

Reminiscences of a pioneer days in St. Paul

***Reminiscences of PIONEER DAYS IN ST. PAUL.* By FRANK MOORE. A Collection of Articles Written for and Published in the Daily Pioneer Press.**

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NEWSPAPER STRUGGLES OF PIONEER DAYS.

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A BRIEF NARRATION OF INCIDENTS AND EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY DAYS OF ST. PAUL DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

If James M. Goodhue could revisit the earth and make a tour among the daily newspaper offices of St. Paul he would discover that wonderful strides had been made in the method of producing a newspaper during the latter half of the past century. Among the first things to attract the attention of this old-timer would be the web-perfecting press, capable of producing 25,000 impressions an hour, instead of the old hand press of 240 impressions an hour; the linotype machine, capable of setting 6,000 to 10,000 ems per hour, instead of the old hand compositor producing only 800 to 1,000 ems per hour, and the mailing machine, enabling one man to do the work of five or six under the old method. Think of getting out the Sunday Pioneer Press with the material in use fifty years ago. It would take 600 hand presses, 600 hand pressmen and 600 boys three hours to print the edition, and as there were no means of stereotyping in those days the forms would have to be set up 600 times, requiring the services of 5,000 compositors. Papers printed under these conditions would have to be sold for one dollar each, and there would not be much profit in it at that. The first daily papers printed in St. Paul were not conducted 2 or a very gigantic

Library of Congress

scale, as the entire force of one office generally consisted of one pressman, five or six compositors, two editors and a business manager. A few reminiscences of the trials and tribulations of the early newspaper manager, editor and compositor may not be wholly devoid of interest.

In 1857 there occurred in Minnesota an election of delegates to the constitutional convention to provide for the admission of Minnesota into the galaxy of states. The election was so close, politically, that when the delegates met there was a division, and the Republicans and Democrats held separate conventions. At the conclusion of the work of the two conventions the contract for printing was awarded to the two leading papers of the state—the Pioneer and the Minnesotian—the Pioneer to print the proceedings of the Democratic body and the Minnesotian that of the Republican. This contract called for the expenditure of considerable money for material with which to perform the work. Mr. Moore, the business manager of the Minnesotian, went to New York and purchased a Hoe press, the first one ever brought to the state, and a large quantity of type; also a Hoe proof press, which is still in use in the Pioneer Press composing room. When the book was about completed the business manager of the Minnesotian was informed that an injunction had been issued prohibiting him from drawing any money from the state until the question of the right of the Minnesotian to do any state printing had been determined by the district court. Mr. Goodrich was state printer and claimed he had a right to print the proceedings of both constitutional bodies. This action on the part of the Pioneer produced great consternation in the Minnesotian office, as most of the men had not received more than half pay for some time, and now, when the balance of their pay was almost in sight, they were suddenly compelled to await the slow and doubtful action of the courts before receiving pay for their summer's work. The 3 district court, subsequently confirmed by the supreme court, decided in favor of the Minnesotian, and the day following the decision Mr. Moore, of the Minnesotian, brought down a bag of gold from the capitol containing \$4,000 and divided it up among his employes.

Library of Congress

In 1858, when the first Atlantic cable was laid, the news was anxiously looked for, and nearly every inhabitant of the city turned out to greet the arrival of the Gray Eagle and Itasca, two of the fastest boats on the river, which were expected to bring the news of the successful laying of the cable. The Gray Eagle started from Dubuque at 9 o'clock in the morning and the Itasca started from Prairie du Chien, about 100 miles farther up the river, at noon of the same day. When the boats reached the bend below the river they were abreast of each other, and as they reached the levee it was hardly possible to tell which was ahead. One of the passengers on the Gray Eagle had a copy of the Dubuque Herald containing the Queen's message, tied up with a small stone on the inside of it, and as he threw it to the shore a messenger from the Minnesotian caught it and ran up Bench street to the Minnesotian office, where the printers were waiting, and the Minnesotian had the satisfaction of getting out an extra some little before their competitors.

In the summer season the newspapers had to rely, to a considerable extent, on the steamboats for late Dubuque and Chicago papers for telegraph news. There were three or four daily lines of steamers to St. Paul, and every one of them could be distinguished by its whistle. When it was time for the arrival of the boat bringing the newspapers from which the different papers expected to get their telegraphic news, messengers from the different offices would be at the levee, and as the boat neared the shore they would leap for the gangplank, and there was always a scramble to get to the clerk's office first. James J. Hill and the late Gus Borup were almost always at the levee awaiting the arrival of the steamers, but as they were after copies of the boats' manifest they did not come in competition with the adventurous kids from the newspaper offices.

The Minnesotian was probably the first daily paper in the West to illustrate a local feature. During the summer of 1859 a man by the name of Jackson was lynched by a mob in Wright county, and Gov. Sibley called out the Pioneer Guards to proceed to the place where the lynching occurred and arrest all persons connected with the tragedy. The Pioneer Guards was the crack military company of the state, and the only service any of

Library of Congress

its members ever expected to do was in the ballroom or to participate in a Fourth of July parade. When they were called out by the governor there was great consternation in the ranks. One of the members, who is still a prominent politician in the city, when told that his first duty was to serve his country, trembling remarked that he taught his first duty was to provide for his wife and family.

A number of them made their wills before departing, as they thought the whole of Wright county was in open rebellion. After being absent for about a week they proudly marched back to the city without over firing a gun or seeing an enemy. The late J. Fletcher Williams was city editor of the *Minnesotian*, and he wrote an extended account of the expedition, and it was profusely illustrated with patent medicine cuts and inverted wood type and border, the only available material at that time that could be procured.

The year 1859 was a memorable one in the political history of Minnesota. Alexander Ramsey and George L. Becker, both now living in this city, were the rival candidates for governor. The Republicans made extraordinary efforts to elect their state and legislative tickets, as both governor and United States senator were at stake. Among the speakers imported by the Republicans were the Hon. Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania and Hon. Schuyler Colfax of Indiana. Mr. Grow, then as now, represented the congressional district in Pennsylvania in which I formally resided, and I was very anxious to hear him, as the first political speech I had ever heard was made by him in a small village in Pennsylvania. The speakers were announced to speak at the old People's theater, on the corner of Fourth and St. Peter streets, and I was among the first to enter. The theater was packed to overflowing. Mr. Grow had made a very interesting speech of about an hour's duration, and Mr. Colfax was to follow for an equal length of time. After Mr. Colfax had spoken about ten minutes an alarm of fire was sounded and in less than fifteen minutes the entire structure was burned to the ground. This happened about 9:30 o'clock in the evening, and, strange to relate, not one of the morning papers had an announcement of the fact the next day. The morning papers at that time were something use an evening paper of to-day. They were set up and made up in the afternoon and generally printed in the early part of

Library of Congress

the evening. The result of that election was very gratifying to the Republicans. I can see old Dr. Foster now writing a double column political head for the Minnesotian, the first two lines of which were: "Shout Republican, Shout! We've cleaned the Breech Clouts Out!"

Dr. Foster was the editor of the Minnesotian and was quite a power in the Republican party. He wielded a vigorous pen and possessed a very irascible temper. I have often seen him perform some Horace Greeley antics in the composing room of the old Minnesotian. At the time of the execution of John Brown for his attempted raid into Virginia, I remember bringing the Chicago Tribune to the doctor, containing the announcement of the execution. I had arranged the paper so that the doctor could take in the contents of the heading at the first 6 glance. The doctor looked at the headlines a second and then exclaimed, loud enough to be heard a block, "Great God! In the nineteenth century, a man hung for an idea!"

At another time the doctor became very much enraged over some news that I had laid before him. In the early 50's Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, introduced into the house of representatives the first homestead law and the Republican party soon afterward incorporated the idea into their platform as one of their pet measures. After superhuman effort the bill passed the house of representatives, that body being nearly tie politically, and was sent to the senate. The Democratic majority in the senate was not very favorably impressed with the measure, but with the assistance of the late President Johnson, who was senator from Tennessee at that time, the bill passes the senate by a small majority. There was great rejoicing over the event and no one supposed for a moment that the president would veto the measure. When I had the Chicago Tribute before the excitable doctor containing the announcement of Buchanan's veto the very air was blue oaths. The doctor took the paper and rushed out into the street waving the paper frantically in the air, cursing the president at every step.

From 1854, the date of the starting of the three St. Paul daily papers, until 1860, the time of the completion of the Winslow telegraph line, there was great strife between the

Library of Congress

Pioneer, Minnesotian and Times as to which would be the first to appear on the street with the full text of the president's message. The messages of Pierce and Buchanan were very lengthy, and for several days preceding their arrival the various offices had all the type of every description distributed and all the printers who could possibly be procured engaged to help out on the extra containing the forthcoming message. It was customary to pay every one employed, from the devil to the foreman, \$2.50 in gold, and every printer in the city was notified to be in readiness for the approaching typographical struggle. One year one of the proprietors of the Minnesotian thought he would surprise the other offices, and he procured the fastest livery team in the city and went down the river as far as Red Wing to intercept the mail coach, and expected to return to St. Paul three or four hours in advance of the regular mail, which would give him that much advantage over his competitors. Owing to some miscalculation as to the time the stage left Chicago the message was delivered in St. Paul twenty-four hours earlier than was expected, and the proprietor of the Minnesotian had the pleasure of receiving a copy of his own paper, containing the complete message, long before he returned to St. Paul. The management always provided an oyster supper for the employees of the paper first out with the message, and it generally required a week for the types to fully recover from its effect.

As an evidence of what was uppermost in the minds of most people at this time, and is probably still true to-day, it may be related that in the spring of 1860, when the great prize fight between Heenan and Sayers was to occur in England, and the meeting of the Democratic national convention in Charleston, in which the Minnesota Democrats were in hopes that their idol, Stephen A. Douglas, would be nominated for president, the first question asked by the people I would meet on the way from the boat landing to the office would be: "Anything from the prize fight? What is the news from the Charleston convention?"

"The good old times, printers often talk about were evidently not the years between the great panic of 1857 and the breaking out of the Civil war in 1861. Wages were low and

Library of Congress

there was absolutely no money to speak of. When a man did occasionally get a dollar he was not sure it would be worth its face value when the next boat would arrive with a new Bank Note Reported. Married men considered themselves very fortunate when they could get, on Saturday night, an order on a grocery or dry goods store for four or five dollars, and the single men seldom received more than \$2 or \$3 cash. That was not more than half enough to pay their board bill. This state of affairs continued until the Press was started in 1861, when Gov. Marshall inaugurated the custom, which still prevails, of paying his employes every Saturday night.

Another instance of the lack of enterprise on the part of the daily paper of that day:

During the summer of 1860 a large party of Republican statesmen and politicians visited St. Paul, consisting of State Senator W. H. Seward. Senator John P. Hale, Charles Francis Adams, Senator Nye, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford and several others of lesser celebrity. The party came to Minnesota in the interest of the Republican candidate for president. Mr. Seward made a great speech from the front steps of the old capitol, in which he predicted that at some distant day the capitol of this great republic would be located not far from the Falls of St. Anthony. There was a large gathering at the capitol to hear him, but those who were not fortunate enough to get within sound of his voice had to wait until the New York Herald, containing a full report of his speech, reached St. Paul before they could read what the great statesman had said.

In the fall of 1860 the first telegraph line was completed to St. Paul. Newspaper proprietors thought they were then in the world, so far as news is concerned, but it was not to be so. The charges for telegraph news were so excessive that the three papers in St. Paul could not afford the luxury of the "latest news by Associated Press." The offices combined against the extortionate rates demanded by the telegraph company and made an agreement not to take the dispatches until the rates were lowered; but it was like an agreement of the railroad presidents of the present day, it was not adhered to. The Pioneer made a secret contract with the telegraph company and left the Minnesotian

Library of Congress

and the Times out in the cold. Of course that was a very unpleasant state of affairs and for some time the Minnesotian and Times would wait until the Pioneer was out in the morning and would then set up the telegraph and circulate their papers. One of the editors connected with the Minnesotian had an old acquaintance in the pressroom of the Pioneer, and through him secured one of the first papers printed. This had been going on for some time when Earle S. Goodrich, the editor of the Pioneer, heard of it, and he accordingly made preparation to perpetrate a huge joke on the Minnesotian. Mr. Goodrich was a very versatile writer and he prepared four or five columns of bogus telegraph and had it set up and two or three copies of the Pioneer printed for the special use of the Minnesotian. The scheme worked to a charm. Amongst the bogus news was a two-column speech purporting to have been made by William H. Seward in the senate just previous to the breaking out of the war. Mr. Seward's well-known ideas were so closely imitated that their genuineness were not questioned. The rest of the news was made up of dispatches purporting to be from the ten excited Southern States. The Minnesotian received a Pioneer about 4 o'clock in the morning and by 8 the entire edition was distributed throughout the city. I had distributed the Minnesotian throughout the upper portion of the city, and just as I returned to Bridge Square I met the carrier of the Pioneer, and laughed at him for being so late. He smiled, but did not speak. As soon as I learned what had happened I did not do either. The best of the joke was, the Times could not obtain an early copy of the Pioneer and set up the bogus news from the Minnesotian, and had their edition printed and ready to circulate 10 when they heard of the sell. They at once set up the genuine news and circulated both the bogus and regular, and made fun of the Minnesotian for being so easily taken in.

The Pioneer retained the monopoly of the news until the Press was started, on the 1st of January, 1861. The Press made arrangements with Mr. Winslow for full telegraphic dispatches, but there was another hitch in the spring of 1861 and for some time the Press had to obtain its telegraph from proof sheets of the St. Anthony Falls News, a paper published in what is now East Minneapolis. Gov. Marshall was very much exercised at

Library of Congress

being compelled to go to a neighboring town for telegraph news, and one night when news of unusual importance was expected he had a very stormy interview with Mr. Winslow. No one ever knew exactly what he told him, but that night the Press had full telegraphic reports, and has had ever since.

Gov. Marshall was a noble man. When the first battle of Bull Run occurred the earlier reports announced a grate Union victory. I remember of going to Dan Rice's circus that night and felt as chipper as a young kitten. After the circus was out went back to the office to see if any late news had been received. I met Gov. Marshall at the door, and with tears rolling down his cheeks he informed me that the Union force had met with a great reverse and he was afraid the country would never recover from it. But it did, and the governor was afterward one of the bravest of the brave in battling for his country's honor.

Printers were very patriotic, and when Father Abraham called for "three hundred thousand more" in July, 1862, so many enlisted that it was with much difficulty that the paper was enable to present a respectable appearance. The Press advertised for anything that could set type to come in and 11 help it out. I remember one man applying who said he never had set any type, but he had a good theoretical knowledge of the business.

One evening an old gentleman by the name of Metcalf, father of the late T. M. Metcalf, came wandering into the office about 9 o'clock and told the foreman he thought he could help him out. He was given a piece of copy and worked faithfully until the paper went to press. He was over eighty years old and managed to set about 1,000 ems. Mr. Metcalf got alarmed at his father's absence from home and searched the city over, and finally found him in the composing room of the Press. The old man would not go home with his son, but insisted on remaining until the paper was up.

Although Minnesota sent to the war as many, if not more, men than any other state in the Union in proportion to its population, yet it was necessary to resort to a draft in a few counties where the population was largely foreign. The feeling against the draft was very

Library of Congress

bitter, and the inhabitants of the counties which were behind in the quota did not take kindly to the idea of being drafted to fight for a cause they did not espouse. A riot was feared, and troops were ordered down from the fort to be in readiness for any disturbance that might occur. Arrangements for the prosecution of the draft were made as rapidly as possible, but the provost marshal was not in readiness to have it take place on the day designated by the war department. This situation of affairs was telegraphed to the president and the following characteristic reply was received: "If the draft cannot take place, of course it cannot take place. Necessity knows no law. A. Lincoln." The bitterest feeling of the anti-drafters seemed to be against the old St. Paul Press, a paper that earnestly advocated the vigorous prosecution of the war. Threats were made to mob the office. A company was organized for self-defense, and Capt. E. R. Otis, now of the West Superior, one of the Press 12 compositors at that time, was made post commander. Capt. Otis had seen service in the early part of the war and the employes considered themselves fortunate in having a genuine military man for a leader. The office was barricaded, fifteen old Springfield muskets and 300 rounds of ammunition was brought down from the capitol and every one instructed what to do in case of an attack. I slept on a lounge in the top story of the old Press building overlooking Bridge Square, and the guns and ammunition were under my bed. I was supposed to give the alarm should the most arrive after the employes had gone home. As there was no possible avenue of escape in case of an attack, it looks now as if the post commander displayed poor judgment in placing alone sentinel on guard. But there was no riot. The excitement gradually died away and the draft took place without interruption.

Before and some time after the war the daily newspapers took advantage of all the holidays and seldom issued papers on the days following Christmas, New Year's, Washington's birthday, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. On the Fourth of July, 1863, the Pioneer made arrangements to move from their old quarters near the corner of Third and Cedar streets to the corner of Third and Robert. It happened that on that day two of the greatest events of the Civil was had occurred—the battle of Gettysburg and the surrender

Library of Congress

of Vicksburg. The Pioneer being engaged in moving their plant could not issue an extra on that occasion, and the Press had the field exclusively to itself. The news of these two great events had become pretty generally known throughout the city and the anxiety to get fuller particulars was simply intense. The Press, having a clear field for that day, did not propose to issue its extra until the fullest possible details had been received. A great crowd had assembled in front of the old Press office, anxiously awaiting details of the great Union victories. I had helped prepare the news for the 13 press and followed the forms to the press room. As soon as a sufficient number of papers had been printed I attempted to carry them to the counting room and place them on sale. As I opened the side door of the press room and undertook to reach the counting room by a short circuit, I found the crowd on the outside had become so large that it was impossible to gain an entrance in that direction, and undertook to retreat and try another route. But quicker than a flash I was raised to the shoulders of the awaiting crowd and walked on their heads to the counting room window, where I sold what few papers I had as rapidly as I could hand them out. As soon as the magnitude of the news got circulated cheer after cheer rent the air, and cannon, anvils, firecrackers and everything that would make a noise was brought into requisition, and before sundown St. Paul had celebrated the greatest Fourth of July in its history.

I arrived in St. Paul on the morning of the 7th of April 1858, and immediately commenced work on the Daily Minnesotian, my brother, Geo. W. Moore, being part owner and manager of the paper. I had not been at work long before I learned what a "scoop" was. Congress had passed a bill admitting Minnesota into the Union, but as there was no telegraphic communication with Washington it required two or three days for the news to reach the state. The Pioneer, Minnesotian and Times were morning papers, and were generally printed the evening before. It so happened that the news of the admission of Minnesota was brought to St. Paul by a passenger on a late boat and the editors of the Pioneer accidentally heard of the event and published the same on the following morning, thus scooping the other two papers. The Minnesotian got out an extra and sent it around

Library of Congress

to their subscribers and they thought they had executed a great stroke of enterprise. It was not long before I became familiar with the 14 method of obtaining news and I was at the levee on the arrival of every boat thereafter. I could tell every boat by its whistle, and there was no more scoops 'till the telegraph line was completed in the summer of 1860.

During the latter part of the Civil war the daily newspaper began to expand, and have ever since kept fully abreast to the requirements of our rapidly increasing population. The various papers were printed on single-cylinder presses until about 1872, when double-cylinders were introduced. In 1876 the first turtle-back press was brought to the city, printing four pages at one time. In 1880 the different offices introduced machines were installed. The next great advance will probably be some system of photography that will entirely dispense with the work of the printer and proofreader. Who knows?

15

THE FIVE MILLION LOAN ELECTION.

EARLY STEAMBOATING—CELEBRATION OF THE SUCCESSFUL LAYING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE—A FIGHT BETWEEN THE CHIPPEWAS AND SIOUXS.

“Right this way for the Fuller house!” Right this way for the Winslow house!” “Right this way for the American house!” “Merchants hotel on the levee!” “Stage for St. Anthony Falls!” These were the announcements that would greet the arrival of travelers as they would alight from one of the splendid steamers of the Galena, Dunleith, Dubuque and Minnesota Packet company during the days when travelling by steamboat was the only way of reaching points on the upper Mississippi. Besides the above hotels, there was the Central house, the Temperance house, the City hotel, Minnesota house, the Western house, the Hotel to the Wild Hunter, whose curious sign for many years attracted the attention of the visitor, and many others. The Merchants is the only one left, and that only in name. Messengers from newspaper offices, representatives of storage and commission houses, merchants looking for consignments of goods, residents looking for friends, and

Library of Congress

the ever alert dealers in town lots on the scent of fresh victims, were among the crowds that daily congregated at the levee whenever the arrival of one of the packet company's regular steamers was expected. 16 At one time there was a daily line of steamers to La Crosse, a daily line to Prairie du Chien, a daily line to Dubuque and a line to St. Louis, and three daily lines for points on the Minnesota river. Does any one remember the deep bass whistle of the Gray Eagle, the combination whistle on the Key City, the ear-piercing shriek of the little Antelope, and the discordant notes of the calliope on the Denmark? The officers of these packets were the kings of the day, and when any one of them strayed up town he attracted as much attention as a major general of the regulars. It was no uncommon sight to see six or eight steamers at the levee at one time, and their appearance presented a decided contrast to the levee of the present time. The first boat through the lake in the spring was granted free wharfage, and as that meant about a thousand dollars, there was always an effort made to force a passage through the lake as soon as possible. Traveling by steamboat during the summer months was very pleasant, but it was like taking a trip to the Klondike to go East during the winter. Merchants were compelled to supply themselves with enough goods to last from November till April, as it was too expensive to ship goods by express during the winter. Occasionally some enterprising merchant would startle the community by announcing through the newspapers that he had just received by Burbank's express a new pattern in dress goods, or a few cans of fresh oysters. The stages on most of the routes left St. Paul at 4 o'clock in the morning, and subscribers to daily newspapers within a radius of forty miles of the city could read the news as early as they can during these wonderful days of steam and electricity.

