

PEN PICTURES

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

850—Justus Cornelius Ramsey—First Public Bequest—Peculiarities—His Death—First Fire in St. Paul—First Court House—First Cholera—First Episcopal Rectory—First Joseph A. Wheelock—Wheelock Personally—Not Seen—Joel E. Whitney—First Photographer—First Lithograph of St. Paul—Transactions in Real Estate—Joel Whitney—Whitney as a Man—Talking to the Assessor—Charles and William Colter—John R. Sloan.

BY T. M. NEWSON.
two years; was editor of the Real Estate and Financial Advertiser, owned by Charles H. Parker, from 1854 until 1855; was associate editor of the Pioneer in 1859; made several trips with Gov. Ramsey to consummate treaties with the Indians; was Commissioner of Statistics in 1860; in 1861 was connected with William R. Marshall in renting the Times office, type, material good will, etc., then edited by T. M. Newson, and out of this transaction grew the establishment of the Press, of which Mr. Wheelock became editor. He married Miss Kate French, of New Hampshire, in 1861. Before the war, a paper called the Daily Union, established by Fred Driscoll, was merged into the Press, and after the war the old Pioneer and the Minneapolis Tribune united with the Press, and this joint paper was presided over by Mr. Wheelock, as editor-in-chief; subsequently the Tribune withdrew from the tri-party consolidation, and the outcome is the present Pioneer Press, of which Mr. Wheelock is still editor; so that he has been continuously in the editorial harness up to the time of his leaving for Europe in 1883, about 22 years, although previous to entering upon his daily duties he had edited a weekly paper four years, thus making in all about twenty-six years of active mental life.

WHEELOCK PERSONALLY.
Mr. Wheelock is a tall, thin gentleman, with side whiskers sprinkled with gray, and usually carries a cane. He might with great propriety be taken for an Englishman. Over a quarter of a century ago we remember him as an invalid, very slender, with large eyes, a good brow, and yet evidently in the first stages of consumption, and so satisfied was he and his friends of the fact, that he daily used what was then novel, a lung inhalant for the benefit of his health. He was social in his nature, somewhat hesitating in his speech, decided in his opinions, impulsive, easily excited to anger, and exhibited what we might term a reserved power, it only needing a good physical organization to bring it out. His trips on the plains greatly aided to restore his health, so that when he became commissioner of statistics he piled up the figures in an intelligent and accurate manner. It is said of him that in boyhood he was considered different from other children, and that peculiar, distinct characteristic of boyhood he has carried into manhood, and still he is a very able writer, a deep thinker, with a somewhat metaphysical mind. He belongs to the Emersonian school, and in early years wrote with a great moral ornamentation than now, that is, he used many constructive words to convey his meaning, while at present he drives right toward the main point at issue. He is self-reliant, and possesses a large degree of individuality. Is reserved in his manners, yet to those who know him well, he is so amiable, generous, and a pleasant companion, that he has strong likes and dislikes; has devoted his time almost exclusively to his profession, and his ambition has been to build up a powerful journal, and in this particular he has shown both ability and tenacity. The writer has measured pens with Mr. Wheelock on some public questions and differed with him on others, yet that will not prevent him from rendering honor to whom honor is due, or bias him in his honest estimation of the man.

PECULIARITIES.
In early days Mr. Ramsey entered largely into social life, but of late years he became more sedate and thoughtful. He was, in some respects, a peculiar man. He was of good size; bold, frank and devoid of show; despised cant and hypocrisy; never wore an overcoat in the coldest of winter during his residence in Minnesota, except once or twice; was frugal in dress and in every other way in the expenditure of his money, and yet he quietly gave considerable to the needy. He usually walked with his hands in his pocket, and for twelve years made one room in this city his home. He was an unmarried man, and so far as we can learn, had no outstanding matrimonial alliances. He was a Mason and had taken the 32d degree.

