapping and tar paper. In 1845 a fire broke out which laid waste ninety acres of business blocks, and in this fire Mr. Devereux lost \$50,000—all he had—was penniless. Shortly after he removed to Somerville, Ky., and started again, and was quite successful until the house he dealt with in Pittsburgh failed, when he again met with a great loss and was obliged to succumb. In 1857 he came to ST. PAUL and has been here ever since, and has reached the ripe age of eighty-eight years. For twelve years he was in the County Auditor's office, always as prompt as the hands of the clock, but of late years he has resided with his daughter.

I remember Mr. Devereux as a tall, elegant appearing, gray-haired gentleman, whose courtly bearing would do honor to any Chesterfield in Europe, but for ten years I have missed him. He has dropped out of the active duties of life, and though close to ninety years of age, he is still hale and hearty, probably the oldest man to-day in Ramsey County. He belongs to the school of the old-style gentleman, and though advanced in years and unable to take an active part in business, yet he is honored and respected by all.

THE REAL ESTATE MANIA.

The speculative real estate wave which started in 1855 and swelled to huge proportions in 1856, broke out into tremendous white-caps in 1857. Almost every body went into the business of buying and selling real estate, procuring acres and laying them out into cities and selling corner lots for fabulous prices. It became a mania. On paper these cities (there were no towns,) looked elegantly well with their court house squares, and parks, and churches, and school houses, and steamboats, and railroad trains, and though the lots were located in marshes and in many cases in water, yet that, unknown to the purchasers, did not prevent the ignorant from buying, and so the wave rolled on, gaining force and carrying with it good, honest men, as well as bad men and robbers. There was some excuse for inflated real estate in the city, from the fact that for two years previously immigration had been pouring in at an unprecedented rate, and the city had been growing at a very rapid pace; besides, men of money in the East were anxious to invest in Western towns, especially in ST. PAUL, and hence it was natural that land in and about our city should go up in value, but unprincipled men took advantage of this state of things and palmed off on the unsuspecting outside property that had no value whatever. And yet there were instances where men honestly believed that their particular cities were to be the coming places. One gentleman owned some land in a town called Cambridge and Gov. Gorman offered him \$10,000 for it in 1857, or twenty-eight years ago; worth now \$800! Another gentleman presented his grandmother with some lots in a Minnesota city which he told her were very valuable and would be more so in the future. When she died she gave her cash and good property to her other grand-children and reserved these lots for the favorite boy who had remembered her in life; but the lots are not worth to-day ten cents apiece. Of course if men could make money so readily in selling land, they would not cultivate it, and so the whole tendency of this speculative land era was bad. But it came to an end.

F. X. CZEIKOWITZ.

Mr. Czeikowitz was born in Austria in 1825; educated in the old country; emigrated to America and remained at Chicago

one year and a half, when, in 1857 he came to ST. PAUL; worked for Covitz, the fur man; then removed to New Ulm and was there at the time of the attack of the Indians, and did his part of fighting behind a big salt barrel, having been in the army in the old country, and he enjoyed it; returned to ST. PAUL in 1862 and opened a fur store on the corner of Fifth and Cedar streets, where he carried on business for a number of years, and died in 1874, aged 49 years. Mr. Czeikowitz was a short, thick-set man; quick in his movements and good-natured as he was fat, bearing down the beam at two hundred and fifty-six pounds. He was well known to the old settlers by his ponderous bay window. His son R. D. C. was born in 1855; came to ST. PAUL with his father; was with him in the store up to his death; has been in the business of painting five years. He is a chip of the old block, only more so, that is, he is short, thick-set and what the boys would call "phatty," yet he is a good man and a pleasant gentleman.

THE SUNRISE EXPEDITION.

During the summer of 1857 the Chippewa Indians were in the habit of leaving their reservation and wandering about the settlements near Sunrise, Cambridge, in Chisago County, and other places, and as an opportunity offered to steal and annoy the people. Complaints coming to Governor Medary he ordered Capt. Starkey, who but recently had organized a volunteer cavalry company, to take part of his command and to arrest at once all Indians known to have committed any depredations. On the 24th of August the Captain, booted and strapped and spurred, and mounted on his spirited war-charger, drew up his men in line, and amid the plaudits of the people dashed forward in the defense of the frontier. On the 28th he overtook six lone Indians, who submitted to a pow-wow, but the poor devils, frightened half to death by the glitter and pomp of war, and especially by the commanding and overpowering presence of the gallant Captain, broke away and ran for their lives into the bushes. The commander immediately ordered one of his men by the name of Frank Donnelly, to put his horse on the gallop, head off the fleeing enemy, and in the name of the Continental Congress and the Territory of Minnesota order them to stop. Donnelly did so,

when an Indian by the name of Sha-go-ba, probably not understanding Donnelly's meaning and supposing his last hour had come, fired, and Donnelly fell dead. Then the gallant cavalymen charged and killed one Indian and wounded another, and of course the remaining four were made prisoners. The grand cortege with the dead bodies of Donnelly and the Indian, the Indian prisoners and the triumphant Captain, arrived at ST. PAUL on the 29th, and of course there was great excitement as the conquering hero entered the gates of the saintly city. Young Donnelly was a carpenter by trade and worked with his father, and volunteered to go on the expedition in the place of a regular cavalryman who was prevented by sickness, and when he returned a corpse there was mourning at his own home and great indignation among the people. A funeral sermon was preached over the body in the Jackson Street Methodist Church, by Rev. John Penman, and the military buried him with their accustomed impressive honors. Major Cullen, then superintendent of Indian affairs, brought the matter before Judge Nelson of the United States Court on a writ of habeas corpus, and the Judge ordered the prisoners to be brought into his presence, and the next day Capt. Starkey with his sword and sashes and guards and Indians and military accoutrements, and impressed with the belief that he was the rising great military chieftain of the Northwest upon whom all eyes were turned, entered the court room with his retinue, and in his dignified manner saluted the Judge with a military bow, when his honor addressed him as follows: "Captain, it is not in accordance with the genius of our institutions to have armed soldiers in a court of justice; remove the guards!" The Captain wilted; for a moment he looked for a mouse hole into which to crawl, but recovering his equanimity he realized the fact that after all he was only the Captain of a military company and not the dictator of an empire or the dispenser of justice among the people; but he says that in all his life his pride never had such a fall, for he really thought he had command over his own guards until the Judge pricked the bubble and left him without any wind. The four Indians were released, but Sha-go-ba was sent to the Chisago jail and in a few days cut his way out with a pen-knife and escaped, and thus ended what was known as the Sunrise Indian expedition.

But joking aside, this expedition was not near so funny as it has been made to appear. It should be remembered that every thing was then in a crude condition—Capt. Starkey had but very little to do with, his men were inexperienced, and there was every indication of an Indian outbreak, and of course the lives of the people were in the hands of the Indians. Starkey promptly obeyed the order of the Governor with such raw troops as he could muster, and it is quite probable that this very act awed the savages into submission and saved a great deal of bloodshed. The Indians were in earnest, and the best evidence of this is the fact that Capt. Starkey had the pommel of his saddle shot away, the ball passing close to his body. He risked his own life and the lives of his men, and then had the satisfaction of footing the bills, so really this expedition ought to go down to history as a brave and gallant and meritorious act on the part of Capt. Starkey and his men, for it is no funny business to go out and fight Indians, or even invite that result.

THE RISE OF REAL ESTATE.

From time to time I have shown the rise of real estate in this city in the following way: Have given the price of what an old settler paid for property, say twenty years ago, and what the same property is worth now. It does not necessarily follow that the old settler who once owned the property should own it now. In nine cases out of ten the old settler has no property at all; but the real estate he once owned has gone up in price just the same; so that the object in making these comparisons is not to exalt the old settler financially (I wish I could) but to show the growth of the city through the constant rise of its real estate. If it be a fact that I or anybody else bought a lot on Third street in 1854, and paid \$200 for it, and it is now (1886,) worth \$30,000, no matter who at present owns it, that fact shows there must have been some cause for the rise of this property during these twenty years, and this cold fact put in composition type, is doing a great deal to inspire confidence in the growth of our city. If this be not a fact let somebody refute it now. But it can't be done because it's true, and as truth must go down into history.

H. S. FAIRCHILD.

No more familiar face to the old settlers can be found upon the street than that of H. S. Fairchild, and he "takes the cake" as the oldest real estate dealer in the city or the State. He is a medium sized man, with a healthy, ruddy complexion, self-possessed, moderate in his movements, persistent, wide-awake, energetic, public-spirited and industrious, and during his career here has seen adversity and prosperity; indeed he has swung clean round the circle and is now on the top round of the ladder. He is a man of earnest nature, somewhat of a sanguine temperament, and yet is governed by reason and facts. Napoleon, walking in the garden of the Tuilleries, communicated to his favorite marshal information that he intended to fight the battle of the Bridge of Lodi. "Oh, don't do that," said his marshal, "you will fail!" It was mid-day and the sun was shining brightly. "Do you see that star?" asked Napoleon, pointing upward. "No," responded the marshal, looking toward the sky. "I do," remarked the great general. In real estate Fairchild can see a star where nobody else can, and what is more he generally sees clearly, so that there is a striking resemblance between the two celebrated generals, one, the arbiter of men and nations, the other the arbiter of broad acres and corner lots.

He was born in Ohio in 1826; received an academic education, and after graduating taught in the Lebanon and Waynesville academies; went to Mississippi in 1847 and taught school there; in 1852 entered into merchandising at Brandon, Miss., and continued in it up to 1857, when he came to ST. PAUL; opened a real estate office on Jackson street, opposite the old International Hotel, twenty-eight years ago; soon after entered the office of Smith & Gilman, and dealt in real estate; read law with them and was admitted to the bar; formed a partnership with Mr. Pease, and the firm took an office on Robert street, near John Rogers' hotel; moved to the McClung block and "went it alone" in a real estate and auction business, and did the same in Rogers' block; then moved to the corner of Fourth and Robert streets (Whicher's old place remodeled,) where he dealt in real estate and carried on an auction and dry-goods business; was burned out in 1871; took a room in the Fire and Marine building and dealt in real estate exclusively; went into the Prince block,

and from there removed to the corner of Jackson and Fourth streets and then to the Chamber of Commerce building, corner of Sixth and Robert streets, where he now is. Mr. Fairchild has been for some time and is now a member of the Chamber of Commerce, has held no political office though importuned to do so, and has been in the real estate business continuously twenty-eight years, and is the only one left of the many real estate agents of 1857. He was the first to propose the erection of the Fort Snelling bridge; was one of the commissioners with John Nichols, William Lee and D. W. Ingersoll to superintend the building of it.

He originated the idea of giving the poor farm of two hundred and ten acres to the State Fair Association for fair purposes, and after working zealously for this measure he had the gratification of seeing the enterprise a success.

In his investments in real estate he has been very successful, especially in the vicinity of the Harvester Works where he bought land for \$20 per acre, which now commands from \$500 to \$1,200 per acre. Some year or so ago he purchased a handsome home on Summit avenue, where he now resides, while he has a summer resort on Lake Thoreau, three miles from the city. He is a gentleman of pleasing address, well posted in St. Paul real estate, prompt in business matters, having unbounded faith in the growth and greatness of St. Paul, and is quietly "salting down" choice pieces of land that must in the future make him a rich man.

DANIEL W. HAND.

A fine American gentleman all of the olden times, is Dr. D. W. Hand. He has a splendid physique, a courtly bearing, a genial manner, a stately presence and a charming way with him in the sick chamber. As a man and a citizen he has few superiors. Though a little hard of hearing yet this does not militate against the excellent qualities which adorn one of our best citizens.

Dr. Hand was born in New Jersey in 1834; he was well educated, studied medicine with Dr. John Willey, and in 1856 graduated from the Medical College of Pennsylvania; came to St. PAUL in 1857 and immediately commenced the practice of his profession, entering into partnership with Dr. Samuel Willey; was assistant surgeon in the First Minnesota Regiment; was

promoted to brigade surgeon and served until 1863; was a special commissioner to investigate facts concerning the introduction of yellow fever into Newberne, N. C.; returned to St. Paul and resumed practice with his old partner; then transacted business with Dr. Davenport, but is now alone. He is an excellent physician of the allopathic school, and is very generally esteemed for the many fine traits of his character—a perfect gentleman.

THREE PER CENT. PER MONTH.

It was not an uncommon thing this year to find parties giving three and three and a half and in some cases five per cent. per month for the loan of money to carry them through, and a few gave a bonus on top of this exorbitant rate, making interest on money thus loaned, sixty and seventy per cent. per annum! We had nearly a dozen private banks, but they had become drained of their funds, and being so far removed from the money centers, cash commanded any rate of interest, and this interest piled up and finally buried the unfortunate victims under it! No one can appreciate the terrible condition of affairs in the city of ST. PAUL in the year 1857 but those who passed through it! Many a man walked the floor all night worrying where he could get money to pay his note in the morning, and some, losing all their accumulations of years of hard labor, turned to the flowing bowl and soon after passed off the stage of life forever.

DELOS A. MONFORT.

Mr. Monfort was born in New York in 1835; was well educated; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; was cashier of the old People's Bank; in 1865 was cashier of the Second National Bank, which position he ably filled for nearly twenty years, and after serving as vice-president he left for Europe and remained there one year. On returning to this city he again engaged in the fancy wholesale and retail grocery business, which he had started years before, and which he continued for a year or so, and then left for the Black Hills to engage in mining. He finally drifted back into the Second National Bank, where he assumed his old position as cashier and in his old familiar way. For the past fifteen years he has been the eminent commander of Damascus Commandery of Knights Templars of ST. PAUL; has also been

Grand Commander of the State. He married Miss Mary J., sister of Erastus S. Edgerton, in 1860, who is a lady very much esteemed for her sunny nature and excellent qualities as a woman and a wife. Mr. Monfort himself is a well-formed man, of ordinary size, straight, always well dressed, and having the appearance of a gentleman of money and of leisure. It is not generally known, but he has one of the finest libraries in the State and is a great lover of literature although his business calls him among money bags and bank bills. He usually wears a silk hat and carries a cane; is quick in his motions, prompt, decided, pleasant, and probably understands the banking business as well as any man in the State, and he ought to for he is the pupil of that prudent and splendid financier, Erastus S. Edgerton, under whose management the Second National Bank has obtained its present excellent reputation.

RUSSELL C. MUNGER.

A somewhat peculiar man is Mr. Munger, that is, he is different from ordinary men in his general make-up; and yet he is a gentleman of good business qualities, of fine musical abilities, and has been, and among musicians especially is now, public-spirited. He is a self-made man and during the troublesome times of 1857 and later, he passed through severe financial revolutions and yet came out of them paying dollar for dollar. He has handled a great deal of money and has lost a great deal of money, and still he is pushing to the front with that indomitable energy which marks the man, and has already achieved financial success. He is a gentleman of good physical development, stands erect, throws his head backward while at the same time he moves it from side to side, talks strongly and in a confident tone; is full of animal life; fond of fun; can tell a good story, and among a crowd Mr. Munger looms up conspicuously. He ought to have entered the army for he has all the characteristics of an army officer, and this is as natural to him as breathing. He is exceedingly social in his nature, affable in his manners and very polite. He may justly be called the originator of instrumental music in this State, for it was the Munger Brothers who, as the Old Gents' band, inaugurated a new era in our musical affairs and started into existence our first military music.

Mr. Munger was born in Madison, Conn., in 1837; removed to New Haven in 1848; remained there until 1856, during which time he received his education, and soon after started west, stopping at Iowa City, where he continued one year in the grain and commission business, and in 1857 came to ST. PAUL; played for Sallie St. Clair in the old Market hall with his two brothers, the aggregate wages for the time being \$45 per week; then engaged for about one year in shipping produce to St. Louis, especially potatoes, and in 1858 he and his brother bought out a man by the name of Mortimer and started a music store in what was known as Concert Hall block, where they gathered about them the best musical element of the city. The brothers soon began dealing in pianos and made a good deal of money. They ran fourteen years through some of the severest financial times we ever had in the West and then sold out.

The Old Gents' band finally merged into the Pioneer Guard band, and then came the Great Western band, of which Mr. Munger was one of the originators, and for seven years was its leader. His natural active temperament induced him to unite with others in originating and building the opera house, and he was manager of the same for several years. Then he became interested in and built a grain elevator at Duluth, costing a good deal of money. The elevator burned down in 1880. In 1878 he resumed his old music business while his brother Roger made Duluth his home, and from that time to this he has been engaged in his old profession. He organized the first base ball-club in the State and ran it for a year on twelve dollars, and ran it well too at that. All Mr. Munger's acts demonstrate that he is a public-spirited man, a good citizen and a general promoter of the city's best interests.

HENRY P. UPHAM.

