

[Feb. 28, 1854]

Married

At St. Lawrence Church
in this place on the 28 inst.,

by Rev. J. Dempsey,

Mr. B. H. Randall,

Sutler at Fort Ridgley,
Minnesota Territory,

and

Miss M. H. Lange,
of Quincy.

2700

the little two heads & we send you
sweet kisses in plenty - with a prayer
for your safety - believe me in truth
Your Affectionate Mama
St Paul Minn

June 30th 1863

Dear Husband

8700 I hope you will
not think me forgetful of you
you are always present with me
but I don't write & why? because
every moment - has been so
occupied with my never ending
sewing that it has left me no
leisure - Miss Reilly worked for
me two days after you left
& there was plenty of unfinished
work to put on the last touches
after she went away - By Saturday
Miss Hicks & I began to see our
way over the pile a little when
what should turn up next but
that Bridget - wanted to leave
right away & she could assign
no particular reason -

now she is a good girl, neat
honest, industrious, economical,
steady & kind to the children.
not so quick as some but though
now it is not often that all these
good qualities mingle in one
blessed Abigail. So I concluded
to keep her if possible through
the hot weather even if I'm
obliged to discharge my little
Dutch Nurse, who is only a
nuisance any way, & hunt up
an Emerald Islander to fill
her place - by & bye I intend
to make a visit to the Swedish
clergyman who imports lassies
from Norway - & try one of that
"breed" -

I am very lonely for Miss Eliza
& Lou have gone to Cottage Grove
with Mr Lurnsey - Lou was so
delighted when she saw him
come that she rushed into the

house, threw herself flat on the
with a shout that Mr G. had
come & there was no keeping her
within bounds - I think she
had visions of strawberries &
cream floating in her brain
but she is destined to disappointment
in that for Mr G. says straw-
berries were a perfect failure
on account of the drought -

Why don't we have rain? it is
so strange this clouding up &
clearing off without so much as
a drizzle, the poor farmers
must feel disheartened -

I hope you will leave Fort Ridgely
this time with the intention of not
returning till October at least -

I might feel as if I had a home
once more if you shared it but
it is no use this way to try - no
length of years could ever make
any place a home if you was not
there

you will say this is the old time
revived - the old woman is growing
sentimental - say what you please
& just as you like for you know me
well with that I am content -

I have no news for you, the papers
tell their own tale, God knows they
are discouraging enough - in my
dreams the rebels have taken Washington
several times - they may be prophetic -

I said I had no news - that's not so
Mr Garibaldi of renown has lost
a customer - Mrs B. H. R. - has taken
kindly to a Mr Coulter who hangs
his sign on Jackson St - & furthermore
Mr Lymonds who advertises "Ice
Ice - Ice the undersigned" & so forth
very politely requested to know if your
wife was the spouse of one John
Randall to which she unhesitatingly
replied no Sir - Mrs Galbraith
informs me that Mrs Muller is
coming to St. Paul - so we agreed to
divide her between us not Indian
fashion, tell Mrs Muller, but she is
to stay half the time with us & there
must be no refusal - well mon cher
I bid you good night for myself & all

C. R. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
BURG BLOCK,
ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.

(CR)

April 24th, 1899.

Hon. B. H. Randall,
Winona, Minn.

My Dear Major:-

10, 215
You remember about the time you left St. Peter, I purchased from you the 18 foot strip on the north and the 19 foot strip on the east of my dwelling house property, for the sum of \$25.00. These two strips are now known as Sub Lot 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the tax duplicate. You still own the balance of the 19 foot strip running north and south through that Block, -that is between the Loehl property and the Bowers property. This little strip is designated on the tax list as Sub Lot 63 $\frac{1}{2}$. See pencil map enclosed. A couple of years ago I removed my barn from its location on the side street back into the center of the Block to the northeast corner of my property, as indicated on enclosed sketch.

Going further into detail will say that I keep a cow in this barn and during the summer season pasture her down below Bittner's in Albert Burg's pasture. On several occasions last summer while the boy who takes care of my cow was leading her through this strip, Sub Lot 63 $\frac{1}{2}$, and in no manner interfering therewith, he was informed not to do so any more and consequently I have been obliged to have cow brought around the entire Block and over the lawn by my house. It occurred to me recently that owing to the location of my barn and to prevent a repetition of the occurrence of last summer, it would be beneficial for me to purchase this little strip from you if possible, simply as a right of way out from my barn.

C. R. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
BURG BLOCK,
ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.

#2.

Mr. Loehl does not cultivate any portion of the rear half of this Block formerly owned by Bowers, as he did in former years, hence this strip is of no material value to him or the adjoining owners on the east, except for right of way, and that is all I desire it for. I have always supposed that Mr. Loehl was paying the taxes upon this strip each year in consequence of your allowing him to cultivate it. I find however upon investigation of the records that he has failed to pay the taxes from the year 1889 to the present time, until after they became delinquent, excepting the year 1893, and in some of those years he has bid the property in at delinquent property tax sale, apparently attempting to obtain tax title thereto. The following is a complete statement of the taxes paid by him after becoming delinquent, including interest, penalty etc. up to this date, viz:

Tax for 1889, amount xxxxxxx required to redeem at this date,	\$ 1.18
Tax for 1890, " " " "	1.10
Tax for 1891, " " " "	1.03
Tax for 1892, " " " "	.96
Tax for 1893, (paid before becoming delinquent) hence no lien,	
Tax for 1894, amount required to redeem to date, - - - - -	.85
Tax for 1895, " " " "	.78
Tax for 1896, " " " "	.78
Tax for 1897, " " " "	.64
Current tax to be paid this year, - - - - -	.34
TOTAL, - - - - -	\$7.66

C. R. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
BURG BLOCK,
ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.

#3.

This amount will be required in case you desire to redeem, and as there has not as yet been any notice published limiting time in which owner can redeem, this property is subject to redemption by the owner or his assigns. In proportion to what I paid you for the other strips the value of this strip, Sub Lot 63¹/₄, would not exceed \$12.50, but under the circumstances I will give you \$10.00, and in addition thereto redeem from these delinquent taxes and tax sales, which altogether would amount to \$17.66. Accordingly I enclose you deed covering this property and my check for \$10.00, - which, if satisfactory to you please have deed executed and return to me. Please let me hear from you at once.

Yours very truly,

C. R. Davis

C. R. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
BURD BLOCK,
ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.

43.

This amount will be repaid in case you desire to redeem, and as there has not as yet been any notice published listing time in which owner can redeem, this property is subject to redemption by the owner or his assigns. In proportion to what I paid for the other strips the value of this strip, Hublot 63, would not exceed \$12.50, but under the circumstances I will give you \$10.00 and in addition thereof redeem from these delinquent taxes and tax sales, which otherwise would amount to \$10.00. I enclose you a check covering this sum.

Yours very truly,

C. R. Davis

W. H. Randall
Collyer St.

Mr. B. H. Randall
Autobiographical Sketch

see Randalls narrative of
Surg of Ft Ridgely

Winona Minn. February 22nd, 1894.

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Gov. Wm. R. Marshall,

Secretary Minnesota Historical Society,

St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:- Your card of a recent date requesting reminiscences of Fort
Snelling and Ridgely with a sketch of my life is received.