PEOPLE.
For several years Mr. Ramsey had been afflicted with dyspepsia, and it had grown upon him to such an extent that it affected his mind. Meeting him soon after his brother was brought out in the newspapers for senator, he exclaimed, "Why do you do that? why do you do that? Ateck is a bankrupt! can't raise \$5,000 in the world! he ought to keep out of politics and attend to his business! he's a poor man! a poor man!" His indignant look and vehement expression clearly showed that something was wrong. Then again, just before his death, a friend informed him that he had better go to Florida and eat fruit. "Can't do it! can't do it!" he exclaimed, "I'm too poor! Haven't any money! can't buy fruit!" The evening before his death he partook of California wine and cake, and it was noticed that his voice had a sorrowful tone. Then he was worried over a suit of the government which had been brought to recover on an officer's bond, and as Mr. Ramsey was one of the bondsmen, he was afraid he would be obliged to pay \$20,000. Those things no doubt had something to do in unsettling his mind. He was found dead in his room, January 24, 1881, and thus passed into history all that remained of Justus C. Ramsey, except his noble gift to the little orphans, and that will ever remain grand and in the ever grateful present and the coming future.

FIRST FIRE IN ST. PAUL.
On the 16th of May, 1850, Rev. E. D. Nell's chapel on Washington street, book fire by some shavings becoming ignited, accidentally or otherwise, and was burned to the ground. This was the first fire which occurred in St. Paul. Where Warner's block now stands, corner of Third and Wabasha streets, was an unfinished warehouse, and in this Mr. Nell preached until his new church was erected.

FIRST CHURCH BUILT IN MINNESOTA.
The first Presbyterian church, as embodied in the little chapel burned, rebuilt on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets, was finished in October, 1850, and the first bell in Minnesota was hung in its belfry, and was rung the Saturday evening preceding the Sunday of the first service within its walls. The second bell was in the Market street church.

FIRST COURT HOUSE.
The first court house was commenced in November of the year 1850, but was not completed until the year 1851. It stood thirty-three years and served an admirable purpose. It was torn down in the early part of 1884 to make room for a new court house which will cost not less than \$400,000. The old wooden jail was erected a few months later in the same year. It was demolished in 1867. It was an insecure and unsafe place in which to keep prisoners.

FIRST THANKSGIVING.
Gov. Ramsey issued a proclamation designating December 26, 1850, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, the first thanksgiving ever commemorated in Minnesota. Of course turkeys were quite scarce, but whisky was in abundance, and "the boys" showed it up until very late in the night. They were great deal more thankful for what they had than those days that we are now, even if the whisky was adulterated with strichnine and tobacco.

FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
On the 31st of September, 1850, the corner stone of "Christ church" was laid on Cedar street, and shortly after the building was erected. It was a little Gothic structure and was reached by a two-plank sidewalk from Third street. Here Revs. Wilcoxson, and Beck and Van Ingen preached, and then the new church was erected on the corner of Fourth and Exchange, where it now stands.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF CHOLERA.
This year witnessed the perfection of both these enterprises, the first by the Pioneer office, with the following details: Five clergymen, 14 lawyers, 2 land agents, 4 doctors, 16 mercantile firms, 1 shoemaker, 6 hotels, 3 painters, 2 blacksmiths, 4 plasterers, 5 masons, 18 carpenters, 1 silversmith, 1 gunsmith, 5 bakers, 3 wheelwrights, 1 harness maker, 1 tinner, 2 newspapers. The first brick store was built by John Farrington, corner of Third and Exchange streets.

MR. WHEELOCK AS A MAN.
Mr. Wheelock was born in Nova Scotia in 1811; was educated at an academy in New Brunswick; came to St. Paul in 1850; was in the Sauter's store at Fort Snelling for about

when, among the gentlemen listening to him, one addressed him as follows: "Mr. Denoyer, you have about 400 acres here, have you not?" "Oh, yes," said Denoyer, "I have 400 acres." "Well, Mr. Denoyer, what is your property worth per acre?" "Oh, well, I've zinks one hundred tollars per acre." "Then you think that one hundred dollars per acre is cheap for your property?" "Vells, I zinks he be vorth more tan one hundred and twenty-five tollars per acre." "You have 400 acres here!" "Yah! You're buy'em!" "Oh, no," said the man, and soon drove off. "Do you know who that man was?" said a gentleman to Denoyer. "Y's, no. Vot you ask for?" "Well, that was the assessor," he replied, when Denoyer was heard to exclaim: "Oh, my gods," and calling for his fast horse, he was soon on the road trying to overtake the assessor and to convince him that he had accidentally made a mistake in the valuation of his own property. Of course Denoyer's smile, and the "smiled," and they got on "smiling," (for every body "smiled" in those days,) and finally a compromise was effected whereby Denoyer's property was assessed at \$25 per acre in lieu of \$125. Moral—look out for the assessor.

