

AN OPEN LETTER

—TO—

KNUTE NELSON.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 15, 1892.

KNUTE NELSON, SIR:

I have on two former occasions published open letters, one addressed to Joseph Roland, Post Oak, Clay Co., Texas, and the other to Godfrey Vivian of San Leandro, Cal., in which I demanded certain explanations from them upon a very important subject. Both of these parties prefer silence and thus far have remained so because I asked questions that neither of them can answer without criminating themselves. Now I have a few questions to ask you, and as you soon expect to go before the common wealth of Minnesota as one of the party candidates for governor, I trust you will give a full and satisfactory answer to them:

I ask that you tell me where my boy, George Roland, is, and that you give me full and reliable information concerning him, if alive? Where he may be found, if dead? By what means he came to his death? This boy has information concerning the death of his mother that Robert Brough and Godfrey Vivian terrorized him into withholding from me, and that Richard Dent and his wife Sarah are equally guilty and interested. I get from them and family, from their own words, and the manner in which they have acted them, enough to convince me that my boy was tricked away for the purpose of having him murdered. Whether the deed has been done or not depends upon whether he is alive or not, and I demand that you give the evidence. As their attorney and advisory you know the fate of my boy, as well as other murder that Robert Brough, Godfrey Vivian, Richard Dent and wife have committed.

Will you tell the public why you refuse (as far as your position and influence enables you) to let these parties be brought to trial, and why you resort to such low, dishonest villainy and perpetrate the most damnable outrage upon me that this day and age can conceive of?

Through the influence of the position, both political and social, that you hold in this community, you have thus far succeeded in protecting a brace of the blackest criminals the world has ever known; and through unscrupulous, as well as conscienceless expedients, you and your criminal following have partially succeeded in fastening a damnable imputation upon me in this community; far enough, anyway, to defraud me of my rights as a citizen of this State, before its courts, and you have not only protected murder, but you have been in large degree responsible for the mysterious disappearance of my boy, and if dead you are an accessory, for Sarah Dent could not have given me

the guarded threats concerning him she did without some legal prompting, for she is a very ignorant woman. I am certain that a large share of her cunning insinuations to me, from time to time, were prompted by you, for several times your name was mentioned in connection with what she said. As her bosom friend and "attorney," will you inform me how she could five years before hand tell me the treatment I was to receive from the Masonic fraternity of Alexandria, and could make a boast that they were her and not my friends?

While I was fellowshipping with them and at the time a member in good standing, a boast, which has proved itself to be true, for I have found it to be a fact in the past two years. There was a significant allusion concerning you at the time. Have you worked this thing through the gang of political rounders that you control, which was at that time, and is now, in the fold of that organization? The same creatures have a membership in the I. O. O. F. and the Grand Army. And while you were having them pass resolutions through the I. O. O. F. you might just as well have had them passed and published by the Masons; and Grand Army. For the same gang, have a membership in all of those organizations. What is your particular reason for wanting to be governor of Minnesota? Is it to get a larger public patronage to fill with your murdering pets, this village is no longer able to give them the support you consider their crimes has qualified them for? In other words, are you getting more of them on your hands than this village has offices to accommodate, and in order to give them preference over honest men? You need the patronage of the entire State. Should you secure the office you are so anxiously seeking. Will you use your added power and influence to still further protect crime and enrich yourself out of its proceeds? Do you intend to prostitute the judiciary of the State and make it a refuge for murderers and robbers, as you have done with this village? Do you intend to invert all law, pervert justice and outrage morality in the affairs of State, as you do in this village, should it be Minnesota's misfortune to elect you for her governor?

W. C. ROLAND.

To those who read this letter I wish to say that this may seem to be somewhat irregular. Most of you will naturally conclude that I had better take this into the courts and settle it there, for there is the proper place to settle matters of this kind. In answer I have this: I have tried every way that I know of. I have begged the coroner repeatedly and he will not do his duty. I have plead with the

judge of the district court and through his influence went before the grand jury and asked for them to give me authority to go and get the evidence to bring this case to trial; but there was prejudice with most of them that had been circulated and insinuated by criminally interested parties and they did not know what to do, and finally did nothing.

Joshua M. Doudna, one of the parties present while my wife was dying, and who knows a great deal about this case, rather than tell the truth chose to perjure himself, and swore point blank to what he knows to be false. Charles Schultz done the same thing; another witness, living in a distant city, through the influence of a St. Cloud lawyer, who went there some time ago, for the purpose of silencing her, refuses to tell what she knows. This St. Cloud ass went to this city in the West and invited a few of the citizens of that place to be present and hear her deposition, which was partly reported in one of the dailies of that city, appearing about Sunday, July 8th, 1888, one of Knute Nelson's Henchmen trained by him, a graduate from his school.