Probably no election ever occurred in Minnesota that excited so much interest as the one known as the "Five Million Loan Election." It was not a party measure, as the leading men of both parties favored it; although the Republicans endeavored to make a little capital out of it at a later period. The 17 only paper of any prominence that opposed the passage of the amendment was the Minnesota, edited by Dr. Thomas Foster. That paper

Library of Congress

was very violent in its abuse of every one who favored the passage of the law, and its opposition probably had an opposite effect from what was intended by the redoubtable doctor. The great panic of 1857 had had a very depressing effect on business of every description and it was contended that the passage of this measure would give employment to thousands of people; that the rumbling of the locomotive would soon be heard in every corner of the state, and that the dealer in town lots and broad acres would again be able to complacently inform the newcomer the exact locality where a few dollars would soon bring to the investor returns unheard of by any ordinary methods of speculation. The campaign was short and the amendment carried by an immense majority. So nearly unanimous was the settlement of the community in favor of the measure that it was extremely hazardous for any one to express sentiments in opposition to it. The city of St. Paul, with a population of about 10,000, gave a majority of over 4,000 for the law. There was no Australian law at that time, and one could vote early and often without fear of molestation. One of the amusing features of the campaign, and in opposition to the measure, was a cartoon drawn by R. O. Sweeney, now a resident of Duluth. It was lithographed and widely circulated. The newspapers had no facilities for printing cartoons at that time. They had to be printed on a hand press and folded into the papers. It was proposed, by the terms of this amendment to the constitution, to donate to four different railroad companies \$10,000 per mile for every mile of road graded and ready to iron. Work was commenced soon after the passage of the law, and in a short time a demand was made by the railroad companies upon Gov. Sibley for the issuance of the bonds, in accordance with their idea of the terms of the contract made by the state. Gov. Sibley declined to issue the 18 bonds until the rights of the state had been fully protected. The railroad companies would not accept the restrictions placed upon them by the governor, and they obtained a peremptory writ from the supreme court directing that they be issued. The governor held that the supreme court had no authority to coerce the executive branch of the state government, but on the advice of the attorney general, and rather than have any friction between the two branches of the government, he, in accordance with the mandate of the court, reluctantly signed the bonds. Judge Flandrau dissented from the opinion of his colleagues, and had

Library of Congress

his ideas prevailed the state's financial reputation would have been vastly improved. Dr. Foster did not believe Gov. Sibley was sincere in his efforts to protect the interests of the state, and denounced him with the same persistence he had during the campaign of the previous fall. The doctor would never acknowledge that Gov. Sibley was the legal governor of Minnesota, and he contended that he had no right to sign the bonds; that their issuance was illegal and that neither the principal nor the interest would ever be paid. The Minnesotian carried at the head its columns the words "Official Paper of the City," and it was feared that its malignant attacks upon the state officials, denouncing the issuance of the bonds as fraudulent and illegal, would be construed abroad as reflecting the sentiment of the majority of the people in the the community in which it was printed, and would have a bad effect in the East when the time came to negotiate the bonds. An effort was made to induce the city council to deprive that paper of its official patronage, but that body could not see its way clear to abrogate its contract. Threats were made to throw the office into the river, but they did not materialize. When Gov. Sibley endeavored to place these bonds on the New York market he was confronted with conditions not anticipated, and suffered disappointment and humiliation in consequence of the failure of the attempt. The bonds could not be negotiated. The whole railway construction scheme suddenly collapsed, the railroad companies defaulted, the credit of the state was compromised, "and enterprise of great pith and moment had turned their currents awry." The evil forbodings of the Minnesotian became literally true, and for more than twenty years the repudiated bonds of Minnesota were a blot on the pages of her otherwise spotless record. Nearly 250 miles of road were graded, on which the state foreclosed and a few years later donated the same to new organizations. During the administration of Gov. Pillsbury the state compromised with the holders of these securities and paid 50 per cent of their nominal value. Will she ever pay the rest?

In the latter part of May, 1858, a battle was fought near Shakopee between the Sioux and the Chippewas. A party of Chippewa warriors, under the command of the famous Chief Hole-in-the-day, surprised a body of Sioux on the river bottoms near Shakopee

Library of Congress

and mercilessly opened fire on them, killing and wounding fifteen or twenty. Eight or ten Chippewas were killed during the engagement. The daily papers sent reporters to the scene of the conflict and they remained in that vicinity several days on the lookout for further engagements. Among the reporters was John W. Sickels, a fresh young man from one of the Eastern cities. He was attached to the Times' editorial staff and furnished that paper with a very graphic description of the events of the preceding days, and closed his report by saying that he was unable to find out the "origin of the difficulty." As the Sioux and Chippewas were hereditary enemies, his closing announcement afforded considerable amusement to the old inhabitants.

The celebration in St. Paul in honor of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, which took place on the first day of September, 1858, was one of the first as well as one of the most elaborate celebrations that ever occurred in the city. The announcement of the completion of the enterprise, which occurred on the 5th of the previous month, did not reach St. Paul until two or three days later, as there was no telegraphic communication to the city at that time. As soon as message had been exchanged between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan it was considered safe to make preparations for a grand celebration. Most of the cities throughout the United States were making preparations to celebrate on that day, and St. Paul did not propose to be outdone. The city council appropriated several hundred dollars to assist in the grand jubilation and a procession that would do credit to the city at the present time was prepared and a procession that would do credit to the city at the present time marched through the principal streets, to the edification of thousands of spectators from the city and surrounding country. To show that a procession in the olden time was very similar to one of the up-to-date affairs, the following order of procession is appended:

The Procession.

Escort of Light Cavalry. Band. Pioneer Guard. City Guard. City Battery. Floral procession with escort of Mounted Cadets, representing Queen Victoria, President Buchanan, the

Library of Congress

different States of the Union, and other devices. The Governor and State Officers in carriages. The Judges of the State in Carriages. The Clergy. Officers of the Army. Officers of the Navy. The Municipal Authorities of Neighboring Cities, The Board of Education in Carriages. The Mayor and City Council. Knights Templars on Horseback. 21 Band. Odd Fellows. Druids. Typographical Corps. Band. Officers and Crews of Vessels in Port. Turners. German Reading Society. German Singing Society. Attaches of Postoffice Department. Citizens in Carriages. Citizens on Horseback. Brewers on Horseback. Butchers on Horseback

Col. A. C. Jones, adjutant general of the state, was marshal-in-chief, and he was assisted by a large number of aides. The Pioneer Guards, the oldest military company in the state, had the right of line. They had just received their Minie rifles and bayonets, and, with the drum-major headgear worn by military companies in those days, presented a very imposing appearance. The Pioneer Guards were followed by the City Guards, under Capt. John O'Gorman. A detachment of cavalry and the City Battery completed the military part of the affair. The fire department, under the superintendence of the late Charles H. Williams, consisting of the Pioneer Hook and Ladder company, Minnehaha Engine company, Hope Engine company and the Rotary Mill company was the next in order. One of the most attractive features of the occasion was the contribution of the Pioneer Printing company. In a large car drawn by six black horses an attempt was made to give an idea of printers and printing in the days of Franklin, and also several epochs in the life of the great philosopher. In the car with the representatives of the art preservative was Miss Azelene Allen, a beautiful and popular young actress connected with the People's theater, bearing in her hand a cap of liberty on a spear. She represented the Goddess of Liberty. The car was ornamented with 22 flowers and the horses were decorated with the inscriptions "Franklin," "Morse," "Field." The Pioneer book bindery was also represented in one of the floats, and workmen, both male and female, were employed in different branches of the business. These beautiful floats were artistically designed by George H. Colgrave, who is still in the service of the Pioneer Press company. One of the

Library of Congress

unique features of the parade, and one that attracted great attention, was a light brigade, consisting of a number of school children mounted, and they acted as a guard of honor to the president and queen. In an open barouche drawn by four horses were seated two juvenile representatives of President Buchanan and Queen Victoria. The representative of British royalty was Miss Rosa Larpenteur, daughter of A. L. Larpenteur, and the first child born of white parents in St. Paul. James Buchanan was represented by George Folsom, also a produce of the city. Col. R. E. J. Miles and Miss Emily Dow, the stars at the People's theater, were in the line of march on two handsomely caparisoned horses, dressed in Continental costume, representing George and Martha Washington. The colonel looked like the veritable Father of His Country. There were a number of other floats, and nearly all the secret societies of the city were in line. The procession was nearly two miles in length and they marched three and one-half hours before reaching their destination. To show the difference between a line of march at that time and one at the present day, the following is given:

The Line of March.

Up St. Anthony street to Fort street, up Fort street to Ramsey street, then countermarch down Fort to Fourth street, down Fourth street to Minnesota street, up Minnesota street to Seventh street, down Seventh street to Jackson street, up Jackson street to Eighth street, down Eighth street to Broadway, down Broadway to Seventh street, up Seventh street to Jackson street, down Jackson 23 street to Third street, up Third street to Market street.

Ex-Gov. W. A. Gorman and ex-Gov. Alex. Ramsey were the orators of the occasion, and they delivered very lengthy addresses. It had been arranged to have extensive fireworks in the evening, but on account of the storm they had to be postponed until the following night.

It was a strange coincidence that on the very day of the celebration the last message was exchanged between England and America. The cable had been in successful operation about four weeks and 129 messages were received from England and 271 sent from

Library of Congress

America. In 1866 a new company succeeded in laying the cable which is in successful operation to-day. Four attempts were made before the enterprise was successful—the first in 1857, the second in 1858, the third in 1863 and the successful one in 1865. Cyrus W. Field, the projector of the enterprise, received the unanimous thanks of congress, and would have been knighted by Great Britain had Mr. Field thought it proper to accept such honor.

Some time during the early '50s a secret order known as the Sons of Malta was organized in one of the Eastern states, and its membership increased throughout the West with as much rapidity as the Vandals and Goths increased their numbers during the declining years of the Roman Empire. Two or three members of the Pioneer editorial staff procured a charter from Pittesburg in 1858 and instituted a lodge in St. Paul. It was a grand success from the start. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, printers, and in fact half of the male population, was soon enrolled in the membership of the order. There was something so grand, gloomy and peculiar about the initiation that made it certain that as soon as one victim had run the gauntlet he would not be satisfied until another one had been procured. When a candidate had been proposed for membership the whole lodge 24 acted as a committee of investigation, and if it could be ascertained that he had ever been derelect in his dealings with his fellow men he was sure to be charged with it when being examined by the high priest in the secret chamber of the order—that is, the candidate supposed he was in a secret chamber from the manner in which he had to be questioned, but when the hood had been removed from his face he found, much to his mortification, that his confession had been made to the full membership of the order. Occasionally the candidate would confess to having been more of a transgressor than his questioners had anticipated.

The following is a sample of the questions asked a candidate for admission: Grand Commander to candidate, "Are you in favor of the acquisition of the Island of Cuba?" Candidate, "I am." Grand Commander, "In case of an invasion of the island, would you lie awake nights and steal into the enemy's camp?" Candidate, "I would." Grand Commander, "Let it be recorded, he will lie and steal," and then an immense gong at the far end of the

Library of Congress

hall would be sounded and the candidate would imagine that the day of judgment had come. The scheme of bouncing candidates into the air from a rubber blanket, so popular during the days of the recent ice carnivals was said to have been original with the Sons of Malta, and was one of the mildest of the many atrocities perpetrated by this most noble order.

Some time during the summer a large excursion party of members of the order from Cincinnati, Chicago and Milwaukee visited St. Paul. Among the number was the celebrated elocutionist, Alf. Burnett of Cincinnati, and Gov. Alexander Randall of Wisconsin. They arrived at the lower levee about midnight and marched up Third street to the hall of the order, where a grand banquet was awaiting them. The visitors were arrayed in long, black robes, with a black hood over their heads, and looked more like the prisoners in the play of "Lucretia Borgia" than members of modern civilization.

On the following day there was an immense barbecue 25 at Minnehaha Falls, when the visitors were feasted with an ox roasted whole. This organization kept on increasing in membership, until in an evil hour one of the members had succeeded in inducing the Rev. John Penman to consent to become one of its members. Mr. Penman was so highly indignant at the manner in which he had been handled during the initiation that he immediately wrote an expose of the secret work, with numerous illustrations, and had it published in Harper's Weekly. The exposition acted like a bombshell in the camp of the Philistines, and ever after Empire hall, the headquarters of the order, presented a dark and gloomy appearance. The reverend gentleman was judge of probate of Ramsey county at the time, but his popularity suddenly diminished and when his term of office expired he found it to his advantage to locate in a more congenial atmosphere.

The Minnesotian and Times, although both Republican papers, never cherished much love for each other. The ravings of the Eatanswill Gazette were mild in comparison to the epithets used by these little papers in describing the shortcomings of their "vile and reptile contemporary." After the election in 1859, as soon as it was known that the Republicans

Library of Congress

had secured a majority in the legislature, the managers of these rival Republican offices instituted a very lively campaign for the office of state printer. Both papers had worked hard for the success of the Republican ticket and they had equal claims on the party for recognition. Both offices were badly in need of financial assistance, and had the Republican party not been successful one of them, and perhaps both, would have been compelled to suspend. How to divide the patronage satisfactorily to both papers was the problem that confronted the legislature about to assemble. The war of words between Foster and Newson continued with unabated ferocity. The editor of the *Minnesotian* would refer to the editor of the *Times* as “Mr. Timothy Muggins Newson”—his right name being 26 Thomas M. Newson—and the *Times* would frequently mention Dr. Foster as the “red-nosed, goggle-eyed editor of the *Minnesotian*.” To effect a reconciliation between these two editors required the best diplomatic talent of the party leaders. After frequent consultations between the leading men of the party and the managers of the two offices, it was arranged that the papers should be consolidated and the name of the paper should be the *Minnesotian and Times*. It can readily be seen that a marriage contracted under these peculiar circumstances was not likely to produce a prolonged state of connubial felicity. The relations between Foster and Newson were no more cordial under one management than had hitherto existed when the offices were separate. This unhappy situation continued until about the time the legislature adjourned, when the partnership was dissolved. Dr. Foster assumed entire control of the *Minnesotian* and Maj. Newson was manager of the *Times*. George W. Moore was associated with Dr. Foster in the publication of the *Minnesotian* prior to the consolidation, but when the offices separated it was stipulated that Mr. Moore should have the printing of the journals of the two houses of the legislature as part payment of his share of the business of the late firm of Newson. Moore, Foster & Co., thus entirely severing his relations with the paper he helped to found. After the arrangement was made it was with the greatest difficulty that it was carried into effect, as Orville Brown of Faribault had entered the field as a candidate for state printer and came within a few votes of taking the printing to that village. The *Times* continued under the management of Mr. Newson until the first of January, 1861, when he leased the

Library of Congress

office to W.R. Marshall and Thomas F. Slaughter, who started the St. Paul Daily Press with its material. The Press proved to be too much of a competitor for the Minnesotian, and in a short time Dr. Foster was compelled to surrender to its enterprising projectors, they having purchased the entire plant. This ended the rivalry between the two Republican 27 dailies. Dr. Foster and Maj. Newson, some time afterward, received commissions in the volunteer service of the army during the Civil war, and George W. Moore was appointed collector of the port of St. Paul, a position he held for more than twenty years.

Does any one remember that St. Paul had a paper called the Daily North Star? The historians of St. Paul and Ramsey county do not seem to ever have chronicled the existence of this sprightly little sheet. During the presidential campaign of 1860 we had two kinds of Democrats—the Douglas and the Breckinridge or administration Democrats. There were only two papers in the state that espoused the cause of Mr. Breckinridge—the Chatfield Democrat and the Henderson Independent—and as they had been designated by the president to publish such portion of the acts of congress as it was customary to print at that time, it was quite natural that they carried the administration colors at the head of their columns. They were called “bread and butter papers.” The supporters of Mr. Breckinridge thought their cause would present a more respectable appearance if they had an organ at the capital of the state. Accordingly the late H.H. Young, the editor of the Henderson Independent, was brought down from that village and the Daily North Star soon made its appearance. It was not necessary at that time to procure the Associated Press dispatches, a perfecting press and linotype machines before embarking in a daily newspaper enterprise, as a Washington hand press and five or six cases of type were all that were necessary. This paper was published regularly until after election, and as the returns indicated that the officeholders would not much longer contribute toward its support it soon collapsed.

St. Paul had another paper that is very seldom mentioned in newspaper history. It was called the St. Paul Weekly Journal, and was edited by Dr. Massey, formerly of the Ohio Statesman and private secretary to Gov. Sam Medary. This paper was 28 started in 1862,

Library of Congress

but on account of its violent opposition to the prosecution of the war did not meet with much favor, and only existed about eight months.

Some time during the year 1858 the Minnesotian office received about half a dozen cases of very bad whisky in payment of a very bad debt. They could not sell it—they could not even give it to any one. Occasionally the thirst of an old-time compositor would get the better of him and he would uncork a bottle. The experiment was never repeated. Think of a half a dozen cases of whisky remaining unmolested in a printing office for more than two years. During the campaign of 1860 the Wide Awakes and the Little Giants were the uniformed political organizations intended to attract the attention of voters. One dreary night one of the attaches of the Minnesotian office, and an active member of the Wide Awakes, met the Little Giants near Bridge Square as they were returning to their hall after a long march. In order to establish a sort of entente cordiale between the two organizations the Little Giants were invited over the Minnesotian office in hopes they would be able to reduce the supply of this nauseating beverage. It was a golden opportunity. The invitation was readily accepted, and in a short time fifty ardent followers of the advocate of squatter sovereignty were lined up in front of a black Republican office, thirsting for black Republican whisky. Bottle after bottle was passed down the line, and as it gurgled down the throats of these enthusiastic marchers they smacked their lips with as much gusto as did Rip Van Winkle when partaking of the sporofic potation that produced his twenty years' sleep. One of the cardinal principles of the Democracy, at that time was to “love rum and hate niggers.” As the entire stock was disposed of before the club resumed its line of march, the host of the occasion concluded that at least one plank of their platform was rigidly adhered to.

29

THE GREAT SIOUX OUTBREAK IN 1862.

Library of Congress

NARATION OF SOME OF THE EXCITING EVENTS THAT OCCURRED DURING THE GREAT SIOUX OUTBREAK IN 1862—FORT RIDGELY, NEW ULM AND BIRCH COULIE—OTHER DAY AND WABASHA—GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ST. PAUL.

In July and August, 1862, President Lincoln issued proclamations calling for the enlistment of 600,000 volunteers for the purpose of reinforcing the army, the vainly endeavoring to suppress the Southern rebellion. It was probably one of the most gloomy periods in the history of the Civil war. McClellan had been compelled to make a precipitous and disastrous retreat from the vicinity of Richmond; the army of Northern Virginia under Pope had met with several severe reverses; the armies in the West under Grant, Buell and Curtis had not been able to make any progress toward the heart of the Confederacy; rebel marauders under Morgan were spreading desolation and ruin in Kentucky and Ohio; rebel privateers were daily eluding the vigilant watch of the navy and escaping to Europe with loads of cotton, which they readily disposed of and returned with arms and ammunition to aid in the prosecution of their cause. France was preparing to invade Mexico with a large army for the purpose of forcing the establishment of a monarchical form of government upon the people of our sister republic; the sympathies of all the great powers of Europe, save Russia, were plainly manifested by outspoken utterances favorable to the success of the Confederate cause; rumors of foreign intervention in behalf of the South were daily circulated; the enemies of the government in the North were especially active in their efforts to prevent the enlistment of men under the call of the president; conspiracies for burning Northern cities had been unearthed by government detectives, and emissaries from the South were endeavoring to spread disease and pestilence throughout the loyal North. It was during this critical period in the great struggle for the suppression of the Rebellion that one of the most fiendish atrocities in the history of Indian warfare was enacted on the western boundaries of Minnesota.

It can readily be seen that the government was illy prepared to cope with an outbreak of such magnitude as this soon proved to be. By the terms of the treaty of Traverse des

Library of Congress

Sioux and Mendota in 1851 the Sioux sold all their lands in Minnesota, except a strip ten miles wide on each side of the Minnesota river from near Fort Ridgely to Big Stone lake. In 1858 ten miles of the strip lying north of the river was sold, mainly through the influence of Little Crow. The selling of this strip caused great dissatisfaction among the Indians and Little Crow was severely denounced for the part he took in the transaction. The sale rendered it necessary for all the Indians to locate on the south side of the Minnesota, where game was scarce and trapping poor. There was nothing for them to live upon unless they adopted the habits of civilization and worked like white men. This was very distasteful to many of them, as they wanted to live the same as they did before the treaty—go where they pleased, when they pleased, and hunt game and sell fur to traders. The government built houses for those who desired to occupy them, furnished tools, seed, etc., and taught them how to farm. At two of the agencies during 31 the summer of the outbreak they had several hundred acres of land under cultivation. The disinclination of many of the Indians to work gradually produced dissension among themselves and they formed into two parties—the white man's party, those that believed in cultivating the soil; and the Indian party, a sort of young-man-afraid-of-work association, who believed in beneath the dignity of the noble Dakotan to perform manual labor. The white man's, or farmer's party, was favored by the government, some of them having fine houses built for them. The other Indians did not like this, and became envious of them because they discontinued the customs of the tribe. There was even said to have been a secret organization among the tepee Indians whose object it was to declare war upon the whites. The Indians also claimed that they were not fairly dealt with by the traders; that they had to rely entirely upon their word for their indebtedness to them; that they were ignorant of any method of keeping accounts, and that when the paymaster came the traders generally took all that was coming, and often leaving many of them in debt. They protested against permitting the traders to sit at the pay table of the government paymaster and deduct from their small annuities the amount due them. They had at least one white man's idea—they wanted to pay their debts when they got ready.

Library of Congress

For several weeks previous to the outbreak the Indians came to the agencies to get their money. Day after day and week after week passed and there was no sign of paymasters. The year 1862 was the the second year of the great Rebellion, and as the government officers had been taxed to their utmost to provide funds for the prosecution of the war, it looked as though they had neglected their wards in Minnesota. Many of the Indians who had gathered about the agencies were out of money and their families were suffering. The Indians were told that on account of the great war in which the government was engaged the payment would never be made. Their annuities were payable in gold and they were told that the great father had no gold to pay them with. Maj. Galbraith, the agent of the Sioux, had organized a company to go South, composed mostly of half-breeds, and this led the Indians to believe that now would be the time to go to war with the whites and get their land back. It was believed that the men who had enlisted last had all left the state and that before help could be sent they could clear the country of the whites, and that the Winnebagos and Chippewas would come to their assistance. It is known that the Sioux had been in communication with Hole-in-the-Day, the Chippewa chief, but the outbreak was probably precipitated before they came to an understanding. It was even said at the time that the Confederate government had emissaries among them, but the Indians deny this report and no evidence has ever been collected proving its truthfulness.

Under the call of the president for 600,000 men Minnesota was called upon to furnish five regiments—the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth—and the requisition had been partially filled and the men mustered in when the news reached St. Paul that open hostilities had commenced at the upper agency, and an indiscriminate massacre of the whites was taking place.

The people of Minnesota had been congratulating themselves that they were far removed from the horrors of the Civil war, and their indignation knew no bounds when compelled to realize, that these treacherous redskins, who had been nursed and petted by officers of the government, and by missionaries and traders for years, had, without a moment's

Library of Congress

warning, commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. It was a singular fact that farmer Indians, whom the government officers and missionaries had tried so hard to civilize, were 33 guilty of the most terrible butcheries after hostilities had actually commenced.

A few days previous to the attack upon the whites at the upper agency a portion of the band of Little Six appeared at Action, Meeker county. There they murdered several people and then fled to Redwood. It was the first step in the great massacre that soon followed. On the morning of the 18th of August, without a word of warning, an indiscriminate massacre was inaugurated. A detachment of Company B of the Fifth regiment, under command of Capt. Marsh, went to the scene of the revolt, but they were ambushed and about twenty-five of their number, including the captain killed. The horrible work of murder, pillage and destruction was spread throughout the entire Sioux reservation, and whole families, especially those in isolated portions of the country, were an easy prey to these fiendish warriors.

The Wyoming massacre during the Revolution and the Black Hawk and Seminole wars at a later period, pale into insignificance when compared to the great outrages committed by these demons during this terrible outbreak. In less than one week 1,000 people had been killed, several million dollars' worth of property destroyed and 30,000 people rendered homeless. The entire country from Fort Ripley to the southern boundary of the state, reaching almost to the mouth of the Minnesota river, had been in a twinkling depopulated. How to repel these invaders and drive them back to their reservations and out of the state as they had forfeited all rights to the land they had occupied, was the problem that suddenly confronted both the state and national authorities.

Shortly after the news of the outbreak at Redwood had been received, word was sent from Fort Ripley to the effect that the Chippewas were assuming a warlike attitude, and it was feared that the Sioux and Chippewas—hereditary enemies—had buried the hatchet, or had been influenced by other causes, and were ready to co-operate in an indiscriminate

Library of Congress

massacre of the whites. Indian Agent Walker undertook to arrest the famous chief Hole-in-the-day, but that wily warrior had scented danger and suddenly disappeared, with his entire band, which caused grave apprehension among the settlers in that locality, and they were in daily dread of an attack from these hitherto peaceable tribes.