CHARLES AND WILLIAM COLTER.
These two gentlemen came to St. Paul in 1849. Charles was a butcher, and at one time owned a good deal of property, and his real estate on Jackson street alone, if he had held it, would have made him a rich man. He was born in Ireland in 1822; was engaged in the lumber and iron trade extensively in Maine and New Brunswick; on arriving at St. Paul entered the cattle trade; then started a store on Jackson street; had meat contracts with the government; and was engaged in butchering. Mr. Colter had at one time a large amount of real estate, some of which he has lost.

THE MAN.
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WILLIAM COLTER.
William Colter was born in the north of Ireland in 1833; was educated at a common school; came to America in 1845; engaged in the lumber and iron trade; came to St. Paul in 1849; went on a survey; took a contract for splitting rails; with his brother engaged in the meat business; shipped stock and killed it; was second lieutenant in the Minnesota Heavy Artillery; served about one year's health in the army; went to the Pacific coast, California, Australia, Sandwich Islands, Central America, etc.; during this trip engaged in mining enterprises; returned to Pittsburg, Pa., where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but in the crash of 1873 lost his health; came to St. Paul in 1875; commenced the hat, cap and gentlemen's furnishing business in 1876; was burnt out to Black Hills with groceries; and then to Texas in 1878; lost heavily there; made for Leadville; struck a streak of good luck; came back to St. Paul; impaired and went to work for the city in 1880; has since then engaged for four years.

HE WAS AT ONE TIME QUITE WELL OFF, BUT MOST OF HIS MONEY IN ENDORSING, AND HAS BUTTLE LEFT OF THE WRECK OF A FORTUNE OF OVER \$150,000. He procured a pension for his services while in the army; is now contented with his every day work, and he does work hard and faithfully.

"DARK AS THE DEVIL."
Two toppers went to bed in a way-side inn one night, with the understanding that they were to be up in the morning to take the early stage. One of them arose about 4 o'clock, opened the blind, put his head out into the air, and exclaimed to his half-awake companion: "John! it is as dark as the devil—going to storm, and I smell brimstone!"

JOHN GOT UP, and after fumbling around for awhile, stuck his head out of the window and remarked to Jim: "Well, old boy, it is pretty dark; I guess the lightning will strike a smart blow at you. They both had stuck their heads into an cupboard, instead of out of a window, while the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing and the stage had been gone several hours."

JOHN SAID HE THOUGHT IT WAS PRETTY BLACK WHEN HE THRUW HIS HEAD INTO THE FINANCIAL SIAZ IN 1873, and he is quite sure he smelt brimstone! He is a social, pleasant man, and has arrived at that stage of life when philosophy surps the gay dreams of youth and leads the arid or more mature manhood.

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Born in Dubuque, Iowa, in 1846; came to St. Paul in 1848; was engaged many years on the river, bringing eggs, butter and other produce to this market. He has been a continuous resident of this city for many years and has seen many and great changes. He is a young man, bright, generous, active, a lover of horses, devoted to his mother, and a pleasant citizen.

EDWARD SLOAN.
John's father, was born in New York state in 1808; came to St. Paul in 1847; was in the lead regions of Wisconsin and struck the first lead in that section; when in this city he carried on the business of house painting, and died in 1879.

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John's mother, was born in New York, in 1811, came to St. Paul in 1847, and has lived here ever since. She is a fine looking woman, and not at all gray in her hair. Has had nine children, seven of whom are living.

PERRY SLOAN.
Brother of John, was well known to all the old settlers. He was a great lover of the horse and rode many races. He was an active, popular young man, and accidentally fell out of a window in the Merchants hotel and was killed March 23, 1870.

AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE.
The correspondent of The Standard sends a description of the ceremony: "The Imperial Court, famous for its magnificence, omitted nothing that could contribute to the pomp of the procession or the splendor of the coronation. The sun shone out brilliantly on the stately pageant which passed up the Newsky, and the gilt coach, a present from Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, in trappings of gold, conveying the beautiful bride, sat beside the Empress, in robes of white, with a diamond crown on her head, and a bridal bouquet on her lap, seemed a picture straight from fairyland. The Emperor, with his sons, the King of Greece, and all the royal Dukes, followed in the procession, rode in a glittering, cavalcade behind, and after them came Queen Olga and the Grand Duchesses, and a long array of gorgeous carriages, French and German masterpieces of the last century. It is needless to say that the reception accorded to the young princess was most enthusiastic. The route was kept by a whole army of soldiers—no fewer than forty-two battalions of foot and fourteen squadrons of cavalry—behind whose ranks on the wide pavements of the Newsky and the Moskva stood the young bride, for thousands of people. Every window, every door, was full, many having been let for large sums. There was not a house but was adorned with flags and hung with carpets and colored drapery. In fact, but for the Asiatics, who formed such a striking feature on that gorgeous procession, it would have been a repetition of that unparalleled one which preceded the coronation at Moscow."

THE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE AT THE WINTER PALACE. The Court and diplomatic corps assembled at half-past 10 o'clock. As in the case of the first Duke Constantine, the marriage was celebrated according to both rites—the Greek Orthodox and the Lutheran, and the arrangements were in all respects similar. The bride's train was of rose-colored silk, embroidered with silver. She wore a purple velvet mantle bordered with ermine, and an imperial diamond crown on her head. All present, the correspondent says, were captivated by her beauty, grace and modest, dignified deportment. The Princess's sisters shared with her the universal admiration of the court. Her betrothed, the young Princess Alice and the English royal family was specially noticed. In Court circles the youngest, a charming child of twelve years, is already pointed to as the future Empress of Russia.

MR. WHITNEY AS A MAN.
Mr. Whitney was always estimated an honest man. He was industrious and honorable, and years can detract nothing from these qualities. He is of medium size; quite deaf, but an amiable and pleasant gentleman, and has seen St. Paul grow from a mere handful of men and women to a city of 125,000 inhabitants.

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When we ask some of the old settlers what property they owned and what they now own they usually turn around to see if the assessor is near by, and some won't give the figures under any circumstances whatever, and this reminds us of a little story: In early days Stephen Denoyer was the possessor of some 400 acres between St. Paul and Anthony, and every time he came to the city he was walked up and down on his veranda, and advanced his real estate to many dollars per acre. One day a larger number of boats arrived than usual, and Denoyer, very much elated, put his property up to quite a respectable figure,

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.
Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, Make me a child again just for to-night! Mother, come and sit on my knee, and I'll share with you all my heart and my care, Take me to your heart as of yore, Kiss me with your forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair; From the sick soul's pain watch me keep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

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Born in Dubuque, Iowa, in 1846; came to St. Paul in 1848; was engaged many years on the river, bringing eggs, butter and other produce to this market. He has been a continuous resident of this city for many years and has seen many and great changes. He is a young man, bright, generous, active, a lover of horses, devoted to his mother, and a pleasant citizen.

EDWARD SLOAN.
John's father, was born in New York state in 1808; came to St. Paul in 1847; was in the lead regions of Wisconsin and struck the first lead in that section; when in this city he carried on the business of house painting, and died in 1879.

MRS. SARAH SLOAN.
John's mother, was born in New York, in 1811, came to St. Paul in 1847, and has lived here ever since. She is a fine looking woman, and not at all gray in her hair. Has had nine children, seven of whom are living.

PERRY SLOAN.
Brother of John, was well known to all the old settlers. He was a great lover of the horse and rode many races. He was an active, popular young man, and accidentally fell out of a window in the Merchants hotel and was killed March 23, 1870.

AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE.
The correspondent of The Standard sends a description of the ceremony: "The Imperial Court, famous for its magnificence, omitted nothing that could contribute to the pomp of the procession or the splendor of the coronation. The sun shone out brilliantly on the stately pageant which passed up the Newsky, and the gilt coach, a present from Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, in trappings of gold, conveying the beautiful bride, sat beside the Empress, in robes of white, with a diamond crown on her head, and a bridal bouquet on her lap, seemed a picture straight from fairyland. The Emperor, with his sons, the King of Greece, and all the royal Dukes, followed in the procession, rode in a glittering, cavalcade behind, and after them came Queen Olga and the Grand Duchesses, and a long array of gorgeous carriages, French and German masterpieces of the last century. It is needless to say that the reception accorded to the young princess was most enthusiastic. The route was kept by a whole army of soldiers—no fewer than forty-two battalions of foot and fourteen squadrons of cavalry—behind whose ranks on the wide pavements of the Newsky and the Moskva stood the young bride, for thousands of people. Every window, every door, was full, many having been let for large sums. There was not a house but was adorned with flags and hung with carpets and colored drapery. In fact, but for the Asiatics, who formed such a striking feature on that gorgeous procession, it would have been a repetition of that unparalleled one which preceded the coronation at Moscow."

