

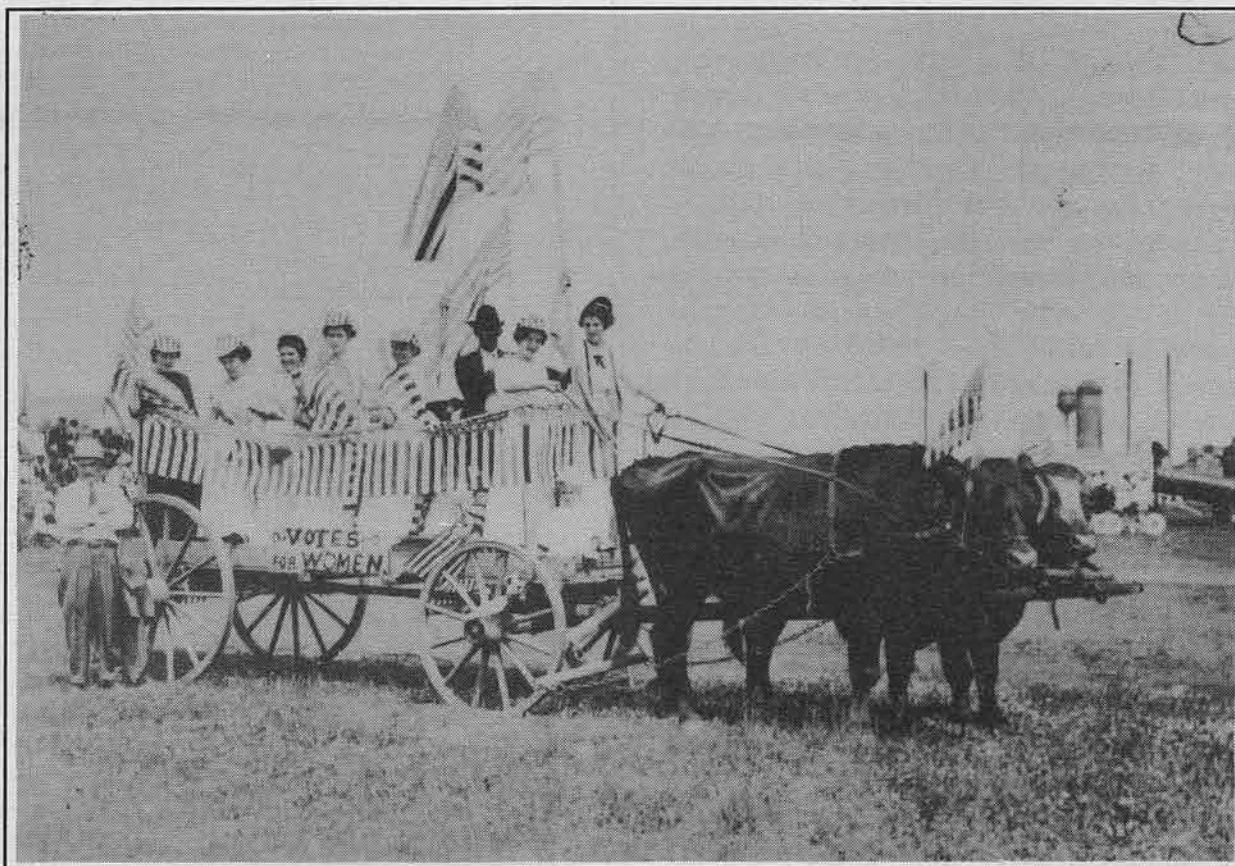
CLAY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



CCHS Newsletter

July/August 1995

Vol. XVIII. No. 4



This suffrage photo is from the Haakon Bjornaas Collection. Note that several gentlemen seem to be supporting the ladies demonstration. The crowd in the background indicates a special gathering such as a fair or other community celebration. Beginning about 1910 parades and demonstrations (such as picketing the White House in 1917) became common with the more militant in the suffrage movement. The flag was a favorite prop for suffrage demonstrations and patriotic colors were used extensively. (More on Woman Suffrage inside.)

Photo courtesy of Northwest Minnesota History Center, MSU

From the President

By Chris D. Olson



In 1988 the Clay County Historical Society established an Endowment Fund under the umbrella structure of the FM Area Foundation. Over the years, this fund has gradually accumulated a small amount of money. Each year, the Board

has decided to return the annual earnings to the principal for growth purposes. In future years, the interest of the Endowment may be used to help CCHS provide additional quality exhibits and programs to reflect the cultural heritage of the area.

At this time, I would like to encourage individuals to think about offering a gift to the Society's Endowment Fund. As the Fund grows, the opportunities to achieve further excellence in our facilities, programs and collections expand. Your contribution, of any amount, ensures that our organization will become a legacy of education to be enjoyed today and tomorrow by all.

Gary Olson, CCHS Vice-President, serves as chair of the Society's Endowment Fund Committee. If you are interested in more information on the Endowment Fund, please feel free to contact either Gary or the CCHS staff.

Another opportunity for you to contribute to the Fund is currently taking place at the Center. Once again, CCHS, HHIC, and RRVHS are collecting used sporting equipment as a collaborative project with Play It Again Sports. If you happen to be cleaning out your garage and find some sporting equipment that just isn't useful for your family anymore, bring it to the Center before the first week in August. Play It Again Sports will purchase the items and the funds will be equally divided into each of the three organization's Endowment Fund.