A comparatively young man with a boyish look, Mr. Upham is the personification of business. He is tall, has no whiskers but a mustache, is quiet, yet moves rapidly from place to place, and has a sort of reserved power which indicates the character of the man. He is a strong business manipulator without the rant—a locomotive without the noise—a motive power with a steady push. His career from a bank clerk to a bank president, has been a peculiar one, but marked by that remarkable trait of

character—steadiness of purpose—which is the predominant element of his nature. Modest and retiring he moves more especially in the business circle, and yet he loves out-door sports and delights in rambling among the archives of the past. He is at the head of an immense monetary institution and guides the helm with a master's hand, showing not only experience but rare good judgment. A highly respectable and valuable citizen is Henry P. Upham.

He was born in Massachusetts in 1837 and is a descendant from the English; was educated at the common school, and when a mere lad in the year 1854, he became a clerk in the Tolland County Bank, Massachusetts, where he remained two years, and in 1857 came to St. PAUL; formed a partnership with C. W. Griggs in the lumber business, on the upper levee; dissolved soon after and bought a saw mill on the West Side, at the end of the bridge, and ran it five years; in 1863 entered the employ of the Thompson Brothers, bankers, as a general clerk; in 1864 became teller in the bank, which position he held for three years; then purchased a flouring mill at Chaska and ran it two months; became assistant cashier of the First National Bank in 1869, and held this office for two years; then, with others organized and started the City Bank, Gen. Sibley, president, Upham, cashier, which continued in business up to 1873, when the bank consolidated with the First National, and he took the position of cashier; in 1880 he was elected president, and has continued as such up to the present time. Mr. Upham has held no political offices but has given his whole life to business. He has accumulated some money but it has been more from the sale of real estate than the bank, especially from broad acres, he at one time owning 100,000 acres of land in Minnesota, and of course the rise on this land has made him well off. He never dealt to any extent in city property, and his movements have all been quiet and unostentatious. He is an active member of the Historical Society, and is very fond of poring over the musty pages of the long-forgotten past. His principal amusement is hunting, which he enjoys keenly.

THE WAVE BREAKS—HARD TIMES.

Just in the midst of this roaring, seething, foaming, tossing real estate sea, in 1857, all of a sudden, like lightning from a

clear sky, a great financial wave broke over the country and down went almost everybody, especially those who had dealt extensively in real estate. They became land-poor, and many have not recovered from the shock of that time up to to-day. The primary cause of this disaster was the failure of the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company of New York, which occurred on the 24th of August, 1857, but even without this failure a great revulsion must necessarily have come to the dealers in real estate in our midst, but that event only hastened the end.

In the latter part of this year there were several private banks in existence with only a little money in each, the financial hurricane having struck everything. Among these were Borup & Oakes, Mackubin & Edgerton, the Messrs. Knox, Ira Bidwell, Tom Daily, and I think Pease, Chalfant & Co., and perhaps Parker Paiñe. Nearly all the currency in the country "had gone where the woodbine twineth," and the stringency in the money market was very severe. Exchange on the East was ten per cent.; no bills were in circulation, for there were none, and as fast as any specie came upon the market it was seized and hoarded up. People then began to exchange one commodity for another, land (the staple article,) groceries, lumber, boots, shoes and merchandise generally, until there were no more commodities to exchange, and then the merchants held meetings to devise some measures for relief—a stay law, a general banking system; the issue of city and county bonds were all suggested, and finally a batch of "denominational scrip" was put into circulation by the authorities and kept there for several years. This tided over to the next season when more doubtful expedients were resorted to under the \$5,000,000 loan bill which passed in 1858, to supply a much needed want, that is, some definite, substantial, safe banking system, in which the people could have unbounded confidence, but that experiment, like all others, failed. The people had learned a valuable lesson; they found out that it required something more than speculations in real estate to make a prosperous city, so they turned their attention to the cultivation of the soil.

E. F. WARNER.

Mr. Warner is a gentleman of quiet characteristics and yet a man of excellent business qualities. I remember him twenty-

eight years ago as the manager of the Northwestern Express Company, and here he was master of the situation conducting his affairs in a prompt and highly creditable manner. He is a man of ordinary size, well-proportioned physically, prompt yet cool and decided, never frustrated and managing his affairs in his own peculiar, prudent way. He was born in New York in 1836; was educated at the common schools and also at the Genesee Wesleyan College, and came to ST. PAUL in 1857; was employed by J. C. Burbank as manager of the Northwestern Express Company and made his run the first winter from ST. PAUL to Prairie du Chien, embracing nearly 50,000 miles in the aggregated various trips he made. When the American Express Company secured the territory south of ST. PAUL, Mr. Warner entered into its services and finally became superintendent of the division, controlling 223 offices, 36 messengers and 291 employes. He came into the field when dog trains, Red river carts, stages and steamboats were the channels of communication from one place to another, but now these are all ignored and the fastest trains are employed to rush express packages from one place to another. He has had some twenty-five years of express experience, and if any man can take packages safely through into another world, Warner can do it, although just now he is engaged in another business, and has no inclination to explore the unknown.

Mr. Warner informs me that during the war Gen. Fremont made a requisition on Gen. Pope, then stationed in this city, for \$3,000,000, and the funds were forwarded to him by express, charges \$1,700. During the time Mr. Warner was manager of the Northwestern Express Company not a package was lost. Some money was missed but recovered.

He resigned his position as manager in 1882 and the same year commenced dealing in furs, which he continued to do for twelve months, and in 1883 entered largely into the lumbering trade which he now carries on quite extensively. He also commenced the buying of buffalo bones on the prairie, and shipped East last year one hundred car loads or 1,500,000 pounds, to be used as a fertilizer. Buffalo horns are not marketable now, as celluloid takes their place. At one time Mr. Warner was the manager of the Rock County Farming Company, which owned 23,000 acres.

He is very fond of hunting and has been the president of the sportsmen's club, and has also been quite active in securing laws to protect game, holding to the theory that if people come here and find good hunting they will also invest in our real estate. He is a well-preserved man, pleasant in his ways, moderate in his movements and conservative and closely devoted to business.

GEORGE SEIBERT.

Professor Seibert was born in Germany in 1836; received a good common-school education and emigrated to America in 1849, landing at New York and remained there six years, during which time he was in a grocery store and commenced the study of music, and he is indebted to his brother-in-law, Frank Danz, for his first musical lessons. He soon after became connected with a roving musical combination or circus, as one of the musicians and traveled quite extensively when the combination broke up, and in 1855 he removed to Chicago, where he remained two years giving his time exclusively to playing in the Light Guard band, studying music, etc. He came to ST. PAUL in 1857 and opened a cigar and fruit store in a little building which stood on the corner of Fifth and Jackson streets, and here he paid seventeen dollars per month rent. He continued in this kind of business for four years when he made up his mind that he would drop peanuts and candy and cigars and ginger snaps and go back to his favorite profession of music, so he sold out and commenced to teach bands of music how to get harmony from their brass instruments, and he succeeded admirably. From that time, 1860, up to the present, he has been engaged in music; has been the leader of the Great Western band since 1853 and leader of Seibert's orchestra an equal number of years; was leader of the musical society for twelve years, of which the late Charles Scheffer was a prominent member; was treasurer of the same sixteen years; has played in various bands for twenty-six years, thus placing him away up on the top round of the ladder in the musical world. Some four years ago the Professor was thrown from a carriage and had his leg injured, which causes him to walk a little lame, and then for a year or two his health failed him, so that he was obliged to give up a good deal of his favorite work, but he is all right again now.

Mr. Seibert is not a large man, nor is he a small one, but he is a man who has done an enormous amount of labor in the musical world; has fought against adverse circumstances and has conquered. He is very quiet in his ways; rather retiring in his disposition, but is always prompt in his musical career and unceasing in his efforts to group together and hold the many musical elements at his command. He has brought up an excellent family of children, and is himself a man against whom no evil word can be spoken; an honest, honorable, worthy citizen; a first-class musician, whose constant efforts have done much to advance the musical tastes of our citizens.

A. H. LINDEKE.

Mr. Lindeke was born in Germany in 1844; emigrated to America in 1856, locating in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and came to ST. PAUL in 1857; was employed in the store of N. W. Kittson in 1859 as bundle boy, and remained with Mr. Kittson's partner until 1867; then was engaged by Cathcart & Co. about one year, when he started in business for himself, having two partners; in 1872 he purchased his partners' interest and his brother became associated with him, the firm being A. H. Lindeke & Bro. This establishment was carried on as a retail store until 1881; in 1878 the firm of Lindekes, Warner & Schurmeier was formed and soon took rank as among the first wholesale dry-goods stores in the State, and is still in existence. It does a business of \$3,000,000 per year. Mr. Lindeke has never held any political offices but at present occupies the position of vice-president of the Jobbers' Union.

He is a fine-looking man just in the prime of life, with black hair and whiskers, and a good complexion. He is polite in his bearings, social, always the gentleman, and is one of the best posted dry-goods men in the Northwest. He has had a remarkable career, climbing up from a bundle boy by the force of his own exertions to that of an important member of a great firm, and he deserves everything he has and a great deal more. As a man he is cool, honest, honorable, anxious to do right; as a citizen there is none better; as a business man he ranks high; as a companion he is genial and pleasant; as a gentleman he has no superior.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

Mr. Johnston was born in Orange County, New York, in 1833, and is a descendant of three nationalities; received an academic education and when nineteen years old entered as a clerk in a mercantile house. On the death of his grandfather he received quite a liberal sum of money; visited Minnesota in 1853; returned East; again came to Minnesota in 1856 and located at a place called Okaman, Waseca County, where, in company with his father-in-law he invested in a townsite and built a flouring mill. He then started a paper at Wilton, the county seat of Waseca, and called it the *Home News*; ran it about one year, then removed to Faribault and issued a paper called the *Northern Statesman*; ran that two years, when he removed to ST. PAUL in 1857 and worked in the office of the *Pioneer*. In 1866 he started the *Hastings Union*, and continued that three years, still engaging in his profession as a printer. At one time he was local editor on the old *Pioneer*, then on the *Press*, then on the *Pioneer Press*, the *Dispatch* and the *Globe*. He was register of deeds in 1876-7, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in 1875, and was an elector on the Douglas Democratic ticket in 1859.

Mr. Johnston is a gentleman of medium size, very pleasant in his manner, social in his nature, and an excellent writer, but for years past he has trod the thorny path of the reporter's life. He is like many others, in a certain groove out of which it is hard to deviate, and yet he is a man of fine abilities, kind-hearted, amiable and generous in his nature. He is a strong Democrat and has always been so, and is deserving of a comfortable office at the hands of the party.

JAMES J. EGAN.

Mr. Egan was born in Ireland in 1842; emigrated to America with his parents in 1848; was educated in the public schools of New York city; came to ST. PAUL in 1857, at the age of fifteen years; went on to a farm in Sibley County with his parents; drove an ox team for two hours, when he dropped farming and started for the city to hunt up a job; became the office-boy of Jacob Mainzer, who was a real estate agent on upper Third street, and from thence entered the drug store of J. W. Bond; remained with him two years; then went East for an education, and at the end of

three years graduated at the Wisconsin college; studied law with I. V. D. Heard; enlisted as a private in the so-called Eighth Irish Regiment; on the out-break of the Indians went to the front voluntarily, discarding his enlistment in the Eighth Regiment; became Second Lieutenant in Joe Walker's cavalry company; went to Fort Ridgely with Gen. Sibley; company disbanded at the fort; enlisted in Joe Anderson's cavalry company; was ordered out as an escorting party to Red Wood agency; encamped under the direction of Joe Brown at Birch Coolie; engaged in the fight at that place; returned to Fort Ridgely sick and disabled and soon after came to ST. PAUL; entered the office of Van Etten & Officer; worked for Col. Cleary, Quartermaster of Gen. Pope; entered the employ of Capt. Saunders, Quartermaster, at \$100 per month, office hours from 9 to 3 P. M., a big bonanza, having previously received about \$20 per month; was clerk for Averill when Provost Marshal; Gen. Averill tendered him the position of First Lieutenant in a Minnesota battery; he accepted the position and went to Chattanooga; became Adjutant of the regiment and Adjutant of the post; was mustered out at the close of the war, having performed honorable service; studied law at Ann Arbor; returned to ST. PAUL in 1865; entered Smith & Gilman's office; acted at one time as secretary of the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad Company; was nominated for Judge of Probate in 1867, beaten; elected to the Legislature in 1868; removed to Duluth in 1869; was City and County Attorney of St. Louis County; was elected member of the Legislature of St. Louis County in 1875; had charge of harbor litigation in 1876; came to ST. PAUL in 1877; ran for County Attorney in 1878, beaten; ran again in 1880, elected, and has held the office ever since; was a delegate from Minnesota to the National Convention in 1871 which nominated Greeley, and voted for him; visited Washington in 1871; saw Sumner, Trumbull, Matt Carpenter, Conkling, Saulsbury, Tipton, Schurz and others, including Edmunds, and daily attended the debates immediately previous to the Greeley campaign; visited J. Cooke and made his acquaintance when in the full vigor of his power, and, for a young man, Egan has been over a good deal of ground and seen a great deal of life. He is just in the prime of life, and ought to reach a much higher position.

PERSONAL.

Judge Egan is an ordinary-sized man, partially bald, light complexion, the possessor of a round, well-developed head, with an exceedingly polite manner, and always has a merry twinkle in his eye. He has a pair of hinges in his back and can swing himself into the good graces of almost anybody. Probably he fell into this habit when quite young, running for office, and has kept it up ever since. He is an excellent judge of human nature and can get round a corner as easy "as greased lightning." He is a good lawyer and a good speaker, and as County Attorney has given very general satisfaction. He has also good judgment and good discrimination, and while performing his duty has a kind heart. I knew Mr. Egan when a little kid in Bond's drug store, away back in 1857 or 1858, some twenty-eight years ago, and have watched his career with interest from that day to this. The facts of his life simply demonstrate that he is a self-made man, and whatever prominence he has attained it has been by his own inherent will-power and industry. He is very social in his nature, polite to everybody; accomplishes a good deal of work and what he does he does well. Very few young men have a better record, and very few young men have a better prospective future.

JOHN PATTERSON.

Mr. Patterson was born in Vermont in 1830; was educated in his native State, and worked on a farm for ten years; in 1850 was Deputy Sheriff of Clinton County, New York; came to ST. PAUL in 1856; engaged in cutting wood, and cut two cords per day for two years; in 1858 was on the police force and continued there for five years; was a special detective two years; was a member of the Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company and fireman five years; was Deputy Sheriff two years under Grace, and aided very materially in arresting eight prisoners who escaped from jail; has caught some seventeen horse thieves and was eleven days in pursuing one man; arrested fifteen burglars beside the seventeen horse thieves alluded to, and has done a great deal of detective work. He was a member of the board of health as health officer in 1872, under Dr. Potts, when there were a number of cases of small-pox, and continued health officer

eight years. He helped plant the trees in Rice Park, and hauled 180 loads of sand to make mortar for the City Hall. He is at present not rich and doing nothing. Mr. Patterson is a somewhat tall man and has the appearance of a person in delicate health. He is very quiet in his demeanor, and the fact that he has made no money is pretty good evidence that he has not robbed the public treasury or any body else.

EIGHTH SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE—THE CAPITAL REMOVAL BILL.