The announcement that you had been recently elected to the
office of secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society gives me an
opportunity of expressing much satisfaction that our former secretary,
J. F. Williams, who is held by all in high esteem has been succeeded by one
so peculiarly suited for the duties of the office as yourself, and the
discharge of which will be to you as a labor of love.

The weight of three score and ten years is already a burden,
and the work of the reaper in the removal of five of the old settlers
in as many successive weeks and in which were represented Statesmen,
the professions, clerical, law and medicine, all prominent in forming our
State government and contributing in a marked degree to its greatness
and glory is an admonition that those who were actors in the early his-
tory of our territory must soon leave its perpetuity to others.

The events of my life and the humble part I played in the
early days of the territorial life of Minnesota, will necessarily be
brief and uninteresting. It may in part allay curiosity and relieve
the obituary committee of the Old Settlers Association from the labor

incident to their office.

I was born at Greensboro, Vermont, on November 25th, 1823. William and Deborah Randall were the names of my father and mother. All Vermonters at that time were honest and nearly all were poor. If to be of the latter class were a virtue, but few observed the decalogue more scrupulously than we. My father was a soldier in the war of 1812 and 1815, was a patriot and for his country right or wrong. He was a farmer and made many sacrifices to educate his family of six sons and two daughters. I attended public schools until fourteen years of age, and the Seminary at Craftsburg, winters, until I was twenty.

When I started west I staid one year with my relatives at Henvetton, N.Y., and in 1844 went to Illinois. The next year I taught school in Missouri, was clerk in the Clinton House, Peoria, - was clerk one year in American House, Springfield, Ill., and in Geo C. Bestors 'Land Office, Peoria. On the completion of the Michigan and Illinois Canal I owned and ran a boat, shipping my own grain to St. Louis and Chicago.

In the spring of 1849, being too weak to continue Combat with ague, I returned to Vermont and began the study of law in my brother's office. With returning health the new territory in the north-west presented new attractions, and in September of that year I left the State of my nativity and arrived in St. Paul early in October.

I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Franklin Steele on my way

up from Galena, and entered his service soon after my arrival as clerk at Sutler's Store, Fort Snelling. No better specimen of noble manhood ever lived than Franklin Steele. Col. John H. Stevens was Book-keeper at that time and for one year thereafter, when I succeeded him and remained in this employ until the spring of 1853. In 1851 and 1852 treaties were made with the Sioux for the cession of lands west of the Mississippi River. A new Fort was ordered built near the eastern boundary of their reservation, afterwards known as Fort Ridgely. Three Co's of the 6th U.S. Inf't'y were ordered to take post there, two of which left Fort Snelling on the 27th of April, 1853, on the Str. West Newton and two barges laden with lumber and supplies. The troops were under command of Capt. James Monroe, J.C. Kelton, Adj't. Capt. N. J. T. Dana, A. 2. M. The Steamer was commanded by Smith Harris. I accompanied the troops with Sutler's supplies and was appointed Sutler of the Post, and was re-appointed every three years until the Post was abandoned in the Spring of 1867. I was also Post Master. It was made a money order office, which I resigned in 1868.

After the Sioux Massacre in 1862, I resided with my family in St. Paul one year, and in October, 1863, removed to St. Peter, where my residence was continuous until May 1868, when I settled in the City of Winona, where three of my sons were already located, and in the practice of their professions.

The Legislature was in session when I arrived in St. Paul, which was but a Hamlet, St. Anthony next in size, Stillwater with a smaller population, and Mendota, the headquarters of the American Fur Company, a Village on Indian lands, was the fourth Village in point of numbers in the then Territory. On the first of Sept., 1850, I was elected a member of the Legislature. ^{twice} My district extended west to the Missouri River. Was ^{thrice} re-elected in this District, and served in the Territorial Legislature three successive years, viz: -1851-1852-1853.

I was chairman of the Committee on Schools for these years. Introduced the bill for the Baldwin School, and for the organization of the County of Hennepin in which I lived. Was chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, during the time, the duties of which were arduous, during the ninety days session of 1853, when an entire revision of the Statutes was enacted. Soon after the close of the session I took up my abode at Fort Ridgely, living the first summer in tents.

Was married on the 28th day of February, 1854, at Quincy, Ill. to Miss Wilhelmina H. Lange and have four sons and three daughters now living. Dr. Henry Raymond, the youngest, a physician, died at Winona on the 7th of December, 1890, at the age of 26 years.

I was at ^{the} Fort during its investment by the Indians in Aug. 1862 - And, if I aided in defence of the Fort and the hundreds of refugees who had sought shelter there from the murderous Sioux, I may rea-

sonably be charged with having been personally interested. My family were there, my dwelling, store, ware-house, cattle, horses and all my personal property including clothing and money were burned or captured.

A History of Fort Ridgely and its defence during the Indian Massacre, written by myself and published in the Winona Republican of March 5th, 1892, and afterwards published entire in several newspapers in the State, might properly be made a part of this sketch. It was thought by many to be entitled to a place in the second volume of Minnesota in the civil and Indian Wars.

The Commission determined otherwise. While Lt. Sheehan, who was in command and others well qualified to decide, say it is absolutely correct. After reading the report of the defence of the Fort by Lt. Gere of the 5th Reg't Vol., contained in the first volume of Minnesota in the Civil War which differs materially from the article referred to, it is easy to see that if mine was correct the history is not, and might cast some suspicion of inaccuracy and distrust as to the reliability of the sources of information by which the Volume was compiled and leave the impression that self aggrandizement and glory had inspired the author, and what will be read by many as history is in fact only his Story. A copy of the above mentioned article is now in the Historical Society mounted and indexed by our former Secretary. Mr. Williams writes me that it is a valuable contribution and will aid at some future time in compiling a true history of Minnesota.

In 1853 Congress passed an act prohibiting the War Department from reserving at any Military Post more than one section of land. Regardless of this law, the same year there was a survey made for a reservation containing more than thirty sections of land for Fort Ridgely. When the public land survey was made in 1858 the illegal Military reserve was disregarded, and when surveyed, all the lands were advertised as Public Lands and subject to entry. I pre-empted the quarter section on which I lived and made my improvements and located scrip on other lands some of which included improvements made by the government. One of these buildings I had insured and while occupied by Col. Wm. Pfender, commanding the Post, it was burned and the insurance properly paid to me. While in St. Paul I was served with the following arrest.

Head Quarters, District of Minnesota,

Department of the North-west, St. Paul, April 12th, 1865.

Special Order, -No. 78- Extract.

In accordance with an order from the War Department transmitted through Head Quarters, Department of the North-west, Capt. M.E. Palmer, Commanding Co. K., 23rd Reg't Veteran Reserve Corps, will cause the immediate arrest and despatch to Department Head Quarters at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, under strong guard, of B.H. Randall, Sutler at Fort Ridgely, understood to be now in this city. The guard to consist of not less than four privates will be placed under the command of a non-commissioned officer of approved fidelity.

Upon arrival at Dep^t. Head Quarters the prisoner will be disposed of ~~X~~ in accordance with the orders of the Major General commanding the Department, to whose Asst. Adjt. Gen'l, Major C.S. Charlot, the non-commissioned officer commanding the guard, will report immediately upon his arrival. Capt. ~~Caver~~ Chief Qr. Mr. of the District, will furnish the necessary transportation.