With your support now, we will succeed in building a strong and enduring structure of knowledge available and ready to serve all generations of Clay County. Help preserve your heritage with a donation to the CCHS Endowment Fund.

Confusion over Suffrage Amendment set straight

There seemed to be some confusion following passage of the 19th Amendment on Woman Suffrage on August 26, 1920. The article to the right appeared in the Sept. 16, 1920 Moorhead Weekly News:

AMENDMENT IN BRIEF.

Nearly every day some woman asks for a copy of the Susan B. Anthony suffrage amendment, now a part of the constitution of the United States. For the benefit of our women readers, the resolution short and snappy and to the point, just as written by Susan B. Anthony, is here given:

ARTICLE XIX.

"Sec. 1 The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

"Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

CLAY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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Family History Workshop set for Sept. 30 at MSU

Around the World in 20 Years is the theme for Family History Workshop XX scheduled for Saturday, Sept. 30 at the Moorhead State University Comstock Memorial Union. Jim and Paula Warren, of St. Paul, full-time genealogical researchers, writers, and lecturers, will present seven sessions. The Warrens are well known nationally and recently advised the Minnesota State Historical Society on a large family history exhibit which opens this fall.

Paula Warren's topics include Seven Things to Do if You REALLY Want to Find Your Ancestors; Utilizing Three Non-Genealogical Sources; and Minnesota Genealogical Research Overview. Jim Warren's topics will be Still Unpublished After All these Years; Writing Your Family History in Small Manageable Pieces; The Most Priceless heritage: Your Family's Health History; and Digging Deeper: Uncovering Uncommon Books, Periodicals and Collections. The Warrens will team up to present Networking: The Advanced Genealogist's Basic Strategy.

Other presenters include Alice Ellingsberg, speaking on hereditary societies; Bill Hoverson, on oral history; Marlin Thorsgard, on researching military records; Diana Armstrong, on researching English and Welsh records; Rick Crume, on genealogical software, CD-ROMs and online sources; Chuck Walen, on using the LDS Family Search Computer Resources; Les Bakke, on genealogy and the Internet; Mark Strand, on scanning and desktop publishing; Jackie Marler, on beginning genealogical research; Verlyn Anderson, on Norwegian research; Bev Paulson, on beginning and advanced Swedish research; Elizabeth Reck, on locating ancestral villages in German-speaking Europe; Michael Miller, on accessing newly located records in Russia, Ukraine and Moldova.

A Special Session with Individual Consultations on Norwegian Research will be offered with Verlyn Anderson; Evonne Anderson, Heritage Education Commission; Leroy Madson, Genealogist for the Totenlag in America; and Leslie Rogne, Genealogist for the Hadelandlag. Workshop participants are encouraged to bring family charts and research problems to this session.

To preregister, or for further information, contact the

Office of Continuing Education, Moorhead State University, Moorhead, MN 56561 or call 218-236-2183. The workshop is sponsored by the Heritage Education Commission of Moorhead State University.

"SODDEN IGNORANCE"

Editors Note: "Sodden Ignorance" is a pro suffrage article which appeared in the Clay County Herald, Hawley on June 13, 1906, 14 years before Woman Suffrage became law. The forward thinking editors were Alfred Shave and Ray P. Colburn.

The great argument in favor of woman suffrage is not that it will make politics purer and better, but that it is demanded by that equality which is justice. Woman shares with man the whole burden of the state, she bears and rears the soldiers and laborers. She contributes by domestic labor to the income and resources of the states. There is growing class of independent women who own their property and manage business affairs. Even were it true, which it is not, it is no argument to say women are represented by their fathers, brothers and husbands. The great law of equal justice requires that they have this political power in their own right. It is simply silly to say only bad and ignorant women will vote, for experience shows the best women vote when they have the chance, and it opens their intellectual eyes. As women are in fact purer than men, so their influx will make politics purer, but this is not the real point, nor will the difference, in my opinion, be very great. The real point is that now every male, blackguard and ignoramus, can vote if he wants to, and no woman, however cultured and intelligent, can vote if she wants to. Neither good nor bad women, now have a chance to vote. Give all of them the chance all men have and justice will be done. It will then be a woman's own fault and choice (just as it is now man's) if she stays away from the polls. With the chief argument that she will be insulted at the polls and the fine gloss of her femininity worn away, I have little patience. If our men are a mob to insult women, let us deprive them of every right incident to manhood. Neither manhood or womanhood is lost by freedom. Much that is mistaken for womanhood is sodden ignorance and pitiful helplessness. - Charles Erskine Scott Wood in the *Pacific Monthly*.