The suddenness with which the outbreak had occurred and the extraordinary rapidity with which it spread, driving the defenseless settlers from their homes and causing desolation and ruin on every side, rendered it necessary for the governor to call an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of devising means to arm and equip volunteers, and assist the homeless refugees in procuring places of shelter where they would be safe from molestation by these dusky warriors. Could anything be more terrible than Gov. Ramsey's picture of the ravages of these outlaws in his message to the legislature? "Nothing which the brutal lust and wanton cruelty of these savages could wreak upon their helpless and innocent victims was omitted from the category of their crimes," said the governor. "Helplessness and innocence, indeed, which would inspire pity in any heart but theirs, seemed to inspire them only with a more vindictive rage. Infants hewn into bloody chips of flesh or torn untimely from the womb of the murdered mother, and in cruel mockery cast in fragments on her pulseless and bleeding breast; rape joined to murder in one awful tragedy; young girls, even children of tender years, outraged by these brutal ravishers till death ended their shame; women held into captivity to undergo the horrors of a living death; whole families burned alive; and, as if their devilish fancy could not glut itself with outrages on the living, the last efforts exhausted in mutilating the bodies of the dead. Such are the spectacles, and a thousand nameless horrors besides, which this first experience of Indian warfare has burned into the minds and hearts of our frontier people; and such the enemy with whom we have to deal."

The old saying that the only good Indians are dead ones had a noble exception in the person of Other Day, who piloted sixty-two men, women and children across the country from below Yellow Medicine to Kandiyohi, and from there to Hutchinson, Glencoe and Carver. Other Day was an educated Indian and had been rather wild in his younger days,

Library of Congress

but experienced a change of heart about four years before the outbreak and had adopted the habits of civilization. Other Day arrived in St. Paul a few days after he had piloted his party in safety to Carver, and in the course of a few remarks to a large audience at Ingersoll hall, which had assembled for the purpose of organizing a company of home guards, he said: "I am a Dakota Indian, born and reared in the midst of evil. I grew up without the knowledge of any good thing. I have been instructed by Americans and taught to read and write. This I found to be good. I became acquainted with the Sacred Writings, and thus learned my vileness. At the present time I have fallen into great evil and affliction, but have escaped from it, and with sixty-two men, women and children, without moccasins, without food and without a blanket, I have arrived in the midst of a great people, and now my heart is glad. I attribute it to the mercy of the Great Spirit." Other Day had been a member of the church for several years and his religion taught him that the Great Spirit approved his conduct.

It was apparent that the Indian war was on in earnest. Ex-Gov. Sibley, on account of his long familiarity with Indian character, was placed in command of the troops ordered to assemble at St. Peter, and in a few days, with detachments of the regiments then forming, half-uniformed, poorly armed and with a scant supply of ammunition, commenced 36 offensive operations against the murderous redskins. The newspapers and the people were crying "On to Ridgely!" which was then beleaguered, with the same persistency as did Horace Greeley howl "On to Richmond!" previous to the disaster at Bull Run.

Any one who has seen the thrilling realistic Indian play of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" can form some idea of the terrible suspense of the little garrison at Fort Ridgely previous to being relieved by the forces under command of Gen. Sibley. Fort Ridgely was a fort only in name, and consisted of two or three stone and several wooden buildings, surrounded by a fence, which did not afford much protection when attacked by a large force. The garrison was under the command of Lieut. T. J. Sheehan. His force consisted of about 150 men from the Fifth regiment, fifty men of the Renville Rangers, and a number of civilians. He was surrounded by 700 or 800 Sioux, fully armed and equipped. Although there were

Library of Congress

only two attempts made to capture the garrison by assault, yet the siege was kept up for several days. In addition to about 300 refugees who had gathered there for support and protection, the \$72,000 of annuity money, which had been so long expected, arrived there the day before the outbreak. After bravely defending the fort for more than a week, the little garrison was relieved by the arrival of about 200 mounted volunteers under command of Col. McPhail, being the advance of Gen. Sibley's command. During the siege many of the men became short of musketry ammunition, and spherical case shot were opened in the barracks and women worked with busy hands making cartridges, while men cut nail rods in short pieces and used them as bullets, their dismal whistling producing terror among the redskins.

Almost simultaneously with the attack on Fort Ridgely the Indians in large numbers appeared in the vicinity of New Ulm, with the evident intention of burning and pillaging the village. Judge Charles E. Flandrau of this city, who was then residing at 37 St. Peter, organized a company of volunteers and marched across the country to the relief of that place. The judge received several acquisitions to his force while en route, and when he arrived at New Ulm found himself in command of about 300 men, poorly armed and wholly without military experience. They arrived at New Ulm just in time to assist the inhabitants in driving the Indians from the upper part of the village, several citizens having been killed and a number of houses burned. Two or three days afterward the Indians appeared in large force, surrounded the town and commenced burning the buildings on its outskirts. After a desperate encounter, in which the force under command of Judge Flandrau lost ten killed and about forty wounded, the Indians retired. There were in the village at the time of the attack about 1, 200 or 1,500 noncombatants, and every one of them would have been killed had the Indian attack been successful. Provisions and ammunition becoming scarce, the judge decided to evacuate the town and march across the country to Mankato. They made up a train of about 150 wagons, loaded them with women and children and the men who had been wounded in the fight, and arrived safely in Mankato without being molested. Nearly two hundred houses were burned before the town was evacuated, leaving nothing

Library of Congress

standing but a few houses inside the hastily constructed barricade. The long procession of families leaving their desolated homes, many of them never to return, formed one of the saddest scenes in the history of the outbreak, and will ever be remembered by the gallant force under the command of Judge Flandrau, who led them to a place of safety.

As soon as Gen. Sibley arrived at Fort Ridgely a detail of Company A of the sixth regiment, under command of Capt. H. P. Grant of St. Paul, and seventy members of the Cullen Guards, under the command of Capt. Jo Anderson, also of St. Paul, and several citizen volunteers, all under the command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown, was sent out with instructions to bury the dead and rescue the wounded, if any could be found, from their perilous surroundings. They were St. Paul organizations and most all of their members were St. Paul boys. They never had an opportunity to drill and most of them were not familiar with the use of firearms. After marching for two days, during which time they interred a large number of victims of the savage Sioux, they went into camp at Birch Coulie, about fifteen miles from Fort Ridgely. The encampment was on the prairie near a fringe of timber and the coulie on one side and an elevation of about ten feet on the other. It was a beautiful but very unfortunate location for the command to camp, and would probably not have been selected had it been known that they were surrounded by 400 or 500 hostile warriors. Maj. Brown had about one hundred and fifty men under his command. About 4 o'clock on the following morning the Indians, to the number of 500 or 600, well armed and most of them mounted, commenced an indiscriminate fire upon the almost helpless little command. For two days they bravely defended themselves, and when relief finally arrived it was found that about half their number had been killed or wounded. When the news of the disaster reached St. Paul there was great excitement. Relatives and friends of the dead and wounded were outspoken in their denunciation of the civil and military authorities who were responsible for this great sacrifice of the lives of our citizens. It was feared that the city itself was in danger of an attack from the savages. Home guards were organized and the bluffs commanding a view of the city were nightly patrolled by citizen volunteers. There was no telegraph at that time and rumors of all

Library of Congress

sorts were flying thick and fast. Every courier reaching the city would bring news of fresh outrages, and our panic-stricken citizens had hardly time to recover from the effect of one disaster before the news of another would be received. Settlers fleeing from their homes for places of safety were arriving by the score, leaving crops to perish in the field and their houses 39 to be destroyed. The situation was appalling, and many of our citizens were predicting the most direful results should the army fail to check the savage hordes in their work of devastation and ruin.

Every boat from the Minnesota river would be crowded with refugees, and the people of St. Paul were often called upon to assist in forwarding them to their place of destination.

Home guards were organized in almost every village of the threatened portion of the state, but the authorities could not furnish arms or ammunition and their services would have been of little account against the well-armed savages in case they had been attacked.

Advertisements appeared in the St. Paul newspapers offering rewards of \$25 a piece for Sioux scalps.

Gov. Ramsey endeavored to allay the apprehensions of the people and published in the papers a statement to the effect that the residents of the Capital City need not be alarmed, as the nearest approach of the Indians was at Acton, Meeker county, 30 miles away; Fort Ripley, 150 miles away, and the scenes of the tragedy in Yellow Medicine county, 210 miles distant. This may have been gratifying to the residents of the Capital City, but was far from reassuring to the frontiersmen who were compelled to abandon their homes and were seeking the protection of the slowly advancing militia.

About 12 o'clock one night during the latter part of August a report was circulated over the northern and western portion of St. Paul that the savages were near the city, and many women and children were aroused from their slumber and hastily dressed and sought the protection of the city authorities. It was an exciting but rather amusing episode in the great tragedy then taking place on the frontier. Rumors of this character were often circulated,

Library of Congress

and it was not until after the battle of Wood Lake that the 40 people of St. Paul felt that they were perfectly safe from raids by the hostile Sioux.

As soon as Gen. Sibley had collected a sufficient force to enable him to move with safety he decided upon offensive operations. He had collected about 2,000 men from the regiments then forming, including the Third regiment, recently paroled, and a battery under command of Capt. Mark Hendricks. The expedition marched for two or three days without encountering opposition, but on the morning of the 23d of September several foraging parties belonging to the Third regiment were fired upon in the vicinity of Wood Lake. About 800 of the command were engaged in the encounter and were opposed by about an equal number of Indians. After a spirited engagement Col. Marshall, with about 400 men, made a double-quick charge upon the Sioux and succeeded in utterly routing them. Our loss was four killed and forty or fifty wounded. This was the only real battle of the war. Other Day was with the whites and took a conspicuous part in the encounter. After the battle Gen. Pope, who was in command of the department of the Northwest, telegraphed the war department that the Indian war was over and asked what disposition to make of the troops then under his command. This request of Gen. Pope was met with a decided remonstrance by the people of Minnesota, and they succeeded in preventing the removal of any of the troops until they had made two long marches through the Dakotas and to Montana. Gen. Sibley's command reached Camp Release on the 26th of September, in the vicinity of which was located a large camp of Indians, most of whom had been engaged in the massacres. They had with them about two hundred and fifty mixed bloods and white women and children, and the soldiers were very anxious to proceed at once to their rescue. Gen. Sibley was of the opinion that any hostile demonstration would mean the annihilation of all the prisoners, and therefore proceeded with the utmost caution. After a few preliminary consultations the entire camp surrendered 41 and the captives were released. As soon as possible Gen. Sibley made inquiries as to the participation of these Indians in the terrible crimes recently perpetrated, and it soon developed that a large number of them had been guilty of the grossest atrocities. The general decided to form

Library of Congress

a military tribunal and try the offenders. After a series of sittings, lasting from the 30th of September to the 5th of November, 321 of the fiends were found guilty of the offenses charged, 308 of whom were sentenced to death and the rest condemned to various terms of imprisonment according to their crimes. All of the condemned prisoners were taken to Mankato and were confined in a large jail constructed for the purpose. After the court-martial had completed its work and the news of its action had reached the Eastern cities, a great outcry was made that Minnesota was contemplating a wholesale slaughter of the beloved red man. The Quakers of Philadelphia and the good people of Massachusetts sent many remonstrances to the president to put a stop to the proposed wholesale execution. The president, after consulting his military advisers, decided to permit the execution of only thirty-eight of the most flagrant cases, and accordingly directed them to be hung on the 26th of December, 1862.

Previous to their execution the condemned prisoners were interviewed by Rev. S. R. Riggs, to whom they made their dying confessions. Nearly every one of them claimed to be innocent of the crimes charged to them. Each one had some word to send to his parents or family, and when speaking of their wives and children almost every one was affected to tears. Most of them spoke confidently of their hope of salvation, and expected to go at once to the abode of the Great Spirit. Rattling Runner, who was a son-in-law of Wabasha, dictated the following letter, which is a sample of the confessions made to Dr. Riggs: "Wabasha, you have deceived me. You told me if we followed the advice of Gen. Sibley and gave ourselves up, all would be well—no innocent 42 man would be injured. I have not killed or injured a white man or any white person. I have not participated in the plunder of their property; and yet to-day I am set apart for execution and must die, while men who are guilty will remain in prison. My wife is your daughter, my children are your grandchildren. I leave them all in your care and under your protection. Do not let them suffer, and when they are grown up let them know that their father died because he followed the advice of his chief, and without having the blood of a white man to answer for to Holy Spirit. My wife and children are dear to me. Let them not grieve for me; let them

Library of Congress

remember that the brave should be prepared to meet death, and I will do as becomes a Dokotah.”

Wabasha was a Sioux chief, and although he was not found guilty of participating in any of the massacres of women and children, he was probably in all the most important battles. Wabasha county, and Wabasha street in St. Paul were named after his father.

After the execution the bodies were taken down, loaded into wagons and carried down to a sandbar in front of the city, where they were all dumped into the same hole. They did not remain there long, but were spirited away by students and others familiar with the use of a dissecting knife.

Little Crow, the chief instigator of the insurrection was not with the number that surrendered, but escaped and was afterward killed by a farmer named Lamson, in the vicinity of Hutchinson. His scalp is now in the state historical society. Little Crow was born in Kaposia, a few miles below St. Paul, and was always known as a bad Indian. Little Crow's father was friendly to the whites, and it was his dying wish that his son should assume the habits of civilized life and accustom himself to the new order of things, but the dying admonitions of the old man were of little avail and Little Crow soon became a dissolute, quarrelsome and dangerous Indian. He was opposed to all change of dress and habits of life, and was very unfriendly to missionaries and teachers. He was seldom known to tell the truth and possessed very few redeeming qualities. Although greatly disliked by many of the Indians, he was the acknowledged head of the war party and by common consent assumed the direction of all the hostile tribes in their fruitless struggle against the whites.

Between the conviction and execution of the condemned Indians there was great excitement throughout the Minnesota valley lest the president should pardon the condemned. Meetings were held throughout the valley and organizations were springing into existence for the purpose of overpowering the strong guard at Mankato and wreaking

Library of Congress

summary justice upon the Indians. The situation became so serious pending the decision of the president that the governor was compelled to issue a proclamation calling upon all good citizens not to tarnish the fair name of the state by an act of lawlessness that the outside world would never forget, however great was the provocation. When the final order came to execute only thirty-eight there was great disappointment. Petitions were circulated in St. Paul and generally signed favoring the removal of the condemned Indians to Massachusetts to place them under the refining influence of the constituents of Senator Hoar, the same people who are now so terribly shocked because a humane government is endeavoring to prevent, in the Philippines, a repetition of the terrible atrocities committed in Minnesota.

The balance of the condemned were kept in close confinement till spring, when they were taken to Davenport, and afterward to some point on the Missouri river, where a beneficent government kindly permitted them to sow the seed of discontent that finally culminated in the Custer massacre. When it was known that the balance of the condemned Indians were to be transported to Davenport by steamer. St. Paul people made preparations to give 44 them a warm reception as they passed down the river, but their intentions were frustrated by the government officers in charge of their removal, as they arranged to have the steamer Favorite, on which they were to be transported, pass by the city in the middle of the night. St. Paul people were highly indignant when apprised of their escape.

Little Six and Medicine Bottle, two Sioux chiefs engaged in the outbreak, were arrested at Fort Gary (Winnipeg), and delivered at Pembina in January, 1864, and were afterward taken to Fort Snelling, where they were tried, condemned and executed in the presence of 10,000 people, being the last of the Indians to receive capital punishment for their great crimes. Little Six confessed to having murdered fifty white men, women and children.

One of the most perplexing problems the military authorities had to contend with was the transportation of supplies to the troops on the frontier. There were, of course, no railroads, and the only way to transport provisions was by wagon. An order was issued

Library of Congress

by the military authorities requesting the tender of men and teams for this purpose, but the owners of draft horses did not respond with sufficient alacrity to supply the pressing necessities of the army, and it was necessary for the authorities to issue another order forcibly impressing into service of the government any and all teams that could be found on the streets or in stables. A detachment of Company K of the Eighth regiment was sent down from the fort and remained in the city several days on that especial duty. As soon as the farmers heard that the government was taking possession of everything that came over the bridge they ceased hauling their produce to the city and carried it to Hastings. There was one silver-haired farmer living near the city limits by the name of Hilks, whose sympathies were entirely with the South, and he had boasted that all of Uncle Sam's hirelings could not locate his team. One of the members of Company K was a former neighbor of the disloyal farmer, and 45 he made it his particular duty to see that this team, at least, should be loyal to the government. A close watch was kept on him, and one morning he was seen to drive down to the west side of the bridge and tie his team behind a house, where he thought they would be safe until he returned. As soon as the old man passed over the bridge the squad took possession of his horses, and when he returned the team was on the way to Abercrombie laden with supplies for the troops at the fort. Of course the government subsequently reimbursed the owners of the teams for their use, but in this particular case the soldiers did not think the owner deserved it.

Gov. Ramsey's carriage team was early taken possession of by the military squad, and when the driver gravely informed the officer in charge that the governor was the owner of that team and he thought it exempt from military duty, he was suavely informed that a power higher than the governor required that team and that it must go to Abercrombie. And it did.

It was necessary to send out a large escort with these supply trains and it was easier to procure men for that purpose than it was for the regular term of enlistment. On one of the trains that left St. Paul was a young man by the name of Hines. He was as brave as Julius Caesar. He said so himself. He was so heavily loaded with various weapons of destruction

Library of Congress

that his companions called him a walking arsenal. If Little Crow had attacked this particular train the Indian war would have ended. This young man had been so very demonstrative of his ability to cope with the entire Sioux force that his companions resolved to test his bravery. One night when the train was camped about half way between St. Cloud and Sauk Center, several of the guards attached to the train painted their faces, arrayed themselves in Indian costume and charged through the camp, yelling the Indian war hoop and firing guns in every direction. Young Hines was the first to hear the alarm, and didn't stop running until he reached St. Cloud, spreading the news in every direction that the entire tribe of Little Crow was only a short distance behind. Of course there was consternation along the line of this young man's masterly retreat, and it was some time before the panicstricken citizens knew what had actually happened.

In response to the appeal of Gov. Sibley and other officers on the frontier, the ladies of St. Paul early organized for the purpose of furnishing sick and wounded soldiers with such supplies as were not obtainable through the regular channels of the then crude condition of the various hospitals. Notices like the following often appeared in the daily papers at that time: "Ladies Aid Society—A meeting of the ladies' aid society for the purpose of sewing for the relief of the wounded soldiers at our forts, and also for the assistance of the destitute refuges now thronging our city, is called to meet this morning at Ingersoll hall. All ladies interested in this object are earnestly invited to attend. All contributions of either money or clothing will be thankfully received. By order of the president, "Mrs. Stella Selby.

"Miss M. O. Holyoke, Secretary."

Mrs. Selby was the wife of John W. Selby, one of the first resident of the city, Miss Holyoke was the Clara Barton of Minnesota, devoting her whole time and energy to the work of collecting sanitary supplies for the needy soldiers in the hospitals.

Scores of poor soldiers who were languishing in hospital tents to the sunburn and treeless prairies of the Dakotas, or suffering from disease contracted in the miasmatic swamps of

Library of Congress

the rebellious South have had their hearts gladdened and their bodies strengthened by being supplied with the delicacies collected through the efforts of the noble and patriotic ladies of this and kindred organization throughout the state.

Many instances are recorded of farmers leaving their harvesters in the field and joining the grand 47 army then forming for the defense of the imperilled state and nation, while their courageous and energetic wives have gone to the fields and finished harvesting the ripened crops.

By reason of the outbreak the Sioux forfeited to the government, in addition to an annual annuity of \$68,000 for fifty years, all the lands they held in Minnesota, amounting in the aggregate to about 750,000 acres, worth at the present time something like \$15,000,000. Had they behaved themselves and remained in possession of this immense tract of land, they would have been worth twice as much per capita as any community in the United States.

48

FIREMEN AND FIRES OF PIONEER DAYS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ST. PAUL FIRE DEPARTMENT—PIONEER HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY—HOPE ENGINE COMPANY AND MINNEHAHA ENGINE COMPANY—A LARGE NUMBER OF HOTEL FIRES.

When We Ran With the Old Machine.

Brave relics of the past are we, Old firemen, staunch and true, We're thinking now of days gone by And all that we've gone through. Thro' fire and flames we've made our way, And danger we have seen; We never can forget the time When we ran with the old machine.

In numbers now we are but few, A host have passed away, But still we're happy, light and free, Our spirits never decay We often sigh for those old days Whose memory we keep

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green, Oh! there was joy for man and boy, When we ran with the old machine. —Gus Williams.

Instruments for extinguishing fires were introduced in various parts of Europe more than three 49 hundred years ago. The fire laddies of that period would probably look aghast if they could see the implements in use at the present time. One of the old time machines is said to consist of a huge tank of water placed upon wheels, drawn by a large number of men, and to which was attached a small hose. When the water in the tank became exhausted it was supplied by a bucket brigade, something on the plan in use at the present time in villages not able to suport an engine.

The oldest record of a fire engine in Paris was one used in the king's library in 1684, which, having but one cylinder, threw water to a great height, a result obtained by the use of an air chamber. Leather hose was introduced into Amsterdam in 1670, by two Dutchmen, and they also invented the suction pipe at about the same period. About the close of the seventeenth century an improved engine was patented in England. It was a strong cistern of oak placed upon wheels, furnished with a pump, an air chamber and a suction pipe of strong leather, through which run a spiral piece of metal. This engine was little improved until the early part of the last century.

In the United States bucket fire departments were organized in most of the cities in the early part of the last century, and hand engines, used by the old volunteer firemen, did not come into general use until about fifty years later. The New York volunteer fire department was for a long time one of the institutions of the country. When they had their annual parade the people of the surrounding towns would flock to the city and the streets would be as impassible as they are to-day when a representative of one of the royal families of Europe is placed on exhibition. At the New York state fairs during the early '50s the tournaments of the volunteer fire department of the various cities throughout the state formed one of the principal attractions. Many a melee occurred between the different organizations because they considered that they had not been properly recognized in the

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line of march or had not 50 been awarded a medal for throwing a stream of water farther than other competitors.

A Berlin correspondent of the Pioneer Press many years ago, said that when an alarm of fire was sounded in the city, the members of the fire companies would put on their uniforms and report to their various engine houses. When a sufficient number had assembled to make a showing the foreman would call the roll, beer would be passed down the line, the health of the kaiser properly remembered and then they would start out in search of the fire. As a general thing the fire would be out long before they arrived upon the scene, and they would then return to their quarters, have another beer and be dismissed.

To Cincinnati belongs the credit of having introduced the first paid steam fire department in the United States, but all the other large cities rapidly followed.

In the fall of 1850 the town fathers of St. Paul passed an ordinance requiring the owners of all buildings, public or private, to provide and keep in good repair, substantial buckets, marked with paint the word "Fire" on one side and the owner's name on the other, subject to inspection by the fire warden and to be under his control when occasion required. The first attempt at organizing a fire brigade, was made by R. C. Knox in the fall of 1851. Mr. Knox raised a small sum of money by subscription, with which he purchased several ladders, and they were frequently brought into requisition by the little band of men whom Mr. Knox had associated with him. Mr. Knox was a man of enormous stature, and it was said he could tire out a dozen ordinary men at a fire.

Two public-spirited citizens of St. Paul, John McCloud and Thompson Ritchie, purchased in the East and brought to the city at their own expense the first fire engine introduced in the Northwest. Although it was a miniature affair, on numerous occasions it rendered valuable assistance in protecting 51 the property of our pioneer merchants. Mr. Ritchie is still living, his home being in Philadelphia.

Library of Congress

In November, 1854, Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 was organized under provisions of the city charter. A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the members agreed to turn out promptly on all occasions of fire alarms. As compensation for their services they were excused from jury duty, poll tax, work on the roads, or state military service, for the period of five years. The original constitution of the Pioneer Hook and Ladder company contained the following membership roll: Foreman, Isaac A. Banker; assistant foremen, H. B. Pearson and George F. Blake; treasurer, Richard Galloway; secretary, Robert Mason; members, Henry Buell, John W. Cathcart, Charles D. Elfelt, Edward Heenan, Thompson Ritchie, Philip Ross, Wash. M. Stees, J. W. Stevenson, Benjamin F. Irvine, R. I. Thomson, John McCloud, J. Q. A. Ward, Charles J. Williams. Of the above John McCloud is the only one living in the city at the present time. Mr. McCloud was a member of the firm of McCloud & Bro., hardware dealers, and they occupied the building on the southwest corner of Third and Cedar streets.