By command of Brig^{adier} Gen'l. Sibley) R.C. ~~Olin~~
official R.C. Olin Capt. *a a* G. (Asst. Adjutant General.

On that P.M. with a guard of one Corporal and four privates with muskets, we went on board a Steamer for Red Wing (the lake not being open) where we staid over night.

On our arrival at the Hotel, there very nearly occurred a scene. The house was full of people waiting to take passage on the Steamers return. One of the guard while seated in the office, leaning back with his musket resting on the floor and vertical, was discharged, the ball going through the ceiling and floor in the room overhead filled with women and children robing for a trip up the river. No one was killed. The soldier had forgotten to discharge his gun when coming off guard in the morning.

The next day we took stages, the same old way for Reeds Landing, where we took a steamer for La Crosse and staid there over Sunday. I stayed at one hotel, the guard at another. The guard left St. Paul with-

out rations or money. I paid all their expenses for meals and hotel bills, including sleeping berths to Milwaukee and breakfast there, and reported to Gen'l Curtis. Instead of a U.S. Marshall to take charge of me the same conspicuous guard was continued on to Washington. This seemed a sufficient command, and the prisoner of sufficient importance to detail a staff officer with the rank of Major to take charge of the guard. This officer's attention was principally devoted to a woman of the town or rather several towns, that accompanied him from Milwaukee and occupied a berth in the sleeper with him from Chicago.

My request to be allowed to occupy a berth with the Corporal at my expense was indignantly refused. The woman referred to was not reported as a part of the guard but was specially detailed as a companion to solace this daughty Major in his lonely vigils, whose brief authority was evanescent and whose shoulder straps were so soon to become a reminiscence of valor for the decoration of an admiring but deluded posterity.

On reaching Baltimore the commander of the guard with his cyprian continued on to Washington and left the guard to procure transportation. I went to Barnum's for dinner, taking the Corporal with me to save him from censure for neglect of duty in guarding his prisoner. Here I telegraphed Senator Ramsey, and reached the Capitol late in the evening. I procured accommodations for the guard and took the Corporal to a hotel where we spent the night.

The next morning I gazed upon the familiar features of the dead President, whose body was lying in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. Every where was excitement, offices were closed, the country was in mourning, and preparations being made for the funeral that was to culminate at Springfield Ill^s.

With the Corporal I succeeded in finding our vigilant commander and was surrendered to Gen'l. Frey, the Provost Marshall Gen'l, and was confined in ~~the~~ old Capitol Prison. After the return of the funeral party from New York, Senator ^{Ramsey} visited me with a release from a ~~£~~ captivity that had continued nine days. Congress promptly passed an act reimbursing my expenses.

I take this opportunity to set at rest any suspicion that my arrest was on account of any act, thought, or word of mine that was tinged with disloyalty to the government.

I travelled homeward over the same route that I was taken a prisoner, in a private car, the guest of Capt. Robt. T. Lincoln, who was on his way to attend the last obsequies over his father's remains at his old home at Springfield.

Settlers were distrustful of Indians and slow to return to the frontier. I continued my business at the Fort until 1868, resigned the office of P.M. and commenced the manufacture ^{and wholesale dealing} of Boots and Shoes in St. Peter, where my family had been living since the Indian Massacre

with the exception of one year in St. Paul. The name of our firm was Lanz, Randall & Co. We afterwards sold our plant out of which has grown the North Star B & S Co. of Minneapolis. I continued merchandise until 1888, when I removed from St. Peter.

I was elected four times a member of the City Council of St. Peter, and once as Mayor. Was president of the School Board seven years. Was County Superintendent of Schools, Nicollet County, two years, and represented Nicollet County in the State Legislature for the year 1883. Many of the early settlers have had greater and better opportunities to assist in elevating Minnesota to its present enviable position among the sisterhood, but no one of them has been more loyal to ^{Welfare and} her interests, more proud of her achievements, or greater admiration for her founders than I. They builded better than they knew.

Very Respectfully,

B. A. Randall

Scale 1 inch = 4 Chains

14 Sec Post

The above diagram of the location of the Government Buildings at Fort
Ridgely by Nathan Butler Deputy Surveyor under instructions dated July 15th
1874 is strictly conformable to the field notes of the survey thereof on file in this
office which have been examined and approved.

Surveyor General's Office
St Paul Aug 11th 1874

Done

E. King
Sur. Genl.

Warren Upham, Esq.,

Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society,

St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:-

The objects of the Minnesota Historical Society are the collection, preservation and publication of materials relating to the history of this state, and the developments of its resources; to collect biographies, sketches, and portraits of its pioneers and prominent citizens; to record their work in settling the state and building up its towns and cities and institutions.

I have many times in former years been requested by J. Fletcher Williams, while secretary of the Society, and by Ex-Governor Wm. R. Marshall your immediate predecessor, to furnish to the society my portrait and biography.

I have the pleasure at this time of presenting through you to the Society, a portrait copied from a photograph taken in 1853, after four years residence in Minnesota, and an experience of three years as a member of the Territorial Legislature.

The portrait will be recognized only by the few survivors of that time who remain among us. It was at a time when I was most engaged in public affairs and perhaps more conspicuous than might have been the case if rivalry for office had been manifested by other Turtles in the Tank.

During these years I resided at Fort Snelling. The district which I was elected to represent in the legislature extended from Little Crows village on the bank of the Mississippi to Osakis River, on the north and extending west to the Missouri River.

Mendota in my district was headquarters of the American Fur Company where the factor, the late Ex-Governor H. H. Sibley, resided, and was the fourth village in number of inhabitants in the Territory at that time.

Congress had authorized a ninety days session in 1851 to codify the laws. It assembled on the first day of January. M. E. Ames was elected speaker. I was acquainted with him in Vermont when a boy. I was

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appointed chairman of the committees on schools and enrolled bills, in the House.

Martin McLeod, who represented my district in the council, was chairman of the same committees. We roomed together at the Central House. Much of our time was devoted to the verification of the enrollment incident to the passage of the first complete code for Minnesota.

The military reservation of Fort Snelling, which extends above the falls and included the present site of the city of Minneapolis, was reduced of all that part above Minne-ha-ha Creek in 1852.

Believing that the treaty made with the Indians at Mendota in 1851 would be ratified by the U. S. Senate, a large number of people had made claims and settled about the falls.

During the session of the legislature in 1852 I introduced the bill for the organization of the County of Hennepin, which became a law. Under this bill, as passed, the county included nearly all of the present county of Carver. My district heretofore had been known as Dakota County.