THE CASE IS THIS.

The woman I called wife died under very suspicious circumstances, immediately after taking a drink from the hand of Robert Brough, her son, a foster boy of mine. Godfrey Vivian was called as our so-called family physician, and through him and her my suspicions were put to sleep. I did not know the symptoms of death by poisoning, but through a combination of circumstances and what I have been told since, I have learned the truth and have asked, as before stated, for the privilege of having a chemist decide the question for me. Richard Dent, her brother, and his wife both oppose me and throw every impediment in my way that criminally interested parties can do to save themselves, and by the help of Knute Nelson thus far they have succeeded in baffling me, helped by this man Doudna and Charles Schultz. There were some things connected with this affair that were very queer to me at the time and grows to be more so as I learn more about it.

I have agreed to pay the cost of investigation myself, if the case is not sustained, both to the coronor and the grand jury, but I fear the coronor was too long in partnership with this Godfrey Vivian to have any manhood left in him, and the grand jury were prejudiced by false rumors that were put in circulation by the criminals in this community to save themselves from exposure and punishment, taking a mean advantage of a sickness I was afflicted with while in the West.

I now say Robert Brough is a murderer! Poisoned his mother. Richard Dent and his wife Sarah were at the time accessory to that murder, and Godfrey Vivian also, Knute Nelson is counsel and advisory and accessory, and that several people in this village know this, and some of these wretches, for reasons that I do not care to state, have conspired to screen and protect these murderers and disgrace our present social system, poor and imper-

fect as it is, by putting them in office and positions of public trust. I have plead and entreated Douglas county to do their duty in this matter, and have thus far talked to stolid indifference and interested criminality. I now appeal to the State of Minnesota and the manhood of the nation. In this village of Alexandria is an organized banditti of murderers. The case I have mentioned is not the only one that has been hushed in this place. This man Knute Nelson is right up to this kind of business.

Respectfully Yours,

W. C. ROLAND,

P. O., Osakis, Minn.

Alexandria, Minn.

AN OPEN LETTER.

[News, Feb. 18th. 1892.]

GODFREY VIVIAN, San Leandro, Cal.:

I address you publicly with a few questions that I shall expect you to answer publicly. On or about January 19, 1880, you were called to my house to attend the woman I then called wife, to administer to her professionally as a doctor, which you profess to be. You gave nothing and done nothing, and objected to my calling another doctor. She way dying a violent death, which I did not understand, but looked to you, believing you to be an honorable man, to explain. You had up to that time, and did for several years afterwards, profess to be a friend of mine, and had been my so-called family physician. There was some enigmatical conversation between you and her when you were at her dying bedside, that I mistook in her for delirium and in you for a professional gentleman, and did not understand. I asked you twice afterward; you evaded my questions and did not answer. I now ask you once more, what was the cause of that sudden and violent death? What did she mean when she told you that you was as mean as the other fellow, and could help her but would not? What did you mean when you asked me to go from the room and she so seriously objected? What did you mean in your nod of assurance to a certain party when I asked him to show you the cup she had just drank from; after looking into the cup you told me that if I did not know you could not tell? What did you mean when you told her that all must die sooner or later and it was such a very short time with her at most? and she understood the importance of something that you did not finish; when she asked you if you intended to cut her up, you shook your head no, and she then promised you she would not tell? I now ask you what did this mean? If you are a man you will answer these questions.

W. C. ROLAND.

[Sentinel.]

I. O. O. F. Resolutions.

[Passed about May 1st.]

—W. C. R.

The following resolutions were passed by Alexandria Lodge of Odd Fellows at their last meeting.

Whereas, There has recently been published in columns of the Douglas County News, a newspaper published in this village, an article purpor-

ting to be an open letter addressed to our worthy brother, Dr. G. Vivian, of San Leandro, California, and signed by one W. C. Roland, and,

Whereas, Said article contains insinuations reflecting on the character of our esteemed brother, and,

Whereas, All citizens of this community who have been acquainted with Dr. Vivian during the many years of his residence here, know him to be a man of unblemished character, a physician of more than ordinary skill and celebrity, and a Christian gentleman of liberal philanthropy and honesty and sincerity of purpose, whose life has been marked by unswerving fidelity to the right, to truth and justice.

Therefore be it Resolved, That we denounce the publication above referred to, as either a cowardly and malicious attack, without the least foundation in truth, prompted by the cowardly disposition that would stab in the back an unarmed foe, or as the silly and senseless emanations of disordered brain.

