

MINNESOTA AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION, NEW YORK, 1853¹

In 1850 there were in the territory of Minnesota upwards of six thousand white people engaged in the lumber and fur-trade and associated industries, some two thousand of whom were gathered in the vicinity of the little log chapel called St. Paul by the missionary priest, Father Galtier. West of the Mississippi River the Indians were still in occupancy, the Sioux below the Falls of St. Anthony, the Chippewas above, although their lands had been sold to the government and they were soon to be dispossessed. These white settlements were the outposts of civilization; we were, so to speak, out on the skirmish line, and were all on the lookout for recruits to aid us in subduing the wilderness and in vanquishing that geographical phantom, the great American desert. An active correspondence was kept up by letter-writers, and the mail service gradually expanded from a pony sled on the ice twice a month from Prairie du Chien to Burbank's four-horse covered coach or the Galena Packet Company's steamboats daily from Galena, Illinois. By 1855 the population of the territory had grown to about fifty-four thousand, a remarkable increase, the result of a most extraordinary immigration movement of the farmers of the eastern states toward the fertile prairies of Minnesota, the most desirable class of settlers that has pushed the frontier of a country two hundred miles to the westward. The inquisitive student naturally seeks to learn what were the underlying influences which led to this sudden influx of settlers. To such an one the following incident of the days of 1853, in which the writer played a prominent rôle, and which was a real contributory cause, may be of interest.

Prompted by the success of the international exhibition held,

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at the suggestion of Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, London, in 1851, Theodore Sedgwick and a party of public-spirited men of New York, including a number of prominent bankers, determined to organize a world's fair to be held in that city in the year 1853. They erected on the west half of Reservoir Square, then "away up town," that beautiful structure of iron and glass known as the Crystal Palace of New York. This building, while inferior to the rectangular edifice erected for the London exposition, was, in symmetrical proportions and architectural beauty, far superior to anything that had been constructed of iron and glass. Filled with the choicest productions of industry and art from all parts of the world, the building was at length formally opened to the public—a dream of beauty and utility never to be forgotten by those fortunate enough to see it.

Advertisements of the exhibition were widely circulated. In the winter of 1852-53 the once-a-week mail, carried up the river on the ice, brought one of these notices finally into my hands. At once I saw in the world's fair an opportunity to attract attention to our territory, then practically unknown, and to induce immigration to move in our direction.

After consulting Governor Ramsey, I prepared and had introduced into the territorial legislature, then in session, a bill providing for the appointment by the governor of a commissioner to the fair, and appropriating three hundred dollars for the preparation of an exhibit. The bill passed, and I was given the appointment. In the early spring I set about securing such an exhibit as would attract attention to Minnesota. At this time agriculture was practiced only in the gardens at the United States forts and on the farms of a small colony of Yankees who had settled on some fertile lands a few miles above the junction of the St. Croix with the Mississippi, called Cottage Grove. Here Joseph and Theodore Furber, James Norris, and Joseph Haskell were demonstrating the richness of the soil by raising with great success and profit large crops of all the small grains usually grown in northern latitudes: wheat,

rye, oats, barley, and corn. The demands of the logging camps, of the Indian trading posts, and of the forts, however, largely exceeded the amount of cereals produced. I secured samples of all the varieties grown.

My next visit was to the principal trading post of the American Fur Company, located at Mendota, which since 1834 had been under the management of Henry H. Sibley.¹ He supplied me with specimens of the best furs in his possession, and gave me a letter to Ramsey Crooks, formerly president of the company, but at this time engaged in the fur commission business in New York, which was the means of placing at my disposal the finest furs in the world.

At the suggestion of Henry M. Rice I accompanied his clerk E. A. C. Hatch on a trip to the trading posts on the upper Mississippi to get an Indian canoe and samples of wild rice, or manomin, as the Chippewas in their tongue called the *Zizania aquatica*, a plant bearing a grain of great food value to the Indians living among the marshy lakes of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, and to any peoples who shall in the future live in those regions. The rice as well as a birch-bark canoe of the best pattern and other articles of Indian make I obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Russell, the factor in charge of the trading post of Borup and Oakes, and M. Cunradie, a gentlemanly, well-educated, competent clerk whom I had known in St. Paul, and who had been banished to this frontier post by his employers because of his persistent indulgence in whiskey and convivial frolics. Cunradie was a native of Alsace or Lorraine, and was a foster brother of Louis Napoleon, who had just carried out his successful coup d'état in France. Cunradie sought my assistance in getting to New York, saying in his broken English :