Outreach Displays

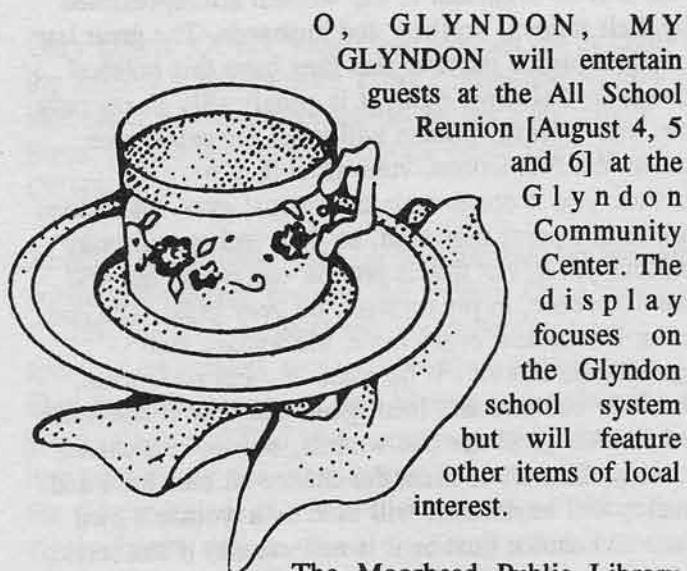
	Opens	Closes
Hitterdal Senior Center	July 17	Sept. 18
Ulen-Hitterdal High School	On vacation	
Viking Manor, Ulen	July 17	Sept. 18
Hawley Public Library	July 17	Sept. 18
Glyndon Community Center	July 19	Sept. 20
Moorhead Public Library	July 19	Sept. 20
Barnesville Public Library	July 19	Sept. 20

The Hitterdal Senior Center says LET'S HAVE COFFEE with dishes and accessories necessary when having a little lunch.

The Ulen-Hitterdal High School display is on summer vacation, but will be back in September!

Viking Manor in Ulen will display PERSONALIZED, showing how people left their mark on various objects by means of names or initials. Items include an autograph book, name tag and belt fob.

The popular WHAT IS IT? display of old (and not so old) items should test the memory of summer visitors to the Hawley Public Library.



The Moorhead Public Library will have a display of TOYS! - a glimpse of the lighter side of childhood.

MASH NOTES will open at the Barnesville Public Library featuring a variety of potato mashers from the CCHS collections. Don't miss Barnesville's Potato Days August 25 and 26.

Artifacts & Donors

May/June 1995

Donors include:

Moorhead: Mavis Fredricks, Riverside School office, Alice Grover
 Baker: Helen Austin
 Barnesville: Dorothy Garven
 Alexandria: Douglas County Historical Society
 Fargo, ND: Gothard Knutson
 Bellingham, WA: Burt Grover

Artifacts include:

A journal kept by HF Erickson in Fargo-Moorhead from Mar. 16, 1877 to April 28, 1878; flyer comparing the low cost of living in Dilworth compared to 50 other Minnesota cities; a community profile of Dilworth; photo of Concordia Lutheran Church ca 1900; photo of Targe & Geuna Grover Family; letter about a new variety of potato discovered by Obert Grover and photo copy of the reference in the 1953 *Congressional Record* mentioning the new variety; reprint of *American Potato Journal*, Aug. 1973; (78) issues of the *Workbasket Magazine*; booklet, *Historic Barnesville: Old Downtown Buildings and Stories About Them*; panoramic photo print of Telelaget in Moorhead on June 25, 1920; (10) Riverside PTA scrapbooks, charters for Park and South Elementary Schools, PTA membership booklets, PTA minute books; postcard of Concordia College postmarked 1907; toy grocery store complete with packages; toy brass steam engine; Downer baseball shirt; photo postcard with Downer baseball team; (2) pajama patterns - one published by the American Red Cross in 1943 along with pattern pieces cut from 1942-43 *Moorhead Daily News* newspapers.

Donations

Joyous Older Youth, Christ the King Church
 Louise Redmann, Fargo
 Moorhead Central Lions Club
 Concordia College
 Gjevre, McLarnan, Hannaher, Vaa,
 Skatvold and McLarnan

Celebrations, Celebrations!!!

A fair, a festival, an open house and several parades later -----

June was a busy month with lots of activities for Clay County Historical Society volunteers and staff.

For four days in June, the Clay County Fair Booth at Barnesville featured educational material on the Woman Suffrage movement with banners, costumes, handouts and a PBS video, "One Woman, One Vote." CCHS also took part in the three day Scandinavian Hjemkomst Heritage Festival with a booth at the Fargo Civic Center. The booth featured a demonstration on bobbin lace making, an age-old art dating from the 1600s. In conjunction with the festival, CCHS, along with the Swedish Cultural Heritage Society, hosted an open house at the Bergquist Cabin. The cabin, built by John Gustav Bergquist, is the oldest house in Moorhead still on its original site on the banks of the Red River.

Door prizes were awarded at all three sites. Sign up slips provide us with an estimated attendance number. Winners were: at the Clay County Fair, 236 people registered for a "Cornflower" crocheted doily made and donated by Margaret Ristvedt, won by Mary Langerud of Barnesville; at the CCHS booth for the Scandinavian Hjemkomst Festival at the Fargo Civic Center, 475 people registered for a bobbin lace doily made and donated by Pam Burkhardt, won by Hazle Barke of Fargo; and at the Bergquist Cabin Open House, 94 people registered for a bobbin lace doily, made and donated by Pam Burkhardt, won by Carol Wild of Fargo.

The CCHS Unit in the Hawley Rodeo Parade won first place for originality with their Suffrage Unit. Ladies dressed in replica 1915 costumes carried a replica suffrage

banner reading "Votes for Women."