One very cold day during this winter I remained at the Fort and did not attend the session, and was called upon by an old and venerable Indian Tom-a-haw, of Good Roads band, whom the old settlers will recall, who came into my office almost exhausted. He was warmed and fed and spent the night with my friend Samuel J. Findley. He related to me that he knew of the existence, extent and direction of the big lake, which from its promontory and irregularities was called by the Indians Buffalo lake. (Minne-ta-ton-ka) I was interested in his description and made inquiry of Martin McLeod, Mr. Sibley, and Alexander Faribault, who was a Co-Representative from Dakota County. They had all heard of it, but never seen it. I talked with Col. J. H. Stevens and we made arrangements to make a trip to it after the adjournment of the legislature. On the 11th of April before the ice disappeared and while the swamps and streams could be crossed, Calvin A. Tuttle furnished a team, two men with axes, to cut a road, if necessary, and with tents, commissary stores, and

bedding, we set out to explore it. I made an early start from Fort Snelling on horseback, leading another horse saddled for Col. Stevens to ride. The party left the falls early in the day and after dark pitched our tents near the source of Minne-ha-ha Creek. After supping on tooth-some Pemicon, with a saddle for pillow, I laid down to court the balmy. The weather was fine. After an early breakfast we set out on foot to explore the lake. The noisy woodpecker was delving for hidden food in decayed branches of trees. The chick-o-dees were as industriously searching the crevices in the bark for a morning meal. The chick-a-rees had left their winter homes in the hollow trees and were sporting and chattering among the branches, in the bright sunlight. These were all of animate life to be seen or heard, to disturb the vast solitude. We walked many miles over the honey-combed ice covering of the lake. We rested for mid-day lunch upon the promontory where the Indians with painted stones and ceremony, endeavored to propitiate, conciliate, or worship the Wau-kon-tonka, or to implore the Great Spirit, to make their hunt after Chippewa scalps, a howling success. We returned to camp in the evening, weary and worn with the day's travel, and on the evening of the third day we reached our homes.

This was the first visit and report made by white men, of the lake, that Governor Ramsey christened Minne-Tonka, that has become so famous in our day as a summer resort.

I chronicle this event, not so much to convey the idea that I was always hunting for water, as an answer to the inquiry, should it be made, "Who discovered Lake Minne Tonka?"

The treaty with the Sioux in 1851 made a Military Post on the Minnesota River a necessity, which was authorized by congress, and three companies of the Sixth Infantry were assigned. I knew the officers and had assurances from them that I would be appointed sutler. On the 26th. of April, 1853, companies R. & C. that had been in garrison at Fort Snelling since returning from the war with Mexico, under command of Capt. James Monroe and Lieut. J. C. Kilton, respectively, and Capt. N. J. T. Dana

Quartermaster, went on board the steamer West Newton, and barges then lying at the levee Capt. Smith Harris, Master, taking freight and stores for the New Fort, subsequently christened Fort Ridgely by Jeff Davis, then Secretary of War. I went with the troops and landed at the site of the New Fort on the 30th of April, 1853. Was appointed Sutler and continued as such while the Post was garrisoned.

In the summer of 1852 the steamer Yankee with a party of excursionists reached a point above the mouth of the Blue Earth River, where the passengers debarked and danced upon the prairie. This place was known long after as Cotillion Prairie and was the highest point ever reached by steamer prior to this trip of the West Newton.

During the investment and siege by the Sioux in the Massacre of August 1862, I was appointed by Lieut. T. J. Sheehan, then in command of the Post, to organize and arm as well as might be out of the scanty supply of superannuated and disused guns in the magazine and take command of the citizen refugees, in defense of the Fort. The testimony of the commanding officer and others, is abundant to show the value of this contingent during the ten days siege. The removal of all the Sioux Indians from the state, Fort Ridgely was no longer a necessity and was abandoned in the spring of 1867.

During the uprising all my buildings and personal effects, the accumulations of years of toil, were wiped from the face of the earth, in the malignant craze of the infuriate demons.

In 1862 I resigned the office of Postmaster which I had held since 1852, transferred my business to St. Peter, where my family had been domiciled since 1863.

I represented Nicollet County in the legislature in ~~1875~~. 1883

In 1895 I was appointed by the Governor a member of the commission to erect a monument to mark the site on which Fort Ridgely was erected, the Fort having entirely disappeared, an appropriation having previously been made for that purpose.

This enumeration constitutes the offices with which I had been honored

by the State and United States, since coming to Minnesota, except frequent appointments as Notary Public.

It can interest the reader of biographies of the Early Settler, but little to learn, that I was Mayor of St. Peter - was three times elected Alderman, was for seven years ~~mayor~~ President of the School Board of the City, was County Superintendent of Schools two years; that for a number of years I was city assessor, was twice W. M. of a lodge of A. F. and A. M. under dispensation.

In order to establish my identity it will be proper to note my itinerary of the twenty-five years prior to my advent at Fort Snelling on the 30th day of September, 1849, the time and place, when and where this narrative begins. *My parents were William & Deborah Randal*

I was born in Greensboro, Orleans County, Vermont, on November 25th, 1823, and acquired such education in the common schools and Academies as the ambitious youth of Vermont might hope to attain at that time. I worked on a farm and cabinet making, felled ~~timber~~ and burned trees, and sold the ashes, to buy school books, ploughed among the stones with oxen, reaped grain with a sickle, read Anatomy, and medical books, pounded Aloes, and moulded Pills, and prepared tinctures, in the office of Dr. Daniel Dustin, in Craftsburg. At the age of twenty I went to Henvelton, New York, and worked with my uncle Major Sargent, a mill wright, until the summer of 1844, and went west, taught school in Missouri one year, was clerk in the American House, Springfield, Illinois, one year, was scribe in the land office of Geo. C. Bestor, Peoria, and owned and operated a grocery store, was a mariner and commanded the canal boat Agnes Hopkins, on the Illinois and Michigan canal in 1848, and shipped grain from points on the Illinois River, to Chicago and St. Louis.

On alternate days, shook with ague, and swallowed quinine with regularity, just like other folks, no more, no less.

After repeated and urgent solicitations from my parents and others, in the spring of 1849, I closed my business in the west and returned to

Vermont, with a possibility that I might remain and grow up with the country, and began the study of law with my brother.

After five years spent in a country of broad level prairies, navigable rivers, expansive lakes, and fertile soil, the hills of my native State seemed to have expanded, the intervals to have contracted, the stones to have multiplied, the soil increased in sterility, the habits and customs of the people had been intensified in austerity; sixteen hours for men to labor, and eighteen for women, out of twenty-four, left but little time for recreation and improvement. The society of loving friends did not compensate for the sacrifice.

An enabling act had passed Congress and the Territory of Minnesota was organized. I resolved to be a part of it, and from the 30th day of September of that year, Minnesota has been my home.

I was married at Quincy, Illinois, February 28th, 1854, to Wilhelmina Helena Lange. Two of our children, one son of twenty-six and one daughter aged forty-three years, of gentle and refined natures, developed in their lives, harmony with the good and true, have preceded us to the spirit world. Four sons and two daughters, who honor their parents, are respected in their communities in which they reside, are loyal to their country, remain our prop, in declining age.

Very truly yours,
Winona, Minn.,

Feb. 8, 1902.

B. A. Randall

ed speaker. I was acquainted with him in Vermont when a boy. I was

FORT RIDGELY AND ITS DEFENSE.

By B. H. Randall.

When requested, a short time since, to write an article for publication on the history of Fort Ridgely and its defense during the Sioux massacre, it did not occur to me at that time what great changes had taken place during this period, embracing nearly forty years.

This fact considered, to make an article comprehensive would require more space than at first seemed necessary to me, and perhaps more than you could profitably devote to it in your paper.

