

# Memory's Trails

by

Grace Lovell May

and

Wilhelmina Pfaender Loenholdt

## Dedication

In loving commemoration of those  
brave, undaunted parents, who, as so  
many of their equilly couragous coun-  
trymen, came as pioneers to Minnesota.

Grace Lovell May  
Wilhelmina Pfaender Loenholdt

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This version of Memory's Trail has been respectfully converted to electronic media. In performing this process, while making minor spelling corrections, we have chosen to leave most words as originally written. Any other changes to the original manuscript are inadvertent and will be corrected as discovered.

## FOREWORD

The authors of this booklet wish to suggest that in a historical sense it does not purport to be a biography or even a biographical sketch. It is the story of two lives, that of Wilhelm Pfaender and his wife, Catherine Pfau Pfaender, as seen through the eyes of those who loved them. Its function is to serve as an interpretation of facts rather than a recording of them as such; for facts are only meaningful when considered in the light of their spiritual significance, and it is the beautiful memory of these two people that they have endeavored to perpetuate. They are of the great group of pioneers whose ideals of life, religion and government made possible the development of our western American culture. It is they who "brought forth upon this continent a nation conceived in liberty and justice" with ideals that have never before been achieved in the history of the world. They are of the group that gave their lives to preserve the concept of erecting a new world dedicated to the postulate of the brotherhood of man. It is to them and their like that we owe the heritage that is ours today, the gallant pioneers who, in the face of terrible odds, built better than they knew.

The authors who are not historians, have taken the liberty of interpreting historical data in the light of loving memory and filial devotion and beg the reader's indulgence for the justifiable pride with which one generation regards the personalities of its predecessor.

Many thanks are due to Miss Gretchen Steinhauer for contributing special data on the heroic part which her grandfather, Capt. John Nix, took in the Indian Massacre of August, 1864; to Mr. Fred Pfaender and Mrs. Amalia Pfaender Fritsche for supplying valuable information about interesting incidents and events of the Pfaender Family, as also to Marie T. Pfaender, for permitting the addition of Albert Pfaender's [her husband's] touching description of the Pfaender Family's arrival in New Ulm in 1856.

## CHAPTER I

### A NEW WORLD

A hot, muggy day in mid-July Wilhelm Pfaender strode up Fifth avenue, bewildered, unhappy, strange. The crossing had been a hard one, six weeks in the hold with fifty compatriots, men, women, and children, seeking political, economic, and religious freedom in a new world that had been represented as a land flowing with milk and honey. The disillusionment had been complete. Sweating stevedores had cursed him out of the way. Horses hauling huge drays stumbled over the cobbles. Smells of tar, sugar, refuse, combined with the instability of his sea legs to nauseate him. The strange voices and language left him frightened and alone. Wuerttemberg was indeed far away, and the peace and orderliness of Heilbronn, the town where he had been born contrasted strangely with the hustle and bustle, the confusion, that surrounded him on all sides.

Heilbronn! His thoughts drifted back to his schooldays there. He had sung in the choir of the Protestant church and once, on a never to be forgotten occasion, he had turned the pages of the music for the great master, Franz Liszt himself, at a concert in the town hall. At fourteen he was apprenticed to old Ludwig Kunze to learn the coopering craft. But more important than barrel-making were the athletic sports in which he indulged. The long summer evenings in the open field watching the Turners led to the formation of the Heilbronn Turnverein, one of the first in southern Germany. His apprenticeship terminated, he turned his footsteps to Ulm with its great cathedral and its busy life on the borders of the blue Danube. He found work with Thomas Koelle and he also helped found a turnverein there. It was composed of a group of ambitious young men with high ideals and talents. Politics, religion, economics, and more politics dominated their discussions. The longing for progress, enlightenment and freedom was stirring all Europe. The spirit of 1848 turned hopefully to young America. And with a group of young Turners he had set out in March to seek the liberty he desired. A visit enroute to his brother, an artist in London, introduced him to the then exiled Carl Marx, a circumstance that had done much to strengthen the yearning for emancipation from old ideas as well as from governmental tyranny; and now here he was. But it was not promising.

He had a letter in his pocket to Frederick Hecker, who had left

Baden under a political cloud the year before. But Hecker had left New York some time since. He had been directed to the head of the Turnerbund in New York, who, it was suggested, might do something for him. The address he had been given lay in an outlying district, a street branching off Fifth Avenue. He knew the number and trudged on, referring intermittently to the little card in his pocket whereon the agent had written his history and destination. He turned at Thirtieth street and after a block of various shops, chandlers, wagon makers, wheel-wrights, he came to a dingy building bearing a sign unintelligible to him but waving as its insignia a tanned sheep's hide and on it a number similar to that on his card. A pert boy, sweeping the board sidewalk, looked up as he paused.

"Wot cha want?" he interrogated.

Wilhelm handed him the card.

"Oh, ya want to see the boss," the boy vouchsafed. "Where ya from?"

"Kein Englishe", Wilhelm smiled and shook his head.

"All right, Dutchie, Come along." And the boy led the way into the cavernous interior that smelled strongly of leather and oils. "Mr. Schlosser," he bawled out. "Here's a new come Dutchman to see ya."

An elderly man with a grey beard and blackened hands and wearing a leathern apron emerged from a back room.

"So," he said in a strong, mellow voice. "Vas?" and he turned to greet the newcomer.

This the head of the Turnerbund? There must be some mistake. A working man. But at least he spoke Wilhelm's language.

"I am but newly come to America," he explained in German. " And, as the man to whom I had a letter of recommendation is not in the city, I was referred to you. I am greatly interested in the Turner movement. I have read a book published in Cincinnati about the opportunity in America, which induced me to come. I want work and a place to sleep."

The old man had been quietly perusing the letter addressed to Hecker. When he had concluded he looked up.

"But here is far from Cincinnati" he said. "Have you money to pay your way there?"

"Is it then so far?" asked Pfaender. "I could walk, maybe?"

"But no. It is a journey. A boat you must take and money you must have."

Wilhelm was appalled. His passage money had used up most of what he had brought with him.

"What can you do?" asked Schlosser, noting the strong hands and gentlemanly appearance of the young immigrant. "Here it is not to keep one's hands from soil."

"I was interested in the Turnerbund. I am a student."

"We do not need students. Have you no trade?"

"My father was a cooper. I could maybe make barrels..."

"Ah, better," said the old man. "Come with me," and he led the way into the shop. "I will give you a letter to Albert Fischer who makes barrels and butter tubs. Here is the address, and a good place to stay in Schwartz's tavern on Thirty-fourth street."

He wrote slowly and laboriously for some minutes, then handed him the letter.

"Jack there will show you the way. And come to the meeting tonight. You must have the language first. Without that, it is nothing."

Herr Fischer proved to be a stout, burgerish individual, a man who worked with his hands, too. Young Pfaender had hoped for a more intellectual occupation. The book that had challenged his interest had given a more rosy view than apparently the situation warranted. But he was practical. He saw the need of funds and language.

Fischer's establishment which consisted of himself and three assistants, was housed in an open building with piles of sweet smelling lumber, lathes, planes, saws and hammers making a din not unpleasant to the

ear. He received his assignment, donned a carpenter's apron and went to work. The Socialist whom he had met in London, Carl Marx and his friend Engels, with their ideas of an Utopian state had preached the dignity and power of manual labor. The State belonged to the workers, said Marx, Proletarians, he called them. Maybe this was it. Pfaender would become a worker. At the end of the day, with his wages in his pocket, he waited for Jack who was to conduct him to his lodgings.

Up one street, down another, past corners where cab men tangled with dray men. Plunging horses and jangling street-cars drawn by patient mules, until they came to a square old house with gable windows above and a small vestibule below projecting almost to the sidewalk. Such was Schwartz's tavern. Men in fustian and gaiters went in and out. Entering, he saw a stout man behind a sort of counter and other men standing up to the counter drinking beer and calling to each other in boisterous tones. He felt strange and uncomfortable. Jack pushed him forward and explained the situation.

"So?" said the stout man, and to Pfaender's relief broke into a flood of German. He made his wants known: supper, abed, and at a price he could afford.

Three weeks in New York in grueling, uncongenial toil. But he was learning the language and nights when he was not too tired he met the men at the Turnverein. There was talk of new lands, opportunities farther west. He learned that Hecker was in Cincinnati. Many Germans were there.

At the meetings of the Turnerbund all the talk was of the West and the opportunities there. Cincinnati was the gateway to these new lands. In effect, Cincinnati, at that time was the Mecca of the German immigrants pouring into the United States, possibly owing to the fact that the book that had influenced Wilhelm had been written by an enthusiastic citizen, translated into German and broadcast throughout Germany sometime earlier. But to get there. That was the question.

Wilhelm lived frugally, saved every penny he could, perfected himself in English and made friends among Americans as well as Germans. The term "Dutchman" applied indiscriminately to all Germans, a corruption of the word "Deutsch", irked him greatly. In Cincinnati, he learned, there were almost as many Germans as Americans, and one would not be regarded as "queer" because one had difficulty with pronunciation. Counting his savings, at last he found he had enough money to pay his passage on a

packet bound west up the Ohio.

Three weeks through country such as he had never seen before: rolling hills, great forests, little towns sparsely settled.

At Pittsburgh they took on a load of coal. The colored stevedores were fascinating and frightening. They chanted in unison as they moved the heavy burdens, and all night long you could hear their weird and, to him, unusual music. He had had no contact with Negroes in Europe. But here they seemed to be everywhere, laughing, lazy, good-natured, downtrodden, he felt, performing the tasks the white man disdained. He made friends with the pilot and with the Captain who regaled him with tall stories of river life. But what of the Indians of whom he had heard so much. Were they not lurking in the woods through which the broad river flowed so peacefully.

"Indians? Hell no! They're out West."

But was not this West? Not yet. West was an "ultimate Thule," a place ever onward. Cincinnati? Yes, you could call that West. And at last they reached it.

A great stir of activity, whistles blowing, three shrill toots for the landing and a long whistle announced to passengers and the town alike that the little two-wheeler was coming in. From his station on the upper deck Wilhelm regarded the scene with mixed emotions. The ragged blacks, tense at the gangplank, holding the rope ready to throw over the piles, the pilot at the wheel carefully inching his way through the river craft gathered at the wharves. Jangling bells indicated to the engineer below when to slacken or accelerate speed. He had seen it all before but this was different. It was the end of his journey. What did it hold for him?

The city nestled against bluffs, rising in terraces above the settlement and pierced at intervals by ravines that spilled little streams into the Ohio. To the south he could see another river that made a sort of fork on which there seemed to be activity. It was the busiest place he had seen since they left Pittsburgh, but great trees fringed the northern bank and back of the city stood what was apparently prehistoric forest. Fischer had given him a letter to Jacob Pfau, proprietor of Cincinnati's flourishing hostelry, and the whole-hearted welcome he received there did much to efface the bleakness of his New York experience. The Pfau family consisted of seven children, three sons and four daughters, and kindly Jacob made him feel as one of them.

At that time Cincinnati was a typical German city. One-fourth of the population was German. It was also a focal point of trade from both south and north. Cotton came up from the South and an Indian trail on the North led to Detroit. It was also a wine center. Culturally it was flourishing. "Wein, Weib, und Gesang" made life pleasant. Wilhelm joined the North American Saengerbund and took part in the great Saengerfeste of that autumn.

He found Hecker here and delivered the long overdue letter which he had brought from Heilbronn. Hecker's ideas, anathema in Baden, suited well the freedom of the frontier city. The two became fast friends. With the Tafel brothers whom he had met on the way over from Europe he found employment in the "Urban Safe Factory". He found some old friends from Germany in Cincinnati. Together they organized a Turnverein in November of 1848. The following March [1849] he became the bookkeeper of the "Deutscher Republikaner" and in a surprisingly short time this twenty-four-year-old youth was recognized as an important man in the community.

Of Jacob's four daughters Catherine was by far the prettiest. Her eyes were large and brown and her hair had gold highlights against the dark shadows of her curls. She was merry and sparkling, always ready for fun and adventure. There was music every evening; concerts, choruses, trios and quartettes in which boys and girls joined to make harmony. What wonder that Wilhelm was intrigued? To him there was a sweeter note in Catherine's voice, a certain quality that stirred him. When she sang "Ich Liebe Dich" he felt a depth of tenderness under her demure exterior.

The busy, happy winter melted into spring. He bought a "jump-seat" buggy, a new and daring vehicle imported from New York, and a little bay mare to go with it, for he was now a flourishing member of the community. The lengthening spring evenings were delightful for drives over the hills and Catherine was always ready for a spin. On these soft spring nights, with the budding of the world, love budded in Wilhelm's heart. Catherine, sure of her conquest, alternately spurned and relented, flirted and teased him. When he tried to make love to her she was shocked and surprised. What did she know about love? Or for that matter, what did he know about it either? "You are right, Catherine," said this most proper lover. "It is not seemly that I should tell you of my great love before I ask permission of your father."

He drove home and, to her dismay, said goodnight without even holding her hand at the gate.

Jacob Pfau was outraged. To ask for Catherine, the apple of his eye, his cherished possession. This young whipper-snapper. Who knew aught about him?

"But Jacob, he seems a nice young man," protested Frau Pfau. "He is sober, industrious, and seems very clever."

"Sober? Ah that's just it. He does not drink, he does not gamble. But how do we know what kind of man he is at heart? How kind will he be? He shows his best side now, but what after?"

"Let us ask Catherine how her heart is concerned," suggested the romantic mother .

"Oh Catherine. What does she know of life or the pit falls thereof? If I only knew something of the man himself." He smoked in silence for a while, quaffing his beer intermittently. At last "Wife, I have it," he exclaimed.

"What have you?" Frau Pfau asked sceptically. "What great solution have you now?" with wifely sarcasm.

"Nothing, nothing." He got up and called to the upstairs room, "Catherine, let that young man come tomorrow evening for his answer. I will give it to him." .

Pfau set out his best vintage.

"Now young man, before I tell you if you may have my Catherine I would talk to you. But first we will have a little drink, No?"

"Just one," said Wilhelm cautiously, wishing to impress his future father-in-law with his sobriety.

"So? What is one?" And he filled the glasses. Wilhelm was so interested that he did not notice that his glass was being replenished with amazing frequency. The trepidation of the earlier part of the interview gradually gave place to a feeling of security, hence to a joviality and elation quite out of keeping with the situation. The room began to swirl about him and he found himself laughing aloud. How had this come about? Suddenly the old man clapped him on the shoulder.

"It's all right, my boy, you may have her. A man shows himself when he is drunk. What he is comes out when he is in liquor. You have proved to me that you have a merry and a kind heart. You will be good to my Catherine."

## CHAPTER II

### WESTWARD HO!

The summer of 1850 was marked by a cholera epidemic so severe that all thoughts of romance or wedding were side tracked. It began among the colored stevedores but soon the white population felt it. There was a general exodus of those who could get away. Pfau sent Frau Pfau and the children out of the city and managed the tavern with the aid of two refugee slaves who had crossed the border from Kentucky. Wilhelm helped wherever he could-nursed the sick, buried the dead and ran his newspaper between times. With the first frost, however, the severity abated and before Christmas Frau Pfau and her daughters returned to the inn and life once more took up its accustomed round. Preparations for the wedding went on apace. There was much sewing of quilts and napery on Catherine's part, and Wilhelm, in time off, was building a substantial little house a short way back in the hills.

By June all was in readiness. The guests filled the inn to overflowing. The brunette Catherine in blue merino with velvet lapels and the fair-haired Wilhelm in lavender trousers, long coat and beaver hat made an attractive couple. The little bay mare hauled them home in the jump-seat buggy, and Wilhelm carried Catherine over the threshold of her new domicile.

All that autumn and winter Wilhelm's political activities kept him occupied. The West still beckoned. As Cincinnati grew, he felt cramped. Opportunities were so much greater for an adventurous young man in a new land. The Turnverein was urging young men to go West. Fabulous tales of Minnesota, a new El Dorado of lumber and wheat stirred his imagination.

In September, 1852, his son was born. He was now a man of family, with responsibility. With a company of neighbors he made a long overland journey to Chicago, already a pushing and thriving settlement, a place of opportunity. The Chicago Land Verein had laid out a townsite which they would call New Ulm somewhere on the Minnesota River in Minnesota not far from the villages of St. Anthony and St. Paul. Steamboats had navigated it and brought back thrilling reports of the fertility of the land. It had lately been bought from the Indians and was open for settlement to citizens bold enough to wrest a domain from the wilderness. He joined the Colonization

Society of North America. When he returned to Cincinnati he promoted the organization of the German Bund Association. This Cincinnati Turngemelnde merged with the Chicago Bund, took over the land in Minnesota and proposed to found there a German colony for freedom of thought and religion, for he was beginning to feel the pressure of conservative political and religious groups. They controlled altogether 4036 acres of land of which 1700 were to be the townsite. Shares in the Bund sold for \$15.00 each for which the investor was to receive six town lots and four acres of tillable land. It was a chance to own your own farm, to put a man on his feet financially and to grow with a town that had untold possibilities.

Catherine, involved in the cares of motherhood, paid little attention to the enthusiasms of her young husband. Night after night, while she looked after the little Wilhelm, he would be with William Hummel, Eugen Gerstenhauer and others of the group of young men who foregathered at the tavern. One night he came home all excitement.

"Catherine... he said. "I am going on a journey ...

" A journey?" Catherine quavered. "You cannot leave me now." Another baby was coming.

"You have your mother... he said. "I am going to Minnesota to look over our new home. I would not ask you to go without knowing what it is like, and time is important, for the new territory is filling up very fast. William Seeger, William Freiser and I have been chosen to look over this New Ulm, and if it is what we think it, it will mean riches for us all. Do you hear, Catherine? Riches."