Parades were a popular Suffrage tactic from about 1910 until the 19th Amendment was passed in 1920.

Special thanks to all our June volunteers at the parades, the fair and at the Bergquist Cabin. Special thanks to Ruth Franzen who coordinated the volunteers and arrangements for the Bergquist Cabin Open House and to Dewey Bergquist, who along with family members, assisted in hosting the event.



Parade participants Irene Hogan (left) and Pam Burkhardt wave to the crowds and to photographer Bob Kennedy at the Dilworth Loco Days Parade on July 8. The ladies are wearing replica 1915 suffragist dresses and carrying a replica Suffrage banner. Behind them is CCHS's 1936 Buffalo fire truck, driven by Mike Sigdestad of the Moorhead Fire Department.

Navigating the Moorhead to Winnipeg

[In the May/June newsletter we reprinted the first half of this story by Winnipeg author Loudon Wilson. It describes a fictional trip from Moorhead to Winnipeg on the steamboat *J. L. Grandin* in June 1882. In the second half Wilson follows his two main characters, the *Grandin*'s overworked and under appreciated assistant (or "mud") clerk and a Dakota Territory cowboy named Pete who's shepherding a herd of horses bound for duty with the Canadian Mounties. It is part of a meticulously researched 20-part series on Red River transportation written by Wilson and published in the Steamboat Historical Society's quarterly publication *Steamboat Bill of Facts* between 1952 and 1958. CCHS wishes to thank the Steamboat Historical Society for their permission to reprint this colorful and detailed story.]

"Navigation North and West, Part 2" by Loudon Wilson

(Exactly when *J. L. Grandin* bore her last cargo of beer and farm implements to the land-booming city of Winnipeg is not certain. Early June of 1882 seems a likely choice. Such trips were her spring chore, after which she carried wheat from Halstad to Fargo for trans-shipment to Duluth. No vessels of American registry arrived at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine for more than a quarter-century thereafter.)

Last Journeys

En route to Winnipeg, and now some 150 miles below Fargo, the steamer *J. L. Grandin* had traversed the 22 miles of Goose Rapids, passing Frog Point as the last golden rays of the prairie sun gilded the stacks and pilot house. The steep western bank cast a purple shadow over her cabin and main decks. As she pushed her heavily-freighted barges through the lonesome valley, lights were lit and she became a thing of hospitable beauty.

Passing Red Lake River at 11 o'clock, she whistled for the landing at Grand Forks, where, with a flanking turn, her pilot brought her bow upstream behind the old *Selkirk*, the inshore barges dropping astern.

The arrival of a steamboat at this 12-year-old river town was already becoming a novelty. Lanterns could be seen bobbing down the bank, accompanied by the sound of barking dogs, distant music, and the hubbub of community life.

Lines were out, and, except for the hiss of steam, the clatter of feet on decks and the staging voices, whistles, and catcalls, the river returned to its deep, quiet passage.

Engines done with and fires banked, the *Grandin* will lie here overnight. After sunrise she will be a bustle of activity and by early

morning will be downbound for Pembina and the border.

Captain Charlie Thiemens claps a top hat on his head, closes his cabin door, and threads his way down to the main deck, crossing the staging to join an old friend who is waiting to do the honors. As they climb the hill, the *Grandin*'s skipper takes a ribbing about being late in making the landing.

Two watching figures are perched on the cabin rail. The young mud clerk, who has been keeping his cowpoke friend posted from his store of river lore, says: "That's Captain Alex Griggs, bestest skipper on this river, I guess! Got frozen in here one winter with his boatmen and barges and decided to buy land and settle here. That's how Grand Forks got started."

He gestures toward the dimly-visible steamer ahead. "That was the winter the *Selkirk* was a-building up to McCauleyville for Captain Griggs."

"He'd be a big man in any place, I'd say!" returns his friend. "Well, I'll just look them hosses over afore I hit the hay myself."

As the boy said, the Griggs family was a moving force behind the little town that was to become as fine a city as one might find in a long journey. Captain Alex started river freighting with Captain M.L. McCormack, united with James J.

Red in 1882

Hill in steamboating, had a partnership in the grocery business, and built a sawmill.

Bountiful wheat crops were bringing wealth into the river towns. The well-to-do had large and gracious homes. Culture was blossoming and a great future was prophesied.

In the Griggs home we might find Captain Thiemens and others conversing. Like as not, the talk would get around to the dream of rivermen from Grand Forks to Winnipeg, that the Red River Valley and all the Northwest would feed its wheat and produce to a great waterway through Lake Winnipeg, the Nelson, or the Hayes Rivers to the seven seas. Winnipeg and Grand Forks would become great inland seaports. Discussion might include another idea, a canal system from the Red River to the Great Lakes.

