

Early days in Minneapolis /

EARLY DAYS IN MINNEAPOLIS.*

* Read at the monthly meeting of the Executive Council, May 11, 1914. This paper was illustrated with about sixty lantern views, loaned by Edward A. Bromley, photographer and journalist, whose extensive antiquarian knowledge of the Twin Cities has also supplied much other aid.

BY DR. WILLIAM E. LEONARD.

Along with the great flood of western immigrants caused by the discovery of gold in California in 1848, came a fuller tide of men and women into the Mississippi valley, pioneers of more substantial type than the hardy adventurers who went over the Rockies, —men who sought homes for their families, not sudden wealth for themselves. These came into the fertile prairies of Illinois and Iowa, from New York and New England, a generation later than the same class of worthy pioneers settled northern Ohio and Indiana. From 1848 to 1860 they streamed up the great river and its tributaries by hundreds and by thousands, settling in Minnesota and adjoining states and territories. Some authentic figures of comparison will make this remarkable influx more evident.

In 1850 the town of St. Anthony was credited with 538 inhabitants, and there were a half dozen people on the west side. Only four years later that town had 3,000 citizens, if we include the 500 then estimated to be on the west side; and on November 2, 1854, they asked the Legislature for a city charter, "in order to manage their local affairs better," and to make a better comparison with St. Paul, which then claimed 7,000 inhabitants. This charter was obtained in 1855. The "wild-cat currency" of '57, and the hard times of the two years following, checked this rather too rapid growth, but yet there were over 6,000 people at the Falls when the Civil War broke out. In 1849, when Minnesota was organized as a

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territory, it had 4,057 inhabitants, and 6,077 a year later; after eight years, in 1857, there were numbered 150,037 souls, and 172,022 three years later, showing more than 4,000 per cent increase for the eleven years. 32

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As typical of the homes these sturdy settlers built, I may mention the log cabin by Joseph Dean in 1849, just off the Shakopee road on the north bank of the Minnesota river. This "claim shanty" still stands in most excellent preservation, a hundred yards from the north end of the Bloomington bridge, being used as a storehouse for household goods, just as substantial and dry a receptacle as a bonded warehouse. Mr. Dean's interests and home were transferred to the city of Minneapolis, where he became a leading lumberman and citizen.

The Falls of St. Anthony were really the pivotal point in this region, for they promised a splendid water power, waiting development. Each settler in the new village of St. Anthony strove to make it the center of commercial activity. There was the "Upper town," around the site of the Pillsbury mill, and extending along Main street as far up the river as to Third avenue north; and the lower or "Cheever town," the region now recently made part of the larger University campus, including Prospect, State, Church, Union, and Harvard streets. Near the site of the Elliott Hospital of the University, in front of his hotel, the Cheever House, Mr. William A. Cheever erected a wooden lookout tower, on the door of which a sign read "Pay your dime and climb." He was on the stage route up the old Territorial road, and received many guests and dimes. But the following event as chronicled in the Minnesota Republican for Thursday, October 19, 1854, quite cut off Mr. Cheever's chances for being the center of the town.

The Regents have consummated the purchase of the Taylor & George property on the bluff above Cheever's, as a site for the University buildings. They have obtained 25 acres at this point, which is universally admitted to be the most beautiful location in the West,

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commanding, as it does, a magnificent view of the Falls, river, and country on the west of the river, and covered with large and stately oaks. The price paid was \$6,000.

Eighteen years later, as a student, I actually surveyed the old campus with rod and chain and found it to contain twenty-three acres and a fraction. The “view of the Falls” is not so good since the apron was put in. Spirit island has disappeared, and the Great Northern viaduct, the Tenth Avenue bridge, the Pillsbury dam, and the railway freight bridge just below, have 499 been built, quite cutting off the outlook up the river. But the greater University campus, more than five times as large now, really affords fine river views. The value of this really beautiful site has gone up into several hundred times its original cost, evidencing the wisdom of those first Regents. Yet I must confess great sympathy with Dr. Folwell's plan once laid before the Legislature, to set aside on upper Lake Minnetonka several hundred acres for all the departments of the University, and thereon to construct such stately buildings as are now being erected, but far away from the trains and noise of the city and in ideal setting of suburban beauty.