The Legislature met for the eighth time this year, as it had in one or two years previously, in the old Capitol building. It was the most exciting session I ever saw in Minnesota, growing out of the attempt of certain parties to move the Capital to St. Peter. It was also the first State Legislature. It should be remembered that Congress did not locate the Capital permanently at ST. PAUL, but permitted the Legislature to meet here and then gave it power to locate the Capital where it pleased, and inasmuch as it had never done so up to 1857, or at least so it was claimed, Governor Gorman and others conceived the idea of putting it on wheels and running it to St. Peter—then a small town on the Minnesota river—and as a truthful historian I must say they came very near effecting their ends. The removal bill was introduced into the Senate by W. D. Lowry, of St. Cloud, on the 6th of February, 1857, and it passed that body on the 12th—ayes 8, nays 7. It went through the House on the 18th. On the 27th the original bill and enrolled copy were placed in the hands of Jo Rolette, chairman of the committee on enrolled bills, and after comparing the two it was his duty to report them back to the Senate. The first intimation to the advocates of the measure that something was wrong, was the fact that on the 28th of February Rolette was not in his seat. St. A. D. Balcombe, a member from Winona, suspicious that something might be wrong, introduced resolutions calling on Rolette to report the bill at once, and in case he failed to do so that the next member of the committee be ordered to procure another enrolled copy of the bill and report. This action brought the opponents of the bill to their feet, and when Balcombe moved the previous question on his resolution, Mr. Setzer made a call of the house and the two conflicting parties locked horns in the fight. Balcombe moved

that the call be dispensed with, and the vote on this motion was yeas 9, nays 5. John B. Brisbin, president of the Senate, declared that the motion was lost on the ground of the want of a two-thirds vote, but Balcombe insisted that nine was two-thirds of fourteen, but Brisbin declared that the motion was not carried, so the bill was considered under a call of the house, and the sergeant-at-arms, John M. Lamb, was ordered to proceed forthwith and bring in the body of the absent Rolette; and every morning as Lamb made his report, Setzer, in his bull-dog way, would reprimand him for not doing his duty faithfully, at the same time giving a sly wink to his friends, as he was opposed to the removal bill. It seems that Rolette put the missing bill into his pocket, more for fun at first than anything else, vacated his seat, repaired to the old Fuller House or International Hotel, which stood on the corner of Seventh and Jackson streets (since burned down,) and occupying a room in the upper part of the hotel, mingled with his friends at night amid the jingle of glasses, and heard from them the anathemas heaped upon his devoted head, while the bill itself reposed quietly in the bank vault of Truman M. Smith. During the day he was dressed in one of the garments of the chamber-maid, and had the full freedom of the house. But the friends of the measure were not idle. They procured another bill, passed it, had it enrolled, but neither the president of the Senate nor speaker of the House would sign it, but Governor Gorman did, and it was printed among the laws. In the meantime the St. Peter Company, after the adjournment of the Legislature, went ahead and erected a building in St. Peter to accommodate the Territorial officers and the Legislature, and then applied to Judge Nelson of the Supreme Court for a mandamus to compel the officers to go to St. Peter, but Judge Nelson filed an opinion, concluding as follows:

“We are of the opinion, therefore, that there has been no law passed by the Legislative power of the Territory removing the Capital from ST. PAUL to St. Peter. The application for a mandamus is therefore refused.”

And “this mouse, thus found floating in the air, was then happily nipped in the bud.” While under a call of the Senate, during which time the sergeant-at-arms of that body was looking for Rolette, bedding and meals were brought into the Senate chamber, and the members continued in an uninterrupted session

for five days and five nights, when, just at the moment the gavel of the presiding officer fell upon the desk and he announced the Senate adjourned, in stalked Rolette announcing that the bill had been duly enrolled, at the same time heartily laughing and poking fun over the good joke he had played upon the members!

REWARDED.

After the affair was all over the opponents of the bill repaired to the Fuller House, called out Rolette and escorted him through the streets, everybody following, and the night was made gorgeous with noise and fun. Then a purse of money of about \$3,000 was made up and given to Rolette, and Lamb also received a handsome present. Thus ended the greatest Legislative struggle ever known in this State.

CELERY VS. SALARY.

One of the old settlers was particularly impressed with a bunch of celery, which made its appearance in ST. PAUL for the first time some thirty years ago. "Yes," he remarked, "I love celery and I love salary. Both are hard to get." "Well, what is the difference between the two?" asked another old settler who never heard of this delicious esculent and supposed of course they both meant the same. "Well," said the first old codger, as he pushed the aromatic plant into his mouth, "well, the difference is just this: Celery you have to bank before you get it, and salary you have to get before you can bank it." The second old settler dropped his pipe, looked into vacancy, hesitated a moment, and then deliberately exclaimed—"Well, it beats all creation that I never thought of that!"

RICHARD W. JOHNSON—FROM LIEUTENANT TO MAJOR GENERAL.

A large, military-looking man, with gray whiskers and gray hair, with a portly appearance and an energetic movement, affable in his bearing yet positive in his opinions, Gen. Johnson exemplifies the man in the character of the soldier. His stirring nature, his brusque, off-hand greetings, his quick comprehension, his business activity, his physique, backed by a fountain of good nature, mark him as a man of power, and one noting his elastic step on the street would take him to be a much younger man than he really is, for the vigor of strong manhood still holds sway

over the veteran General. Born in Kentucky in 1827, he has the tempered chivalry of the South while at the same time he has the hot blood of the Kentuckian who is ever ready to resent what he deems an insult. After a good education he was appointed to West Point from his native State, and was graduated in 1849; was at once elevated to brevet Second Lieutenant and assigned to the Sixth Infantry and ordered to report to the commanding officer, Col. G. Loomis, at Fort Snelling, October 4, 1849. In 1850 he married Miss Rachel E. Steele, the sister of the late Mrs. H. H. Sibley and of Franklin Steele. In the fall of 1850 he was promoted to the First Infantry and joined that regiment in Texas. Soon after he became connected with the First Infantry he was appointed Adjutant of his regiment and served in that capacity until 1855, when he was made First Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of cavalry. On joining that regiment he was appointed Regimental Quartermaster which position he held until promoted to Captain, December 1, 1856. As Captain of cavalry he was occupied up to 1861 in campaigns against the Indians in Texas and had many combats with them. When the secession movement took place he was in Texas and was surrendered by Gen. Twiggs in common with all the troops stationed in that State, but he succeeded in getting North with his company without being paroled and took up his quarters at Carlisle barracks, Pennsylvania, where, after remounting his command he became connected with Gen. Patterson's column at Chambersburg, and participated in the campaign under him, being engaged in the battle of Falling Water. In 1861 he obtained a leave of absence to enable him to accept the position of Lieutenant Colonel of the First Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, but before the regiment was formed he was appointed Brigadier General of volunteers and assigned to duty with Gen. Anderson as a Brigade Commander. He remained with that army participating in the battles of Stone River, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, New Hope Church, the Atlanta campaign, etc. At New Hope Church he was wounded by a twelve-pound shell, having several ribs broken and deranging the natural fastenings of the liver, which adhered improperly, leaving him unfit for active duty. In this condition he was appointed Chief of Cavalry on the staff of Gen. Sherman and ordered to take post in Nashville. When Sherman started

for the sea and Thomas reached Nashville, Gen. Johnson reported to him and was assigned to the command of a division of cavalry which he commanded in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. When Hood's army was driven from Tennessee Gen. Johnson was assigned to the command of the district of Tennessee, and remained in command of the same until the war was ended and he was mustered out of the volunteer service. He served as Provost Marshal General of the division of the Mississippi, and afterward of the department of the Cumberland. When the Provost Marshal's department was no longer required Gen. Thomas continued him on his staff as Judge Advocate. In 1867, being unable to perform field duty, he was at his own request placed on the retired list with the rank commensurate with the command he was exercising at the time he was wounded.

“For gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Chickamauga” he was breveted Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel for Chattanooga, Brigadier General for Nashville, Major General for services during the war, and Major General of volunteers for “gallant and meritorious service in the battles before Nashville, Tenn.”

While Gen. Johnson is a strong Democrat and has taken an active part in the welfare of the party, speaking and writing in its defense, yet he has held only one civil office, and that was County Commissioner in 1878. He was a candidate for Governor in 1881, and made a canvass of the State, speaking effectively in defense of the principles of his party, but the overwhelming majority of the opposition defeated him. In 1868 he was military professor in the State University, and then removed permanently to ST. PAUL to live, although, like Gen. Sibley, he has been identified with the city's interest for over a quarter of a century, and very properly comes in as an old settler in 1857.

In 1870 he was a partner in the real estate business with Col. D. A. Robertson in this city; a few years later he left the firm and is now in business for himself. He has been an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, and at one time was president; is a useful member of the Historical Society and a prominent member of Hope Church.

Gen. Johnson is a good writer and a good speaker. His life of Gen. Thomas, a large and beautifully-printed volume, will receive greater recognition in years to come than in the day in

which it was written. It is a valuable work, because it is the accumulation of facts passing under the personal recollection of the author, and its style is clear, interesting, flowing and historical. It was written in 1880.

The General has been a very active, prominent, useful member of society, and still is. His energy is one of his predominate elements—push, go, accomplish, do something seems to be the inward spirit which moves the man. He is social, genial, pleasant, accommodating, and yet everything revolves around that one word—busy—and thus he is constantly filling up the measure of his usefulness and mellowing out a serene and happy old age with generous acts of kindness.

WILLIAM J. CULLEN.

Maj. Cullen was a somewhat remarkable and eccentric man. Large, energetic, full of fun and business, he filled an important niche in the early history of our city, and has left behind him three sons, two of whom now reside in our midst. He was a man of great force of character, self-reliant, original, positive, persuasive, ambitious, and he moved about more like a young elephant than an ordinary man. He had great courage, and was a good judge of human nature, hence he usually carried his measures. He was open, frank and pleasant in his manners; always ready to tell a story and a good one; had a large amount of sociability in his nature, and was generally liked by his fellow-men. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1819; was of Scotch descent, and left an orphan at the age of nine years, and after a slight common school education was put out as an apprentice to the blacksmithing business in Midland County, Pa., where he perfected his trade. He then traveled with a man who owned some fine race horses, and did the shoeing; moved to Lounsville County, Ohio, where he studied and practiced law, and where he married Miss Susan M. O'Hara in 1837; then he removed to Mansfield, where he continued the practice of the law and hotel-keeping. He was admitted to practice at the bar in Ohio and in Indiana, and made a good jury lawyer. He removed to Sunbury and was connected with the Northwestern Stage Company and dipped into all sorts of speculation, invention, etc. Emigrated to Indiana in 1850, and here he became superintendent of a stage company and also

kept a hotel. He was elected to the Legislature of Indiana and by his vote sent to the United States Senate Jesse D. Bright and Fitch, and for this service he was appointed superintendent of Indian affairs for the Territory of Minnesota, although he desired to be Surveyor General of Indiana; came to SAINT PAUL in 1857, and by his conciliatory and careful management prevented an Indian outbreak at Spirit Lake. When the Indian war broke out in this State in 1861 he raised the first company to go in defense of the frontier and was elected Captain, and when further along the militia was organized he was appointed Colonel. He ran for Congress, but was beaten by Donnelly.

When Gen. Gorman assumed command of the first regiment that was raised for the war, Maj. Cullen formally presented his militia sword and uniform to that gallant officer at the Capitol in this city, and after Gorman had put on the Major's coat and was just buckling on the sword, his horse became frightened and ran away with the hero on him, and the animal did not stop until half way to Lake Como. It has always been supposed that the horse became insulted at the military coat of a militia Colonel representing an army of two white men and a few half-breeds away off on the frontier. Certainly that was a knowing horse.

Maj. Cullen subsequently went to Montana and became interested in a gold mine, and when the Methodists had the power, or rather the say-so as to the appointments of agents, he was selected as superintendent of Indian affairs; and when the Quakers had the direction of matters he was appointed peace commissioner, special agent and superintendent of Indian affairs. He was at one time part owner of the Metropolitan hotel, and in many respects was a public-spirited citizen. I have a kindly memory for the Major, with his jolly face, rotund body and hearty laugh—now gone forever—for though a little crude and not polished as a scholar, yet he was a man of strong natural abilities and possessed many fine traits of character.

THOMAS JEFFERSON BARNEY.

A large, vigorous, healthy man is Capt. Barney. Though rising seventy years, yet he is as supple as a boy and enjoys the best of health, and still for the past ten years he has eaten no meat, has never tasted liquor of any kind or smoked a cigar or

chewed tobacco. In this respect he is the most perfect man in this State. He takes his milk and oatmeal daily, claiming that it is easily digested, and as oats give muscle and endurance to the horse, so, he says, oatmeal gives power to the man. He certainly presents an excellent specimen of both his theory and his practice. He was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1808; received but a slight education, and at the age of twelve years commenced to learn the trade of tanner with Jasen Fairbanks, where he remained until he was twenty-one years old, and during which time he never drank any tea or coffee, or spirituous liquors of any kind; was at one time special mail agent in Ohio; worked at his trade in various parts of Ohio and for his old boss about eight years; was with his brother several years in Ohio, then went to Wheeling, Virginia, and ran a flat boat for three years; was steamboat mate for two years; captain some ten years; built about sixty miles of the Steubenville, Ohio, railroad in 1854-5-6; came to ST. PAUL in 1857, and engaged in the grocery, wheat and pork business; traded and bartered. He has been a member of the Chamber of Commerce eight years, and for several years vice-president; was a useful and valuable member of the County Commissioners in 1872-3, and was for a time a member of the Board of Public Works. At one period he was in the pork business with Marshal Miller.

Capt. Barney owns considerable property in the city, among which is Barney's block on Seventh street, and he is estimated to be worth \$100,000. He is an open, frank, honest man, and is descended from one of the finest families in Ohio; has always led an active and temperate life, and is one of our most solid citizens. It is needless to say that he is an old Jeffersonian Democrat, having been named after Thomas Jefferson.

FIRST STATE ELECTION—CHARLES HAGGENMILLER.

Although Minnesota was not admitted as a State until 1857-8, yet the first State election was held in October of 1857, and Gen. Sibley was chosen Governor. The first State District Judge was E. C. Palmer; first Probate Judge of Ramsey County, Rev. John Penman; first Treasurer, Robert A. Smith; first Register of Deeds, Edward Heenan. Of course all these officers "felt big," because they were inside the boundary of a State, for it was a great honor to live in a State then.

“Charlie” Haggenmiller is well and very favorably known to the old settlers, although his familiar face is now missed in our midst, not that he is dead, but we don’t catch a glimpse of his smiling face in business as formerly, and yet he is well remembered by the “boys” of 1857. He opened his eyes in Germany for the first time in 1829, and after receiving a common school education landed on our shores in 1854 and engaged in the nursery business in Detroit one year; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; made a claim in Hennepin County, but sold out; returned to ST. PAUL and engaged in the general liquor business; then kept a saloon, and now has dropped out of view. Mr. Haggenmiller is a man of medium size, social, pleasant and magnetic, and draws about him a host of friends.

MEETING OF FIRST STATE LEGISLATURE—FIRE MACHINES ORDERED.

The meeting of the first State Legislature was held in the old Capitol building on Dec. 2, 1857. There was a general feeling of congratulation over the admission of the State, and active measures were taken to put the machinery in good working order.

The Council ordered this year two engines, and in view of this fact Hope Engine No. 1 and Minnehaha Company No. 2 were organized. The boys were greatly pleased over the prospects of two genuine fire steamers.

WILLIAM CROOKS.

There is but one original Col. William Crooks; all the rest are imitations. His stately walk, his dignified bearing, his soldierly appearance, his sharp, incisive words, his decided character, his marked personality, his individuality, his curt, crisp, pungent sentences, his familiar ways, are peculiarities which belong exclusively to Col. Crooks, and any one who attempts to imitate him will make a failure. In the ordinary run of life there is a sameness; the trees are similar, the leaves resemble each other, the rocks have the same appearance, and yet a bold peak attracts universal attention and rivets the eye by its peculiar sharp points and ruggedness. So with Col. Crooks; he is no sycophant, but a natural leader, with clear-cut traits of character; a man of self-reliance; bold, frank, decided, quick of com-

prehension, apparently bluff, yet kind-hearted, generous and just. He is a well-rounded-out man in the prime of life, and treads the earth like one who has a warranty deed to the ground he walks on. His movements are stately, while his conversation is easy and flowing, and this, coupled to a pleasing address and a fine physical development, mark the Colonel as a man of will-power, backed by good judgment to execute any plan he may wish to accomplish. His especial life work should have been a Major General in the army, for his military knowledge and executive abilities would have given him a pre-eminent position, and yet as a civilian and a politician he grasps the situation with a master's hand. "No, sir; by ——, sir, that must be done!" illustrates the man, and still he is not dogmatical or over-bearing or unreasonable, but when the matter is once settled then comes the execution—prompt, decisive, sharp, quick. "Not a bit of it, sir; not a bit of it; he is the element of discord, and by ——, sir, he must go!" and if the Colonel is around about that time he does go. And yet with all this apparent severity of temper very few men are more social in their nature or who have a larger stream of keen humor and of genuine fun in their composition than has Col. Crooks.

"TAKE A DRINK, SIR!"

Gen. Sibley was gathering his men and supplies at Camp Pope in the year 1862, preparatory to starting out on his Indian expedition, and Col. Crooks had just arrived to take command of the post. The Quartermaster of the expedition had accompanied the Colonel, and matters were assuming a busy appearance. The writer was Commissary and Quartermaster at the camp, so placed in the latter position by Gen. Sibley, when the Quartermaster of the expedition, thinking, perhaps, that I was a little green (and I was,) ordered me to turn over all the articles in my possession into his hands. Not relishing the command I called on Col. Crooks then in charge of the camp, to learn from him what I should do, so finding him in his tent the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Colonel."

"Good morning, Captain."

"How do you find things, Colonel?"

"Fine camp, sir; fine camp."

“Colonel, I called to make some inquires about my duties in turning over my supplies.”

The Colonel was very busy sorting out his trunk and apparently not hearing me turned abruptly around and said:

“Take a drink, sir; take a drink; good Kentucky, sir; good liquor, sir. Take a drink!”