This was the first full-fledged fire organization in the city, and as Mr. McCloud took the initiative in forming this company he may justly be called the "Father of the Volunteer Fire Department of St. Paul."

The old hook and ladder company was one of the representative institutions of the city. From the date of its organization up to the time of the establishment of the paid fire department many of the most prominent men of the city were enrolled among its members. All of the property of the company was owned by the organization, but in 1856, having become somewhat financially embarrassed, their accounts were turned over to the city and they were thereafter under the control of the city fathers. At that time they possessed one truck, hooks and ladders, 52 and one fire engine with hose. Washington M. Stees was made chief engineer and Charles H. Williams assistant. This scanty equipment did not prove adequate for extinguishing fires and petitions were circulated requesting the council to purchase two fire engines of the more approved pattern, and also to construct a number of cisterns in the central part of the city, so that an adequate supply of water could be

Library of Congress

readily obtained. The city fathers concluded to comply with the request of the petitioners and they accordingly purchased two double-deck hand fire engines and they arrived in the city in August, 1858. They were soon tested and pronounced satisfactory. Our citizens then congratulated themselves upon the possession of a first-class fire department and they predicted that thereafter a great fire would be a thing of the past.

One of the most irrepressible members of Pioneer Hook and Ladder company in the early days was a little red-headed Irishman by the name of A. D. Martin. He was foreman of the Daily Minnesotian office and he usually went by the name of "Johnny Martin." Now Johnny always kept his fire paraphernalia close at hand, and every time a fire bell sounded he was "Johnny on the spot." After the fire was over Johnny generally had to celebrate, and every time Johnny celebrated he would make a solemn declaration that it was his duty to kill an Irishman before he returned to work. He would accordingly provide himself with an immense Derringer and start out in quest of a subject upon whom he proposed to execute his sanguinary threat. Strange to relate he never succeeded in finding one of his unfortunate countrymen, and it generally required two or three days to restore him to his former equilibrium. If Johnny was a member of the fire department to-day he would probably discover that the task of finding one of his countrymen would not be so difficult.

In 1857 Hope Engine Company No. 1 was organized, and they petitioned the common council to purchase 500 feet of hose for their use. In the fall of 1858 this company was given possession of one of the new engines recently purchased and it was comfortably housed at their headquarters in an old frame building on the southwest corner of Franklin and Fourth streets, and in a short time removed to a new brick building on Third street, fronting on Washington. Michael Leroy was made the first foreman and R. C. Wiley and Joseph S. Herey were his assistants. The membership contained the names of John H. Dodge, Porteus Dodge, John E. Missen, Joseph Elfelt, Fred Whipperman, John T. Toal, J. H. Barstow, J. C. Grand, Charles Riehl, John Raguet, E. Rhodes, B. Bradley, Charles Hughes, Bird Boesch, T. F. Masterson, John J. Williams and P. Metzger. During the fall of 1858 a large number of the most prominent business men in the vicinity of Seven Corners

Library of Congress

joined the organization and continued in active membership until the arrival of the first steamer.

In the winter of 1857-1858 Minnehaha Engine Company No. 2 was organized, and it was provided with an engine house near the corner of Third and Jackson streets. The first officers were H. P. Grant, foreman; M. J. O'Connor and H. B. Terwilliger, assistants; members, Harry M. Shaw, Nicholas Hendy, John B. Oliver, F. A. Cariveau, H. A. Schlick, C. D. Hadway, N. Nicuhaus, L. R. Storing, William T. Donaldson, Daniel Rohrer, J. Fletcher Williams, N. W. Kittson, Alfred Bayace, John McCauley and a number of others. The Minnehahas were a prosperous organization from the first, and their engine house was always kept open and served as a general lounging and reading room for such of its members as had nothing particular to do.

Rotary Independent Company No. 1 was the third engine connected with the St. Paul fire department, but that was a private institution and was only used when there was a general alarm and on the days of 54 the annual parade of the department. This engine was purchased from the government by John S. Prince when Fort Snelling was abandoned, and was used for the protection of the property of the mill, which was located on lower Third street.

By the formation of Minnehaha Engine company the city fathers thought they were possessed of quite a respectable fire department, and from that time on the annual parade of the St. Paul fire department was one of the events of the year. The first parade occurred on the 12th of September, 1859, and was participated in by the following organizations:

Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

Hope Engine Company No. 1.

Minnehaha Engine Company No. 2.

Library of Congress

Rotary Independent Company No. 1.

These four companies numbered 175 men, and after completing their line of march were reviewed by the mayor and common council in front of the old city hall.

In 1858 the legislature passed an act requiring the sextons of the different churches to ring the church bells fifteen minutes whenever there was an alarm of fire. The uptown churches would ring their bells, the downtown churches would ring their bells, and the churches in the central part of the city would ring their bells. There was a regular banging and clanging of the bells.

“In the startled air of night, They would scream out their afright, Too much horrified to speak, They could only shriek, shriek, Out of tune.”

Every one turned out when the fire bells rang. Unless the fire was of sufficient volume to be readily located, the uptown people would be seen rushing 55 downtown, and the downtown people would be seen rushing uptown, in fact, general pandemonium prevailed until the exact location of the fire could be determined.

Whenever there was a large fire the regular firemen would soon tire of working on the brakes and they would appeal to the spectators so relieve them for a short time. As a general thing the appeal would be readily responded to, but occasionally it would be necessary for the police to impress into service a force sufficient to keep the brakes working. Any person refusing to work on the brakes was liable to arrest and fine, and it was often amusing to see the crowds dispense whenever the police were in search of a relief-force.

Upon the breaking out of the war a large number of the firemen enlisted in the defense of the country and the ranks of the department were sadly decimate. It was during the early part of the war that the major of St. Paul made a speech to the firemen at the close of

Library of Congress

their annual parade in which he referred to them as being as brave if not braver than the boys at the front. The friends of the boys in blue took serious umbrage at this break of the mayor, and the press of the city and throughout the state were very indignant to think that the capital city possessed a mayor of doubtful loyalty. The excitement soon died away and the mayor was reelected by a large majority.

There was not much change in the condition of the department until the arrival of the first steamer, Aug. 11, 1866. The new steamer was lodged with Hope Engine company, and an engineer and fireman appointed at a salary of \$1,600 per year for the two. The boys of Hope Engine company did not like the selection of the engineer of the new steamer and took the matter so seriously that their organization was disbanded and St. Paul Hose Company No. 1 was organized, and they took charge of the new 56 steamer. The rapid growth of the city necessitated the frequent purchase of new fire apparatus, and at the present time the St. Paul fire department has 211 paid men, 15 steamers, 4 chemicals, 8 hook and ladder companies and 122 horses.

The volunteer fire department had no better friend than the late Mrs. Bartlett Presley. She was the guardian angel of the fire department. No night so cold or storm so great that Mrs. Presley was not present and with her own hands coffee and sandwiches for the tired and hungry firemen who had been heroically battling with the flames. She was an honored guest at all entertainments with which the firemen were connected, and was always toasted and feasted by the boys at the brakes. She will ever be remembered, not only by the firemen, but by all old settlers, as one of the many noble women in St. Paul whose unostentatious deeds of charity have caused a ray of sunshine in many sad homes.

Mrs. Presley's death was deeply regretted, not only by the fire department, but by every resident of the city.

Among the many brilliant members of the legal fraternity in St. Paul in early times no one possessed a more enviable reputation than the Hon. Michael E. Ames. He was the

Library of Congress

very personification of punctiliousness and always displayed sublime imperturbability in exigencies of great moment. One dreary winter night his sleeping apartment in uptown was discovered to be on fire, and in a short time the fire laddies appeared in front of his quarters and commenced operations. As soon as Mr. Ames discovered the nature of the disturbance he arose from his bed, opened the window, and with outstretched arms and in a supplicating manner, as if addressing a jury in an important case, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if you will be kind enough to desist from operations until I arrange my toilet, I will be down." 57 The learned counsel escaped with his toilet properly adjusted, but his apartments were soon incinerated.

HOTEL FIRES.

List of Hotels Destroyed by Fire During St. Paul's Early History.

Daniels house, near Seven Corners.

Sintominie hotel, Sixth street.

Rice house, near Rice Park.

New England hotel, Third street.

Hotel to the Wild Hunter, Jackson street.

Montreal house, Robert street.

Canada house, Robert street.

Winslow house, Seven Corners.

American house, Third street.

International hotel, Seventh and Jackson streets.

Library of Congress

Franklin house, Marshall avenue.

Dakota house, Seven Corners.

Washington house, Seven Corners.

Cosmopolitan hotel, Third street.

Western house, Third street.

Garden City house, Fourth street.

City hotel, Fourth street.

Central house, Bench street.

Emmert house, Bench street.

St. Paul house, Bench street.

Luxemborg hotel, Franklin street.

Farmer's hotel, Fourth street.

Greenman house, Fifth street.

Mansion house, Wabasha street.

Haine's hotel, Lake Como.

Aldrich house, Lake Como.

Park Place hotel, Summit avenue.

Library of Congress

Carpenter house, Summit avenue.

Paul Faber's hotel, Third street.

The first hotel fire of any importance was that of the Daniels house, located on Eagle street near Seven Corners, which occurred in 1852. The building 58 had just been finished and furnished for occupancy. A strong wind was raging and the little-band of firemen were unable to save the structure. The names of Rev. D. D. Neill, Isaac Markley, Bartlett Presley and W. M. Stees were among the firemen who assisted in saving the furniture.

The Sintominie hotel on the corner of Sixth and John street, was the second hotel to receive a visit from the fire king. This hotel was constructed by the late C. W. Borup, and it was the pride of lower town. Howard Ward and E. C. Rich were preparing to open it when the fire occurred. Owing to the lack of fire protection the building was totally destroyed.

Early in the winter of 1856 the Rice house, commonly supposed to be the first brick building erected in St. Paul, was burned to the ground. It was three stories high, and when in process of building was considered a visionary enterprise. The building was constructed by Henry M. Rice, and he spared no expense to make it as complete as the times would allow. It was situated on Third street near Market, and in the early days was considered St. Paul's principal hotel. In its parlor and barroom the second session of the territorial legislature was held, and the supreme court of territory also used it for several terms.

The Canada house and the Galena house, two small frame structure on Robert near Third, were the next hotels to be visited by the fiery element. These hotels, though small, were well patronized at the time of their destruction.

On the 16th of March, 1860, the most destructive fire that had ever occurred in St. Paul broke out in a small wooden building on Third street near Jackson, and though the entire fire department—three engines and one truck, manned by one hundred men—were promptly on hand, the flames rapidly got 59 beyond their reach. Nearly all the buildings

Library of Congress

on Third street at that time from Robert to Jackson were two-story frame structures, and in their rear were small houses occupied by the owners of the stores. When the fire was at its height it was feared that the whole of lower town would be destroyed before the flames could be subdued, but by dint of superhuman effort the firemen managed to cut off the leap across Robert street and soon had the immense smouldering mass under control. Thirty-four buildings, the largest number ever destroyed in St. Paul, were in ashes. Of the two blocks which lined the north and south sides of Third street above Jackson, only three buildings were left standing, two being stone structures occupied by Beaumont & Gordon and Bidwell & Co., and the other a four-story brick building owned and occupied by A. L. Larpenteur. The New England, a two-story log house, and one of the first hotels built in St. Paul was among the ruins. The New England was a feature in St. Paul, and it was pointed out to newcomers as the first gubernatorial mansion, and in which Gov. and Mrs. Ramsey had begun housekeeping in 1849. The Empire saloon was another historic ruin, for in its main portion the first printing office of the territory had long held forth, and from it was issued the first Pioneer, April 10, 1849. The Hotel to the Wild Hunter was also destroyed at this fire.

In the fall 1862 the Winslow house, located at Seven Corners, was entirely destroyed by fire. A defective stovepipe in the cupola caused the fire, and it spread so rapidly that it was beyond the control of the firemen when they arrived upon the scene. A few pieces of furniture, badly damaged, was all that was saved of this once popular hotel. The Winslow was a four-story brick building, and with the exception of the Fuller house the largest hotel in the city. The hotel was constructed in 1854 by the late J. M. Winslow. Mr. Winslow was one of the most ingenious hotel constructors in the West. 60 In some peculiar manner he was enabled to commence the construction of a building without any capital, but when the building was completed he not only had the building, but a bank account that indicated that he was a financier as well as a builder. The proprietors of the Winslow were arrested for incendiarism, but after a preliminary examination were discharged.

Library of Congress

The American house, on the corner of Third and Exchange streets, was one of the landmarks of the city for a good many years. It was built in 1849, and the territorial politicians generally selected this hotel as their headquarters. Although it was of very peculiar architecture, the interior fittings were of a modern characters. On a stormy night in the month of December, 1863, an alarm of fire was sent in from this hotel, but before the fire department reached the locality the fire was beyond their control. The weather was bitter cold, and the water would be frozen almost as soon as it left the hose. Finding their efforts fruitless to save the building, the firemen turned their attention to saving the guests. There were some very narrow escapes, but no accidents of a very serious nature. As usual, thieves were present and succeeded in carrying off a large amount of jewelry and wearing apparel belonging to the guests.

In the year of 1856 Mackubin & Edgerton erected a fine three-story brick building on the corner of Third and Franklin streets. It was occupied by them as a banking house for a long time. The business center having been moved further down the street, they were compelled to seek quarters on Bridge Square. After the bank moved out of this building it was leased to Bechtner & Kottman, and was by them remodeled into a hotel on the European plan at an expense of about \$20,000. It was named the Cosmopolitan hotel, and was well patronized. When the alarm of fire was given it was full of lodgers, many of whom lost all they possessed. The 61 Linden theatrical company, which was playing at the Athenaeum, was among the heavy sufferers. At this fire a large number of frame buildings on the opposite side of the street were destroyed.

When the Cosmopolitan hotel burned the walls of the old building were left standing, and although they were pronounced dangerous by the city authorities, had not been demolished. Dr. Schell, one of the best known physicians of the city, occupied a little frame building near the hotel, and he severely denounced the city authorities for their lax enforcement of the law. One night at 10 o'clock the city was visited by a terrific windstorm, and suddenly a loud crash was heard in the vicinity of the doctor's office. A portion of the

Library of Congress

walls of the hotel and fallen and the little building occupied by the doctor and been crushed in. The fire alarm was turned on and the fire ladders were soon on the spot. No one supposed the doctor was alive, but after the fireman had been at work a short time they could hear the voice of the doctor from underneath the rubbish. In voice vigorous English, which the doctor knew so well how to use, he roundly upbraided the fire department for not being more expeditious in extricating him from his perilous position. After the doctor had been taken out of the ruins it was found that he had not been seriously injured, and in the course of a few weeks was able to resume practice.

During the winter of 1868 the Emmert house, situated on Bench street near Wabasha, was destroyed by fire. The Emmert house was built in territorial times by Fred Emmert, who for some time kept a hotel and boarding house at that place. It had not been used for hotel purposes for some time, but was occupied by a colored family and used as a boarding house for colored people. While the flames were rapidly consuming the old building the discovery was made that a man and his wife were sick in one of the rooms with smallpox. The crowd of onlookers fled in terror, and they would have been burned alive had not two courageous firemen carried them out of the building. It was an unusually cold night and the colored people were dumped into the middle of the street and there allowed to remain. They were provided with clothing and some of the more venturesome even built a fire for them, but no one would volunteer to take them to a place of shelter. About 10 o'clock on the following day the late W. L. Wilson learned of the unfortunate situation of the two colored people, and he immediately procured a vehicle and took them to a place of safety, and also saw that they were thereafter properly cared for.

On the site of the old postoffice on the corner of Wabasha and Fifth streets stood the Mansion house, a three-story frame building erected by Nicholas Pottgieser in early days at an expense of \$12,000. It was a very popular resort and for many years the weary traveler there received a hearty welcome.

Library of Congress

A very exciting event occurred at this house during the summer of 1866. A man by the name of Hawkes, a guest at the hotel, accidentally shot and instantly killed his young and beautiful wife. He was arrested and tried for murder, but after a long and sensational trial was acquired.

The greater hotel fire in the history of St. Paul occurred on the night of Feb. 3, 1869. The International hotel (formerly the Fuller house) was situated on the northeast corner of Seventh and Jackson streets, and was erected by A. G. Fuller in 1856. It was built of brick and was five stories high. It cost when completed, about \$110,000. For year it had been the best hotel in the West. William H. Seward and the distinguished party that accompanied him made this hotel their headquarters during their famous trip to the West in 1860. Gen. Pope and Gen. Sibley had their headquarters in the building, and from here emanated all the orders relating to the war against the rebellious Sioux. In 1861 the property came into the possession of Samuel Mayall, and he changed the name of it from Fuller house to International hotel. Col. E. C. Belote, who had formerly been the landlord of the Merchants, was the manager of the hotel. The fire broke out in the basement, it was supposed from a lamp in the laundry. The night was intensely cold, a strong gale blowing from the northwest. Not a soul could be seen upon the street. Within this great structure more than two hundred guests were wrapped in silent slumber. To rescue them from their perilous position was the problem that required instant action on the part of the firemen and the hotel authorities. The legislature was then in session, and many of the members were among the guests who crowded the hotel. A porter was the first to notice the blaze, and he threw a pail water upon it, but with the result that it made no impression upon the flames. The fire continued to extend, and the smoke became very dense and spread into the halls, filling them completely, rendering breathing almost an impossibility. In the meantime the alarm had been given throughout the house, and the guests, both male and female, came rushing out of the rooms in their night clothes. The broad halls of the hotel were soon filled with a crowd of people who hardly knew which way to go in order to find their way to the street. The servant girls succeeded in getting out

Library of Congress

first, and made their way to the snow-covered streets without sufficient clothing to protect their persons, and most of them were without shoes. While the people were escaping from the building the fire was making furious and rapid progress. From the laundry the smoke issued into very portion of the building. There was no nook or corner that the flames did not penetrate. The interior of the building burned with great rapidity until the fire had eaten out the eastern and southern rooms, when the walls began to give indications of falling. The upper portion of them waved back and forth in response to a strong wind, which filled the night air with cinders. At last different portions of the walls fell, thus giving the flames an opportunity to sweep from the lower 64 portions of the building. Great gusts, which seemed to almost lift the upper floors, swept through the broken walls. High up over the building the flames climbed, carrying with them sparks and cinders, and in some instances large pieces of timber. All that saved the lower part of the city from fiery destruction was the fact that a solid bed of snow a foot deep lay upon the roofs of all the buildings. During all this time there was comparative quiet, notwithstanding the fact that the fire gradually extended across Jackson street and also across Seventh street. Besides the hotel, six or eight other buildings were also on fire, four of which were destroyed. Women and men were to be seen hurrying out of the burning buildings in their night clothes, furniture was thrown into the street, costly pianos, richly upholstered furniture, valuable pictures and a great many other expensive articles were dropped in the snow in a helter-skelter manner. Although nearly every room in the hotel was occupied and rumors flew thick and fast that many of the guests were still in their rooms, fortunately no lives were lost and no one was injured. The coolest person in the building was a young man by the name of Pete O'Brien, the night watchman. When he heard of the fire he comprehended in a moment the danger of a panic among over two hundred people who were locked in sleep, unconscious of danger. He went from room to room and from floor to floor, telling them of the danger, but assuring them all that they had plenty of time to escape. He apparently took command of the excited guests and issued orders like a general on the field of battle. To his presence of mind and coolness many of the guests were indebted for their escape from a frightful death. The fire department worked hard and did good service. The city had no waterworks

Library of Congress

at that time, but relied for water entirely upon cisterns located in different parts of the city. When the cisterns became dry it was necessary to place the steamer at the river and pump water through over two thousand feet of hose.

Among the guests at the hotel at the time of the 65 fire were Gen. C. C. Andrews, Judge Lochren, Capt. H. A. Castle, Gen. W. G. Le Duc, Selah Chamberlain, Gov. Armstrong and wife, Charles A. Gilman and wife, Dr. W. W. Mayo, I W. Webb, Dr. Charles N. Hewitt, M. H. Dunnell, Judge Thomas Wilson and more than two hundred others.

The Park Place hotel on the corner of Summit avenue and St. Peter street, was at one time one of the swell hotels of the city. It was a frame building, four stories high and nicely situated. The proprietors of it intended it should be a family hotel, but it did not meet with the success anticipated, and when, on the 19th of May, 1878, it was burned to the ground it was unoccupied. The fire was thought to be the work of incendiaries. The loss was about \$20,000, partially insured. Four firemen were quite seriously injured at this fire, but all recovered.

The Carpenter house, on the corner of Summit avenue and Ramsey street, was built by Warren Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter was a man of colossal ideas, and from the picturesque location of his hotel, overlooking the city, he could see millions of tourists flocking to his hostelry. The panic of 1857, soon followed by the great Civil war, put a quietus on immigration, and left him stranded high on the beach. Mr. Carpenter's dream of millions were far from being realized, and when on the 26th of January, 1879, the hotel was burned to the ground, it had for some time previous passed beyond his control.

At one time there were three flourishing hotels on Bench street. The average citizen of to-day does not know that such a street ever existed. The Central house, on the corner of Bench and Minnesota streets, was the first hotel of any pretension built in the city, and it was one of the last to be burned. The first session of the territorial legislature of Minnesota was held in the dining room of this old hotel building, and for a number of years the hotel

Library of Congress

did a thriving business. As the city grew it was made over into a large boarding house, and before the war Mrs. Corbett was manager of the place. It was afterward kept by Mrs. Ferguson, George Pulford and Ben Ferris, the latter being in possession of it when it was destroyed by fire. The building was burned in August, 1873.

A hotel that was very popular for some time was the Greenman house, situated on the corner of Fifth and St. Peter streets, the site of the Windsor hotel. It was a three-story frame structure and was built in the early seventies. Mr. Greenman kept the hotel for some time, and then sold it to John Summers, who was the owner of it when it was burned.

The Merchants is the only one of the old hotels still existing, and that only in name, as the original structure was torn down to make room for the present building many years ago.

Aside from the hotel fires one of the most appalling calamities that ever occurred at a fire in St. Paul took place in May, 1870, when the old Concert Hall building on Third street, near Market, was destroyed. Concert Hall was built by the late J. W. McClung in 1857, and the hall in the basement was one of the largest in the city. The building was three stories high in front and six or seven on the river side. It was located about twenty-five feet back from the sidewalk. Under the sidewalk all kinds of inflammable material was stored and it was from here that the fire was first noticed. In an incredibly short time flames reached the top of the building, thus making escape almost impossible. On the river side of the building on the top floor two brothers, Charles and August Mueller, had a tailor shop. The fire spread so rapidly that the building was completely enveloped in flames before they even thought their lives were endangered. In front of them was a seething mass of flames and the distance to the ground on the river side was so great that a leap from the window meant almost certain death. They could be plainly seen frantically calling for help. There was no possible way to reach them. Finally Charles Mueller jumped out on the window sill and made a leap for life, and an instant later he was followed by his brother. The bewildered spectators did not suppose for a moment that either could live. They were too much horrified to speak, but when it was over and they were lifted into beds provided

Library of Congress

for them doctors were called and recovery was pronounced possible. After months of suffering both recovered. August Mueller is still living in the city. A lady by the name of McClellan, who had a dressmaking establishment in the building, was burned to death and it was several days before her body was recovered.

