A LITHOGRAPHED "View of St. Anthony, Minneapolis and St. Anthony's Falls," executed by Edwin Whitefield in 1857, the year that Emily Grey settled in the area.
STATEHOOD for Minnesota was only a year away when the author of this reminiscence moved in 1857 to St. Anthony, the head of navigation on the Mississippi River, that was once destined to be "the great manufacturing and commercial emporium for the country between Lake Michigan and the Rockies." St. Anthony was incorporated in 1855 and vied with St. Paul to be the first city of the Northwest. From a community of 657 persons in 1850, St. Anthony mushroomed to 4,689 by 1857. Only one black resident appeared there in the 1850 census, but Emily O. G. Grey joined a growing enclave at the Falls of St. Anthony.

Emily O. Goodridge was born in York, Pennsylvania, in 1834 to William C. and Emily Wallace Goodridge. While little is known about her mother, her father figured prominently in the underground railroad which gave assistance to runaway slaves before and during the Civil War. A former slave himself, Goodridge was made a freedman in 1821 and took up the trade of barbering. But his business interests were broad; he was a newspaper distributor and was involved in railroading, and he built Centre Hall (at one time the tallest building in York), which served not only as his office but also as a meeting place for abolitionists and a hiding place for escaping slaves.

The Goodridges were the parents of six children. All but one, a daughter named Susan, moved west in 1863.

Patricia Harpole, chief of the MHS reference library, is the coeditor of Minnesota Territorial Census, 1850 (1972) and the author of a number of biographical studies.
when Confederate forces approached York, "bent on catching Goodridge." The three Goodridge sons — Glenalvan, Wallace O., and William L. — moved to Saginaw, Michigan, where they established themselves as photographers. Their work has provided important documentation of the lumbering industry in that area. Their sister Mary also fled to that Michigan city and was known as Madame Nicholas, operator of a hairdressing shop.3

Several years before the exodus to Saginaw, daughter Emily had married another York resident, Ralph Tower Grey. Shortly after their first child, William, was born in 1855, Grey headed west to establish himself in the recently formed territory of Minnesota. He found employment as a barber at the Jarrett House in St. Anthony, and in 1857 Emily was able to join him. As pioneer settlers in a growing community, Ralph and Emily Grey often found themselves involved in civic activities. Both were members of the Minnesota Territorial Pioneers, the only blacks to join an organization which had as its criterion being in Minnesota before statehood.

Well educated and a student of political and religious subjects, Ralph was noted for speaking "with fine effect" on a variety of topics. He spoke, for example, on "Three Phases of Life" at the dedication program for the new Castle Hall, built for the Pride of Minnesota Lodge No. 1 (Crispus Attucks) of the Knights of Pythias, extolled the virtues of a retiring pastor, James Higgins; and was selected to read the Emancipation Proclamation at the Convention of Colored Citizens. That convention appointed him to its committee on resolutions. He was a personal friend of Frederick Douglass, the noted abolitionist, whom he entertained when Douglass visited Minnesota in 1873. Among Grey's other activities was membership in T.S.T.C., one of the oldest exclusive social clubs in the Twin Cities.4

A family friend remembered Emily Grey as a rather tall person of large frame, bluish-grey eyes, quite fair of complexion with freckles on her nose. She was kind and understanding, but positive, dynamic, and determined as occasion required. Her involvement in the sad story of Eliza Winston, mentioned in the following narrative, illustrates her concern for others. Like her husband, Emily took part in civic and religious organizations such as the Territorial Pioneers and the St. Thomas Episcopal Church Mission. She was president of a group interested in the 1893 Chicago World's Fair women's exhibit, and she was part of a reception committee that honored a Baltimore clergyman attending a national Presbyterian conference in Minneapolis. Until her death in that city in 1916, the social columns of the Twin Cities black newspapers carried her name time and again.5

