CHAPTER VI.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF OLD SETTLERS DECEASED.

By Old Settlers.
And Incidents in the Early Settlement of North Dakota.

Major William Camp was a native of Philadelphia, Pa., but a man of the world, an all-around cosmopolitan, genial and pleasant. He had visited all parts of the United States and was a close observer, and having a very retentive memory he possessed a wonderful fund of information. He was not avaricious, but he gained a competence and never wanted for any of the comforts of life. He went to California in 1849, remaining several years, having good success in mining, and might have taken his ease during the remainder of his life on the accumulated dust, but he divided his means among friends, retaining only enough to return to the gold fields, where he again gained a competence which he in part divided with the same generous spirit as before. Being a brother-in-law of Colonel John Hancock, he came to Pembina in 1870 and took a pre-emption claim near old Fort Pembina, and settled down to the life of an amateur settler, cultivating a large garden in the early morning and other odd times, but really spending most of his time angling for Red river salmon, as the catfish and gold eyes were called. He was an expert in this line—a worthy son of Walton—indeed it was believed he could have given old Sir Izaak points. As he fished for pastime and required but few for his own use, his neighbors came in for the lion's share of the fruits of his sport. He seemed to have a magnetic influence on the fish and would haul them in when those on the same stream above and below got no bites, but

Major Camp was happy even though it sometimes happened that even his bait would not tempt the fish, in the contemplation of his former successes or of the good time to come. He was not a Nimrod. Indeed, I doubt whether he ever fired a gun or a pistol. He absolutely knew nothing of shooting, and never carried a gun or knife during all of the rough scenes he had passed through. He was at all times genial and pleasant. In his home he had a favorite cat which followed him into the fields where he was at work. When the cat died the usual sign of mourning was placed on the shanty door. The children, especially the little girls, were always his friends, and the dimes he spent on the little ones would have more than paid his taxes. Sometimes he would promise them the first nickel he should find or a nickel when "the pigs got fat enough to kill." One day when he had given the same old bluff for about the eleventh time, one of the little girls told him he could lie faster than a horse could run, which was all the same to the Major. He had no enemies and was liked by all. He was a good conversationalist and could tell any number of good stories. He had many quaint sayings. "Up is up and down is down; right is right and right wrongs no one," was a common one. Again he would remark: "The young may die; the old must." Frank Hart quoted this on him a few days before his death and finally succeeded in getting him to make a will. It is in favor of Colonel John Hancock. The estate consists of $2,000 or more in money and considerable in mortgages. His death was painless and without a struggle and he was buried by the Free Masons in the beautiful cemetery at Pembina, where it is hoped his friends will erect a suitable monument at an early day. A good citizen, a kind friend, a noble man has gone to his rest.

In his sober and conversational moments the Major but seldom flickered out; but when in a mellow mood, as he sometimes would get, he would burst out in a melodious strain in a high, low or flat tone, as the humor took him, with "Mary of Argyle," and keep it up for hours, and in part of it the Swiss Nightingale would be in a total eclipse. This, to the knowledge of your correspondent, was all the song he tried his vocal powers on.

Now and then he would illustrate a subject he was speaking

on by a quotation from Shakespeare or some noted poet, thus demonstrating that he was not the subject that was only "fit for bar-room stratagem and sports."

Old Time Wedding Festivities. By Charles Cavalier.

When we had returned to the house, which was filled with over sixty happy couples, all nicely and tastefully and some richly attired, I must say I never saw a more genteel lot of people, and there was beauty galore, and a finer party of ladies, combined with much beauty, I never saw. The supper was a grand affair, the table was loaded with all the substantials and luxuries of civilized life with much of hunter's skill, which all ate with the appetite of us northerners, while toasts and speeches were made by some of our home talent. Supper over, the tables cleared and teeth picked, all by nine o'clock, then the room was cleared for the dance, fiddlers tuned up, and the young beaus hunted their partners. This pastime was one I shall never forget, for it was kept up all night, some of them singing, "We won't go home till morning," nor did they, the most of them, and did not see bed until the next night. Thus ended our old-time wedding of the Red river of North Dakota. Times are changed and the programme is now of another scale.

On the 16th of March, 1857, we left the good old home of my wife on our return to St. Joseph, N. D. My father-in-law, Mr. Murray, accompanied us part of the way and my wife's brother, James, returned with us to St. Joseph. Arriving at Narcisse Marion's, I was to take my own dog team, managed by Commodore Paul Bouvier, same as on the voyage down. We bade our old friend Marion and wife good-bye that day after dinner, Paul leading with the dogs. Sandy Dahl, next with my wife on board his train, followed by Mr. Murray and James. Having a good road and a fine day for travel we went along kiting and arrived in good time at our intended camping place at Old Dauphinais. Mr. D. in his young days was a Canadian voyageur, but after his marriage with a half-breed girl he settled down to pastoral and agricultural life, but leaving his home twice a year, he took the plains as a hunter of buffalo and other game, returning in June with his carts laden with pemmican and buffalo cow

pelts with which to make robes. My father-in-law and the old man having been hunters together in their young days, they swapped the usual yarns of hunting exploits until they talked me to sleep. Next morning we took an early and substantial breakfast and bade adieu to Mr. Murray and our host, Old Dauphinais, of whom I may say in passing, that he was in a prosperous way, having some sixty head of horses, over forty horned cattle; sheep and chickens, and eighteen or twenty children; but to resume our journey, we had fine weather that day, though it commenced thawing the day we arrived at Pembina. That night we camped at Two Little Points, and had a pleasant and comfortable time. The next day we reached Pembina. Mr. Murray and I were treated to the best they had in the larder and the old custom in those days of sipping port wine until late bedtime. The next day early, having bid our friends good-bye, we endeavored to make a good spell before it commenced thawing, and by so doing we arrived at St. Joseph before dark and were welcomed by our friends with a fusillade of twenty or more N. W. Trading Company's flint-lock guns, all of which did me good to take in.

An Old-Timer's Story.—Senator R. M. Probstfield.

One of the most interesting characters among the early settlers of the Red River valley is Randolph M. Probstfield, farmer, living on the Red river just below Moorhead. Mr. Probstfield came in advance of civilization, before the stage lines and steamboats, before the United States surveys, before the railroads, and before Moorhead and Fargo were born in thought even.

Born near Muenster-Mayfield, Germany, November 9, 1832, Mr. Probstfield came to the United States when a lad of nineteen. He resided a while in Wisconsin and northern Michigan, where he was engaged in lumbering, and in Milwaukee a month or so, and came to St. Paul in 1853. The Big Timber country was then unsurveyed, and he went into the wilds near what is now Mankato and took up a claim which fell on school lands, and he gave it up. In September, 1853, he went down the Mississippi from St. Paul on a lumber raft to what is now Wabasha, and thence to Galena, Ill., by steamer, where he located in the

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wood business. He returned to St. Paul in the spring of 1854. He was an active politician in those days, and, though a Democrat, was instinctively opposed to human slavery, and went south in order to observe the working of that system. He run on the Ohio and Mississippi between Pittsburg, Cincinnati and New Orleans, and finally shipped on the Prometheus as a cabin boy and went to Nicaragua at the time of Walker's filibustering expedition. Crossing over the isthmus, he went to San Francisco. Returning to the Mississippi and Ohio, he was again employed, this time as a roustabout, and came up the river in the spring of 1856, as soon as the ice would permit. The river was frozen from Cairo to St. Louis and below that for many miles filled with floating ice.

Speaking of the winter of 1856, the editor of "The Record" was then in Ohio and made thirteen weekly trips carrying the mail from Hicksville, Ohio, to Fort Wayne, Ind., on runners, after the first of January. There was good sleighing on the first of April, and the old people who used to live on the Susquehanna, in New York, told stories of deep snows and blizzards which outblizzard the severest Red River valley weather.

Returning to Minnesota, Mr. Probstfield became interested in a hotel at Chisago City, where he prospered, but, meeting with unexpected difficulties through a partner, left there in 1857 and was thereafter employed for a time clerking in a grocery store in West St. Paul, where he became active in politics, was supervisor, assessor, collector, etc.

Minnesota had voted $5,000,000 in bonds to promote the construction of railroads, and these bonds were made the basis for the issue of currency by state banks. The bonds fell in value, the banks broke, and the people who had either bonds or alleged money, lost, Probstfield being one of the losers.

Preceding the panic, there had been an era of speculation in town sites, and several were located on the Red river, among them Lafayette and Sheyenne City, located near the mouth of the Sheyenne. The eastern states were flooded with circulars of paper cities. They would be located on some prominent stream, and laid out into blocks and lots, the plats showing beautiful parks, steamboats, prospective railroads, and thriving commer-

cial marts. People in the East were offered lots for $2, just the cost of making out the transfer and recording the deeds, the alleged object being to secure settlement, which would make the reserved lots of great value; but in this case no lots were sold.

Stories had come back of the rich agricultural lands in the Red River valley, and, wanting to get beyond the confines of civilization, perhaps where he could contemplate his losses unmolested—for the true German wants to be let alone in his miseries, but is always ready to share his joys—he started for the Red River valley, February 26, 1859.

Accompanying him were George Emerling and Gerhardt Lullsdorf. George Emerling afterwards kept a hotel in Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and later settled at Walhalla, where he built the first flouring mill in North Dakota. He died at Walhalla of smallpox. With the true instincts of the pioneer settler, Emerling took in one sick of this dread disease, because others pronounced him unclean, and gave his life for the care of him. Lullsdorf engaged in the hardware business in Mankota afterward, where he was associated with John F. Meagher.

The journey to the Red river was a hard one in many respects. The winter was much such a winter as this until March. There was snow until they reached Sauk Rapids. At what is now Little Falls, or near there, at Luther's, they left their wagon and took sleds.

Crow Wing, fifteen miles below what is now Brainerd, was the outside settlement, except that there was a land office at Otter Tail City. The settlers there were Duncan and James McDougall and one Van Ness, who married part blood daughters of John McDonald, who was an Indian trader at that point, and the two land officers. Duncan McDougall still lives in the country near Richwood, on the reservation in Becker county, Minnesota.

On the way from Otter Tail they caught up with Anson Northrup's expedition en route to the Red river for the purpose of building a steamboat. Desirous of opening trade with the Hudson Bay interests, the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce had offered a bonus of $10,000 for the construction of a steamboat on the Red River of the North, and Anson Northrup had undertaken to earn that money. His expedition consisted of forty-

four men and a large number of ox teams. Baldwin Olmstead, Lewis Stone and George Stone were interested with Northrup and were leading characters in the expedition. The machinery was from the old North Star, which run on the Mississippi above Minneapolis.

The snow had become very deep, and it was snowing every day. About March 12 the expedition was out of hay, and Probstfield went to the south end of Otter Tail lake, and it took three days for the trip. The snow was three feet deep and more coming. Reaching Oak lake, they could go no farther, and were compelled to cut down trees to enable their ponies to live. So far they had followed the Hudson Bay and half-breed cart trails. From there they must try an unknown country, buried in snow, and it took several days' exploration before they dared to strike out. After ten days' waiting, the Northrop party caught up with them, and, the explorations having been completed, they struck out for the mouth of the Sheyenne, about ten miles north of Fargo and Moorhead. They struck the Buffalo, six miles east of the Red river, March 31, 1859, and Probstfield rode into Lafayette, as this point was then generally called, late in the evening, for provisions, the whole party being out of supplies. Edward Murphy, from Montreal, and Charles Nash and Henry Myers, from New York, were then living there. Across the river two men were holding down a town site, known as Dakota City, for Pierre Bottineau and others, of Minneapolis. The men were Frank Durant and David Auger. That was before Dakota was created, and the territory was unorganized and unattached.