¹ In 1842 the American Fur Company was obliged to make an assignment, and in the following year its interests in Minnesota territory were transferred to the firm of Pierre Chouteau and Company of St. Louis, to whom the name of the former corporation was afterwards often applied.—*Ed.*

"Ah, my fren', eef I can only get back to France, my foster brother he will see I shall haf ze good place. I queet dese *sacré bleu* squaw camp an' come to Paree. I queet wat you call hell and get to heaven, ees it not so?"

"But, Cunradie, I have no money to pay clerk hire; only three hundred dollars for the entire business."

"Only t'ree hundred dollar for ze entire treep! *Mon Dieu*, but zat ees too leet' for ze whiskey beel of ze commish'."

As I was about to start on my return journey, Cunradie again appeared, and, taking me to a corral, said: "I show you wat will more attract ze peep' zan all canoe or fur or grain. You see zat fine buffalo bool? You put heem in your show and everybody shall say, 'Meenesota! W'ere ees zat?' Zen shall ze peep' mak' some inquire. I geef you heem, an' eef you get more zan hees cost, you geef me to go to France, eh, ees it not so?"

"Impossible, Cunradie, I could not tie him behind Mr. Hatch's buggy, and I can't drive him to St. Paul. Now if I had him at St. Paul when I start down the river, I might take him along and try to help you back to your beloved Paris, but you see that it is impossible."

"May be not impos' eef I can get heem to St. Paul before you go."

I bade Cunradie good bye with no further thought of the matter. A week or ten days afterward, as I was sitting in my office in the building at the corner of Wabasha and Bench streets, over the post-office, in St. Paul, the door opened, and a softly moccasined footfall caused me to turn to the intruder, a solemn half-breed Chippewa, who announced in an undertone, "Mr. Cunradie have send buffalo bull."

"What! Buffalo bull! Oh, I hope not. Where is he?"

"See," he said briefly, pointing out of the window which overlooked Bridge Square. And there to my utter surprise and dismay was Cunradie's young bison, an iron ring in his nose, a rope attached to the ring, and the rope in the hands of a second half-breed. By them Cunradie had sent a letter

claiming the fulfillment of my rash promise: that if the buffalo were on the spot when I started, I would take him.

And now my troubles began. The bull was hungry; the Indians were more hungry. After diligent inquiry I obtained the use of a stable belonging to Mr. Selby on St. Anthony Hill. In this building the bull was housed and properly fed, while the Indians were supplied with rations and given permission to sleep on the hay in the stable loft. There were not many children or young lads in St. Paul at that time, but what they lacked in numbers, they made up in activity of mind and body, and in curiosity. They visited the Selby stable in squads; and when the stolid half-breeds were absent or asleep, the children would tear the battens off or pry open the door in order to get a better view of the animal. They became so troublesome that at length I had the Indians take the bison out and lead him through the streets.

He was really a very handsome beast, between three and four years old; not so large through the shoulders as he would be later when his full growth was attained. His fine silky fur was jet black and glossy, though he was shaggy around the head, neck, and shoulders. His horns were short, sharp, black, and polished, and from out of the mass of shaggy locks adorning the front of his head gleamed a pair of black, piercing eyes that were ever on the alert, flashing the warning *noli me tangere*, "no familiarity allowed." His motions were quick and graceful. While lying at rest, he could spring at a bound to his feet, lower his head to meet an attack or charge an enemy with the suppleness of a cat. The buffalo bull in his prime, when angered, is to be feared by any wild beast in America. Horses, unless they are trained to the hunt or are otherwise accustomed to his presence, invariably bolt at the sight or smell of him.