William T. Grey, the eldest of Ralph and Emily's four children, began working as a porter on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. later joining the Railway Mail Service. At the time of his death in 1900, he was chief clerk on his car, earning the salary of more than $1,500 per year. William was also very active in musical productions; he was the musical director for the First Anniversary Ball given by the Porters' Assembly No. 1 of Minneapolis and led the Santiago Glee Club.6

Toussaint I'Ouverture Grey, probably the first black child born in St. Anthony, died shortly after being counted with the family on the 1860 census. Harriett Martineau Grey, affectionately called Martie, was employed as a hairdresser and was involved in the social life of her church; she belonged to an English literature club, which, upon her death in 1898, adjourned its meetings for a period in respect to "one of its valued members."7

Ralph Banneker Grey was employed by several grocers before becoming associated with the Carr grocery store on Grant Street, a firm that enjoyed the trade of the more affluent people of the city. Ralph's position was "considered outstanding for one of our race." After his death in 1911, his widow, Eula, and daughter, Catherine, moved to Washington, D.C.8

IN LATE summer of 1983 Dr. Adelaide Cromwell Guleiver, director of the Afro-American Studies Center at Boston University, sent a copy of Emily O. Grey's recollections to the editors of Minnesota History. She suggested that they had value "both from the point of view of women's studies, Afro-American studies, and regional studies." Readers will find confirmation of these observations in the 19th-century style of writing, the common rigors of pioneer travel and settlement that


4Raymond W. Cannon to Catherine Grey Hurley, September 13, 1983, original in possession of Mrs. Hurley, Minnesota Territorial Pioneers, Souvenir No. 2, 77 (St. Paul, 1901); Convention of Colored Citizens of the State of Minnesota, Proceedings, 9, 14 (St. Paul, 1869); St. Paul Dispatch, February 7, 1873, Appeal (St. Paul), September 18, October 16, 1897, December 10, 1904, p. 3. The meaning of T.S.T.C. is known only to members; the club is still in existence.

5Cannon to Hurley, September 13, 1983, Appeal, July 22, 1892, January 22, 1916, p. 4; Afro-American Advance (Minneapolis), June 3, 17, August 12, 1899.

6Minneapolis City Directories, 1878-1882; Appeal, September 3, 1898; Afro-American Advance, December 9, 1899, February 17, 1900, p. 1.

7United States, manuscript census schedules, Minnesota, 1860, Hennepin County, St. Anthony, p. 58; Minneapolis City Directories, 1891-1898; Appeal, June 18, 1898.

8Cannon to Hurley, September 13, 1983, Minneapolis City Directories, 1882-1911; Appeal, December 9, 1911, p. 4.
were not color blind, and patterns of employment for black settlers. Dr. Gulliver put us in touch with Catherine Grey Hurley, the owner of the memoir and the granddaughter of Emily. Mrs. Hurley agreed to the publication of the reminiscence and provided invaluable background about her grandparents and other family members.

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<tr>
<th>William C. Goodridge</th>
<th>Emily Wallace</th>
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<td>1805-73</td>
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<td>Baltimore/Minneapolis</td>
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<th>Glenalvan J.</th>
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<td>1834-1916</td>
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<th>Wallace O.</th>
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<td>1841-1922</td>
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<td>1839-1904</td>
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<th>Ralph Banneker</th>
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<td>Minneapolis m.</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
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<th>Emma Edna</th>
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<td>1883-?</td>
<td>1887-1950</td>
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<td>Minneapolis/Washington</td>
<td>Minneapolis/Los Angeles</td>
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There remain a number of unresolved questions, most of which concern identification of St. Anthony residents mentioned by Emily Grey. Unfortunately, census takers provide uneven information at best, and based on the number of black persons named in this document, one can wonder if “persons of color” were recorded accurately, if at all. Mrs. Grey read the paper before the Query Club on July 19, 1893, but research has failed to identify that organization.