However, few persons beyond the limits of the valley ever heard of these fantastic projects of a so-new land, bulging with ambition and wheat. A few had eggs in another

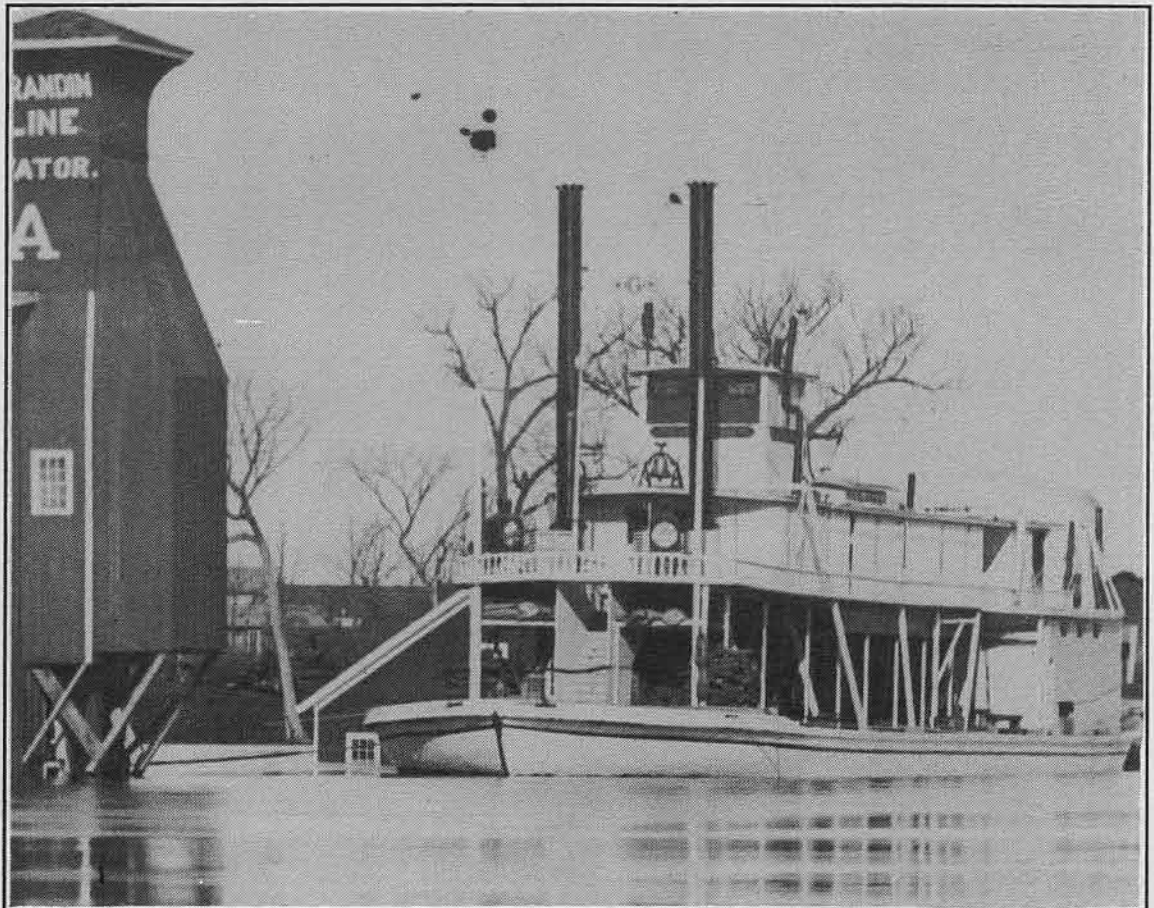
basket - the railroads, vying for a chance to corner these expanding exports for all time.

Grandin left about 7 a.m. and is now many miles north, crossing Pelican Bar late in the afternoon, passing St. Vincent on the east bank where the Canadian sternwheeler *Marquette* is lying. From 1877 on, St. Vincent became the last passenger and freight terminal.