Third Street was cleared of teams when the Indians led the bull down its length to the steamer "Ben Franklin," on the day of my departure. At the stern of the boat a place had been partitioned off with strong boards, and into this pen the animal was taken after much persuasion of various kinds. Here he

was free to eat, drink, and sleep, with sufficient room in which to turn around. But except in the night he had scanty opportunity to rest. The roustabouts on the boat were men whose winters were spent in the woods in choppers' camps, where an opportunity to play practical jokes on each other, to tease any live creature, or to make a bet on anything or everything was never neglected. In similar fashion on this trip during their leisure time between landings, they were wont to amuse themselves by startling the bull with thrusts of a pole and in laying wagers as to how many such thrusts would make him mad enough to charge the side of his pen. The result of this form of amusement was apparent before we reached Galena. The approach of a deck hand was the signal for a flashing of the black eyes, a lowering of the pointed horns in so menacing a manner as to frighten any timid person away. It was clear to me that the sooner I parted company with Cunradie's buffalo, the better it would be for my peace of mind and for my limited appropriation.

In the course of a conversation with the captain I learned that a certain man in Galena had once had one or more buffaloes on his farm, and that he might be induced to buy another. I decided to try to make the sale, and the captain on our arrival at Galena agreed to point out to me where this man could be found. We walked up the street together until we came in sight of a large brick store with a sign Harris Brothers over the door. "Go in there and inquire for Smike Harris," said the captain; "at this time of day you will probably find him in the back room playing cards," and he passed on up the street with a quickened pace. I entered the store, put my question to a clerk, and was directed by him to a rear room, in which as the door swung back at my entrance were to be seen four men sitting around a table playing cards.

"Is Mr. Smike Harris here?"

"Yes, I'm Smike Harris," said a big, bronze-faced, ruffian-looking steamboat mate. "What do you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see, Mr. Harris, if I could sell you a fine young buffalo bull."

Harris sprang up from his seat as though the chair had been suddenly charged from an electric battery, and, coming toward me in a rage, shouted in the language of the lower deck, "——, sir, don't you say buffalo bull to me, sir, or I'll knock the d—— head off'n you and use it for a football."

"Well now, Mr. Harris, go slow. You seem excited about something I know nothing about. I came here on legitimate business. I have a very fine animal on the 'Ben Franklin', and he is for sale. I was told that you would probably purchase him, as you had been yourself the owner of a buff——"

"Don't you say buffalo bull to me, sir. Don't you do it. I've given notice that I'll mash the face of any fellow that says buffalo bull to me; and by ——, I mean what I say. Who sent you here, sir?"

"The captain of the 'Ben Franklin'!"

"He did, did he? The captain of the 'Ben Franklin'? He did? D—— him, I'll settle this thing with him then. Where is he?"

"I don't know, sir. He went on up the street after pointing out this store to me."

"Up the street, did he? I'll show him he can't set it up on me in this way. I'll wipe up the street with him," hurrying off in search of the captain. I have no personal knowledge of the result of this meeting, if, indeed, it ever took place. But I heard afterwards that the captain, after a spell of sickness, removed to St. Paul, and that he has resided there ever since.

My attempt to sell the buffalo having failed, I hastened to make arrangements to get my exhibits aboard a steamer whose insistent bell was serving notice that it was to start for St. Louis immediately. It did not leave until the next day, however, and in the interval I learned the cause of Mr. Harris' extraordinary outburst. It appears that he had been at one time the owner of a buffalo bull for which he had paid quite a sum of money. The animal was taken to his farm, a few miles

from Galena, and confined in a field smaller in extent than suited the wishes of a well-fed buffalo. So occasionally he tore down the fence and indulged in a dust bath in the middle of the road, holding up all travel for the time being. One day he charged on a passing team, with serious results. Mr. Harris was obliged to shoot him, and was himself later the losing defendant in a suit brought to recover large damages. It can be easily imagined, therefore, that the mere mention of a buffalo was enough to put him in no amiable state of mind.

After some difficulty the deck hands of both boats succeeded in transferring my buffalo to the down-river steamer, and I was on my way to St. Louis. The men employed on board were white men, the war not yet having turned the negro loose for work on steamboats, and they varied the monotony of their rough life by constant investigation as to the agility and other peculiarities of the buffalo when disturbed by clubs and chunks of coal, all of which only increased his suspicions and irritability, and made the handling of him anything but a desirable task by the time the boat reached St. Louis. Fortunately we tied up alongside a steamer billed to start for Cincinnati within a few hours. I arranged for passage thereon and had my freight at once removed to the Ohio River boat, the usual provision being made for the bull. The problem of getting the latter into his new quarters presented the usual difficulties, since he refused to let any one get near enough to fasten a rope through the iron ring in his nose. Through strategy this was at length accomplished, and the bull was started toward the bow of the boat and the gangplank.