The manuscript has been edited slightly for clarity of spelling and punctuation, and brief passages were deleted when they were repetitious or their meaning was unclear. But Emily Grey was a highly literate woman, and this shows plainly in what we believe is the first memoir of territorial Minnesota by one of its black pioneers.

*IT WAS IN THE SPRING of 1857. That spring was noted for the great amount of rain that had fallen. I was accompanied by my husband’s cousin, Hamilton W. Grey, and his bride [Mary Smallwood Grey]. They intended to settle in the town of Minneapolis quite a small village, located on the west bank of the Mississippi and opposite the city of St. Anthony. Mr. Hamilton Grey had previously been living [in] and had started a business in Minneapolis, so that he went East to be married. His return with his bride afforded me an excel-
lent opportunity to have company and assistance to join my husband who went to St. Anthony in 1855.  

I must state that when I started for the Northwest it was from the borough of York, Pennsylvania, my native town, where my parents were living and had for nearly a half century. 

Please permit me to retrace and pick up a thread I dropped. In commencing, I stated a great deal of rain had fallen in the spring of '57. We were delayed upon the road by high water through Wisconsin. Our train was brought to a sudden stop in the town of Boscobel, Wisconsin, and could proceed no farther on account of the flooded condition of that part of the country between us and where we were to take the steamboat upriver.

There were several trainloads of passengers massed in the town. The prospect of starvation presented to us was anything but agreeable to entertain. Men, women, and children were thrown unexpectedly together with very scant — in fact, next to what we could not under any pretext call — accommodations.

The passengers — that is, the men — organized an "indignation meeting" and protested against the railroad company's conveying any more passengers to that point. Those residents of the town with whom we came in contact exerted themselves to their utmost endeavors in order that we should enjoy to the fullest extent what they had to offer for our convenience. And it is no reflection upon them to state their resources for entertaining so large a crowd were limited, as their town was a small "country" town: and the time of year precluded the anticipation of enjoying fresh vegetables, even if the high water could have been prevented from drowning all of the "garden sass [vegetables]."

We did not have an opportunity to make the acquaintance of her ladyship, "The Pullet," in either a fry, stew, or broth, but an unmistakable evidence was presented to us during our stay there that she was in the neighborhood and enjoying usual good health . . . in company with a well-known, highly respected, and venerable dish of smoked ham, she furnished the eggs. It was ham and eggs for breakfast, eggs and ham for dinner, and by way of variety, for supper we were given the same old dish — ham and eggs.

We were wedged in at [Boscobel] for the reason that some of the streams to be crossed were over their banks, thus making the bridges spanning them unsafe for trains to pass over. We were detained at that place four days and nights. Quite a number of [the] detained passengers, our party included, attended a church service on Sunday evening. We would have attended in the daytime but our appearances forbade any such thought. Trunks were separated from us, so that it was out of the question to make a presentable toilet. All indulged in merriment at one another's expense, occasioned by the fantastic styles of dressing which we were compelled to make and thought necessary for our attendance at meals, from day to day, in the hotel.

There was one thing I do recollect very distinctly: every one was "good fellow well met." The best of humor prevailed. Whenever could be heard the patter of rain upon the roof of the coach, it was the signal to sing a hymn or ditty, led by a gentleman who easily convinced everyone that he would be at home in the Sunday School room. Everyone joined in the singing. This seemed to be intended to lessen the noise of the downpour of rain as [well as] to chase away from our minds the gloomy reflections of separation from old homes and friends, reminding us of the uncertainties to be met in seeking and finding our new homes in the Northwest. Finally our stay at this point ended by the subsidence of the waters.

The next move was to send out a train of flatcars loaded with rock, whether intended to find weak spots in roadbed and bridges, or for repairs, I cannot say. This was followed cautiously by a train made up of passenger coaches, all full, bound for Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, situated upon the east shore of the Mississippi . . . . This was the first time in my life to make acquaintance with the grand old "Father of Waters." Here we bade
goodbye to railroads. After leaving this place, going toward the setting sun, there was not a foot of railroad to be met. It broke off short at the prairie city by the river.