Poor Catherine was not specially interested in riches just then, but she let him go.

It was a thrilling and adventurous journey. Overland they drove to Chicago. The new Chicago and Rock Island Railroad had just completed its line to Rock Island and they were fortunate enough to be admitted to the party which had been invited to the maiden trip to St. Paul. It was a group composed of dignitaries from all parts of the United States who were thought to be influential in promoting interest in the new territory: Ex-President Fillmore, George Bancroft, Professor Parker and others from Yale, Harvard, New York and Boston. From Rock Island they took steamer up the Mississippi to the city of the "Great Apostle to the Gentiles" as one historian has phrased it.

The trip up the river was a triumph of mechanical skill. A fleet of five steamers ploughed their way against the rushing current, each one filled with enthusiastic passengers "booming" the Northwest. In places the forest came to the edge of the stream, willows swept the water with low-hanging boughs, but mostly broad, green plateaus stretched on either side, rich with lush grass. Where the river broadened out at Lake Pepin, the Wisconsin hills on the east matched the lovely rolling country on the west side, and as they progressed further, the great white bluffs between which they passed suggested a channel that must have been of Titanic proportions. Passing Kaposia, an Indian settlement below that they learned was called Carver's Cave, [a cave sacred to the Indians for the burial of their dead] passing the Mounds above it at the top of the Bluff where a man named Dayton had built a home, coming abreast of a disreputable shack known as Pig's Eye, they at last arrived at the Port of St. Paul where they found a vociferous crowd had gathered at the landing to welcome the party.

From the landing, white bluffs rose precipitously, and perched at the top was the house of Louis Robert, they told them, which gave the name to the landing, Robert's Landing. They climbed to the main street of the town, passing up Bench street to a dusty thoroughfare flanked on either side by substantial log and frame buildings. At Bass' tavern, where they stopped for refreshment, there was more talk of the projected Northwestern Railroad which was to connect the town with Chicago. They arranged for comfortable rooms at Bass's Hotel and then went out to look about the settlement. This was Wilhelm's first acquaintance with Indians. The city swarmed with them. They had come to spend their government allowance, he learned. The men, their faces grotesquely painted in scarlet, black and yellow, presented a terrifying appearance. They carried naked hatchets the shafts of which they used as pipes on occasion. An Indian would be followed by a squaw, less brilliantly painted, perhaps, but bearing on her back a baby or a heavy burden. The aspect of the primitive savage was a sight to strike terror into the stoutest heart, but nobody seemed to mind them, and they went their way unchallenged in stolid silence.

"They're peaceful," explained a citizen. "Governor Ramsey just signed a treaty with 'em. They got their money from the government a while ago and you should have seen 'em spend it."

The next day they drove out the Fort Road about seven miles to Fort Snelling, a government reservation at the confluence of the Mississippi and St. Peter [or as they were beginning to call it] the Minnesota, rivers.

The Fort itself, built of stone quarried from the Reservation, crowned the tall cliffs, and a few straggling buildings housed the personnel of the army quartered there. A straggling road led down the hill to what they called the Ferry Landing where a ferry, pulled back and forth by means of a huge winch, connected the Fort with a thriving little town on the other side of the river: Mendota. Mendota boasted a church and several substantial houses built of logs and plaster, -but these they did not see until later. At the landing they embarked on a small steamer headed up the Minnesota, for the site they sought was many miles up this river which had been navigable for some time.

As they proceeded, the bluffs receded into rolling hills, leaving wide plateaus on either side of the stream, plains rich in lush grass embroidered with wild flowers, for it was early summer. Willows moved gently in the summer breeze; birds in flocks flew screaming out of them, in flight at the noise of the steamboat chugging its way placidly along. Preiser, who acted as guide to the party, was quick to point out advantages.

"Look at that grass," he exulted. "Think of the cattle it would take care of. No stumps to clear in this country. Wheat. The land is just waiting for it."

The beauty of the scenery was breath-taking. "And then you have water," he continued. "Easy transportation for cattle and grain to St. Paul-to the East, a good mill at St. Anthony ."

They passed TRA VERSE DES SIOUX.

"What about the Indians?" Wilhelm asked. "Didn't they own all this?"

"Just sold it to the government. They got their price. It was no good to them. All they do is hunt and fish. Made a few reservations here and there, but by and large, it all belongs to the government of the United States, and the government wants to sell. Man; it's the chance of a lifetime."

They tied up for the night at St. Peter, for the meandering stream with its shifting channel made traveling by night hazardous. St. Peter was a lively little town with ambitions.

"Sure. Head of navigation. If ever the Territory gets to be a state we

are the logical capital."

The morning light filtering through the chinks in the wall of their room [they stayed at the St. Peter House] awakened them. All three slept in one room on mattresses made of corn husks, very comfortable and sweet smelling. Tin wash-basins had been provided for their comfort.

After a hearty breakfast they got under way in good season. The country fairly sparkled in the morning sun. With a fanfare of whistles the SOUTHERN BELLE drew in her gangplank and steamed majestically off, her twin sidewheels splashing importantly. She expected to get up as far as Fort Ridgely; she carried the mail and a consignment of molasses and groceries.

Preiser was deep in the study of maps and specifications. About noon he had located his goal: a small cluster of log houses back about a mile.

"Here we'll stop," he said to the captain. "Put us ashore here and pick us up on your return trip."

"All right, but it may not be until tomorrow or the day after."

"We've got tents and provisions. We'll be all right."

The landing was not easy. The SOUTHERN BELLE did not dare go too close to the shore lest she strike a sandbar. She halted. By a process of wading, carrying their gear high over their heads, they made the shore. What a country! Far and wide stretched level plains and softly undulating hills, smiling in the noonday sun.

"Can't you see it?" asked Preiser. "The town here; a landing, a street facing the landing. Four thousand acres, man-a town site of seventeen hundred. Where will you build, Wilhelm?"

"I don't know. It's all so beautiful," and his mind's eye envisaged a homestead, fat cattle, grazing, waving acres of wheat where now the grass undulated like a sea in the warm summer sun.

"Come on," Preiser called energetically. "Let us look around a bit." Encumbered by their heavy luggage they slowly mounted the gentle incline leading from the river. A tall bearded man followed by three small children met them as they neared the rise. He greeted them courteously.

"Where from?" he asked in German.

"From Cincinnati," answered Preiser. "The Turnverein sent us out to look over the colony."

"We come from Chicago," the man indicated the settlement of roughly built log houses along a straggling cut that suggested a road. "Here it is hard. There are not enough of us."

Three other men joined the group. They found they were colonizers from Chicago trying unsuccessfully it seemed, to build up a town. The place looked slatternly.

"Without money," said one of them, "one can do nothing."

"Without hard work," Pfaender whispered to Seeger, "one can do nothing."

Making a rough camp was short work and then the party with the aid of the settlers set out to explore.

A journey to Fort Ridgely a few days later revealed more and more of the wealth of the country. There they met the Framboise brothers, French traders from lower Canada, who unhesitatingly voiced their faith in the settlement they had just quitted.

"Of course it is fine for settlement" they said. "The Macks and the Henles already have farms established near there and are doing well."

They returned to the settlement. Nightfall was as lovely as the day. Wilhelm had decided on his new home. There was only one thing: would Catherine like it? Would this pioneer life be too hard for her and the children? For there might be three before they got here.

On their return to Cincinnati the committee reported most favorably to the Association on the situation at New Ulm. Cincinnati was filling up with groups of conservative immigrants from the east with ideas diametrically opposed to those of the men who had fled the Old World for freedom of conscience and speech. The influx of Irish immigrants and New Englanders and the consequent growth of Puritanism in the Middle West and sectarian groups proved irksome to the freethinkers and developed a feeling

of clannishness among the Germans. We find the young fireeater writing in a letter called "Practical Turnerism" of the need for a settlement "which, aside from material welfare, would also offer the advantage that the insane, mortifying attempts of our Anglo-American taskmasters to restrict us could not operate, that, in a word, we would have the opportunity to enjoy unstintedly the rights guaranteed us by the Constitution of the United States and to become happy and blessed after our own fashion." Wilhelm could now see the fallacies of the theories of Marx and Engels. But in this new land he sensed the opportunity for the development of an ideal of government that was taking form in his mind. To his devotion to the principles of Turnerism he united a keen judgment of human conditions, and common sense tempered his imagination. He had moved his family out of Cincinnati to Newport on the border of Kentucky and was actively engaged in DIE TURNZEITUNG, a German newspaper voicing the sentiments of the German population of Cincinnati.

The Association had money. It was decided to buy a half interest in the colony. So they concluded the business transaction with the Chicago Land Society for \$6000 and made Wilhelm Pfaender agent and manager for the Cincinnati group. In March 1855 he published an article in the TURNZEITUNG proposing a German settlement to form a society that would issue low-priced shares, acquire land and dispose it in small lots. The Turnerbund gave the Cincinnati Turngemeinde supervision of the project. Wilhelm Pfaender was made chairman of the North American Settlement Society.

In Newport in March 1854 a daughter was born to Catherine and Wilhelm. They called her Catherine after her mother. And the advent of a third child, Johanna, in November of 1855 delayed things a little. Catherine would not set out on so hazardous a journey with a young child. But by the next summer a group of seventy settlers from Cincinnati under the leadership of Wilhelm Pfaender were ready to leave.



## CHAPTER III

### NEW HOME

The chartered steamer, FRANKLIN STEELE moved majestically away from the steamboat landing at Cincinnati bearing seventy intrepid argonauts bent on high adventure and, though they did not know it, the making of history. Catherine had been apprehensive at first. Leaving father and mother meant so much. Cincinnati was home, for though she had been born in Minfeld in the province of Rheinbayern, she was so young when she left there that the memory of it had scarcely the quality of a dream. But her family were pioneers. Wilhelm was her husband: whither he went she would go. She had learned much from life and the children. It was no longer what she would like to do but what was best for them. So she set her lips in a straight line, packed up her household gods like Rachel before her and followed her stalwart young husband into the unknown West.

Young, full of courage and enthusiasm the seventy were a merry party. Wilhelm's high spirit and unflinching good nature made him popular as leader of the group. Too, his level judgment inspired confidence.

They followed the placid Ohio until it joined the turbulent Mississippi, then up the Mississippi as far as St. Paul and on to Fort Snelling. The confluence of the two rivers was almost a lake, dotted with islands rich in the luxuriant foliage of early September. Here they turned left up the Minnesota.

"Some day, my Catherine, we will follow the Mississippi to St. Anthony," Wilhelm promised Catherine.

Catherine shook her head. The Mississippi looked a narrow stream compared to the broad waters of the Minnesota.

The bluffs that had flanked most of their journey receded as they went on and on either side of the river, broad plains stretched level for miles, disappearing in gently rolling hills blue, in the autumn haze. They stopped at Shaikopai, a tiny village named for an Indian chief, Wilhelm said. TRAVERSE DES SIOUX. St. Peter. They tied up overnight at St. Peter but remained on the boat as the accommodations of the FRANKLIN STEELE

were ample. It was a thriving village.

Mankato was their stop the next night, for their progress was slow, as the boat was heavily laden.

Leaving Mankato in the early morning they went on at a snail's pace it seemed to Catherine. She was very tired, the children were fretful and she was anxious to get to her own domicile. The river twisted and turned and wound through interminable labyrinths of rushes, willows and river growth. Occasionally they would see a house far back from the shore, but mostly it was virgin wilderness.

As the afternoon waned the FRANKLIN STEELE, with much blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, pulled 11p at an improvised dock. There a general stir of excitement.

"Here we are," Wilhelm said.

"Where?" asked Catherine. "This isn't New Ulm?"

"But it is, my dear."

"The houses? The streets? Where are they?" She was bewildered.

"We will build them, Frau Pfaender" said one of the men as he passed her..

It was too much. Abandoning their home, taking this long journey, risking all, for what?

Wilhelm had no time to explain-he had to hurry off to see that the household goods of all the new settlers were safely unloaded and then secure provisions for his family. The children were running around, and Mother left thus alone, could not keep back her tears.

True, she wanted to be a pioneer with her husband, but this was altogether different from what she had expected. Now Father appeared with a basket of groceries.. "Husband, my husband," Mother said, "what have you done to us? Where have you brought us to? It's all so different from what I expected. Where is the town? Where are the people?" Father put his arm around her and said: "Catherine, perhaps I didn't tell you just what it was like. We are pioneers. We must build up the town, and others are coming.

But we don't have to stay if you don't want to. We are young. When the next boat comes in about a month, we can go back. We can settle down at St. Paul, where you liked it. Now don't be discouraged, everything will come out all right." Just then a robust lady came out of the nearby cabin and hurried up to them. "You are the Pfaenders, aren't you? We heard you were coming. I'm Mrs. Meyer. Welcome! I couldn't run over earlier because I was watching my baking. You must all have supper with us. My husband will be here soon. He is out hunting, and he brings home more ducks and pigeons and fish than we can eat. It looks awfully wild, Mrs. Pfaender, but it's grand when you get used to it. One feels so fresh and free." Just then little William came running up, all excited. "Oh Mother, we saw a bluebird and a red bird, and just now a big blue stork got up and flew away." My Mother joined in the laugh that followed. She was beginning to feel better. "Oh, that was a blue heron, my boy," Mrs. Meyer said, "a stork is much larger." Now Louise and Kate came up, both laden with flowers and both smiling happily.

"There are so many, we can't pick them all," Kate said, giving her bouquet to Mother, while Louise handed hers to Father. "This is Mrs. Meyer, children," Mother explained, you must get some flowers for her, too. She has asked us all to supper." "Yes," Mrs. Meyer added, "and we will have wild ducks to eat. Won't you like that?" The children exclaimed happily. How wonderful to have wild ducks for the first meal in this new land! Mrs. Meyer excused herself and said as soon as Mr. Meyer came home, she would have him help them unpack, and offered to help with bedding or whatever was necessary.

It was a contented group that trooped out of the Meyer cabin after supper. True, some of them had sat on benches of boards laid on blocks of wood. But this little inconvenience was more than balanced by the wonderful meal. Not only had there been roast duck but also roast wild pigeon, now extinct, but at that time very plentiful in that region. And such wonderful gravy and mashed potatoes, rye bread and butter and plenty of milk. There was also coffee for the grownups, but the Meyers explained their stock was very low, and soon they would go back to roasted rye coffee, unless there had been a shipment on the boat.

The two families sat around outside, enjoying the evening. The Meyers had two children, a girl and a boy, and they had quickly made friends with the Pfaender children and told them all about the country. Several couples came from town to give a welcome to the newcomers, and altogether it was a lively evening. When the good-nights had been said and the children were safely tucked in bed and sleeping Catherine turned to Wilhelm and said: "Wilhelm, do you know, it's funny. I'm beginning to like it here. Where you

and the children are happy, that is home.

As a town New Ulm did present a discouraging sight. Situated at the apex of a bend in the river it consisted of twenty-three or twenty-four log houses scattered over an area of probably three miles. The land rose in three plateaus. On the first a straggling roadway led from an improvised landing at which the FRANKLIN STEELE was tied up. Back of that was a wooded strip of oak and sumac. The third rise from the river almost suggested a mountain, so steep it was. The blue haze of the September afternoon turned the scarlet sumacs crimson and the water reflected the sapphire of the sky. Aspens washed the scene with gold. Innumerable insect life hummed in the tranquil air. Across the river smoke rose languidly over the treetops from a Sioux village. If the proximity of Indians terrified Catherine, she gave no sign but put herself to the business of finding her belongings.

The seventy were dispersed among the villagers. The women and children found hospitality in the houses, but the men improvised tents for sleeping for the weather was still mild. Catherine and the children were domiciled in the "store", a log structure a little larger than the others where was dispensed coffee, sugar, cotton goods and whiskey. It boasted two rooms, and far into the night Catherine heard in the adjoining room the talk of the men, the villagers anxious for news, the newcomers all enthusiasm and optimism.

Adolph Seiter's store was a little remote from the center of the village. Adjacent to it was a farm belonging to Anton Kaus situated about two and one half miles from the very heart of town. Kaus was anxious to leave and wanted to dispose of his property. It contained a log house on a knoll on the second plateau and back of that on the richly wooded third plateau, another house with rude lean-to housed a cow and three pigs. The site was far enough back from the river to be safe in flood time and sufficiently remote from the original settlement to insure a certain amount of privacy while still accessible. Wilhelm seized the opportunity. The log house had only four rooms but with the aid of a carpenter he built additional rooms of logs hewn from the surrounding woodland, chinked and welded with clay from the river bed. When completed it was large and commodious. It faced the river and boasted an upper story that could be used for storage or later converted to a bedroom. The roof, supported by rough hewn pillars, slanted over a broad veranda, and a substantial central chimney carried the smoke from the kitchen fireplace. Catherine breathed a sigh of relief. They had a home and she could set about housekeeping.

September ripened into October. The woods flamed. Wild grapes and wild plums promised sweets for the winter. Hazel nuts ripened in abundance, but Catherine was too busy to give luxuries proper attention. The house was nearly finished; she must get it in order before the cold weather set in. She had brought her four-poster bed and its accompanying feather beds but for the children, trundle beds must be furnished with corn husk mattresses. Candles must be dipped for the long winter evenings. Coal oil was scarce and expensive. The Diamond Joe line steamers brought canned goods and supplies but the closing of navigation would cut off this flow. Wood must be cut and stored against the winter blasts, and housing for animals provided. Altogether it was a busy time.

In the village building was progressing famously. The Minnesota Territorial Legislature had recognized the Turner Society with Wilhelm Pfaender as President. The town incorporated. Pfaender organized a sawmill to supply the demand for lumber, and the Turnverein began construction of a building of logs which was to be 40'x70' with a tower at each end, where town meetings could be convened and where later school could be held. In his capacity as President, Wilhelm had handled the mail brought up the river by the steamers. This led to his designation as postmaster, a position he held long after when the town grew larger. He kept the stamps in a cigar box in the drawer of the dresser they had brought from Cincinnati. Townsmen had formed the habit of bringing their differences to him to settle, for he was known for the equity of his judgment. Before he knew it, he was established justice of the peace.