The following named men have been chiefs of the St. Paul fire department:

Wash M. Stees,

Chas. H. Williams,

J. C. A. Pickett,

W. T. Donaldson,

J. B. Irvine,

J. E. Missen,

Luther H. Eddy,

B. Rodick,

M. B. Farrell,

J. C. Prendergast,

Bartlett Presley

Frank Brewer,

R. O. Strong,

John T. Black,

Hart N. Cook,

John Jackson,

68

THE FIRST AMUSEMENT HALLS IN ST. PAUL.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY AMUSEMENTS HALLS OF ST. PAUL—
IRVINE HALL—DAN EMMET AND DIXIE—THE HUTCHINSONS—MAZURKA HALL,
MOZART HALL, ETC.

Very few of the 200,000 inhabitants of St. Paul are aware that the three-story, three-cornered building on Third street at Seven Corners once contained one of the most popular amusement halls in the city. It was called Irvine hall, and at one time Melodeon hall. Dan Emmet had a minstrel company at this hall during the years 1857 and 1858, and an excellent company it was, too. There was Frank Lombard, the great baritone; Max Irwin, bones, and one of the funniest men who ever sat on the stage; Johnny Ritter, female impersonator and clog dancer, and a large number of others. Frank Lombard afterward achieved a national reputation as one of the best baritone singers in the country. He was much sought after for patriotic entertainments and political conventions. His masterpiece was the Star-Spangled Banner, and his great baritone voice, which could be heard for blocks, always brought enthusiastic applause. Some time during the summer of 1858 the Hutchinson family arranged to have the hall for a one-night entertainment. By some means 69 or other the troupe got separated and one of the brothers got stalled on Pig's Eye bar. When their performance was about half over the belated brother reached the hall and rushed frantically down the aisle, with carpetbag in hand, leaped upon the stage, and in full view of the audience proceeded to kiss the entire tribe. The audience was under the impression they had been separated for years instead of only twenty-four hours. The next evening Max Irwin was missing from his accustomed place as one of the end men, and when the performance had been in progress for about fifteen minutes Max came

Library of Congress

rushing down the aisle with carpetbag in hand and went through the same performance as did the lost brother of the Hutchinson family. The effect was electrical, and for some time Max's innovation was the talk of the town. Dan Emmet, though a wondering minstrel, was a very superior man and was his own worst enemy. He was a brother of Lafayette S. Emmett, chief justice of the supreme court of State of Minnesota. The judge, dignified and aristocratic, did not take kindly to the idea of his brother being a minstrel. Dan was not particularly elated because his brother was on the supreme bench. They were wholly indifferent as to each other's welfare. They did not even spell their names the same way. Dan had only one "t" at the end of his name, while the judge use two. Whether the judge used two because he was ashamed of Dam or whether Dan used only one because he was ashamed of the judge, no one seemed to know. Dan Emmet left a legacy that will be remembered by the lovers of melody for many years. What left the judge? When Emmet's company left St. Paul they got stranded and many of them found engagements in other organizations. Dan turned his attention to writing negro melodies. He wrote several popular airs, one of them "Dixie," which afterward became the national air of the Confederate States. When "Dixie" was written Emmet was connected with Bryant's Minstrels in New York city, and he sent a copy to his friends in St. Paul, the late R. C. 70 Munger, and asked his opinion as to its merits and whether he thought it advisable to place it in the hands of a publisher. Mr. Munger assured his friend that he thought it would make a great hit, and he financially assisted Mr. Emmet in placing it before the public. One of the first copies printed was sent to Mr. Munger, and the first time this celebrated composition was ever sung in the West was in the music store of Munger Bros. In the old concert hall building on Third street. "Dixie" at once became very popular, and was soon on the program of every minstrel troupe in the country. Dan Emmet devoted his whole life to minstrelsy and he organized the first traveling minstrel troupe in the United States, starting from some point in Ohio in 1843.

The father of the Emmets was a gallant soldier of the War of 1812, and at one time lived in the old brown frame house at the intersection of Ramsey and West Seventh streets,

Library of Congress

recently demolished. A correspondent of one of the magazines gives the following account of how “Dixie” happened to become the national air of the Confederate States:

“Early in the war a spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans. Every part had been filled, and all that was lacking was a march and war song for the grand chorus. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon until “Dixie” was suggested and tried, and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. It was taken up immediately by the populace and was sung in the streets and in homes and concert halls daily. It was taken to the battlefields, and there became the great song of the South, and made many battles harder for the Northerner, many easier for the Southerner. Thought it has particularly endeared itself to the South, the reunion of American hearts has made it a national song. Mr. Lincoln ever regarded it as a national property by capture.”

The Hutchinson family often visited St. Paul, the enterprising town of Hutchinson, McLeod county, 71 being named after them. They were a very patriotic family and generally sang their own music. How deliberate the leader of the tribe would announce the title of the song about to be produced. As a Hutchinson would stand up behind the melodeon, and with the pause between each word inform the audience that “Sister—Abby—will—now—sing—the —beautiful—song—composed—by—Lucy—Larcum—entitled—“Hannah—Is—at—the—Window—Binding—Shoes.” And sister Abby would sing it, too. During the early part of the war the Hutchinson family was ordered out of the Army of the Potomac by Gen. McClellan on account of the abolition sentiments expressed in its songs. The general was apparently unable to interpret the handwritting on the wall, as long before the war was ended the entire army was enthusiastically chanting that beautiful melody to the king of abolitionists— “John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave And his soul is marching on.”

Gen. McClellan was at one time the Idol of the army, as well as of the entire American people. Before the war he was chief engineer of the Illinois Central railroad and made

Library of Congress

frequent trips to St. Paul to see the future Mrs. McClellan, a Miss Marey, daughter of Maj. R. B. Marcy of the regular army, who lived in the old Henry M. Rice homestead on Summit avenue. When Gen. McClellan was in command of the Army of the Potomac Maj. Marey was his chief of staff.

One of the original Hutchinsons is still living, as indicated by the following dispatch, published since the above was written:

“Chicago, Ill., Jan. 4, 1992.—John W. Hutchinson, the last survivor of the famous old concert-giving Hutchinson family, which was especially prominent in anti-bellum times, received many congratulations to-day on the occasion of his eighty-first birthday. Mr. Hutchinson enjoys good health and is about to start on a new singing and speaking crusade through the South, this time against the sale and use of cigarettes. Mr. Hutchinson made a few remarks to the friends who had called upon him, in the course of which he said: “I never spent a more enjoyable birthday than this, except upon the occasion of my seventy-fifth, which I spent in New York and was tendered a reception by the American Temperance union, of which I was the organizer. Of course you will want me to sing to you, and I think I will sing my favorite song, which I wrote myself. It is “The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.” I have written a great many songs, among them “The Blue and the Gray,” “Good old Days of Yore,” and some others that I cannot remember now. I sang the “Blue and the Gray” in Atlanta six years ago, at the time of the exposition there, and McKinley was there. I had the pleasure of saying a few words at that time about woman's suffrage. I wrote the first song about woman's suffrage and called it “Good Times for Women.” This is the 11,667th concert which I have taken part in.”

The venerable singer is reputed to be quite wealthy. A few years ago one of the children thought the old man was becoming entirely too liberal in the distribution of his wealth, and brought an action in the New York courts requesting the appointment of a guardian to his estate. The white-haired musician appeared in court without an attorney, and when the

Library of Congress

case was about to be disposed of made a request of the judge, which was granted, that he might be sworn. After Mr. Hutchinson had made his statement to the court the judge asked a few questions. "How is your memory?" said the judge. "Memory," replied the old man. "I remember the flavor of the milk at the maternal fountain." The judge concluded that Mr. Hutchinson was fully capable of managing his own affairs.

Concert hall, built in 1857 by J. W. McClung, had room for 400 or 500 people, but it was somewhat inaccessible on account of its being in the basement of the building and was not very much in demand. Horatio Seymour made a great speech to the Douglas 73 wing of the Democracy in the hall during the campaign of 1860, and Tom Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, delivered a lecture on Napoleon to a large audience in the same place. On the night of the presidential election in 1860 a number of musicians who had been practicing on "Dixie" and other music in Munger's music store came down to the hall and entertained the Republican who had gathered there for the purpose of hearing the election returns. There was a great deal more singing than there was election returns, as about all the news they were able to get was from the four precincts of St. Paul, New Canada, Rose and Reserve townships and West St. Paul. We had a telegraph line, to be sure, but Mr. Winslow, who owned the line, would not permit the newspapers, or any one else, to obtain the faintest hint of how the election had gone in other localities. After singing until 11 or 12 o'clock, and abusing Mr. Winslow in language that the linotype is wholly unable to reproduce, the crowd dispersed. Nothing could be heard of how the election had gone until the following afternoon, when Gov. Ramsey received a dispatch from New York announcing that that state had given Mr. Lincoln 50,000 majority. As that was the pivotal state the Republicans immediately held a jollification meeting.

Tom Marshall was one of the most eloquent orators America ever produced. He was spending the summer in Minnesota endeavoring to recover from the effects of an over-indulgence of Kentucky's great staple product, but the glorious climate of Minnesota did not seem to have the desired effect, as he seldom appeared on the street without presenting the appearance of have discovered in the North Star State an elixir full

Library of Congress

as invigorating as any produced in the land where colonels, orators and moonshiners comprise the major portion of the population. One day as Marshall came sauntering down Third street he met a club of Little Giants marching to a Democratic gathering. They thought they would have a little sport at the expense of the distinguished orator 74 from Kentucky, and they halted immediately in front of him and demanded a speech. They knew that Mr. Marshall was a pronounced Whig and supported the candidacy of Bell and Everett, but as he was from a slave state they did not think he would say anything reflecting on the character of their cherished leader. Mr. Marshall stepped to the front of the sidewalk and held up his hand and said: "Do you think Douglas will ever be president? He will not, as no man of his peculiar physique ever entered the sacred portals of the White House." He then proceeded to denounce Douglas and the Democratic party in language that was very edifying to the few Republicans who chanced to be present. The Little Giants concluded that it was not the proper caper to select a casual passer-by for speaker, and were afterward more particular in their choice of an orator.

One night there was a Democratic meeting in the hall and after a number of speakers had been called upon for an address, De Witt C. Cooley, who was a great wag, went around in the back part of the hall and called upon the unterrified to "Holler for Cooley." The request was complied with and Mr. Cooley's name was soon on the lips of nearly the whole audience. When Mr. Cooley mounted the platform an Irishman in the back part of the hall inquired in a voice loud enough to be heard by the entire audience, "Is that Cooley?" Upon being assured that it was, he replied in a still louder voice: "Be jabbers, that's the man that told me to holler for Cooley." The laugh was decidedly on Cooley, and his attempted flight of oratory did not materialize.

Cooley was at one time governor of the third house and if his message to that body could be reproduced it would make very interesting reading.

The Athenaeum was constructed in 1859 by the German Reading society, and for a number of years was the only amusement hall in St. Paul with a stage and drop curtain.

Library of Congress

In 1861 Peter and Caroline 75 Richings spent a part of the summer in St. Paul, and local amusement lovers were delightfully entertained by these celebrities during their sojourn. During the war a number of dramatic and musical performances were given at the Athenaeum for the boys in blue. The cantata of "The Haymakers," for the benefit of the sanitary commission made quite a hit, and old residents will recollect Mrs. Winne, Mrs. Blakeley and Prof. Perking, who took the leading parts. Prof. Phil Roher and Otto Dreher gave dramatic performances both in German and English for some time after the close of the war. Plunkett's Dramatic company, with Susan Denin as the star, filled the boards at this hall a short time before the little old opera house was constructed on Wabasha street. During the Sioux massacre a large number of maimed refugees were brought to the city and found temporary shelter in this place.

In 1853 Market hall, on the corner of Wabasha and Seventh streets, was built, and it was one of the principal places of amusement. The Hough Dramatic company, with Bernard, C. W. Couldock, Sallie St. Clair and others were among the notable performers who entertained theatergoers. In 1860 the Wide Awakes used this place for a drill hall, and so proficient did the members become that many of them were enabled to take charge of squads, companies and even regiments in the great struggle that was soon to follow.

In 1860 the Ingersoll block on Bridge Square was constructed, and as that was near the center of the city the hall on the third floor was liberally patronized for a number of years. Many distinguished speakers from the platform of this popular hall Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson and John B. Gough are among the great orators who have electrified and instructed the older inhabitants, and the musical notes of the Black Swan, Mlle. Whiting and Madame Varian will ever be remembered by those 76 whose pleasure it was to listen to them. Mrs. Scott Siddons, an elocutionist of great ability and a descendant of the famous English family of actors of that name, gave several dramatic readings to her numerous admirers. When Sumter was fired on, Capt. W. H. Acker used this hall as a rendezvous and drill hall for Company C, First regiment of Minnesota volunteers,

Library of Congress

and many rousing war meetings for the purpose of devising ways and means for the furtherance of enlistments took place in this buildings.

In February, 1861, the ladies of the different Protestant churches of St. Paul, with the aid of the Young Men's Christian association, gave a social and supper in this building for the purpose of raising funds for the establishment of a library. It was a sort of dedicatory opening of the building and hall, and was attended by large delegations from the different churches. Quite a large sum was realized. A room was fitted up on the second story and the beginning of what is now the St. Paul library soon opened up to the public. About 350 books were purchased with the funds raised by the social, and the patrons of the library were required to pay one dollar per year for permission to read them. Dr. T. D. Simonton was the first librarian. Subsequently this library was consolidated with the St. Paul Mercantile Library association and the number of books more than doubled. A regular librarian was then installed with the privilege of reading the library's books raised to two dollars per annum.

The People's theater, and old frame building on the corner of Fourth and St. Peter streets, was the only real theatrical building in the city. H. Van Liew was the lessee and manager of this place of entertainment, and he was provided with a very good stock company. Emily Dow and her brother, Harry Gossan and Azelene Allen were among the members. During the summer of 1858 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack came to St. Paul and played a two week's engagement. They were the most prominent actors who had yet appeared in this part of the country. "The 77 Man in the Iron Mask" and "Macbeth" were on their repertoire. Probably "Macbeth" was never played to better advantage or to more appreciative audiences than it was during the stay of the Wallacks. Mrs. Wallack's Lady Macbeth was a piece of acting that few of the present generation can equal. Col. R. E. J. Miles was one of the stars at this theater, and it was at this place that he first produced the play of "Mazeppa," which afterward made him famous. A. M. Carver, foreman of the job department of the St. Paul Times, often assisted in theatrical productions. Mr. Carver was not only a first-class printer, but he was also a very clever actor. His portrayal of the

Library of Congress

character of Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had quite a run, and was fully equal to any later production by full fledged members of the dramatic profession. Mr. Carver was one of the first presidents of the International Typographical union, and died in Cincinnati many years ago, leaving a memory that will ever be cherished by all members of the art preservative.

This theater had a colored gallery, and the shaded gentry were required to pay as much for admission to the gallery at the far end of the building as did the nabobs in the parquet. Joe Rolette, the member from "Pembina" county, occasionally entertained the audience at this theater by having epileptic fits, but Joe's friends always promptly removed him from the building and the performance would go on undisturbed.

On the second story of an old frame building on the southeast corner of Third and Exchange streets there was a hall that was at one time the principal amusement hall of the city. The building was constructed in 1850 by the Elfelt brothers and the ground floor was occupied by them as a dry goods store. It is one of the very oldest buildings in the city. The name of Elfelt brothers until quite recently could be seen on the Exchange street side of the building. The hall was named Mazurka hall, and all of the swell entertainments of the early '50s '78 took place in this old building. At a ball given in the hall during one of the winter months more than forty years ago, J. Q. A. Ward, bookkeeper for the Minnesotian, met a Miss Pratt, who was a daughter of one of the proprietors of the same paper, and after an acquaintance of about twenty minutes mysteriously disappeared from the hall and got married. They intended to keep it a secret for a while, but it was known all over the town the next day and produced great commotion. Miss Pratt's parents would not permit her to see her husband, and they were finally divorced without having lived together.

For a number of years Napoleon Heitz kept a saloon and restaurant in this building. Heitz had participated in a number of battles under the great Napoleon, and the patrons of his place well recollect the graphic descriptions of the battle of Waterloo which he would often relate while the guest was partaking of a Tom and Jerry or an oyster stew.

Library of Congress

During the summer of 1860 Charles N. Mackubin erected two large buildings on the side of the Metropolitan hotel. Mozart hall was on the Third street end and Masonic hall on the Fourth street corner. At a sanitary fair held during the winter of 1864 both of these halls were thrown together and an entertainment on a large scale was held for the benefit of the almost depleted funds of the sanitary commission. Fairs had been given for this fund in nearly all the principal cities of the North, and it was customary to vote a sword to the most popular volunteer officer whom the state had sent to the front. A large amount of money had been raised in the different cities on this plan, and the name of Col. Marshall of the Seventh regiment and Col. Uline of the Second were selected as two officers in whom it was thought the people would take sufficient interest to bring out a large vote. The friends of both candidates were numerous and each side had some one stationed at the voting booth keeping tab on the number of votes cast and the 79 probable number it would require at the close to carry off the prize. Col. Uline had been a fireman and was very popular with the young men of the city. Col. Marshall was backed by friends in the different newspaper offices. The contest was very spirited and resulted in Col. Uline capturing the sword, he having received more than two thousand votes in one bundle during the last five minutes the polls were open. This fair was very successful, the patriotic citizens of St. Paul having enriched the funds of the sanitary commission by several thousand dollars.

One of the first free concert halls in the city was located on Bridge Square, and it bore the agonizing name of Agony hall. Whether it was named for its agonizing music or the agonizing effects of its beverages was a question that its patrons were not able to determine.

In anti-bellum times Washington's birthday was celebrated with more pomp and glory than any holiday during the year. The Pioneer Guards, the City Guards, the St. Paul Light Artillery, the St. Paul fire department and numerous secret organizations would form in procession and march to the capitol, and in the hall of the house of representatives elaborate exercises commemorative of the birth of the nation's first great hero would take

Library of Congress

place. Business was generally suspended and none of the daily papers would be issued on the following day.

In 1857 Adalina Patti appeared in St. Paul for the first time. She was about sixteen years old and was with the Ole Bull Concert company. They traveled on a small steamboat and gave concerts in the river towns. Their concert took place in the hall of the house of representatives of the old capitol, that being the only available place at the time. Patti's concert came near being nipped in the bud by an incident that has never been printed. Two boys employed as messengers at the capitol, both of whom are now prominent business men in the city, procured a key to the house, and, in company with a 80 number of other kids, proceeded to representative hall, where they were frequently in the habit of congregating for the purpose of playing cards, smoking cigars, and committing such other depradations as it was possible for kids to conceive. After an hour or so of revelry the boys returned the key to its proper place and separated. In a few minutes smoke was seen issuing from the windows of the hall and an alarm of fire was sounded. The door leading to the house was forced open and it was discovered that the fire had nearly burned through the floor. The boys knew at once that it was their carelessness that had caused the alarm, and two more frightened kids never got together. They could see visions of policemen, prison bars, and even Stillwater, day and night for many years. They would often get together on a back street and in whispered tones wonder if they had yet been suspected. For more than a quarter of a century these two kids kept this secret in the innermost recesses of their hearts, and it is only recently that they dared to reveal their terrible predicament.

A few days after Maj. Anderson was compelled to lower the Stars and Stripes on Sumter's walls a mass meeting of citizens, irrespective of party, was called to meet at the hall of the house of representatives for the purpose of expressing the indignation of the community at the dastardly attempt of the Cotton States to disrupt the government. Long before the time for the commencement of the meeting the hall was packed and it was found necessary to adjourn to the front steps of the building in order that all who desired might take part in the

Library of Congress

proceedings. Hon. John S. Prince, mayor of the city, presided, assisted by half a dozen prominent citizens as vice presidents. Hon. John M. Gilman, an honored resident of the city, was one of the principal speakers. Mr. Gilman had been the Democratic candidate for congress the fall previous, and considerable interest was manifested to hear what position he would take regarding the impending conflict. It was very soon apparent that Mr. Gilman was in hearty sympathy with the object of the meeting and his remarks were received with great demonstration of approbation. Hon. J. W. Taylor followed Mr. Gilman and made a strong speech in favor of sustaining Mr. Lincoln. There were a number of other addresses, after which resolutions were adopted pledging the government the earnest support of the citizens, calling on the young men to enroll their names on the roster of the rapidly forming companies and declaring that they would furnish financial aid when necessary to the dependant families of those left behind. Similar meetings were held in different parts of the city a great many times before the Rebellion was subdued.

The first Republican state convention after the state was admitted into the Union was held in the hall of the house of representatives. The state was not divided into congressional districts at that time and Col. Aldrich and William Windom were named as the candidates for representatives in congress. Col. Aldrich did not pretend to be much of an orator, and in his speech of acceptance he stated that while he was not endowed with as much oratorical ability as some of his associates on the ticket, yet he could work as hard as any one, and he promised that he would sweat at least a barrel in his efforts to promote the success of the ticket.

Aromory hall, on Third street, between Cedar and Minnesota, was built in 1859, and was used by the Pioneer Guards up to the breaking out of the war. The annual ball of the Pioneer Guards was the swell affair of the social whirl, and it was anticipated with as much interest by the Four Hundred as the charity ball is to-day. The Pioneer Guards disbanded shortly after the war broke out, and many of its members were officers in the Union army, although two or three of them stole away and joined the Confederate forces, one of them serving on Lee's staff during the entire war. Col. Wilkin 82 Col. King, Col. Farrell, Capt.

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Coates, Capt. Van Slyke, Capt. Western, Lieut. Zernberg and Lieut. Tuttle were early in the fray, while a number of others followed as the war progressed.

It was not until the winter of 1866-67 that St. Paul could boast of a genuine opera house. The old opera house fronting on Wabasha street, on the ground that is now occupied by the Grand block, was finished that winter and opened with a grand entertainment given by local talent. The boxes and a number of seats in the parquet were sold at auction, the highest bidder being a man by the name of Philbrick, who paid \$72 for a seat in the parquet. This man Philbrick was a visitor in St. Paul, and had a retinue of seven or eight people with him. It was whispered around that he was some kind of a royal personage, and when he paid \$72 for a seat at the opening of the opera house people were sure that he was at least a duke. He disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared. It was learned afterward that this mysterious person was Coal Oil Johnny out on a lark. The first regular company to occupy this theater was the Macfarland Dramatic company, with Emily Melville as the chief attraction. This little theater could seat about 1,000 people, and its seating capacity was taxed many a time long before the Grand opera house in the rear was constructed. Wendell Philips, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Tilton, Frederick Douglass and many others have addressed large audiences from the stage of this old opera house. An amusing incident occurred while Frederick Douglass was in St. Paul. Nearly every seat in the house had been sold long before the lecture was to commence, and when Mr. Douglass commenced speaking there was standing room only. A couple of enthusiastic Republicans found standing room in one of the small upper boxes, and directly in front of them was a well-known Democratic politician by the name of W. H. Shelley. Mr. Shelley had at one time been quite prominent in local Republican circles, but when 83 Andrew Johnson made his famous swing around the circle Shelley got an idea that the proper thing to do was to swing around with him. Consequently the Republicans who stood up behind Mr. Shelley thought they would have a little amusement at his expense. Every time Mr. Douglass made a point worthy of applause these ungenerous Republicans would make a great demonstration, and as the audience could not see them

Library of Congress

and could only see the huge outline of Mr. Sheley they concluded that he was thoroughly enjoying the lecture and had probably come back to the Republican fold. Mr. Shelley stood it until the lecture was about half over, when he left the opera house in disgust. Mr. Shelley was a candidate for the position of collector of customs of the port of St. Paul and his name had been sent to the senate by President Johnson, but as that body was largely Republican his nomination lacked confirmation.