The St. Anthony Express, the first newspaper at the Falls, founded in May, 1851, is remarkable for its high note of citizenship in its local items, as for instance: “Let us place Minnesota University on a basis equal to that of Yale;” “Keep litter off the streets, improve your lots with shrubbery and fence, and build in good taste back from the sidewalk.” It printed a series of “Letters to Young Ladies,” after the style of the modern Ladies' Home Journal.

No story of Minneapolis is complete without prominent mention of Col. John H. Stevens, who for Franklin Steele and himself located the first claim dwelling house on the west side of the river, a modest wooden building which I well remember in my boyhood, on the hillside some 100 feet from the river, where the recently discarded Union Station stood. Winding down to the river in front of his house, from the bridge road, after the ferry was superseded, was the road up which was hauled most of the water used for domestic purposes in the town. At any time during the day could be seen a flat cart backed into the

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river, one horse and one or more barrels, to be filled by dipping with a pail, completing the outfit. Later from this little shore line in front of Col. Stevens' house we venturesome boys would walk out on the logs, backed up from the mill pond below, to the boom line, some 75 feet. If we slipped and went between the logs, as we did occasionally, for the whole trick was a forbidden one, we might come up between logs and be saved or hit our heads on one and stay under forever! The former experience was mine, once only. Lower down the river, where the flour mill raceway now begins, was a shady, unfrequented high shore, where our fathers used to take us to teach us to swim.

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You know how this Stevens house, well preserved, built in 1849 by Charles Mousseau (whose son is still on the police force) and Captain John Tapper, the ferryman, was purchased by the city and hauled by the school children of Minneapolis, on May 28, 1896, from Sixteenth avenue south and Fourth street to its present permanent and picturesque resting place in Minnehaha Park just north of the west end of the bridge leading to the Soldiers' Home.

Colonel Stevens was always a factor in the growth of the city and the state, being especially enthusiastic and untiring in his devotion to intelligent agriculture. A beautiful bronze statue of him, in his long coat and slouch hat, stands at the foot of Portland avenue, placed there in his memory by his daughter, the late Mrs. P. B. Winston.

The Minnesota Republican records that "the Minnesota mill, Capt. Rollins owner, ground 36 bushels and 29 pounds of corn into flour in less than one hour." Such was the humble beginning of the greatest flour industry of the world. When, as a student in Philadelphia in 1876, I told that our city ground 25,000 barrels of wheat flour daily, no one believed me! Last year (1913) the Minneapolis production of flour was in round numbers over 17,000,000 barrels, averaging over 50,000 daily.

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Affairs boomed in the new town of "All Saints," as the west side was known until Mr. Charles Hoag, November 5, 1852, devised the combination of Minnehaha, Dakota for "Laughing Water," with the Greek affix, "polis," a city, meaning "Laughing Water City" or "City of the Falls." This unique and euphonious name, although objectionably hybrid from a philological view, has helped to make our city famous; for it tells, even without the silent "h," long since dropped, just what and where it is. The town in Kansas that adopted our name has by no means the same right to it. Under date of November 2, 1854, we read:

In this promising town there are already built, and in process of building, fifteen stores, of which ten are open to trade, one hardware, one book-store, one extensive furniture establishment, one well supplied with carriages and chairs, and the balance pretty well filled with dry goods and groceries, etc. Minneapolis has also a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, a Government land office, a printing office, a post office, a land agency and surveyor's office, one physician, three organized 501 churches with pastors, and about 500 inhabitants, with room for a good many more. It is directly opposite St. Anthony, and the two places are in a few weeks to be united by a complete and elegant wire suspension bridge. When that bridge becomes free and the two towns are incorporated into one, maybe there will be a city as large as any in Minnesota.

This naive prophecy has been fulfilled, but not immediately. The bridge was not free until after the Civil War, for I myself later used its tickets, three cents one way or five cents over and back. The bridge was paid for by stock, the first issue being for \$35,000, sold to the people of the two towns. "Six dwellings a week or 300 a year," is the rate recorded for the growth of Minneapolis, November 25, 1854. No wonder they could afford a bridge!

It is a pity that there is no picture of John Tapper's ferry, over which, up to January in 1855, all the citizens and the manufactured supplies for the little town were brought.

There were many delays in completing the bridge. As early as December 14, 1854, E. H. Conner, the foreman, and the five or six men employed, first crossed the loose planking.