One evening in the middle of December they were settled about the fire; the children were in bed, Wilhelm was reading and Catherine knitting stockings for Johanna, who, by this time, was learning to walk. There was a timid knock at the door. Wilhelm opened it to admit two figures, a man and a woman. They seemed hesitant.

"Come in, come in," said Wilhelm. "Brush yourselves off." For it was snowing outside.

"Why bless me if it's not William Jansen and Petronella Adams. Come in, both of you."

"Petronella". Catherine rose to welcome her. Petronella had come all the way from Cincinnati and as an unmarried girl had excited comment for her temerity.

Petronella, blushing and giggling, looked at William who stood twisting his hat and muffler nervously. At last-

"Wilhelm", he said. "We have come to get married. You are a justice of the peace. We don't want to wait until Spring."

It was the first marriage solemnized at New Ulm. Catherine had the coffee pot on in no time and did the honors. Jansen was to give a good account of himself later.

Christmas came. First Christmas at New Ulm was duly celebrated by the townsmen in the unfinished Turnverein Hall in the neighborhood of Wilhelm's farm in true German fashion. A spruce tree, festooned with strings of popcorn and red berries was adorned with home-made candles. There was singing of old German songs. Catherine bundled up the children and with Wilhelm walked to the log structure in the woods that was the first Turnverein Hall in New Ulm. The stars were very bright and the snow sparkled and cracked under their feet. They were all young and full of hope for the year about to open to them.

February-lengthening days, bright sun and blue shadows over the snow. The winter was nearly gone. It had been bitter cold but Spring was at hand. Catherine that morning had been baking bread and the warm aroma filled the room. The children were playing on the hearth for it was too cold for them to go out. She bent over the board, singing to herself an old German LIED. She thought she heard the door creak. She looked up. An Indian, wrapped in a blanket, stood opposite her. She was terrified. Wilhelm was at the mill. She was alone with her children.

"How," he said raising his hand in salute. He looked gaunt, thin. She remembered she had heard the Indians across the river were having a hard time. She had seen them around the town. The children had been sliding down the hills on deer skins, but she had never come so close to them as this. Johanna clung to her skirts; little Wilhelm and Katie ran to her. She held them close.

"How," he said again. He meant peace then. His eyes glittered almost feverishly. He pointed to the steaming loaves spread out on the dresser. He was hungry. Her compassion overcame her fear. She seized a loaf.

"Is this what you want?" and proffered it.

He grasped it avidly and tucked it under his blanket.

"Oh, take another one." Relief, thankfulness and pity struggled in her breast.

"Ugh," he responded, clasped his treasure and stalked out of the door.

It was her first experience with Indians. She was to know them later as friends and petitioners, as recipients of her largesse and, alas, as bitter foes.

March came in like a lion. Before the onslaughts of the west wind white clouds scudded across a blue sky. Here and there on south slopes brown patches appeared and little rivulets made tracery over the iridescence of the snow. Icicles sparkled on the south roof and festooned the oak that sheltered the back door.

The river was on the rampage. Swollen by the streams and melting snow, it charged out of its course in an angry flood bearing on its crest branches, whole trees, dead animals, and sometimes a collection of logs and timbers that had once been the shelter of some settler farther up the river. Across the valley the Sioux village was wiped out. A raging torrent swept the site of the boat landing of New Ulm. The lower level of the town was entirely under water. The sawmill was threatened but, built on a knoll, it stood firm.

However, the month went out like a lamb and April saw the river subsiding, the brown patches growing larger, and the odor of overturned earth arose with the morning mists. The cow they had brought from Cincinnati calved and two fat horses aided Wilhelm with the ploughing. Catherine planted a garden, mostly vegetables, but with a few flowers scattered in: pinks, lavender, phlox, mignonette.

May brought out blossoms on the wild plum and cherry trees; the swelling buds of the larches made a green lace against the sky. The river dropped into its natural channel and was open to navigation. Catherine helped Wilhelm with the mail, for the sawmill, the ploughing, the thousand and one things that the town needed, kept him very busy.

June was a riot of bloom. Wild roses and blue flags challenged the

eye and meadow daisies, buttercups, marsh marigolds, wild geraniums and field violets embroidered the landscape. Wild hay was abundant in the lowlands and the newly worked fields promised a rich harvest of wheat and oats. The heavy work of cutting and harvesting marked July and August. In September Louise was born.

Toward the end of November the FRANKLIN STEELE made her last trip of the year before the river froze over, and discharged her cargo at New Ulm. Minnesota, long dissatisfied with her territorial status, was clamoring for statehood. Political activity stirred. Even in as remote a district as New Ulm arose the echoes of the rivalry between free and slave states. If Minnesota came in as a free state [and there was no doubt but that she would], the nice equilibrium of the balance of power would be disturbed. Debate in tavern and meeting places had been long, sometimes acrimonious, based largely on rumor and hearsay. Wilhelm had long sensed the necessity for a vehicle of reliable information, and his Cincinnati experience suggested the advisability of a newspaper. So, among other things, the FRANKLIN STEELE had brought a printing press, the purchase of which was a bold adventure undertaken by a forward looking group.

January 1, 1858 the first issue of the NEW ULM PIONEER appeared in German with L. Naegle, S. G. Gerstenhauer as HERAUSGEBER and Heinrich Kompe as REDACTEUR. At its mast head was the sentiment: "Alle Menschen sind gleich geboren, und Natur stattete sie mit gewissen unanfechtbaren Rechten aus, zu denen Leben, Freiheit, und das Streben nach Gluekseligkeit gehoert."

The front page, in addition to a story, displayed two columns of advertising, one devoted exclusively to New Ulm-items, wherein Dr. C. H. Blecken offered his services, Theodore Crone had clothes, dry goods and woolens for sale, and John Herrmann described his place of business at "the corner of Broadway and North Fifth Avenue." So rapidly had the town grown, there was a "Deutsche Bank" with affiliations at St. Paul. Editorials mentioned the emigration to Oregon and California and extolled the virtues of "Freedom, Happiness and Brotherhood." On January 14 a meeting of the Turnverein featured Wm. Pfaender as the speaker.

By September New Ulm boasted two hotels, the New Ulm House and the Minnesota House with Philip Grosz as Proprietor. August Mathaus had set up a "Restauration and Bier Saloon" and Koke's "Bierbrauerei and Biersaloon" occupied an imposing situation back on the hill. Dr. Winkelmann had added his services to those of Dr. Blecken.

Wilhelm as President of the Land Association found himself in a whirl of activities. Many members were delinquent in their payments and had to be reminded. The sawmill was going full force and the farm in two years had developed into a self-supporting institution. The post office had grown so that the work of the postmaster was a full time occupation and necessitated moving headquarters into town.

Steamboat traffic was increasing. In addition to the FRANKLIN STEELE, the BELFAST, the FREIGHTER and two new boats TIME AND TIDE, and the WAVE of the Roberts Line of St. Paul were carrying goods up and down the river. Nor was the cultural side of the community neglected. The German Theatre gave delightful performances of popular German plays. Catherine loved them. She and Wilhelm would take the children to town and leave them sleeping at a neighbor's while they thrilled to the exploits of GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN little realizing that their own lives were more dramatic than the mimic adventures of the stage. So popular was this entertainment that plans were made for a new Turner Hall-which was completed and dedicated by Christmas.

Brown County held its first agricultural exhibition in September. Twenty-eight exhibitors brought squash, pumpkins, grain and fruits. It was a gala time. Farmers drove in from the surrounding area. The two choirs which the town maintained had united some time before, and, as one, gave a splendid performance.

January 31, 1859 Catherine gave birth to another daughter, Josephine. It was bitterly cold. The snow lay in drifts almost as high as the house. Roads were difficult and dangerous. Dr. Mueller arrived in ample time, however, with a nurse, and within doors all was cozy and comfortable. The midwife was about to bathe the baby before the open hearth. Catherine from the bed regarding her languidly was horrified to see her pick up the brandy bottle and fill her mouth. "What is she doing?" she thought. "Is she drinking brandy?" But no. She expelled the contents of her mouth on the baby's body. She was "warming" it, she explained, to strengthen the baby's back.

1859 marked other events at New Ulm. It saw the opening of the Turner Hall Theatre and the opening of the Dakota House by Seiter and Erd, two institutions that were to loom large in New Ulm's history. Rival steamboat lines, the Davidson, controlling FAVORITE, FRANKLIN STEELE, EOLIAN, and FREIGHTER plying as far up as Fort Ridgely, and

the Roberts, navigating with TIME AND TIDE, WAVE, CLARION, and JEANNETTE ROBERTS, contested for business.

In May the FRANKLIN STEELE arrived with a peak load: twenty-five tons of freight, 1000 bushels of oats and a number of settlers to swell the population. The Willnebago Agency at Long Prairie had been discontinued and a company of soldiers were on their way to Fort Ridgely. It was an epoch making trip for the FRANKLIN STEELE, for she made the trip from St. Paul to Fort Ridgely and return in the record breaking time of three days, sixteen hours.

Prices were rising, rumors of trouble at Washington, rumors of difficulties in St. Paul, feeling between Democrats and Republicans was growing stronger and more bitter. In the autumn elections Wilhelm Pfaender, Republican, by a Mill, a few blocks to the north gave New Ulm the right to be called an industrial community.

Catherine living placidly and busily at Milford had little time for the pleasures of the town when Wilhelm was in St. Paul, for though there were men to do the actual farm work, on her devolved the responsibility for the whole. The planning, the management, the supervising both indoors and out, were hers, and in addition she now had five children to bring up and care for. Too, she was becoming more and more interested in her neighbors across the river and in the woods back of the farm, for whom she was beginning to feel a real affection. She had early recovered from her fear of them. She could see the smoke rising from their wigwams. In the winter they came across on the ice and the children slid down the hills on deerskins with her own children. The men came regularly for "hand outs"-a loaf of warm bread when she baked, a batch of doughnuts, a part of a hog at butchering time when some of them helped with the butchering. In the summer they crossed in their birch canoes propelled by curious paddles made of bunches of twigs bound together, to exchange wild game for vegetables or fruit. The women with their papooses strapped to their backs sometimes helped with the housework though she found them neither neat nor deft, but they were kindly. She often visited their wigwams, helped with the sick, and generally mothered them. They were so poor, had so little, were appreciative and friendly. All in all, she liked them and they liked her. She felt secure at Milford, about two miles out of the settlement, even when Wilhelm was not there. Little wonder was it then, that the distant rumblings of the storm that was about to break over the country caused such slight disturbance. The spring of 1860 came and went uneventfully. Autumn froze into December and on the seventeenth Caroline was born.

## CHAPTER IV

### "HOT WAR"

1861! The "hot war" flared across the country. Charleston began it by firing on the "Star of the West" flying the flag of the United States. August Schell, who had rented the Globe Mill, was building a brewery on a piece of land he had bought in Cottonwood county. It was a beautifully wooded location and his artistic genius later created a lovely garden and deer park which his descendants have cherished for many years. He declared there would be no war. The Southerners knew what was good for them. But Jacob Nix had had military training in Germany. He read better the signs of the times. He organized a volunteer militia of seventy men with Wilhelm Pfaender as Captain. R. Fischer, A. Zieher, and G. Andre served as First, Second, and Third Lieutenants, respectively. Sergeants were L. Fay, J. Spenser, P. Lieber, and E. Gerstenhauer. By March a Milford company was formed by A. Schilling. New Ulm was preparing. Drilling was the occupation for all leisure hours. These Germans had come to America to escape the burden of Military service but they knew how to maintain it when it became necessary.

With the fall of Fort Sumter in April and the President's call for volunteers, a bewildered but determined nation swung into battle form. Minnesota's quota of the 75,000 demanded was one regiment. The first job was to raise recruits, the second to train and equip them: men more accustomed to ploughs than to swords, more used to freedom of action than to drill and discipline. In October the "Brown County Rifles" went to Fort Snelling and were organized into the First Minnesota Battery of which company Emil Muench was Captain and Wilhelm Pfaender, First Lieutenant.

How well young Pfaender acquitted himself in his new profession is suggested in his official report of the Battle of Shiloh. His ranking officers all having been killed or wounded, he took over the command and saved the day for the Union forces in one of the strategic battles of the Civil War.

## THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

Official Report of Lieut. Pfaender, Commanding First Minnesota Battery.  
Headquarters 1st Minnesota Battery  
Camp near Pittsburg, Tennessee  
April 16, 1862  
Hon. Alexander Ramsey, Governor of Minnesota:

Dear Sir: The people of our State are probably anxious to learn the fate of the Minnesota Volunteers who fought at the late battle of Pittsburg, Tenn., and as the First Minnesota Battery was the only representative of our State in the terrible fight I deem it my duty to send you a short account of our proceedings on the memorable 6th of April.

At our arrival here on the 18th of March we were attached to the 4th Brigade of General Sherman's division, but a very few days before the battle alluded to, all the artillery and cavalry forces were attached as independent commands to the six divisions of General Grant's army. Under this new arrangement we were attached to General Prentiss' division, and on Saturday the 5th removed to our new camp immediately on the right of General Prentiss' headquarters.

The organization of our division was not completed yet. Several new Wisconsin regiments had just arrived from Milwaukee and took their camps a little to the left and in front of our camp. Still our line was the advance of the left wing, and although it was generally believed after the skirmish on Friday the 4th of April, that considerable rebel forces were close to our line, no precautionary measures seem to have been taken, for our outposts were only about one mile beyond our camp. Sunday morning came, bright as a Minnesota summer morning; the boys were all busy to get the camp in as good order as possible, when at about half past seven o'clock, received orders to move to the front of our camp. Up to this time we had no idea of the terrible work before us; and all thought probably a reconnoitering expedition was intended. In a very short time we were ready and started out following the 5th Ohio Battery, whose camp joined ours. Now we heard a few shots and hurried on as fast as possible; but scarcely had we reached the camp in front when a lively musket fire was opened on our infantry. Immediately after leaving the last row of tents we formed in Battery under a most grilling fire from the rebel skirmishers, and almost simultaneously with the 5th Ohio Battery opened the first artillery of the day. At our arrival at the scene of action our infantry was already retreating in every direction; and very soon, instead of being covered by our infantry we were left behind alone

covering the retreat of our running protectors. The 5th Ohio Battery had lost some horses, and now fell back, leaving several pieces in the hands of the enemy. One of our men and two horses were already killed before we commenced firing; another and third one all belonging to my section, were wounded in quick succession. Now Captain Munch's horse was shot in the head, and immediately afterward the Captain himself was severely wounded in the leg. My horse was wounded in both forelegs. Several other horses had received several injuries and our position became extremely critical. The enemy had already outflanked us, and only a retreat could save the Battery from being taken. Consequently we left our position and under a perfect storm of bullets, reformed close to our camp, where, in connection with the remaining forces of the 5<sup>th</sup> Ohio Battery we again opened with spherical case and canister and continued firing until all our infantry had again given way and the enemy was pressing on us on all sides. Our division now fell back behind the line coming to our support under General Hurlbut, and after a short rest, General Prentiss formed the remainder of our division again on the left center of our line. Two of our rifled pieces had by this time been rendered serviceable and were ordered to the rear. The remaining four pieces took their position under direct orders of General Prentiss. The terrible work was now progressing rapidly. The rebels made the fiercest attack successively on the center, the right, and left wing, ever trying to find the weakest point, and always shifting their forces from one to another. At the point where I was stationed, on the right of one of Cavender's Missouri Batteries, the enemy made several ineffectual efforts to break our center with his artillery, which we silenced three times, and always kept his infantry in respectful distance. Lieut. Peebles maintained his position on our left nobly, and at a charge of a Louisiana regiment completely mowed them down with canister. The enemy also took good aim; two of our cannoniers were killed, Lieut. Peebles severely wounded in the jaw, Sergeants Clayton and Connor severely wounded and a number of horses killed. The attacks of the enemy now became desperate along the whole line; our left wing gave way; the rebels also were gaining on our right, and while we kept them continually in check in the center the bullets already commenced to come in at our rear, showing that our left wing was thrown entirely and that we would shortly be cut off. At this moment Brigadier General Wallace ordered us to retreat, and we commenced to move off in good order. Passing down through a narrow valley we saw the rebels advancing in large numbers upon our right wing and coming up a hill which commanded their line, we commenced throwing canister at them, but were soon obliged to fall back amid a terrible cross fire, which threatened to kill every man and horse while we all here miraculously escaped unhurt.

Arriving at the Bluffs of Pittsburg Landing I tried to get the whole Battery in the best possible condition again and succeeded by dismounting and changing pieces to get five pieces in good shape, at least to open fire again. Our batteries now took their posts in order to repulse the expected attack on this last position; we located our five pieces, together with Marggreff's Ohio Battery on a hill commanding a long ravine and subjecting the enemy to a cross fire of eleven pieces in case of an attack. General Buell's forces had by this time arrived and commenced coming over. This caused great rejoicing and inspired the men for the coming struggle.

The rebels knew that this last attack would decide the day and about six o'clock in the evening opened on us again. I had just come over to the center to ascertain the position of our forces in order to make our fire more effective when the enemy's shells commenced flying over our heads in the direction of the river, and a few moments afterwards the pieces of the First Minnesota joined in such a cannonade as has never before been witnessed on this continent. It was really majestic and no army would have been able to take that position.