About the time of the great Heenan and Sayers prize fight in England a number of local sports arranged to have a mock engagement at the Athenaeum. There was no kneitoscopic method of reproducing a fight at that time, but it was planned to imitate the great fight as closely as possible. James J. Hill was to imitate Sayers and Theodore Borup the Benecia boy. They were provided with seconds, surgeons and all the attendants necessary for properly staging the melee. It was prearranged that Theodore, in the sixth or seventh round, was to knock Hill out, but as the battle progressed, Theodore made a false pass and Hill could not desist from taking advantage of it, and the prearranged plan was reversed by Hill knocking Theodore out. And Hill has kept right on taking advantage of the false movements of his adversaries, and is now knocking them out with more adroitness than he did forty years ago.

84

PRINTERS AND EDITORS OF TERRITORIAL DAYS.

CAPT. E. Y. SHELLEY THE PIONEER PRINTER OF MINNESOTA—A LARGE NUMBER OF PRINTERS IN THE CIVIL WAR—FEW OF THE OLD TIMERS LEFT.

TERRITORIAL PRINTERS.

E. Y. Shelley,

George W. Moore,

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John C. Devereux,

Martin Williams,

H. O. Bassford,

Geo. W. Benedict,

Louis E. Fisher,

Geo. W. Armstrong,

J. J. Noah,

M. J. Clum,

Samuel J. Albright,

David Brock,

D. S. Merret,

Richard Bradley,

A. C. Crowell,

Sol Teverbaugh,

Edwin Clark,

Harry Bingham,

William Wilford,

Library of Congress

Ole Nelson,

C. R. Conway,

Isaac H. Conway,

David Ramaley,

M. R. Prendergast,

Edward Richards,

Francis P. McNamee,

E. S. Lightbourn,

William Creek,

Alex Creek,

Marshall Robinson,

Jacob T. McCoy,

A. J. Underwood,

J. B. Chaney,

James M. Culver,

Frank H. Pratt,

A. S. Diamond

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Frank Daggett,

R. V. Hesselgrave,

A. D. Martin,

W. G. Jebb,

R. F. Slaughter,

Thos. Slaughter,

William A. Hill,

H. P. Coates,

85

A. J. Sterrett,

Richard McLagan,

Ed. McLagan,

Robert Bryan,

Jas. Wright,

O. G. Miller,

J. B. H. Mitchell,

Chas. R. Stuart,

Wm. F. Russell,

Library of Congress

D. L. Paine,

Benj. Drake,

J. C. Terry,

Thomas Jebb,

Francis P. Troxill,

J. Q. A. Ward,

A. J. Morgan,

M. V. B. Young,

H. L. Vance,

A. M. Carver,

W. H. Wheeler,

J. M. Dugan,

Luke Mulrean,

H. H. Young,

W. G. Allen,

Barrett Smith,

Thos. C. Schenck.

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Of the above long list of territorial printers the following are the only known survivors: H. O. Bassford, George W. Benedict, David Brock, John C. Devereux, Barrett Smith, J. B. H. Mitchell, David Ramaley, M. R. Prendergast, Jacob T. McCoy, A. S. Diamond, R. V. Hesselgrave, H. P. Coates, J. B. Chaney, M. J. Clum.

Capt. E. Y. Shelly.

Much has been written of the trials and tribulations of the pioneer editors of Minnesota and what they have accomplished in bringing to the attention of the outside world the numerous advantages possessed by this state as a place of permanent location for all classes of people, but seldom, if ever, has the nomadic printer, "the man behind the gun," received even partial recognition from the chroniclers of our early history. In the spring of 1849 James M. Goodhue arrived in St. Paul from Lancaster, Wis., with a Washington hand press and a few fonts of type, and he prepared to start a paper at the capital of the new territory of Minnesota. Accompanying him were two young printers, named Ditmarth and Dempsey, they being the first printers to set foot on the site of what was soon destined to be the metropolis of the great Northwest. These two young men quickly tired of their isolation and returned to 86 their former home. They were soon followed by another young man, who had only recently returned from the sunny plains of far-off Mexico, where he had been heroically battling for his country's honor Capt. E. Y. Shelley was born in Bucks county, Pa., on the 25th of September, 1827. When a mere lad he removed to Philadelphia, where he was instructed in the art preservative, and, on the breaking out of the Mexican war, he laid aside the stick and rule and placed his name on the roster of a company that was forming to take part in the campaign against the Mexicans. He was assigned to the Third United States dragoons and started at once for the scene of hostilities. On arriving at New Orleans the Third dragoons was ordered to report to Gen. Taylor, who was then in the vicinity of Matamoras. As soon as Gen. Taylor was in readiness he drove the Mexicans across the Rio Grande, and the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista followed in quick succession, in all of which

Library of Congress

the American forces were successful against an overwhelming force of Mexicans, the Third dragoons being in all the engagements, and they received special mention for their conspicuous gallantry in defending their position against the terrible onslaught of the Mexican forces under the leadership of Santa Ana. Soon after the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Ana withdrew from Gen. Taylor's front and retreated toward the City of Mexico, in order to assist in the defense of that city against the American forces under the command of Gen. Scott. Peace was declared in 1848 and the Third dragoons were ordered to Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, where they were mustered out of the service. Capt. Shelley took passage in a steamer for St. Paul, where he arrived in July, 1849, being the first printer to permanently locate in Minnesota. The Pioneer was the first paper printed in St. Paul, but the Register and Chronicle soon followed. Capt. Shelley's first engagement was in the office of the Register, but he soon changed to the Pioneer, and was employed by Mr. Goodhue at the time of his tragic death. When Col. Robertson started the Daily Democrat Capt. Shelly was connected with that office, and remained there until the Pioneer and Democrat consolidated. Capt. Shelly was a member of the old Pioneer guards, and when President Lincoln called for men to suppress the rebellion the old patriotism was aroused in him, and he organized, in company with Major Brackett, a company for what was afterward known as Brackett's battalion.

Brackett's battalion consisted of three Minnesota companies, and they were mustered into service in September, 1861. They were ordered to report at Benton barracks, Mo., and were assigned to a regiment known as Curtis horse, but afterwards changed to Fifth cavalry. In February, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Fort Henry, Tenn., and arrived just in time to take an important part in the attack and surrender of Fort Donelson. Brackett's battalion was the only Minnesota force engaged at Fort Donelson, and, although they were not in the thickest of the fight, yet they performed tremendous and exhaustive service in preventing the rebel Gen. Buckner from receiving reinforcements. After the surrender the regiment was kept on continual scout duty, as the country was overrun with bands of guerrillas and the inhabitants nearly all sympathized with them. From Fort Donelson three

Library of Congress

companies of the regiment went to Savannah, (one of them being Capt. Shelly's) where preparations were being made to meet Gen. Beauregard, who was only a short distance away. Brackett's company was sent out in the direction of Louisville with orders to see that the roads and bridges were not molested, so that the forces under Gen. Buell would not be obstructed on the march to reinforce Gen. Grant. This timely precaution enabled Gen. Buell to arrive at Pittsburg Landing just in time to save Gen. Grant from probable defeat. For three months after this battle Capt. Shelly's company was engaged in protecting the long line of railroad from Columbus, Ky., to Corinth, Miss. On the 25th of August, 1862, Fort Donalson was attacked by the rebels and this 88 regiment was ordered to its relief. This attack of the rebels did not prove to be very serious, but on the 5th of February, 1863, the rebels under Forrest and Wheeler made a third attack on Fort Donelson. They were forced to retire, leaving a large number of their dead on the field, but fortunately none of the men under Capt. Shelly were injured. Nearly the entire spring and summer of 1863 was spent in scouring the country in the vicinity of the Tennessee river, sometimes on guard duty, sometimes on the picket line and often in battle. They were frequently days and nights without food or sleep, but ever kept themselves in readiness for an attack from the wily foes. Opposed to them were the commands of Forest and Wheeler, the very best cavalry officers in the Confederate service. A number of severe actions ended in the battle of Chickamauga, in which the First cavalry took a prominent part. After the battle of Chickamauga the regiment was kept on duty on the dividing line between the two forces. About the 1st of January, 1864, most of Capt. Shelly's company reinlisted and they returned home on a thirty days' furlough. After receiving a number of recruits at Fort Snelling, the command, on the 14th of May, 1864, received orders to report to Gen. Sully at Sioux City, who was preparing to make a final campaign against the rebellious Sioux. On the 28th of June the expedition started on its long and weary march over the plains of the Dakotas toward Montana. It encountered the Indians a number of times, routing them, and continued on its way. About the middle of August the expedition entered the Bad Lands, and the members were the first white men to traverse that unexplored region. In the fall the battalion returned to Fort Ridgley, where they went into winter quarters, having

Library of Congress

marched over 3,000 miles since leaving Fort Snelling. Capt. Shelly was mustered out of the service in the spring of 1865, and since that time, until within a few years, has been engaged at his old profession.

Capt. Shelly was almost painfully modest, seldom alluding to the many stirring events with which he 89 had been an active participant, and it could well be said of him, as Cardinal Wolsey said of himself, that "had he served his God with half the zeal he has served his country, he would not in his old age have forsaken him." Political preferment and self-assurance keep some men constantly before the public eye, while others, the men of real merit, who have spent the best part of their lives in the service of their country, are often permitted by an ungrateful community to go down to their graves unhonored and unsung.

Other Printers in the Civil War.

Capt. Henry C. Coates was foreman of the job department of the Pioneer office. He was an officer in the Pioneer Guards, and when the war broke out was made a lieutenant in the First regiment, was in all the battles of that famous organization up to and including Gettysburg; was commander of the regiment for some time after the battle. After the war he settled in Philadelphia, where he now resides.

Jacob J. Noah at one time set type with Robert Bonner. He was elected clerk of the supreme court at the first election of state officers; was captain of Company K Second Minnesota regiment, but resigned early in the war and moved to New York City, his former home.

Frank H. Pratt was an officer in the Seventh regiment and served through the war. He published a paper at Taylor's Falls at one time. After the war he was engaged in the mercantile business in St. Paul.

John C. Devereux was foreman of the old Pioneer and was an officer in the Third regiment, and still resides in the city.

Library of Congress

Jacob T. McCoy was an old-time typo and worked in all the St. Paul offices before, and after the rebellion. Mr. McCoy was a fine singer and his voice was always heard at typographical gatherings. He enlisted as private in the Second Minnesota and served more than four years, returning as first lieutenant. He now resides in Meadville, Pa.

Martin Williams was printer, editor, reporter and publisher, both before and after the war. He was quartermaster of the Second Minnesota cavalry.

Robert F. Slaughter and his brother, Thomas Slaughter, were both officers in the volunteer service and just previous to the rebellion were engaged in the real estate business.

Edward Richards was foreman of the Pioneer and Minnesota before the war and foreman of the old St. Paul Press after the war. He enlisted during the darkest days of the rebellion in the Eighth regiment and served in the dual capacity of correspondent and soldier. No better soldier ever left the state. He was collector of customs of the port of St. Paul under the administration of Presidents Garfield and Arthur, and later was on the editorial staff of the Pioneer Press.

The most remarkable compositor ever in the Northwest, if not in the United States, was the late Charles R. Stuart. He claimed to be a lineal descendant of the royal house of Stuart. For two years in succession he won the silver cup in New York city for setting more type than any of his competitors. At an endurance test in New York he is reported to have set and distributed 26,000 ems solid brevier in twenty-four hours. He was originally from Detroit. In the spring of 1858 he wandered into the Minnesotian office and applied for work. The Minnesotian was city printer and was very much in need of some one that day to help them out. Mr. Stuart was put to work and soon distributed two cases of type, and the other compositors wondered what he was going to do with it. After he had been at work a short time they discovered that he would be able to set up all the type he had distributed and probably more, too. When he pasted up the next morning the foreman measured his string and remeasured it, and then went over and took a survey of Mr. Stuart, and then went

Library of Congress

back 91 and measured it again. He then called up the comps, and they looked it over, but no one could discover anything wrong with it. The string measured 23,000 ems, and was the most remarkable feat of composition ever heard of in this section of the country. It was no uncommon occurrence for Mr. Stuart to set 2,000 ems of solid bourgeois an hour, and keep it up for the entire day. Mr. Stuart's reputation as a rapid compositor spread all over the city in a short time and people used to come to the office to see him set type with as much curiosity as they do now to see the typesetting machine. In 1862 Mr. Stuart enlisted in the Eighth regiment and served for three years, returning home a lieutenant. For a number of years he published a paper of Sault Ste Marie, in which place he died about five years ago. He was not only a good printer, but a very forceful writer, in fact he was an expert in everything connected with the printing business.

E. S. Lightbourn was one of the old-time printers. He served three years in the Seventh Minnesota and after the war was foreman of the Pioneer.

M. J. Clum is one of the oldest printers in St. Paul. He was born in Rensselaer county, New York, in 1832, and came to St. Paul in 1853. He learned his trade in Troy, and worked with John M. Francis, late minister to Greece, and also with C. L. McArthur, editor of the Northern Budget. Mr. Clum was a member of Company D, Second Minnesota, and took part in several battles in the early part of the rebellion.

J. B. Chaney came to Minnesota before the state was admitted to the Union. At one time he was foreman of a daily paper at St. Anthony Falls. During the war he was a member of Berdan's sharpshooters, who were attached to the First regiment.

S. J. Albright worked on the Pioneer in territorial days. In 1859 he went to Yankton, Dak., and started the first paper in that territory. He was an officer in a Michigan regiment during the rebellion. For many years was a publisher of a paper in Michigan, 92 and under the last administration of Grover Cleveland was governor of Alaska.

Library of Congress

M. R. Prendergast, though not connected with the printing business for some time, yet he is an old time printer, and was in the Tenth Minnesota during the rebellion.

A. J. Underwood was a member of Berdan's Sharpshooters, and was connected with a paper at Fergus Falls for a number of years.

Robert V. Hesselgrave was employed in nearly all the St. Paul offices at various times. He was lieutenant in the First Minnesota Heavy Artillery, and is now engaged in farming in the Minnesota valley.

William A. Hill came to St. Paul during the early '50s. He was a member of the Seventh Minnesota.

Ole Johnson was a member of the First Minnesota regiment, and died in a hospital in Virginia.

William F. Russel, a compositor on the Pioneer, organized a company of sharpshooters in St. Paul, and they served throughout the war in the army of the Potomac.

S. Teverbaugh and H. I. Vance were territorial printers, and were both in the army, but served in regiments outside the state.

There were a large number of other printers in the military service during the civil war, but they were not territorial printers and their names are not included in the above list.

Territorial Printers in Civil Life.

One of the brightest of the many bright young men who came to Minnesota at an early day was Mr. James Mills. For a time he worked on the case at the old Pioneer office, but was soon transferred to the editorial department, where he remained for a number of years.

Library of Congress

After the war he returned to Pittsburgh, his former home, and is now and for a number of years has been editor-in-chief of the Pittsburgh Post.

Among the numerous printers of St. Paul who were musically inclined no one was better known than the late O. G. Miller. He belonged to the Great Western band, and was tenor singer in several churches in the city for a number of years. Mr. Miller was a 33d Degree Mason, and when he died a midnight funeral service was held for him in Masonic hall, the first instance on record of a similar service in the city.

George W. Moore came to St. Paul in 1850, and for a short time was foreman for Mr. Goodhue. In 1852 he formed a partnership with John P. Owens in the publication of the Minnesotian. He sold his interest in that paper to Dr. Foster in 1860, and in 1861 was appointed by President Lincoln collector of the port of St. Paul, a position he held for more than twenty years.

Louis E. Fisher was one of God's noblemen. When he first came to St. Paul he was foreman of the Commercial Advertiser. For a long time the Pioneer Press. He was a staunch democrat and a firm believer in Jeffersonian simplicity. At one time he was a candidate for governor on the democratic ticket. Had it not been for a little political chicanery he would have been nominated, and had he been elected would have made a model governor.

George W. Armstrong was the Beau Brummel of the early printers. He wore kid gloves when he made up the forms of the old Pioneer, and he always appeared as if he devoted more attention to his toilet than most of his co-laborers. He was elected state treasurer on the democratic ticket in 1857, and at the expiration of his term of office devoted his attention to the real estate business.

Another old printer that was somewhat fastidious was James M. Culver. He was the first delegate from St. Paul to the International Typographical Union. Old members of the Sons

Library of Congress

of Malta will recollect how strenuously he resisted the canine portion of the ceremony when taking the third degree of that noble order.

Who has not heard of David Ramaley? He is one of the best as well as one of the best known 94 printers in the Northwest. He has been printer, reporter, editor, publisher and type founder. Although he has been constantly in the harness for nearly fifty years, he is still active and energetic and looks as if it might be an easy matter to round out the century mark.

H. O. Bassford, now of the Austin Register, was one of the fleetest and cleanest compositers among the territorial printers. He was employed on the Minnesotian.

Francis P. McNamee occupied most all positions connected with the printing business—printer, reporter, editor. He was a most estimable man, but of very delicate constitution, and he has long since gone to his reward.

The genial, jovial face of George W. Benedict was for many years familiar to most old-time residents. At one time he was foreman of the old St. Paul Press. He is now editor and publisher of the Sauk Rapids Sentinel.

The old St. Paul Times had no more reliable man than the late Richard Bradley. He was foreman of the job department of that paper, and held the same position on the Press and Pioneer Press for many years.

D. L. Paine was the author of the famous poem entitled "Who Stole Ben Johnson's Spaces." He was employed in several of the St. Paul offices previous to the rebellion.

The late John C. Terry was the first hand pressman in St. Paul. He formed a partnership with Col. Owens in the publication of the Minnesotian. For a long time he was assistant postmaster of St. Paul, and held several other positions of trust.

Library of Congress

J. B. H. Mitchell was a member of the firm of Newson, Mitchell & Clum, publishers of the Daily Times. For several years after the war he was engaged as compositor in the St. Paul offices, and is now farming in Northern Minnesota.

Among the freaks connected with the printing business was a poet printer by the name of Wentworth. He was called "Long Haired Wentworth." 95 Early in the war he enlisted in the First Minnesota regiment. When Col. Gorman caught sight of him he ordered his hair cut. Wentworth would not permit his flowing locks to be taken off, and he was summarily dismissed from the service. After being ordered out of the regiment he wrote several letters of doubtful loyalty and Secretary Stanton had him arrested and imprisoned in Fort Lafayette with other political prisoners. He never returned to Minnesota.

Marshall Robinson was a partner of the late John H. Stevens in the publication of the first paper at Glencoe. At one time he was a compositor on the Pioneer, and the last heard from him he was state printer for Nevada.

Andrew Jackson Morgan was brought to St. Paul by the late Col. D. A. Robertson and made foreman of the Democrat. He was a printer-political and possessed considerable ability. At one time he was one of the editors of the Democrat. He was said to bear a striking resemblance to the late Stephen A. Douglas, and seldom conversed with any one without informing them of the fact. He was one of the original Jacksonian Democrats, and always carried with him a silver dollar, which he claimed was given him by Andrew Jackson when he was christened. No matter how much Democratic principle Jack would consume on one of his electioneering tours he always clung to the silver dollar. He died in Ohio more than forty years ago, and it is said that the immediate occasion of his demise was an overdose of hilarity.

Another old timer entitled to a good position in the hilarity column was J. Q. A. Ward, commonly known as Jack Ward. He was business manager of the Minnesotian during the prosperous days of that paper. The first immigration pamphlet ever gotten out in the

Library of Congress

territory was the product of Jack's ingenuity. Jack created quite a sensation at one time by marrying the daughter of his employer on half an hour's ball room acquaintance. He was a very bright man and should have been one of the 96 foremost, business men of the city, but, like many other men, he was his own worst enemy.

Another Jack that should not be overlooked was Jack Barbour. His theory was that in case the fiery king interfered with your business it was always better to give up the business.

A. M. Carver was one of the best job printers in the country, and he was also one of the best amateur actors among the fraternity. It was no uncommon thing for the old time printers to be actors and across to be printers. Lawrence Barrett, Stuart Robson and many other eminent actors were knights of the stick and rule. Frequently during the happy distribution hour printers could be heard quoting from the dramatist and the poet, and occasionally the affairs of church and state would receive serious consideration, and often the subject would be handled in a manner that would do credit to the theologian or the diplomat, but modern ingenuity has made it probable that no more statesmen will receive their diplomas from the composing room. Since the introduction of the iron printer all these pleasantries have passed away, and the sociability that once existed in the composing room will be known hereafter only to tradition.

The late William Jebb was one of the readiest debaters in the old Pioneer composing room. He was well posted on all topics and was always ready to take either side of a question for the sake of argument. Possessing a command of language and fluency of speech that would have been creditable to some of the foremost orators, he would talk by the hour, and his occasional outbursts of eloquence often surprised and always entertained the weary distributors. At one time Jebb was reporter on the St. Paul Times. Raising blooded chickens was one of his hobbies. One night some one entered his premises and appropriated a number of his pet fowls. The next day the Times had a long account of his misfortune, and at the conclusion of his article he hurled the pope's bull of

Library of Congress

excommunication 97 at the miscreant. It was a fatal bull and was Mr. Jebb's reportorial finish.

A fresh graduate from the case at one time wrote a scurrilous biography of Washington. The editor of the paper on which he was employed was compelled to make editorial apology for its unfortunate appearance. To make the matter more offensive the author on several different occasions reproduced the article and credited its authorship to the editor who was compelled to apologize for it.

In two different articles on nationalities by two different young printer reporters, one referred to the Germans as "the beer-guzzling Dutch," and the other, speaking of the English said "thank the Lord we have but few of them in our midst," caused the writers to be promptly relegated back to the case.

Bishop Willoughby was a well-known character of the early times. A short conversation with him would readily make patent the fact that he wasn't really a bishop. In an account of confirming a number of people at Christ church a very conscientious printer-reporter and "Bishop Willoughby administered the rite of confirmation," which he should have said Bishop Whipple. He was so mortified at his unfortunate blunder that he at once tendered his resignation. Of course it was not accepted.

Editors and printers of territorial times were more closely affiliated than they are to-day. Meager hotel accommodations and necessity for economical habits compelled many of them to work and sleep in the same room. All the offices contained blankets and cots, and as morning newspapers were only morning newspapers in name, the tired and weary printer could sleep the sleep of the just without fear of disturbance.

Nearly all the early were also printers. Earle S. Goodrich, editor-in-chief of the Pioneer; Thomas Foster, editor of the Minnesotian; T. M. Newson, editor of the Times, and John P. Owens, first editor of the Minnesotian, were all printers. When the old Press removed from Bridge Square in 1869 to the new building on the corner of Third and 98 Minnesota

Library of Congress

streets, Earle S. Goodrich came up into the composing room and requested the privilege of setting the first type in the new building. He was provided with a stick and rule and set up about half a column of editorial without copy. The editor of the Press, in commenting on his article, said it was set up as "clean as the blotless pages of Shakespeare." In looking over the article the next morning some of the typos discovered an error in the first line.

99

THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS.

THE FIRST BATTLE DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN WHICH THE UNION FORCES SCORED A DECISIVE VICTORY—THE SECOND MINNESOTA THE HEROES OF THE DAY—THE REBEL, GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER KILLED.