From this point we were to pursue our way by steamboat. There was one waiting and in readiness to receive the delayed passengers. Two or three other [boats] were noticed tied up to the levee. The one we were expected to take was all lighted up, as we arrived in the nighttime. Stationed along the pathway of embarkation were baskets made of narrow iron bands. These were supported by iron rods stuck in the ground and filled with pine chips and rosin; when ignited, [these] sent out a weird light and smoke, enabling the intended guests to pick their way with some degree of safety among the difficult maze of freight and rubbish stored upon the levee. The peculiar light thrown out from the torches lighted up with a fitful glare all degrees of confusion; men, women, and children in the act of boarding the boat; the freight hands exerting themselves as lustily with their lungs as with hands and bodies; officers bellowing orders to the freight handlers. In the midst of all this excitement we walked up the gangplank, [1] with my child in arms. The bride and I were shown into the cabin, while the groom busied himself to procure a stateroom for the party.

We soon had forgotten our mishaps of the past, in availing ourselves of the excellent accommodations afforded by our new quarters on the boat. Then we began washing up, changing linen, and getting beds to sleep upon. We were fortunate in that a stateroom was secured, owing to the fact that the steward of the boat and the groom were well acquainted with each other. There were some ladies compelled to occupy beds made upon the floor of the ladies’ salon.

I have [just] mentioned another member of our party, my first born, who was nearly two years of age William T. Grey. Well, we all bunked together — bride, groom, myself, and child — in the two bunks of the stateroom. I do not remember anything out of the usual order of events. We landed at the levee at St. Paul all right.

I wish to state of the unexceptionable treatment we were the recipients of, in common with all others. We did not notice any difference in the service to any person.

ARRIVED at St. Paul, another mode of locomotion was encountered. It was the old Concord stagecoach — with thoroughbrace springs — the boot in the rear, outside for storage of baggage, and drawn by four unusually well-groomed horses. Thus with a stage full, we were packed "bag and baggage," bound for St. Anthony Falls. The
fare for the trip was one dollar a piece. This was extra, for our passage tickets only covered the journey to St. Paul.\(^{11}\)

The word "telegram" had not been coined in those days. The simple "telegraph message" was in general use, but neither means of expression was of any benefit to me, as there was not a foot of telegraph line in all this wide country west of the Mississippi River, not any nearer than Prairie du Chien.\(^{12}\) I speak of this because I was unable to apprise my husband of our expected arrival. He had been informed by letter of our departure from the East and the time when he might expect to see us, but as we were delayed by high water our whereabouts could not be guessed by him.

When we arrived, he was taken by surprise. After happy greetings, ending a separation of a year and a half, we were nicely installed in two good rooms in the Jarrett House, a hotel where my husband had established a barbering business. \(^{13}\) Here again, every person we came in contact with seemed to be doing his utmost to make it as pleasant as could be for us. Civility and kindness seemed to be in the air in those good old pioneer days. You breathed it in with every inhalation of the atmosphere.

My husband had selected a spot with a small building for us to take up our residence. It was humble and unpretentious in appearance; [it] had been a barn but the frame was used and changed into a dwelling, floors put in, partitions and chimney built, plastered, fences and a


\(^{13}\) Minnesota, manuscript census schedules, 1857, Hennepin County, St. Anthony, p. 31.
1. Winslow House
2. Jarrett (later Tremont) House
3. Trinity Episcopal Church
4. Church of St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church
5. Universalist Society
6. First Methodist Church
7. First Congregational Church

ST. ANTHONY, circa 1872
Detail from "Tribune Map of Minneapolis and St. Anthony"
chicken coop erected. I papered it with my own hands alone one day, as a surprise to my husband when he came home that night.