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Foot passengers were thereafter allowed to cross, but in January the bridge swayed in the wind so violently as to break up the planking, and it became necessary to place fresh wire guys to new piers on shore on each side. The toll for crossing on these rather uncertain planks was one dime for each foot passenger each way. Not until January 23, 1855, was the bridge formally opened to travel, and the occasion was part of a brilliant celebration and dinner at the St. Charles Hotel.

In the spring of 1855 the census of Hennepin county was taken as 4,100; and it is recorded, "We have had an eastern mail every day for four days." That spring was evidently an early one, for we read that Allen Harmon, whose claim was away out near what is now Twelfth street and Hennepin avenue, and who gave his name to Harmon Place, "had potatoes in bud on the 30th of May, and new potatoes on June 24th."

This new community, largely derived from New England, was not unmindful of the education of its youth. May 29, 1856, the Board selected the northwest half of block 77, where the City Hall now stands, as a site for the Union School House; and in 1857 this "double brick school house, the best school 502 building north of St. Louis," was opened to scholars. It was built by Robert E. Grimshaw, a contractor who came to Minneapolis two years before, the father of U. S. Marshal W. H. Grimshaw, Elwood G. of Deadwood, Mrs. James Hunt of California, Mrs. George W. Cooley, Mrs. Charles M. Jordan, and Mrs. A. E. Benjamin of this city. He designed it as an exact copy of a school building in his home town, Bustleton, a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Grimshaw was responsible for many of the larger early buildings, including the Harrison Block, at the corner of Washington and Nicollet avenues, the First National Bank, and Vogeli's drug store on the opposite corner, which were recently razed for the Gateway Park, and the four Harrison residences, which are still standing.

In my childhood recollections Mr. Grimshaw was notorious for his leading connection with a debating club, "The Liberal League," abhorred by the good church people, but kept

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much alive each Sunday afternoon in Harrison's Hall by Mr. Grimshaw, S. C. Gale, C. A. Widstrand, O. C. Merriman, Dr. A. F. Elliott and others.

That Union School House was my first, and it brings back many recollections. It seemed to us very palatial. A broad central hall led through the building to rooms on either side, cut off from the hall by sliding glass partitions, so that the four rooms of each floor could be practically thrown into one for general school exercises. A huge wood-burning stove, long enough to receive four-foot cordwood, heated each room; and each stove gave more radiation by having a long, hollow circular sheet-iron drum above the fire box. This school house, with its lively assemblage of some 250 children, was the scene of as many epoch-making events as any of the seventy school buildings in the present city. We were likewise "Good, bad, and indifferent," as nowadays.

The second principal, who shall be nameless, was a powerful man, of a very fiery temper. Two brothers of Scotch descent, living not far from the school, were to him especially exasperating by their breaches of discipline. He so far forgot himself one day as to kick these boys down the stone steps. The boys went home, nursing their bruises and their temper, and through their parents moved for the principal's dismissal. He was a good teacher and disciplinarian, and was kept in his position by 503 a lenient community because good teachers were scarce. The boys could not forget and one night in 1864 the Union School went up in smoke. Shavings saturated with kerosene were seen burning on each floor, so that there was no doubt as to the incendiary origin of the fire. The Scotch family suddenly disappeared from the community, and the board had to house their children in temporary quarters while a new building was being constructed.

Although the ambitious citizens of Hennepin county held their first fair in 1854, a year before the United States gave them clear title to their claims and enabled them to record a plat of Minneapolis, the first State Fair was not held until 1860, being then in the old quadrangle at Fort Snelling. Governor Lewis Cass of Michigan, whose name was given to nine counties in as many states and to two towns in Michigan, was the orator of that

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occasion. To Fort Snelling we took all eastern visitors and strangers, where "The Old Lookout" gave a truly magnificent view of the valleys of the Mississippi and Minnesota. The removal of that old round wooden platform, in the modernizing of the Fort in the 90's, was a distinct scenic loss to the vicinity of the Twin Cities.

Minnehaha Falls, known as Brown's Falls until made famous by Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha" in 1855, has done more to advertise Minneapolis than any other one thing, for no one can come here without seeing the supposed scene of his legends. This waterfall and the beautiful Minnehaha Park surrounding it are one of the most familiar and valuable assets of the city.

The first daily paper at the Falls was The Falls Evening News. From Volume I, No. 1, September 28, 1857, I select the following interesting and instructive advertisements in the separate Minneapolis columns.