General Beauregard had found out by this time that he could not water his horse in the Tennessee river that evening and fell back to our camps just after dark. A heavy rainstorm had drenched us thoroughly Sunday night yet the Minnesota Battery was ready for another trial; and being without an immediate commander, as General Prentiss had been taken prisoner, I reported to General Grant, who, on learning our position, ordered me to keep the same until further orders; and as Monday's fighting was mostly done by General Buell's forces who had been crossing all night and steadily poured in, we remained there until we were removed to our old camp again.

Our boys have behaved nobly and I am satisfied that they have shown themselves worthy of their State and people; in the most critical moment of that bloody day they exhibited an astonishing coolness and bravery. Even with their numbers diminished they served their guns like old soldiers, and while many batteries lost part or all of their pieces, we have the satisfaction that we have brought out every piece that was brought into the conflict. As the attack was so unexpected, our baggage teams had not been got ready to carry away our baggage, and consequently we lost almost everything in our possession for the whole camp was thoroughly plundered on Sunday night.

[There follows a list of killed and wounded.]

The newspapers will have so much to say about the battle of Pittsburg that it is unnecessary for me to add much more. I will only state in regard to the killed and wounded that from what I have seen, the number of killed and wounded on both sides cannot be less than 10,000.

Yours most respectfully  
W. Pfaender, First Lieutenant  
Commanding 1st Minn. Battery

Meantime at Milford Catherine was "carrying on". Household tasks and overseeing the farm labor kept her occupied, and her children gave her little time to indulge the anxiety she felt for her young husband. Charles Pfau had come from Cincinnati to visit his sister at New Ulm probably to supply a man's protection while Wilhelm would be away. But the President's call came for more troops, and every able-bodied man felt impelled to service. A recruiting party was organized to enlist men for the army. Young Charles was asked to join it.

"I don't like to leave you, Catherine," he said.

It was early August, 1862, and Catherine was recovering her strength from the birth of little Carl, July 31.

"Nonsense," she retorted. "What could happen to me here?"

It was harvest time. The Minnesota valley lay tranquil under the warm summer sun. The grain, golden and heavy, promised a big yield. Catherine's only worry was to get it cut before it was too ripe. She could have wished Charley would stay to help bring it in, but she supposed the call of adventure was strong and she watched him drive off.

What happened he told her later.

They went in two wagons, Charley in the second, following the dirt road up over the second plateau and heading for the open country above. It was warm and dusty. On either side of the road vegetation was covered with gray powder. Golden rod, black-eyed susans, and purple clover swayed as they drove by, their spicy fragrance perfuming the dust that choked their nostrils. Bees and insects hummed in the quiet air, the horses steps were muted in the soft turf. They were a young lot, calling back and forth to each other, and on the whole, enjoying the ride and the holiday.

They had gone about four miles out of town when the occupants of the leading wagon pointed to a prostrated figure half covered by the grasses, at the side of the road.

"He's had too much. Look at him," shouted one of the young men. "He's sleeping off his drunken fit. Let him lie," and they drove merrily on.

"It's awful hot out there," said Charley as they passed him. "He's liable to get a sunstroke."

"Oh what do you care?" The driver was intent with keeping up with the other wagon that was pulling almost out of sight. "We haven't time for drunks."

But Charley's tender heart smote him.

"Ah what's the use?" he argued. "I hate to leave a fellow alone like that on the prairie. There's room here beside me. I'll hold him up."

They had already gone some distance and the other wagon was now only a cloud of dust on the horizon, but

"That's right," said one of the other boys. "Let's go back."

"You fellows make me tired," groaned the driver. Nevertheless he pulled up his team and turned around. The other wagon had quite disappeared by now over a rise in the terrain. "We'll lose them now surely."

They retraced their way until they came to the recumbent Figure.

"Hie," shouted Charley. "Want a ride?"

There was no answer, nor did the figure stir.

"I'll jump out and give him a shake," he said as he leapt from the wagon. He approached the sleeper, put his hand out to touch him and gave a yell that brought the other occupants tumbling out of the vehicle.

It was a horrible sight.

"How could he get killed like that?" asked Charley when the first horror was over.

"Indians," said the driver laconically. "He's been scalped. Get in fellows—we're going back." And they whipped the horses at full speed, to give the alarm at New Ulm.

The other wagon just a short distance ahead of them was never seen again. It was ambushed and all its passengers slain.

At New Ulm was more news. They gave the alarm but it was merely incidental: There had been a massacre at Milford. Charley was horrified, Milford! Catherine alone there with the children.

"Who was it?" he asked, sick with anxiety.

"Massapusts," was the answer. "Stockers were raided, too."

Massapusts and Stockers! They lived beyond Palmer's Ferry, not very far from the original town site of Milford. Pfaender's farm was much nearer New Ulm. Charley set out in haste to tell Catherine.

Catherine was busy setting out the evening meal when he arrived at the house. He told his tale. She refused to be disturbed.

"Who was the man?" she asked referring to the figure they had found by the roadside.

"You couldn't tell," said Charley. "But Catherine, the Indians are on the warpath. You must get into town."

"Not the Indians around here. They are our friends."

"But Catherine, Massapusts and Stockers have been raided. Last week they broke into the Upper Agency, stole flour and guns. They've been having meetings. There's a chief called Little Crow who's leading them."

"Poor things! they're hungry. No," she went to the door. "No I shall not leave the farm just now."

The farm laborers had gone into town for the night. The cows were contentedly resting in the yard back of the house. The evening sun was casting long shadows across the river, and a soft haze wrapped the peaceful landscape. It was hard indeed, to believe that anything could upset the

lovely serenity of the world.

The Indians had always come to the farm in a friendly way. They had begged for bread and potatoes, but had brought in return wild game they had shot. Little Crow himself had given Father an Indian pipe made of pipestone from the quarry. It was a beautiful pipe, the stem inlaid with lead and wound with colored horsehair. Indeed she wouldn't leave the farm.

Monday morning dawned clear and sunny. Catherine was up with the lark and bustling about her work. Breakfast for six hungry children, Charley, and the help, was no small task. But the cows were lowing outside, waiting to be milked. There didn't seem anyone around. She couldn't understand it. Josephine, Caroline and Carl were still sleeping. A little impatiently she called Charley:

"Charley, Adolph has not come. You must help me with the milking."

But even as she spoke a wagon drove into the yard. She recognized Jacob Nix as the driver. The horses were covered with sweat and he threw down the reins as he jumped from the box.

"Catherine Pfaender," he called before he reached the house. "Come, you and the children. The Indians-"

"Now, Jacob Nix," Catherine was provokingly calm. "Do not be alarmed. I cannot leave my home," she began.

"Such a woman," Captain Nix stormed. "You will stay here and be killed. Very well, if you will not go, your children shall, for I will not be answerable to Wilhelm Pfaender if I let them stay. They are killing right and left." He was in the house by this time calling the children. Catherine realized the situation was serious. Charley was already grabbing what household stuff he could and putting it on the wagon. Her beloved feather beds! She aroused the children. William, little Catherine, Johanna and Louise were nestled into the box of the wagon. She sat beside Jacob with Carl in her arms and Josephine and Caroline between them.

"Can we not take the cattle?" she asked.

"There is no time."

"I'll try to Drive them in," said Charley.

She looked regretfully at her home. But Jacob Nix had no time for sentiment. Turning the horses around he made for New Ulm at a gallop. New Ulm presented a strange and busy appearance as Jacob Nix's wagon swung down the road almost choked with carts and vehicles weighted with refugees from the outlying districts. Barricades had already been thrown up across Minnesota street between Center and First, and crowds were milling about in disorder. Jacob steered his team skillfully up to Erd's variety store. It was a sturdy two-story building of red brick with a stone foundation.

"Here you will stay, Catherine. Have no fear. You will be safe enough. It is a good building."

It was already crowded with women and children. Some of the women were weeping; the children were wide-eyed with terror, but for the most part there was an absence of hysteria, and a stoical air of determination marked the demeanor of most of these heroic pioneer women. To the latter group Catherine belonged. Without parley she unloaded the children-then the feather beds. She had wondered why Jacob Nix had been so solicitous about gathering them up.

"They will serve to stop bullets," he whispered to her as he lifted them out of the wagon.

To stop bullets! The Indians had guns. Her heart skipped a beat. But she only nodded to let him know she understood.

"The cellar will be safe," said Frank Erd leading her to a stairway at the back of the store. It was cool and dark, for already feather beds were being pushed against the windows. Chairs and stools had been brought down for the comfort of the women and children huddling there. She noticed a small wooden keg in the right-hand corner of the room. Erd observed her glance.

"If the savages should get in, light it. You would best see to it yourself."

Catherine shuddered. Death was preferable to falling into the hands of the Redskins, but life was very sweet. She was glad Wilhelm was not here, though she so sorely needed him.

There was not time for regrets or self pity. There was too much to do. Refugees kept flocking in, each bearing some new tale of horror or calamity. At Third street earthen embankments had been thrown up, and at the back of the buildings rows of wagons filled with cordwood made a cover for the brave defenders. Jacob Nix had been elected captain. She noticed him and Sheriff Roos in heated colloquy over the counter at the back of the store.

"Nonsense," she herd Roos say. "There is no general outbreak. A few bad Indians! Give me twenty-five men and I'll bring the murderers back."

But Nix insisted. "The uprising is general. It is suicide to venture out. Let us send messengers to Mankato and St. Peter. We must have soldiers."

But Roos and seventy-five volunteers left the already weak town to bring the criminals to justice. Seventeen of them returned about noon, their wagons filled with dead and wounded.

Meantime, "I'll send somebody to St. Peter," she heard Nix mutter. "Behnke, Schwertfeger," he called.

They were boarding up the windows in the front of the store.

"We've got to have help. These devils will be down on us before we know it. Will you go?" .

The return of Roos' party added to the consternation. Catherine worked feverishly- directing other women, for her executive ability and self-control made her invaluable in the almost hysterical condition that prevailed. Making up beds for the wounded, then tearing up the sheets for bandages, following the doctor, caring for those beyond the need for succor.

About three o'clock it was reported that the Indians were approaching. It was said they had been observed to have dismounted from their ponies on the other side of the ridge near Hoffman's farm and were stealing through the tall grass of the second plateau overlooking the village. They opened fire. The defenders posted in the outlying houses returned the blast and the men behind the barricade, poorly equipped as they were, followed up the firing. Catherine ventured to look out of an aperture of the front door. She saw a little girl running toward the Dakotah House. She

seemed to stumble and fall. Catherine was about to rush out but the child was drawn into the hotel. One of the defenders, his gun poised at the window, called to her, "Don't go out. You'll be killed." Only then did it dawn on her that the child had been shot. Two hours of pandemonium. Then nature intervened. A long rumbling of thunder preceded a sudden downpour. Rain pattered against the sides of the house and wind laid the grass low.

When the storm was over the Indians had disappeared. Catherine learned later that Behnke had reached St. Peter and brought back from there a company of sixteen mounted men under the leadership of L. M. Boardman, Nicollet County sheriff.

One man and the little Pauli girl [the child Catherine had seen fall] killed and eight wounded was the toll of the attack, not counting the buildings burned and cattle killed and run off. The printing office had been destroyed but the Dakotah House was intact and there they housed the wounded. Dr. Weschcke of New Ulm had set up hospital conditions.

Assisting him were a young practicing physician of Le Sueur. Dr. Mayo, Dr. Ayer, Dr. Daniels and Dr. McMahon who had all been recruited by Colonel Flandrau who appeared about nine o'clock with a large party from St. Peter and the country round about to rescue New Ulm.

The history of that week had been written in letters of blood. Catherine never forgot it, but she never talked much about it. Perhaps the memory was too horrible. Twenty five hundred people confined to an area of about three blocks for they dared not venture outside the barricaded portion. The threat of sickness, of lack of supplies, and above all the constant danger of attack from the Sioux, who were now known to be generally on the warpath throughout Minnesota and a part of the Dakotas. On Wednesday, August 20, they learned that Fort Ridgely, just a few miles above them, had been attacked. By Friday there was a second attack. The rumbling of the defending cannon came to them sporadically, and they knew if Fort Ridgely fell there would be little hope for New Ulm. With feverish energy the village organized for defense. Colonel Flandrau was put in command and the local militia strengthened under Captains Roos, Buggert, and Bellm by the Mankato Volunteers, the Lafayette Volunteers, the Nicollet County Guards, the St. Peter Guards, and two companies from Le Sueur. To be forced to remain in the circumscribed area of Erd's store and the Dakotah House was exasperating to Catherine, but she dared not venture further. She helped with the nursing, but she was responsible for her own six children and had taken under her wing three small refugees whose parents' fate was

unknown. Moreover anxiety had affected her milk and little Carl was fretful and ailing. Caroline and Josephine were too little to comprehend the circumstances, but young Catherine, Johanna, and Louise clung to their mother in terror, while young Wilhelm swaggered about tagging the men until they sent him back to his mother, or he was gathering up Indian bullets within the barricade to be melted down for defense ammunition. Each bullet was worth a cracker to the lucky finder. He tried creeping outside the line of wagons protecting the main section of the town, but a ricocheting bullet sent him scurrying back.

The heat too was oppressive. The smell of dust, of sweating bodies, of dead horses, of decayed vegetation mingled with the acrid odor of charred lumber and the sugar sweet smell of dynamite and antiseptics. Nausea from taut nerves and dysentery afflicted many of the women, but in spite of this they cleaned, cooked, tended the wounded, loaded guns, and passed out ammunition to the men who were fighting so heroically. In fact many of them joined with the men in aiming and firing at the enemy.

Saturday morning "opened beautifully" according to one chronicler of the time. But in the still morning air vertical columns of smoke marked burning stacks or houses. From a telescope atop the highest building on Main street the lookout descried new smoke columns in the direction of Fort Ridgely. About nine o'clock a large body of riders and more braves on foot appeared about two miles from the town. On the other side of the river a large party swarmed down over the cliffs and met them at the Red Stone Ferry and the two forces proceeded across the hills. Catherine knew nothing of all this, however. She only knew the increased tension of the defenders. Then blood-curdling yells of the savages, rifle shots, and more shots struck terror into the hearts of the groups in Erd's store and the Dakotah House. Fires were started by flaming arrows thrown into the little stockade. All night it continued, burning houses and grain stacks lighting up the landscape like an inferno, the yelling savages, the demons in a hellish nightmare. No time for fear or nerves. There was work for all. As the wounded men were brought in, the women followed the doctors-helping to bind up wounds, soothing and comforting the dying, praying silently or audibly. Catherine remembered the keg of powder. If the savages got in-she shuddered.

All night it continued. But by Sunday morning, beaten back, they began to withdraw. Only an occasional shot punctuated the early silence. Captain Cox arrived with reinforcements from General Sibley. New Ulm was saved but at what a cost and for how long? Ten dead and sixty wounded, more or less seriously. Supplies running low and sickness

threatening! It was decided to remove the 2500 homeless settlers to St. Paul and Mankato.

Thirty houses left to house the entire group.

Much later Catherine learned of the clever ruse by which the Indians were routed. A group of the defenders had removed two anvils from the blacksmith shop of Rudolph Kiesling before the Indians had occupied it and now were destined to save the day. They placed one anvil on top of the other in such a way that their two holes formed one big one. This hole they filled with gunpowder which would be exploded by means of a fuse hanging from the side of the one anvil. In front of this curious looking firearm they placed a stove pipe which from a distance looked very like a cannon. When completed it was turned toward the south and was shot off whenever a group of Indians appeared in sight. Its noise could well vie with that of a "sixpounder" and had its immediate effect on the Indians. They forthwith disappeared without firing a shot. Satisfied with the first result the defenders turned the improvised cannon in different directions firing shot after shot, and each time the Indians disappeared. At Mankato, subsequently, before the trial of the Indians, some of them confessed that they thought a cannon had been brought from Fort Snelling or Fort Ridgely to aid in the defense.

By daybreak Monday morning the exodus began. Wagons that had composed the barricades were taken down and put in readiness for the trek. They could make Mankato thirty miles away, without crossing the river. Though there might be Indians lying in wait, it was a chance they had to take. Crossing the river was a hazardous enough undertaking in any case, but with a company as large as this it was to be avoided if possible. Catherine gathered her flock about her. Charley Pfau was engaged in securing the vehicle in which he had brought some household gear from Milford, and rounding up the horses, which, with others and oxen had been corralled in the yard of the Eagle Mill. There was shouting and confusion as each teamster tried to find his own animals; there was need of mending up the broken parts of wagons that had been overturned, search for lost belongings, as the carts drove up to be filled with whatever possessions the owners had been able to save. But, alas, in the loading of boxes and baggage they had not given thought to the wounded or to the women and children for whom, it would seem, there was no room. It was pitiful to see the wagons, one by one, denuded of the cherished goods of their owners, all they had left of prosperous homes and household goods. But it was done. The homely deities were thrown down. Beds of pillows were arranged for the sick and injured. [There were eighty of them]. The women and children were

crowded into the wagon boxes and covered with hay and straw to camouflage them as loads of provender. The Indians reconnoitering would think the New Ulm citizens were sending out supplies and therefore would be easier prey for siege. Catherine with little Carl in her arms and the other children beside her crouched against a feather bed, nearly smothered by the straw which Jacob Nix had thrown over her.

By nine o'clock the melancholy procession was on its way, one hundred and fifty-three wagons of what had been erstwhile a happy prosperous group, now facing poverty and homelessness, and maybe death and destruction at the hands of the Red men. But they faced it heroically. There was no murdering or repining. They were young and full of hope, thankful to be alive. Even where husbands or fathers had been lost, ready hands stretched out to care for widows and fatherless. Their common misfortune united them with a strong bond. Catherine could not help wishing Wilhelm were here to decide for her, though she was thankful he was not there to share the danger. What would he think if he knew? she asked herself.