I was no drinking man; I could scarcely go under an apple tree without feeling a dizziness in my head, and what to do I didn't know. I hesitated. “Take a drink, sir,” came the command from my superior officer, which startled me into a consciousness of the fact that I might be arrested for disobedience of orders, and I obeyed the command. The Colonel still kept on rummaging in his trunk, passing an occasional remark, when I ventured to again say:

“Colonel! I—I—Colonel—I was—about—to say—Colonel—I—I—”

“Take another drink, sir,” came the stern, full voice of the Colonel.

Heavens! I thought, what shall I do! That last drink was playing hide-and-go-seek in my brain, and I could just see a dozen tents waltzing around in a dance! In a tremulous voice I began—“Colonel, I'er—I'er don't—drink—drink—much, and—”

“Take a drink, sir,” once again came the imperative voice, and to emphasize his command he turned and brought his hand and his forefinger down in front of me in such a mandatory manner that the hair stood up on the top of my head. I saw the guard house on one side and the tumbler on the other; I drank! My tongue got loose; I began to think I was as good as Col. Crooks or anybody else, so for a minute I poured my grievances into the Colonel's ear, and he, apparently without noticing me, coolly turned and said—“Let's take a walk,” and placing his arm kindly into mine, (a fortunate thing for me,) we passed the line of tents, occasionally remarking upon the character of the camp, when, just as we arrived in front of headquarters, there, standing in the door, was Capt. C., the Quartermaster. The Colonel came to a full halt, wheeled suddenly around, bringing me with him, and addressed the officer in the following emphatic terms:

"Sir, Capt. Newson is the Quartermaster of this post, sir, and when he turns over his stores it will be on an order from me, sir; by —, sir; understand that, sir."

And he did understand it, for he never troubled me again. We continued our walk a short distance, when the Colonel withdrew his arm from my own and in a short, quick, yet kindly tone, said—"Captain, cut off your hair—you look like a tramp; shave up; put on straps; be a soldier!"

Lest the reader should misapprehend the motives of Col. Crooks in commanding me to drink, I would say that at the time alluded to I was worn completely down by over-work, having nine clerks under me, and he knowing my nervous and depleted condition and also my aversion to liquor, had taken this method to administer a stimulant which I now believe had much to do in saving me from a fit of sickness. It was simply a dose of medicine. This little incident illustrates the sagacity and at the same time the bluff mode of a kind-hearted man.

"BE BRIEF, SIR!"

The Sixth Regiment was drawn up for dress parade. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the boys were in splendid trim, while the Colonel seemed to have an extra twinkle in his eye forshadowing some peculiar fun ahead. He appeared grandly in his military suit, and moved in front of his favorite regiment like an emperor. The men had come to a rest in order to listen to the morning prayer of the chaplain, when the Colonel roared out—"Be brief, sir!—make your prayer short, sir, by —, sir;" and a general twitter ran along the lines. Of course the prayer was soon finished, when the regiment went through the manual of arms, and then the Colonel gave the order—"Forward! march!"

Away went the boys in blue; over granite boulders, down the ravine, up the hill, across the plain, when the order came, sharp and shrill, "Double quick," and on they rushed, pell-mell, close to the Minnesota river's brink. "Halt! right about face!" Not a man flinched; every soldier knew his Colonel, and though the men did not comprehend what his plans were, yet each one was there to obey, for they all had implicit confidence in their commander; and there they stood while the Colonel compla-

cently cried out—"Right dress!" and then—"Forward! march!" and the regiment soon reached its quarters. In five minutes an order came to me from the Colonel to issue to his men ten gallons of whisky. "I can't do it, Colonel," I said, "as I am ordered by the powers at Washington not to issue so much whisky, except in cases of great emergency. "Fatigue duty, sir; by —, sir, my men were on the brink of the river, sir," and I thought I saw a grim smile creeping out from under the corners of the Colonel's eyes. The whisky was issued, for it was perfectly proper to do so in cases where men had performed fatigue duty, and this was a clear case. The Colonel chuckled to himself, while the boys enjoyed the joke "as one of Billy Crooks' best."

"THE LONG ROLL."

"Get up to-morrow at 3 o'clock and see the fun," said the Colonel, as he gave me a sly wink, "I'm going to beat the long roll." So I was up on time, and sure enough, just in the gray of the morning away went the drum, and of course it was a signal of danger—the Indians must have attacked the camp. The Colonel, mounted on his black charger, was immediately on hand, and as the drum continued to repeat its warning the troops came piling out of their tents in the most heterogeneous and comical manner. Half awake, frightened, partially dressed, no caps, no coats, guns but no ammunition, ammunition but no guns, bare feet, boots without stockings, stockings without boots, bulging eyes, disheveled hair, cartridges missing, scared faces, officers dumbfounded. "Fall into line!" came the order. "Regiment, double quick—march!" and away went this squad of rag-tag and bob-tails with the Colonel at the head, fully impressed with the belief that they were after the Indians, and a more laughable scene never met the vision of man. Of course it was dark and many tumbled down, while others thought they were rushing to sure death. When the poor devils were nearly exhausted and out of breath in running, the order came, "Halt! Right about face—march!" and the men came into camp in a very forlorn state. "Officers, examine the condition of your men and report any deficiency to headquarters," and the Colonel rode away to his tent laughing immoderately over the scare he had given the camp; but the last order was "the unkindest cut of all," for if

the various officers did their duties the men knew but few would escape the penalty of not being ready. Meeting the Colonel the next day I asked him why he had put the camp in such a terrible turmoil and he answered—"Discipline, sir; discipline. Soldiers must learn to be always ready; by — sir, discipline!" And I found on a subsequent occasion, when the long roll was beat, that the Colonel was right; the men were then ready, and that the lesson taught them was a good one.

THAT MULE!

Gen. Sibley was coming to Camp Pope and I was anxious to get him a place that might be decently termed "headquarters," and as there was no lumber to build with, I proposed to draw a house from about a mile off and plant it in the midst of the camp, and for this purpose I asked for a detail of 100 men, and putting the building on skids attached some twenty mules to it and away it went. Arriving near a little creek I found it necessary to employ four mules on each end in front of the building, and then, with the soldiers, put the whole force in motion, so that when the creek was reached the mules would jump it. When all was ready amidst a terrible yell away we went, but on reaching the creek a stubborn mule "paused on the brink of the Rubicon," and in that fatal pause the building ran over him and his body passed under the house and out of sight. Of course we all supposed he was crushed to atoms, when, judge of our surprise on opening the door there was the mule's head peeping up through the floor and shaking his long ears. Men were set to work to cut him out, supposing of course his legs were broken. and lo! when released he was as frisky as a deer, and amidst the plaudits of the crowd he was escorted to the camp by a drum and fife and a file of soldiers. On arriving there the incident was narrated to Col. Crooks, who, after contemplating the animal for a moment, burst forth in one of his peculiar expressions—"I'll make him a Major General, by —, sir; he deserves it." Then turning to the Commissary, he said—"Captain, issue him a gallon of whisky. Fatigue duty, sir; fatigue duty." And it is an historical fact that at the end of three days the mule had actually drank the whole gallon of whisky, and when last I saw him he was in the hey-day of his glory and of his fame.

Col. Crooks was born in New York city in 1832 and is the third son of the celebrated Ramsay Crooks, president of the American Fur Company; attended West Point Military Academy, and resigning, became assistant to John B. Jervis, the distinguished engineer; came to ST. PAUL in 1857 when 25 years old, and became the chief engineer of the ST. PAUL and Pacific Railroad, and was one of the earliest and most devoted men who helped carry this enterprise to completion in the dark and trying days which beset it. In honor of this the first locomotive engine which ever turned a wheel in Minnesota (1862) received his name. He carried on his profession for several years, when in 1862 he became Colonel of the Sixth Regiment, and was on the plains with Gen. Sibley and did effective labor in the field. His regiment was one of the finest in the State and was one of the best drilled. After he resigned in 1864, he became connected with Hon. Edmund Rice in starting what is now known as the River division of the Milwaukee road, and in its aid he went to Europe.

OFFICES.

Col. Crooks was a member of the House of Representatives during the sessions of 1875, 1876 and 1877, from the Twenty-third senatorial district of Ramsey County, and represented the same district in the Senate during the regular and extra sessions of 1881. Beyond the fact that he served one year as a member of the Board of Public Works of the city of ST. PAUL, the above are all the civil offices Col. Crooks has held, with the exception that he is now a member of the commission to locate the second State prison of this State. While a member of the two houses of the Legislature he made an exceedingly creditable record. His *bon homme* manner, his genial disposition, and his personal popularity, were largely instrumental in carrying a number of measures of great importance to the city and the people of the State. He was also an active and influential member of the River Convention, and was one of the originators of the measure.

The marked characteristics of Col. Crooks have been fully set forth in the beginning of this article, and in closing this brief sketch of his life I can only say that he has impressed me as a gentleman and as a man of power, as a warm-hearted, frank, social, genial, worthy citizen.

SCARCITY OF MONEY.

And then came the terribly hard times! With no money, no values, no property, no business, little or no emigration, no banks, or banks with empty vaults, no courage, no hope, notes due, mortgages foreclosed, men heavily in debt, land depreciated from fifty to seventy-five per cent., no trade, indeed with nothing to trade, no foundation to build on, no one can imagine the frightful condition of affairs in ST. PAUL in the latter part of the year 1857 but he who passed through it all, and he can scarcely realize the immense struggle he then made! Nine-tenths of all the old settlers who went down that year have never financially recovered, or if they have, it has been by a terrible effort or the fortunate rise in real estate, which, for many years they could not sell at any price. I do not attribute all this financial disaster to the speculation solely in real estate in and about our city, as other writers do, but the general depression throughout the United States coming at that particular time had much to do with the matter, and altogether made a financial hodge-podge of an otherwise prosperous city. But then it left healthy results. It taught the people prudence; it demonstrated the necessity for inherent development; it counseled caution in the treatment of real estate; it said in trumpet tones—"Build solid foundations;" it inspired a spirit of conservatism; it put curb-bits into the mouths of enthusiasts; it opened up a new avenue of thought and of business, and inaugurated a system of growth which to-day makes ST. PAUL the most solid city in the Northwest, and out of adversity came prosperity. The old gray-heads suffered—the young men of to-day reap the harvest.

CHAPTER XIX.

Incidents and Biographies with but little or no Data.

I find it utterly impossible to obtain complete data of all the old settlers in time for my first edition, so I content myself with a few glittering rays of light thrown upon those whose memories still linger in the days of "auld lang syne," hoping that in my second edition I shall be able to give full and complete histories of all whose records at present are unavailable or who have been overlooked. Some old settlers whose data is complete did not reach me until most of my book had been printed, and hence I am obliged to put them in this chapter.

EARLY MISSIONARY LABORS.

The stage had arrived at Reed's Landing in the year 1853. The passengers were cold and hungry. The country way-side dining-house was illy supplied with provisions, but on the table were bread, butter, and a plate of eggs, one for each customer. Down sat the guests, when a young man seized the dish of eggs and turned them all on to his own plate and commenced eating. Directly opposite to him sat a young minister, who, not seeing anything to devour, watched his friend and the eggs until he could stand it no longer, when he reached over and in a meek voice inquired — "Where are you from, sir?" "ST. PAUL," was the reply. "That's enough," said the minister, "I'm going there to preach the gospel; to do missionary work."

Dr. WILLIAM H. MILLER was a character in the day in which he lived. He was born in Prussia in 1811; came to ST. PAUL in 1854 and opened a small drug store on upper Third street, nearly opposite the old American House, and then moved to the corner of Third and Exchange streets. The doctor was

somewhat peculiar in his habits and in his mode of living, saving very carefully every cent, and giving most persistent efforts to business. He not only dealt in drugs, but did a good deal of doctoring in herbs; was a good botanist, and very often could be seen, on Sundays especially, with his clean-cut features, his gray hairs, his spectacles, his long pipe and his cane, delving among the wild plants looking for some peculiar herb. He was married and had a family of sons and one daughter.

When Myers & Willius opened a bank in 1856, Dr. Miller commenced to deposit with them, and continued with that bank during all its changes up to the time he died, in 1884, never failing to deposit something every day in the week for thirty years, and at the time of his death he was the oldest depositor in this bank, and worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000. He built the large brick building known as Miller's block, on the corner of Third and Exchange streets, and had, at the time of his death, bank stock and cash on deposit. He calculated very closely, and lived economically, dying at the advanced age of 71 years. His old drug store still stands on the corner of Fourth and Exchange streets, and has a venerable-looking appearance, as did its owner.

HENRY MORRIS was a good man; patient, hopeful, forbearing, industrious, kind-hearted, he toiled on to the end, and quietly stepped out of this world into the unseen, to reap that which he had sown—the result of a good life here. With no creed, no religion, no faith, his life was as simple as a child's, and if there be a just and merciful God Henry Morris is as high up in the estimation of the Almighty as millions who profess Christianity, yet who disgrace it by acts of meanness. "As ye sow so shall ye reap," is good enough religion for the masses, and if one can't get to a better land on this road he would get completely lost on any other. And so Morris lived and died, an honorable, honest man, and has left behind him a record which might well be imitated. He came to ST. PAUL in 1853; was for a time in the clothing business; then was engaged selling sewing machines, and then became Deputy United States Marshal, and though often sick and wearied of life, yet he faithfully pressed forward in the discharge of his duties. He was a kind and indulgent father, a quiet, unpretending citizen, a pleasant, obliging man. He was born in 1825 and died in 1885.

LOUIS KREIGER was a short, thick-set, full-faced man, of German birth, born in 1828, who, at one time was quite prominent in the city. He was a member of the Council in 1871 and in 1875; wharf-master in 1866, and did business at one time on Seventh street. Adversity overtook him and Louis struggled on to the end. He was a kind-hearted man, a good deal of a politician, and at one time had considerable influence with the Germans.

C. L. WILLIS, ESQ., is an able and highly respectable lawyer, who for some years has not been actively engaged in the pursuit of his profession. He came to ST. PAUL in 1850 and invested considerable money in real estate here, as well as at Superior and Ashland, Wis. I remember him as connected with the Empire block on upper Third street, and for thirty years have almost daily met him, the same calm, placid, thoughtful, quiet, genial, old-school gentleman. He was formerly connected with the press before coming to ST. PAUL and prior to entering the legal profession, and since his residence here he has won the kindest regards of all by those unqualified characteristics which mark the true gentleman. He is the father of John W. Willis, and may be classed among ST. PAUL'S oldest and best citizens.

JOSEPH LE MAY was a little pussy Frenchman, who in early days married a couple and who a short time afterwards divorced the same for \$5 by tearing up the marriage certificate. He was a justice of the peace here and a great Democrat. He removed to Pembina some years ago. In early days he had great influence with the French and will be very generally remembered by the old settlers.

AARON W. TULLIS was a tall, dignified man, with a good complexion, and very active. He had a pleasant address, and carried the boys with him at the day of election. He was Sheriff of Ramsey County in 1856-1858; also in 1860-1862. He was a Republican politician, a jovial man of the world, and lived where Dr. Mann formerly did, on the corner of Summit avenue and Third street. His wife was killed by falling over backward with the seat of the wagon. Tullis went to California, and if rumor can be believed was killed there.

GEORGE TURNBULL was an early settler and married a daughter of the late John R. Irvine. He was at one time Deputy

Sheriff under Deacon Caldwell, and a man of a great deal of push. He went to Florida a good many years ago; returned to ST. PAUL and opened a livery stable some time in 1883, where I think his son carries on the business.

J. Y. CALDWELL was a thick-set man who formerly ran a hardware store on upper Third street. He was a hurly-burly fellow, possessed great energy, and was generally known as "Deacon." He was Sheriff in 1858 and 1860. I believe he is dead.

BARON VON GLANN.—Who of the old settlers does not remember this peculiar Von—his rapid, earnest, energetic talk? his quick, nervous movements? his insane infatuation for money? When carrying on a small, dingy grocery store on upper Third street near the Seven Corners in the year 1856, he invited the writer in to see him, and he then showed him his books where it was demonstrated that his meals cost him just three cents apiece, or nine cents per day. He took out of his store everything at first cost, did his own cooking and thus economized while he bought thousands of dollars of interest-bearing city bonds. Hard times came on, and oh, how Von Glann fretted; how he talked; how he ranted over the belief that he would lose his money, but he didn't, for the city paid him every dollar with interest. Then Von Glann went to Chicago and married, and he became dreadfully excited over the extravagance of his wife and they parted, the court granting her an alimony. This broke his heart, and after years of a fevered, troubled life he left his money-bags and went to join the great throng gone before.