"W. D. Washburn, Attorney & Counselor at Law, Cor. of Helen & Second Sts., Collections, to invest and loan money, enter and locate lands, pay taxes, examine titles, and attend promptly to all business entrusted to him." Here follow in full fifteen references to eastern men and firms outside of the territory and five in St. Paul and elsewhere, as the humble beginning of the business and fortune of the future United States senator.

Edwin S. Jones, afterward Judge of Probate and president of the Hennepin County Bank, has a similar card; also Cornell 504 & Vanderbergh, who became judges, one of the Supreme Court; Sherburne & Beebe (the late Judge Franklin Beebe), with some twenty references; Henry Hill, Parsons & Morgan, Cushman & Woods, Carlos Wilcox, etc., all in the real estate and legal lines. I think it was David Morgan of the above firm, whose funeral five years later in the old Plymouth Church, at the corner of Fourth street and Nicollet avenue, was the first I ever attended. It was an awesome occasion, with a large attendance, for Mr. Morgan had gone out among the first volunteers in the Indian outbreak, and was brought home with an arrow through his heart.

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C. A. Widstrand, advertising his "Music & Stationery Store," was an independent and notable figure on the streets of those days, much beloved by all who knew him.

Thomas Hale Williams, Minneapolis Bookseller and Stationer, Minnetonka street (next south of the Suspension Bridge), became, upon the organization of the Minneapolis Athenaeum two years later, in 1859, its librarian, and was for years the uncompromising custodian of this really excellent book collection, the nucleus of our present Public Library. It may be of interest to note here that the original stockholders in the Athenaeum, in lieu of their former legal rights given up to the public, have the privilege of demanding the purchase by their permanent librarian of any line of books they may see fit, with the further understanding that the original Athenaeum Library is always to be kept intact.

To go back to our advertisements: George H. Keith, M. D., dentist, was afterward postmaster; commemoration of his wife was recently very beautifully manifested by her son-in-law, Mr. E. A. Merrill, in the gift of the Free Baptist church property, on Fifteenth street and Nicollet avenue, to the Young Women's Christian Association. A. L. Bausman, dentist, ministered to nearly all the early citizens of prominence, and was always an important political factor.

C. L. Anderson and W. H. Leonard, my father, physicians, were partners and friends; M. R. Greely, M. D., adds to his card this unique offer, "Surgical operations performed either with or without the use of chloroform or ether," an offer that would not attract nowadays.

On April 5, 1860, the first Plymouth Church building, a 505 wooden structure of some pretensions, facing Fourth street on the southeast corner of Nicollet, burned to the ground, having been set by incendiaries. The fire was thought to be the result of the church's drastic action in a very stirring temperance movement. It was late in the afternoon, as I have reason to remember distinctly, for a certain small boy had been sent to bed early for punishment and found it a most exciting diversion to watch the fire from the upper back widow of his Second street home, just north of Hennepin avenue. As the flames lighted up

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the sky, the few intervening buildings were brought into bold outline, especially the original First Baptist Church, a brick building facing Third street between Hennepin and Nicollet avenues, the most ambitious of the churches of that day. Plymouth Church was rebuilt larger than before, on the same site; and it was removed in the 80's, to make way for the present buildings, to Seventh avenue north and Third street, where it is now a crowded tenement building.

The Plymouth Church quintette in those early years consisted of Harlow A. and S. C. Gale, brothers, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Cushman, and Mr. Joseph H. Clark. They were in demand not only on Sundays, but for many funerals and concerts. Mr. S. C. Gale, Mrs. Cushman, and her brother, Mr. Clark, still survive, the latter living in Santa Monica, California.

Refugees from the Sioux massacre, in 1862, came even to Minneapolis, more than eighty miles from the scenes of the slaughter. Scores of the frightened settlers and their families came, generally in the covered farm wagons or "prairie schooners" in which they had journeyed forth only a few years before. On the wagons were all the household goods they could crowd, with the family; and behind were such cows, calves, colts, and dogs, as could travel. Every home was opened to them for the days of the scare. They flocked into our side of the town from Bottineau prairie, in Wright county, as the unwooded stretch from Buffalo to Monticello was called, and from the northern part of Hennepin county, wild, tired, and hungry. I remember how our big house served as barracks for a time, even the halls being occupied by women and children.