At this time the levee at St. Louis was paved with cobblestones. The water was rising rapidly, and the draymen were hurriedly engaged in removing from the steep bank the immense lots of freight that were piled too close to the mounting floods. Much of it appeared to be hogsheads of sugar from New Orleans; and the Irish draymen and their negro helpers, the horses and mules, were all in a tangle of hurried confusion. When the buffalo came to the open gangway of the boat, he

did not wait to go ashore dryshod on the gangplank, but jumped overboard into the muddy waters of the Missouri and swam off toward the bank, up which he clambered, blowing the water from his nostrils, shaking his shaggy head, and bellowing furiously. Horses and mules, dragging their empty or loaded drays, fled in a panic, with their drivers, no less frightened than themselves, shouting and urging them on. The animals attached to unloaded drays became unmanageable, and the wildest confusion reigned. Two negroes were rolling a sugar cask on to an Irishman's dray, when the horse started to run away, the Irishman after him, calling, "Whoa, whoa! Stop, till it's meself is on the dray. Whoa, you devil's crab!"

The negroes in the meantime were having their tussle with the sugar cask. "Chuck dis hogshead, Sam, chuck hit quick. I can't hole hit." "Le's cut hit, Jule, dat's de bes' way, an' lay behin' an' see what's dis beast." Cut it they did, and so prevented its rolling into the river. Others were not so fortunate. The captain told me he saw two casks get away from frightened stevedores and go to sweeten the yellow Missouri soup for the fishes. When the buffalo was safely on board and we were fairly out in the stream, the captain congratulated me and himself that we had gotten beyond the reach of legal processes which might have tied up his boat for a week.

We arrived at Cincinnati in due time. I had written to an old Kenyon College classmate, then engaged in the practice of law in that city, advising him of the date of my arrival and asking him to have some one meet me who would not be afraid to lead a buffalo bull across the city to the Miami freight station. The stalwart butcher who appeared at the landing looked the bull over and declined the job with decided promptness. He was willing to take reasonable chances with any ordinary bull, but no money would tempt him to risk himself with this ferocious-looking animal. My friend and I held a conference.

"He's not so wicked and dangerous as he looks, is he?"

"No, I think not. I believe he was tractable enough at home. His owner used to hitch him to a sled and make him draw wood

and other things. But the treatment he has received at the hands of steamboat roustabouts has made him suspicious and unsociable, especially with strangers and in strange places."

"But he is used to you by this time, and you are not afraid of him, are you? I don't think I can find any one else to undertake the job."

"No, I'm not afraid of the beast. But I am afraid of seeing some of my acquaintances on the street. I shouldn't care to meet Dick A—— or Dan B——. And then the girls! Besides I'll have to take the middle of the street."

"Oh, never mind that! I'll walk up with you. I think it hardly likely that we shall meet any one we know at this time of day."

I turned into a shop and purchased a good ash hoe handle and had a spring snap large enough to take in the bull's nose ring attached to it. Thus equipped, we started back to the levee. As we came in sight of the river, we saw the steamer on which I had just arrived in midstream under full head of steam, bound up-river. I was just congratulating myself that at last I was rid of Cunradie's bull, but my joy was premature and shortlived, for hitched to a steamboat ring half way up the levee was the buffalo, holding a reception for a respectful crowd of wharf rats.

Arranging to have my goods sent to the Miami station, I hooked on to the buffalo with my hoe handle and started up Broadway. Approaching teams hastily turned into side streets and alleys; those following me declined to pass. The street was mine. My friend, after half a square, deserted me and betook himself to the sidewalk, where he attempted some witticisms at my expense with the passers-by. Fortunately I met no one who knew me.

On arriving at the freight depot, I secured a car and saw my goods and livestock safely on board for Buffalo, whither I followed in a few hours. From Buffalo I was fortunately able to ship the car through without change to Albany. At Albany, however, it was necessary to have my freight hauled across the

river, and, for the second time, I led the buffalo from one station to another, a distance of half a mile or more. On the bridge I was joined by a prospecting Yankee, with whom I fell into conversation.