The population of the Territory in 1850, then extending to the Missouri River, was but a fraction over six thousand, living on ceded lands east of the Mississippi. The exceptions were a settlement at Mendota, surrounding the American Fur Co's outfitting post, a few trading posts, half a dozen Indian farmers, as many blacksmiths, and about the same number of missionaries.

Treaties were made with the Sioux in 1851, at Mendota and Traverse de Sioux, whereby they ceded to the United States all their lands in the Territory of Minnesota, excepting a strip of country ten miles wide on both sides of the Minnesota River, the eastern boundary of which was the mouth of Little Rock creek, a small stream emptying into the Minnesota river on the south side, fourteen miles northwest from New Ulm, extending to Lake Traverse. In 1858 they by treaty sold all that part of their reserve on the north side of the river.

The treaties were ratified by the United States Senate in the spring of 1853. In anticipation of the ultimate ratification a few persons had selected claims and moved onto them before the exodus of the Sioux to their reservations began. It may be said the Indians were proprietors and only occupants of the lands

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in Minnesota west of the Mississippi river up to that time.

By the concentration of the various bands upon their reservations, a wilderness existed. Nothing remained to remind one of former population, but deep worn trails that wound along the sides of bluffs and borders of marsh and lake, log canoes in various stages of preservation and decomposition. Even the blushing maiden, the goddess of the tribe and pride of the village, had departed, and only her fair name and fame were left as a legacy of perpetual inheritance for a fair city.

Where now huge elevators, mighty in strength, relieve the bursting granaries of thrifty farmers, their shadows fall upon the ground where the Indian dug his cache, and stored his wild rice, the main cereal product of this fertile valley. The contrast is too significant. I leave to the imagination to picture the rude life of our immediate predecessors, the aborigines.

Our flouring mills of insatiable maw, with mechanism of intricate device, bewilder the sense.

The hives of industry, where the buzzing circle, the whizzing band and giant strides of gang saws display the genius of invention, respond with the dexterity of human intelligence to the will of man. Cribs of lumber aspiring to columns, covering broad acres, tell of denuded forests, represent capital, enterprise, wealth. Our towering chimneys of brick and mortar, where the hoarse-voiced steam whistle calls the artisan to the busy hum of tireless machinery. Our solid laboratories of lightening illuminate our corner lots in spots and fleck the sky with silver, revolve the wheels with mystical influence, solve the problem of rapid transit, and keep an even keel with the cars of progress.

Our score of Christian church steeples, piercing the sky, tell of God and mortality.

Our structures of learning mark the era of universal and higher education.

Our temples of justice, county and national, are fash-

ioned by renowned artists and moulded in symmetry. So may the scales ever find equal poise.

Our palatial marts vie with the Orient in variety and luxurious appointments.

Towering standpipes struggle to kiss the clouds in token of gratitude.

Our bridges, elevated on piers far above the chimneys of the fire canoes, with iron arms extended, imploring reciprocity with Minnesota's foster mother, Wisconsin, span the majestic river whose waters lave our shores. His running qualities alone remain unchallenged. His origin, still obscure, of wonderful source, he meekly bought his statutory head at Elk Lake.

Our sewers gather all noxious vapors of air and water, that pool their issues and offend the eye or nostril, carrying them through its bowels in earth and ejecting them into a foreign state to be shone no more.

Our opera house, with its numerous eligible sites, is in the swim.

"The Winona" is a hotel building in which our people take pride.

The embowered castles of the rich, adorned with all the embellishments that refined and luxurious taste can suggest, with thousands of humbler homes, where domestic tranquility lends its lustre, and white winged peace gilds the rustic furnishings.

Broad avenues are arched with the spreading arms of native elms and semi-tropical forest. Shrub and flower hedge our boulevards, border our lawns and ornament in gaudy colors and geometric device our gardens, filling the air with delicious fragrance.

Verily, the soul of the Dakota was benighted; and when sitting up nights with his numerous family, to watch the change of moon from old to new, he little dreamed that streams of yellow light would flame out from a score of gasoline tanks, a light to

our feet and lamp to our path. Poverty of language is apparent in portraying the transformation that progressive civilization has wrought.

Our sparkling lakes mirror the grandeur of their borders, picturesque bluffs shade our beautiful land, where less than forty years ago

"The Indian warrior wooed his dusky mate,
and the wild fox dug his hole unscared."

The immensity of the theme "must give us pause."

To prevent conflict between the Indians and white settlers, a military post was ordered established near the eastern boundary of the reservation, one hundred and eighty miles northwest from Winona. The site was selected by Col. Francis Lee of the Sixth United States Infantry and Capt. N. J. T. Dana of the Quartermaster's department, late in the fall of 1852. Maj. S. Woods, who had commanded the troops in the removal of the Sac and Fox Indians from the State of Iowa in 1850, and built and commanded the fort where the city of Fort Dodge is situated, was ordered to abandon that post and take command at the new fort. On the 26th of April, 1853, two companies of the Sixth Infantry, under command of Capt. James Monroe, went aboard the good steamer West Newton and two barges at Fort Snelling, with lumber and supplies for the new fort, with the expectation of meeting the troops from Fort Dodge at the mouth of the Blue Earth river. The troops not having arrived, the boat proceeded up the unexplored river and on the 30th landed at the foot of the bluff below the site of the new fort and went into camp, and preparations for building began. This was the first steamer that had ascended the Minnesota river any distance above the mouth of the Blue Earth. *the West Newton*

Maj. Woods arrived soon after, navigation on the Minnesota was demonstrated to be practicable by that veteran, Smith Harris, and steamboats from the Ohio river were not infrequent visitors. Ridgely was in no sense a fort, but by general acceptance. It was not designed or constructed as a place of defense. *the Garrison*

Indians had agreed by solemn treaty to remain forever at peace with the whites, and good Indians never lie.

It was built on a plain forty rods from the edge of a steep bluff of the river on the south, and a gradual sloping bluff, less abrupt, to a creek running at right angles on the east about the same distance.

A wooded ravine extended up through the river bluff to about one hundred yards of the south west corner, while a considerable depression was continued some distance farther.

The St. Peter road led up the creek bluff ravine along the north side of the fort, with a level stretch of prairie to the north.

It was just such a place as the Indians would have selected for the building, if they had contemplated its capture.

Near and parallel with this ravine and road, was a row of six buildings of hewed logs fronting on the rear of the barracks, an avenue of fifty feet between. The east building in this row was occupied by Ordnance Sergeant John Jones and family, one as the post hospital and the other as laundress's quarters. These were first used for officers' quarters.

The fort proper was built upon a square of three hundred feet. The barracks formed the north side -- two hundred and forty feet in length, two stories high, with two piazzas the whole length. This was built of granite, as was also the commissary on the west side, with only a passageway between the two buildings. This was one story, one hundred and forty by forty feet. South of this the sally port, on either side of which the cannon and field pieces were parked. The remainder of the west side was covered with a long building for officers' quarters. The west half of the south side was a double building known as commanding officer's quarters. The other half of the south side was vacant and open.