It will always be the glory of Minnesota, that she was the first to respond to the call for troops in the stirring first months of the Rebellion. But, as elsewhere, the burdens fell doubly upon those left behind. Men were actually scarce. It was impossible to get work done, and women and children were pressed into the service for unusual labor. Many physicians went into the army, leaving more than double duty for those left behind in a community rapidly increasing by immigration. Dr. Philo L. Hatch used to tell how for one week he never had an opportunity to sleep in bed, but went from one call to another, day

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and night. The mails were never more eagerly sought. We small boys had the regular duty of going for letters, and in doing so had to either wade through or skirt a small frog-pond at the lower end of the present Gateway Park, where the City Hall stood from 1887 to 1912.

The post office of war times was in various locations around Bridge Square, at First street and Hennepin avenue, later at the Pence Opera House corner, and for years in Center Block (recently razed), in a building known as 216 Nicollet avenue, owned by R. E. Grimshaw; and later still it occupied the first floor of the City Hall, until the present Post Office Building was completed, which again is soon to be succeeded by the new building now in progress of construction.

Everybody lived "down town" in those days, for there was no strictly residence portion of the city. All were neighbors and friends, greeting each other with a "Good morning," and going home to dinner (not lunch) at noon, closing their shops for an hour or so.

The Gale brothers, S. C. and Harlow A., lived near Third avenue south and Third street, in a white wooden house long since torn down. Judge E. S. Jones lived on Second avenue north, between First and Second streets, in a two story brick dwelling, now a hotel for Icelanders. B. S. Bull lived across the alley from Judge Jones; O. M. Laraway and Thomas Gardner, over stores on Bridge Square; J. B. Bassett, in a very substantial brick dwelling on the river bank in the present Omaha freight yards. My father, Dr. William H. Leonard, and Mr. Schuyler Johnson, Mrs. Andrew Rinker's father, lived on the south side of Second street near Hennepin avenue, in buildings which are now a hide store and the headquarters of the Volunteers of America; and I might recall many other familiar names of early citizens, whose homes were down on Fifth and Seventh streets toward the old Court House.

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Dr. Alfred E. Ames, whose large and splendid home (for those days) was on the corner of Fourth street and Eighth avenue south, had the first greenhouse in the city and employed

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William Buckendorf, a young German, as his gardener. In the very stringent times of 1857, William received a letter from the old country on which was due fifty cents postage. He knew it contained money and asked Dr. Ames for the change. The doctor replied, "William, I know I owe you for several months' wages besides, but I have not seen half a dollar in many days. I'll tell you what I'll do, you take this deed to lot so and so, on Seventh street, next to William Washburn's house, and see if you can raise some money on it." Just what William got for a lot, now worth thousands, the story does not tell, but he paid his postage!

The second schoolhouse stood on the corner of Helen street and Washington avenue, where the Post Office is now being built, and where the Windom Block stood for years. It was used while the new Washington School was being built, in 1864–67. It was a rambling wooden building, owned by Mr. Loren Fletcher, housing all the scholars of the city only by considerable crowding. Back of it, near the center of the block, was a low wet spot frequented by the pigs belonging to the owners of the shanties between there and the river along First and Second streets. On warm afternoons, when lessons lagged and we were anxious to be out of doors, we boys on the front seats, while the teacher was in the back of the room, by a skill acquired by long practice outside, would call those pigs so enticingly that they actually came up to the back door and would stick their fore feet and heads into the room. One day, when quite engrossed in this pastime, a resounding whack on the side of the head reminded me that I was guilty of a serious breach of discipline. The Russell brothers, sons of R. P. Russell, sat behind me and aided and abetted this scandal.

The close of the war brought back the veterans and their accompaniments. In my father's case, these included two horses, one of which, a big white charger known as "Charlie," had carried him as surgeon through the siege of Vicksburg. A colored woman servant was also included, "Aunt Hester Patterson," who had been his cook for a year or more in that and other campaigns. "Aunty" proved a notable darkey character, 508 a stalwart ex-slave from Mississippi. She arrived in true southern fashion, with all her earthly belongings tied in a huge sheeted bundle on top of her head. As she strode over from the East Side stage office across the bridge to my father's house on Second street, she literally swept down

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with her bundle all the loose store goods hanging to the low wooden awnings of those days. Her path through Bridge Square was strewn with wreckage, making her coming notable for days. Her destination was “Dr. Leonard's mansion,” for that was her sole idea of the unfamiliar North. Aunty lived to become a well known figure among her own and the white people and finally died in the 70's, in a shanty built for and given to her by some of the lumbermen on Hennepin island, who operated their line of sawmills, known as the “East Side platform,” burned in 1870 and never rebuilt.