The old "HOLLAND PLACE" was a peaked-roof building which stood on Third street near Market, overlooking the river. It was built in the Gothic style, and was conducted in the old English manner. The landlord was a square-built Englishman, emphatic, slow, unmoved, methodical, and who saw everything in a practical way. Of course he couldn't take a joke, and so the house burned down and he got out. His wife was a sharp-featured woman, nervous, petulant, etc., and the combination of these elements and the house itself, left a strong impression on my mind.

G. G. GRISWOLD was a dealer in ready made clothing on Third street. He was a man of good address, quite pleasant in his

ways and carried on a large trade. I remember him as furnishing my first military suit, and I shall never forget the peculiar feeling which came over me as I looked into the glass for the first time and saw myself—a soldier. Griswold was for years in ill-health and visited California in the hopes of relief, but he came back to ST. PAUL, built some handsome houses on Dayton avenue and died in this city some five or six years ago. In one of these houses his widow now resides, as fine-looking and as bright and as youthful as she was many years ago.

Among the most agreeable of men of nearly thirty years ago, was J. F. DARROW, the accommodating clerk of the old Winslow House in ST. PAUL. He was a good-looking young man, and always pleasant, very much resembling in looks and actions Mr. Duel, the landlord, and both together made a pleasant team for a hotel. When the Winslow House at St. Anthony (now a college,) was opened, Darrow became the clerk, and from thence he removed to the Bowery, New York, and kept the Westchester House for many years, and then became a citizen of Baltimore, where he now runs the Clarendon. Mr. Darrow is a man about 53 years of age, born, I think, in New York, came to ST. PAUL in 1854 or 1855, and among his numerous acquaintances of the past I know of none who would not do him a favor, or who would not speak of him as an amiable, kind-hearted gentleman.

THOMAS LAMB kept a butcher shop, or, more properly speaking, a sausage establishment, in the old Edgerton bank building, corner of Franklin and Third streets. He was a thick-set man, with a peculiar walk, and was very out-spoken in his way, and yet he was an industrious citizen. He was a man of strong physical powers, and a scientific boxer. He dealt principally in pork, and owned a fine homestead on the old St. Anthony road. He was born about 1820; came to ST. PAUL in 1856, and died several years ago. Mr. Lamb purchased a hog of Mr. Wescott, which weighed 1,140 pounds, and after putting it on exhibition at ten cents per head, killed it and it took him many months to get rid of the meat.

D. C. JUSTICE was a dry-goods merchant away back in 1855, and kept his store on Third street. He had a good establishment for his day, and at one time it was very popular with the

ladies. He was a full-faced, healthy-looking man, born about 1829, I think in New York State. He left ST. PAUL many years ago, and where he now is I do not know.

“DE GREATEST MAN.”

Two aged colored men were talking about an old settler, when they came to the following conclusion:

“Degustus!—dat is de most oblivrous and de greatest man in de wold! He is—am fact!”

“Oh, hush!—You don’t know nuthin! Dar’s one man a great deal bigger than he.”

“Wall, whar is he? whar is he? I jest want to see that man, I do. Whar is he?”

“Wall, now, Degustus, you just show you ignorance; ob course you do—jest like yer. God is the greatest man.”

“Oh, wall, wall, yes—but God is the oldest.” The old settler who overheard the conversation smiled and went on his way.

H. E. BAKER was a queer character. He was a short, thick-set man, full of energy, and had a good deal of business get-up to him, but he had no discretion or policy. He was the animal McKenty referred to when asked what caused his broken window. He replied, “A dog, sir, jumped through it,” when the fact was that Baker in presenting a bill to Mac., which he couldn’t pay, was very impudent to him, and Mac., seizing him by the foundation of his pants, pitched him through the window. Baker kept a hardware store on Third street in the year 1855, and was so “ram-buck-sious” in his ways that he was nicknamed “He Baker.” He was of a very positive character, so was McKenty, and hence the antagonism. He left the city for California some twenty odd years ago.

GOODRICH AND MORTON.—These gentlemen came to ST. PAUL in 1854 or 1855. They were both practicing physicians, the former somewhat slender in person and quiet in his ways, while the latter was plump, full of life and vigor. Goodrich was reticent and attentive to his business, while Morton was social and a “hale fellow well met.” Both are dead. The residence of Goodrich was on Sixth street, on the line of the present disputed street survey, where the remains of the cedar posts of his

fence can at present be seen, and demonstrating where the line of the street legally is.

ALEXANDER BUCHANAN. — A large, burly, good-natured Scotchman was Alexander Buchanan, who, in 1859 and 1861 was Auditor of Ramsey County. He owned several acres near the city limits and devoted his spare time to the cultivation of flowers and fruits. He was social in his nature and a great admirer of Bobby Burns. He died many years ago. Came to ST. PAUL in 1857.

WILLIAM NIXON.—On Bridge Square, before there was any bridge, was a peanut and apple stand presided over by William Nixon. He did well in his business and finally opened a large hardware store on West Third street. He was an industrious, money-making man, who must have come here in 1854-5. Domestic trouble induced him to leave the city and settle in St. Cloud, where he ran a large store for several years, and then sold out and removed to a farm below ST. PAUL, but is now back again in St. Cloud. He was an Irishman by birth and had the faculty of making money better than any man I ever met. Like many other old settlers of over a quarter of a century ago, he is now stepping down the ladder of life, not unmindful of the fact that the world does move.

R. F. HOUSEWORTH was a queer man, and yet a clever citizen. He was a member of the School Board in 1865-6, Clerk of District Court in 1858-'62, and a lawyer by profession. He was in ill-health most of the time and died twenty years ago.

ISAAC H. BANKER was a young man of fine address and of considerable ability. He was, I think, a surveyor. He was a quiet, pleasant gentleman who stepped over the river years ago.

C. G. IRVINE is a short, thick-set man, a son of George Irvine, and has been in the American Express office for many years. He is a quick, trust-worthy business man and moves as quietly in his every-day life as a snow-flake falls on the pavement, and yet he is an important spoke in a very large wheel. He fills up the measure of his usefulness, having been in ST. PAUL for some thirty-odd years.

WILLIAM G. FONSECA was one of the most fashionable and polite young men in the city of ST. PAUL in 1854. He kept a dry-goods store on upper Third street in what was known as

Empire block, and he drew about him the *bon ton*. His suavity of manner made him noted among the ladies. He left ST. PAUL nearly twenty years ago and emigrated north to Pembina and married a woman with Indian blood, and he used to make trips to ST. PAUL with his old wooden squeaking carts. It was currently reported among his young friends, that he was crossed in love by a young lady in this city, and Fonseca "flew to ills he knew not of." I met him for the first time in over twenty years, at Winnipeg, some two years now gone, and he introduced to me one of his little daughters, a beautiful, black-eyed brunette girl, with just enough of the Indian blood in her to make her look charming, and she was charming.

And then the cars started, and away we went homeward, leaving behind us the still polite, kind-hearted, sedate husband and father, once the Chesterfield of ST. PAUL. I learned that in the common parlance of the world Fonseca was well fixed, but it seemed very odd to me to find him the "toy of circumstances" with his peculiar surroundings, and yet such is life.

GEORGE PULFORD, I think, was of Irish parentage and came here sometime in 1853-4. He was steward at the old American House for many years, and at other hotels, and was a man of strong traits of character. He accumulated considerable property, but before he died was for years in ill-health and somewhat lame. He was an old land-mark, and very generally known among the old settlers.

J. T. HALSTEAD was a surveyor, and was city engineer in 1857. He is a very industrious and honest man; of good size, energetic, brusque in his ways and yet a man esteemed for his many good qualities.

J. E. FULLERTON kept a clothing store on Third street, near Ingersoll's block, away back in 1852. He was a tall man, of fine social qualities and very generous in his nature. John Parker had been burned out and had lost everything. "Here, Parker," said Fullerton, "put on this coat, the best in the shop," and when Parker had complied, Fullerton gently pushed him to the door and said, "Get out of here!" and Parker got, carrying the new and elegant coat with him. Mr. F. left ST. PAUL many years ago, and I know nothing of his whereabouts, but he was a good fellow.

WILLIAM LANGLEY was all horse, and kept a livery stable in what is now known as the Olympic Theater, remodeled, on Seventh street. He was a small, exceedingly active man, loud talking and full of dash. He was a "dandy," in the common parlance of the boys.

C. C. KING kept a grocery store for many years on the corner of Robert and Fifth streets. He is a good-sized gentleman, somewhat crippled by disease, with a head marking some sixty years, and hair gray. He was formerly an engineer, and is now doing nothing. He must have come to ST. PAUL some time in 1854 or 1855, and is a man of quiet, unostentatious habits.

WILLIAM CAHOONE was a small man from the South, whom I met in ST. PAUL with Jones and other Southern men, away back in 1854, and who had emigrated to this city to grow up with it. He was a bright, active young fellow, full of chivalry, and though differing with me on the question of slavery and sometimes growing very warm over the matter, yet we were good friends. Before the war Mr. Cahoone went South, and we met again for the first time in twenty-five years, in this city in 1885. The slender youth, then weighing perhaps 100 pounds, had grown to full manhood, and had broadened out, and dropped the scale at nearly 200; but he possessed the same old-time courtesy and kindliness which marked his career of over a quarter of a century ago. In early days Mr. Cahoone dealt in real estate; later he became connected with the editorial profession, and is now one of the owners of the Bell telephone. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word and a man of ability.

JOSEPH WEIDE is an old settler, but he is so extremely modest, or so extremely busy making money, that I have been unable to obtain any information of him only in a general sense, and of what I know of him personally. He was born in Madison, Indiana, about 1837; came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and with his brother Charles carried on business with their father. He is a man of dark complexion, with black hair and black whiskers, of a sanguine temperament, and very active. He moves as though possessed of wings, with a tireless energy and an indomitable will-power. If he hadn't had these elements he would have been dead long ago. He is a man of nerve and of pluck, and can't be kept down. When earnest (and he is generally in earnest,) he talks

with great emphasis and rolls his head from side to side gently, sufficiently so, however, to convince any one that he usually means just what he says. He is out-spoken, decided, quick, impulsive and generous, and if he could have had a dollar for every movement he has made during his life, he would be worth now many millions.

ED. HOGAN was another old settler who dealt largely in real estate and was a prominent member of the Baptist Church. He died years ago.

C. C. HOFFMAN was a dealer in boots and shoes in upper town thirty-two years ago. I knew but little about him, except that he was a man of full habits and came from Buffalo.

IRA BIDWELL, the banker of early days, must have come to ST. PAUL from Wisconsin in 1854. He opened a bank in the old brick building which stood on the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, and continued there for many years. He was a very quiet and prudent man, exceedingly cautious in business matters, and died many years ago. His son Henry was with him in the bank, and at one time owned the Prescott place in WEST ST. PAUL, where he cultivated grapes and raised bees. He went to California and then to Nevada, where he now is. He was a quiet, kind-hearted man, and probably would have done much better had he stayed here.

Who does not remember FRANK COLLINS with his immense voice and stentorian lungs as he rode through the streets and sang out, "Going, going, how much am I offered? going, going!" He was an auctioneer and did a big business, and was a genial man. Frank talked all over a ten-acre lot, and yet he was a stirring citizen and a great rattler in business.

PATRICK BRADY was born in Ireland and came to ST. PAUL in 1849. He engaged in contracting and opened the first thoroughfare in the city, cutting through Eagle street. He took up some land on the west side of the river, then Dakota County, but gave it up and removed back again to the city, where he lived on Fourth street, and died in 1877. His old residence is still standing. He left four sons and one daughter. He was of good size, physically, and an industrious, worthy man.

Capt. CHARLES G. PETTYS was born in Massachusetts about 1825; he was a sea captain before coming to ST. PAUL, which

was in the year 1855. The firm of Starkey & Pettys, dealers in real estate, was started immediately after his arrival, and continued up to 1858. At the breaking out of the war the Captain obtained a position in the navy as master's mate in one of the government's gun boats; at a later period he went to California; again returned to ST. PAUL, and after a fitful life was found dead in the City Hall, where he had been taken by a policeman. He had a weather-beaten face, clearly showing his early life, and yet at one period in his history he was a man of worth, of standing and of influence, but a diseased appetite got the better of him, and he passed into the "unseen shadow."

C. W. CARPENTER, Esq., is a brother of the late Matt. Carpenter, and came to ST. PAUL in 1855, and has been engaged for most of the time as partner with Capt. Russell Blakeley in the stage business. He is a man of ordinary size, with fine features, a healthy complexion, and is a good citizen. He is generally absent from the city on business; is a quiet, pleasant gentleman, and ranks among our best business men. He has been connected with the Northwestern Stage Company for many years; engaged at one time in mining, but is now principally occupied in superintending the company's lines in the Black Hills and elsewhere.

Dr. MILLER I knew away back in 1853, which year must have brought him to ST. PAUL. He was a thick-set man with a round, florid face, the very picture of health, and a man of a speculative turn of mind, and when I first met him he was in partnership with Messrs. Kinney and Bond in the purchase of land above the upper levee. He bought a lot on a side hill near Lafayette avenue, where he built him a house, and where, if I am not mistaken, his widow now lives. He was a genial, kind-hearted man, very quiet in his movements, yet possessed of ability and much respected. Kinney was a good deal like him, but both are dead, while Bond has removed his residence south. Dr. Miller left several children, one, a daughter, a very intelligent and amiable lady, now the principal of the Webster school in this city.

J. R. JENKS was once of the firm of Day & Jenks, who kept a drug store on the corner of Third and Cedar streets. I believe he came to ST. PAUL with Gov. Ramsey, or soon after, either in 1849 or 1850, and has been here ever since. He has been engaged in the drug business for some years but now has a gov

ernment office at Fort Snelling. He is a quiet, retiring man in his disposition, a gentleman of uniform habits and a good citizen.

"SAM" ABBEY, as he was familiarly called by his old friends, was a fine-looking fellow and very generally esteemed by those who knew him. He was an excellent business man, and for years was engaged as an accountant on the frontier. He must have come to ST. PAUL in 1854 and died twenty years ago, leaving a widow who now resides in this city.

PATRICK NASH was born in Ireland about 1815, came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and was a sewer and street contractor for many years. In early days he was the only contractor of any account in the city, and during his career here he was a hard-working, busy citizen. He was a short, thick-set man, very moderate in his movements and in his speech, and very generally respected.

PATRICK RYAN is another contractor, more especially for sewers, and was born in Ireland in 1825; came to ST. PAUL about 1852, and has employed a good many men and done a good deal of work in the city. He helped make that beautiful avenue at Fort Snelling, and many of our own streets, if they could talk, would praise him for the work he has done on them. He was an Alderman for several years; has been on the police force and has occupied other offices of trust. He is a quiet man, with bright, florid complexion and pleasant agreeable ways.

JAMES A. CASE was born in New York in 1823; learned the trade of a surveyor; came to ST. PAUL in 1852 and was actively engaged in business for many years, when about twenty-six years ago he lost all he had. He is a cousin of Judge Wilkin and is at present in the employ of a railroad company. He is a fine, pleasant-appearing gentleman, inoculated with a good deal of philosophy and common sense, and is determined to tug on to the end.

WILLIAM PAIST, I think, came to ST. PAUL with J. W. McClung, some time in the year 1856, and was for a time associated with him in business matters. He was much interested in agriculture, and was once secretary of the State Society. He was a social man, very generally liked. The catarrh caused him to talk through his nose somewhat, and finally ended in consumption, he dying some ten years ago.

C. GIEB was a small, very nervous man, who kept a boot and shoe store on Third street, and came to ST. PAUL some time in 1856-7. He accumulated property, but had a great deal of trouble with the insurance companies after he had lost his building by fire, and from what the writer knows personally of his affairs, he is constrained to believe that the insurance companies, or rather their agents, imposed on Gieb and tried to cheat him, which he justly resented. He died suddenly of heart-disease.

Dr. H. A. L. VON WEDELSTAEDT is a tall man, of quick motion, and a great admirer of secret organizations. He came to ST. PAUL in 1857 and carried on the profession of a homeopathic physician up to 1877, or twenty years, when he removed to Deadwood, where he now is. He is a good physician, sociable in his nature, very fond of display, and is well remembered by the older residents of the city. He has a fine family, and his oldest son is now in business in this city.

N. P. LANGFORD is a tall gentleman, who for years has been familiar to the older residents of the city. He came to ST. PAUL in the year 1854, and was for a time cashier in Marshall & Co.'s bank, then became Bank Examiner for the United States, and has occupied this office ever since. He is a very quiet man, outside of the noise and bustle of life and of the perplexing cares of politics. Indeed, he is a good, reliable, steady citizen.

DANIEL EAGAN was born in Ireland in 1830; educated in the old country, and worked for a living there; emigrated to America in 1848, and came to ST. PAUL in 1849. He was first employed by William Branch; then was at Fort Ridgely for two years, and subsequently worked for various houses in this city. He is a man of medium size, quiet in his ways, but has seen the dark side of life as well as the light, and yet he trudges on hoping unto the end.