Richard Banning, a brother of William L. Banning, well known in Minnesota history, lived one and a half miles north of Lafayette, holding down the town site of Sheyenne City. One-half mile farther north, George W. Northrop and his partner, Cloren, lived in a nameless city. Northrop was a great hunter and trapper, and was often employed by English noblemen to accompany them on buffalo hunts. He was killed under General Sully during the Indian war, July 28, 1864. Ten miles south of Sheyenne, where Mr. Probstfield now lives, then known as Ten-Mile Point, Robert Davis then resided. Eighty rods north of him was the home of John Hanna. Ed. Griffin, now living at Fargo,

and James Anderson, alias Robinson Crusoe, were also in the vicinity, Griffin at the mouth of the Wild Rice. There were two companies of soldiers at Abercrombie.

This was before Georgetown was established, and these were practically all of the white settlers south of Pembina in the Red River valley.

Probstfield succeeded in obtaining supplies at Lafayette, consisting of pork and flour, and the night was spent baking bissuit. He started on the return early, and the hungry men soon had relief. That night the expedition reached Lafayette—the mouth of the Sheyenne—and in a few days the machinery, which had been left at various points en route, owing to the bad roads, was brought in.

A pit was dug and men set to work with a whip-saw to cut lumber for the boat. By this process two men could cut about 250 feet per day if the timber was frozen. When not frozen, not more than 175 feet could be cut. It was a tedious process, but the material was supplied by and by, and the hull of the boat completed. After the completion of the hull it was run up to Abercrombie, where the cabin was put on. There was plenty of business on the river, but Northrup had trouble enough of his own, and proceeded to St. Paul, where he collected his bonus for the construction of the boat and then tied her up. He had agreed to put a boat on the Red river, but not to run her, and by refusing forced her sale to Blakely & Carpenter.

April 22, 1859, Mr. Probstfield left on his return trip for St. Paul. He was accompanied by Robert McNeil, who had four horses and a Red River cart; James Ryan and David Augie also accompanied the party.

Northrup had exhausted his resources in his boat-building, and his old-time credit was gone, and as Probstfield had depended upon his orders for supplies, he found slim picking on his way back. He found Northrup's family at St. Anthony and brought them the first intelligence they had from him since he left them early in February for his Red River expedition. The deep snows gave swollen streams and bad roads, but they reached their destination seventeen days out from the Red river, and started back

in July. Adam Stein returned with Mr. Probstfield, and they got back to the Red river about the 12th of July.

In the meantime the stage line had been extended to Abercrombie from St. Cloud, and about August 1 it was extended to Georgetown, which had been established as a station of the Hudson Bay Company. From thence freight was shipped to Fort Garry by team or steamer, and from there to other Hudson Bay Company points. James McKay located Georgetown. He was in charge of the Hudson Bay Company train. A warehouse was built the following winter, and the next year a hotel and a store to supply the men with their needs, but not for general trade.

Prior to 1860 one range of towns had been surveyed along the Red river up to Town 144, as far north as Wild Rice. Wilkin county was known as Toombs county and Clay as Breckinridge.

Robert McKenzie was the first in charge of Georgetown. He was a part-blood Cree, a most excellent gentleman. In December, 1859, he accompanied a party of Hudson Bay people as a guide. A few miles south of Pembina the party run out of supplies and McKenzie went to Pembina for relief; failing to return, they pushed on to Pembina, and, finding that he had not been there, a searching party found him frozen to death about seventeen miles south of Pembina. The thermometer had ranged from 30 to 40 degrees below zero for several days, with a strong northwest wind.

James Pruden was the next in charge at Georgetown. He was the reverse of McKenzie in almost everything. The men mutinied under his ill treatment, and he found it prudent to leave. He was succeeded by Alex. Murray, a most capable and efficient gentleman. He was in charge until September, 1862, when the post was evacuated for a time because of the Indian war. There were about thirty men employed at Georgetown at the time, erecting buildings, making hay and attempting to farm, about twenty acres being under cultivation at the time. The first crop was put in in 1861, but the season was late, owing to the floods of that year, and the next year it was abandoned because of the Indian outbreak, and never harvested.

Georgetown was re-established in 1864, and in 1865 Mr. Probstfield took charge and remained in charge from that time

till 1868. He was postmaster at Georgetown from 1864 to 1869. Oscar Bentley was in charge of the post in 1864 and until Mr. Probstfield succeeded him.

D. P. Harris, killed by burglars in Minneapolis; Henry Gager, now residing at Bismarck, and the two Bentleys, came to the post in 1864.

The International was built at Georgetown in the spring of 1862. On her first trip down the river from Georgetown she carried a party of Frazier River adventurers, among the number Andrew Holes, of Moorhead. The machinery was from the old Freighter, which was attempted to be sent up the Minnesota through Lake Traverse and Big Stone lake to the Red river; and had the boat started earlier the feat could have been accomplished, the water being so high during the spring of 1861. But she was left aground in the outlet of Big Stone lake, and in the winter of 1861-2 her machinery was hauled by team to Georgetown, under much the same conditions as Northrup had hauled his boat from the Mississippi, except that she was moved over a timberless and uninhabited country from the mouth of Mustinka creek, where she had wintered.

In September, 1860, Mr. Probstfield went to Europe. Three brothers and two cousins returned with him. They were delayed several weeks the next spring, but when they came to the valley in 1861 they brought five yoke of cattle, ten cows and thirty head of young cattle. They left St. Paul, May 25, and reached the Red river, June 22. They carried a long rope with which to pull their wagons through the sloughs, carrying their loads over the best way they could, locating on section 32, township 142, range 48, one-half mile south of where Georgetown was situated.

In 1862 Mr. Probstfield purchased twenty-four head of sheep. They came from Fort Garry, and cost $100 in gold. They came on the first return trip of the International. The freight was $40. Eighteen hours after their arrival all but one were killed by Hudson Bay dogs, and the other one was killed during their absence from Georgetown at the time of the evacuation.

Two of his brothers entered the army—Justus P., in Company G of the Fourth Minnesota, and died at the New House of

Refuge in St. Louis, October 30, 1863. Anthony enlisted in Company D, Fifth Minnesota, and died at Jefferson Barracks, twenty days before his brother. Anthony had served in the Prussian army as an artilleryman, and did effective work at the siege of Abercrombie. One shot fired by him struck a house occupied by Indians besieging the fort and killed four. The other brother was employed as a carpenter at Abercrombie. He died in Missouri in 1894. The cousins left the country on account of the Indian troubles. One is in or near Portland, Ore., the other in Los Angeles, Cal.

In September, 1861, Mr. Probstfield went to South Bend, Ind., where he was married to Catherine Goodman, a sister of Peter, Joseph and Adam Goodman, now at Sheldon, who were also early settlers in the Red River valley. After the wedding they drove from St. Paul in an ox team and covered wagon to Georgetown, taking eighteen days for the trip. Mary Probstfield, their first-born, was a babe when the exciting events of the Indian war which followed occurred.

The years 1859 and 1860 had been years of hardships. There had been the flood of 1861, the late season, and the excitement of the war. The Sioux, then occupying the lake and big timber regions, were angry and threatening, and the Chippewas were clamoring for treaty rights. There was bad blood between the Chippewas and the Crees, and when the war spirit is on the Indian, or his heart is bad, there is no telling where or when he will strike.

Finally the expected happened. The settlers at Breckinridge were massacred and Fort Abercrombie, which contained two companies of troops and such settlers as could be alarmed and brought in for safety, was besieged.

The first news reached Georgetown on the night of August 22, 1862. Two companies had previously been stationed at Georgetown, but they had been withdrawn and the post was defenseless. About midnight, Mr. Probstfield was aroused by loud knocking at his door by George Lullsdorf and E. R. Hutchinson, with orders to dress quickly and hurry to the post for safety. There they found consternation, panic, confusion, frightened men and weeping women. The night was passed in terror. A Hudson

Bay Company train had arrived that night loaded with goods for the north, and with the men of this train and those at the post, and the settlers who had come into that point, they mustered forty-four men able to bear arms. They had thirty-three guns—good, bad and indifferent—including some old flintlocks, but there was an abundance of ammunition in the stores for shipment north. Norman W. Kittson was there in charge of the Hudson Bay Transportation interests, and the International lay at the landing.

The organization was perfect, and for two weeks or more they kept up their constant vigil, the outposts being relieved every two hours. The windows and doors of the buildings were barricaded with plank, provided with portholes. A bastion was thrown out at the corner, with room for six men, and thus prepared and armed for defense, they waited, debating as to which way to retire. They knew Abercrombie was surrounded and that several men escorting couriers out of the fort had been killed, and so they decided to go north and reach safety at Fort Garry, if possible.

"The crossing of the river that night at Georgetown," says Mr. Probstfield, "is one I shall never forget. The sufferings, the anxiety, the terrors, and the disappointment, to me were of all events most deeply impressed upon my mind. We had all worked all night, most of us like heroes—I thinking only of the safety of the whole, regardless of self or of my family even, except as our interests were bound up in the whole; and at last I found myself alone with wife and babe, team and goods, without a soul to help, excepting the almost sick and physically helpless Alexander Murray, the agent of the company, who with us was the last to leave. Team after team was ferried across the stream, and as the work of evacuation progressed, the panic increased, and when we came to cross it required considerable persuasion to have the ferry returned for us."

They camped out of rifle range from the timber, about one-half mile from Georgetown on the Dakota side, and so great was the exhaustion that every soul fell asleep and the camp was left without the slightest protection. At noon they reached Elm river, and as they were preparing or eating their dinner, Pierre

Bottineau came in from Abercrombie and informed them of the conditions there, and that he had seen Indians prowling around near Georgetown. This created another panic, and those who had not had their dinner, desired none, and they hurriedly broke camp and hurried on. Various propositions were made, among them one for the women and children to go on with the horse teams, while the men would bring on the train; but as human life was regarded of the greatest value, the party moved on with the greatest caution, reconnoitering the Goose and other streams where there was timber before attempting to cross, always throwing the train into corral when stopping. They crossed the Goose late next day and were encouraged by meeting fifteen well armed and thoroughly equipped horsemen from Pembina, who had been sent out for their relief. Among the party were Joe Rolette, Hugh Donaldson, William Moorhead and others well known then to Probstfield. Pierre Bottineau returned with them, having gone on for relief.

The International had left for Fort Garry the evening of the evacuation of Georgetown, having on board the family of Alexander Murray and other women and children from the post, Commodore Kittson and others. The river being low, the boat was grounded about six miles by land below Georgetown, at what is now Caledonia; therefore it became necessary to dispatch some teams to remove the women and children from the boat, together with the crew and some of the more important goods. Two men were left in charge of the boat as watchmen. They were Joseph Adams and Robert Scrambler. Mrs. Scrambler remained with her husband. A barge attached to the boat was loosened and floated down the river in charge of E. R. Hutchinson.