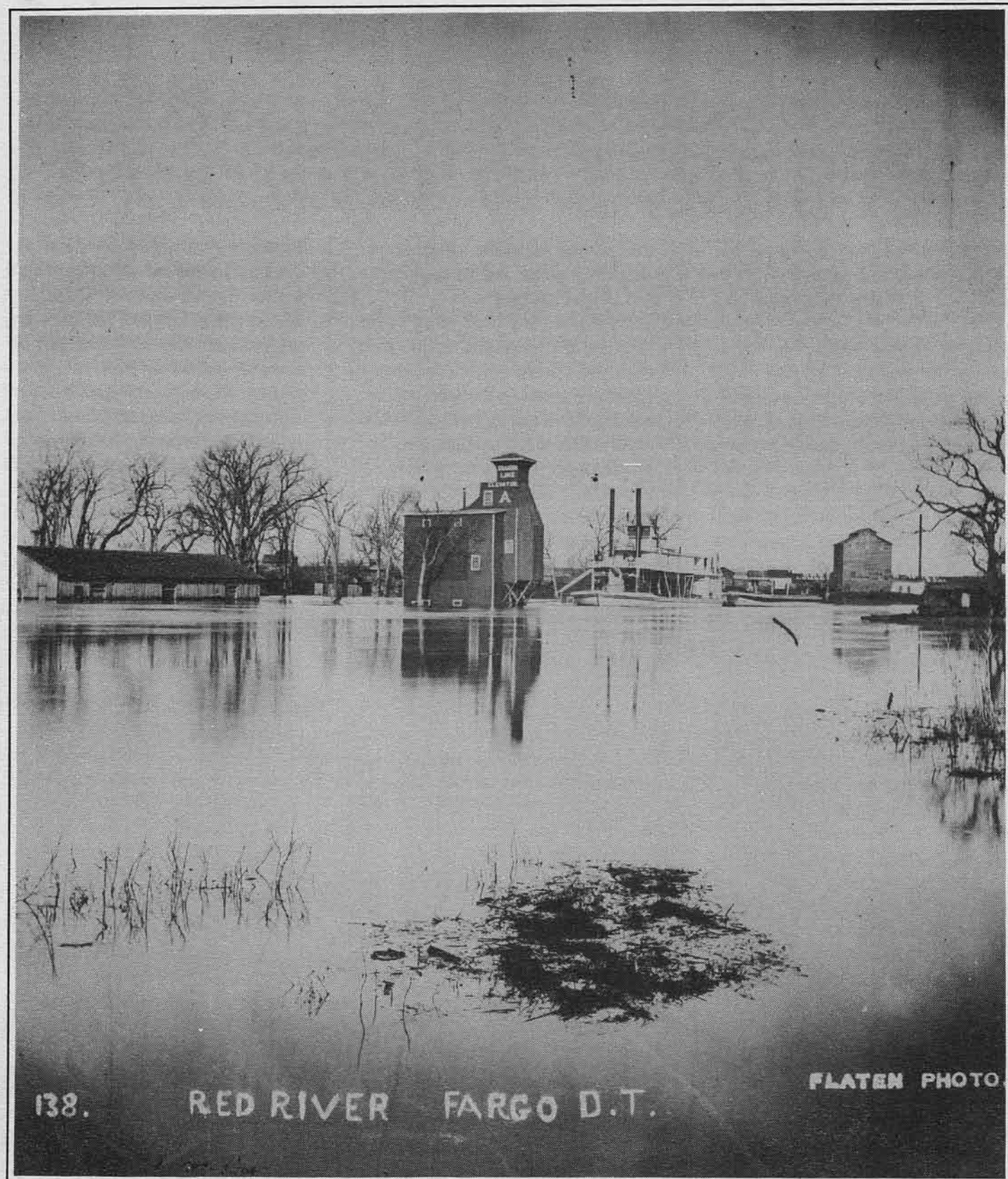
Ahead lies the Canadian border.

Fortunately, the pilot has relieved Captain Thiemens, who treats his guests to a discourse on local history. Highlights of his story are the steamer *Dakota*, which burned in 1881 and whose hulk lies nearby; Pembina and its old fortress; the international boundary; Emerson, and the new railway bridge that washed out that spring.¹

Calls at various landings and clearing customs consume better



J.L. Grandin, 1882: The Grandin was known as the fastest of the Red River steamers.



J.L. Grandin in flood of 1882. Loudon Wilson set his fictional trip in June 1882, a few months after this flood. It was a bad flood in Clay County, but further north it was disastrous. Wilson mentions bridges washed out and other damage.

Flaten/Wange Collection

Steamboats

(Continued from Page 7)

than a day. Late the following night *Grandin* is under weigh and is passing a settlement that has carried a mess of names - Hudson's Bay Company North Fort, North Pembina, Fort Dufferin, and West Lynne. From here, in 1874, the North West Mounted started their famous trek to Fort McLeod.

The sidewheeler *Cheyenne*, now a Canadian vessel running in opposition to *Marquette* for the diminishing trade between the lower river and the border, passes in the night.

About midnight *Grandin* pulls in near Scratching River to take on cordwood. Lying to the bank, she is raked by a summer storm. As if in defiance of the elements, the steamer emits a long, horrendous roar, steam issuing from the surrounding water as her mud drums² are blown out. Her superstructure is revealed by lightening, stark white against a background of whipping, rain-drenched trees. Only the wooding crew works steadily, crossing and recrossing the staging till the bullrails are stacked high with fuel.

Pete is down with his horses, keeping them soothing company through the turmoil. The frightened brutes are lulled by his melancholy cowpoke songs.

By three a.m. the *Grandin* is under weigh again, with less than 100 miles of river to go. The steady beat of her paddles and steam pipes is interrupted only by distant rumblings of the passing storm. Forging through the night, she is silhouetted at intervals by sheet lightning in the southern skies. High in the pilot house, the

wheelsman sniffs the fresh prairie wind, laden with the odors of land. The dawning light reveals the rain-cleansed green of the now-thinning timber and the red-brown river, now wider, unfolds long stretches and fewer turns. Daylight comes slowly. The bell sounds and the sleepy watchman retires.

By 10 o'clock the *Grandin* opens up a view of the spires and mills of St. Norbert. At 12 noon she is moored at Post Office Street landing just above the remains of another bridge which was barely a week in use when the disaster occurred.

J. L. Grandin had steamed about 410 river miles, consuming 3 days and 15 hours with two or more barges, one-third of the time taken by lay-overs. After two days in Winnipeg she would be away on her return voyage to Fargo. Upbound, progress would be slow. If all went well, her round trip would run to 12 days.

As Captain Thiemens went ashore in his tall hat to report arrival, a wistful mud clerk watched his cowboy friend transfer his four-legged freight to one of *Alpha's* barges for the Assiniboine River.

There and then, the river almost lost one of its future clerks and for many a day there-after the crew noticed that the mud clerk had adopted a slouching, bow-legged stride.