My attention was next directed to listing articles intended to enter into the make-up of our little home. These were necessities such as provisions and furniture. Husband and I formed ourselves into an executive committee for the selection and purchase of the same. There were three furniture stores: one in upper town and two in lower town. In those days there were not the establishments gotten up on the "installment plan" we have today [1893]. One could not indulge her or his aesthetic taste so readily or cheaply as can be done now. An ordinary high-back rocking chair cost from eight to ten dollars; common basswood chairs painted black and varnished cost one dollar apiece. We were unable to purchase a bureau, so we patronized a home-made one, on account of our funds being short. It was made out of a large stone [store?] box with shelves placed inside to answer for drawers and covered with calico.

The procuring of provisions was the next matter to be interested in. This was my first experience in being brought face to face with canned goods, vegetables, and fruits. In good old York County among what was then called the "Pennsylvania Dutch," we cultivated all the vegetables in our own kitchen gardens, so they were fresh and good for use, and the fruits were preserved by every housekeeper who, in all well-regulated families, was supposed to be skilled in the performance of this duty. At the first meal in our new home, the bride and groom [Hamilton and Mary Grey], were our first company, and we had that same old dish, ham and eggs.

In the course of events, we all became established in our new homes. The lack of women's companionship began to be felt. The want was not long endured. First one neighbor called and then another, until we became acquainted and our visiting relations were easy and smooth. Fashionable and formal visits were not much in vogue, but the good, old-time neighborly calls were more generally indulged in. A grateful remembrance of the kind deeds done for us by our new-made friends placed us in lifelong indebtedness.

[Friends gave me] suggestions in domestic economy. New methods of breadmaking and vegetable cooking were learned. I was taught the art of baking that toothsome New England dish of "pork and beans" in the same way they were cooked in the lumber camps. This dish seemed to occupy the same relative degree of general enjoyment of a boiled dinner dish, composed of sauerkraut, part of the pickled backbone of a pig, and Irish potatoes. There was always some woman friend who would gladly be to me a guiding star to lead me out of the many little difficulties met with in all households.

Out of the friends made then, two personalities always present themselves with a felicitous reminiscence. One, Mrs. Elizabeth Stone, wife of Alvin Stone [a house and sign painter], was an honorable woman, a true wife, a considerate and loving parent, a staunch friend, and a delightful companion. The other, Mrs. Hannah Munson, wife of Luther

14The earliest directory for St. Anthony and Minneapolis (1859-60) does not give the address of the Greys' first residence, but the 1857 census places them next door to the Jarrett House, from 1874 to 1903 the family lived at 1415 4th Avenue South, Minneapolis.
[C.] Munson, Esq., was of cheerful spirit, obliging in disposition, clear in judgment, readily discerning the true relation of things in the home sphere, invaluable to the neighborhood in assuaging grief, and well-fitted to bid defiance to discouragement.

The confidence given me by the example of others, and some instructions soon enabled me to cut and fit my own dresses, to sew and make up every piece (except the coats of my husband and children's clothing), knit the stockings for the family, and in odd moments, plait and draw mats and rugs.

IN MY GIRLHOOD and while growing into womanhood, I attended Sabbath School of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in my native town and felt that denomination my church home. [But] when I came to my new home in the Northwest, it occurred to me not to be in haste to attach myself to any church. There were several well-organized church societies established on the East Side. [One was] Trinity Episcopal, Reverend J. S. Chamberlain, Rector, [who had a reputation for being able] to preach in three or four different localities, many miles apart, and do all the walking. [Others were] the Roman Catholic Society of the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, the first of that denomination I can recall to mind. This was situated in what was called the “Upper Town”.

Father [John Favolle] officiating.