At the camp the wagons were in corral and every man was on the alert. About eleven at night, when the party was momentarily expected to return, an Indian yell was heard that was simply hair-lifting. Every man was on his feet, and every rifle cocked, when the voice of Hugh Donaldson assured them there was no danger. The yell came from Pierre Bottineau, who was in a playful mood from what he had found at the boat, the sale of which is now prohibited in North Dakota.

The next night the expedition camped at Frog Point, now

Belmont, and as had been the case before, everybody went to sleep, without outposts or other guards, and the next night three miles south of Grand Forks. A meeting was then called to consider necessary measures of safety, and as nothing seemed likely to be accomplished, Probstfield left the meeting, declaring that he would go no farther with them, but saying they could call him when his turn came to stand guard, if they determined to put out guards. He was called at five next morning to go on duty, and stood his trick, but refused to go further with the expedition. In the meantime they had learned that there were several hundred Chippewa Indians at Grand Forks, hungry and desperate, who were waiting to meet Governor Ramsey and others, who were to treat with them, but who had been delayed by the Indian outbreak. These Indians captured the expedition, took what they wanted to eat, but harmed none of the party, which went on to Pembina.

Stephen Wheeler, who worked for C. P. Lull, who was keeping a hotel at Georgetown up to the time of the outbreak; William Tarbell; Ed. Larkens, known as "Lige," his wife, an Indian named Marceau and his wife; Mrs. Commisanze and Mrs. E. R. Hutchinson, remained with Probstfield. Lull, his wife and child, were with other settlers at Abercrombie. Mrs. Hutchinson was escorted to the barge and went on down the river with her husband.

The first camp on the way back was eight miles south of Grand Forks, and they made their way slowly, remaining several days at some places where the ducks and geese were abundant. When within eight miles of Georgetown, Tarbell went on alone to reconnoiter, telling the party not to come if he failed to return. The hours of waiting were long and anxious ones. The relief to mind was great when, just at nightfall, Tarbell returned, having been delayed by reason of the boat being on the Georgetown side and filled with water. It was after dark when they reached Georgetown, but the only harm done in their absence was by the train dogs to the sheep, all of which had been slaughtered.

From that time on they led a humdrum life, not free from anxiety and alarm. On one occasion, especially, the dogs set up such a howling and barking, and kept it up so long, that there

was little room to doubt but that Indians were about. In the morning the tracks of a dozen or more horses and mules ridden by the party were seen. They had passed directly through the village.

The expedition which went to Fort Garry returned about the middle of October. A detachment of troops was sent down with them. Captain T. H. Barrett was in charge, and importuned Probstfield's party to return with him to Fort Abercrombie, but they refused.

That fall and winter Probstfield was in correspondence with General A. H. Sibley as to reinforcements for the frontier for the coming spring. Sibley urged him to remain with his family as an encouragement to others to return to the valley. He urged that the condition of the war in the South was such that troops must be sent south instead of being held for service on the frontier. Notwithstanding this correspondence, March 17 a detachment of troops came to Georgetown with orders from General Sibley to remove all of the settlers to Fort Abercrombie, with special orders to arrest Probstfield if necessary. The detachment was in charge of Lieutenant Tyler. But all were then glad enough to seek safety. Probstfield remained at Abercrombie until June 22, when, having some differences with Major G. A. Camp over a claim for a cow wantonly killed by a soldier, the loss of which Camp insisted he should bear as one of the misfortunes of war, he was given twenty-four hours to leave the fort. He left in six and went with his family to St. Cloud, arriving there July 4, 1863. He returned in the fall with Hatch's battalion, to take charge of his hay, which the army appropriated, and, as in the case of the cow, Major Camp refused to approve the vouchers, and the claim is still unsettled.

Mr. Probstfield became helpless from rheumatism and returned to his family in St. Cloud, returning to the valley in May, 1864, and took charge of the hotel at Georgetown, and the next year took charge of the post, where he remained until 1869, when he took up his residence in Oakport, where he now resides.

Oakport became the principal point of interest on the Red river in 1871, until the crossing of that river by the railroad was located.

Proving up on his land in 1871, Mr. Probstfield moved to the mouth of Red Lake river, East Grand Forks, renting his hotel to Major William Woods, who joined the Jackman expedition to Bismarck in the race for that town site, and left without warning, in May, 1872, and Mr. Probstfield was compelled to return and take charge of it, his family returning in November.

The first county commissioners of Clay county, then known as Breckinridge, were R. M. Probstfield, E. R. Hutchinson and Richard Banning. This was in 1860, but owing to the Indian war the organization lapsed. The name of the county was changed to Clay, and it was not again organized until the Northern Pacific railroad reached the Red river.

Mr. Probstfield has served the public as assessor, treasurer, clerk, school director, county commissioner, member of the senate, and in other capacities, and notwithstanding his well-known integrity and patriotic services, was twice defeated for the legislature, but is consoled by the reflection that there is no disgrace in defeat.

The Oldest Settler. By Edward Griffin.

Forty years ago the country was given to town site speculation. Title being secured to government land, from the railroads in some instances, a town site would be laid out and lots put on the market for sale, a thousand miles away. Very often the formality of securing title was dispensed with. Government land was platted or imaginary tracts laid out, and advertisements sent broadcast over the country, offering lots free for the expense of making the deed and recording. Many of the towns were in good faith, and gift lots were placed because it was believed that good would be accomplished by that means.

North Dakota had then been occupied by Indian traders for many years. There were no settlers for agricultural purposes. The Red River valley was already famous for its richness of soil and for its vast herds of buffalo.

In June, 1858, Walter Hanna, Robert David and myself left Hastings, Minn., and on the 4th day of July arrived at a point on the Red river seven miles south of Moorhead, at a point afterwards known as East Burlington, and there we laid out a town

W. C. Gilbreath

site. Fort Abercrombie was laid out in August of that year. That year our party sought refuge for the winter, in connection with a town site party from St. Paul, at a point called Lafayette. Charles Nash, Henry Brock and Harry Myers were employed to hold that town site. Bottineau had three men holding a town site on the Dakota side at the mouth of the Sheyenne river. Harry Banning, Richard Banning and George Myers were holding a town site at Banning's point, one mile south of the Sheyenne. George W. Northrop, the famous scout, with a trapping party, was holding a claim one mile north of the Sheyenne, making fifteen men within three miles of each other on what was then the extreme frontier. Christmas day was duly celebrated by the town site neighbors.

In the spring of 1859 the steamboat Anse Northup was built at Georgetown. E. R. Hutchinson, who still lives at Georgetown, came that year and helped to build her. R. M. Probstfield raised cabbages and made sauerkraut and got comparatively rich on the high prices he was able to secure for his products. The Anse Northrup made the first trip to Abercrombie in June that year. The Hudson Bay Company established their post at Georgetown in August, 1859. Robert McKenzie, who was frozen to death in 1860, was in charge. Edward Connolly, Adam Stein and Lewis Lewiston were in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. I helped Adkinson make improvements where Moorhead now stands, in 1859. Charles Slayton and wife came to the valley July 15, 1859. Slayton built a house one mile north of Moorhead, but left in 1861. Lewis Lewiston built a house in 1860, where Moorhead is now, which was known as Burbank station, and raised 100 acres of oats in 1861. This was the first crop of oats raised in the valley. He was in Abercrombie with his wife and children during the memorable siege in 1863, when Edward Wright was killed. William Rounsvel came in 1860, and built half a mile from Probstfield's. Zere B. Slayton settled one mile north of Moorhead, and the first white child born in the valley was in his family, April 20, 1861. That year the valley was flooded. There was only about 100 acres where Moorhead is that was not covered with water. The water was two feet deep

in the Slayton house, and seemed to cover the whole country on the Fargo side.

Edward Buckmaster came in 1864 and stopped at McCauleyville. Three men were killed by the Indians that year seven miles south of Moorhead. Jud. Stebbins and one other escaped. In 1862 I went to Hastings and joined the Minnesota Mounted Rangers and served fourteen months in Company G and was on the Sibley expedition and in three battles. In September, 1862, the Indians killed a family of five at the old crossing on Otter Tail river. One old lady left for dead literally crawled fifteen miles to Breckinridge, living on frogs several days, suffering almost untold horrors on the trip. George Whitford left Georgetown afoot and alone for Abercrombie in 1862, and has never been heard of since. He was supposed to have been killed.

George Northrop was on a hunting party with Sir Francis Sykes in 1861, and received a present of a gun from Sir Francis valued at $200. The next year he was out with another hunting party. The Indians surrounded them, took their guns and clothing from them, and sent them back from the Devils Lake country in Indian costume. Northrop plead for his gun, but they took it in.

July 5, 1863, Sibley's command arrived at the big bend of the Sheyenne. It was unmercifully hot and dry. The ground was without a particle of moisture, and the grasses parched. One of the men went out as a water witch and with a crotched stick located a spring on the dry, hard prairie, which was opened by digging only two feet. It was here that Fort Ransom was located, and the spring is said to supply pure, fresh water to this day.

During much of that campaign the men were compelled to cut grass in the sloughs with jackknives for their animals. When the expedition came back in the fall they found rich, green grass about six inches high all along the Maple and other points in Cass county, from heavy rains during their absence. I crossed the Red river at Abercrombie that fall on foot without wetting my feet, the river was so nearly dried up, and the deepest place in the upper Mississippi was not to exceed three feet. The winter of 1863 was so open that 200 condemned horses from the Sibley expedition wintered on the prairies, without a mouthful of

food being provided for them, and came out fat the next spring. The summer of 1867 was also a very dry one; most of the lakes were very dry. But in July the heavens were opened and a rainfall came that raised the smaller lakes about five feet.

In 1869 they had another blizzard. They did not come very often, and never lasted over three days, but they attended to business while pretending to be on duty. David McCauley and Mr. Hicks, for whom Hickson was named, were with me during the storm. Hicks employed a dog train to take him back home to Alexandria. It took McCauley a week to get back to the fort at Abercrombie. In the fall of 1870, twenty Norwegian families settled on Stony Brook and lived in dugouts that winter. They were all snowed under, but tunneled out and lived comfortably. Stony Brook is east of the river on the old Abercrombie stage road.

I remained in the country—trapping, hunting and trading, keeping stage station, etc.—until I settled on a farm at Elm river in 1872, occupying one of the abandoned houses built by Lowell's townsite party in 1870, where I remained until I settled at Fargo.

Forty years ago the two-wheeled wooden carts were in use for hauling Hudson Bay goods from St. Paul to Winnipeg, and rawhide harnesses more durable than ornamental were in general use. Dried buffalo meat and pemmican were sold by the pound in Hudson Bay stores.

Walter Hanna broke the first acre of Red River sod, July 10, 1858. The first acre of potatoes was raised by Richard Banning in 1860. The first job of threshing done in the valley was at McCauleyville in 1866, by David McCauley. The machine came from Osakis, Minn., to thresh thirty acres of oats. From 1864 to 1870 David McCauley was the leading business man in the valley. The spring of 1864 McCauley purchased from the government 200 barrels of pork at less than $1 per barrel and sold it for $20 to $40. In 1866 he furnished the government 1,000 tons of hay at $35 per ton. In 1867 he was the owner of the first steam sawmill in the valley, and was proprietor of the first store that dealt in general merchandise, and at the present time is a Red River valley farmer.