Resolved, That the publishers of the village papers be requested to publish these resolutions, that they be entered in full on the records of this lodge and that a copy under seal of the lodge be forwarded to our brother, Dr. Vivian, at San Leandro, California.

[Brandon Echo, March 17, 1892.]

An Open Letter.

ALEXANDRIA, MINN., March 9th, 1892.

GODFREY VIVIAN, San Leandro, Cal.

SIR: You are silent regarding my questions addressed to you in the columns of Douglas County News of February 18th, 1892. In that letter I addressed you upon a matter concerning us both and upon facts known between us. I stated that if you are a man, you would answer those questions yourself. You make quite a frank, open confession regarding yourself. The voluntary answers given by those who know nothing of our affairs are very unsatisfactory; in fact no answer at all. The letter of regrets by one editor amounts to nothing, and the ravings of another, amounts to less. Those hasty, prejudiced and illadvised resolutions published by one of the secret orders of the village, a body of men, who I think in the main, were actuated by the wish and desire to do right; but in this case as in many others, they allowed a few of your interested sympathizers to control them, through their prejudices and committed a piece of rash folly. They know nothing of our affairs, but arrogate to themselves the right to settle your difficulties at my expense, and openly perpetrate an outrage on me. Those resolutions do not answer the questions. I asked you to explain what actually occurred while you were present during the dying moments of the woman I called wife, and until you do I will hold you responsible for your peculiar connections in that affair! I now ask, was you accessory to that work? How is it that all who came to my house at that time were your friends and my enemies? and have remained so

from that day to this. Is this some of the workings of the Temple of the Magi that you once told me you were a member of, and that the woman I once called wife, made several allusions to as well as some other of your friends, in this place, that I have in mind, who take such an active interest in your affairs? A little manhood on your part may clear up some of these enigmas. You better answer these questions yourself.

W. C. ROLAND.

ALEXANDRIA, April 10th, 1892.

GODFREY VIVIAN, San Leandro, Cal :

SIR:—You ignore my letters to you, thinking by so doing you will dodge the issue and escape the responsibility. I half expected you would do just as you have done, for I have learned enough of you to thoroughly satisfy me that you are an accessory to the murder of the woman I called wife. That you were in an adjoining room waiting to be called, with your plan all arranged, and your friends invited, and that there was a thorough understanding between you and Robert Brough, for he would never have done that dastardly work under those circumstances unless there had been a prearranged plan to be carried out between him and yourself. You know sir that it is far more easy to ignore the questions in those letters than it is to answer them. You also know that there was something between you and her of "importance" enough so you could put a seal upon her lips and by a very few words obtain from her a promise not to tell the cause of her death. Were you afraid she might tell some of your secrets, and to insure yourself you and Robert put her out of the way. What were you up to, what were you thinking of, and did you not know better than to put such a thing into the hands of a boy fourteen years old, as the "Grimoire of Honorius." I do not know just what this book is, or what it treats of, for I never saw it. The woman told me that Bobbie was studying that book and that you had loaned it to him. I also heard another of your disciples give the name or title of the book, and asked me if I knew anything of it, which at the time I did not and told him so. I have since learned something of this "Grimoire of Honorius" in his chapter on the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris. Eliphas Lévy gives a description of that book which appears to be an explanation of the rites and practices of sorcery in the middle ages. You once told me that you had a great mission (emphasizing great) which was to revive an ancient science. You did not tell me any more but left me in ignorance as to what that ancient science might be; but since learning the nature of your book I conclude it was the practice of the "Grimoire of Honorius" which just about gauges up to your standard of a *Man*.

There is a good deal more about you that corresponds with the "Grimoire of Honorius" that I have not time to go over just now but may some future time. Putting this Grimoire and the "Tem-