"Goin' to the fair down to York with that there—that—it's a buffalo, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is a buffalo, and a very fine specimen of its kind."

"It is fur a fact, a derved cute-lookin' beast, slick as a mole, and spry as a cricket. Jeeminy, but he'd make a fine show! Side show, you know. Goin' to show him?"

"No, he is a part of the exhibit from Minnesota."

"Minnesoty! Where's that?"

"Up at the headwaters of the Mississippi River. Do you know where the Falls of St. Anthony are?"

"Oh, yes, my old Morse jography tells that. It's away out in the middle of the continent. Injun country, ain't it?"

"Yes, that is Minnesota territory now, and that is where this splendid specimen of the bison was caught and tamed."

"Bison? Bison?"

"Yes, that is the proper name for the animal, though it is commonly called buffalo."

"Do you want to sell him? I have a friend who is gettin' up a side show, and he would fit in like a bug in a rug. How much would you take fur him delivered down in York?"

"Has your friend the money to buy so fine an animal?"

"Yes, he's pretty well heeled, an' if he takes a fancy to a thing, he pays cash down. If you'll tell me where you are goin' to put up down at the fair, we'll call on you fur a trade."

We had by this time reached the freight station, where my obliging acquaintance assisted me in getting the buffalo safely stowed away in his car. As he bade me good bye, he remarked, "But you didn't say 'bout how much you thought him wuth?"

"Considering the rarity and beauty of the animal, and the expense and trouble of his capture and transportation, he ought to bring three thousand dollars."

“Three thousand dollars! Well, that’s a purty high figure fur any cud-chewin’ beast. But he might pay interest on it if well showed. We’ll have to think it over.”

Arriving at New York on a Saturday afternoon, I engaged a room at the Astor House, and immediately set out to find a friend, Mr. S. A. R——, a member of a well-known publishing firm. I explained to him the nature of my business in New York; told him of the expected arrival of my exhibit by the night freight, and invited him to join me the next morning (Sunday) about ten o’clock and inspect the cargo. At the appointed time R—— appeared, dressed in elegant Sunday attire, six feet two inches in height, faultless in figure—the handsomest man in New York. We made our way to the freight depot on the river road, which was located on the west side near Canal Street. The car was standing in the yards, ready to be unloaded as soon as I could decide on what disposition to make of its contents. It was Sunday. The directors of the Crystal Palace could not be seen. What was to be done with the buffalo? He could not remain in the freight yards. R—— suggested that I hire some one to take him over to the Bull’s Head stables, where he could be cared for until I could see the directors and have other quarters provided for him. His suggestion was adopted, except as to hiring some one to lead the bull across the city. This task I was again obliged to take upon myself. Where the stables were I did not know, but R—— offered his services as pilot, and we started out. Conditions seemed favorable. The day was fine. There were no wagons or drays to avoid. The streets were practically deserted. Everything went smoothly until we were about to cross Fifth Avenue, when a trotting horse, which two young men were speeding up the avenue, caught sight of the buffalo crossing the street ahead of her. There was a dash toward the lamp post, a wrecked road wagon, and a badly frightened horse flying up the avenue at a more than two-forty gait. “Don’t stop! Don’t look around! Hurry up!” called R——. “Turn down this side street, and let’s push along as fast as

possible." Push on we did until we had the buffalo safely locked up in a roomy stall, with plenty of water and fodder. The next morning we scanned the daily papers carefully and felt relieved when no mention of the accident we had witnessed was to be found.