Slowly the sad procession wound its way out of town and along the road to St. Peter. On all sides were evidences of the holocaust. Nearly all the houses were charred ruins: Links', Zeller's, -There stood Anton Och's place. What was her own house like? Charley had reported that the Indians had burned the timber house on the hill but the log house was still standing. They had shot through the heart of a man in a picture which was hung above the dresser but had not broken the yellow glass bowl just below it. The bowl gave out a tinkling sound if it was touched. He thought maybe the Indians thought it bewitched. Maybe some of the savages whom she had befriended had been merciful, she thought.

But it was a terrible ride. As the day wore on the heat became oppressive as it does in the "dog days." A dull red sun poured down on the Minnesota valley. The bluffs cut off whatever breeze there was and the stifling dust raised by so large a train settled in lungs and nostrils. Flies buzzed increasingly monotonously; mosquitoes from the moist land along the river tormented alike man and beast. Bones and muscles ached from the enforced, cramping positions, and featherbeds became cushions of fire as the sun beat mercilessly down. The pace of the train was little over four miles an hour, for loads were heavy and horses jaded and sweating. Over all was the constant fear of the Indians. Captain Cox headed the guard that accompanied them and Colonel Potter, who had led the sixty gallant rescuers from Mankato rode beside him. Colonel Potter had been shot in the cheek; blood

oozed through the bandage and stained his shirt, but he was erect and cheerful.

It was late afternoon when they pulled into Mankato, 2500 refugees, but the town was ready for them. Sick and wounded were first cared for then women and children. Catherine and her brood with other women and children was lodged in the schoolhouse.



## CHAPTER V

### LIFE AT FORT RIDGELY

Lieutenant Pfaender's conduct at the battle of Shiloh had won for him promotion: he was now Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Mounted Rangers. When news of the Sioux uprising in Minnesota reached him he immediately applied for leave to return home. The long tedious journey, partly by train, partly by boat, and then by wagon, at last brought him to St. Paul and Catherine. It was a blessed reunion. Rumors of the New mm massacre, garbled and exaggerated, had reached Wilhelm. He had met by tens and hundreds, settlers bound for Wisconsin, leaving homes and farmsteads to place the Mississippi river between them and the ferocious Sioux. New Ulm had been sacked; all its defenders killed! His relief on finding Catherine and the seven children safe and well can be imagined. Catherine felt that her troubles were over now that Wilhelm was here to guide and protect her.

The Faber Guest House had indeed been a haven and she had been only too thankful to her St. Paul hosts.

Transferred from the Mounted Rangers to the Second Cavalry regiment, Colonel Pfaender had been assigned the command of Fort Ridgely. The idea was to proceed thence at once.

Situated about fourteen miles north west of Milford, Fort Ridgely had been built about ten years before to protect the settlers and traders of that area. It marked the confluence of the roads from St. Peter and New Ulm to the Winnebago Agency and occupied a plateau three sides of which were protected by deep gullies. The fourth faced the open prairie. It was a site overlooking the Minnesota river and was head of navigation for steamers from St. Paul, the trip requiring from two to three days. A large parade ground contained substantial buildings of stone quarried from deposits about ten miles up the river. Barracks large enough for four hundred men occupied the north side of the parade ground, Headquarters and Surgeons Quarters, the south, and east and west sides contained Officers' Quarters and Commissary. A flag staff marked the center of the quadrangle. The ceremony of raising the flag and lowering it at sundown never failed to give Catherine a thrill of patriotism and reassurance. The fort had suffered during the siege: the log houses back of the barracks had been burned, a granary destroyed. But it had stood firm and was a haven. The house to which they were assigned was roomy and comfortable.

Social life, which Catherine had almost forgotten, would have been delightful had it not been for the red menace surrounding them. As the wife of the Commandant she felt responsible for the welfare and happiness of the young officers' wives who had so courageously followed their husbands into the West. For the most part they were girls from the East with little or no training in pioneering, and although Catherine was not much older than they, she felt that her experience gave her a certain maturity that was valuable. The constant drilling was irksome, but when pretty girls could turn out to watch, it was all exhibition Parade became a social event where the feminine aggregation met for gossip. Ladies' eyes gave even target practice an aura of romance. But the threat of Indians was always in the background of their minds. Strict military regulations had to be observed. Reports of attacks on settlers in the vicinity made necessary rescue and scouting parties. Young William was now ten years old and very manly for his age. He had felt his responsibility for the younger children during his father's absence. Now he begged to be allowed to be a member of the foraging party.

The soldiers petted and humored him and it took all Catherine's parental discipline to keep him from venturing out.

General Sibley had pursued the retreating Indians to Lake Wood, about sixty miles from Fort Ridgely, where he defeated them, took many prisoners, and released a number of white captives. He established his famous Camp Release where the Indians were directed to come to register. Many, impelled by the approach of winter and economic necessity, arguing craftily that no white man could witness against them, came in to sign peaceful intentions. However, one of their own number, a mulatto married to a woman of the tribe, to save his own life turned "state's evidence," with the resulting now famous trial at Mankato in which thirty eight Indians who had been implicated in the New Ulm massacre were hanged on December 26, 1862. But the instigators and leading spirits of the outbreak, Little Crow, Shakopee and Little Six, escaped.

Life in a way was easier for Catherine at Fort Ridgely. There was little physical work compared with that on the farm. She had plenty of help. Soldiers' wives were anxious and glad to earn extra money. The colonel's "striker" took care of all outdoor work. Little Catherine [they called her Kate] was now a big girl of eight, Johanna, seven, Louise, five, Josephine, three, and Caroline or Carrie, two. They took care of each other and Catherine was able to enjoy them. But little Carl, the baby, was not strong. He had gone through the New Ulm siege and whether it was that Catherine

had been too disturbed by it to have her milk wholesome for him, or that he was naturally delicate they never knew. He died in December of that year. It was Catherine's first loss and she grieved as only a mother can who misses the soft little body in her arms and the fretful wailing of a sick child at night. It was a grief to the colonel too, for he loved his children dearly. It left William the only son in the midst of girls in a far way to be spoiled by them all.

In April Colonel Pfaender got word that the farmer who had been working his farm at Milford, had been shot and killed. He was ploughing in the field adjacent to the homestead with two horses. His son, watching from the roof of the house, saw him fall, shot through the heart. Two Indians rushed from the cover of the forest, seized the horses and galloped off. The child scrambled through the underbrush to give the alarm but communications were slow and the murderers escaped.

Colonel Pfaender sent out more scouting parties, took extra precautions and redoubled his efforts to round up the Indians and send them to the reservations allotted them by the government.

Meanwhile the tension decreases and Catherine was beginning to breathe more freely-then-the headquarters Building where they lived burned. They were lucky to escape with their lives, for the structure flamed like tinder. The Colonel saved government papers but everything else was gone. Many years later the Colonel was reimbursed for his losses, but the fire occurred before the days when insurance was universal and, at that time, was a catastrophe. Would they ever have a home? They moved to other Quarters but the furnishings were makeshift.

The summer of '63 came. Echoes of the War of the States filtered through, but Fort Ridgely could not relax vigilance, though the Indians were retreating to the Reservation and Canada. October-and Frederick was born to take the place of little Carl.

Christmas at Fort Ridgely-Merry but not the German Christmas of New Ulm. Dances in the Officers' Quarters, dances in the barracks. Visitors from New Ulm kept Catherine busy. New Year 1864 dawned clear and cold. Catherine as the "Colonel's lady" kept open house for the garrison. Punch eggnog, ham, and turkey made plentiful refreshment. Callers came and went, more or less exhilarated according to the number of visits they had made during the day. For war news was slow in coming. The mail came once a week by courier from St. Paul. Groups of women had been meeting at

Catherine's quarters to make bandages, but transportation was too difficult to make the work practical.

Spring came. Catherine longed for the farm. Planting time made havoc in her breast. She longed to go back to her home, but Wilhelm felt his place was in the army. Little Crow had been killed the year before [July 1863] near Hutchinson where Nathan Lampson who was deer hunting, saw him with his son picking berries and shot him. It was a real danger removed. New Ulm had risen phoenix-like from her ashes. New buildings replaced the old and spread out over the second plateau. A new brewery, Hauenstein's, threatened to rival Schell's. The remains of the Waraja distillery which had been burned by the Indians, were cleared away and only an old chimney left as a monument. The Eagle and Globe mills had opened up.

Spring ripened into summer. The war with the South dragged on. Abraham Lincoln was reelected, and another year rolled around.

January 1865 promised to be a "good" year. There was a definite lessening of tension at Fort Ridgely. The Indians had been relegated to their apportioned spheres and were relatively quiet. What war news was available sounded hopeful. Sherman had presented Savannah as a Christmas present to the government. There was a feeling that the struggle could not go on much longer. Indeed so great was relaxation that it was decided to celebrate Washington's Birthday with a grand ball. The garrison had shrunk to one company of about one hundred men, the Tenth Minnesota Infantry, Captain Kellogg commanding. Preparations for the festivities began weeks in advance. Invitations were carried by Regulars on army mules to St. Peter, New Ulm and the surrounding territory and mailed to St. Paul, in ample time to permit answers. The Colonel himself persuaded the "Little German Band" of New Ulm to promise orchestration. It had eight pieces, and augmented by the St. Peter band of six, would be adequate. Under the direction of Lieutenants White and Hoffman of Company H, Fifth Minnesota Infantry, soldiers tore out partitions on the second floor of the old stone barracks to make a hall large enough for the expected concourse. Great stoves, each large enough to accommodate a hardwood log that would burn all night, were set at either end of the room to furnish heat. Stands were erected for the musicians, and the whole gaily decorated with ropes of twisted colored tissue paper. Added to the kerosene lamps with reflectors that dotted the whitewashed walls were homemade candles in everyone or the four hundred windows that pierced the walls. Caterers from New Ulm had spent the day roasting turkeys and geese in the great brick ovens. Pastry, baked in New Ulm, had survived the eighteen-mile drive. It took two soldiers to convey the

delicacies safely, one to drive and the other to watch. The rich aroma of freshly baked bread and rolls filled the building. Catherine superintended all the preparations, saw that the cans of oysters, thoroughly frozen, were suitably thawed out against the time of repast.

Her rich brown grosgrain billowed gracefully over its hoop as she stood beside the Colonel to greet the guests who had come over the snow, over unbroken roads in cutters, sleighs, and bobs. The barracks were ablaze with light. Merry voices blended with the tuning of the instruments of the musicians.

There must have been five hundred guests at least and as Catherine looked around she thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. The gay gowns of the women against the blue dress uniforms of the men, trimmed with gold braid, brass buttons and epaulettes polished like mirrors, made the room brilliant. Captain Kellogg bowed low before her to entreat her company in the grand march which would open the ball. Round they went in intricate bewildering figures to, the stirring strains of martial music. Waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, lancers followed in riotous succession. The children had been put to bed under the stern hand of Caroline Simondet, a soldier's daughter who acted as nursemaid, but Catherine was aghast to catch Willie lurking in the doorway with other spectators.

At midnight the banquet was served in the great dining room. The gaily decorated tables fairly groaned under the burden of turkey, goose, chicken, pie, pickles, oysters, mashed potatoes, cake, pies, doughnuts, jellies, charlotte russe, ice cream, nuts, raisins and coffee.

After the banquet was more dancing, and as Catherine floated in the arms of Wilhelm to the strains of "The Blue Danube" waltz she was a girl again far removed from Indians and farm life.

By dawn the party broke up. Guests were taking their leave. Lines of sleighs drawn up in front of the barracks awaited them. Horses covered with frost jingled sleigh bells as they stamped and pirouetted in the icy air. Hot bricks and Buffalo robes challenged the cold as the drivers headed out into the snow toward home.

Catherine's feet ached, she was tired but happy. It had been a great adventure. They said it had cost one thousand dollars.

"It was worth it," she murmured sleepily to Wilhelm as she sank into

slumber.

It was the last gaiety at Fort Ridgely. The war was nearly over. Lincoln was inaugurated in March. Lee surrendered in April and shortly after the country was horror struck at the assassination of the President. The soldiers at Fort Ridgely were mustered out. Wilhelm kept his commission as Colonel of the Second Cavalry until December. But the family moved back to the farm at Milford. Catherine was at home at last. With her she took Caroline Simondet to help with the housework. Wilhelm hired two of the mustered out soldiers, Simondet and Merkle to work the farm. Amalia or Mollie, they called her was born in September.

Home at last! Much to be done; for though Catherine had come to Milford earlier in the year, Wilhelm was not officially mustered out of the Second Cavalry until December, and on Catherine devolved the settling and rehabilitating of the family. Simondet and Merkle looked after the farm work; Caroline Simondet helped with housekeeping. Willie was a great boy of thirteen, able to dig potatoes, feed the animals, and bring in wood. Between him and Catherine was a strong bond. She relied on him for many things; she talked matters over with him. He was surprisingly mature for one so young. Young Catherine [or Kate] mothered the younger children and Mollie was a "good" baby. Nevertheless there was winter sewing, dresses to be ready for school; trousers for the boys, underwear, all made by hand, with prices rising sky high. Calico was a dollar a yard, bed and table linen not to be had for love or money. Stockings had to be knitted for seven pairs of little legs [for Catherine had by now borne nine children Cotton for summer wear, warm wool for the winter. Kate and Johanna were good at this and even little Louise was knitting things for her dolls. It was an evening chore, for Catherine had no need to watch her needles in the dim light of the fire or evening candles. Kerosene or coal oil was hard to get and expensive, and night illumination depended for the most part on candles, made, of course, by Catherine. Candle dipping was a festive occasion. The old pewter molds were filled with liquid tallow that hardened miraculously into beautiful slender pillars of wax. These were for "best." For everyday use "dipped" sufficed; wicks dipped into the tallow over and over again until the desired stability was obtained. These tapers were not so symmetrical as the others but they were practical. Candle dipping usually occurred after butchering time when the fat had to be rendered out. The Butcher for New Ulm came out to take charge of the butchering. Catherine always disliked the killing of the animals she had tended so carefully, and the children were vocal in proclaiming their disgust, but hams in the smoke house, "Brat wurst", "Leberwurst", Blutwurst", "Mettwurst," were delicious, to say

nothing of chops and roast pork.

Butchering time was always followed by soapmaking. A barrel of ashes, in the bottom of which holes had been bored, was placed over a tub in the back yard. From time to time water was poured over the ashes and allowed to trickle into the tub, forming therein a strong lye. To this was added all the fats not used for cooking, and the whole boiled in a large kettle. The result when cooled was a layer of light soap which could be cut into bars and stored for laundry purposes.

After the war coffee was unobtainable. Catherine browned acorns, chickory, and grain, ground them in the coffee mill and served her family. She often said these were the hardest years of her life. Sugar was at a premium. To supply the necessary sweets Wilhelm established a colony of bees. Catherine and the children loved this. They would listen for the fairy-like trumpeting which announced the departure from the hive in swarming time. The bees would settle on a tree, a great brown wriggling mass, queens, workers and drones. Wilhelm would build a fire under the tree to benumb them with smoke, then, armored with mosquito netting, would brush the unresisting little creatures into another hive.

In June the children would gather berries: wild straw-berries almost hidden under last year's leaves. Raspberries, polished like jet, grew in the upper pasture; later wild plums and choke cherries thrived in abundance along the river. All these made jellies and jams for winter delectation.

Saturday night was bath night. The big washtub was brought into the kitchen. Water was heated on the great iron stove, and one by one the children performed their ablutions.

But life was not strictly utilitarian. Catherine kept ideals of culture and beauty in view. Although she and Wilhelm conversed in German she made the children speak German to their father and English to her. She said English would be their language, hence she made them all bilingual. The school in New Ulm had been transferred to a new building in German Park; new teachers were being appointed: Herr Hilscher was a pedagogue of some repute. A new Turner Hall had been dedicated in a blinding snowstorm in February. She and Wilhelm had nearly lost their way driving in for the occasion. By June the Turner Hall Theatre presented Schiller's "Die Ræuber". New Ulm was a dramatic center. Musically, too, she was leading: her Orpheus Men's Quartette gave concerts throughout the state. In August

she erected a monument to the heroes of the Indian Massacre and the Civil War.

Meantime the farm at Milford was prospering. In September 1868 another daughter came to join the group. Emma was Catherine's tenth child. Wilhelm's interests were expanding. He was distinguished outside the community. General Grant had presented him with a sword in recognition of his services during the war. Business was expanding too, in New Ulm. Opportunities for commercial and industrial activity presented themselves to ambitious young men. The farm was a long distance from "town" during the cold winter season. It was decided to move to New Ulm for the winter months and return to the farm for the summer. 1870 found them established there, and in March of that year Wilhelmina was born.

## CHAPTER VI

### LIFE IN ST. PAUL

Wilhelmina's earliest recollection was of her mother's bedroom in the new brick house between Third and Fourth Streets North. Colonel Pfaender had bought a lot adjoining the lumber yard and there erected a substantial and commodious dwelling of red brick with porches, [bay windows and a balcony jutting out from the third story]. In Catherine's room on the south east corner through two large windows on the east side and one on the south the morning sun reflected in multicolored rainbows on the white counterpane of her crib. The swelling music of the six o'clock bells [New Ulm had several churches by this time all equipped with chimes that marked the close of the week and the worship of the Sabbath] submerged her in a flood of melody and warm satisfaction. As the youngest of eleven she was cherished, petted and scolded in a wholesome atmosphere of family affection. She could remember her mother's merry brown eyes and rosy cheeks, [Catherine was putting on weight] and the laughing ice-blue eyes of her father as she rode on his knee to the tune of:

"Hoppe, hoppe reite  
Mueller schlacht 'e' Saeule!  
Mueller schlacht 'e' rote Kuh'  
Und E'winzig's Kaelble dazu."  
"Ride, ride, ride a jig,  
Mueller slaughters a chubby pig  
Mueller slaughters a big red cow  
And a little calf, I trow."