Minneapolis became a town by act of legislature in 1856, but it was not until 1867 that she obtained a city charter. In the beginning of this last corporate existence she had essentially the limited boundaries of the old town, being bounded on the east by the river, north by Sixth avenue, west by Lyndale avenue, and south by an irregular line from Lyndale and Hennepin avenues to Cedar avenue and to the river. Only five years later, in 1872, Minneapolis absorbed the older town of St. Anthony, had a population of about 20,000, and began to expand in all directions.

In July, 1906, a half century as town and city was celebrated by the Hennepin County Territorial Pioneers and the Native Sons of Minnesota, with a procession across the city and speeches on Richard Chute Square, at the same time establishing the “Godfrey House” in that little park as the oldest dwelling in St. Anthony and a repository of local historical mementoes.

June 22, 1862, the “William Crooks” was the first railway engine to haul a train up to the Falls, arriving on Main street in St. Anthony at the east end of the bridge from Nicollet island. The depot was soon removed to Second avenue northeast and Fourth street, and for a year all west side people had to go over there to take or meet a train. Our first Minneapolis depot was on Third street and Third avenue north, that of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway, earlier the St. Paul 509 & Pacific railroad, which was in some ways a better name than the final one, the Great Northern railway.

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In 1868 the value of the manufactured product of the new city of Minneapolis was \$5,000,000. The next year St. Paul and Minneapolis sent out the Northern Pacific railroad survey, starting from Washington avenue.

Our ambitious town got a great scare in 1869, when a section of the limestone ledge under the Falls fell into and wrecked a tunnel that Mr. William W. Eastman was building under Hennepin island. "Save the Falls" was the cry heard in Washington, and the United States government proceeded to spend over a million dollars to construct a concrete barrier from shore to shore underneath the limestone, a dam of solid masonry some twenty-five feet high, fifteen feet wide at the base and four feet at the top.

Washington avenue was the main street of those days. Some notable houses were the leading dry goods store, of Bell Brothers (J. E. and D. C. Bell), at the corner of Nicollet avenue; Charles M. Cushman's book store, and George Savory's drug store; and lastly Bond's restaurant, the only good place for "a spread" in town, except that of Cyphers, a later rival, which stood next to Deshon's livery on Nicollet avenue below Washington avenue, where the Miller-Davis printing plant is now. All of the University eating functions in the early years were held in one of these then palatial parlors, but there were strict regulations as to being away and at home by ten-thirty o'clock! That would seem strange nowadays.

By 1867 the Washington School was completed and occupied, on the site of the Union School and of the Court House. It was a fine substantial building of four stories and basement, built of limestone from Minneapolis quarries. There were four grade rooms on each floor, except that the third story had at its north side one large room devoted to the High School. Recitations were held in the upper French-roof story. The first principals managed the whole from an office in the basement, and taught classes in the High School at certain hours. Other ward or grade schools multiplied as the town grew, but this building was the headquarters for years.

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The first Superintendent of Public Schools was George B. Stone; W. O. Hiskey in 1868 reigned over twenty-seven teachers; 510 but to Orson V. Tousley, who was superintendent from 1871 to 1886, should be given the credit of putting the school system on its feet. During the early part of his administration, indeed from the opening of the Washington building, there stood on the corner of Third avenue north and Fifth street, in the extreme corner of the school yard, a wooden bell-tower or "Pagoda," perhaps two and a half stories high, the bell of which not only summoned to school, rang for recess, etc., but for years rang the alarm for all fires in the city, day or night. The fire alarm duties extended to James Bulger, the janitor of those days, and it was certainly a privilege to a boy to live within one block of that tocsin and get warning of all fires! The habit of responding to fire alarms is sometimes strong with me yet. There was no mistaking its warning, when in August, 1872, it rang for the destruction of my father's residence and five other dwellings in the block where the Security and McKnight buildings now stand, while the firemen, through some mistake in cut-offs, stood by helpless without water. This bell, with its too frequent clangings, was soon afterward superseded by a fire-alarm telegraph system.