CHARLES H. PARKER must have come to ST. PAUL in 1853, for I remember him as a banker in upper town in 1854. He was a small man, with red hair, very polite and quite genial in his nature, and very ambitious. He laid the foundation for a fortune, but his income couldn't keep step with his out-go, and like hundreds of other old settlers, he closed up his bank and removed to California, where I learn he has done well. He was an active,

pleasant gentleman and full of public spirit, and had he remained here would have proved one of ST. PAUL'S best and most solid citizens.

THOMPSON RITCHIE kept a store filled with gentlemen's goods on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets in 1853, and sold out to A. D. Haslett. "How do you do? When did you come from Philadelphia? How are the folks?" was the first salutation I received from Mr. Ritchie, soon after landing in ST. PAUL, and although I protested I didn't know him, yet Ritchie insisted that I was the man. I see Ritchie now; a small, active, good-natured fellow, shaking my hand like the handle of a town pump, and asking me about people I knew nothing of. He went to Superior, opened and ran a hotel, and is now in Philadelphia.

JAMES NASH was born in Ireland in 1817; was educated and worked there until he was about 24 years old, when in 1841 he emigrated to America; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; was killed by an engine while walking on the ST. PAUL, Minneapolis & Manitoba road in this city in 1884, aged 67 years. He was a hard-working, industrious man, and at the time of his death was in the employ of the above road. He was a brother of Patrick Nash, who died in 1885.

GEORGE W. GAUTHIER, a bright, active, energetic young man, was born in ST. PAUL in 1853, and is now one of the stirring mail-carriers of the city. George was a cook on various steamboats which plied upon the Mississippi river and its tributaries, for twelve years, and worked for P. H. Kelly before he entered upon his present occupation. He has a mother and two brothers, and is himself a worthy, sober, industrious gentleman.

J. J. McCARDY was once the partner of Judge Cooley, and came to ST. PAUL about 1852. He was formerly a banker and broker in New York city. He was in ST. PAUL only about three years, when he took up his residence somewhere else, and at the opening of the war became a Colonel in the army. He was always a great military man, as much so as Colonel Bend. He was social in his nature, and a good lawyer, yet "loud" on the tactics, a regular martinet.

A little, short, duck-legged young man by the name of BEN MORSE, came to ST. PAUL in 1853, and ran a shoe store on Third

street. He subsequently became a Quartermaster's clerk during the war for T. M. Newson; then messenger for J. C. Burbank between this city and La Crosse, and finally died in Dakota County aged about 35 years, unmarried. Ben was a social, pleasant, very active man; a true friend and possessed many excellent traits of character, although he believed in the doctrine that "as we journey through life we should live by the way." Born about 1830.

"COUNT" SEMPER was a tall, active man, with great energy of character, who kept a boot and shoe store on East Third street near the Second National Bank. He was of French descent and was noted for his style, hence the name of "Count." He at one time owned the building in which his store was, but removed to Chicago some ten or twelve years ago, and I missed sight of him until the past summer, when he made ST. PAUL a visit—the same "Count" Semper.

J. Q. A. WARD was well known in the day in which he lived. He was tall, quick, positive, full of business, and when I came to ST. PAUL in 1853 he was the advertising man on the old *Minnesotian*. He subsequently became the local editor on the *Pioneer* and on various other papers. He was one of the original Pioneer Guards, a man when in proper condition, of sterling business qualities and very energetic. Somewhat sensitive, yet social and pleasant.

One of the most genial old settlers was JOE CAMPBELL, who kept a restaurant and was a great lover of horses. He was a bright, active man, and many will remember him for his many pleasant traits of character. He died some twenty years ago, leaving several children and a widow. "Billy," his son, was with the writer in the army and for many years lived in this city, where his mother, I believe, now resides.

On lower Third street, below Robert, the three RAGUETS kept a liquor store. Their father was there before them. They were all very large men and apparently booked for the good old age of eighty years each, and yet they are all dead, and the writer, who at that time weighed about 100 pounds, "still lives." As the German says, "you can't most always tell what is going to happen sometimes." The Raguets were generally liked and one of them married the daughter of W. C. Morrison of this city.

D. C. GREENLEAF was among the first jewelers in the city and kept a store on the bluff on Third street above Bridge Square, near where the elevator now is. After being burned out he moved further up the street on the opposite side, and then took the store on lower Third street where Egan, the jeweler, now is. He appeared to be prosperous in his business, for he erected several buildings and built up a good trade. He was deaf, but was an energetic, honest, good man and died some fifteen years ago. Came to ST. PAUL in 1855.

DR. SAMUEL WILLEY was a handsome young physician with elegant manners and was always dressed in the neatest style. He was once a partner of Dr. Brisbine, but dissolved and during the latter years of his life practiced alone. He had remarkably small feet and hands and was a general favorite with the ladies. He must have come here in 1853, and died about ten years ago. He was a good physician, a pleasant, affable gentleman, and married one of John R. Irvine's sweetest and prettiest daughters.

THOMAS W. COLEMAN was an Englishman of the true type, except that in physical development he was more American than English, having a slight frame and being very quick in his movements. He was English in his ways of thinking and was especially English in his punning propensities, and yet outwardly he was an American. The last time I met him he said—"I intend to write a history of your life," and yet he died, and I am again out in the cold. He was full of life and good cheer; full of fun; full of good ideas, and possessed a reservoir of common sense. He was born in England about 1804; emigrated to Canada, where he carried on a very extensive business; removed to Fort Atchinson, Iowa, the buildings of which he bought; visited ST. PAUL in 1854-5, and came here permanently to live in 1857, but engaged in no business. He has left a widow and several married daughters. He died in 1885.

The FULLER boys, three of them, came from Connecticut. David died some twenty years ago. One of the brothers, Alpheus G., inaugurated and kept for a time the old Fuller House, afterwards known as the International. They were sterling men. David was large and somewhat lymphatic, the owner of the hotel; Alpheus was spare and tall, while the third brother was of medium size. J. W. Bass and William H. Ran-

dall gave Fuller the land upon which his hotel stood, and \$12,000 was raised as a bonus. The cost of the building was \$110,000. This was in 1856; now, in 1886, we have a hotel which, with the furniture, cost \$1,000,000, and the people gave a bonus of \$200,000. I think all the Fullers are dead. They were an enterprising family, and their sister was an able poetess.

The LONG brothers were another peculiar family, or rather part of a family. Stephen was a sharp, severe, close business man, while his brother "Bro." was just the opposite. Stephen & "Bro." kept the American House for a number of years, and then ran the International and finally the Winslow. Stephen had all the elements of a dictator in him and he used them on a small scale. He was decided, quick, imperious and impetuous, while his brother wore a long, flowing beard and was very generally liked for his amiable disposition. "Bro." Long is dead, and Steve, the last I heard of him, was down South, if he has not already gone to a warmer climate. The LONGs came to ST. PAUL in 1853.

SAMUEL BOND was a little, short man, a lawyer, and one of those men who carried the world upon his back. He was much interested in literary pursuits, and was one of the friends of our library, as well as one who inspired the first course of lectures in the city. Like a star he has disappeared from the sky and "gone glimmering through the things that were, a school boy's tale, the vision of an hour."

WILLIAM BOWLES, or better recognized as "Billy Bowles," was one of the old-timers, and was at one period in the livery business with Benjamin on Jackson street, but he had previously kept the bar of the American House. He was a fair-sized man and very generally liked. He died some years ago. His widow survives him.

Col. SHAW was a somewhat peculiar man. His son Henry had a small store in upper town in 1854-5, and William subsequently had a hat store in lower town. The Colonel succeeded Col. Belotte in the Merchants hotel, and it was through his indefatigable efforts that the Merchants became a hotel of any considerable magnitude. He enlarged it, improved it, doted over it and spent his money and his time on it. He was a very pleasant man and made many friends, and yet he was always

trying to do beyond his means, and as a consequence he left the hotel with little or nothing for his long years of labor. He then tried various hotel enterprises without success, and finally died in New York poor. The Colonel was a good, public-spirited, pleasant man. Harry went South and William went Northwest.

J. B. LOWRY kept a harness shop on Third street, and must have come to ST. PAUL in 1854-5. He was a small man, and after a time moved to a cross-street near Broadway, where he carried on business and finally died.

Dr. JOHN B. PHILLIPS was a gentleman of fine culture and a man of leisure. He was well filled out physically, with a healthy glow upon his face and wore spectacles. He was a great lover of the fine arts and wrote many criticisms on the drama, art and music. He appeared to have no blemishes, was a perfect gentleman and an excellent citizen. He came to ST. PAUL in 1857; was born in Pennsylvania of Quaker parents, about 1825; was an associate of Bayard Taylor; graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1855; spent two years in Europe; was arrested and imprisoned in Switzerland on suspicion of being Mazzini; died in ST. PAUL some ten or twelve years ago.

JOE HORN was a tinner and had a little shop in upper town. He was a square-built man of good proportions with a sallow face and a positive manner. He took great interest in politics and was most decided in the expression of his opinions. I lost sight of him nearly twenty years ago. He was a character.

HIRAM J. TAYLOR, I think, was at one time in partnership with his brother, D. C., but after trying several enterprises he entered the lumbering business and for a time did well. He was also a good deal of a politician, and was a member of the City Council in 1857-'60, 1870-4; also County Commissioner in 1859; Auditor in 1871-3. He left the city for Kansas several years ago, and both he and his wife are dead. He was a square-built, solid man, positive in his nature and quick in his movements.

DANIEL BOHRER was a small man, very quick in his movements, and at the time I first knew him he kept a book and stationery store. He was easily excited, and was especially notice-

able for the quick movement of his head and the rolling of his eyes from one side to another. He was City Treasurer in 1854-9, and a most ardent Republican. He left ST. PAUL some ten or twelve years ago.

D. C. TAYLOR owned and ran a blacksmith shop near the Seven Corners in 1854; he then started a bank, and finally left the city. He was a man of sharp features, rather slender, but possessing good business qualities.

WILLIAM R. MILLER, or as he was more generally known, "Marshal Miller," was a very large man, the largest in the city twenty-five years ago, reaching close to seven feet, and yet he was symmetrically perfect. He not only had physical power but he looked power, and over-awed small men by the very largeness of his proportions, and still he was as kind and gentle as a child. He was City Marshal for some years, and then in 1854-8 was chief of police. He had previously been in business in the East. He died many years ago, and one daughter, now living in this city, survives him. Miller was a good man.

WILLIAM BRANCH was a medium-sized man, cool and collected, and possessed of considerable ability. He was a schemer and one of the best lobbyists I ever knew. He was originally a mason by trade, but he rose by the force of his abilities to Alderman in 1856-'61, County Commissioner in 1858-9, member of the House of Representatives in 1857-'66, railroad contractor, and was an important element in carrying forward to completion the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad. He was quite deliberate in his movements and in his conversation, yet he was a persistent and shrewd worker, and generally succeeded in his plans. He was a great friend of Duluth, and when he died, about the age of 50 years, he owned considerable property there. He was a pleasant gentleman and a valuable citizen. He owned a home on Dayton's bluff, and in his former grounds his body now reposes.

Dr. RUSSELL POST was a peculiar man who came to ST. PAUL in 1854. He had formerly followed the sea; then became a Connecticut peddler; then dealt largely in real estate in Cleveland or Cincinnati; and failing, came to ST. PAUL, and for a time began doctoring by concocting medicine out of herbs, and finally adopted the magnetic treatment with which he was quite successful. He purchased property on Eighth street, where he had

his office, and subsequently bought a number of acres now known as Post Siding. He also conceived the idea of a mineral spring at Bald Eagle lake, where he had become the possessor of land, and here he erected a mineral spring house and laid out some roads, and while engaged in this enterprise he died close to 65 years. He was a man of great earnestness and positiveness of character; venerable in his looks, with white hair and whiskers; short, thick-set, quick in his movements, and an inveterate talker. He had been married twice, and left several children, only one, however, lived with him in this city.

A. T. CHAMBLIN was a man of quick motions, rather stern and abrupt in his nature, and at one time was in the dry-goods trade. He was a member of the City Council in 1854-7 and of the House of Representatives in 1857, and Comptroller in 1857. He was a man of full habits, with a florid complexion, and possessed considerable force of character.

LUTHER H. EDDY was a man of considerable importance in the day in which he lived. He kept a grocery store on Fort now Seventh street for a good many years. He was Alderman in 1861-4, 1869-'72; was chief of police in 1870-72; was chief of fire department in 1863, and held several other minor offices. He was a small but very active man, running over with energy; taxed himself beyond his strength and died with the dropsy some years ago. I believe he was born in New York about 1827, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856 or 1857.

DR. M. B. PATTERSON was a dentist of superior ability, coming to ST. PAUL in 1854. He was quite a slender lad then, and opened an office in what was known as upper town. In later years he grew stouter. He moved to a building erected by Dr. Stewart, near Bridge Square, some time in 1856, and continued his practice there for some twenty-four years. He was a most excellent dentist, very social in his nature, and an interesting story-teller. For several years prior to his death he became more sedate, and moved moderately, but he lost none of his dry, telling humor. He was born in 1832, in New York; died in 1882; left a widow and four children.

F. HEYMEL was born in Germany in 1819; came to ST. PAUL in 1852; is a contractor and plasterer, and has followed his trade in this city for nearly thirty-three years; is a member of

the Druids and one of the highest officials in that organization ; has been an ardent politician on the Republican side but never held any offices. Of sixteen children only four are living. Conrad, his oldest son, was with a hardware firm in this city for twenty-one years, and gives a very interesting account of life in the old country and in this ; there wages are \$2 per week ; here \$2 per day. He is a bright, pleasant man.

EDWARD H. SCHLIEK was born in Milwaukee in 1854 and when a babe came to ST. PAUL the same year. After the death of his father he succeeded him in his boot and shoe business corner of Wabasha and Fourth streets. Mr. Schliek belonged to several German societies and also the fire department, and was at one time Fire Commissioner. He was very sociable in his nature yet reticent to the public at large. He was a man of full habits until sickness overtook him and death ended a young career.

LEVI SLOAN was born in New York and came to ST. PAUL in the spring of 1849, and was among the first to open a grocery store opposite the old American House on upper Third street ; had a trading post at Crow Wing and ran teams on the road from this city to the former place ; was married in 1850 and died in 1855, leaving two daughters. He was a small man, very active and in early days endured many hardships. In 1850 he purchased two lots on Third street, one on the corner of Pleasant avenue for \$100 ; worth now \$15,000.

LORENZO BABCOCK was a lawyer of some note away back in 1849. He was a quiet man, somewhat petulant in his manners and died many years ago. He was a member of the first Legislature and first Attorney General of the Territory.

Dr. WILLIAM JARVIS was among the very first to open a drug store in this city, and also the first photographer, and the old building in which he dealt out medicine still exists on Fifth street. He was a bluff man, very decided in his ways and finally opened a sort of a nursery on the river below WEST ST. PAUL, and raised vegetables and small fruit. He came to ST. PAUL in 1849 and died some years ago. Born about 1822.

J. R. BREWSTER was at one time a painter and lived in a little house on the corner of St. Peter and Fourth streets, now the Herzog property. He came here in 1849 and was a very quiet

man, always minding his own business. He died years ago. And then there was DOMINICK TROYER, a large man, full of politics and bluster, and who started a brewery on a small scale on Exchange street and went to Europe, traveled all over it on foot and never returned, leaving his property to Fred Emmert. And then again there was HENRY BUELL, and his son, like begetting like, who had a store on Robert street, slow, plodding men, noted especially for their easy-going ways. And then we have KOVITZ, the old fur dealer in upper town, whose wife became the landlady (now dead) of the Merchants Hotel under Shaw, where her pretty daughters attracted attention many years ago. And then comes ALEXANDER REY, the commission merchant on the levee, with his quick, burly manners and French accent, away back in 1854; and JOHN CASTNER comes before me, limping on one leg and passing by like a whirlwind, and who was Coroner in 1860-'62; and here comes CHARLES ELFELT, who, in 1849 was in the dry-goods business with his brother Abram, and who was connected years afterward with another brother in the same business, and then Elfelt left for Philadelphia. In the early days he was quite prominent in the business affairs of the city, and did a good deal towards the development of ST. PAUL. He is a fine-looking man, about fifty-five years of age, and is very quick in his movements. And look there, see that old, faded sign of Dahl & Doull, book and stationery. Mr. DAHL was a slender gentleman, unobtrusive, industrious and very generally liked. He has a son now in this city who is carrying on a large furniture establishment. And thus the old settlers of 1849, 1850-1-2-3-4-5 come up before me, and like Banquo's ghost will not down until I give them a place in the PEN PICTURES of ST. PAUL. And even now while I am trying to get the army of the past into line for inspection, I can see a number of stragglers left behind, and here they come.