Or the gentle tintinnabulation that swelled to a rough trot and the threat of a fall broken by being caught up in loving arms:

"So reiten die kleine Herrenkinder  
Wenn sie noch klein winzig sind ;  
Wenn sie groesser werden  
Reiten sie auf Pferden;  
"enn sie groesser wachsen  
Reiten sie nach Sachsen;  
Pautz; perdautz! mit Ach und Krach  
Da liegt der Reiter im kuehlen Bach!"  
"This is the way the rich man's child  
Rides on a pony, meek and mild ;

As he grows older, day by day,  
On a big horse he'll ride away;  
As he grows taller, Oh! so high!  
On a gay charger he dashes by!  
But woe and alas! Pride has a fall.  
And down comes the rider, horse and all."

In an aura of love and affection, sunshine and warmth, the little girl developed like a flower. In November 1871 Colonel Pfaender was elected to the state Senate, but while he was in St. Paul, January 25, 1872, Catherine gave birth to a son, Herman, to dispute honors with Willie and Fred in a family in which there was a majority of girls, and to raise the status of Minna in the household. She was big enough now to sit at the family table and to partake of the wholesome family discipline ladled out by her sisters and brothers. Slapping was frowned on; both Wilhelm and Catherine left the children to settle their own disputes, finding that their native sense of justice usually sufficed. Minna shivered at her father's threat in the midst of a family argument: "Kinder still. Sonst steck ich Euren Kopf zwischen die Ohren." What could he mean? It was many years before she understood the joke behind it.

Meal time was the occasion for recounting the day's experiences and often the discussion waxed loud and acrimonious but a quiet cold glance from Wilhelm's piercing eye effectively quelled and dampened enthusiastic utterances.

Catherine, too, had her dreadful warnings: "Jezt schick'ich Euch hin wo der Bartel den Most holt," she would say. Where Bartel got the cider Minna never knew, but Emmy pointed out that in Germany the cider was kept in the cellar, Bartel, the chore boy, was sent to fetch it, therefore mother must mean the cellar. And when she lapsed into French [which she often did as her parents had come from the Palatinate on the French border] and said sternly "Allez marche!" the children hastened to obey.

Meantime New Ulm was growing. She boasted a population of 1309 with more coming every day. But the low water in the river had interfered sadly with trading operations. In February 1872 the Winona and St. Paul Railway completed its tracks to the town and the first train came through February 20.

By February 26 a freight carried 600 bushels of wheat sent by H. A. Subilia to cities in the East. The discovery of a petrified buffalo "thirty feet

underground on Marschner's place, seven miles above Fort Ridgely" was also an event of the year. In July telegraph wires tied New Ulm definitely to the great world.

All this activity, however, was lost on Minna. She lived in a world of her own. A special bond existed between her and Emmy whose chief problem just then was that she could never see how she looked.

"Rutschabutsch" laughed Catherine and took her to the long mirror at the end of the hall. "There you are. Now take a good look at yourself. And just wait until you grow up. You'll see more of yourself than you ever dreamed of."

Emmy was six and going to Mrs. Clothier's private school. Minna, during school hours was a lonely little girl. Why couldn't she go to school? "But you are too little," Mother explained. "You must wait until you are six."

Minna was importunate. Emmy promised to take care of her. At last, "Meinetwegen", exclaimed Catherine which meant permission, and the two little girls hurried off importantly.

But school was not as she had pictured it. There was nothing to do but sit and listen. She was bored. Looking down at her little fat legs in a new pair of "store" stockings she spied a loose thread. She pulled it. It became longer and longer. Alas, it was the thread that held the stocking together. To her consternation the stocking fell apart exposing most shockingly a snowy little leg. Minna was horrified. Not only was she embarrassed but the stocking was ruined. She wept bitterly. Kind Lily Clothier took her into the next room, sewed up the stocking and restored happiness.

What Minna loved most was the hegira to the farm at Milford in the spring. Writing of it many years later she said, "A return to the farm in Springtime was ever an occasion of great delight for the children. They would race to the barn to see the new young calves, to the chicken-house where baby chicks had just arrived, and then on to the woods to see their favorite brook and all the spring flowers growing nearby. They were eager to discover whether the same robins were building their nest in the giant oak tree in front of the cabin. Then they would run down to the Minnesota river where the willow trees grew, the tiny branches of which furnished such fine material for willow pipes.

The river was their especial joy for when the water was sufficiently low and it usually was in summer time, they would go wading and swimming, and gather clams and polywogs. The latter they would place in an old tin receptacle filled with water and then they watched daily while the polywogs very slowly began losing tails and fins and finally changed into baby frogs. As a reward for this fine performance the froggies were put back into the river. Each succeeding migration to the farm in Spring filled the souls of these simple children with the joy of Nature's reawakening.

Long rides home from the field on racks of fragrant hay in the lengthening twilight, the lowing of the cows waiting to be milked, the soft hiss of milk in pail and the semisweet aroma of the barnyard in the evening sun, all these made appeal to every sense. Then searching out the nests of wayward hens, gathering the eggs, following the flight of a honey bee to find his store, were games in which one pitted one's wits. Mother was an authority on the ways of the bee. She told them how each hive was like a small town. The workers gathered the honey and stored it in a receptacle within their bodies and the pollen they scraped into tiny baskets on their legs, then brought all home to the hive. Within the hive more workers, hanging suspended from the roof of the hive, would produce wax to make cells for the honey. Then the work of the Queen Bee began. She went from cell to cell laying an egg in each. Her work was never done for the workers were constantly building new cells in which to store honey, pollen, and to raise new babies. A mixture of honey and pollen was used to feed the babies as they awakened in their cells. An especially large cell was readied for a future Queen bee, and when the baby in this cell came to life, it was fed only honey and had the best of care in order to be ready for her special life. To keep the hive cool many bees were suspended near the entrance of the hive, constantly waving their wings, thus bringing in fresh air from outdoors and expelling the impure air of the hive. The drones, the lazy bees, were tolerated and fed within the hive until the Queen had mated with one of them, but with the approach of winter they were pushed out of the hive, since the honey and pollen were only sufficient for the Queen, workers, and babies. The implication of the tale was obvious. Mother would have to tell it over and over again. It was just as thrilling to the children as the fairy stories they loved so well.

To Willie, however, these things were not so thrilling. The Great World was beckoning. Though he still rewarded favors of his sisters by showing them a new bird's nest or finding a batch of eggs hidden by an old hen in the nearby woods, his heart was in town doin~s. He could make whistles out of willow reeds, whistles on which one could play a short

melody, if one were talented. But a circus had come to St. Paul, and intriguing posters lined the streets of New Ulm. Bareback riders performed marvellous feats; daring ladies dangled precariously from swaying trapezes. The life of a circus rider entranced him. Where there's a will there's away . Old Charley, the staid and proper white family horse, was there for practice. To watch Willie mount and dismount as Charley galloped around the stable yard was breath-taking entertainment for the girls. But Willie didn't join the circus. Instead he went to St. Paul in a very business like and sober occupation. But that is another story.

September 23. Mollie's birthday dawned clear and bright. A slight frost the night before had touched the wild grapes and ripened the apples in the orchard on the south slope. Her most cherished gift was a shiny red apple with a burnished nickel stuck into its crimson side. Too pretty by far to eat! and she hoarded it in her bedroom. She had been invited to Aunt Amalia's to celebrate and was to wear her little jacket with "what she called her "spiegelknopf" or "looking-glass" button on it. A day for the gods. But alas! She sat next to cousin Clara at dinner and when the dessert was brought in her eyes sparkled in anticipation, for it was a cake covered with frosting. Mollie carefully removed the icing from her portion and set it aside like a miser to enjoy to the full one last exquisite bite. But Clara, quite misinterpreted her act.

"Mollie," she volunteered, "if you don't want it I'll eat it for you." And without waiting for an answer, reached over and took it.

Mollie, dumb with bashfulness, dared not remonstrate. She saw the precious morsel disappear. It was a stern but useful lesson. But there was more to follow. Several days later Emmy munching an apple reminded Mollie of her hidden treasure. She ran to her room which Caroline had cleaned that morning. The apple was nowhere to be found. It had rotted and Caroline had thrown it out as garbage. Tears. But Mother understood, and as if the hurt were physical, like a bumped head or cut finger, she sang as she gathered her in her arms:

"Heile, heile Segen  
Drei Tag' Regen  
Drei Tag Sonnenschein  
Wird Alles dann vergangen sein."  
"Heal, heal, heal I pray  
Three times a rainy day  
Three times a sunny day  
All the hurt has gone away."

and gave her another apple with another shiny nickel.

The birth of Albert in September [9], 1873, and of little Alwina, September 21, 1875 thrust Minna into the upper brackets, as it were. She was one of the clan with certain rights, privileges, and duties. Eleven children meant work for all. Minna soon learned to follow her big sisters in their daily chores: polishing knives on a red building brick, trimming and filling the "coal oil" lamps for sitting-room and parlor, shaking up the corn husk mattresses and making stable the feather-bed coverings into which one snuggled on frosty nights. Then when chores were done, in the evening, knitting and crocheting, taught, by "Tantchen Schmidt" a roly-poly little woman with bobbed hair and a "round body on which it was difficult to find where the waist line was hidden." She had a fund of stories and fairy tales, and at Christmas time, cookies and even a costume party for which one made vast preparations: much consultation as to what one should wear and much sewing to produce fairies, gnomes etc., all to celebrate Weihnachten.

As Herman and Albert grew older they, too, were given daily chores. They had to gather armfuls of wood from the woodpile and fill the wood-box behind the kitchen stove. A gas or electric range was unheard of in those days. There was the water pail to be filled several times a day at the outdoor pump. A huge dipper was always suspended from the water pail inviting the whole family to "drink the ale of Father Adam." There was always a cow in the barn and a pig in the pig-pen and the feeding of them devolved on Herman and Albert. The chore they liked least was churning the cream into butter in the big wooden churn. To make the butter come faster they would jump up and down with the dasher and sing:

"Butter, Butter, Butter Dich  
S'gibt kein' groessere, Hex als ich.  
"Churn, churn, churn away  
Turn to butter quick I say ."

Music was a household pastime. Both the Colonel and Catherine had good voices. They had brought their love of music from Germany. The Colonel loved to tell of the time when it had been his office to turn the pages of the music score for Franz Lizst at one of his concerts in the Old World. Young William, who played the violin, was a member of Seibert's Orchestra in St. Paul. The children sang in choirs, played the piano, and Albert, who was a violinist much later, was to draw lovely melodies at private entertainments from a "musical saw ." Fred played the cornet, and a family orchestra made many a merry evening. At Christmas time they practiced German songs for the Sunday school party. The Colonel warned them not to eat nuts or goodies lest they impair the clearness and sweetness of their

voices. Songs and recitations preceded the climax of the evening, which was a huge Christmas-tree, which had been harvested with great glee and ceremony from Mueller's hill [each hill had its own name: "Sternlein Berg" "Wilhelm's Hoehe" etc.] and now, adorned with wax candles and decorated with trailing strings of popcorn, surmounted a mound of bright colored stockings filled with candy, a gift for each child. After the distribution of the candy there was dancing; the polka, the waltz, the schottische and a final gallop concluded the festivities. A brisk ride over the sparkling snow completed a perfect evening.

A good time to look back upon. A magical time when one believed in incantations and sorceries. With the first star:

Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight  
Wish you may, wish you might grant the wish I wish tonight.  
Or with the new moon :  
Lady Moon, Lady Moon shining silvery clear  
O'er my shoulder grant to me the wish I hold most dear.  
Or more balefully:  
If thirteen at the table there be  
A terrible disaster you'll see, you'll see.  
If Friday and thirteen beware O beware  
If both come together great danger is there.

It was an era when every act was pregnant with meaning: a dropped fork, a fallen spoon, meant company, an itchy nose-a letter. Warts succumbed to such treatment as tying a pink ribbon over the blemish and then dropping the ribbon where the first comer to retrieve it would inherit the wart and relieve the original possessor .

In the summer there were picnics to the farm past the "Zwergenstein" [Brownie Stone] which marked the halfway stage where one knocked in vain to arouse the gnomes of the wood. The great oak on the road leading to the river was saluted reverently as the "King of the Forest" as they ran for a dip in the stream. A piece of burlap wrapped about four saplings made an impromptu dressing room and bathing suits were discarded dresses that ballooned in the water.

A time of romance it was too. Love-making was in the air— young William was "sweet" on Emily Kiesling, as any one could see; Mr. Braun paid sedulous court to Johanna. Many years later Cousin Louis Scherer, who

spent his summers at New Ulm, had been appointed to West Point and made a glamorous figure in his lace and buttons. He would drive the girls to the river for their swimming but modestly remained in the buggy, reading, for it was unseemly for boys and girls to bathe at the same time. Picnics enjoined long evening drives to a fairy spot where the mounting flames of a huge campfire threw weird shadows on the shimmering foliage of shrubs and trees and silhouetted in sharp outline the faces of happy young people singing "O Susanna", "Clementine" and last but not least, the old German folk songs. A scene in fairyland, a midsummer night's dream, a spell of enchantment on the merry group. A magic land it was of fact and make-believe in the golden haze of memory.

In 1876 William Pfaender was elected State Treasurer. This new office necessitated a change of residence to St. Paul and meant a real hegira. Kate had preceded them to the great city. Being a progressive young woman, she had opened a millinery store in New Ulm, but inspired by Willie's glowing accounts of city life [he was by this time affiliated with the Auerbach, Finch and Van Slyke Company, wholesale drygoods firm] she transferred her work and her fortunes to the rapidly growing capital of the state. So they felt they had "connections." Johanna had married. Louise, Josie, and Carrie were responsible for the younger fry.

Their first home was a large white house halfway up the hill that slopes from the bluff of Summit Avenue to Pleasant. It was roomy and commodious with a wide front porch that dominated a sweep of lawn amply shaded by oaks and elms. Alas it was at this time that Johanna died in giving birth to a son. Catherine, heartsick and sorrowing yet nothing daunted, added the baby, Willie Brauns, to her own brood, where he was loved and tended by adoring aunts, proud of their new rank.

The next move was further along Pleasant Avenue to an imposing residence near Fourth street, but unfortunately the streams that percolated through the bluff from Summit avenue seeped into their basement. A second tragedy struck the family. Carrie, the gentle reader of "Struwelpeter Peter" and Hans Christian Anderson, Carrie, who was "Mother's helper" contracted typhoid fever and died. Minnie, too, was very ill with diptheria, in those days nearly always fatal. After a long and serious illness she recovered, but Catherine and Wilhelm decided to look for more healthful surroundings.

Kate was married in August, 1876 to Carl Albrecht, an upstanding and promising young man in the fur business that later was to make St. Paul famous as a fur center. Kate's sparkling brown eyes and quiet dignity had

made her popular with the young people of St. Paul in the short time she had been there. It was a very simple wedding owing to the fact that Johanna had died only a month previously and Catherine's heart was still sore. Alwina, too, was a baby, and there was plenty to do with two babies in the family.

The new abode they called the "castle". It was on Grant street, on a hill to the north overlooking the city. It contained nineteen rooms, an enormous front parlor, and a back parlor with windows to the floor that gave along view of the slope down to the heart of town. The dining room was large enough to swallow the entire Pfaender brood, and smaller rooms gave seclusion both to lovers and family musicians practicing their various instruments. Outside it was adorned with porches and turrets and effectively Crowned a steep grade that rolled to "Lower Town." Back of it and, the west reared sand hills and on the south and east the lawn undulated gently to a rivulet that trailed to the Mississippi River about two miles away. Life here was very pleasant. Contacts with other children were delightful as well as exciting. One had to defend the status of "Dutchman" with fists and tongue, to check peculiarities of speech as German had been the regular language in New Ulm. Minnie had discovered a "friend", a lovely little girl with brown eyes and yellow curls. They walked to school together, wrote letters to each other which they deposited in the hollow trunk of an old tree near the barn, their "mailbox", like lovers of romance. But by far the most thrilling event to Minnie was her histrionic "debut" in "The Fairy Queen", an operetta presented at the Opera House then situated on Wabash street between Third and Fourth streets. She wore a billowy white dress ornamented with flowers, and danced and pirouetted about a fairy queen, chanting:

Pretty little fairies we,  
Swiftly through the air we fly  
Sailing through the leafy trees,  
Throwing blossoms on the ground.  
Drink to our beautiful Queen,  
Lift every goblet high  
And drink to our beautiful Queen  
Who charms and attracts every eye.

Make-believe was more real than fact. The "haunted" house that graced a neighboring hill caused nocturnal shudders as the children passed it on their way home from town.

A journey on the train to Lake Elmo to see the first electric lights was an event that lingered long in Mollie's and Minnie's memory. She

records it thus:

"It was during our stay in St. Paul that we children one day were taken out to Lake Elmo to witness the turning on of the first electric light. We had provided ourselves with a picnic supper, as had many of the other visitors, and when this happy time was over, everyone gathered near the hotel [at that time Lake Elmo was a popular summer resort] and as darkness came on, a sudden silence fell over the happy laughing groups as the signal was given, and, as if by magic there appeared to our enchanted gaze the first electric lights. After these many many years we still recall our great wonder over this new invention."

There was always company in the "castle on the hill". The family was large. Will was still at home as were Louise, Josie, Fred, Mollie, and the five younger ones, Emma, Minnie, Herman, Albert and Alwina; house guests from New Ulm, friends of each generation of children, but the dining room was large enough to hold them all.

Christmas was the big event of the year and Wilhelm Pfaender, in spite of his many activities, often spent weeks preparing for it. For one such celebration [it was the year little Walter was born] he would retire to the kitchen every evening after supper. Sounds of hammer and saw testified to the fact that he was helping Santa Claus. When Christmas Eve came there it stood a marvelous tree surrounded by a picket fence, and under it, a real fountain that actually spouted water played, for the edification of the children. The water had to be replenished from time to time from a pail hidden behind the tree. But it was an ingenious contrivance and thrilled all beholders.