The east side was used for officers' quarters. All these buildings, with wide verandas, fronted upon the parade grounds,

description of the Fort

description

covered with velvet sward, with drives and walks of graceful curve - the flag ever floating from a staff in the center. All these buildings were built with grooved corner posts; hewed logs tenoned to fit the groove formed the sides. The guard house was outside, sixty feet west of the sally port; further west the sutler's store, and still further, beyond the depression at the head of the ravine, were his store house and dwelling, not far from the edge of the wooded bluff.

Directly south of the fort and near the bluff were the long cavalry and flying artillery stables. On the edge of the ravine at the southwest were ice and root houses, and intermediate between these and the stables was the granary. Outside of all the quarters were the outbuildings, sheds, summer kitchens, etc., enclosed with high board fences.

A bake house of hewed logs stood on the east line of the square near the barracks, which seemed to offer some peculiar attractions during the investment by Indians - whether from its convenient location or solidity of construction I never heard them say - but in reality it was no safer resort than other buildings except that there were no openings in the outside wall. It was only a temporary asylum for the popular ailment known as "heart failure."

The new fort was christened Ridgely in 1854 by Jeff Davis, who was then secretary of war, commemorating the memory of a gallant officer who fell in the war with Mexico. Changes in the personnel of the garrison were frequent. No less than five entire transformations took place before the secession in 1861 - the only exceptions being that of Rev. Joshua Sweet, chaplain, and B. H. Randall, sutler. Their devotion to the spiritual and temporal wants seemed to commend them to the changing administrations.

The first commanding officer was James Monroe, afterwards colonel of the Twenty-seventh New York. He died in the service. First Adjutant and A. C. S. Lieut. J. C. Kelton, now adjutant general in the United States Army. N. J. T. Dana, captain

changed
in
personnel
of the fort

Quartermaster's department, was colonel of the First Minnesota Volunteers, and Maj. S. Woods, paymaster, San Francisco. Those who have seen the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg will remember in the foreground a dead general lying, and near by his dead horse. This represents the Confederate General Lewis A. Armistead who was one of the first officers at Fort Ridgely. Three companies of the Second Infantry relieved the Sixth in 1854. It was made the headquarters of the Tenth in 1856, with four companies, band and staff. These were ordered to Utah in the fall of 1858 - four companies of the Second infantry, after building Fort Randall on the Missouri, relieving them.

The next year Fort Ridgely was made an artillery school of practice, with four full companies -- one a battery of flying, or light, artillery. Among the distinguished officers that were stationed there, that wore one or more stars, were Dana, Armistead, Kelton, Steele, Sully, Abercrombie, Alexander, Bee, Sherman, Donovan, Morris, Pemberton, De Russey, Tyler, Patterson, Hill, Lyon, and numbers who held, and some who are now holding, high rank in the staff - Dana, Livingston, Ruggles, Hawkins, Bingham, Swain, Du Barry, Hudson and others.

The Indians were frequent visitors at the fort and watched the Light Battery drill with wonder and surprise. The horses flying across the prairie like an Egyptian chariot race, the sudden changes of front and position, and the rapid firing awed the savage. In the spring of 1861 all this was changed. The artillery were ordered South. One and sometimes two companies of volunteers were stationed for a short time, and others succeeded them. The Indians were not idle or disinterested spectators of the conflict then raging.

They listened with as much eagerness to the stories of defeats as the whites. They knew the country was claiming its able-bodied and best men in its support, and watched with interest the departure of volunteers for its defense, and believed, as they

Capt. Marsh, when importuned, announced that he would remain and protect the property and refugees ^{that were} already arriving.

It was a surprise to the community when, about eleven o'clock, with a detachment of forty-six men on foot, (himself and Interpreter Peter Quinn mounted on mules,) he left the garrison for the scene of the uprising. Without experience with Indians, but, no doubt, actuated by the highest sense of duty, after proceeding a short distance, Quinn and men to drive, returned, and taking two four mule teams, ammunition and rations, were soon on their way to join the command.

It was a sorry time for Peter Quinn, whose loyalty to his oath compelled him to accompany the detachment, and leaving the sutler's store with brimming eyes and a choked "Goodbye," he mounted his mule impressed with the fate that evidently awaited him.

If the captain had been skeptical as to the report of a formidable uprising, abundant evidence was furnished before he had proceeded many miles; in the frightened and wounded settlers fleeing for refuge - in the burning houses and charred bodies - and dead lying by the roadside. The story of the ambushade and killing of the twenty-eight of the party, the drowning of Capt. Marsh - all the guns and ammunition falling into the hands of the Indians, to be turned upon those that had vainly sought the fort to be protected by them - has been told. The anxiety of those in the garrison can never be pictured.

About nine o'clock in the evening Private Dunn and one other of Marsh's command returned to the fort with the report of the disaster that had befallen them. While it was not unexpected, it was hard to realize. A few others returned later to confirm the first report. The small parties of Indians that were raiding the settlements, some already near to the fort, were drawn to the agency by the movement of troops thither, and, celebrating their victory by dance and song, gave us valuable time at the fort, which can only be measured by the hundreds of lives saved by the

delay.

On the departure of Marsh with his detachment the command of the post and twenty-two men available for duty devolved upon Lieut. Gere, a young man of less than twenty years, without military or frontier experience. The civil service rules did not obtain in the election of volunteer officers, neither was the Australian system of ballot in vogue. If it had been, many worthy names would have been added to the roll of the Loyal Legion. The situation would have appalled the most experienced frontier officer possessing a thorough knowledge of Indian character.

Fortunately, the advice and experience of Sergeant Jones were available. Four brothers named Reike, who lived five miles northeast of the fort at Mud Lake had the contract for furnishing hay for the post and were at work in the bottom. George started to notify the settlers at Four Mile Creek, Adam and August to bring in their parents, brothers and sisters, while Victor, with his ox team, and citizens employed by the sutler, started hauling water, and by evening had filled all the barrels that could be found and placed in the barracks and commissary. All the water used at the post was hauled from a spring at the foot of the river bluff, nearly half a mile distant, and near the ravine which the Indians went up two days later to make their attack.

This supply lasted several days, and until the people got their wind and courage to renew it after the last hard day's fight with the attacking savages.

Dunn's report had but confirmed the worst fears and nearly paralyzed everybody. All told, there were not to exceed forty muskets in the fort. One Sharp's rifle brought by J. W. De Camp, and four by the guard for the Indian money, one double barrel gun belonging to Rev. Sweet, and two of my own were the only arms. Not one of the refugees had a gun.

The Indians were expected every moment and were often announced, and nearly everyone could see them advancing in force. Such is imagination.

Twenty old style Dragoon carbines were found in the

magazine. Patrick Heyfron, who was for fifteen years a sergeant in Capt. Fred Steel's company, Second Infantry, put them in condition. By cutting iron rods into slugs the women made cartridges way into the night and were glad of employment. In this way twenty men were furnished and added to the number of defenders. The night wore slowly away and the Indians did not come. Refugees continued to arrive, which could in no way relieve the anxiety. There were nearly 300 helpless non-combatants.

Sergt. Jones had charge of the artillery and continued to direct its detail and management throughout the siege. The officer in command properly estimated his merit and valued his experience above rank.

The detail for Jones's piece were three brothers, George, Victor and Adam Reike, and Dennis O'Shea. O'Shea had served one enlistment in Sherman's battery.