In 1860 George W. Northrop escorted two ladies that came from England to Winnipeg. The conveyance was a flatboat. On the trip down, one morning a small party of Chippewa Indians fired several shots at him and his fair companions. George asked why and what reason they had for shooting at him. Their answer was: "You must not talk our enemy's language if you don't want to be shot at." The ladies were going to Winnipeg to make good their matrimonial contracts.

In the summer of 1859, on the first trip the Burbank Stage Company made to the valley, between Dayton and Abercrombie, on the old half-breed trail, there was a great curiosity noted by the travelers. It was about two acres of buffalo bones, where there had been a buffalo hunter's camp a year or two before, for the purpose of making dried buffalo meat and pemmican. There were many theories advanced as to how the bones came there. One would say that they were killed by wolves; another, that they were frozen to death in a blizzard. Captain Blakeley, of the stage line, said: "Hell, they were drowned in one of the Red River valley floods."

Forty years ago the Red River valley was as wild as nature made it. Today it is famed throughout the world and is the best known wheat-growing country. Forty years ago the buffalo, elk, bear, fish and game were relied upon by nature's children for food, and there was none to monopolize.

Forty years ago the first frame building of the valley was erected. It was a two-story building at Breckinridge. To-day the country is studded with cities and farm houses and raises annually 50,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Will the Red River valley improve as much in the next forty years as it has in the past, is the question that has been often asked. Science, education and advancement go hand in hand and mother nature is our teacher and our guide. Science in the next forty years will cut a greater figure in farming than we think. Forty years hence farm machinery will be run by electricity; capital and labor will march with a steady step, side by side, and the valley will be one grand theater of enterprise and beauty. Fargo will be a city that can boast of 75,000

population and the generation unborn can look upon the present metropolis with pride.

Note—George W. Northrop was a sergeant in Company C, Brackett's battalion, and was killed in action on the headwaters of the Little Missouri, July 28, 1864. He received eight or ten wounds, one of which pierced his heart. About 2,000 troops were engaged, the total loss was five killed and ten wounded, of which Brackett lost two killed and eight wounded. Sully reports from 100 to 150 Indians killed, and Brackett that he counted 27 in front of his command, besides seeing the Indians carry away many of them. Northrop was one of the most popular of the noted frontiersmen, and before enlisting was employed as a guide by military expeditions, hunting parties, etc.

Fort Abercrombie—The Place of Refuge for the Early Settlers—The Siege.

Fort Abercrombie was established in 1858, on the west bank of the Red river, now in Richland county, and about 15 miles from where Wahpeton is located. The post was abandoned after an occupancy of little over a year, and the property sold at a great sacrifice. It was rebuilt in July, 1860, under command of Major Day. In July, 1861, the major with his two companies were ordered to Washington. Major Markham with his two companies took command. In 1862 all full regiments were ordered south to join the United States forces, and Capt. Inman, a Baptist clergyman, was the next in command, with companies from the Fourth regiment, stationed at Fort Snelling. He soon left for the front, crossing the Red river on the ice, and Captain Vanderhock, with two companies of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers, took command. On the 19th day of August, 1862, the Indian massacre began at the old town of Breckenridge, where the hotel was burned and a number lost their lives, among them one by the name of Russell. In one week the attack was made on the fort. The stage driver, Charlie Snell, was killed in the hotel at Breckenridge, and, a chain being fastened around his body, the Indians dragged it around the well with demoniac hate until a deep path was made by the repeated operation. The Saskatchewan and Fort Garry mail bags were gutted and

the mail scattered in every direction over the prairie; mail from the McKenzie river was also intercepted. The soldiers, with Judge McCauley, gathered up as much of the mail as possible, and it was forwarded to its destination. A family at "Old Crossing," on the Otter Tail, sixteen miles from Breckenridge, was attacked and a man by the name of Scott killed; his mother was badly wounded, but was brought to the fort and cared for until she fully recovered. A boy about twelve years of age was captured by the Sioux and carried into captivity, but finally ransomed through the agency of a Catholic priest, and sent to St. Louis to his grandparents. It is reported that Mr. Stone and Judge McCauley were lodging together in the fort when there was an alarm that the Indians were about making an attack, and all were up and ready in a short time. None were more deliberate and thoughtful at this time than Judge McCauley, who got out of bed and carefully attended to his toilet, putting on his paper collar with excellent precision and correct adjustment of necktie, when the announcement was made that the alarm was false. "No doubt," he said, "I was impressed that it was unnecessary to hurry much. The judge has heard of his respect for toilet many times since; it is a good joke, but he takes it all in good part. At this time some seventy persons had come to seek protection in the fort, and all were ordered to do military duty. A train of seventy teams with Indian goods and supplies that was going to Red lake came to the fort for protection, and all the men were organized into a company. It was estimated that there were 1,500 Indians surrounding the fort waiting for a good chance to make a furious assault. For weeks there had been no mail from St. Paul or the outside world, and everybody was anxious to know the facts about the rebellion. A brave citizen by the name of Walter S. Hill offered to take the chances of carrying the mail to St. Paul, providing he could be furnished with a fleet horse and an escort of soldiers to protect him until he was out on the broad prairie beyond the strip of woods on the creek east of McCauleyville. A call was made for volunteers to act as an escort, and thirty-two responded to the call. At this time there were Indians in ambush just across the river from the fort, and some had been using their sharp-

shooters from the tops of trees. An attack on the outward bound escort was expected, but all was still and not the turn of a leaf was heard. Hill was soon flying toward St. Paul with his fleet charger, loaded with news from afar for many anxious ones who had become weary of looking in vain for many long weeks. Hill was successful in his undertaking. As the escort was returning, an attack was made on the brave thirty-two, and two of the number were shot, Edward Wright and a soldier by the name of Shulty, and the remainder scattered and came straggling into the fort as best they could. Mr. Shulty, when found, had his head cut off, also his arms and legs, and he had been disemboweled by the incarnate demons, his head being coffined in the abdominal cavity. Mr. Wright was also badly mutilated, and his father was exceedingly furious at the post commander because he had not prevented the awful tragedy from taking place. At one time a party was organized to go and drive in stock that was some twelve miles below the ferry crossing. A half-breed Chippewa gave a war whoop which was well understood by the Sioux, and he was riddled with bullets. A Mr. Lull was in advance, and was shot through the leg. All turned back without venturing further. The firm of Harris, Whitford & Bentley, who were engaged in the transportation of goods from St. Paul to this point and thence by flat boat to Fort Garry, had a farm south of Abercrombie on the Minnesota side. This was in 1862. They put in the government herd fourteen yoke of oxen and eight head of horses for protection; but the wily Sioux surrounded and took possession of them, driving them to the Indian headquarters. The total number of the herd was three hundred. The first attack having been made, Mr. Whitford, in company with Mr. Harris, was killed on his way from Fort Garry to Fort Abercrombie. He had $5,000 of the Hudson Bay Company's drafts. This firm was ruined by loss of $14,000; afterward, however, the government paid the company $9,000. The fort was besieged full seven weeks, when about two thousand men, under Captain Burger, came to relieve the imprisoned and strengthen the fort. On the return of a part of this force to St. Paul about seventy-five women and children were transported. It appears that Edward A. Stokes, the man who assassinated Jim Fisk, had

been out on the plains hunting, and he came to the fort with others for protection, and was with the escort which was under military protection en route for St. Paul. Truly wonders will never cease! There were four companies left at the fort to protect it after the escort had left, which took place in October, 1862. Captain Burger was relieved, and Major Camp took command; he was shortly relieved by Captain Chamberlin of Hatch's battalion, who was finally superseded by General C. P. Adams, now of Hastings, Minn., who was in command until 1866. Then Major Hall, of the Tenth United States Infantry, took command and General Adams was ordered back to be mustered out of the service. The United States mail was carried under military escort until the year 1866. The fort was kept up until 1877, when it was abandoned, and in 1878 the government buildings were sold and scattered over the prairie, where, with repairs, they made homes for some of the early settlers.

The following named persons were the post commanders at Fort Abercrombie from the time of its establishment until it was abandoned: General Abercrombie, Major Day, Captain Markham, Captain Inman, Captain Vanderhock, Captain Burger, Captain Pettler, Major Camp, Captain Chamberlain, General C. P. Adams, Captain Whitcomb, Major Hall, and General Slidell. Changes were frequent at first because all were needed South as fast as they could be spared.

Nick Huffman was in the fort during the siege. Before his death he prepared the following facts for the Red River Valley Old Settlers' Association:

"On my first trip to the Red River valley, early in the spring of 1860, four of us left St. Cloud, Minn., with the first stage coach that came through to Georgetown. The first day we reached a hotel kept by Baptiste Rounsvel at Cold Springs. The roads were bad and there were no bridges across the streams. We carried oats enough for the round trip. This obliged us to unload quite often. A fence rail was carried along to lift the stage out of the mud. Next night we found good comfortable quarters at a place kept by Mr. Stewart at what was called Stewart's crossing. We forded Sauk river two or three times, driving to what was then called West Union. There was no

settlement then at what is now Sauk Center. At Chicos lake, Madson Gordon kept a station in a small shack. Fish was the principal article of food. The next day we reached Alexandria. The roads were if possible worse than they had been before we struck the timber. A Mr. Gregory, his wife and two sons, kept the station at Alexandria in a little log shanty. Van Dyke kept the postoffice and there was a man living there named Hugh. The next day we went to Evansville, where John Carter was building a station. We slept that night on the soft side of a board, but the supper was all that we could wish and we did it justice. We stopped next night about eight miles south of Fergus Falls, where Mr. Wright and four sons lived. Mr. Wright had a dam for a saw mill, built that winter before, which made excellent fishing, and we had plenty of sturgeon.

"From there we went to Breckenridge, a mile or so from the present site. Here was Mr. Bentley, Mark Carpenter and Sam Carpenter at work on a big hotel. It was three stories and basement. I should think it was big enough for Chicago in those days. There was also a saw mill to cut the lumber for the hotel and they had men in the woods to get out the logs. Breckenridge was a decidely busy place. We left next day for Abercrombie, but the fort was changed, so we stopped with J. R. Harris in a small shanty where a man by the name of William Gilpatrick and an old Irishman was stopping and selling whiskey to the Indians, who, it was claimed, was afterwards drowned by the Indians.

"We started for Georgetown the next day, but as it was too long a drive to make in one day we got supplies from Gilpatrick. About midway we found a townsite. There was a shanty, but no roof on it. It was called Burlington. (It was about the mouth of the Sheyenne and Ed Griffin, now at Fargo, was interested in it.—Ed.) That was the first night I ever slept out of doors without a blanket. We were a little short on supper and breakfast, but reached Georgetown next day all right. Here there were ten or fifteen men, Dutch, Swedes, English, French, Scotch and Indians, employed by the Hudson Bay Company. They had plenty of supplies and little to do but to eat. We had roast pork and other good things. After about a week they all

went away but me and three others. We remained another week, when a new boss came up from Fort Garry. By that time I was good and tired of Hudson Bay Company employment and left on foot for St. Cloud, but only got to where Moorhead now is. Lewiston kept the stage station there. It was then called Burbank.

"I worked about a month here and then went south to what was called Campbell station. Stations had been built along the road and teams by the hundred were hauling freight for Fort Garry and Georgetown. The old steamer Ans Northrup was then making regular trips from Georgetown to Fort Garry. There was life and good pay everywhere. John Campbell and Bill Kerr was batching at Campbell station. I got work and good pay haying. Captain Munn sent for me to work on the steamboat, which they then called the Pioneer. There was no pleasure in this, as the water was low and the men had to haul on the lines all day and chop wood all night by lantern, and we had a hard time to get the boat to Georgetown.