Louise had a beau! She had grown up suddenly, with out their noticing it into a tall, handsome woman with sparkling brown eyes, bubbling over with merry laughter and the joy of living. She had won the heart of a young doctor newly come from Switzerland to try his fortunes on the western plains. He was an outspoken young man, practical, but with a vein of Teuton sentiment that led him to lavish gifts of rare quality on his lady-love. It was the era dominated in its affaires de coeur by the influence of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. Dr. Stamm brought a "fair gazelle", a young fawn, to be the plaything of his inamorata. The children were delighted. They named him "Dearie". He had the run of the house and was specially addicted to the pantry, where often he would nibble forbidden delicacies. But "Aus Kinder werden Leute"; Tiny stubs of horns appeared on his head; his hoofs grew sharp and dangerous to children and mistress alike. Too, he took to jumping

fences and marauding gardens, to the expense of the Colonel who had to pay for his depredations. He was returned to his native wild mid tears and protestations.

The wedding of Louise and Dr. Stamm closed the chapter on life in St. Paul. The "Castle on the Hill" was furbished up until it shone. The long drawing room was the scene of the ceremony. Louise in white stood under a canopy of greenery and blossoms. Dr. Stamm in black cutaway and gray trousers made a distinguished bridegroom. Tables laid in the back parlor supported candles and flowers as well as delicious viands. An enormous frosted cake graced the whole; Louise and the doctor cut the first slice amid "Oh's" and "Ah's" from the assembled throng. Mollie and Emmy saved their pieces to tuck under their pillows that night, to dream of their future husbands. Swiss yodeling and German songs cheered the happy couple on their wedding journey, and the evening concluded with recitations and general merriment.



## CHAPTER VII

### RETURN TO NEW ULM

Shortly after this the family returned to New Ulm, in time to be present at the wedding of young William on the seventeenth of October to Emily Kiesling. An early blizzard delayed the trains from St. Paul that carried William's wedding clothes, ordered from a fashionable St. Paul tailor. But who would postpone a wedding for lack of a wedding garment? He was married in his business suit; life was a practical thing.

On his departure for St. Paul in 1876, Colonel Pfaender had sold the lumber yard in New Ulm, feeling he should devote all his time to his duties as State Treasurer. So on returning, he launched into new enterprises. In addition to his farming interests he opened an insurance office where his clientele came not only for protection of life and property but for advice and assistance, both moral and financial. Wilhelm from the earliest days had been the sage of New Ulm and now was regarded as one of the town's leading citizens. His two terms as State Treasurer and legislator testified to the faith his neighbors put in him. They brought their problems and troubles to him, and many a day's work was sacrificed in ironing out some puzzle or in helping an unfortunate out of a predicament. His patriotism, too, burned ardently. He was proud of his G.A.R. record, never failed to march in the parade on public occasions. Catherine it was who helped him on with his uniform, brushed his gold laced hat and adjusted his tie as, in fact, she did every morning of their married life. But she always said he walked specially straight on Grand Army Day. A member of Hecker Post, No. 48 G.A.R., he served for a time as its commander. Distinguished army men and veterans of the war, among them General Franz Siegel, visited him, reminiscing of old times and past glory. The brave defenders of the massacre days loved to recount their experiences of that dreadful time, smoking a peace pipe and enjoying good New Ulm beer at the colonel's hospitable fireside. He was called upon for speeches and addresses on all important occasions. General Grant, in recognition of his services in the Civil War presented him with a sword which is still cherished by his family. He was prospering financially, too. The brick house testified to his affluence.

The year 1881 was marked by calamitous events in New Ulm. Diphtheria ravaged the community. It was before the days of anti-toxin, and only by a miracle did any child survive its onslaught. Wilhelm and Catherine shuddered for their brood. Alwina was the first victim and little Willie Brauns developed dangerous symptoms. The rest must be removed

from contagion, but whither? One of the colonel's friends lived on a farm not far removed from New Ulm but out of the path of the epidemic.

"Send the children to me," he said. "We will take good care of them. Mother and Sophie love children. He was a lovable, jolly man. His ruddy face, constantly illuminated with a smile and crowned with a shock of white hair, won all their hearts. He was deaf. The children had to come close to him to shout in his ear, and he, in turn, talked very loudly into their ears as if he challenged their ability to hear him. The farm was a delightful place. Minnie described it later: "The farm-house, built of red brick, was a model of neatness and cleanliness on the inside. The front room, or parlor, as it was called in those days, was always closed and tightly shuttered. The dining-room and pantry, on the other hand, were the great attraction for children, specially the pantry, for hidden in its depth there were always ginger cookies, and Sophie, in the kindness of her heart, was always handing them out to us. The country air whetted our appetites and we always were ready to eat.

There was the fun of feeding the pigs, turkeys, chickens, and of gathering eggs. The thrilling adventure of braving the ram, of the barnyard, who attacked all innocent comers from behind; sheep, cows and horses, a never ending round of fun and excitement. Only at night with the quiet of the country evening, the chirp of crickets and bullfrogs, the sudden call of a lost or frightened bird, were silent tears shed for Mother and home. But it was a good time, until one morning the baby Walter woke with a sore throat. Catherine was summoned immediately. She took Walter back to town with a heart filled with anguish.

Three new little mounds graced the New Ulm cemetery from The Pfaender family. Alwina, "Valter and Willie Brauns [Johanna's son] had succumbed to the disease. Catherine had on a short time lost five children: Johanna, Carrie of typhoid fever, and these three with diphtheria. But she and Wilhelm smothered their grief. There was a family to live for.

With the subsiding of the epidemic the children were brought home to a house thoroughly disinfected according to the methods of the day. Cloths soaked in carbolic acid hung in the doorway of the sickroom.

"Why not take them to the log cabin on the farm?" suggested the Colonel. "This is no place for them."

Accordingly they were all bundled off to the old log cabin on their

own farm. It had only been used for camping for some time and was pretty well tumbled down and was a snug fit for so large a family. But they all loved it. Catherine found a peace there among the green hills with billows of fog rolling along them in the early morning, the sun gradually breaking through, and in the evening the glorious sunsets were a constant delight. She relived her early days on the farm. The wild flowers in the woods, the freshness and fragrance of the air, birds, butterflies and bees, all were balm to her sore heart. She recounted to the children the activities of the early days, how the older children had often followed the bees to their hiding place in the woods and brought home buckets of golden honey. Sometimes they had to be very nimble and quick when they wanted to follow a honey bee to the precious store. They had kept bees and hives and when sugar was dear had used the honey for sweetening.

The farm bordered the Minnesota River to the east with the log house wisely built on an eminence above the river. Every afternoon that summer Catherine and the children went down to the river to lie in the water, to bathe or romp, as the spirit moved them.

But this halcyon existence could not last forever. July had been unusually warm and that day an ominous sultriness and stillness permeated the air; a brooding half-silence, as it were, made the children pause in their play [they were buying and selling wheat from the granary] and look up to where a greenish black cloud hovered over New Ulm about two and one-half miles away. Catherine had seen it too and called to them to come into the house. What happened is best told in Minnie's own words: "We hurried to the old farmhouse and not any too soon, for already the wind began to blow and we helped Mother fasten the rickety windows. We had hardly finished this when both wind and rain came on in sudden fury. The big oak tree in front of the cabin writhed and its hoary branches bent low, whilst several birdnests came tumbling down from their lofty home. Suddenly the wind attacked the poor, rickety windows and we all had a hard time bracing against them for fear of their tumbling into the room. It seemed ages, but was probably only a few minutes when the storm abated and the rain stopped. At last we could all breathe easily once again, and stepped out-doors to see what damage had been done. Sure enough! Right next to the granary the big tree had been blown down.

"How shocked Father will be when he sees this," we all shouted. How sorry we felt for the baby birds blown down in their nests and killed in the torrential rains.

"It seemed only minutes later that we saw Father come riding at full speed, his two horses hitched to what still remained of a hay-rack. We wondered vaguely about that, but were so eager to tell him the news of the fallen tree and the storm.

"The tree is only a trifle," he said. 'I am so relieved and thankful to find you all alive and unhurt. There has been a terrible cyclone in New Ulm; many buildings are completely destroyed; the roof of our own house has been torn off and blown away "

They heard the news with shocked faces. Their beautiful brick house gone-demolished. They turned to Catherine in dismay. But Catherine head erect, laid a sympathetic hand on Wilhelm's shoulder.

"Well," she said, "let us hope, since there's good in everything, that this storm has at least cleared our house and many another of that terrible diphtheria."

Thus it was her pioneer spirit adjusted to all misfortune. It was the spirit that made the development of the West possible.

As they drove into town the next day what a sight of devastation and horror met their eyes! New Ulm lay prostrate under the savagery of the storm. Leaves had been blown from the trees that had been left standing, bits of clothing grotesquely draping their bare branches. Chickens, entirely denuded of feathers, pecked precariously among the ruins. Their own house stood open to the elements. A hat box in an upstairs closet had been blown open and its contents deposited on the ruins of the nearby Methodist Church. Along Minnesota street the two upper floors of the butcher shop had dropped to the basement but on a narrow ledge there still stood a washstand with bowl, pitcher and soap dish dangerously poised. Seventeen people in New Ulm had lost their lives, and across the river in West Newton one family, with the exception of one boy, had been completely wiped out. In the brewery Jacob Gensch had saved his life by jumping into an empty boiler.

However the storm seemed to have vented most of its fury on the woods back of the log cabin, as Wilhelm and Fred discovered the next day. Old forest trees for acres lay uprooted, mangled and twisted. The children shuddered to think what they had escaped.

But New Ulm, with true American spirit, began to make plans to rebuild. Carpenters and artisans were at a premium. Shops were remodeled;

stores and business offices demanded immediate attention, and Catherine and Wilhelm looked forward to a long sojourn in the log cabin, as one could not rebuild when he had a house ready at hand. Bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days. Years before, when Colonel Pfaender had decided to give up keeping bees, he had sold his hives to Johann Mueller, a carpenter living in Mankato. Johann had not been prompt in payment and Wilhelm was the last man in the world to press a debt. Mueller came to him.

"Now Colonel," he said, "I've waited a long time before paying for those precious bees. But if you will furnish the lumber, I and my men will put a roof on your house free of charge."

It was an offer not to be spurned. The family continued to live in the old farm house. When school time came Catherine would pack a lunch box, fill a gallon jug with milk and coffee, and Wilhelm would drive them all in to school in the big buggy with the two horses.

Minnie smiles as she recollects those days: "When all the repairs had been completed and the fall days had become appreciably cold, we moved back into our own comfortable New Ulm house and although we had loved the old tumble-down log house, we were now overjoyed to get back into the familiar quarters with the kitchen range and the bulky coal-stove in the sitting room already beginning to send their cheery warmth in the cool evenings of autumn."

Gradually New Ulm settled back to normal. Business was resumed; homes rebuilt or basements covered over toward spring building; families moved in with relatives for the winter. And after a few years it was quite amazing to see how quickly the town was rebuilt, new settlers coming in, and a thrifty, happy life begun once again.

Mother was finding more time for relaxation and occasionally she and her good friends began to exchange visits as of yore.

One day Mother had again invited several friends for coffee, and as a special treat for the afternoon, asked Fred to hitch up Old Charley to the big two-seated buggy and take her and her friends for a drive. Even at the outset of the drive Old Charley seemed not in the best of moods, but at least he went jogging along fairly well. They had planned to drive out to the farm, but when they reached the railroad-bridge, Old Charley stopped short, and neither vigorous jerking of the reins nor prodding with the whip could move him one step. Both Mother and Fred were desperate. Mrs. Nix suggested

petting and kind words, Mrs. Fischer wished she had an apple [that had been a cure-all for their aged horse "Lies' "] and Mrs. Bogen knew positively that a lump of sugar would have done the trick. But Fred and Mother had had previous tussles with Charley, and finally Mother said: "Well Fred, turn around, we can't do a thing when Charley gets his tantrums." Which Fred did with alacrity, and no sooner was Old Charley's head turned homeward than he started out on a gay trot with such vim and a toss of his head, that Fred, Mother and her guests had a good laugh about the old horse's change of mood, which brought them back so quickly to their coffee-party.

Mollie was sixteen, there was no doubt about it; she was "grown up". To Minnie, regarding her from the view point of eleven, she was the height of fashion with her high buttoned shoes so dependent on a buttonhook that had a way of disappearing when one was in a hurry, her basques, her petticoats-stiffly starched white cotton, elaborately trimmed and ruffled with lace and embroidery. She chose her own dresses, too, at the dressmakers-new ones, not worn before by any member of the family, [for with such a number of girls dresses came by logical descent from older to younger] and along with her emancipation, Mollie had "ideas": she wanted to be a teacher. By her own efforts she obtained a second grade certificate, and with it a position as teacher for the months of July and August of a country school just outside of New Ulm. She lived at a neighboring farmhouse within easy walking distance of the school, a well-constructed new building with shiny new benches and a blackboard. Her pupils were children from the surrounding farms, eager, receptive. It was a delightful situation. The brisk walk through the fields in the morning with dew sparkling on the cobwebs in the grass-unlocking the door, opening the windows to let in the bees and insects humming and droning for the summer day-merry voices of children-it was all thrilling and she loved it. The time passed quickly.

One morning in late July the day was unusually warm. The air was oppressive, the children lackadaisical and restless. She had assigned the older children their arithmetic lesson and called up the little ones for their morning story. The room suddenly darkened. Mollie ran to the window. In the west dark greenish clouds had massed on the horizon. She had lived through the New Ulm cyclone of the previous year and recognized the danger.

Turning to the children, "Put up your books," she said. "School is dismissed. Run home as fast as you can,"

They were out in a minute. Mollie began closing and fastening

windows. Katie, one of the older girls, remained to help her. They locked the door and began to run toward the house, but already the wind was blowing furiously and the rain came down in torrents. Katie threw her raincoat over herself and Mollie and the two girls struggled on, knocked down time and again by the force of the elements. As they reached the gate of the farmyard they were well nigh exhausted. But the farmer and his family had been watching the storm from the kitchen window. He spied them and hurried out to bring them to shelter. A steaming cup of coffee restored them.

"But why didn't you stay in the schoolhouse?" he asked. "We built that so strong no wind would ever harm it."

As the storm abated he went out to see what damage had been done. The schoolhouse was a mass of rubble. Wise young Mollie had saved the lives of the children by her quickness and foresight.

School was over for that summer, but Mollie was launched on a career. In September she went to Mankato to the Normal School. Her course there completed, she returned to New Ulm as a teacher in the primary grades to prepare for a more romantic occupation-but that is another story.

Time moves along. Col. Pfaender's hair was showing streaks of gray and his brown beard was powdered with snow flakes. But he was erect as ever and his eyes, deepest and flashing, still glowed with the fiery resolve that had brought him to the West. He was vitally concerned with the growth of New Ulm physically, culturally, socially, and spiritually. As an insurance man he saw the need for fire protection, and it was largely through his efforts that new fire equipment was obtained to replace the crude engine, manned and drawn by two or four volunteers, that had functioned so long. Fred, Herman and Albert had all lent willing hands with hauling and pumping, but the slender stream that the hose had emitted had been inefficient and powerless against even a moderate conflagration. Now, however, they had a new hose and a hook and ladder drawn by horses owned by Mr. Huevelmann who had a livery stable. Mr. Huevelmann would run to the fire barn every time he heard the alarm, harness his team to the apparatus and dash off to the fire. He alternated with Mr. Gieseke, who also had a livery barn, in furnishing means of transportation; and when the first alarm sounded, volunteers would rush out to follow the galloping cavalcade. The costs in fire loss were materially lowered. Fred continued a life-long member of the fire department, later becoming Assistant Chief, then Chief, and eventually, Secretary of the State Assurance Association. "He is such an ardent member

of the Fire Department that even now, at the age of ninety years, he still appears at the station at the first sound of the fire whistle, mounts the hook and ladder and goes to the fire with the rest of the firemen," recounts Minnie in her tales of the family.

Fred married Louise Newman in May, 1887. They took the house next door and Catherine and Wilhelm relived their early years in the lives of the grandchildren, Wally, the eldest, Jocky, whose real name was Armin, Jimmy, [William]; and small Reesie (Therese) who were quite as much at home in the big house as in their own domicile. Emmy had completed her work at the Mankato Normal School and; was a "German teacher" in the Saint Paul Public Schools. But Emmy's fair hair, her charming and gentle manner, her delightful personality interfered with her pedagogical career. Young Charley Hauser appeared on the scene. They were married in October, 1888. Mollie had gone to the Normal School at Mankato and had emerged a preceptress of no mean ability. Moreover she had a beau. Young Dr. Fritsche, after teaching school for one year, had entered the Medical Department of the University of Michigan and had been graduated as a doctor with a state license to practice medicine. It was the first state license issued in Minnesota and marks an epoch in the annals of Minnesota medicine. He had opened an office in New Ulm. His devotion to Mollie was obvious and when he left in April to do graduate work in Berlin, it was a doleful Mollie who watched the mail for letters and who enjoyed the status of engaged girl among her friends.

Socially the Colonel busied himself in trying to secure recognition from state and government of the brave defenders of the city for the services rendered in the days of peril for which they had received neither pay nor pension. Culturally he labored to promote music and drama, and spiritually he urged freedom of thought and worship as one of the inalienable rights of all men. These ideas are admirably expressed in a speech presented at an anniversary celebration at New Ulm:

"Why should not those of like belief unite here in this free land, where religious freedom is guaranteed to everyone?. Why should not they be allowed. ...to instruct and convince others that their opinions in religious questions deserve the same respect and appreciation as do all other religious denominations?"