Every Minnesotan's heart swells with pride whenever mention is made of the grand record of the volunteers from the North Star State in the great struggle for the suppression of the rebellion. At the outbreak of the war Minnesota was required to furnish one regiment, but so intensely patriotic were its citizens that nearly two regiments volunteered at the first call of the president. As only ten companies could go in the first regiment the surplus was held in readiness for a second call, which it was thought would be soon forthcoming. On the 16th of June, 1861, Gov. Ramsey received notice that a second regiment would be acceptable, and accordingly the companies already organized with two or three additions made up the famous Second Minnesota. H. P. Van Cleve was appointed colonel, with headquarters at Fort Snelling. Several of the companies were sent to the frontier to relieve detachments of regulars stationed at various posts, but on the 16th of October, 1861, the full regiment started for Washington. On reaching 100 Pittsburg, however, their destination was changed to Louisville, at which place they were ordered to report to Gen. W. T. Sherman, then in command of the Department of the Cumberland, and they at once received orders to proceed to Lebanon Junction, about thirty miles south of Louisville. The regiment remained at this camp about six weeks before anything occurred to relieve the monotony of camp life, although there were numerous rumors of night attacks by large

Library of Congress

bodies of Confederates. On the 15th of November, 1861, Gen Buell assumed command of all the volunteers in the vicinity of Louisville, and he at once organized them into divisions and brigades. Early in December the Second regiment moved to Lebanon, Ky., and, en route, the train was fired at. At Lebanon the Second Minnesota, Eighteenth United States infantry, Ninth and Thirty-fifth Ohio regiments were organized into a brigade, and formed part of Gen. George H. Thomas' First division. On Jan. 1, 1862, Gen. Thomas started his troops on the Mill Springs campaign and from the 1st to the 17th day of January, spent most of its time marching under rain, sleet and through mud, and on the latter date went into camp near Logan's Cross Roads, eight miles north of Zollicoffer's intrenched rebel camp at Beech Grove. On the night of Jan. 18, Company A was on picket duty. It had been raining incessantly and was so dark that it was with difficulty that pickets could be relieved. Just at daybreak the rebel advance struck the pickets of the Union lines, and several musket shots rang out with great distinctness, and in quick succession, it being the first rebel shot that the boys had ever heard. Then all was quiet for a time. The firing soon commenced again, nearer and more distinct than at first, and thicker and faster as the rebel advance encountered the Union pickets. The Second Minnesota had entered the woods and passing through the Tenth Indiana, then out of ammunition and retiring and no longer firing. The enemy, emboldened by the cessation and mistaking its cause, assumed they had the Yanks on the 101 run, advanced to the rail fence separating the woods from the field just as the Second Minnesota was doing the same, and while the rebels got there first, they were also first to get away and make a run to their rear. But before they ran their firing was resumed and Minnesotians got busy and the Fifteenth Mississippi and the Sixteenth Alabama regiments were made to feel that they had run up against something. To the right of the Second were two of Kinney's cannon and to their right was the Ninth Ohio. The mist and smoke which hung closely was too thick to see through, but by lying down it was possible to look under the smoke and to see the first rebel line, and that it was in bad shape, and back of it and down on the low ground a second line, with their third line on the high ground on the further side of the field. That the Second Minnesota was in close contact with the enemy was evident all along its line, blast of fire and belching

Library of Congress

smoke coming across the fence from Mississippi muskets. The contest was at times hand to hand—the Second Minnesota and the rebels running their guns through the fence, firing and using the bayonet when opportunity offered. The firing was very brisk for some time when it was suddenly discovered that the enemy had disappeared. The battle was over, the Johnnies had “skedaddled,” leaving their dead and dying on the bloody field. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, and some few surrendered. After the firing had ceased one rebel lieutenant bravely stood in front of the Second and calmly faced his fate. After being called on the surrender he made no reply, but deliberately raised his hand and shot Lieut. Stout through the body. He was instantly shot. His name proved to be Bailie Peyton, son of one of the most prominent Union men in Tennessee. Gen. Zollicoffer, commander of the Confederate forces, was also killed in this battle. This battle, although a mere skirmish when compared to many other engagements in which the Second participated before the close of the war, was watched with great interest by the people of St. Paul. Two full companies had been recruited in the city and there was quite a number of St. Paulites in other companies of this regiment. When it became known that a battle had been fought in which the second had been active participants, the relatives and friends of the men engaged in the struggle thronged the newspaper offices in quest of information regarding their safety. The casualties in the Second Minnesota amounted to twelve killed and thirty-five wounded. Two or three days after the battle letters were received from different members of the Second, claiming that they had shot Bailie Payton and Zollicoffer. It afterward was learned that no one ever knew who shot Peyton, and that Col. Fry of the Fourth Kentucky shot Zollicoffer. Lieut. Tuttle captured Peyton's sword and still has it in his possession. This sword has a historic record. It was presented to Bailie Peyton by the citizens of New Orleans at the outbreak of the Mexican war, and was carried by Col. Peyton during the entire war. Col. Peyton was on Gen. Scott's staff at the close of the war, and when Santa Anna surrendered the City of Mexico to Gen. Scott, Col. Peyton was the staff officer designated by Scott to receive the surrender of the city, carrying this sword by his side. It bears this inscription: “Presented to Col. Bailie Peyton, Fifth Regiment Louisiana Volunteer National Guards, by his friends of New

Library of Congress

Orleans. His country required his services. His deeds will add glory to her arms." There has been considerable correspondence between the government and state officials and the descendants of Col. Peyton relative to returning this trophy to Col. Peyton's relatives, but so far no arrangements to that effect have been concluded.

It was reported by Tennesseans at the time of the battle that young Peyton was what was known as a "hoop-skirt" convert to the Confederate cause. Southern ladies were decidedly more pronounced secessionists than were the sterner sex, and whenever they discovered that one of their chivalric 103 brethren was a little lukewarm toward the cause of the South they sent him a hoop skirt, which indicated that the recipient was lacking in bravery. For telling of his loyalty to the Union he was insulted and hissed at on the streets of Nashville, and when he received a hoop skirt from his lady friends he reluctantly concluded to take up arms against the country he loved so well. He paid the penalty of foolhardy recklessness in the first battle in which he participated.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who was an eye-witness of the battle, gave a glowing description of the heroic conduct of the Second Minnesota during the engagement. He said: "The success of the battle was when the Second Minnesota and the Ninth Ohio appeared in good order sweeping through the field. The Second Minnesota, from its position in the column, was almost in the center of the fight, and in the heaviest of the enemy's fire. They were the first troops that used the bayonet, and the style with which they went into the fight is the theme of enthusiastic comment throughout the army."

It was the boast of Confederate leaders at the outbreak of the rebellion that one regiment of Johnnies was equal to two or more regiments of Yankees. After the battle of Mill Springs they had occasion to revise their ideas regarding the fighting qualities of the detested Yankees. From official reports of both sides, gathered after the engagement was over, it was shown that the Confederate forces out-numbered their Northern adversaries nearly three to one.

Library of Congress

The victory proved a dominant factor in breaking up the Confederate right flank, and opened a way into East Tennessee, and by transferring the Union troops to a point from which to menace Nashville made the withdrawal of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's troops from Bowling Green, Ky., to Nashville necessary.

Confederate loss, 600 in killed, wounded and prisoners. Union loss, 248 in killed and wounded. Twelve rebel cannon and caissons complete were 104 captured. Two hundred wagons with horses in harness were captured, as were large quantities of ammunition, store and camp equipments—in fact, the Union troops took all there was.

Col. Fry's version of the killing of Zollicoffer is as follows: While on the border of “old fields” a stranger in citizen clothes rode up by his side, so near that he could have put his hand upon his shoulder, and said: “Don't let us be firing on our own men. Those are our men,” pointing at the same time toward our forces. Col. Fry looked upon him inquiringly a moment, supposing him to be one of his own men, after which he rode forward not more than fifteen paces, when an officer came dashing up, first recognizing the stranger and almost the same instant firing upon Col. Fry. At the same moment the stranger wheeled his horse, facing Col. Fry, when the colonel shot him in the breast.

Gen. Zollicoffer was a prominent and influential citizen of Nashville previous to the war, and stumped the state with Col. Peyton in opposition to the ordinance of secession, but when Tennessee seceded he determined to follow the fortunes of his state. The day before the battle Gen. Zollicoffer made a speech to his troops in which he said he would take them to Indiana or go to hell himself. He didn't go to Indiana.

The poet of the Fourth Kentucky perpetrated the following shortly after the battle: “Old Zollicoffer is dead And the last word he said: I see a wild cat coming. Up steps Col. Fry. And he hit him in the eye And he sent him to the happy land of Canaan. Ho! boys, ho! For the Union go! Hip hurrah for the happy land of freedom.”

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The loyal Kentuckians were in great glee and rejoiced over the victory. It was their battle against rebel invaders from Tennessee, Mississippi and 105 Alabama, who were first met by their own troops of Wolford's First cavalry and the Fourth Kentucky infantry, whose blood was the first to be shed in defense of the Stars and Stripes; and their gratitude went out to their neighbors from Minnesota, Indiana and Ohio who came to their support and drove the invaders out of their state. On Feb. 24, 1862, the Second Minnesota was again in Louisville, where the regiment had admirers and warm friends in the loyal ladies, who as evidence of their high appreciation, through the mayor of the city, Hon. J. M. Dolph, presented to the Second regiment a silk flag. The mayor said. "Each regiment is equally entitled to like honor, but the gallant conduct of those who came from a distant state to unite in subduing our rebel invaders excites the warmest emotions of our hearts."

On Jan. 25 President Lincoln's congratulations were read to the regiment, and on Feb. 9, at Waitsboro, Ky., the following joint resolution of the Minnesota legislature was read before the regiment:

Whereas, the noble part borne by the First regiment, Minnesota infantry, in the battles of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, Va., is yet fresh in our minds; and, whereas, we have heard with equal satisfaction the intelligence of the heroism displayed by the Second Minnesota Infantry in the late brilliant action at Mill Springs, Ky.:

Therefore he it resolved by the legislature of Minnesota, That while it was the fortune of the veteran First regiment to shed luster upon defeat, it was reserved for the glorious Second regiment to add victory to glory.

Resolved, that the bravery of our noble sons, heroes whether in defeat or victory, is a source of pride to the state that sent them forth, and will never fall to secure to them the honor and the homage of the government and the people.

Library of Congress

Resolved, That we sympathize with the friends of our slain soldiers, claiming as well to share their grief as to participate in the renown which the 106 virtues and valor of the dead have conferred on our arms.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions, having the signature of the executive and the great seal of the state, be immediately forwarded by the governor to the colonels severally in command of the regiments, to be by them communicated to their soldiers at dress parade.

The battle at Mill Springs was the first important victory achieved by the Union army in the Southwest after the outbreak of the (rebellion, and the result of that engagement occasioned great rejoicing throughout the loyal North. Although the battle was fought forty-five years ago, quite a number of men engaged in that historic event are still living in St. Paul, a number of them actively engaged in business. Among the number are J. W. Bishop, J. C. Donahower, M. C. Tuttle, R. A. Lanpher, M. J. Clum, William Bircher, Robert G. Rhodes, John H. Gibbons, William Wagner, Joseph Burger, Jacob J. Miller, Christian Dehn, William Kemper, Jacob Bernard, Charles F. Myer, Phillip Pott and Fred Dohm.

107

THE GREAT BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF ONE OF THE GREATEST AND MOST SANGUINARY BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR—TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE—GALLANT ACTION OF THE FIRST MINNESOTA BATTERY—DEATH OF CAPT. W. H. ACKER.

The battle of Pittsburg Landing on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, was one of the most terrific of the many great battles of the great Civil war. It has been likened to the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon sought to destroy the army of Wellington before a junction could be made with Blucher, Johnston and Beauregard undertook to annihilate the Army of the Tennessee, under Gen. Grant, before the Army of the Cumberland, under Buell,

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could come to his assistance. At the second battle of Bull Run Gen. Pope claimed that Porter was within sound of his guns, yet he remained inactive. At Pittsburg Landing it was claimed by military men that Gen. Buell could have made a junction with Grant twenty-four hours sooner and thereby saved a terrible loss of life had he chosen to do so. Both generals were subsequently suspended from their commands and charges of disloyalty were made against them by many newspapers in the North. Gen. Porter was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service. Many years after this decision was revoked by congress and the stigma of disloyalty removed from his name. Gen. Buell was tried by court-martial, but the findings of the court were never made public. Gen. Grant did not think Gen. Buell was guilty of the charges against him, and when he became commander-in-chief of the army in 1864 endeavored to have him restored to his command, but the war department did not seem inclined to do so. About two weeks before the battle of Pittsburg Landing Gen. Grant was suspended from the command of the Army of the Tennessee by Gen. Halleck, but owing to some delay in the transmission of the order, an order came from headquarters restoring him to his command before he knew that he had been suspended. Gen. Grant's success at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson made his superiors jealous of his popularity. He was ordered arrested by Gen. McClellan, but the order was held up by the war department until Gen. Grant could be heard from. The reason for his arrest was that he went to Nashville to consult with Buell without permission of the commanding general. Dispatches sent to Grant for information concerning his command was never delivered to him, but were delivered over to the rebel authorities by a rebel telegraph operator, who shortly afterward joined the Confederate forces.

Many years after the war Gen. Budeau, one of Grant's staff officers, was in search of information for his "History of Grant's Military Campaigns," and he unearthed in the archives of the war department the full correspondence between Halleck, McClellan and the secretary of war, and it was not until then that Gen. Grant learned the full extent of the absurd accusations made against him.

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After the battle of Pittsburg Landing Gen. Halleck assumed personal command of all the forces at that point and Gen. Grant was placed second in command, which meant that he had no command at all. This was very distasteful to Gen. Grant and he would have resigned his commission and returned to St. Louis but for the interposition of his friend, Gen. W. T. Sherman. Gen. Grant had packed up his belongings and was about to depart when Gen. Sherman met him at his tent and persuaded him to refrain. In a short time Halleck was ordered to Washington and Grant was made commander of the Department of West Tennessee, with headquarters at Memphis. Gen. Grant's subsequent career proved the wisdom of Sherman's entreaty.

When Gen. Halleck assumed command he constructed magnificent fortifications, and they were a splendid monument to his engineering skill, but they were never occupied. He was like the celebrated king of France, who “with one hundred thousand men, marched up the hill and then down again.” Gen. Halleck had under his immediate command more than one hundred thousand well equipped men, and the people of the North looked to him to administer a crushing blow to the then retreating enemy. The hour had arrived—the man had not.

“Flushed with the victory of Forts Henry and Donelson,” said the envious Halleck in a dispatch to the war department, previous to the battle, “the army under Grant at Pittsburg Landing was more demoralized than the Army of the Potomac after the disastrous defeat of Bull Run.”

Soon after the battle the venerable Gen. Scott predicted that the war would soon be ended—that thereafter there would be nothing but guerilla warfare at interior points. Gen. Grant himself in his memoirs says that had the victory at Pittsburg Landing been followed up and the army been kept intact the battles at Stone River, Chattanooga and Chickamauga would not have been necessary.

Library of Congress

Probably the battle of Pittsburg Landing was the most misunderstood and most misrepresented of any battle occurring during the war. It was charged that Grant was drunk; that he was far away from the battleground when the attack was made, and was wholly unprepared to meet the terrible onslaught of the enemy in the earlier stages of the encounter. Gen. Beauregard is said to have stated on the morning of the battle that before sundown he would water his horses in the Tennessee river or in hell. That the rebels did not succeed in reaching the Tennessee was not from lack of dash and daring on their part, but was on account of the sturdy resistance and heroism of their adversaries. According to Gen. Grant's own account of the battle, though suffering intense pain from a sprained ankle, he was in the saddle from early morning till late at night, riding from division to division, giving directions to their commanding officers regarding the many changes in the disposition of their forces rendered necessary by the progress of the battle. The firm resistance made by the force under his command is sufficient refutation of the falsity of the charges made against him. Misunderstanding of orders, want of co-operation of subordinates as well as superiors, and rawness of recruits were said to have been responsible for the terrible slaughter of the Union forces on the first day of the battle.

The battle of Pittsburg Landing is sometimes called the battle of Shiloh, some of the hardest fighting having been done in the vicinity of an old log church called the Church of Shiloh, about three miles from the landing.

The battle ground traversed by the opposing forces occupied a semi-circle of about three and a half miles from the town of Pittsburg, the Union forces being stationed in the form of a semi-circle, the right resting on a point north of Crump's Landing, the center being directly in front of the road to Corinth, and the left extending to the river in the direction of Harrisburg—a small place north of Pittsburg Landing. At about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, Col. Peabody of Prentiss' division, fearing that everything was not right, dispatched a body of 400 men beyond the camp for the purpose of looking after any body of men which might be lurking in that direction. This step was wisely taken, for a 111

Library of Congress

half a mile advance showed a heavy force approaching, who fired upon them with great slaughter. This force taken by surprise, was compelled to retreat, which they did in good order under a galling fire. At 6 o'clock the fire had become general along the entire front, the enemy having driven in the pickets of Gen. Sherman's division and had fallen with vengeance upon three Ohio regiments of raw recruits, who knew nothing of the approach of the enemy until they were within their midst. The slaughter on the first approach of the enemy was very severe, scores falling at every discharge of rebel guns. It soon became apparent that the rebel forces were approaching in overwhelming numbers and there was nothing left from them to do but retreat, which was done with considerable disorder, both officers and men losing every particle of their baggage, which fell into rebel hands.

At 8:30 o'clock the fight had become general, the second line of divisions having received the advance in good order and made every preparation for a suitable reception of the foe. At this time many thousand stragglers, many of whom had never before heard the sound of musketry, turned their backs to the enemy, and neither threats or persuasion could induce them to turn back. The timely arrival of Gen. Grant, who had hastened up from Savannah, led to the adoption of measures that put a stop to this uncalled-for flight from the battle ground. A strong guard was placed across the thoroughfare, with orders to halt every soldier whose face was turned toward the river, and thus a general stampede was prevented. At 10 o'clock the entire line on both sides was engaged in one of the most terrible battles ever known in this country. The roar of the cannon and musketry was without intermission from the main center to a point extending halfway down the left wing. The great struggle was most upon the forces which had fallen back on Sherman's position. By 11 o'clock quite a number of the commanders of regiments had fallen, and in 112 some instances not a single field officer remained; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness that plainly showed that the contest on both sides was for death or victory. The almost deafening sound of artillery and the rattle of musketry was all that could be heard as the men stood silently and delivered their fire, evidently bent on the work of destruction which knew no bounds. Foot by foot the ground was contested, a single narrow strip of open land

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dividing the opponents. Many who were maimed fell back without help, while others still fought in the ranks until they were actually forced back by their company officers. Finding it impossible to drive back the center of our column, at 12 o'clock the enemy slackened fire upon it and made a most vigorous effort on our left wing, endeavoring to drive it to the river bank at a point about a mile and a half above Pittsburg Landing. With the demonstration of the enemy upon the left wing it was soon seen that all their fury was being poured out upon it, with a determination that it should give way. For about two hours a sheet of fire blazed both columns, the rattle of musketry making a most deafening noise. For about an hour it was feared that the enemy would succeed in driving our forces to the river bank, the rebels at times being plainly seen by those on the main landing below. While the conflict raged the hottest in this quarter the gunboat Tyler passed slowly up the river to a point directly opposite the enemy and poured in a broadside from her immense guns. The shells went tearing and crashing through the woods, felling trees in their course and spreading havoc wherever they fell. The explosions were fearful, the shells falling far inland, and they struck terror to the rebel force. Foiled in this attempt, they now made another attack on the center and fought like tigers. They found our lines well prepared and in full expectation of their coming. Every man was at his post and all willing to bring the contest to a definite conclusion. In hourly expectation of the arrival of 113 reinforcements, under Generals Nelson and Thomas of Buell's army, they made every effort to rout our forces before the reinforcements could reach the battle ground. They were, however, fighting against a wall of steel. Volley answered volley and for a time the battle of the morning was re-enacted on the same ground and with the same vigor on both sides. At 5 o'clock there was a short cessation in the firing of the enemy, their lines falling back on the center for about half a mile. They again wheeled and suddenly threw their entire force upon the left wing, determined to make the final struggle of the day in that quarter. The gunboat Lexington in the meantime had arrived from Savannah, and after sending a message to Gen. Grant to ascertain in which direction the enemy was from the river, the Lexington and Tyler took a position about half a mile above the river landing, and poured their shells up a deep ravine reaching to the river on the right. Their shots were thick and fast and told with telling

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effect. In the meantime Gen. Lew Wallace, who had taken a circuitous route from Crump's Landing, appeared suddenly on the left wing of the rebels. In face of this combination the enemy felt that their bold effort was for the day a failure and as night was about at hand, they slowly fell back, fighting as they went, until they reached an advantageous position, somewhat in the rear, yet occupying the main road to Corinth. The gunboats continued to send their shells after them until they were far beyond reach. This ended the engagement for the day. Throughout the day the rebels evidently had fought with the Napoleonic idea of massing their entire force on weak points of the enemy, with the intention of braking through their lines, creating a panic and cutting off retreat.

The first day's battle, though resulting in a terrible loss of Union troops, was in reality a severe disappointment to the rebel leaders. They fully expected, with their overwhelming force to annihilate Grant's army, cross the Tennessee river and administer 114 the same punishment to Buell, and then march on through Tennessee, Kentucky and into Ohio. They had conceived a very bold movement, but utterly failed to execute it.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, commander of the Confederate forces, was killed in the first day's battle, being shot while attempting to induce a brigade of unwilling Confederates to make a charge on the enemy.

Gen. Buell was a Columbia, Tenn., on the 19th of March with a veteran force of 40,000 men, and it required nineteen days for him to reach the Tennessee river, eighty-five miles distant, marching less than five miles a day, notwithstanding the fact that he had been ordered to make a junction with Grant's forces as soon as possible, and was well informed of the urgency of the situation.

During the night steamers were engaged in carrying the troops of Nelson's division across the river. As soon as the boats reached the shore the troops immediately left, and, without music, took their way to the advance of the left wing of the Union forces. They had come up double quick from Savannah, and as they were regarded as veterans, the greatest

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confidence was soon manifest as to the successful termination of the battle. With the first hours of daylight it was evident that the enemy had also been strongly reinforced, for, notwithstanding they must have known of the arrival of new Union troops, they were first to open the ball, which they did with considerable alacrity. The attacks that began came from the main Corinth road, a point to which they seemed strongly attached, and which at no time did they leave unprotected. Within half an hour from the first firing in the morning the contest then again spread in either direction, and both the main and left wings were not so anxious to fight their way to the river bank as on the previous day, having a slight experience of what they might expect if again brought under the powerful guns of the Tyler and Lexington. They were not, however, lacking in activity, and they were met by our reinforced troops with an energy that they did not anticipate. At 9 o'clock the sound of the artillery and musketry fully equaled that of the day before. It now became evident that the rebels were avoiding our extreme left wing, and were endeavoring to find a weak point in our line by which they could turn our force and thus create a panic. They left one point but to return to it immediately, and then as suddenly would direct an assault upon a division where they imagined they would not be expected. The fire of the united forces was as steady as clockwork, and it soon became evident that the enemy considered the task they had undertaken a hopeless one. Notwithstanding continued repulses, the rebels up to 11 o'clock had given no evidence of retiring from the field. Their firing had been as rapid and vigorous at times as during the most terrible hours of the previous day. Generals Grant, Buell, Nelson and Crittenden were present everywhere directing the movements on our part for a new strike against the foe. Gen. Lew Wallace's division on the right had been strongly reinforced, and suddenly both wings of our army were turned upon the enemy, with the intention of driving the immense body into an extensive ravine. At the same time a powerful battery had been stationed upon an open field, and they poured volley after volley into the rebel ranks and with the most telling effect. At 11:30 o'clock the roar of battle almost shook the earth, as the Union guns were being fired with all the energy that the prospect of ultimate victory inspired. The fire from the enemy was not so vigorous and they began to evince a desire to withdraw. They fought as they slowly moved back,

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keeping up their fire from their artillery and musketry, apparently disclaiming any notion that they thought of retreating. As they retreated they went in excellent order, halting at every advantageous point and delivering their fire with considerable effect. At noon it was settled beyond dispute that the rebels were retreating. They 116 were making but little fire, and were heading their center column for Corinth. From all divisions of our lines they were closely pursued, a falling fire-being kept up on their rear, which they returned at intervals with little or no effect. From Sunday morning until Monday noon not less than three thousand cavalry had remained seated in their saddles on the hilltop overlooking the river, patiently awaiting the time when an order should come for them to pursue the flying enemy. That time had now arrived and a courier from Gen. Grant had scarcely delivered his message before the entire body was in motion. The wild tumult of the excited riders presented a picture seldom witnessed on a battlefield. Gen. Grant himself led the charge.