WM. FOWLER has all the elements of a hardy New England man; tall, straight, rugged, positive, strong, and like the emblem on the letter-heads of the State Dairymen's Association, he looks like one "who had come to stay," and having been successful as a dairyman and a farmer, he can afford to crow. He was born in Massachusetts in 1827; when nine years old he moved to Ohio; helped clear a timber claim there in 1852. He then looked beyond his nose and thought he would come West, and so he

arrived in what is now ST. PAUL in 1852, but with no intention of remaining here only for a few months. That winter Mr. Fowler says Capt. Simpson organized a military company and the men used to drill in an old warehouse near the present depot. He invested in a suit of clothes, but he never saw the clothes and the men were never called out for duty, which he thinks was a pretty good joke on those who in those early days were considered "pilgrims," or "tender feet." He was at what was termed the whisky riot at the warehouse of William Constans; also saw the old Daniel House burn down, when an old settler threw the looking-glass out of the window and carried down stairs carefully the feather bed; he and R. C. Knox slept in the then new old Court House in order to avoid the attacks of the musquitoes, which were very troublesome, and with the exception of three years in the army, Mr. Fowler has always resided within a few miles of ST. PAUL, owning and running a farm at Newport, Washington County. He has been quite prominent in the dairy business and has been a member of the State Agricultural Society for several years, and is a man of hard, common sense and of a decided practical turn of mind.

Dr. A. G. BRISBINE says he don't want to go into PEN PICTURES, not because he does not like them but because he is just a little diffident in appearing in print. And yet I could not think of leaving him out, as he is too good a man to be ignored even at his own request. He is physically large, quite moderate in his ways, an excellent physician, and an old and highly esteemed citizen. One looking at him would hardly think he had a heart as big as his head, and yet those who know him know this to be the fact. "Doctor, my little baby girl's arm is out of joint; please come and see her." "Yes, I will," was the response, and in a short time he was on hand, and taking the little delicate arm in his large, brawny hands, oh, how gently he treated it, and in a minute the arm was all right. And then his kind tone and kind manner, I can never forget them, nor will the baby and its mother. Many a rough covering shields a diamond, and many erroneous conceptions are formed of the real man. And so away back in 1852 Brisbine & Willey were the leading physicians, and then the firm dissolved, and Brisbine became assistant surgeon in the army and Willey sickend and died. For

over a quarter of a century the doctor has plodded on in his modest, retiring way, and still holds the fort as the oldest practicing allopathic physician in the State. He was born about 1827 and came to ST. PAUL in the year designated.

JOHN E. WARREN was a tall and slender gentleman, energetic and a man of culture who had traveled extensively in the old world and I think was the author of two books of foreign travels. He was a law partner with the late Wakefield in the year 1852, and became Mayor of ST. PAUL in 1863, and also United States District Attorney; removed to Chicago where I think he now lives; was born in Troy, N. Y. At one time his father owned a great deal of property in ST. PAUL.

ALLEN PIERSE was a queer character. He dealt in real estate and was a notary public. He was here in 1851-2, and had his office on Third street. So too was SAMUEL SARGEANT. Sam and C. P. V. Lull were a good deal of the same cast of men, although the latter was more positive. Sargeant one time kept a saloon and a livery stable. Of late years he had been quite unwell and died about one year ago. He was one of the early and original characters of ST. PAUL.

LOUISE SCHMIDT came here in 1853; was a social man and kept a restaurant on Third street; died several years ago.

JOSEPH DANIELS was a tall, very gentlemanly person, who came to ST. PAUL in 1849; took contracts to construct buildings; engaged in laying out new towns, and finally, after practicing law, left for Washington, D. C., where he now is. He owned and occupied a very pretty place on St. Anthony Hill, now very valuable.

In 1853 LOUIS BLUM kept a dry-goods store on Third street, and continued to keep it for many years, as the most fashionable dry-goods house in the city. He finally abandoned business and became a clerk. He was a large, fine looking man, black hair and black whiskers and very pleasant in his ways. If any of our people in early days wanted a rich, or costly, or fashionable article, Blum had it. He died with heart-disease leaving several sons and a widow.

ISAAC MARKLEY was, at one time, an up-town store keeper, the firm being Markley & Kern. He was a hard-working, industrious man, a great church goer, and after leaving his business

became a deputy sheriff, moved to Wyoming, farmed some and died there. His house beyond Summit avenue now owned by General Alexander, was, in 1854 away out in the country. Poor Markley tried hard enough to succeed but the fates were against him. WM. KERN his partner, was a small man, cool, calm, self-poised and yet a good citizen. What became of him I never knew.

HENRY BURBANK is a man about forty-five years of age, with a healthy glow upon his face and a heart full of sunshine,—always apparently happy, and always pleasant. He came to ST. PAUL some time in 1853 or '54, and was for several years in business with his brother J. C. Burbank, and then for a time resided in St. Cloud, where he carried on an extensive trade in a general store and transportation business. He returned to ST. PAUL after the war and entered into partnership with T. B. Campbell in the wholesale clothing business, which they have continued up to the present time. Mr. Burbank is a stirring, active, business man; devoted to his interests and very much esteemed for his many excellent qualities. He is a good and valuable citizen.

CHARLES L. YALE was a fine-looking fellow who carried on a leather store on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets; born I think in Connecticut, somewhere in 1830, and died aged about 50 years. After giving up his store he became the commercial editor of the old *Press* and continued on it for several years, when he removed east. He was a man of good proportions physically, with black hair and black whiskers, yet moderate in his movements and had strong likes and dislikes. He must have come to ST. PAUL in 1856-7.

M. J. CLUM was born I think in Troy, New York, about 1836, and came to ST. PAUL in 1853. He was a compositor in the old *Pioneer* office at the time Joe Brown ran it and at the time the writer was associate editor of the paper in 1853. In 1854 he became a partner in the firm of Newson, Mitchell & Co. in the publication of the *Daily Times*; then worked on the old *Press*, the successor of the *Times*, and has been since the consolidation of the two papers, (*Pioneer* and *Press*), in the office of that journal. He is now one of the oldest printers in the State and has been in the harness continuously thirty-three years. Mr. Clum is a moderate-sized man, quiet in his manners, with a fair

complexion, steady in his habits, amiable in his disposition, and moves along in the beaten track of life. He is generally esteemed for his pleasant traits of character and his devotion to his profession, while his favorite expression—"Gosh darn it," mark his individuality among those who know him.

RICHARD BRADLEY, formerly foreman in the *Pioneer Press* office, worked for the first time in this city in the old *Times* office for the writer, and then for the *Press* and then in the office of the *Pioneer Press*, until he died in 1883. He was a small, active, nervous, steady man, and an excellent job printer. He was honest and upright, and was one of the most industrious men I ever met. HUGH I. VANCE was formerly foreman of the old *Pioneer* office and preceded Mr. Bradley in the *Times*. He entered the army and was killed during the war. He was a tall, wiry person, and I think was born in the South. He owned a place of 160 acres on Bald Eagle Lake in 1853, and offered it to the writer with a good house thereon, for \$400, but I couldn't see where the profit came in. Worth now \$40,000!

NATHANIEL CAPEN is a tall, weather-beaten man, who has seen a great deal of hardship in the West having been a teamster and stage driver for many years. He is a quiet and unobtrusive citizen and moves along in his own especial line of business. He was born in Vermont in 1840; moved to Ohio where he was engaged in railroad work for three years; came to St. PAUL in 1851; teamed it one year; drove stage for the Minnesota Stage Company for twelve years, and is now one of the oldest stage drivers in the State; was in the employ of the Merchants Union Express Company for two and a half years; was also in the employ of Isaac W. Webb and Wm. A. Judd, and is now driving hack for himself; was married in 1864.

Dr. A. FAULKENSHIELD was born in Denmark in 1821; was an active surgeon in the Danish army; emigrated to America about 1853; practiced his profession in Chicago for several years, but his artistic predilections induced him to abandon his chosen occupation and take up miniature painting, in which he continued in Chicago for several years, when, in 1856 he came to St. PAUL; was first connected with the old Whitney gallery, but has had for the past ten years a studio in Zimmerman's gallery. As a miniature painter he has no equal. He is a large, fine-

looking man, resembling the late Horace Greeley, especially in his walk, and impresses one with the conviction that he is a fine specimen of a fine Danish-American gentleman, as he really is. He is unpretentious, retiring in his nature, yet genial and pleasant, and an artist of genuine merit.

E. H. BRADSHAW came to ST. PAUL about 1855; was engaged for a time in the Oyster Bay Restaurant, and then started a saloon for himself; he is now running a laundry. He is a somewhat reticent man; undemonstrative in his ways and moves quietly on in his pilgrimage to the end.

JAMES W. YANDES was a queer man, who came to ST. PAUL in 1856 with several hundred thousand dollars made in railroad building. He was born in Indiana in 1817. He was a man of capital and invested largely in property here, but mingled very little with the people. He resided on Dayton's bluff in the stone residence once owned by Father Hoyt; was honest but very eccentric, and died in ST. PAUL in October 1885, aged sixty-eight years. His son aged twenty-seven years, killed himself on his father's grave a few days after his parent was buried, leaving only two sisters out of a once happy family. Mr. Yandes left property worth from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

PATRICK TREACY was a tall man, social in his nature and well known in the day in which he lived. He was born in Ireland and adopted the business of gardener; came to ST. PAUL in 1856 and died some twenty years ago, aged 65 years. One of his sons learned the printing trade with the writer, and the other is now in business for himself, and these two sons are two of the finest job printers in the city. Still another son is a printer, and all have a fine conception of the mechanical art.

JOSEPH HALL, or as he was better known, "Joe Hall," formerly kept a bowling alley, saloon, restaurant, etc., on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets. He subsequently opened a livery stable near the Custom House and ran it for several years. Joe must have come to ST. PAUL in 1857, or some twenty-eight years ago. He was a man of ordinary size; very quick in his movements; always polite; a good business man; social, liberal,—in a word, "a hale fellow well met." When the writer went out of business in 1860, he and his friends had "a sit down" at Joe Hall's, and memories of old times and old places and old

faces come back to him like the hazy gauze of a beautiful dream. Mr. Hall is dead, but his widow resides in this city.

GEORGE P. METCALF.—Mr. Metcalf was born in New York in 1834; came to ST. PAUL in 1854, and was employed by Charles H. Parker in his bank; was also with Forbes & Kittson, and remained with them up to 1856; was in the employ of Simeon P. Folsom as confidential clerk; in 1857 returned to his birth place, married Miss Emily Dwight, engaged in the dry-goods business, and remained about 23 years; on his return he found a city of 50,000 where there had been but 6,000. Mr. Metcalf is a medium-sized man, very quiet in his ways, a good book-keeper, and a good citizen. He moves along so quietly that one would not think he was in the world, and yet he is a man who would soon be missed when gone.

ISAAC W. WEBB was born in Ohio in 1831; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; kept books for Stephen Long in the old American House; was in the transportation business for a time; hauled the first steam engine to the Red River of the North; opened a livery stable near Rice Park in this city; ran a farm and sold wood; and finally drifted out on to the frontier, where he now is. Mr. Webb has been a very active man, and at one time had a good deal of property, but the fluctuations in Western life did not let him pass, and so like many other old settlers he has had to endure the fate of the early pioneers. He is a man of great energy and ought to be worth \$1,000,000.

THOMAS BRENNAN was born in Pennsylvania in 1836; moved to St. Louis where he was educated; came to ST. PAUL in 1853; was for several years in the pop factory; ran the Exchange hotel, has worked for the city, and is so employed now. He is a tall, slender, dark-complexioned man, quiet in his movements, yet effective in his work, and has seen ST. PAUL grow from comparatively nothing to its present enviable position.

JOHN BUTLER is a native of Ireland, born in 1826, and emigrated to America in 1852; worked on a farm near Philadelphia one year; removed to Chicago in 1853; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; drove a dray for six or seven years; opened and kept a grocery store on the corner of Fourth and Robert streets, where the German-American Bank now stands; ran it six years; contracted and built the first sewer in the city; built part of the first

railroad track from ST. PAUL to St. Anthony; graded the old Seventh street bridge, and is now back again in his old business of running an express. Mr. Butler has seen many ups and downs in life; has lost a good deal of property, and he is absolutely broken down by hard labor and ill-health. He is still battling in the ranks of the old settlers, and still hopeful.

Capt. SPRAGUE is an old settler but I can glean no information about him except that at one time I think he was captain of police and also kept hotel at St. Peter. He has been engaged for several years in traveling for a commercial house in this city. He is a very quiet and a very much esteemed gentleman; of ordinary size, and I regret that I can get no further information about him.

H. S. VITT came to ST. PAUL in 1856; opened a restaurant and saloon, which he ran for several years; then went into the carpet business on Jackson street; closed that out, and is now in the saloon business again. He is a man of ordinary size; quiet in his ways; very industrious, and much devoted to his business; a man who is very generally esteemed by all who know him.

Baron VON FREUDENRICH was a tall, slender man, with gray hair, and came to ST. PAUL in 1856. He built a stone house away out in the country, over on Dayton's bluff, which is now close into the city. He was a quiet, pleasant gentleman, and died years ago. He had a son who was with the troops on the frontier, and who was a good soldier and a young man of excellent traits of character.

In 1886 poor old Mr. KOVITZ, who in 1854 kept a fur store on upper Third street, was laid away to rest. He had two pretty daughters, who, I believe, married and moved out of the city. His wife was for a time house-keeper at the Merchants hotel, and a son kept a restaurant near the depot. Mrs. Kovitz is dead, and now the old gentleman who had reached seventy-odd years, has also gone. He must have come to ST. PAUL in 1853, or perhaps before, and was one of the earliest fur dealers in the city, if not the first. "Nick," his son, a dwarf, died in this city in 1886, of heart disease.

RICHARD GORDON was born of Irish parents about 1829; clerked in Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1851; came to ST. PAUL in 1854-5; was for a time in the bank of Borup & Oakes; was in

the transportation business; then in the drug business as Jenks & Gordon; then opened a grocery store, the firm being Beaumont & Gordon; then he was the chief clerk for the late Capt. Carlin and also for H. L. Carver, in the U. S. Quartermaster's department during the war; opened a hat and cap establishment as Gordon & Ferguson and has continued it ever since. Mr. Gordon is a man of ordinary size, with a florid complexion, very quick in his movements and possessing fine business qualities. He is a good musician and a great lover of music, and in former years did much towards elevating the tastes of our people in this particular.

JAMES GOODHUE is a son of the late James M. Goodhue, the first editor in ST. PAUL and in Minnesota. He is about forty years of age, somewhat thick-set, has broad shoulders and stoops a little. He is a man of ability and possesses a good deal of the humor of his father. He lives on an income from his estate; is a social, genial man, and goes through life as easily as any body I know of. He resided for a time in Chicago, but is now a resident of this city, where his mother and sister live and where he has many friends.

E. M. HALLOWELL was born in Maine about 1830; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; worked for a while for Deacon Cavender, when after Cavender went out of the firm the partnership of Quimby & Hallowell was formed. When Quimby withdrew Hallowell with his sons took the business and has continued it ever since, and now have quite an extensive factory. Mr. Hallowell is a short, stout, slow, cautious man; very temperate and very industrious, and is a leading member of the Baptist Church. By years of industry and care he has built up a large business, and is known as a solid, worthy citizen.

Captain LUCIUS B. MARTIN came to ST. PAUL somewhere in 1854 or 1855, and was born about 1830. At one time he ran a saw mill on the West Side. He had formerly been a captain of a steamboat; then engaged largely in the lumbering trade at Anoka and made money; entered the army at the breaking out of the war and served with great acceptance, he being a brave soldier; at one time he was in Milwaukee and then was in New Orleans. He was a small man, very quick in his movements and very sanguine in his temperament, and very decided in his opin-

ions. His father was a fine old gentleman who resided in this city and who died here. A brother taller and older was one of the firm and when the financial crash came it took them all down together. The Captain died in 1885. He was married.

EDWIN S. BECK.—Mr. Beck is a medium-sized man, energetic, full of business, social and pleasant. He was born in England in 1834; educated partly in the old country and partly in the public schools of Cleveland, Ohio; learned the trade of a painter in the latter place; came to ST. PAUL in 1855; has been engaged at his trade here ever since. The firm is now Beck & Rank, and it has carried on a large business, as Mr. Beck is a pushing, go-ahead man, and one who understands his business.