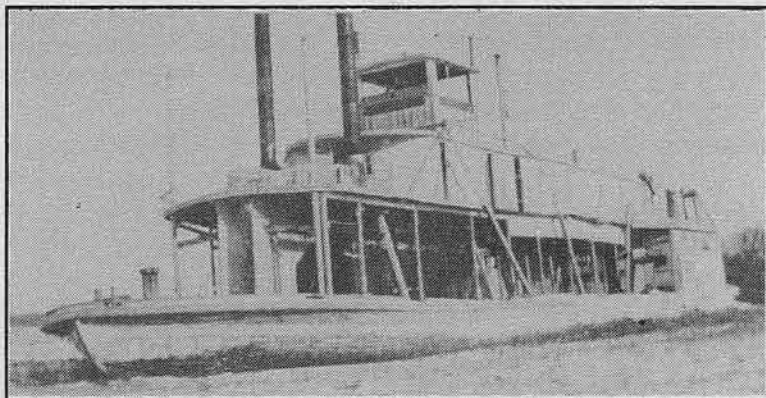
[EPILOGUE]

Built at Fargo in 1878, *J. L. Grandin* was 125' x 32' x 4', engine 12" x 4', boilers 42" x 24', 217.77 tons. She was launched on March 20. In June she loaded the first circus to visit Manitoba. After playing Winnipeg, the circus manager absconded with the receipts and left the entire troupe stranded.

That year *Grandin* made a trip with 300 tons of grain aboard, at that time the largest Red River tonnage carried in one bottom. In her first year, the *Grandin* beat the *Manitoba* hands down. Both were considered fast boats.

Eventually rails were laid direct to the Grandin farms and the *J. L.* was tied up for the last time at Grandin Number one near Halstad. In the flood of 1897 she was left high and dry and was for many years a river landmark as the passing years wasted her timbers away.

1. One of the worst floods in the Valley's history had occurred in spring 1882.
2. The mud drum was a drum in which sediment and associated crud from the boilers would collect and periodically have to be blown out with steam.



After railroad replaced steamboats in the 1880s, her owners left the *J.L. Grandin* tied up at the Grandin Farm near Halstad. During the flood of 1897 she broke from her moorings and drifted away. Receding waters left her stranded on high ground far from the river. Local folks dismantled her for building materials. By 1910 she was completely gone.

Esther Waite Photo, *Challenge of the Prairie*, Hiram Drache

On Signing An

By Judy Yaeger Jones

Editors Note: The following is an article written by Judy Yaeger Jones of St. Paul, Minnesota, 1994. © All rights reserved. No quotes may be used without written permission of the author.



The year 1995 will mark a grand event in history: the 75th anniversary of the passage of the 19th amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which granted one-half the



Howard Glyndon, for whom the City of Glyndon is named, signed a suffrage appeal and explained why in the New York *Evening Mail* newspaper.

Margaret Fuller at public meetings and in the press," summarizes the National Women's History Project publication "Women Win the Vote" (available by writing to NWHP, 7738 Bell Road, Windsor, CA 95492-8518). Elizabeth Cady Stanton, an organizer of that July 1848 event, is credited as the mind and heart behind the suffrage appeal.

During the additional 70-plus years before the August 26, 1920 ratification of this historic document, thousands of determined and persistent women circulated countless petitions and gave speeches in church basements, meetings houses, and on street corners. They published newspaper, pamphlets, and

population across race and class, including deaf women, the right to suffrage--to vote and to hold public office. The passage had formal beginnings in 1848 at the first Woman's Rights Convention held in Seneca Falls, New York. "The issues of woman's rights had been raised previously by Ernestine Rose, Frances Wright, the Grimke sisters, Angeline and Sarah, and

tracts, They were harassed and attacked by mobs. They were ridiculed within their families and communities. Some suffrage workers were thrown in jail, and, when they protested with hunger strikes, they were brutally force fed. Public outrage against such treatment of women seeking only recognition and the responsibilities of citizenship was aided by newspaper stories about the movement's activities. Media publicity was a significant part of the campaign. But most newspapers were controlled by male owners and editors and were not sympathetic to woman's suffrage. Elizabeth Cady Stanton noted often the *New York Tribune's* scurrilous tone whenever women's rights issues were even mentioned.

The six-volume *History of Woman Suffrage*, authored by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joslyn Gage, and others, documents the movement. On page after page the various speakers at conventions and legislative hearings detail the activities and arguments used to convince male legislators to accept and legislate the question: Are women citizens and, if so, are they not entitled to the full privileges and responsibilities of that citizenship, including voting? Again and again the activist quoted within these 5000-plus pages urged women to speak out, to sign petitions and urge their neighbors to do so, to join in whatever way they were able, in any way possible, to end the silence and the subjugation of women by adding their voices, signatures, money, and activism to the movement's collective efforts.

Suffrage organizer Carrie Chapman Catt's list of what it took to win the vote included the following: 56 referenda voted on by male voters, 277 attempts to induce state party conventions to add women's suffrage planks to their platforms, 47 efforts to persuade state constitutional conventions to include women's suffrage in their state constitutions, 480 campaigns to talk state legislatures into introducing suffrage amendments, 30 concerted drives to get presidential party conventions to make women's suffrage planks a part of national party platforms, 19 lobbying assaults on 19 successive Congresses¹.