I called on the president and directors of the Crystal Palace to notify them of my arrival and to claim the space set aside for the Minnesota exhibit, including accommodation for a live buffalo. "A live buffalo!" exclaimed President Sedgwick in astonishment. "A live buffalo from the great plains of the West," he called out; "the latest arrival!" His outcry brought in several of the directors who were much impressed with the history of the exhibit. They all agreed that it would be of great interest to foreign visitors, but said that as yet no provision had been made for exhibiting live animals of any kind. They readily accepted my invitation to pay a visit to the stables to see the bison, and made arrangements to meet soon and decide what could be done about him. In the meantime I visited the Palace and attended to the placing of my exhibit in the space assigned me, which was somewhat larger than I could fill satisfactorily with the things I had on hand, unless the directors fixed a pen for the bison, a thing which I thought rather improbable. I arranged as attractively as possible the birch-bark canoe and other Indian curios, the furs, my small stock of farm products, and a number of interesting photographs of Fort Snelling, the Falls of St. Anthony, and views of dog trains and Red River carts taken by Joel E. Whitney, St. Paul's first photographer, which were adjudged superior to most of the photographic work exhibited. Finding that I still had considerable space at my command, I presented my letter from Mr. Sibley to Ramsey Crooks, who allowed me to select furs to any amount from the finest skins on the continent. I had noted the entire absence of any exhibit of agricultural products at the fair, so I called at Grant Thorburn's seed store and purchased seeds in quantities sufficient to supplement my rather meagre specimens from Minnesota. These seeds would

also serve as standards by which to compare the grains grown on the new and fertile soil of Minnesota and which carried labels giving the name of the grower and the locality.

I had been an occasional correspondent for the *New York Tribune* for a few years, and I knew well the favorable reputation which Mr. Greeley held among the farmers of the country. Accordingly, I took him to see my Minnesota exhibit and especially invited a comparison of Minnesota grains with the best seed offered for sale by Grant Thorburn, then the leading seed man of the United States. I called his attention also to the fact that no other state or territory had an exhibit of agricultural products at the fair except Minnesota territory, which he had once derided as a barren and inhospitable region, unsuitable for farming, fit only for logging operations. Mr. Greeley was completely surprised, and wrote a long editorial commenting on the evidences of fertility and adaptability of the soil of Minnesota for farming purposes as shown by the exhibit, and scoring the management for not securing from other states appropriate displays of their agricultural products. This notice in the *Tribune* started a tide of immigration to Minnesota which has continued in a steady stream ever since that day.

But to return to our bison. At the time appointed Mr. Sedgwick and a number of the directors of the fair—well-dressed, well-fed, jolly-countenanced men—met me at Bull's Head stables, where the buffalo was confined in a box stall, the door of which was hung on grooved wheels running on a rail at the top. As we were gathered about the stall, the hostler with sudden violence shoved the door back. The buffalo, who was lying down, probably asleep, sprang upon his feet, lowered his head as if about to charge, and uttered a little bellow, which sent the aldermanic crowd scattering in all directions. "Don't be skeered, gents," said the hostler; "he is perfectly harmless. He's probably more afraid than you 'uns is." But no explanations or assurances were of any avail. The hoped-for opportunity of unloading the buffalo on the Crystal Palace Company vanished with that scare. The directors had been obliged to

hustle, to exert themselves violently immediately after lunch, and there would be tailors' bills to pay. They had seen enough of the buffalo. He was *persona non grata* to them. I wrote to Cunradie an account of our safe arrival in New York; told him that the buffalo was eating his head off at Bull's Head stables, and that he must send me money with which to pay his board.

The opening exercises of the fair at the Crystal Palace were inaugurated by a speech by President Pierce. A great dinner was given at the Metropolitan Hotel, at which was served a portion of the new cereal from Minnesota, manomin or wild rice, a source of food supply for thousands of people and destined to be an important agricultural product because of its ability to grow in places where no other vegetation flourishes, as in water-covered swamps and along the margins of lakes.

The fair was progressing, and so were the expense bills, payable weekly, at Bull's Head stables. In the course of three or four weeks I received the following reply from Cunradie: "My dear fren', I haf ze poignant regret I haf not some money any more. I tak' wat some leet' money I haf wiz Borup an' Oakes, an' haf one dremendous spree wen I hear zat my bison haf got safe to New York, for I say my fren' ze commish' will soon now sell for much money zat beast, an' I may go to France, an' I want not some more money here, an' I gif ze poys a gran' blowout. An' now you can not heem sell, an' can not pay hees board bill. *Sacré*, an' wat shall you do? Ah, my fren', I tell you. Barnum once mak' ten strike wiz buffalo on Staten Island. Sell heem to Barnum. Mais eef he will not buy, put heem on ze first sheep to sail for Havre an' send wiz compliments of Cunradie his foster brother to l'empereur for Jardin des Plantes. Eef zis plan shall fail, sell heem for hees board bills."