SAMUEL POUCHER was born in England about 1806 and came to ST. PAUL in 1851, or 35 years ago. He worked for John R. Irvine, and in the early days helped lay the foundation of the city. He has always been a laborer and has seen many hard times, and yet he is reaching out into old age, nearing the mile-post of eighty years. He is a large man, somewhat lame, clearly showing the English in his make-up, and yet he is a quiet, pleasant old gentleman; was at one time a member of the Legislature.

FRANK KELLY, JR., the son of the late Frank Kelly, was born in ST. PAUL in 1856; received a common school education was engaged for a time in theatricals; then kept a saloon. He is a young man of pleasant address, chock full of politics, an active worker in the Democratic ranks and one of these days will climb the political ladder into office. Indeed I may say he is a natural politician, and there seems to be something in the name to breed an atmosphere which smacks of politics. Kelly, of Tammany, Kelly, of Minnesota, known as the "boss," and now Frank Kelly of the young Democracy; there's something in it.

WM. ACKER, brother of the late Capt. Acker, and son of the late Henry Acker, was born in New York in or about 1832; came to ST. PAUL in 1854; was at one time in the wood and coal business with J. J. Hill; then became a traveling salesman for a wholesale house in this city, and is now or was in the employ of the Northwestern Fuel Company. Mr. Acker is an active, industrious man, very quiet in his ways and deserving of a larger amount of success than he has obtained.

WM. G. ROBERTSON is a son of Col. D. A. Robertson, and came to ST. PAUL with his father in 1850. He was educated partially here and partially in Europe; was at one time sutler at Fort Snelling, but of late years has been engaged in real estate. He is somewhat tall in figure, dignified and courteous in manners, and is a good business man; quiet in his movements and gentlemanly in his bearing.

PARKER PAINE was a banker away back in 1856-7. He was a tall man, born about 1820, and opened a bank in the old brick building which stood on the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, and was noted for his moderate movements and his conservative ideas. He was somewhat awkward in manner and moved forward sidewise, with his head inclined to one side, while his left hand was partially closed by an accident. He was never in a hurry, but did business methodically and carefully, and was a liberal supporter of the Methodist Church. He was a prudent, steady, worthy citizen.

A brother of D. C. Greenleaf kept a jewelry store on the corner of Minnesota and Third streets. He was a quiet, steady man, but drifted out of our cold climate into the orange groves of Florida, where he now is, and where financially he has done well.

L. L. BENSON was a short, thick-set man, with square shoulders and of a somewhat dignified bearing. In early days he and Pattison owned and ran a stage line to St. Anthony. He came here in 1850.

JAMES DAY was a stone cutter and a brother of Dr. Day. He came here in 1850. He was a good-sized man, quite moderate in his ways and unostentatious in his conduct. He lived in a little house which still stands on the corner of Tenth and Wabasha streets, near the Capitol. And then there were REV & MAY, and PHILIP FELDERHAUSER, and J. H. and L. McCLUNG, and ANDREW LEVERING and a number of others whose histories cannot be obtained, at least for this edition, but which I trust may appear in full in my next.

And then came CREEK, a little, small, old man, quick in motion and quick in temper, who used to live on St. Peter street, and whose son used to work for the writer. If I remember correctly Creek kept a little stationery store, but he died a long time ago, and Charley, his boy, drifted further West.

Justice NELSON GIBBS was a large man, slow in his movements, somewhat bent in the shoulders, impressive in his nature, and wearing a large head sprinkled with gray. He was City Justice a number of years and died at an advanced age.

NORMAN KITTSOON is a splendid looking man, with fine features, a good head, and a long black beard, the son of N. W. Kittson, Esq., of this city. Indeed I consider him an excellent specimen of a physical man. He was born between Fort Snelling and Minnehaha in 1836, or 50 years ago; went to Winnipeg in 1845 where he was educated; returned to ST. PAUL in 1852 and back to Winnipeg in 1861; was a clerk for the Hudson Bay Company seven years; returned to ST. PAUL in 1878 and has been here ever since in the office of his father. He was one of the original members of the Pioneer Guards; also of the first fire department. He is a large man, very quiet in his manners and very much liked; and I regret I have been unable to get the facts pertaining to his life so that I could put him in the year to which he belongs.

"JACK, THE SCOUT."—CAPT. JAMES K. WILSON, son of the late Gen. T. W. Wilson, was born in Newark, Ohio, 1838; came to ST. PAUL with his father in 1851; was drug clerk in Hickox & Kellogg's store in 1851-2; traded with the Sioux Indians in 1853-4; educated at Granville, Ohio, in 1855-6-7; farmed in 1858-9; married Miss Hattie Haymond, of Fairmont, Va., in 1860; family consists of three sons and one daughter; was a Sergeant in Co. A, First Cavalry, in 1862; had charge of Gen. Sibley's body guard on the famous campaign against the Sioux to the Missouri river; was noted for both horsemanship and bravery. After the expiration of his enlistment he was commissioned a U. S. scout, with headquarters on the Watonwan, Minnesota; it was there the name of "Jack, the Scout," was given him, and old settlers on the frontier tell many pleasant and amusing stories of his wonderful horsemanship and strategy in pursuit of the marauding Indians. In 1864 he was commissioned Lieutenant in Company H, First Minnesota Heavy Artillery, and was complimented with commission of Brevet Major for long and meritorious services. Capt. Wilson is a slim, active man; could once jump higher and farther than any person in Minnesota; when a boy he was noted for skating, running and swim-

ming; and as a man he is stirring and energetic, and has laid by a comfortable sum for cold weather; resides at Minneapolis and is accounted as one of the best citizens of that thriving city.

MICHAEL ROCHE.—Born in Ireland in 1832 and emigrated to America in 1848; learned the trade of a stone mason in Pennsylvania; came to ST. PAUL in 1857; worked as a journeyman, and during the financial crash of that year obtained only seventy-five cents to one dollar per day; went south in the fall of 1859; returned in 1860, and in 1861 commenced contracting, and now carries on a large business. He is esteemed as one of the best contractors in the city, for he is honest in the execution of his work and gives satisfaction. Mr. Roche served three years as a member of the Board of Education, and two years on the first Board of Public Works. Married in New York in 1857; wife died; married again in 1875 to Miss Linnehan. Mr. Roche is a man of ordinary size, very pleasant in his ways and an honest contractor. He has worked his way up from a small beginning until now he is among our most trust-worthy business men.

JOSEPH LEWIS I remember as the agent of Gov. Ramsey away back in the fifties. He managed the Governor's business for many years, went on to a farm, and then became a collector of bills, and is now janitor of one of our schools. Mr. Lewis is a man of strong prejudices and strong feelings; very active in his nature and decided in his opinions. He was born about 1820; is married, and a family of boys made the home circle; died in ST. PAUL, in February, 1886.

DAN MAY came to ST. PAUL in 1856—a shoemaker. He is a native of Ireland. Also **THOMAS JACKSON**, an Irishman and shoemaker. Both these men have now retired from active work.

JOHN GEORGE STEIN is a man of medium size, very quiet in his ways and very industrious. He was born in Germany in 1829; emigrated to America in 1852, spending some time in Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, and coming to ST. PAUL in 1856. He clerked up to 1858, when he started a grocery store on Robert street and subsequently opened a feed store on Wabasha street; removed to Anoka, where he ran a flouring mill with his brother for thirteen years; came back to ST. PAUL, and here he resides. He purchased the property on the corner of Wabasha and

Fourth streets, the old American site, 25 x 100 feet, for \$25,000; worth now \$50,000. He and his brother have a good deal of other property and they have acquired it by strict attention to business and economy. Mr. Stein is a very worthy gentleman.

General THOMAS W. WILSON was born in Virginia in 1803; was the seventeenth child of a family of thirty; was educated at the William and Mary College, Virginia; superintended his father's mills, salt works and plantation in what is now West Virginia; emigrated to Newark, Ohio, in 1823 and settled upon a military section of land given to him by his father, who was an officer in the war of the Revolution; married Miss Martha O. Bannon; had a family of eleven children, six of whom are living; early entered military life, and to him more than to any other man belongs the credit of furnishing for the State of Ohio the great number of well-drilled men for the Mexican War; and it is remarkable that in a small section in Ohio where General Wilson lived, came forth Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, Rosencrantz, Wood, Curtiss and others. He was president of the Ohio State Agricultural Society several years; also of the State Importing Society; never held an office and repeatedly refused one when offered. He was a pioneer railway man of central Ohio, and built one of the first roads in the State. Meeting with heavy losses in 1848-'49-'50, he came to ST. PAUL in 1851, bringing with him about \$10,000; was one of the earliest real estate agents here and was an active, earnest believer in the ultimate greatness of our city. General Wilson was a tall, slender gentleman, very polite, generous, intelligent, and a man much respected for his many excellent traits of character. He died in 1878.

THOMAS BARWISE is a healthy, hearty-looking Englishman, born in England in 1827 and educated in the old country; learned the trade of shoemaker and emigrated to America in 1850; remained in Detroit six years, when in 1856 he came to ST. PAUL, and has worked at his trade ever since. He first opened a shop on Fourth street, then on Robert, then on Minnesota, where he now is. He has never filled any public office but has been trying all these long years to create a good understanding with the people, and has succeeded. He is a good-sized man, nearly bald, industrious, steady, pleasant, and plods on his way in a philosophical manner. He is married and is the father of four children.

Dr. J. H. MURPHY is an old settler of the State but came to ST. PAUL to live in 1862 and of course comes in my second volume. It is fortunate for the author, because a biography of the Doctor would necessitate an extra volume to complete my labors.

CONCLUSION.

And thus I close my PEN PICTURES of the men and events transpiring in ST. PAUL covering the period from 1838 to 1857 inclusive, or twenty years, and which complete my first volume of 755 pages. It has been my purpose to make this history correct, and as it has been written in the day in which the author and his subjects lived, it is probably as perfect as any history of this character could possibly be made. It has cost patience, labor and research and some skill in delineating character without giving offense, and yet if I have gathered up the threads of a disjointed whole and made them available for future reference, I have lived for some purpose.

GOOD BYE!

And so to my many kind friends who have followed me so patiently through some hundreds of columns of newspaper talk, I would not be human if I did not thank them for the kind attention they have given me and the kind words they have spoken in my behalf, and of their due appreciation of the humble efforts which have been made by me to rescue from oblivion the names and deeds of the many brave old settlers who laid the foundation for the present and future greatness of the city of ST. PAUL.

PEN PICTURES.

OVER ONE HUNDRED COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

[PEN PICTURES were published in the St. Paul Sunday Globe two years prior to being collected in book form.]

WHAT THEY THINK.

Gen. H. H. Sibley.—"So far as my knowledge extends the sketches are remarkable for their accuracy and of great historical value. I have perused them with much interest."

Commodore N. W. Kittson.—"I can, in all sincerity say, that his facts, figures, incidents, etc., in regard to the pioneers of ST. PAUL, are almost phenomenally correct, and his estimation of men and the narration of their deeds just and fair."

Hon. Alex. Ramsey.—"They are very interesting brief biographies of the early settlers of ST. PAUL and will be of great value in the future for reference. So far as my knowledge goes, they are correct as to dates, etc. They will be read with ever increasing interest as time rolls on."

Hon. H. M. Rice.—"I have found them very correct as to dates, facts, etc., and I feel like extending to Maj. Newson my sincere personal thanks for the great labor he has performed in collecting and collating the facts in regard to the early settlers of ST. PAUL, and also incidentally the coincident history of the Territory and State of Minnesota."

A. L. Larpenteur, oldest living white settler in St. Paul.—"Maj. Newson's sketches are almost absolutely correct so far as dates, facts, etc., are concerned, and in the main they are truthful in his estimate of men."

Rev. E. D. Neill.—"I have read them with great interest and historically they are very correct. Shall purchase a copy for each of my children."

Judge Aaron Goodrich.—"His facts, data, estimate of men, etc., etc., are wonderfully correct and can be relied upon by the future historian for his facts."

Mayor Edmund Rice.—"They have been written in the Major's easy, entertaining, graceful style, and I believe that they are as near correct in statement of facts as it is possible to make such sketches."

Hon. Ignatius Donnelly.—"They are very interesting; well written; entertaining now, and will be very valuable to the historian and genealogist in the future."

Dr. David Day.—"They are carefully prepared, written in a very attractive style, and will be invaluable in the future for the remarkable accuracy of their statement of facts and dates. It is of such sketches that correct history is made."

Bishop John Ireland.—"They are most valuable contributions to the history of our city and State. The Pictures are truly life-like, so correctly are facts narrated, so fresh and animated is the style. They bring up before us, that we see again and hear them, dear old friends knit to us by all the sweet associations of early Western settlements."

J. Fletcher Williams, Secretary Historical Society.—"Seldom, if ever, has any city had its pioneers and their work so well and carefully inscribed on the pages of history. Maj. Newson deserves the praise of every 'old-timer' in St. Paul."

William P. Murray.—"His facts, dates, names, incidents, etc., are all characterized with an accuracy which is simply surprising."

Louis E. Fisher.—"Of exceeding great value to the present and of far greater value to future generations, containing as they do a truthful, fair, just and reliable record of those who led the van in building up our city and State."

Gov. L. F. Hubbard.—"I have read his sketches with great interest and I find them as far as my knowledge goes, to be correct, truthful and just. It must have been a task of great labor, research and patience to collect all this data, facts, etc., so interesting in the present and which must, from the very nature of things, be almost invaluable to the generations which shall come after us."

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I. V. D. Heard.—"I have read them with great interest and value them very highly, more especially on account of their correctness in the narration of facts, incidents, etc., and will be invaluable in the future for reference."

Hon. C. C. Andrews, late minister to Brazil.—"What astonished me most was their phenomenal accuracy in regard to dates, facts, etc., about those I had personally known, and with whose history I was more or less familiar. They are invaluable as a record of local history."

Judge D. A. J. Baker.—"They are not only interesting but are as near correct, just and accurate as to dates, facts, etc., as it is possible to make such sketches. When printed in book form the volume shall occupy a place of honor in my library."

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Edward Richards.—"They are spicy, deal with historical facts and are very readable. About the most interesting articles in the Globe."

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John W. Roche, City Comptroller.—"I have read the Pen Pictures with exceeding great interest and consider them invaluable on account of their truthfulness and accuracy."

Gates A. Johnson.—"They are written in an attractive style and have the merit of being phenomenally accurate and correct."

"Doc." E. N. Larpenteur.—"Maj. Newson's articles are very correct and very just, original in their inception and exceedingly interesting to read. Indeed, I may say his book when completed and published, will have no counterpart on the globe, and will command a high premium some years hence."

H. P. Hall, late editor of the Globe.—"I regard the work you have done and are doing in this line as absolutely invaluable. The sketches are historical and have the advantage, in many cases, of not being written after the subjects are dead and necessary data placed beyond reach of being obtained. As time wears on your work will be more appreciated than it is now and I predict that in future years no man in St. Paul will be able to count himself as informed relative to the early history and growth of this section of the country, who has not read and does not keep a copy of your Pen Pictures for reference and re-reading."

Mrs. Chatfield, widow of the late Judge Chatfield of Belle Plaine.—"N. P. Willis once wrote me 'that the highest reward of authorship was the assurance that he had given pleasure to his friends,' a sentiment which I believe is shared by all literary gentlemen. If so, surely you have your reward, for all classes seem to read your Pen Pictures with great pleasure and interest."

R. P. Nichols, Chicago.—"Your Pen Pictures were exceedingly interesting to me. You have given such faithful and delightful biographical sketches, and as usual you wield a facile, graceful, graphic and vigorous pen. My own acquaintance with the history of St. Paul justifies me in saying that the historical portions of the sketches that I have read have been written with remarkable fullness, accuracy and fidelity. Your work will be an honor to the author and to your city 'a joy forever.'"

W. E. Magraw, circulator of the Globe.—"I consider 'Pen Pictures of St. Paul,' written by Major T. M. Newson, and which have been running as a series for some time past in the columns of the Sunday Globe, one of the most remunerative features of the paper. In my judgment they have made and held more warm friends for the paper than any other one special feature of the Sunday Globe. When completed and compiled it will be a valuable historical acquisition to our city, containing information which cannot be obtained elsewhere."

Reuben Warner.—"They will be beyond value in a few years as a matter of reference on account of their correctness, fairness, etc."

John A. Stees.—"They are interesting, fair, just, correct, and will be of especial value to those who come after us."

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Ex-Governor Davis.—"Pen Pictures have been exceedingly interesting reading to me and are almost invaluable as a history of the men and times of which he writes. I have known many of the early settlers and his sketches have been correct and just."

Samuel H. Nichols, Clerk of the Supreme Court.—"Have read the Pen Pictures with much interest. They cannot fail to be of great value for reference in the future."

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Wm. L. Banning.—"So far as my knowledge goes these sketches have been correct and fair. They will be very valuable hereafter for reference."

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