THE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE AT THE WINTER PALACE. The Court and diplomatic corps assembled at half-past 10 o'clock. As in the case of the first Duke Constantine, the marriage was celebrated according to both rites—the Greek Orthodox and the Lutheran, and the arrangements were in all respects similar. The bride's train was of rose-colored silk, embroidered with silver. She wore a purple velvet mantle bordered with ermine, and an imperial diamond crown on her head. All present, the correspondent says, were captivated by her beauty, grace and modest, dignified deportment. The Princess's sisters shared with her the universal admiration of the court. Her betrothed, the young Princess Alice and the English royal family was specially noticed. In Court circles the youngest, a charming child of twelve years, is already pointed to as the future Empress of Russia.

MR. WHITNEY AS A MAN.
Mr. Whitney was always estimated an honest man. He was industrious and honorable, and years can detract nothing from these qualities. He is of medium size; quite deaf, but an amiable and pleasant gentleman, and has seen St. Paul grow from a mere handful of men and women to a city of 125,000 inhabitants.

TALKING TO THE ASSESSOR.
When we ask some of the old settlers what property they owned and what they now own they usually turn around to see if the assessor is near by, and some won't give the figures under any circumstances whatever, and this reminds us of a little story: In early days Stephen Denoyer was the possessor of some 400 acres between St. Paul and Anthony, and every time he came to the city he was walked up and down on his veranda, and advanced his real estate to many dollars per acre. One day a larger number of boats arrived than usual, and Denoyer, very much elated, put his property up to quite a respectable figure,

And the meetings have been uniformly orderly. A gentleman has bought the iron from fabricated for the Salvation army. Mr. Moody says he expects to sail, with his family and Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins, for New York on the steamship "Oregon," which leaves July 12th.

THERE is a theory concerning the location, and occasional appearance of the star of Bethlehem. In 1572 Tycho Brahe, a noted Dutch astronomer, discovered a new star near Capli, in the Constellation Cassiopea. It attained great brilliancy, and gradually grew dim and disappeared from view. Forty years later the telescope was discovered, and by it a minute star was in the identical spot where the blazing star disappeared. The star is still there. By searching astronomical records astronomers found that similar bright stars had appeared in the same region in 945 and 1294. Counting back three periods from 945 goes back to near the vicinity of the birth of Christ. Some 34 of these blazing stars have appeared in the last 3,000 years. If it appears again, it will blaze forth next of next year, 1885. There is a possibility, therefore, that the long lost star of Bethlehem, the Pilgrim star or Tycho Brahe's star, of 1572—for it is known by all these names—will once more become a shining wonder in the sky.

The knowledge of the founder of Harvard college, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, singularly enough is very meager. He founded the college and gave his name to it, and that is about all that is known of him. Some steps had previously been taken to found an institution of learning, but little or nothing had been done or would have been done had not the Rev. John Harvard in 1638, left by his will \$700 to endow a college. Lately an interesting discovery has been reported in The Athenaeum (London), made recently by the Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, concerning the Rev. John Harvard, the founder of the great university which preserves his name from generation to generation. The Dean finds his name twice entered in the college books; once to the effect that he entered the college in 1627, and took his M. A. degree in 1638. The entries further show that he resided in the county of Middlesex, whereas it had been supposed that his family were Southwark people.

This following sonnet to his Mother, by Henry Kirke White, gushing in unchilled affection, breathes the very fragrance of a filial heart, and is equally creditable to the son and the mother, and is unsurpassed in its moving poetic pathos by anything in our language: "And canst thou, Mother, for a moment think That we, thy children, when old age shall shield Thy blanching honours on thy weary head, Could from our best of duties ever shrink? Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day, To pine in solitude thy life away. Or, when thou, tottering on the grave's cold brink, Barest the thought: 'where are my steps may roam, O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree, Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee; And still find