Acting on Cunradie's suggestion, I went to Barnum's office and interviewed his man of business. As I outlined my proposition, a smile suggestive of pleasant reminiscences stole over his face. "Yes," he remarked, "we did have a ten strike out of that little shindy. But we couldn't do it again. There's no

use trying. It wouldn't win. No, I think we have no place for the buffalo."

Then I looked up a list of sailing vessels and found two advertised to leave at an early day. At the shipping office of the first boat, on my inquiry as to the possibility of shipping a live buffalo to France to the Garden of Acclimation, I was referred to the captain. I turned to the square-built, ruddy-faced Scotch seaman and repeated my desire to send to the emperor of the French a buffalo bull captured in the great West.

"Ah, hoo grat a value do you place on the animal?"

"That depends. Considered as a beast of burden, he is probably of no great value; but as a specimen of his kind and a rare good one at that, to put in the Garden of Acclimation, he is worth considerable."

"Hoo much do you think in puns starling? Five hundred like?"

"The emperor might esteem him worth that or more, and as a present from his foster brother, who wishes me to arrange for the shipment, the animal would have large value, no doubt."

"And suppose I should take him, how muckle freight would you be willing to pay for the carrying?"

"The freight would be paid by the consignee."

"And if the beast might dee on the way over, who would be responsible for the charge? Noo then, I will take him on board for one hundred dollars down in hand and one hundred dollars when he is safely landed on French soil."

As my cash in hand would not warrant this expenditure, I declined the proposal.

The captain of the other vessel was French and evidently desired to do something to court the attention and possibly the favor of the emperor. He listened to my proposal and did not object to looking to the consignee for the freight. As my French was not much better than his English, he got no very definite idea of the sort of animal I wished to ship, so he went with me to the stables to see it for himself. The result was a

flat refusal. "To haf so wicked an animal on my sheep? No, no, sir! C'est imposs'. Ze voyageur, ze man, he will fly—wat you call desart. No, sir, it would be delight to serve l'empereur, but not wiz zis beast on my sheep. Bon soir, m'sieu'."

My good friend R—— came to the rescue. Among the side shows encamped round about the Palace was one containing a cinnamon bear, a moose, and a horned frog or two. R—— persuaded the owner that it would be to his advantage to increase his stock, and sold him the buffalo bull for three hundred dollars, to be paid in weekly installments at R——'s place of business. I took the first train out of New York for home. When R—— went to inquire why the first payment on the contract was not forthcoming, he found that the showman had departed for parts unknown, neglecting to leave any address. Long afterwards R—— wrote me that he had seen in a Maine newspaper an account of a man in that state of ice and pine lumber exhibiting a young buffalo bull, and he inquired if I had interest enough to look into the matter and, if possible, to identify the animal.

Some years after the fair I was sitting in the lobby of the Astor House, when suddenly there came up the steps a rush of arrivals from an Aspinwall steamer. Amid the hailing and hand-shaking and inquiries about friends in California, suddenly some one rushed up and shook a bronzed, cowboy-looking fellow by the hand, slapping him with friendly warmth on the shoulder. The returned Californian cried out: "Don't, Jim, don't you know that's my broken shoulder, the one that was all smashed up three years ago at fair time. I'd just like to come across the son-of-a-gun that led that beast across the avenue as I was speeding my mare that day. I'll be darned if I wouldn't give him something to remember me by." As I felt no desire for an introduction to any member of the rough-looking party and especially to the excitable individual who seemed to nourish an unforgiving recollection of Cunradie's bison, I passed quietly down the steps and wandered thoughtfully up Broadway, gratified to know that the young man had suffered only a broken

shoulder and two or three months under the surgeon's care. He might have been the principal in a funeral procession, as Cunradie was not long after his "glorious spree."

The movement of immigration, begun in 1854 as a result of the exhibition of Minnesota products and of the editorial approval of Horace Greeley, has continued until the present day. A very large proportion of the immigrants were from the northern states. They were men and women educated in the common and high schools, speaking our language, familiar with our forms of government, exemplary in their morals, with sound minds in sound bodies. Such were the people who laid the foundations of the state of Minnesota upon the basis of freedom of political and religious belief, freedom of opinion and action.

WILLIAM G. LE DUC

HASTINGS, MINNESOTA



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