"There was an old steamboat lying in the Minnesota river six miles below Big Stone lake, which was intended to come over into the Red river in 1857. There was a big flood in the Minnesota river and Captain Davis thought he could run the old Freighter, for that was the name of the boat, into the Red river, but the waters went down and the boat was left stranded. The boat was sold at sheriff's sale and was bought by Burbank of the stage company. There was a Welshman left in charge of the boat and here he stayed nearly four years away from wife and children with nothing to eat, only what he could hunt or fish.

"In the fall of 1860 we took a lot of teams, wagons and tools, under orders from Burbank, and took the boat to pieces and brought it to Georgetown. We found the boat and the little Welshman all right. His hair had over three years' growth and his whiskers were long. You may be sure his clothes were not of the latest fashion or in first-class condition. Coffee sacks, window curtains, etc., had been used to keep him covered. We divided up our clothes with him, but they were not good fits, as he was so small.

"A second trip was necessary for the machinery. There were two big boilers, but we brought them safely to Georgetown, where the boat was rebuilt. We did not reach Georgetown till after Christmas with the last load and the weather was very cold. The water was bad and the men suffered a great deal. There were then several hundred head of oxen at Georgetown used in freighting and we took a new outfit and went to Alexandria and hauled freight to Georgetown, to be sent on down the river the next summer to Garry. The roads were bad, there was a heavy crust on the snow and many of the men were snow blind. Many of the cattle died on the road. We got back, however, just before the spring break up in 1861.

"That spring was very high water, the whole valley was flooded, and there was hardly any land in sight. There were no crops that year, but plenty of hay. We all went on the boat in the spring, with Captain Brand, Pilot John K. Swan, and the usual crowd of 'rousters.' We run by day and chopped wood by night, as the Indians did not allow any wood choppers to stay on the river, and so the boat had to get its own wood. The Indians owned the whole country then. It was steamboating under difficulties, as the Indians were inclined to be hostile and took everything from the settlers. The whole crew soon gave out and had to quit. We built a saw mill, and in 1861 boat building became a leading industry at Georgetown. That fall I went back to my old friends Campbell and Kerr and helped them in haying, and then went to St. Cloud. I staged all the next summer from Campbell's station, until the Indian outbreak of September, 1862.

"We were twelve miles north of Abercrombie at the stage station when we heard that the Indians were getting on the war path, but old frontiersmen are not apt to believe Indian rumors, especially if they come from immigrants. However, Campbell and myself were in the habit of sleeping on the prairie some distance from the house, but Kerr used to sleep upstairs in the house we had built that summer. He would go up stairs and pull the stairs up after him and we thought all safe. In daytime we would go about our work. One night a courier came from the fort and warned us that the Indians were killing everybody

in the country, so we picked up our household goods and our cattle and got everything ready to go to the fort that night, but we only got about half way when night came on and we had to stop. We got but little sleep and went on early to the fort, where there were men working for J. R. Harris. I went to see my old friend Russell, who was at the crossing the year before, but he had rented a big hotel at Breckenridge. Scott was running the old crossing place. Scott was killed by the Indians. The next day I started for Breckenridge. No one had seen any Indians yet. When we got to Breckenridge two blood-thirsty fellows were in the house. They were the first I had seen for a long time. I told the people that the Indians were killing all of the whites and they had better go with us to the fort, but they laughed at me and said I was foolish. The Indians made them believe they were to have a big dance and were coming for that purpose. Russell had three men working for him. One of them had a wife and two children. The woman was cooking and the men haying, much hay being required, as hundreds of teams were engaged in freighting for the government and the Hudson Bay Company.

"I proposed to kill the two Indians in the house and to take the woman and children to the fort. By this time we could see the Indians across the river, coming toward the house. We got the woman and children to come with us, but neither Russell nor the men would go. The woman and her husband, the children and their father parted as they would if only to be separated for a few hours. I have been sorry a hundred times that I did not kill the two Indians as I proposed to do. I think it might have saved the life of Russell and his three men.

"We got to the fort and reported what we had seen and a party was organized to go to Breckenridge. Ten of us started out on horseback under the guidance of a half-breed because we hoped we might yet save our friends. It was late when we got half a mile from Breckenridge. In crossing a cooley our horses began to snort and the breed got off to see what was the matter. He said they had killed an ox and from appearances we were about to fall into a trap and advised us to go back.

MARTIN V. LINWELL

"We returned for another start in the morning, as it was then very late. They then took a government mule team and some spades and shovels to fortify in case of need. I was on guard and so could not go with them. They found Russell and his companions had been butchered by the Indians. Rounseval, the half-breed, told me they had dragged their bodies around, up and down the stairs, and about the premises by means of a chain from the well, which they hitched to their feet, until there was little left of them. The hotel, partially completed, was never finished. I have never been in Breckenridge since.

"While the boys were engaged in burying the remains they thought they could see an Indian in the saw mill, so Rounseval went to see if that was the case. The mill was half a mile away. He found an old lady by the name of Scott, who had been living with her son. Her son was killed and her grandson taken prisoner. She had a bullet wound in her breast and had crawled on her hands and knees sixteen miles to the mill. She also told the boys where they would find the body of Joe Snell, a stage driver, three miles out from Breckenridge. They buried the body of Snell and took the old lady to the fort. On the way in the Indians attacked them and killed the teamster, named Bennett, and came very near taking Captain Mull's wagon containing the old lady. But Rounseval made a charge and brought back the team, the old lady and the body of Bennett. They buried Scott the next day.

"We had seen no Indians around the fort, but were fortifying and preparing for the attack which we all felt must come. About fifty citizens were organized as a company under Captain D. T. Smith, quartermaster, I Company of the Fifth Infantry, and Captain John Vanderhorck's company, "D," I think, constituted the garrison. The fort was hard to fortify. There was a stockade along the river. The headquarters was on the prairie. Also the quarters for one company. We fortified the company quarters, using the barrels of pork and corn beef and flour in part for the purpose, with cordwood and earth. The women and children and the sick and the picket guards also had special provision made for them. The wagons were strung in line and the little four-pounders were made ready for action. Headquarters

were abandoned at night and most of the officers roomed where the sick woman was.

"We had not seen any Indians yet about the fort. We had a longing for our old haunts. Campbell, Kerr and I took a mule team one Sunday to go to their ranch. Hiram Stone furnished the team. The boys left a lot of hay and I had left something under the hay that I wanted, especially as I had been working all day and standing guard all night. Some good brandy, therefore, seemed desirable, even if there was some risk in getting it. We got the brandy and started for the fort. When we got within about three miles of the fort we found the Indians had driven away all the loose stock belonging to the fort, including mules, horses, beef cattle and the stock of the settlers. This included a big drove of beef cattle on the way to Grand Forks, where the governor and Major Collins were to exchange them with the Red Lake Indians for the Red River valley, including the country as far west as Devils Lake, east to Thief River, north to Pembina and south to about where Halstead now is.

"Seeing the Indians from an opening in the timber and thinking they had captured the fort we felt pretty blue, but meeting some of the boys at Whiskey creek we learned that they had simply raided the stock. They came near the fort. Those in the fort remained to protect the women and children rather than save the stock, thinking that a trap might be set for them. They let the Indians have the beef and we got along very well with salt pork.

"The captain doubled the guard. This put nearly every man on duty and increased the difficulties of our situation. We made a high stockade of cordwood and barrels of pork and beef, which was to be the last resort in case of our failure to repel the attack, but as good luck would have it we held the fort during the siege, which lasted about six weeks.

"The first attack was in a day or two after they drove the stock away. I will never forget the occasion. They came upon us before the break of day. When they gave the first volley on our pickets it was yet dark. None were hurt. They made an attack on the barns located south of the fort. The hay was near the barns, two of which were built of poles and hay. The others

were dug-outs. There were a good many horses in the dug-outs. All of the best ones were here, as the Indians drove off all that got on the prairie. The Indians made for the barns and fired the hay and the straw stables. It was our first battle. We were poorly armed and no discipline. The orders were to fall in line on the parade ground when attacked, and await orders. So there was where we went, but what orders could be given in the excitement of that moment? The bullets were flying everywhere, the Indians were whooping and yelling and the men did the most natural thing in the world. Every man made a break for himself, some running to the barns and others to the old sawmill, which stood north of the fort close to the river; and so we scattered in all directions, but anyway our boys were not slow in getting back to the stables. It was the horses the Indians were after, but they did not get many. They got into the stables and we were after them. When I got there Edward Wright was having a tussle with one of them. Wright run his bayonet through Mr. Lo's leg and had him pinned to the floor. I finished him by putting a bullet through his heart. That is the only Indian I could say for sure that I killed, but I have shot at a good many."

Here the story as written by Huffman's own hand ends. The siege lasted six weeks. There were many exciting attacks and many soirees during those weeks of anxiety.

Winship Hotel—Budge's Tavern.

When Pembina was little, before Grand Forks, Fargo and Moorhead were born, George B. Winship strayed in from the south via Abercrombie, and Billy Budge from Scotland via Hudson's bay, and meeting at Pembina in 1871, where George was engaged as clerk in the sutler's store, they concluded to form a partnership and enter into business. They selected a point on the stage line between Grand Forks and Pembina known as Turtle river, where they erected a log cabin and put in a list stock of those things essential to life for man and beast and opened up a hotel. The old-timers all credit them with having kept an excellent stopping place, one of the best on the line, and both were popular and have since prospered in this world's

goods. Winship conducts the leading daily and owns the best business block in the state. He has served his city in various capacities and represented his county in the state senate. Budge, too, has been in public life. He was a member of the constitutional convention and owns an elegant home. Budge is interested in banking and milling and everything else that tends to build up the state. Both have interesting families who, with all others, will doubtless enjoy the following amusing account of their early exploits condensed from a sketch by Clarence Webster, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean in 1886.

After erecting their cabin, which was the only human habitation in 1871 between Grand Forks and Pembina, unable to agree on the name for their place, as the story runs, they agreed to label it "Winship's Hotel," so as to meet the view of those coming from the south, and that "Budge's Tavern" should be the sign displayed for the observation of those coming from the north. They disagreed in many things, but united in one, "We are not here for our health" was to be conspicuously printed on a card to be hung on the wall over the fireplace. "God Bless Our Home," and others of that nature were not fashionable then. The early settlers were practical sort of fellows, who believed in informing people just where they were at and what was expected of them.

Budge was an expert in turning the flapjacks, while Winship was equally good as a valet de chambre at both house and barn, Budge assisting, however, between meals. Both were excellent collectors and usually insisted that there must be an understanding as to the pay before any of the supplies had been consumed. It is said that they each warned the travelers not to pay the other, resulting in occasional loss on the grounds that it was unsafe to pay either. They had a monopoly and like all monopolists were independent and when there were any objections to paying $2 for flapjacks a la Budge and stable accommodations a la Winship the fortunate objector was invited to read the card over the fireplace and move on. Sometimes Budge suggested that the man who objected to paying a dollar for a white man's meal could fill up on marsh hay at half price.