Gen. Grant, in his memoirs, summerizes the results of the two days' fighting as follows: "I rode forward several miles the day of the battle and found that the enemy had dropped nearly all of their provisions and other luggage in order to enable them to get off with their guns. An immediate pursuit would have resulted in the capture of a considerable number of prisoners and probably some guns. .. The effective strength of the Union forces on the morning of the 6th was 33,000 men. Lew Wallace brought 5,000 more after nightfall. Beauregard reported the rebel strength at 40,955. Excluding the troops who fled, there was not with us at any time during the day more than 25,000 men in line. Our loss in the two days' fighting was 1,754 killed, 8,408 wounded and 2,885 missing. Beauregard reported a total loss of 10,699, of whom 1,728 were killed, 8,012 wounded and 957 missing.

On the first day of the battle Gen. Prentiss, during a change of positions of the Union forces, became detached from the rest of the troops, and was taken prisoner, together with 2,200 of his men. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, division commander, was killed in the early part of the struggle.

Library of Congress

The hardest fighting during the first day was done in front of the divisions of Sherman and McClellan. "A casualty to Sherman," says Gen. Grant, "that would have taken him from the field that day would have been a sad one for the Union troops engaged at Shiloh. And how near we came to this! On the 6th Sherman was shot twice, once in the hand, once in the shoulder, the ball cutting his coat and making a slight, and a third ball passed through his hat. In addition to this be several horses shot during the day."

During the second day of the battle Gen. Grant, Col. McPherson and Maj. Hawkins got beyond the left of our troops. There did not appear to be an enemy in sight, but suddenly a battery opened on them from the edge of the woods. They made a hasty retreat and when they were at a safe distance halted to take an account of the damage. In a few moments Col. McPherson's horse dropped dead, having been shot just back of the saddle. A ball had passed through Maj. Hawkins' hat and a ball had struck the metal of Gen. Grant's sword, breaking it nearly off.

On the first day of the battle about 6,000 fresh recruits who had never before heard the sound of musketry, fled on the approach of the enemy. They hid themselves on the river bank behind the bluff, and neither command nor persuasion could induce them to move. When Gen. Buell discovered them on his arrival he threatened to fire on them, but it had no effect. Gen. Grant says that afterward those same men proved to be some of the best soldiers in the service.

Gen. Grant, in his report, says he was prepared with the reinforcements of Gen. Lew Wallace's division of 5,000 men to assume the offensive on the second day of the battle, and thought he could have driven the rebels back to their fortified position at Corinth without the aid of the Buell's army.

At banquet hall regimental reunion or campfire, whenever mention is made of the glorious record of Minnesota volunteers in the great Civil war, seldom if ever, is the First Minnesota battery given credit for its share in the long struggle. Probably very few of the

Library of Congress

present residents of Minnesota are aware that such an organization existed. This battery was one of the finest organizations that left the state during the great crisis. It was in the terrible battle of Pittsburg Landing, the siege of Vicksburg, in front of Atlanta and in the great march from Atlanta to the sea, and in every position in which they were placed they not only covered themselves with glory, but they were an honor and credit to the state that sent them. The First Minnesota battery, light artillery, was organized at Fort Snelling in the fall of 1861, and Emil Munch was made its first captain. Shortly after being mustered in they were ordered to St. Louis, where they received their accoutrements, and from there they were ordered to Pittsburg Landing, arriving at the latter place late in February, 1862. The day before the battle, they were transferred to Prentiss' division of Grant's army. On Sunday morning, April 6, the battery was brought out bright and early, preparing for inspection. About 7 o'clock great commotion was heard at headquarters, and the battery was ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice. In about ten minutes they were ordered to the front, the rebels having opened fire on the Union forces. In a very short time rebel bullets commenced to come thick and fast, and no of their number was killed and three others wounded. It soon became evident that the rebels were in great force in front of the battery, and orders were issued for them to choose another position. At about 11 o'clock the battery formed in a new position on an elevated piece of ground, and whenever the rebels undertook to cross the field in front of them the artillery raked them down with frightful slaughter. Several times the rebels placed batteries in the timber at the farther end of the field, but in each instance the guns of the First battery dislodged them before they could get 119 into position. For hours the rebels vainly endeavored to break the lines of the Union forces, but in every instance they were repulsed with frightful loss, the canister mowing them down at close range. About 5 o'clock the rebels succeeded in flanking Gen. Prentiss and took part of his force prisoners. The battery was immediately withdrawn to an elevation near the Tennessee river, and it was not long before firing again commenced and kept up for half an hour, the ground fairly shaking from the continuous firing on both side of the line. At about 6 o'clock the firing ceased, and the rebels withdrew to a safe distance from the landing. The casualties of the day were three killed and six wounded,

Library of Congress

two of the latter dying shortly afterward. The fight at what was known as the “hornet’s nest” was most terrific, and had not the First battery held out so heroically and valiantly the rebels would have succeeded in forcing a retreat of the Union lines to a point dangerously near the Tennessee river. Capt. Munch’s horse received a bullet in his head and fell, and the captain himself received a wound in the thigh, disabling him from further service during the battle. After Capt. Munch was wounded Lieut. Pfaender took command of the battery, and he had a horse shot from him during the day. On the morning of April 7, Gen. Buell having arrived, the battery was held in reserve and did not participate in the battle that day. The First battery was the only organization from Minnesota engaged in the battle, and their conduct in the fiercest of the struggle, and in changing position in face of fire from the whole rebel line, was such as to receive the warmest commendation from the commanding officer. It was the first battle in which they had taken part, and as they had only received their guns and horses a few weeks before, they had not had much opportunity for drill work. Their terrible execution at critical times convinced the rebels that they had met a foe worthy of their steel.

Among the many thousands left dead and dying 120 on the blood-stained field of Pittsburg Landing there was one name that was very dear in the hearts of the patriotic people of St. Paul,—a name that was as dear to the people of St. Paul as was the memory of the immortal Ellsworth to the people of Chicago. Capt. William Henry Acker, while marching at the head of his company, with uplifted sword and with voice and action urging on his comrades to the thickest of the fray, was pierced in the forehead by a rebel bullet and fell dead upon the ill-fated field.

Before going into action Capt. Acker was advised by his comrades not to wear his full uniform, as he was sure to be a target for rebel bullets, but the captain is said to have replied if he had to die he would die with his harness on. Soon after forming his command into line, and when they had advanced only a few yards, he was singled out by a rebel sharpshooter and instantly killed—the only man in the company to receive fatal injuries. “Loved, almost adored, by the company,” says one of them, writing of the sad event,

Library of Congress

“Capt. Acker's fall cast a deep shadow of gloom over his command. It was but for a moment. With a last look at their dead commander, and with the watchword ‘this for our captain,’ volley after volley from their guns carried death into the ranks of his murderers. From that moment but one feeling seemed to possess his still living comrades—that of revenge for the death of their captain. How terribly they carried out that purpose the number of rebel slain piled around the vicinity of his body fearfully attest.

The announcement of the death of Capt. Acker was a very severe blow to his relatives and many friends in this city. No event thus far in the history of the Rebellion had brought to our doors such a realizing sense of the sad realities of the terrible havoc wrought upon the battlefield. A noble life had been sacrificed in the cause of freedom—one more name had been added to the long death roll of the nation's heroes.

Capt. Acker was born a soldier—brave, able, popular and courteous—and had he lived would undoubtedly been placed high in rank long before the close of the rebellion. No person ever went to the front in whom the citizens of St. Paul had more hope for a brilliant future. He was born in New York State in 1833, and was twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He came to St. Paul in 1854 and commenced the study of law in the office of his brother-in-law, Hon. Edmund Rice. He did not remain long in the law business, however, but soon changed to a position in the Bank of Minnesota, which had just been established by ex-Gov. Marshall. For some time he was captain of the Pioneer Guards, a company which he was instrumental in forming, and which was the finest military organization in the West at that time. In 1860 he was chosen commander of the Wide-Awakes, a marching club, devoted to the promotion of the candidacy of Abraham Lincoln, and many of the men he so patiently drilled during that exciting campaign became officers in the volunteer service in that great struggle that soon followed. Little did the captain imagine at that time the success of the man whose cause he espoused would so soon be the means of his untimely death. At the breaking out of the war Capt. Acker was adjutant general of the State of Minnesota, but he thought he would be of more use to his country in active service and resigned that position and organized a company for

Library of Congress

the First Minnesota regiment, of which he was made captain. At the first battle of Bull Run he was wounded, and for his gallant action was made captain in the Seventeenth United States Regulars, an organization that had been recently created by act of congress. The Sixteenth regiment was attached to Buell's army, and participated in the second day's battle, at Cat. Acker was one of the first to fall on that terrible day, being shot in the identical spot in the forehead where he was wounded at the first battle of Bull Run. As soon as the news was received in St. Paul of the captain's death his father, Hon. Henry Acker, left for 122 Pittsburg Landing, hoping to be able to recover the remains of his martyred son and bring the body back to St. Paul. His body was easily found, his burial place having been carefully marked by members of the Second Minnesota who arrived on the battleground a short time after the battle. When the remains arrived in St. Paul they were met at the steamboat landing by a large number of citizens and escorted to Masonic hall, where they rested till the time of the funeral. The funeral obsequies were held at St. Paul's church on Sunday, May 4, 1862, and were attended by the largest concourse of citizens that had ever attended a funeral in St. Paul, many being present from Minneapolis, St. Anthony and Stillwater. The respect shown to the memory of Capt. Acker was universal, and of a character which fully demonstrated the high esteem in which he was held by the people of St. Paul.

When the first Grand Army post was formed in St. Paul a name commemorative of one of Minnesota's fallen heroes was desired for the organization. Out of the long list of martyrs Minnesota gave to the cause of the Union no name seemed more appropriate than that of the heroic Capt. Acker, and it was unanimously decided that the First association of Civil war veterans in this city should be known as Acker post.

123

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The terrible and sensational news that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated, which was flashed over the wires on the morning of April 15, 1865 (forty years ago yesterday),

Library of Congress

was the most appalling announcement that had been made during the long crisis through which the country had just passed. Every head was bowed in grief. No tongue could find language sufficiently strong to express condemnation of the fiendish act. The entire country was plunged in mourning. It was not safe for any one to utter a word against the character of the martyred president. At no place in the entire country was the terrible calamity more deeply felt than in St. Paul. All public and private buildings were draped in mourning. Every church held memorial services. The services at the little House of Hope church on Walnut street will long be remembered by all those who were there. The church was heavily draped in mourning. It had been suddenly transformed from house of hope to house of sorrow, a house of woe. The pastor of the church was the Rev. Frederick A. Noble. He was one of the most eloquent and learned divines in the city—fearless, forcible and aggressive—the Henry Ward Beecher of the Northwest. President Lincoln was his ideal statesman.

The members of the House of Hope were intensely patriotic. Many of their number were at the front defending their imperiled country. Scores and scores of times during the desperate conflict had the 124 eloquent pastor of this church delivered stirring addresses favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war. During the darkest days of the Rebellion, when the prospect of the final triumph of the cause of the Union seemed furthest off, Mr. Noble never faltered; he believed that the cause was just and that right would finally triumph. When the terrible and heart-rending news was received that an assassin's bullet had ended the life of the greatest of all presidents the effect was so paralyzing that hearts almost ceased beating. Every member of the congregation felt as if one of their own household had been suddenly taken from them. The services at the church on the Sunday morning following the assassination were most solemn and impressive. The little edifice was crowded almost to suffocation, and when the pastor was seen slowly ascending the pulpit, breathless silence prevailed. He was pale and haggard, and appeared to be suffering great mental agony. With bowed head and uplifted hands, and with a voice trembling with almost uncontrollable emotion, he delivered one of the most fervent and

Library of Congress

impressive invocations ever heard by the audience. Had the dead body of the president been placed in front of the altar, the solemnity of the occasion could not have been greater. In the discourse that followed, Mr. Noble briefly sketched the early history of the president, and then devoted some time to the many grand deeds he had accomplished during the time he had been in the presidential chair. For more than four years he had patiently and anxiously watched the progress of the terrible struggle, and now, when victory was in sight, when it was apparent to all that the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee and the probable surrender of Johnston would end the long war, he was cruelly stricken down by the hand of an assassin. "With malice towards none and with charity to all, and with firmness for the right, as God gives us to see the right," were utterances then fresh from the president's lips. To strike down such a man at such a time indeed a crime most horrible. There was scarcely a dry eye in the audience. Men and women alike wept. It was supposed at the time that Secretary State Seward had also fallen a victim of the assassin's dagger. It was the purpose of the conspirators to murder the president, vice president and entire cabinet, but in only one instance did the attempt prove fatal. Secretary Seward was the foremost statesmen of the time. His diplomatic skill had kept the country free from foreign entanglements during the long and bitter struggle. He, too, was eulogized by the minister, and it rendered the occasion doubly mournful.

Since that time two other presidents have been mercilessly slain by the hand of an assassin, and although the shock to the country was terrible, it never seemed as if the grief was as deep universal as when the bullet fired by John Wilkes Booth pierced the temple of Abraham Lincoln.

126

AN ALLEGORICAL HOROSCOPE

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER 1.—An Optimistic Forecast.

Library of Congress

As the sun was gently receding in the western horizon on a beautiful summer evening nearly a century ago, a solitary voyageur might have been seen slowly ascending the sinuous stream that stretches from the North Star State to the Gulf of Mexico. He was on a mission of peace and good will to the red men of the distant forest. On nearing the shore of what is now a great city the lonely voyageur was amazed on discovering that the pale face of the white man had many years preceded him. "What, ho!" he muttered to himself; "me-thinks I see a paleface toying with a dusky maiden. I will have speech with him." On approaching near where the two were engaged in some weird incantation the voyageur overhead the dusky maiden impart a strange message to the paleface by her side. "From the stars I see in the firmament, the fixed stars that predominate in the configuration, I deduce the future destiny of man. 'Tis with thee, O Robert, to live always. This elixir which I now do administer to thee has been known to our people for countless generations. The possession of it will enable thee to conquer all thine enemies. Thou now beholdest, O Robert, the ground upon which some day a great city will be erected. Thou art 127 destined to become the mighty chief of this great metropolis. Thy reign will be long and uninterrupted. Thou wert born when the conjunction of the planets did augur a life of perfect beatitude. As the years roll away the inhabitants of the city will multiply with great rapidity. Questions of great import regarding the welfare of the people will often come before thee for adjustment. To be successful in thy calling thou must never be guilty of having decided convictions on any subject, as thy friends will sometimes be pitted against each other in the advocacy of their various schemes. Thou must not antagonize either side by espousing the other's cause, but must always keep the rod and the gun close by thy side, so that when these emergencies arise and thou doth scent danger in the air thou canst quietly withdraw from the scene of action and chase festive bison over the distant prairies or revel in piscatorial pleasure on the placid waters of a secluded lake until the working majority hath discovered some method of relieving thee of the necessity of committing thyself, and then, O Robert, thou canst return and complacently inform the disappointed party that the result would have been far different had not thou been called suddenly away. Thou canst thus preserve the friendship of all parties, and their votes are

Library of Congress

more essential to thee than the mere adoption of measures affecting the prosperity of thy people. When the requirements of the people of thy city become too great for thee alone to administer to all their wants, the great family of Okons, the lineal descendants of the sea kings from the bogs of Tipperary, will come to thy aid. Take friendly counsel with them, as to incur their displeasure will mean thy downfall. Let all the ends thou aimest at be to so dispose of the offices within thy gift that the Okons, and the followers of the Okons, will be as fixed in their positions as are the stars in their orbits.”

After delivering this strange astrological exhortation the dusky maiden slowly retreated toward the entrance of a nearby cavern, the paleface meandered forth to survey the ground of his future greatness and the voyageur resumed his lonely journey toward the setting sun.

CHAPTER II.—A Terrible Reality.

After the lapse of more than four score of years the voyageur from the frigid North returned from his philanthropic visit to the red man. A wonderful change met the eye. A transformation as magnificent as it was bewildering had occurred. The same grand old bluffs looked proudly down upon the Father of Water. The same magnificent river pursued its unmolested course toward the boundless ocean. But all else had changed. The hostile warrior no longer impeded the onward march of civilization, and cultivated fields abounded on every side, Steamers were hourly traversing the translucent waters of the great Mississippi; steam and electricity were carrying people with the rapidity of lightning in every direction; gigantic buildings appeared on the earth's surface, visible in either direction as far as the eye could reach; on every corner was a proud descendant of Erin's nobility, clad in gorgeous raiment, who had been branded “St. Paul's finest” before leaving the shores of his native land. In the midst of this great city was a magnificent building, erected by the generosity of its people, in which the paleface, supported on either side by the Okons, was the high and mighty ruler. The Okons and the followers of the Okons were in possession of every office within the gift of the paleface. Floating proudly from the top of this great

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building was an immense banner, on which was painted in monster letters the talismanic words: "For mayor, 1902, Robert A. Smith," Verily the prophecy of the dusky maiden had been fulfilled. The paleface had become impregnably intrenched. The Okons could never be dislodged.

With feelings of unutterable anguish at the omnipresence of the Okons, the aged voyageur quietly retraced his footsteps and was never more seen by the helpless and overburdened subjects of the paleface.

129

SPELLING DOWN A SCHOOL.

When I was about twelve years of age I resided in a small village in one of the mountainous and sparsely settled sections of the northern part of Pennsylvania.

It was before the advent of the railroad and telegraph in that locality. The people were not blessed with prosperity as it is known to-day. Neither were they gifted with the intellectual attainments possessed by the inhabitants of the same locality at the present time. Many of the old men served in the war of 1812, and they were looked up to with about the same veneration as are the heroes of the Civil War to-day. It was at a time when the younger generation was beginning to acquire a thirst for knowledge, but it was not easily obtained under the peculiar conditions existing at that period. A school district that was able to support a school for six months in each year was indeed considered fortunate, but even in these the older children were not permitted to attend during the summer months, as their services were considered indispensable in the cultivation of the soil.

Reading, writing and arithmetic were about all the studdies pursued in those rural school districts, although occasionally some of the better class of the country maidens could be seen listlessly glancing over a geography or grammar, but they were regarded as "stuck

Library of Congress

up,” and the other pupils thought they were endeavoring to master something far beyond their capacity.

Our winter school term generally commenced the first week in December and lasted until the first 130 week in March, with one evening set apart each week for a spelling match and recitation. We had our spelling match on Saturday nights, and every four weeks we would meet with schools in other districts in a grand spelling contest. I was considered too young to participate in any of the joint spelling matches, and my heart was heavy within me every time I saw a great four-horse sleigh loaded with joyful boys and girls on their way to one of the great contests.

One Saturday night there was to be a grand spelling match at a country crossroad about four miles from our village, and four schools were to participate. As I was the great sleigh loaded for the coming struggle the thought occurred to me that if I only manage to secure a ride without being observed I might in some way be able to demonstrate to the older scholars that in spelling at least I was their equal. While the driver was making a final inspection of the team preparatory to starting I managed to crawl under his seat, where I remained as quiet as mouse until the team arrived at the point of destination. I had not considered the question of getting back—I left that to chance. As soon as the different schools had arrived two of the best spellers were selected to choose sides, and it happened that neither of them was from our school. I stood in front of the old-fashioned fire-place and eagerly watched the pupils as they took their places in the line. They were drawn in the order of their reputation as spellers. When they had finished calling the names I was standing by the fireplace, and I thought my chance was hopeless. The school-master from our district noticed my woebegone appearance, and he arose from his seat and said:

“That boy standing by the fireplace is one of the best spellers in our school.”

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My name was then reluctantly called, and I took my place at the foot of the column. I felt very grateful towards our master for his compliment and 131 I thought I would be able to hold my position in the line long enough to demonstrate that our master was correct. The school-master from our district was selected to pronounce the words, and I inwardly rejoiced.

After going down the line several times and a number of scholars had fallen on some simple word the school-master pronounced the word "phthisic." My heart leaped as the word fell from the school-master's lips. It was one of my favorite hard words and was not in the spelling book. It had been selected so as to floor the entire line in order to make way for the exercises to follow.

As I looked over the long line of overgrown country boys and girls I felt sure that none of them would be able to correctly spell the word. "Next!" "Next!" "Next!" said the school-master, and my pulse beat faster and faster as the older scholars ahead of me were relegated to their seats.

At last the crucial time had come. I was the only one left standing. As the school-master stood directly in front of me and said "Next," I could see by the twinkle in his eye that he thought I could correctly spell the word. My countenance had betrayed me. With a clear and distinct voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the room I spelled out "ph-th-is-ic—phthisic." "Correct," said the school-master, and all the scholars looked aghast at my promptness.

I shall never forget the kindly smile of the old school-master, as he laid the spelling book upon the teacher's desk, with the quiet remark: "I told you he could spell." I had spelled down four schools, and my reputation as a speller was established. Our school was declared to have furnished the champion speller of the four districts, and ever after my name was not the last one to be called.

Library of Congress

On my return home I was not compelled to ride under the driver's seat.

HALF A CENTURY WITH THE PIONEER PRESS.

Pioneer Press, April 18, 1908:—Frank Moore, superintendent of the composing room of the Pioneer Press, celebrated yesterday the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the paper. A dozen of the old employes of the Pioneer Press entertained Mr. Moore at an informal dinner at Magee's to celebrate the unusual event. Mr. Moore's service on the Pioneer Press, in fact, has been longer than the Pioneer Press itself, for he began his work on one of the newspapers which eventually was merged into the present Pioneer Press. He has held his present position as the head of the composing room for about forty years.

Frank Moore was fifteen years old when he came to St. Paul from Tioga county, Pa., where he was born. He came with his brother, George W. Moore, who was one of the owners and managers of the Minnesotian. His brother had been East and brought the boy West with him. Mr. Moore's first view of newspaper work was on the trip up the river to St. Paul. There had been a special election on a bond issue and on the way his brother stopped at the various towns to get the election returns.

Mr. Moore went to work for the Minnesotian on April 17, 1858, as a printer's "devil." It is interesting in these days of water works and telegraph to recall that among his duties was to carry water for the office. He got it from a spring below where the Merchants hotel now stands. Another of his jobs was to meet the boats. Whenever a steamer whistled Mr. Moore ran to the dock to get the bundle of newspaper the boat brought, and hurry with it back to the office. It was from these papers that the editors got the telegraph news of the world. He also was half the carrier staff of the paper. His territory covered all the city above Wabasha street, but as far as he went up the hill was College avenue and Ramsey street was his limit out West Seventh street. There was no St. Paul worth mentioning beyond that.

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When the Press absorbed the Minnesotian in 1861, Mr. Moore went with it, and when in 1874 the Press and Pioneer were united Mr. Moore stayed with the merged paper. His service has been continuous, excepting during his service as a volunteer in the Civil war. The Pioneer Press, with its antecedents, has been his only interest.

While Mr. Moore's service is notable for its length, it is still more notable for the fact that he has grown with the paper, so that to-day at sixty-five he is still filling his important position as efficiently on a large modern newspaper as he filled it as a young man when things in the Northwest, including its newspapers, were in the beginning. Successive managements found that his services always gave full value and recognized in him an employe of unusual loyalty and devotion to the interests of the paper. Successive generations of employes have found him always just the kind of man it is a pleasure to have as a fellow workman.