Superintendent Tousley was a noted character whom many of us remember well. A graduate of Williams College and a lawyer, he came to us from a school in Ohio, tall, stern, a brilliant speaker and teacher, but rather given to bullying his pupils. He occasionally met his match, as, for instance, when Miss Lillie Clark (late Mrs. Fred C. Lyman) flashed back, "You are talking to a lady, Professor!" At another occasion he surprised George H. Morgan (now a major in the U. S. army) and myself in the coat room, when we should have been in our seats. "What are you boys doing here?" he roared; "Swapping jack knives, unsight and unseen," was our truthful answer. "Who's getting the best of it?" he asked, with a relaxing smile; "I am," promptly answered the lucky one, disclosing the knife in his hand. The humor of the situation appealed to him, and he laughingly dismissed us to our seats without further comment.

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One day, in the midst of the lessons, a little boy timidly appeared at the door and stood trembling, awaiting recognition. "What do you want?" roared Tousley; "I want to see Professor Toosley," stammered the boy. "Who sent you here?" 511 he roared back across the long room; "Miss Cruikshank from Room A," was the answer. "You go back to Miss Cruikshank, and tell her that the 'ou' in my name is pronounced like 'ow' in 'cow,'" and the boy disappeared as though shot from a gun!

He was appointed a Regent of the University and served one term, when federal duties took him from the city. Returning on a visit some years later, he told some of us grown-up boys that he could not believe we dreaded and hated him so, and endeavored to correct the earlier impressions by a cordiality of which he was very capable. After most excellent service in compiling the official records of the Chicago Exposition of 1893, for the United States government, he died in 1902, at the age of sixty-eight years.

On August 26, 1865 (the date I find in "Mrs. Abby Mendenhall's Diary"), Gen. U. S. Grant visited Minneapolis. I well remember how my father lifted me above the crowd in the Nicollet House lobby, to look at the grim, gray warrior, in whose command he was for three years, and who was then being groomed for the presidency. My impression is of a retiring man, short in stature, weary of the vociferous attention he was receiving, but a man of iron strength and will.

In those days after the war, the Athenaeum gave each winter a "star course" of lectures in the old Pence Opera House, among which I recall (for they were real treats even to small boys) Anna Dickinson, on "Breakers Ahead;" Wendell Phillips, on "The Lost Arts;" and Richard Proctor, on "Astronomy."

The Academy of Music, on the site of Temple Court, was built in 1869, and there the lively growing town heard opera by Adelaide Phillips and many others; Robert G. Ingersoll, in "The Mistakes of Moses;" John G. Holland, who used to stand in the lobby and study his audience as they filed in; and, of local talent, Rev. James H. Tuttle, and many others. The

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Academy was burned on Christmas Day, 1884, when the thermometer ranged away below zero.

In the 70's were held "Bill King's Fairs," in a now thickly settled territory south of Franklin avenue from Twenty-third avenue south to the river. Great wooden buildings displayed the merchandise and stock, and a really fine race course brought the best horsemen of America. Col. William S. King was a 512 wonderful impresario and manager and always kept things lively, while his secretary, Hon. Charles H. Clark, was a most efficient aide. On one occasion Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, was the orator and received from the management the finest pair of blankets the North Star Woolen Mills then made, valued at \$50.

In 1875 the second Suspension Bridge, with its fine stone towers and broader dimensions, superseded the one of 1855, to be itself torn down, giving place for the present stone arch bridge, in 1890.

May 2, 1878, in the early evening, six great flour mills were blown up by an ignition and explosion of flour dust, and eighteen lives were lost. Over in Lakewood cemetery, on the knoll overlooking Lake Calhoun, is a fine granite shaft commemorating the event with the names of the victims; and a similar memorial tablet is placed on the north side of the rebuilt "Washburn A" mill. Each of these memorials bears the inscription; "Labor, wide as earth, has its summit in Heaven."

On the East Side, a place of much repute in the early times was "the old Chalybeate Springs," on the river bank just below the site of the Pillsbury "A" Mill. The city of St. Anthony built wooden steps and a long platform at these springs, for strangers and the public generally; and in the palmy days of the Winslow and Tremont hotels, before the Civil War, the walks were thronged with people who came down on summer afternoons and evenings to enjoy the scenery and the healthful iron water. Later, in my student days at the University, it was a resort for those who would walk together and alone! Only a few weeks

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ago, my daughter and I found the springs, with the red-stained ground and the old iron pipe, still flowing as of yore, but with no steps nor walks and an outlook badly damaged by the debris of new channels and by the city ownership of Hennepin island with its pumping station. The water still smacks of iron, and is still therefore “chalybeate;” and just above, as it has stood since 1855, was the old limestone shop of E. Broad, the first iron worker, where the broad-axes and logging tools of that day were made.