It sometimes happened that objections were made to the

economical spelling of the word health in the sign upon the wall. If the kick was made to Budge he added a half to the bill for extras. If it was commented on before Winship, with great presence of mind he always remarked that the proofreader must have been drunk as usual when they went to press with it.

Neither proposed to allow the other to get ahead of him. They made a nightly division of the cash and had a definite understanding as to the division of labor. Each in turn was to build the fires, and in order that there might be no mistakes they arranged a calendar and placed at the foot of the bed. Commencing with B. W. B., alternating with W. B. W., there were thirty sets of initials, representing each day in the month. When Winship had built the fire he rubbed out the last initial and Budge did the same when it came his turn. The crossed letter always settled the question as to who was to get up next time and indicated the day of the month.

One morning Budge got up and built the fire, cancelling the B. It was a roasting fire, made especially for a temperature of 30 below. The frail chimney, built of sticks and mud, surmounted by a barrel, caught fire. Soon the fire spread until Winship's end of the building was burning at a lively rate. Winship poked his elbow in Budge's side, he having fallen asleep, who, thinking that a mule had kicked him, yelled, "Whoa." Another nudge partially awakened him, when Winship said, "Billy, she is afire again." Budge protested that he had spoiled the slickest dream that he had ever had and that he would have had it all fixed in a minute more if he had been left alone, besides he didn't see why he should be disturbed. He wanted to sleep.

"The fire is spreading," said Winship. "Better get up and put it out while you can do it easy. It is your turn to get up."

"It ain't my turn to get up," said Budge. "The B. is crossed out."

"It is your fire," said Winship, "you built it, you had better put it out. It's getting too hot."

Budge insisted that the fire was Winship's by right of discovery and he must take care of it.

Higher leaped the flames, closer and closer it came to the Scotchman, who was insisting upon his rights to sleep undis-

turbed after building the fire. His own part of the shanty was ablaze. Coals were dropping down on the robes under which they had been sleeping. Winship drew the robe over his head.

Finally Budge proposed that they both get up. "That is reasonable," replied Winship, "why didn't you think of that before?"

They both got out. Some of the bacon and other things were saved.

By this time Grand Forks had begun to grow. Both went to the Forks and entering on separate lines succeeded in business.

Winship sometimes undertakes to tell the story and Budge tries to correct the proof, but giving up in despair, simply writes on the margin, "There are other liars in the valley besides yourself."

The Guests of God.

"Why should we wear black for the guests of God?"—Ruskin.

From the dust of the weary highway,
From the smart of sorrow's rod,
Into the royal presence
They are bidden as guests of God.
The veil from their eyes is taken,
Sweet mysteries they are shown,
Their doubts and fears are over,
For they know as they are known.

For them there should be rejoicing
And festival array,
As for the bride in her beauty
Whom love hath taken away—
Sweet hour of peaceful waiting,
Till the path that we have trod
Shall end at the Father's gateway,
And we are the guests of God.

—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

James Anderson DeLaney, who died at his home in Grafton April 2, 1902, at the age of 75 years, was born March 17, 1827,

in the north of Ireland, that refuge of Huguenots when so cruelly driven from France. His father was a descendant of these exiles. His mother,. Mary Anderson, was of Scottish descent. He was brought to America while a young child, growing up on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He early went to Philadelphia, where he was apprenticed to learn coach building. Returning, he embarked in a successful mechanical business in Peterboro, Ontario, where, at the age of 23, he married Miss Anne Wilson. His prosperity was interrupted by an unfortunate fire. Undismayed, he began again in Smith's Falls, where, by help of older sons, he soon acquired a fortune. Another disastrous conflagration swept away his gains and he then determined to seek a new venture in the West. Thus in '78 he became a member of the pioneer band in the "land of the Dakotas." He aided materially in founding Grafton, selling the townsite as surveyed.

At the mature age of fifty-four he applied himself to reading law and was admitted to the bar in the United States court at Washington, D. C.

Having lost his companion some years since, he married a lady near his own age of New England birth, who happily cared for and cheered the last declining years of his life, in which he has suffered much but very patiently. She, with his four adult sons, survives him. Mr. DeLaney expressed himself as fortified and supported by the Christian's hope.

Funeral services were held at his home in Grafton April 4th. His remains were sent to Grand Forks for burial in the family plat, where a monument already stands. Revs. Twichell, McDonald and Newcomb officiated. The pall bearers were Messrs. James McDonald, J. L. Cashel, Peter Cooper, H. H. Mott, Provost and J. A. Douglas.

Biographies of Old Settlers Deceased—Continued.

Charles Turner Cavalier (by Hon. George B. Winship). Yesterday morning there was profound sorrow in Grand Forks when the news was received of the death of Charles T. Cavalier, of Pembina, a man known to every old settler in the Red River valley. Charles Turney Cavalier died at his home in Pembina at midnight on Sunday, July 27, aged eighty-four years, four

months and twenty-two days, and thus passed to the great beyond the earliest white resident of North Dakota, and also one of the earliest and oldest of the settlers of Minnesota.

Though naturally suffering to some extent from the infirmities of advancing age, yet his mind was bright and he was physically active to the very last. His last illness was only twelve hours, and a few minutes before his death he was upon his feet. He ate his usual breakfast on Sunday morning, and on Saturday was walking about town, though not feeling very well.

He had no desire to live longer. He felt and often expressed himself that he had lived his life and could be of no further use in the world, though he was willing to wait until he was called. He died as he would have wished, without that long confinement on a bed of suffering, which would have been so irksome to one of his active outdoor habits.

A complete history of Mr. Cavalier's life would be a history not only of North Dakota, but would include that of the whole of this now great Northwest; for when he started westward, Illinois was the frontier state and Chicago had a population of only 5,000.

The following short sketch is intended mostly as a matter of dates, and the reader will be able to realize from these how large a part this modest, kindly old pioneer has taken in laying the foundations of these great states of Minnesota and the Dakotas:

Mr. Cavalier was born in Springfield, Ohio, March 6, 1818, and was the son of Charles and Rachel (Trease) Cavalier, natives of Maine and Pennsylvania. He attended public schools until he was seventeen, and then removed to Mount Carmel, Ill., and learned the saddler's trade. He came west, down the Ohio, via St. Louis, then a city of 18,000, by steamboat, and thence up the Mississippi to St. Paul, landing there in May, 1841. The succeeding year he went through the Minnesota wilderness to Fond du Lac, near the present city of Duluth. St. Paul at that time was a village with a church and a few French people. At Minneapolis a government sawmill was operated by soldiers from Fort Snelling. Mr. Cavalier opened the first harness shop in

St. Paul. A few years later he sold out the harness shop and, in company with Dr. Dewey, established the first drug store.

November 6, 1849, Governor Ramsey appointed Mr. Cavalier territorial librarian, which position he held until October, 1850, when he was appointed by President Millard Fillmore as collector of customs for the district of Minnesota and inspector of revenue for the post of Pembina. In pursuance of this appointment he came to Pembina, and crossed the Red river on August 16, 1851, so that at the time of his death he had been here nearly fifty-one years, and over sixty-one years since he landed at St. Paul.

While the duties of collecting revenue at that early period were not in themselves very exacting, yet Mr. Cavalier's position was really far more than a simple collector of revenues. He was, in fact, a sort of general government agent among a large population of semi-nomadic half-breeds and wandering Indian tribes. The feuds of the rival fur companies and private traders, the Sioux massacre, the subsequent events, the first Riel rebellion, the political organization and the opening up of this valley to settlement and commerce, were all incidents of Mr. Cavalier's leading position as a government official and early settler.

Mr. Cavalier occupied the position of collector four years, and then turned his attention to trade. He had a store for a time at Walhalla, and also at Fort Garry, returning to Pembina in 1864, where he has since resided. In that year the first post-office was started and Mr. Cavalier was appointed postmaster, which office he held until 1885, when he was succeeded by his son, E. K. Cavalier, who is the present postmaster.

In addition to his official duties, Mr. Cavalier was also associated with Commodore Kittson and W. H. Forbes at one time, and with Messrs. Kittson, Culver Farmington and Sargent in the fur trade for many years. These years were doubtless the most exciting ones in a life replete with adventurous incident. It was during this time that he made regular trips to St. Paul with trains of from 80 to 100 pelts. These trips were long and wearisome and often dangerous from bands of roving Indians and standing stampeding herds of buffalo.

Mr. Cavalier in 1863 returned to Pembina, he having, in the

discharge of his business cares, resided both at St. Joseph, about thirty miles to the westward, at the foot of the Pembina mountains, and at Winnipeg. The original plat of the city of Pembina was laid out by Mr. Cavalier, and this was added to in the shape of an extensive addition in 1878, when railroad connections with the centers of trade showed the need of enlarging the limits of the city.

In his earlier days Mr. Cavalier was a regular correspondent of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C. His sketches of pioneer days and graphic descriptions of scenes and characters are the delight of his friends and neighbors and the old settlers generally. These sketches, which have been mostly for local papers, are in the plain, blunt, straightforward and to-the-point style of the western plainsman, but have a deep undercurrent of humor wholly his own.

Mr. Cavalier married Miss Isabella Murray, of Kildonan, Man., March 13, 1857. Five children were born to them, of whom there survive Edmund K., Albert D. and Lulah Cavalier, who with their mother reside at Pembina.

The funeral was held on Thursday, services being held at Grace church, Pembina, at two p. m. Many old friends of Mr. Cavileer from Grand Forks and other points in the state attended.

Alexander Griggs, "the Father of Grand Forks," was widely known in the Northwest. He was born in Marietta, Ohio, in October, 1838, and was the son of William and Esther Griggs. He removed with his parents when a boy to St. Paul, Minn., and later his family removed to Grand Forks, where his parents died.

In December, 1865, Mr. Griggs was married to Miss Ettie I. Strong, a native of Brooklyn.

Mr. Griggs was reared and educated in St. Paul, but at an early age began running on the boats of the Mississippi river, and at the age of twenty had been promoted to the command of a boat. He continued there until 1870, and then in company with others went to the Red river with a view of establishing a line of steamers to ply between Winnipeg and Fargo. In 1871 the company was organized and was known as the Hill, Griggs & Co. Transportation & Navigation Company. This year he went

to where Grand Forks is now located and entered a claim to the land on which is now located the old town of Grand Forks, he giving it that name on account of the junction at this place of the Red Lake river with the Red River of the North. He continued to run a line of steamers on the latter river between Grand Forks and Winnipeg until 1890.

He was always active in the upbuilding of his adopted home city and state; was one of the founders of the Second National Bank, and was the active president for many years. He was also president of the First National Bank of East Grand Forks for a number of years, establishing the gas works of the city in company with William Budge, and was a large owner of shares in the Grand Forks roller mills. He served the state as railroad commissioner for some years, was the third postmaster of Grand Forks, and was mayor of the city. His active, energetic life and public spirit endeared him to the people of the city and state, and his counsel was always eagerly sought. In December, 1892, on account of failing health, he left here and located on the upper Columbia river, where he established a line of boats for passenger and freight transportation service. The change of location, however, failed in its object, the regaining of health, and he succumbed on the 25th of January, 1903.