ple of the Maggi" together and other things I was told by you and the woman I called wife has at a quite late date let me into your character and secret. If you ever aspired to become a Black Magician (and I think you did and do) let me give you a little advice quite right right now. I concede that you possess all the low characteristics the utter and wanton innate and accursed diabolism fully qualifying you for a Black Magician, but you lack the higher fase of intelligence, it requires more than low unprincipled treachery and cunning. The jackall and hyena; have all of that but they do not take rank with Black Magic, low and enfernal as it is, any more than you can. You had better try the balance of your days to become a man, burn your *Grimoire of Honoirus* you may succeed in turning the heads of a few; and even misrepresent and distort truth and common sense; far enough to make murder seem to be a virtue. And you may through a discipleship such as you have formed in this place still further outrage me and others, you may succeed in delaying and even defeating justice, you may succeed in perpetrating more treachery and deception upon others such as you have perpetrated on me through a profession of friendship and fraternity, based upon the Master Masons Obligation. You may cause others to do the same thing but in the *long run* will it pay, has it payed you thus far, don't you think yourself it would have been far better to have tried to be a man and to have burned your *Grimoire of Honoirus* when you first saw it, you and your criminal following in addition to the murder of two members of my family, see fit (or rather deem it necessary to save yourself), further outrage me with a false impotation hinted at in the I. O. O. F. resalutions, but not one of you are willing to take the necessary steps to establish the fact, or to get the evidence which will clear this matter; which I have so many times asked for but through perjury, falsehood and all manners of deception you stand thus far a barrier between me and the evidence I ask for. And which you know will convict you. By some unerring "instinct" (for I do not think it is intelligence), you have shown wonderful tact in the selection of your following or discipleship, and have used their former crimes and misdemeanors to cement and bind them to your service, even including the woman I once called wife. You, through your persuasions and blandishments, caused her to become an unnatrnal mother; enough, to consent to the death of her babe that you furnished the deadly drug to poison, which she partly confessed to me while dying, but I, at the time, mistook for delirium. It is perfectly natural for you to be a devil! you are perfectly at home in your innate infernality. How many more you have outraged I am not prepared to say, but I write in hopes to warn others who may be unfortunate enough to trust you either professionally or fraternally; who might come under your baleful influence, and, not knowing you,

might become your victim, either as a blind, trusting, unsuspecting victim, or one of your crazed, deluded dupes to do your bidding, lured by your blandishments and poisoned by your moral rot.

You have calculated well on the present blind and ignorant condition of our humanity and have cunningly succeeded thus far in hiding and covering yourself. You well understood my weakness and ignorance, and true to your "instinct," like any other beast of prey, you selected me for your victim in more ways than one, through you a creature that I once called brother, is degraded to the total loss of every spark of manhood that he may have once possessed, he is now cringing and cowering, self-accused before a sense of guilt for a crime that you are responsible for. I can see the effects of your withering touch in quite a number in this village, who through your blandishments have been drawn into a life of falsehood and hypocrisy, who are so degraded that they knowingly look upon murder as a virtue and deliberately protect it. One of these creatures is a brother to the woman I call wife. I am quite certain this creature has known all about this matter ever since he stood at her dying bedside and has knavily compromised with and protected her murderer, and has him now in his house up to this date and deliberately stands between him and the law that is waiting for him. I have not time to enumerate all of the unnatural things I can trace to you for years in this community, but from now on Godfrey Vivien I know you, you may succeed in deceiving yourself, but you cannot deceive me any longer.

The party drafting the I. O. O. F. resolutions, not knowing you, but judging you by your pretense and assumption made quite an effort to dress you up and make a Christian gentleman of you. Not knowing the insult he has given to the peasant boy who preached and lived, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." There is another important factor in Christianity that totally bars you from ever being one and that is the "Decalogue" it says thou shalt not *kill*; Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." I do not quote this, thinking it will in any way influence you, for you were born with the faculty extinct and dead in you that prompts men to reverence and respect those Divine cammandments. And by your contaminating influence and touch you have infused your moral poison into the *part* of this community *susceptible* to your influence and have made of them the same moral Leprosy that you are yourself.

I mean your *Grimoire of Honorious Disciples* and your Temple of the Magi; dupes. And all those who knowingly countenance and approve of your dark methods, and wilfully protect you in your crimes.

W. C. ROLAND.

I have the open letter to Joseph Roland, but space is limited and a great many have been circulated over the country. So I do not think it necessary to republish it.

W. C. R.

E. RANDOLPH ROBINSON.
HENRY GALBRAITH WARD.

HENRY A. ROBINSON.
CHARLES M. HOUGH.

ROBINSON, BIDDLE & WARD,

COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY.

150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Sept. 15th, 1892.

J. J. Hill, Esq.

40 Wall Street,

New York.

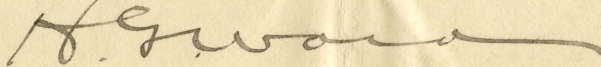
Dear Sir:-

Our clients, the Electro-Dynamic Company, have sent us the enclosed letter to hand you; and we have to beg that you let us hear from you in the premises at your early convenience.

Truly yours,

Encl.

ROBINSON, BIDDLE & WARD.



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M. Standard Time

Sept 1 1892

Dated Merion station Pa 15

To J J Hill

Pres G N Ry

We will remember your birthday tomorrow eve at 8 pm

Eastern time. I hope you will join us

Frank Thompson

Repeated to Mr. Hill on Special
Sep. 16-92 10:45 AM
WES



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