1889. Wilhelmina wanted to try her wings. She decided to take a course in kindergarten work at the Winona Normal School. The idea of the kindergarten was new and life in Winona seemed like an exciting adventure.

It was her first time away from home alone, away from the comfortable support of sisters and brothers, alone among strange girls, to live with them, eat, sleep and study with these aliens who presented such a formidable appearance bustling around so importantly, for she was to live in the Women's Dormitory. The Winona Normal School under the presidency of Dr. Sheppard, at that time enrolled about a thousand students and prided itself on being very modern. Under the supervision of Miss Ernst of St. Louis, it was offering the new-fangled method imported from Germany, the kindergarten. Only four students had applied for it, Ida Beers, Harriet Packard, Jessie Bancroft and Wilhelmina. But small beginnings had great endings-as time has shown.

The course was fascinating-morning was practice and experiment; the town children were the guinea pigs whereon these young pedagogues tried out theories. The afternoon was given to theory and instruction in the use of materials: cubes, bricks, sticks, sewing and children's songs with which the young novitiates became familiar. It was all very exciting, but how Wilhelmina dreaded living with those strange girls, and oh how homesick she was.

Nevertheless she had only been there a short time when, as she was walking down town one day she saw a familiar face--a face from home. It was Mrs. Kirschstein who, though she had not known her very well in New Ulm, seemed now almost a relative. Mrs. Kirschstein had a room to rent. Wilhelmina transferred her belongings to her new domicile. The homesickness was at an end.

Minna made many and close friends before the year was over, and at its close returned to New Ulm to open with Ida Heers a kindergarten of her own. Eventually she went to St. Paul as a directress in the early St. Paul efforts to establish kindergartens. But that is another story.



## CHAPTER VII

### AUF WIEDERSEHN

Christmas 1891. Catherine had watched her brood leave the nest, now she felt she wanted them all home for the Season. So they came-a grand celebration. The big

kitchen glowed in the days of preparation. Hams bubbled on the big iron range. The odors of Kuchen, Pfeffernussen, Christmas cake, roasts and sausage made the air heavy. But in spite of all the gaiety she felt a sense of oppression.

The merry voices sometimes struck a discordant note. She liked better the gentler songs: "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." She chided herself, "So alt und noch so dumm," she would say, laughing at herself. She was tired. She who never felt weariness. Wilhelm's cough was specially bad that winter. Josie had knitted him a woolen shawl [very fashionable it was] which he wore to the office on these cold days. It was a distance of only three blocks, nevertheless he would come home panting for breath, his beard and eyebrows covered with frost. His brother had died of "consumption" and she could not rid herself of the terror that he might have this mysterious ailment. She coaxed him to stay home on severe days but his business permitted no relaxation, he said. So she attributed her own malaise to worry.

As the spring came on she had not the ambition to plan her garden as usual. She, who had always been so well, began to dread unaccustomed exertion. Pain was with her constantly. She never complained but Wilhelm noticed her lack of color.

"Mother you must eat more; you must go outdoors."

"Oh yes, Wilhelm," she replied. "Do you remember how angry I was when we were first engaged ".hen that Anna Gersten said 'Schau mal das Vollmond Gesicht'? My cheeks were red then."

"Catherine you must see a doctor."

A trip to St. Paul and to a specialist there confirmed the suspicions of the local physician.

The trees were budding when she went into the hospital. From her bed she watched the fleecy spring, clouds sail across the sky and she listened to the birds singing in the trees outside her window. It was a restful dreamy

time between bouts of pain. But she was not there long. She was weak when Wilhelm brought her home but loving hands were ready to help, and by the summer she seemed almost her old self.

It was one of the happiest summers she had ever known. Wilhelm was having the farmhouse rebuilt and Catherine was greatly interested. It was to have modern equipment, to be arranged for comfort and convenience.

"See that we have rooms for all the children to come home," she admonished the builder in charge of operations.

Almost every afternoon the colonel would harness the driving team to the top buggy and they would drive out the two and one half miles to the farm. June was a riot of roses. Catherine had loved the delicate pink blossoms. One day they were tight little buds; the next, they had flowered into pink saucers along the side of the road. But by haying time they were gone, maturing into hard rose-apples. Bluebells trembled modestly in the afternoon sun, and whole fields of purple clover tempted yellow butterflies and drowsing bees. The fragrant aroma of new mown hay was sedative in the July heat and often she would say to Wilhelm,

"You go look after the haying. I will rest here awhile."

He would place a chair under the oak near the house and she would sit there watching the river flow peacefully along, sparkling under the summer sun, purling gently over the pebbles that lined the shore.

She liked to remember the early years, and she smiled as she recollected the anxieties and worries that had resolved themselves into this tranquillity.

The children were grown now. Wilhelm had prospered. This beautiful land had tamed itself under his hand and given back all they had put into it.

August was a lazy month. The sun was copper bright and a warm haze bathed the landscape. As she felt stronger she and Wilhelm wandered over the hills that flanked the farm, like young lovers, holding hands almost surreptitiously lest the children see them. Sometimes she brought supper. Then they drove back under the August moon. She could not remember a summer that had been so free from care. Strange, too, her mind went back to incidents long forgotten. There was the time at Cherbourg when they were

coming to America. She could not have been more than four or five. Her little brother Philip was lost. He must have wandered off and become separated from the family. She still remembered the anxiety with which they searched the streets, the town crier calling, ringing his bell and crying "Child lost". A passer-by told them he had seen a woman dragging a resisting boy into a near-by house. They knocked at several doors—finally one opened and a vicious looking old woman snarled, "Non; jen'ai pas vu un petit garçon." But her father had caught a glimpse of a muffled figure in the corner and recognized Philip, his head wrapped in a cloth to cover his cries. What could the old woman have wanted? They never knew and she often wondered. Philip had grown up none the worse for his experience. She remembered the long tedious voyage—not unpleasant in retrospect, however; her girlhood, flowering in the primitive new world, her courtship, her motherhood, the children: on the whole it had been good; and now she felt that her life was at its fullness, "the fullness of time", as the grain that lay stacked in sheaves in the meadows in the culmination of the summer season.

"Wilhelm, let us move out for the threshing;" she said. The house is practically finished. We would all love it. It would do us good. We could take care of the threshers, too."

So they closed the town house. Josephine was the only girl at home now. They prepared for the threshers. Threshing time was always exciting. The big threshing engine filled the barnyard, spewing out sparks and smoke. The long belt that connected it with the thresher hummed and sang. Two grimy and sweaty figures fed the bundles of grain into the hopper. It poured out a golden stream into bags which were filled and carried away in the wagons to be stored in the granary. The chaff and straw sprayed out in a gleaming pile ever mounting into a little hul. The engine was fed continuously with wood and straw, and reminded one of a dragon belching out fire and smoke. The dust-laden air made breathing difficult. Five meals a day these giants demanded, mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks of coffee, doughnuts, sandwiches and pie supplemented hearty meals of bacon, beef, potatoes and vegetables. It was a busy thrilling time. Catherine enjoyed it as always. The saga of the wheat, the symbol of the life of this great country which she had helped develop. It was the consummation of the vast ripening process that was unfolding all around her, the full fruition of the year, the ample fruition of the life she had lived so abundantly. "That ye might have life more abundant."

They were a week threshing that year for the yield was good. Catherine bustled and directed as usual. But there was a nagging pain at

night that kept increasing. She said nothing about it until it became impossible to conceal from the family the fact that she was really ill. She died on the twenty-first of September.

"Oh lieb so lang Du lieben kannst,  
Oh lieb so lang Du lieben magst;  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde naht  
Wo Du an Graebem stehst and traul'st."  
fOh love as long as love you may,  
And cherish love in every way,  
The hour it nears, may be at hand  
When weeping at a grave you stand."

Catherine's death was the greatest blow of Wilhelm's life. It was something he had never anticipated. She was so strong, so reliable, so young-for to him she was always the merry girl he had courted in Cincinnati. everything spoke of her: The garden where they were wont to stroll in the cool of the evening; the odors of mignonette and verbenas; the deep fragrance of loam and vegetation. She had said her health was always best at asparagus time. They had planted the asparagus bed many years ago. Now it was flourishing, and she was gone. Her roses, pink and yellow, would come up again next year. It was almost bitter to think these things should live and Catherine die. But when he felt himself in this mood he could almost see her gentle smile of reproach and hear her, "So alt und noch so dumm" with which she chided both herself and him when they made mistakes. Her spirit seemed to fill the house and pervade all its activities. But it was quiet. Wilhelmina had come from her position in St. Paul to take over the housekeeping for him and Albert who was now teaching in the New Ulm schools and ambitious for legal training. He was also serving in the State Guard. Herman had taken over the farm and promised to make a success of it. His training at the Minnesota Farm School at St. Anthony [only lately opened as a part of the University of Minnesota] had been a good experiment. He had new ideas about raising Hereford cattle. But it was pretty lonely for the three of them around the big table that had erstwhile supported such a merry and numerous group.

But his pioneer spirit precluded repining. Young William had left St. Paul and with his family had returned to New Ulm. He was associated in business with his father and was a great help. William, his first born. How proud he had been of him, his advent had spurred him on to seek his fortune in this land that even now, he felt, was flowing with milk and honey. The

land still held him—the buying and selling of it as a commodity which he loved. He knew every acre of the surrounding terrain and its value in reproduction. He was urging the importance of insurance on the farmer, the security at little cost that profits the householder from loss by fire and tornado. He worked for the improvement of the efficiency of the fire department, supported the investment in modern fire-fighting equipment. He threw himself into his work to try to fill the void left by Catherine. But life was never the same for him. A part of him was gone.

Nevertheless the world wagged on. The great Chicago World's Columbian Exposition challenged the imagination. Four hundred years since Columbus had sailed his little Flotillas into the harbor of San Salvadore and opened this new land. What had happened since then! Chicago had assembled the world in epitome and presented a bird's eye view of its wonders.

In the summer of 1896 Colonel Pfaender went to St. Paul for the G.A.R. review. Its headquarters were in the residence of Commodore Kittson, an imposing stone mansion at the confluence of Dayton and Selby avenues that crowned the hill overlooking the Methodist Church and the Selby incline that sloped to the city below. It was a goodly gathering and the comrades impressed him again with the necessity of securing governmental recognition of their services. He rode a white horse that day down Summit avenue at the head of his column amid the plaudits of the St. Paul citizens. It was an inspiring moment.

He plunged into renewed efforts to seek pensions and disability allowances for Civil War veterans, a work which occupied him until his death, but through his efforts was finally recognized by both the State and the government at Washington.

The next year [March 27, 1897] Herman married Anna Wiedeman and Wilhelm felt there was a mistress at the farm. He still loved to visit the farm and supervise operations there but the journey seemed to be getting longer. But it was the era of the bicycle, the era of the wheel. All the world was "scorching". A bicycle path, was the appendage of every good road in the country. Life was to be revolutionized by the mechanical age. The boys wore sweaters and bicycle caps; the girls arrayed themselves in modestly divided skirts, natty sailors and gaiters. The bicycle was the thing.

"Father, you ought to learn to ride a bicycle," suggested Josie.

But no. The Colonel was going to wait for that far distant day when he could sit in his buggy and have it go of its own accord; and his blue eyes twinkled at the ridiculous thought.

However, came a day! Hornburg, dealer in agricultural implements and hardware, went chugging down Broadway in his "buckboard"-a "single" buggy, topless, with a small gasoline motor beneath the dashboard. You turned a crank and it was off with much sputtering and odor of gasoline, running under its own power and a cloud of dust. The Colonel stuck to his horse and buggy.

"Those horseless carriages will never be practical," he said. "They will never run over the snow in the winter."

Dr. Fritsche [who was a son-in-law by this time having married Mollie in Berlin in 1890], much to his father's disgust, purchased one of these "contraptions." It chugged and sputtered, had to be stopped to cool off and cranked to start and provided merriment for the entire family.

The MAINE was blown up in Havana harbor and New Ulm responded patriotically to the call for troops for the Spanish American War. Admiral Schley bottled up the Spanish fleet and Dewey took Manila. "Teddy's Rough Riders" stormed up San Juan Hill, but most of the casualties were the result of "embalmed beef" and typhoid fever.

The twentieth century dawned. Albert was admitted to the bar, a full-fledged lawyer with his sign out: Pfaender and Flor, and at the same time he became an officer in the State Guard. The colonel was proud of him.

But it was the grandchildren that were the solace and delight of Wilhelm's heart, and a visit to his married children was an event fraught with joy to elders and youth alike. The little ones adored him both as hero and playmate. It was five-year-old Gustave Stamm [Louisa's son] who revealed the usual attitude. He had been observing intently a wen on his grandfather's head. Grandfather had been in the war. Had he been wounded? Here was a story with which to regale the youth of the neighborhood.

"Grosspapa," he asked. "Hat Dich da eine Kanonen-kugel getroffen?"

How grandfather chuckled. How disillusioned Gustave was.

The colonel's hair and beard were snow white now.

"Oh does Santa Claus live here?" was the query of little Aurora when she first beheld him.

Yes, Colonel Pfaender's hair and beard were like snow but his iceblue eyes were keen and kindly. His broad charitable judgment endeared him to his neighbors. Wise advice to those in doubt, comfort to those in sorrow, a helping hand to the needy, these were his real stock in trade as he ostensibly sold steamship tickets, life insurance or farms to his customers. He was continually called upon for addresses and speeches on formal and informal occasions. He had a knack for using the right word.

But the cough that had so worried Catherine increased as he grew older. A fresh cold would produce paroxysms that frightened Josephine who kept house for him. Even the journey to the farm, two and a half miles out of town, on that last summer became burdensome. He could be found for the most part, in the summer afternoon, on the veranda of the big house ready to greet callers, of whom there were many: boys he had taught in Sunday-school years before, comrades who reminisced of war experiences, loving friends, and children. It was the mellow afterglow of the life that had at mid-day been so rich and full of adventure.

He died August 11, 1905, full of years and full of honors, rich beyond compare in the real things of life, the love and esteem of his compatriots and the satisfaction of a job well done—a city built in the wilderness on the firm foundation of an idea conceived by a boy in Heilbronn, Germany.

His children carried him to rest beside Catherine in the City Cemetery where he was buried with the military honors befitting an American soldier. The "Grand Old Man of New Ulm"

Unanimity, justice and freedom,  
May we hope for our new Fatherland;  
For this let us ever be striving,  
Courageous, with heart and with hand.  
Unanimity, justice and freedom,  
Be they proof of true brotherhood's band;  
May it thrive ever onward and upward,  
Ever thrive! this, our new Fatherland!

## MOTHER'S FOREFATHERS

Mother's grandfather, John Jacob Pfau, school teacher in Froeschweiler, Lorraine.

Mother's father, John Phillip Pfau, "Gastwirt" [innkeeper] was born in Minfeld, Bavaria, in April 1791 and was with Napoleon during the invasion of Russia.

Mother's mother, Louise Heuck, was married to mother's Father, John Philip Pfau in Minfeld, Bavaria.

John Philip Pfau died at the age of 68. Louise Heuck Pfau at age of 86.

Our Father, Wilhelm Pfaender, born July 6th, 18'16, at Heilbronn, Wuerttemberg, Germany.-Died August 11th, 1906.

Our Mother, Catherine Pfau Pfaender, born November .24<sup>th</sup>, 1832, at Minfeld. Bavaria, Germany .-Died September 21st, 1892.

## BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF WILHELM AND CATHERINE PFAENDER'S FAMILY.

### BIRTHS:

William.	Sept. 26th, 1852
Catherine.	(Kate) March 21st, 1854
Johanna.	November 2nd, 1855
Louise.	September, 24th, 1857
Josephine.	January 31st, 1859
Caroline.	(Carrie) December 17th, 1860
Carl.	July 31st, 1862
Frederick.	[Fred] October 8th, 1863
Amalia	[Mollie] September 23rd, 1865
Emma.	[Emmy] June 28th, 1868
Wilhelmina	(Minnie) March 26th, 1870
Ilerntan.	January 25th, 1872
Albert.	September 9th, 1873
Alwina.	September 21st, 1875
Walter Carl.	December 15th, 1877

## MARRIAGES:

Johanna and Carl Brauns-	December 1875
Kate and Karl Albrecht-	August 17th, 1876
Louise and Dr. Gottfried Stamm-	April 6th, 1880
William and Emily Kiesling-	October 17th, 1880
Fred and Louise Newman-	May 22nd, 1887
Emmy and Charles Hauser-	September 12th, 1888
Mollie and Dr. Louis Albert Fritsche-	June 14th, 1890
William and Sophie Berndt-	October 11th, 1893
Herman and Anna Wiedeman-	March 27th, 1897
Albert and Marie [Mamie] Newman-	March 23rd, 1907
Minnie and Heinrich Loenholdt-	December 15th, 1910
Josephine Pfaender never married	

## DEATHS:

Carl [baby] Pfaender-	December 1862
Johanna Pfaender Brauns-	July 1876
Caroline Pfaender-	1877
Alwina Pfaender-	1881
Walter Carl Pfaender-	1881
Kate Pfaender Albrecht-	March 1919
William Pfaender, Jr.-	May 28, 1924
Louise Pfaender Stamm-	September 19~9
Josephine Pfaender-	June 14, 1938
Emma Pfaender Hauser-	December 27, 1942
Albert Pfaender-	February 14th, 1946
Herman Pfaender-	August 3rd, 1952

## DEATHS:

Emily Kiesling Pfaender-	March 1891
Dr. Gottfried Stamm-	November 1907
Karl Albrecht-	May 1918
Louise Newman Pfaender-	December 1919
Dr. Louis Albert Fritsche--	June 1931
Charles Hauser-	February, 1937
Sophie Berndt Pfaender-	March 1947