The Universalist Society worshipped in a plain-looking, one-story stone building, located the next building north of the Winslow House (quite a pretentious structure). This plain stone church is still standing and owned by the French Catholics. That church society was strongly recommended to my favor by clear, certain, and significant anti-slavery teachings that flowed out from its portals. It was not to be; yet I was favorably inclined to join its membership.15

The Methodists held forth in a wooden building [First Methodist Church of St. Anthony] on Third Street, one block in front of where I lived on Fourth Street. The pastor was Reverend [James Franklin] Chaffee. In this society was a Deacon [Nathaniel] Kellogg, straight-forward, upright in conduct, zealous, eccentric, with strong and clear-cut convictions, and not possessed of the least hesitancy in openly expressing himself about any person or any public or any private matters, without fear or favor.

I can recollect the peculiar smile and twinkle of his eye when he [Kellogg] informed me one day that a certain brachy cow had passed from its life upon earth and had gone to that clime where all unruly cows must at last go. The “critter” had been in the habit of visiting all the gardens in our neighborhood, between the hours of sunset and sunrise, to the utter destruction of all the garden truck they contained. That cow could lift any gate from off its hinges, jump any ordinary fence when it bettered her purpose so to do, or unhook bars and let them down.

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15 Isaac Atwater, History of the City of Minneapolis, Minnesota, 219 (New York, 1893). This society was organized in 1855 with Seth Barnes as its first pastor (1855-1866); the church, built in 1859, was sold to the French Catholics in 1869 when the society disbanded.

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A PANORAMIC VIEW of St. Anthony taken by Upton from the roof of the Winslow House in 1857; the First Congregational Church is at the left, the First Methodist Church, right.
singly to enter a lot and absent herself knowingly; after her appetite was appeased, before any person arose in the morning, so that it was almost impossible to catch her in the act. One day the cow ended her earthly career and was found with her hoofs pointing toward the sky, and her horns toward the earth. It was at this point that the good deacon's twinkle of the eye gave evidence of his sorrow at the loss sustained by some poor person, when he remarked to me, "Mrs. Grey, the cow that visited and destroyed our gardens will not do so anymore. It is too bad such a good cow should be poisoned."

One afternoon I received a visit from a gentleman and lady who introduced themselves as the Reverend Charles Seccombe and wife and received from them a whole-souled, Christianlike invitation to attend services at the [First] Congregational Church [of St. Anthony] of which he was pastor. It was a pleasant and profitable visit. The acquaintance thus begun was the means of opening up to me religious truths, and their uses but partially revealed and making plain others unknown, so they could be brought into the concerns of everyday life. Mr. Seccombe's Christianity was of such enlightenment as permitted him to be of a pronounced anti-slavery type. His mouth was not muzzled in the pulpit when occasion required he should speak against the national crime of American slavery. There were many who, in their enmity, denounced this procedure as "preaching politics" in the pulpit. This was a shocking nightmare to many in those days, but [people] never aroused except when the sinfulness of slavery was exposed, its patrons characterized as moral lepers, or their livelihood in any way placed in jeopardy by awakening the conscience of the nation.

It was told to me by Eliza Winston, a colored woman brought to the state, then staying at the Winslow Hotel and held a slave by a party named [Colonel] Richard Christmas, from the state of Mississippi, that she wanted to be free and was held against her will. I told Reverend Seccombe, and as a result, she was, in the old courthouse, declared free to go where and with whom she desired, by Honorable Charles Vanderburgh, the presiding judge.16

Very soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with all the persons of color living in St. Anthony. One [was the] family of Mr. William Armstrong, composed of himself, wife, and daughter Georgie. [Later] Mrs. Georgie Pindexter of West St. Paul. Mr. Armstrong kept a barbershop in the old St. Charles Hotel [at Marshall and Wood streets, Minneapolis] in Upper Town. About the year 1860 he married a second time Mrs. Cornelia Williams, a widow and old settler in St. Paul. At the commencement of the late rebellion, he accompanied the old First Minnesota Regiment when they left Fort Snelling for the seat of war in Virginia, participated with them in the first Bull Run fight, and joined in the celebrated retreat when the broken columns made their advance upon Washington. It was amusing to listen to him describe, in a manner incapable of being imitated, incidents of that first battle. He left the regiment shortly after and returned to St. Paul.17