J. C. Whipple and Werner Boesch were detailed to man one twelve pound howitzer, and Sergt. McGrew of Co. B the other.

J. C. Whipple, who escaped from the Agency, had served with artillery in the Mexican war.

Werner Boesch lived on the Agency road three miles west of the fort. He was an artillerist in his own country, - Switzerland.

Private Dunn, who survived the slaughter of Marsh's command at the ferry, and was the first to bring the sickening news to the fort, was one of Sergt. McGrew's able assistants. His merry laugh dried the tears of many a sorrowing woman. His comical salutations would ring out whenever the Indians' bullets splintered the carriage or flattened on the gun. Brave, courageous Dunn! I was sorry to learn that he was killed at Nashville.

Sergt. Jones had his gun in position and stood by it all night, and days and nights succeeding, until reinforcements arrived.

George Reike tells me that Lieut. Shehan took meals to them that were eaten while standing by their gun.

On Tuesday morning about nine o'clock the heart of every-

one in the garrison leaped with joy to welcome Lieut. Shehan's return with his fifty men of Co. C, who, after going into camp near Glencoe, at the end of two days' march toward his post at Fort Ripley, received the order sent by courier, struck tents and made nearly fifty miles during the night.

Chaplets of immortelles, woven with trembling hands, and garnished with tears of despairing women, will forever wreath his brow. He at once took command. At six o'clock the same evening the Renville Rangers, forty-six in number, also Lieut. Culver and six men of Co. B, arrived from St. Peter where Dickinson overtook them. This company was made up of Frenchmen, half-breeds and frontiersmen, acquainted with the Indians, and who spoke their language. They were accustomed to the use of arms, and were provided with indifferent guns in store at St. Peter. Cheer upon cheer went up, and hope, that had not been vaulting perceptibly, was again "springing eternal in the human breast."

Shehan reconnoitred with a small party of the Rangers that had just arrived along the edges of ravines and ^{wooded} bluffs,

"Till twilight let her curtain down
And pinned it with a star."

There were enough men to post sentinels, mostly within enclosures under shelter, to guard the salient points. I visited some of these posts with an officer and a lantern later in the night, and no one was sleeping on them; they were deserted. We followed to where they had taken shelter in the barracks among the refugees, and they were ordered from under iron beds to resume their guns and duties.

It is not to the disparagement of the men that they were siezed with the panic that had spread like an epidemic among all the people. Muster in makes soldiers only in embryo, and wearing the blue does not make them veterans or unlike other men.

The night wore away with vigilance, and eyes that had known no sleep were watching and waiting for the first streak of

morning dawn.

Wednesday morning opened bright and clear. The Indians that had been gathered in groups the day before were no where to be seen.

A rise of ground sixty rods northwest on the Agency road that backed the target where the old guard had discharged their muskets for years, commanded a good view. A sentinel was placed on this eminence, and others near the brow of the bluffs, for observation, with orders to fire and rally upon the fort in case indians were seen advancing.

The ravine was between my house and the garrison, where my family had taken shelter. About twelve o'clock I was at the house with a horse and buggy, when guns were discharged, the sentinels shouting "Indians!" Seeing them running, I was not long in reaching the fort, and had been there but a short time when flames shot up from my dwelling and the ravine I had just crossed swarmed with painted savages. Lieut. Shehan had ordered all to form in line in front of the sally port, which was obeyed by all not on duty, where he administered the following oath.

"You do solemnly swear that you will defend the United States against all her enemies."

A simultaneous "Yes" was said without any mental reservation. I had been doing a good deal of shooting in previous years with a double barreled gun held against the shoulder, but there is that "tired feeling" comes over one when a fellow that you are not on speaking terms with is observing this provision of the statute, and when chunks of lead from his point of the compass hurtle by the unaccustomed and sensitive ear, it has a depressing effect.

Two of the party were shot in the head - one dead, the other mortally wounded. There is great satisfaction sometimes in being able to see and not being seen. This seemed an occasion when an exhibition of personal attraction was not desirable, and all took post in buildings, behind fences or some shelter. The firing was incessant for a short time, when it ceased and all was quiet.

The howitzers, brought to position, were found to have been stuffed with some old clothes by some half-breeds belonging to the Renville Rangers, six of whom deserted on the first appearance of the Indians to join their kindred. They took with them their guns and the news that \$70,000 of their deferred payment was in the commissary, brought there on the day of the outbreak by C. G. Wykoff, clerk of the Indian Superintendent, J. C. Ramsey, and E. A. C. Hatch. This furnished an additional incentive to capture the fort.

The lull gave the gunners time to prepare and shot their pieces, when all of a sudden an awful crash of musketry opened on the north and east, from the ravine and wooded bluff. Whipple and Boesch soon had their piece in position by the bake house, which served them as a magazine for ammunition. Jones had moved his piece nearly across the parade ground when the attack was renewed with double vigor from the southwest corner. He quickly returned to his position at this angle and had his six pounder trained on the point of attack. Sergt. McGrew occupied the northwest angle with his howitzer situated favorably for playing on both attacking parties. These positions were maintained during the siege. The Renville Rangers and some citizens rendered substantial support to Sergt. Jones, occupying the buildings on both sides. The battle raged with fury till sundown, when the Indians drew off and went into camp at the foot of the bluff, three-fourths of a mile above the fort. Everybody breathed easier, and the first day's experience had inspired those that were despondent before with the belief that they could continue a successful defense.

Some old buildings on the edge of the wooded bluff in front of Whipple's piece had been occupied by Indians, and a constant fusillade was kept up, to the great annoyance of the gunners and guards on the east side. As dark settled down over the scene, Boesch set them on fire, and thus wiped out one of their most favorable and secure points. In the evening Jones sent up rockets as evidence to those that chanced to see them that our flag was still there. These were seen at New Ulm, eighteen miles distant.

In the evening the Indian harangues were heard at the fort, and some men of the Rangers and myself went to the bluff, west of my still/smoking house, where we could hear distinctly Little Crow, in forcible oratory, proclaiming the feasibility and the advantage that would result by wiping out the fort - the only barrier to the Mississippi river. They would sieze all the provisions and money in the fort and would own the land where their fathers had been buried and that had been stolen from them. Loud responses of "Ho! Ho!" signified their acquiescence in the arrangement. We also learned that the force would be augmented indefinitely.

The intelligence thus gained was not of the most cheering character. We made it known to Sergt. Jones and were enjoined by him to keep it secret, and keep everyone hopeful and spirited. One great distress of mind was caused by the fear of fire. Everything was dry as tinder. The burning of my dwelling and warehouse during the battle had intensified it, and every precaution was taken to the end that, should one occur, it might be smothered in its incipency. Four scuttles led up through the ceiling of the piazzas and roof of the barracks and ladders from these extended to the ridge.

I had buckets of water at one of these scuttles next to the roof, and made frequest trips up the ladder for inspection during the night, where thr roof of the whole building could be seen. The Indians had been firing arrows with lighted punk to set fire to the roof.

The night of Wednesday wore slowly away, as others that preceeded it, without rest or sleep. The men were on post and by their guns in ceaseless vigil.