Instead of the Minikahda, Interlachen, and Athletic and Boat Clubs of today, society of long ago resorted to the Lake Calhoun Pavilion, a large summer hotel, where Mrs. Foreman's 513 fine residence now stands. Hops and functions were held there, it being reached by carriages, and by sleighs in the winter time. This Pavilion was destroyed by fire within two years and was never rebuilt. It is worthy of note that it stood on the site of the first dwelling of white men in this city, as commemorated by the tablet on a boulder beside the Lake Calhoun parkway, bearing this inscription: “On the hill above was erected the first dwelling in Minneapolis by Samuel W. and Gideon H. Pond, Missionaries to the Indians, June, 1834. Dedicated by the Native Sons of Minnesota, May 30, 1908.”

The University Coliseum, a huge wooden structure seating more than 3,000 people, the forerunner of the present University Armory, known irreverently among the students as “Pillsbury's Barn,” was the place for University commencements, balls, military drilling, and gymnasium work, from 1884 to 1894, when it was burned quite to the ground. It stood just southeast of the present Sanford Hall, the women's dormitory, on the triangle of ground added to the campus from the homestead of Mr. George W. Perkins, the late father-in-law of L. S. and George M. Gillette.

The first street car in Minneapolis, horse-drawn of course, was started in 1875; but the first electrifying did not take place until 1888. Many will remember that just before this change for using electricity the Minneapolis Street Railway Company had spent many thousands of dollars in placing a cable line out First avenue south (now Marquette avenue), and was ready to put it in operation when electric power was shown to be far more economical.

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This paper may well be concluded by noting the names formerly borne by the streets (now called avenues) which run transverse to the course of the Mississippi. These were renamed numerically as avenues within the first year after the union in 1872 of St. Anthony and Minneapolis, to distinguish them conveniently from the streets which are parallel with the river, being therefore intersected by the avenues. Washington and University avenues are exceptional, being parallel with the Mississippi, so that more properly they should be called streets.

Under dates of 1873 and 1874, maps of the enlarged city show in their order southeastward from Nicollet avenue and parallel 33 514 therewith, running thus transverse to the river, the following streets: Minnetonka, Helen, Oregon, California, Marshall, Cataract, Russell, Ames, Rice, Smith, Pearl, Huy, Hanson, Lake, Vine, Clay, Avon, and Lane streets, these being respectively the First to the Eighteenth avenues south, lying between Nicollet and Cedar avenues. Both the old names as streets and the new names as avenues are given on these maps, which belong to the time of transition from the old to the new.

East of Cedar avenue on these maps are Aspen, Oak, Walnut, Elm, Maple, Pine, Spruce, Willow, Birch, and Orange streets, being respectively the present Nineteenth to the Twenty-eighth avenues south.

In the order from Hennepin avenue to the northwest and north were Utah, Kansas, Itasca, Dakota, Nebraska, Harrison, Lewis, Seward, Marcy, Benton, the next unnamed, then Moore, Fremont, Clayton, Bingham, Breckenridge, Cass, Douglas, Buchanan, Christmas, Howard, Clay, Mary Ann, and King streets, these being renamed respectively as the First to the Twenty-fourth avenues north.

On the St. Anthony side, Central avenue had been earlier called Bay street; and thence southeastward were Mill, Pine, Cedar, Spruce, Spring, Maple, Walnut, Aspen, Birch,

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Willow, Elm, and A, B, etc., to G and H streets, now respectively the First to Nineteenth avenues southeast.

Passing northwest and north from Central avenue, in the northeast part of the city, were in succession Linden, Oak, Dakota, Todd, Dana, Wood, St. Paul, St. Anthony, St. Peter's, St. Martin, St. Genevieve, Prairie, Grove, and Lake streets, which now are, in the same order, the First to the Fourteenth avenues northeast.

Evidently the confusion arising after the two municipalities were united as the new and greater Minneapolis, through the several duplications of street names west and east of the river, was one of the chief reasons for their renaming as avenues and under numbers for the four main divisions of the city. What was lost in the historic origins of the former names, dating from the first surveys and plats, seems to have been more than offset by the increased convenience, local significance, and systematic definiteness of the present nomenclature.