In Jarrett House, where my husband had his barbershop, a single young man, named John [H.] Morton, worked with him. The porter in the same hotel was a young single man named William Perkins, who came from Cincinnati, Ohio.18 The cook at the above-named hotel was a colored man named Mr. Carr, a portly gentleman whose home was in Detroit, Michigan. Also a young single man named Samuel Brown lived and worked for Mrs. Abby L. Newell, who occupied one of the most pretentious homes in the city, located [at Broadway and 6th], out on the prairie. There was another member of the colony, a lad brought here by R. J. Mendenhall from North Carolina. He turned out to be a veritable tramp, living anywhere night caught him. He turned his back upon many offers of good homes, determined to be an Ishmaelite. His name was James Reed. The supposition is he drifted toward the seat of war and enlisted in a colored regiment and was never heard from since.

Of the little group of colored women living on either side of the Falls of St. Anthony in the spring of 1857, I have been spared to live more consecutive years and am the only survivor except for Mrs. Mary Smallwood Grey, now [1893] residing in York, Pennsylvania. Furthermore, I am convinced my second child, born on April 11, 1859, named Toussaint l'Ouverture Grey, was the first colored child born in what was then the city of St. Anthony, Minnesota — Dr. J. H. Murphy was the attending physician. It might also be stated that the first-born of Hamilton W. and Mary S. Grey was the first colored child born on the west side in what is now Minneapolis proper. His name is Joseph S. Grey, a mail carrier living in Saginaw, Michigan.

About 1862 and 1863 there came many from the South: a young man named Dan, who was brought by

16 The Winston case, in which Eliza was declared free, was in direct opposition to the Dred Scott decision of 1857. For more on the Winston case of 1860, see, for example, "Eliza Winston, Slave Woman in Minnesota," in Hennepin County History, Summer, 1964, p. 17, Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, November 18, 1934, sec. 5, p. 1. Most accounts of this case do not identify Mrs. Grey by name.

17 Although Armstrong's name does not appear in official rosters of Minnesotans who served in the Civil War, researchers are aware of many omissions in those records.

18 Minnesota, manuscript census schedules, 1857, Hennepin County, St. Anthony, p. 31. The Jarrett House was remodeled about 1859 and renamed the Tremont House.
Lieutenant Hammond; the Cannon family; a family by the name of Smith, who a few years after returned to Missouri, together with a man named Oats Edwards, and a George Washington who moved to Anoka, 18 miles distant. 19

In 1855 [1865?] there came from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, James Griffen, wife, and children, first locating at Shophe [Shakopee], afterwards taking up land near Buffalo. He was not called a citizen at that time, so the land was pre-empted by his step-daughter, who could not be discriminated against on account of color, as she was white to all observers. They were accompanied by a young man, also from Pittsburgh, an engineer by trade.

When I meet so many faces of colored men, women, and children in my travels throughout the city, it seems so marvelous, so like a dream, and the surprise is increased from the fact that I have learned we are a population of colored American citizens of between 2,500 and 3,000.20

This “paper” has grown longer than intended, yet I feel constrained to record the fact that there has not been a moment in my life when I regretted that my feet had touched the soil of Minnesota. In the after years, you will consider the pioneer days as among the happiest. Oh! The good neighborly fellowship, you can never forget!

We nevermore will hear the music of the Falls. Many the times in the quietness of twilight hours, when I crooned the lullaby over the wearied limbs and sleepy eyes of my children, I was joined in the chorus by the plaintive tones of the music of St. Anthony Falls — now gone, gone forever.

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19 The Cannon family moved to Minnesota in 1876, Cannon to Hurley, September 13, 1983.
20 By 1890 the black population in Minnesota was 1,564; it rose to over 7,000 by 1910. Taylor, in Holmquist, ed., They Chose Minnesota, 74.

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