Towards morning clouds gathered, darkness thickened, the muttering thunder and distant lightning grew nearer and louder and fiercer. Heaven's artillery, with all its batteries, would have seemed but mimicry without rain. All had been wishing and looking and praying for rain. Soon the heavens opened with copious showers, prayers had been answered, and all felt more than ever that the

Fire Protection

Fire

God of battles was on our side and saved us from the torch and lighted arrow of the remorseless savage.

The morning of Thursday dawned upon a weary, anxious multitude. All was activity. Breast works were built and strengthened, barricades were constructed with cord wood, the commissary roof was covered with earth, and new and secure places for defense constructed by the men. No military orders were given or executed, but every man knew that to save himself he must defend the garrison.

Noon arrived and no enemy had been seen. It was evident they were waiting reinforcements. Shortly small parties were observed, some sitting in groups on distant elevations and some on horseback galloping over the prairie. Thus the day passed, and, as darkness thickened, all were impressed with the certainty of a night attack and massacre before morning, or the attempt to accomplish our destruction by firing the buildings.

Friday morning broke, and the scene was unchanged. Early in the day about a mile north the prairie was swarming with Indians like a brigade of cavalry at drill, but less inspiring to us. Horses galloping and blankets flying - and soon all disappeared,

Shortly before twelve o'clock, without premonition, like the explosion of a powder mill, a terrific crash of musketry opened up on three sides - from stables, ravines, the sutler's store, granary and out-buildings.

The replies from the garrison guns were incessant, with field pieces booming at short intervals. By opening up the hall of the commanding officers quarters that protected Jones's position on the south, he was enabled to fire the stable by sending shell through the hall. McGrew shelled and set fire to the sutler's store, - the heat and want of shelter contracting their field of action to the southwest and north and northeast corners.

The oft repeated commands of Little Crow to charge were distinctly heard, and the various attempts to concentrate in sufficient force were frustrated by well directed grape and canister

pounded into hiding places /in the rank weeds and bushes. Apparently baffled in the conquest that had been pictured so easy of attainment, the firing became less furious, and at six o'clock the Indians withdrew.

Thus ended the last and most desperate attack upon Fort Ridgely. One thousand well armed and determined Indians took part in this engagement. They returned to their camp for the night, and left those in garrison as much in suspense and anxiety as they had been at any previous time during the siege.

At eight o'clock the next morning they passed down the road in the direction of New Ulm, mounted and in true military style, with flankers on either side of the main column. Their march was masked by smoke rolling up from buildings as they proceeded. This was their last day's fight at New Ulm. Baffled in their efforts to reduce these two points, they turned their faces westward.

On Sunday we observed with a field glass large numbers of Indians, horses, teams and droves of cattle, passing an opening in the bluff on the south side of the river in the direction of the Agency. The same watchfulness was maintained until Wednesday morning, the 27th, when Anson Northrup, with a company of mounted volunteers, and Col. Sam McPhail, with cavalry, reached the fort, to our great relief. This afforded the first opportunity for refreshing sleep since the news of the outbreak, on the morning of the 18th. Gen. Sibley soon followed with the Sixth Regiment Minnesota Volunteers.

There were between 300 and 400 men, women and children who had found an asylum at the fort; widows and orphans, many of them bereft of all their friends, most of them penniless and homeless, the country devastated, some suffering from wounds, and an experience that blighted every ambition.

The one thing beyond controversy was that they must go somewhere. Facilities were afforded and in a short space of time their escape from the savage Sioux was told to eager listeners

hundreds of miles away. So much had the people been accustomed to rely upon the fort for protection that a man arrived from New Ulm just as the first attack was made, with a request for troops. His horse was taken by Indians. Another man, from Glencoe, by the name of Richardson, reached the mouth of the creek ravine at about the same time on the same errand. Horse and man were killed. There were five killed in the garrison and eleven wounded during the investment. Four others were killed in the immediate vicinity outside.

The defence of Fort Ridgely was a test of bravery and endurance that men are seldom subjected to. When the time for action came no one was deficient in these qualities.

Dr. Alfred Mueller and wife were untiring in their attentions to the sick and wounded. Men remained on post from Monday night to Saturday without relief or sleep.

Mr. Geo. P. Hicks, hearing Sergt. Jones call, ran to his house, found his wife in a closet with her children, too terrified to make known her presence, and removed them safely to the garrison while the Indians were taking shelter around and firing into it through the windows. The magazines, - two hewed log buildings - were on a line with the row of log buildings two hundred yards west. Early in the engagement the capture or the destruction of the ammunition became distressingly probable. The supply was limited. Mr. Hicks volunteered with others, and accomplished its removal to the commissary without loss or accident, while leaden missiles were sent after them from two sides.

J. W. DeCamp reached the fort on his way to the agency, where he resided, on the day of the outbreak, crazed with anxiety to learn the fate of his family. He was ever on the watch to get a glimpse of an Indian. While standing on the upper porch of the barracks in the first fight, with his Sharp's rifle, I saw him kill two that were under the stable, and afterwards found them wrapped in carpet taken from Quinn's house and buried on the side of the bluff. He died at the fort from wounds received at Birch Coulee

two weeks later. His wife, who escaped from captivity soon after, reached the fort - only the story of his sacrifice and Christian burial to assuage her grief.

The points where the artillery were stationed attracted the heaviest and sometimes concentrated fire of the entire horde. But no place where smoke of powder was seen that was not complimented in return.

No criticism has ever been heard, if criticism were possible, of the management of the artillery, while it is believed that without the trained skill of Sergt. Jones, who held the gateway of assault, the successful defense of the fort would have been impossible.

The relief of troops and change in garrison continued. The Fifth Regiment soon went south, succeeded by four companies of the Sixth, The Mounted Rangers, the Ninth and the Cavalry successively.

After the close of the war two companies of the Tenth Regiment, United States Infantry, Major W. L. Kellogg commanding, were ordered there, and in the spring of 1867 they were transferred to Fort Sisseton, and Fort Ridgely was abandoned.

Near the edge of the bluff, sloping to the creek, bordered by timber, is a small enclosure in which are two monuments erected by the State of Minnesota. One is in memory of Mrs. Eliza Mueller, for her devotion and kindness to the wounded and dying soldiers in the battle of Fort Ridgely. The other marks the resting place of Capt. Marsh and twenty-seven men whose lives went out at the Agency ferry on the 18th of August, a sacrifice to duty. Their names are all engraved on a tablet, with one exception, - that of Interpreter Peter Quinn. Never was a man more devoted to the country's good than he. The attempt of the erratic agent Galbraith to besmirch his character or impugn his loyalty by ordering him to return to the fort, for he "could not allow him to talk to his Indians," did not disgrace him in the eyes of those who knew the two men. And in two weeks his family were fleeing across the

prairie to Glencoe to save their scalps from "his" Indians.

This little cemetery is the only visible token left to tell of Fort Ridgely, where the rollicking reveille waked the sleeper from delicious dreams, where the guard marched in review to the soul stirring airs of a regimental band, where the mellow notes of the bugle, directing the evolutions of flying horsemen, in witching cadence floated out on the summer air to return in murmuring echoes from wooded hills. The evening serenade with song and mirth are diffused with the fleeting years, and faintly linger in the memory of a few.

The starry flower of freedom that floated in billowy folds with its flitting shadows hallowed the ground where the corn and pumpkin grow.

The metamorphosis is as complete as an island sunk in the ocean.