John R. Jardine was born at Haysvale, Ontario, January 22, 1846, his parents having emigrated to this place from Dumfresshire, Scotland, during the previous year. In 1850 the family removed to Bruce county, Ontario, where Mr. Jardine remained until he came to Fargo, N. D., March 12, 1880. At Fargo, that same year, his only child, John A. Jardine, was born. When first coming to Fargo, Mr. Jardine took a homestead, but devoted his time to bridge construction, being one of the best known bridge-builders in the state. He died at Fargo, July 11, 1906, after a brief illness, suffering from an abscess, which was not thought to be serious until the morning of his demise. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and a prominent Mason. He was one of the sturdy Scotch pioneers, whose word was always as good as his bond.

Dennis W. Driscoll was born at Guelph, Ontario, on September 22, 1849, and was the son of John J. and Julia Driscoll,

natives of Canada. His father died during Mr. Driscoll's infancy, and in 1856 he removed with his mother to Detroit, Mich., where he received his early education. In 1870 he removed to Boone county, Iowa, where he worked at the potter's trade until 1875, when he removed to La Crosse, Wis., and engaged in the farm implement business. He came to North Dakota in 1879 and located at Pembina, where he became a member of the firm of Johnson, Holmes & Co., agricultural implement dealers.

When Walsh county was formed in 1881, he went to Acton in the interests of the company, and later in the same year he took up his residence in Grafton, where he lived up to the time of his death, with the exception of about six and one half years, which he spent on his stock farm in Acton—from 1890 to 1897.

In 1882 Mr. Driscoll was married to Miss Clara K. Hogg, a native of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Driscoll's sterling qualities were recognized by his party in 1898, and he was nominated and elected to the office of state treasurer, which office he held for one term, filling it with honesty and fearlessness to a degree that has seldom been equaled, and never excelled in this state. At the time of his death he was treasurer of the Old Settlers' Association, which association he helped to organize. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and belonged to the Masonic fraternity, being a charter member of Grafton Chapter, R. A. M. During late years he had followed the real estate and insurance business, and was always foremost in the projects tending to the betterment of our city and the surrounding country.

Mr. Driscoll passed away from this earth to that land from whose bourne no traveler returns, on Saturday evening, February 4, 1904, at his home in Grafton, and none of all those who had known him during life has a word save of respect for him living —and regret for him dead. His life as a public servant, as a private citizen, and as the head of a household, was above reproach—each act of his life being the page of an open book, the story of a life well lived.

Mr. Driscoll had been in failing health for six months previous to his decease, the immediate cause of his death being heart failure.

William Campbell was a native of the isle of Islay, Scotland, being born there in 1826, and resided with his parents there until he was about fourteen years of age, when, with a brother, he came to Canada, working in and near Collingwood, and when of sufficient age he took up land near that place, which he farmed a number of years.

In 1879 he removed with his family to Pembina county, he and his sons taking up land north of Bathgate. He was a hard-working man, careful in business transactions, and successful beyond the average, gaining a competency and retiring from active farming operations in 1897. He was taken with heart failure in February, 1906, and on the 30th day of March, 1906, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Lee, at Walhalla, N. D. Mr. Campbell was greatly respected by all who knew him, and he was sought by many for his advice. In sickness he was always first at his neighbor's and last to leave. Hundreds of friends in Pembina county regretted his death and have reason to remember the kindly, sympathetic old friend.

William J. Anderson was born in Elgin county, Canada, May 20, 1854. He was reared and educated in Le Sueur county, Minn., going there with his mother, and in 1862, on account of the Indian troubles in Minnesota, they moved to St. Paul, where Mr. Anderson attended the public schools. He followed various callings until 1875, when he came to Grand Forks as the agent for the Red River Transportation Company, and the following year was elected justice of the peace. He continued with the transportation company until 1879, and the following year was appointed receiver of the Grand Forks land office. He opened the office April 20, 1880, and worked in that capacity eight years. He then began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1887.

He was elected county auditor in 1888 and served four years. He was an efficient and popular public official. He was elected mayor of Grand Forks in 1890 and served two years, and he always proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him by the people. He was one of the judges at the World's Fair Columbian Exposition in 1893, in the agricultural department.

He was married in 1879 to Josephine Russell, a native of Wisconsin. Two children were born, Raymond G. and Virginia E.

About a year before his death Mr. Anderson was appointed deputy auditor in the postoffice department and took up his residence at Washington, D. C., where he died suddenly on February 9, 1906. He left a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Fred I. Lyons, of Bowbells, N. D., and a son in Washington.

Mr. Anderson was a member of the Masonic fraternity, being a Knight Templar, and he also held membership in the Knights of Pythias, of which order he was deputy grand chancellor at one time.

Politically he was a Republican, and had been identified with the movements of that party during his entire career. He had been president of the Old Settlers' Association of the Red River Valley, and was one of the best known citizens of the state.

William Ackerman, auditor of Grand Forks county, died shortly after seven o'clock last night, at the family home on Chestnut street.

While this announcement had been anticipated for several days, it was no less a shock to the citizens last night when it was announced that the dean of the court house official family had been summoned to his long home.

Familiarly known as "Bismarck," from the fact that he was a native of Germany, Mr. Ackerman probably enjoyed as wide an acquaintance as any man in the county, and the announcement of his death will carry sorrow into every home in which he was known either personally or because of his long service to the county, covering a period of eighteen years or more.

"Bismarck" Ackerman was one of God's own noblemen, a splendid type of man who came to a new country at an early age, fought for his adopted country through the Civil War and at its close re-enlisted for a service that covered almost a score of years, carrying him through the period of Indian outbreaks that characterized the early settlement of North Dakota, he being located with his regiment at Fort Abercrombie for several years.

Had Mr. Ackerman lived until August 20 of this year he would have been sixty years of age. He was born in the Grand

ROBERT H. MCCOY

Duchy of Hesse, Germany, and came to this country when quite young.

He enlisted in the volunteer service in New York state, in Company C, One Hundred and Thirty-first N. Y. Volunteers, on November 20, 1863, and was honorably discharged July 26, 1865. Immediately at the close of the war of the rebellion he re-enlisted in the regular army, being stationed at Fort Abercrombie for several years, and later going to Texas, where he served as a clerk at department headquarters. His final discharge from the army was on March 3, 1885, and shortly after that time he came to North Dakota and located at Larimore, where he lived several years. From there he went to Lakota, where he assisted in opening the books of Nelson county. He came to Grand Forks in 1887, and his first employment was in the office of the register of deeds. From there he went to the office of the clerk of the district court, and from there to the office of the county auditor, being appointed deputy auditor by W. J. Anderson. In that capacity he served until 1900, when he was elected county auditor, being re-elected at the general election last year.

Mr. Ackerman was married while stationed at Fort Abercrombie to Miss Martha Anderson, who survives him, together with seven children—Mrs. George Nelson, William C., E. C., Andrew, Ella, Nellie and Earl, the youngest thirteen years of age.

Every member of the family was at home when the final summons came, making the first break in the household circle.

Mr. Ackerman was a prominent member of Willis A. Gorman Post, Grand Army of the Republic, in which he served in various official capacities. He was department commander for North Dakota and was adjutant for several terms. He was also a member of the Masonic lodge, as well as the Elks and Eagles, being the first president of the latter lodge.

His discharge from the Civil War service shows that he was engaged in the battles of Fish Bend, Sabin Crossroads, Pleasant Hill, in Louisiana; Harper's Ferry, Md.; Berryville, Misher's Hill and Cedar Creek, in Virginia.

Mr. Ackerman was a man of the strictest integrity, a capable official, and a man who had aided during his residence in the city

in every act that helped to build up the municipality, serving for nearly a dozen years as a member of the city council.

In his death the city loses a good citizen, the county a capable and painstaking official, and his family a kind and indulgent husband and father—a man who was wrapped up in a family that now has the entire sympathy of the citizens of county and city in their bereavement.—"Grand Forks Herald" of May 17, 1905.

John D. Wallace settled at Drayton, N. D., in 1881, and until two years ago had been one of the most prominent and best known citizens of Pembina county. He was a man strong in body and strong in mind. In public affairs of his own town, county and state, he took a leading part. In addition to numerous municipal and school district offices, he served two terms in the legislature and two terms as county judge of Pembina county. He was a strong supporter of the prohibition law and all laws that tended to uplift the public socially and morally. He was a member of the Methodist church, and here, as elsewhere, he was an earnest worker and leader. In every respect he was a manly man. As a friend, he was one who was always steadfast and to be depended on. He was open and above board in all his dealings, and every one might always know where he stood, politically or upon any other question. In his home town no man was more alive to local interests or tried harder to build up the city. He was always a good citizen, and entered heartily into all good enterprises.

In the latter part of his life here he was stricken with a kidney trouble. The news from California reports that he suffered a minor operation from which he had about recovered when kidney trouble set in and he died in a short time.

In California he has two brothers, Albert and Frank, and a sister, Mrs. R. H. Young, wife of a former editor of "The Pembina Pioneer Express." His immediate family consisted of four boys by his first wife, a daughter, Mrs. Dr. Healy, of Grand Forks, and a boy and girl by his second wife, who survives him. Two of Mr. Wallace's sons were soldiers in the First Minnesota in the Philippines, and a brother was killed in the war with Spain. As a husband and father Mr. Wallace was particularly kind and

loving, and spared no pains to give his children the best possible education. Mr. Wallace was an honored member of the Masonic order and was also a Workman. He was made a Mason in the Pembina lodge, and afterward assisted in forming the Drayton lodge as a charter member.

A good man has gone.

James H. Bosard was born at Osceola, Pa., April 21, 1845, and died November 1, 1907. He was a son of Colonel Andrew K. and Hittie Bosard, the former a native of Pennsylvania and the latter of New Hampshire. His father was a farmer and cabinetmaker and was assistant provost marshal in Pennsylvania during the rebellion. He was a colonel of the Pennsylvania state militia for some time. His father was a native of Pennsylvania and served in the war of 1812 as a non-commissioned officer. James H. Bosard was educated in the public schools of his native state and graduated from the Pennsylvania state normal school. After graduation he taught school for two years in New York, and in 1868 began reading law in the office of M. F. Elliott at Wellsborough, Pa. He was admitted to the bar in 1870 and engaged in the practice of law for seven years as a partner of Elliott.

Mr. Bosard came to Grand Forks in May, 1879, and had been a resident of the city and engaged in the practice of his profession here ever since. He had long been recognized as one of the foremost members of the state bar, and had been identified with much important litigation. He was also in constant demand as counsel in outside litigation. He was state's attorney of Grand Forks county in 1891-2 and city attorney of Grand Forks in 1894-5.

Mr. Bosard was for several years the honored president of the North Dakota Bar Association, and was for some time also vice-president for North Dakota of the National Bar Association.

Mr. Bosard was a lifelong Republican and took an active part in the councils of his party. He was a forceful and entertaining platform speaker and his services were always in demand during a political campaign. He was the Republican nominee for district judge in 1904, but was defeated by Judge Fisk.

Mr. Bosard engaged in farming, besides looking after his extensive law practice, and made a specialty of dairying. He

was widely known as one of the leading breeders of Jerseys in the Northwest. He was one of the directors in the State Fair Association and of the Grand Forks County Agricultural Association. He devoted largely of his time and ability towards promoting the success of these enterprises.

Mr. Bosard was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having passed the Knight Templar degree, and was also a prominent member of the Foresters.

Mr. Bosard was married in 1872 to Miss Rebecca Faulkner, of Erie, Pa. He leaves a widow and six children—Florence H., now Mrs. J. Sidle Lawrence, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Robert H., now practicing law at Minot; Helen D., now Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, wife of Major Farnsworth, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Wayne; Gerald F.; Sarah K., now Mrs. Ray Jackson, of Grand Forks, and Daphne.

Rev. John Scott. Few names are better known to the pioneer residents of the Red River valley than that of the Rev. John Scott, who was for years engaged in ministering to the spiritual wants of the early residents of the northern part of the present state of North Dakota. Mr. Scott was born in Northumberland, England, December 22, 1824. He came with his parents to Canada, the family locating in the county of Durham. After attending school there he engaged in teaching and provided himself with means to enter college. He graduated from Hamilton College, and then offered himself to the Presbyterian Board of Missions for missionary service. He was appointed to take charge of the field at Bath, Canada. He was married just before commencing his work, and through more than a half century of missionary effort his wife labored with him in missionary work. He remained at Bath for six years and was then sent to Napance, where he was stationed eighteen years. Emerson, Manitoba, was his next appointment, and he was in charge there for ten years, preaching also part of the time at Pembina. He became a resident of North Dakota in 1884, preaching at Walhalla, and also occasionally at the military post at Pembina. From 1892 to 1894 he was pastor at Pembina, when he was compelled by failing health to relinquish his pastorate. He devoted much time and zeal to the establishment of a sanitarium and hospital, but did

not live to see his project realized. A hospital was established soon after his death at Hannah.

In 1876 and for several years thereafter Mr. Scott was chaplain of the military post at Pembina. He also frequently preached in the village, before there was any church there except the Catholic mission. William Moorhead was at that time the proprietor of a saloon known as the "Robber's Roost." Mr. Moorhead threw open his saloon for his services, and Mr. Scott has remarked that he never had more attentive or courteous audiences to hear his preaching than gathered at Robbers' Roost. Mr. Scott frequently made preaching trips as far west as the Turtle mountains, making the journey of two or three weeks, usually with pony and buckboard. His stopping places en route usually included John Otten's, at Smugglers' Point, about twenty miles west of Pembina; William Hyde's, at Hyde Park; O. Neilson's, at Bay Center; and at St. Joe he was entertained by J. F. Mager, H. A. Mayo, Mrs. Emmerling and others. Later, while stationed at Walhalla, Mr. Scott was instrumental in securing ground for a cemetery and monuments to mark the resting-places of the martyred missionaries of 1852.

Hon. John E. Haggart, deceased, formerly United States marshal for North Dakota, was one of the leading men of the state. He was born in St. Lawrence county, New York, April 19, 1846, a son of John and Mabel (Northrop) Haggart, also natives of the Empire state. The grandfather, Gilbert Haggart, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and on his emigration to the United States located in New York, where he followed farming throughout life. The father was also an agriculturist, was major in the state militia, and was quite a prominent man in New York. He was twice married and had three sons.

Reared on the home farm in much the usual manner of farmer boys of his day, John E. Haggart was educated in the country schools. In 1863 he entered the employ of the government in the coast construction corps, and spent about a year and a half with the Army of the Potomac, after which he returned to New York. In 1867 he came west and crossed the plains, starting from Leavenworth, Kan. The following winter was spent in southern Colorado and New Mexico, and he then came to what is

now Wyoming, where he conducted a lumber yard for the Union Pacific railroad until 1870. In 1871 he landed four miles below the present city of Fargo, N. D., and in August of that year took up a claim on the Sheyenne river. He was one of the most extensive land owners in the state, having 1,960 acres in all in the home farm. He raised from 35,000 to 40,000 bushels of wheat annually, and in 1898 harvested 37,750 bushels. He was one of the thirteen to organize and put in operation the Fargo Southern railroad, of which he was a director.

In 1875 was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Haggart and Miss Betsy J. Hertsgaard, and to them were born nine children, as follows: Gilbert W., Mabel E., Maggie I., John C., Estella M., Alexander M., George E., William H. R., and Daniel.

Mr. Haggart was the first man to be made a Mason in this state, being initiated into the order in 1873, from which time he was a Royal Arch Mason, a Knight Templar, a thirty-second-degree Scottish Rite Mason, and a member of the Ancient Accepted Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. He was a stanch supporter of the Republican party and served on the county and state central committees. In 1874 he was elected sheriff of Cass county, and filled that office for twelve consecutive years in a most capable manner. He was elected the first city marshal of Fargo, and in 1889 was elected to the state senate, of which he was a prominent and influential member until 1898, when he resigned to accept the office of United States marshal for North Dakota. He was well qualified to fill that office, as he had previously served as deputy for eight years. He filled a number of other public positions of honor and trust, being a member of the state prison board and other important boards. He also assisted in locating the agricultural college at Fargo, and did much to help that institution, introducing in the senate all the bills in its behalf, including the one on which the college has been erected. Himself a farmer, he early saw the benefits of such an institution, and there was not one who felt more closely associated with the institution than he did. As senator from the third judicial district he wielded an influence that secured its location at Fargo, and he bent every energy to the upbuilding of that institution.

John E. Haygood

September 22, 1905, John E. Haggart passed from this life to that of rest, leaving behind a multitude of friends. His death was sudden and he is mourned by a host of sorrowing ones left to bless his memory.

Major Alanson William Edwards was born in Lorain county, Ohio, August 27, 1840, and his father removed his family to Macoupin county, Illinois, in 1848.

Major Edwards attended the county schools and was a student at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill., in 1856-7. After leaving school he was railroad and express agent and telegraph operator, and when the war broke out was the operator at Gillespie, Ill., and one night, while he sat in his office, he heard the telegraphic instrument click off that famous message of General Dix, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." The event fired his patriotism, so that on the first call for troops, April 15, 1861, he volunteered, but was rejected, as he weighed some 300 pounds. He continued with the railroad company until 1862, when he enlisted and went into Camp Palmer at Carlinville, Ill.

General Charles Ewing, who was a brother-in-law of General Sherman, then a captain in the regular army, was the one to muster in the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois Infantry, and young Edwards made out the muster rolls, as he was an expert penman. Captain Ewing inquired who had made up the rolls, and, on being informed, asked Edwards to read off the names as he watched the men move off. When the name of an absentee was called, there being no response, Captain Ewing would step up to Edwards' shoulder, put a check opposite the name on the roll, and when he filled out the muster rolls, would draw a red line through the names of all the men where a check mark appeared. Young Edwards took lunch with Captain Ewing, who told him he could not muster him into the army because of his weight, and so when it came to calling the roll of Company I, Edwards skipped his own name, and as there was no check mark opposite, he was duly mustered into the service by Captain Ewing.

Two years afterwards he was adjutant-general on General Vandeveer's staff, who commanded the district of Marietta. He

had often met General Sherman and knew him well, and General Sherman and staff, which included General Ewing, came to the headquarters of General Vandeveer, and Sherman said, "Edwards, you know my brother-in-law, Charlie," and then, turning to Ewing, said: "General Ewing, this is Captain Edwards." General Ewing looked at Edwards and said: "No, I have never met the captain before." An hour or so afterwards, General Sherman and staff came to dine at the headquarters table, and General Sherman said: "Edwards, how is that about Charlie mustering you into service?" and the major told the story, which was greatly enjoyed by all, with the possible exception of General Ewing.

Major Edwards served in the western army as a private, beginning at Columbus, Ky. He was a clerk in the office of the adjutant-general of the district of Jackson, and for General G. M. Dodge at Corinth, Miss.

In April, 1863, by order of the war department, General Dodge organized the First Alabama Cavalry from loyal refugees driven from their homes in the mountains of northern Alabama by Confederate conscripting officers, and Edwards was appointed lieutenant-adjutant and promoted to captain of L troop. He served with General Vandeveer as A. A. A. G., district of Rome and of Marietta, Ga., and was on Kenesaw mountain with General Sherman when he signaled General Corse to "hold the fort," while Captain Flint, of Company E, First Alabama Cavalry, was aide to General Corse and wrote, at Corse's dictation, the answer about "losing his cheek, but able to whip all h—ll yet."

On the march through Georgia to the sea, Major Edwards commanded Company M of his regiment and for thirty-seven days did not draw a ration, but gained some fifty pounds in weight.

At Savannah he was detached from his company by order of General Sherman and assigned to duty A. A. G. Ninth division, Fifteenth corps, and served with General Corse until after the grand review at Washington, being finally mustered out by order of the war department, July 11, 1865. He was breveted major by order of congress, March 18, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious service in the field."

Major Edwards was present at the preliminary meeting of

the officers of the Army of Tennessee to organize this society at Raleigh, N. C., April 25, 1865, and he became a member of the G. A. R. in Post No. 6 at Bunker Hill, there being only five earlier posts organized.

He returned to his old Illinois home after the war and resuscitated "The Union Gazette" at Bunker Hill, a paper he published before going to the war, which suspended while he was away. In 1868 Major Edwards secured an interest in "The Carlinville Free Democrat," a Republican paper started by Senator John M. Palmer, and was made warden of the Illinois state penitentiary by the governor for the term of 1871-2.

After the big fire in Chicago he went into business in that city and was a member of the Board of Trade from 1875 to 1878.

He went to the Black Hills in 1876, going out via Fargo, and returned to this city in 1878 and started "The Fargo Republican," being associated with Dr. J. B. Hall. He later sold "The Republican" and started "The Daily Argus" in 1879.

Territorial Governor Pierce appointed Major Edwards superintendent of the semi-decennial census of Dakota territory in 1885, and in 1886 he was elected mayor of the city of Fargo.

He was largely instrumental in organizing the original board of trade in the city of Fargo in 1879, and was its secretary for some time.

He helped to organize the Fargo Southern Railway Company, which organization constructed 122 miles of road from Fargo to Ortonville, and was elected secretary and assistant manager. The road was built in 1883-4 and is now a part of the Milwaukee system.

Major Edwards was a member of the first board of the North Dakota penitentiary and was made its president and directed the construction of the nucleus of the present building.

He was elected a member of the state legislature in 1895 and received credit for maintaining the prohibition law, though strong efforts were made to secure its repeal.

Major Edwards left "The Argus" in 1891 and started "The Daily Forum," November 17 of that year, in connection with Mr. Plumley, and in 1894 "The Forum" purchased "The Repub-

lican," the first paper started by the major, and the two were consolidated.

In March, 1902, the major was made American consul-general at Montreal, which position he resigned July 1, 1906, in consequence of poor health, and returned to Fargo, where he has since resided.

The major married at Carlinville, Ill., in 1870, to Elizabeth Robertson, and they have six sons and one daughter, all living. The sons are Harry Goodell, stenographer for the district court at Fargo; William Robertson, advertising manager of "The Forum"; Alanson Charles, living in New York city; John Palmer, assistant manager of "The Forum"; George Washington, musical instructor in Danville (Ky.) Female Seminary; Richford Roberts, collector in this city; and the daughter is Marie Rosenfeld Belknap, who also resides in Fargo.

Major Edwards had always taken much interest in politics and was known as a hard fighter. He once said: "I know no reason to be ashamed of my record in the war, or as a citizen. No man can be—for something—without antagonism. I am inclined to a doctrine of being for my friends—and—the other fellow."

During his residence of thirty years in Fargo, no one has done more to build up the territory, the state and the city than Major Edwards, and his death, which occurred February 14, 1908, was sincerely mourned by an extremely wide circle of warm admirers. His work, however, lives after him.