Are you asking yourself--you who have read so far--well, yes, this seems to be quite an accomplishment

Appeal

and August 26, 1995 will honor the woman's suffrage movement, but what has this event to do with Clay County history.

I can provide documentation of one signature relevant to local history by presenting to you the following excerpts from a newspaper column written by Howard Glyndon about 1872 for the New York *Evening Mail*.² Howard Glyndon is the pen name of Laura C. Redden, for whom Glyndon was named.

ON SIGNING AN APPEAL

Howard Glyndon's Plea for Woman Suffrage -- An Interesting Argument for our Feminine Readers.

The present seems a good time to give publicity to the following, as the subject treated of has been again agitated at Buffalo:

I have signed the appeal for a sixteenth amendment for the protection of the rights of women citizens of the United States. Not because I have at present any desire to vote, or any private wrongs to right, or any private rights to vindicate by the exercise of the franchise, but

BECAUSE: I may sometime wish to vote; it may be sometime necessary to my own welfare or to that of others that I should do so; sad it may be that if I now refuse to add my might to the

Woman Suffrage cause, I may sometime in the future find that in listening simply to the dictates of personal feeling and being guided in this matter solely by

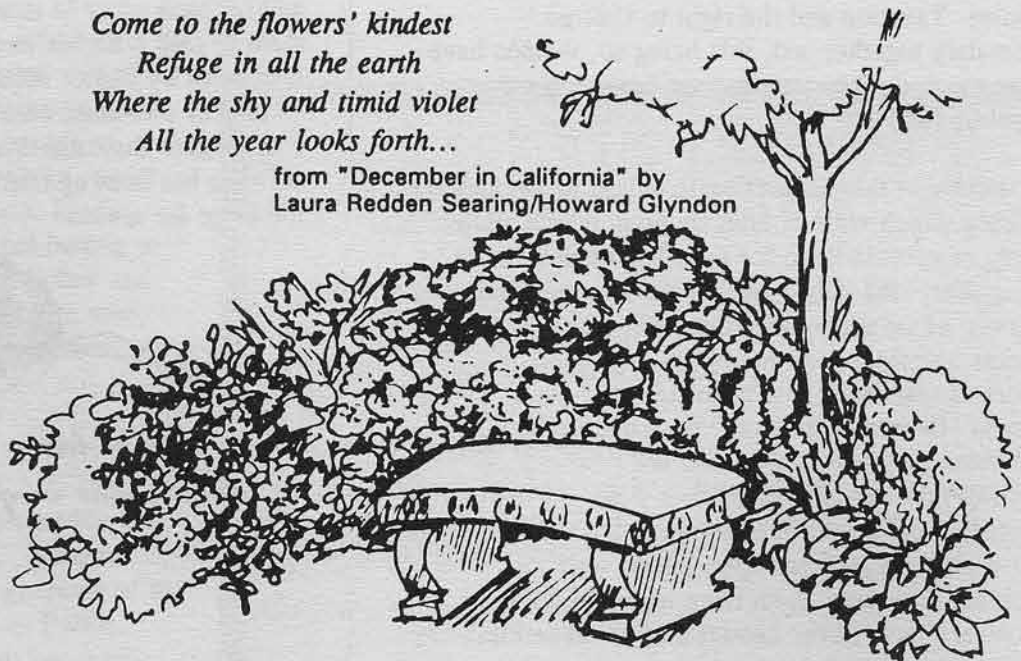
"I may sometime wish to vote"

individual sentiment, I have tied my hands up against a time of great need to myself or to some other or others whom I ought to serve.

BECAUSE: I see that many other women more deserving, more intelligent and better informed than myself on this and kindred subjects seem to feel the most absolute need of being invested with the rights of citizens of the United States; their reasons for wishing to have and exercise the right of voting at the public polls on questions that are of vital interest to both men and women seem to me at least quite as good as the reasons of those who are striving to deter them from so doing.

*Come to the flowers' kindest
Refuge in all the earth
Where the shy and timid violet
All the year looks forth...*

from "December in California" by
Laura Redden Searing/Howard Glyndon



A POET'S GARDEN

On Signing An Appeal

(Continued from Page 11)

It does not seem to me right, just, or consistent that a large class of people of mature age and fair capabilities, from whom the duties of a full grown human being are demanded and whose responsibilities are, in their way, as great as those of men, to say no more, should in this age of liberal tendencies be catalogued with idiots and minors.

If women, when demanding, are denied the right to vote, that clause of the American Declaration of Independence which solemnly proclaims that all men, i.e., all human beings, are born free and equal is a

"..... should in this age of liberal tendencies be catalogued with idiots and minors."

dead letter in the country whose government is built upon this declaration as upon a rock.

If ignorant, brutish, and debased men are thought fit to exercise the high right of voting, why prevent refined, cultivated, and conscientious women from doing so?

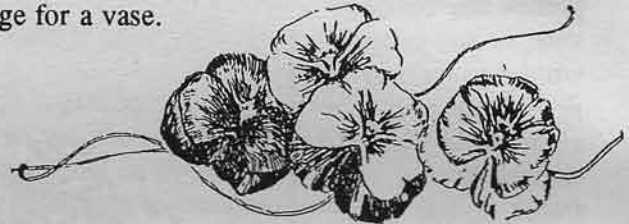
It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. There is no existing reason, so far as I can see, why a woman who earns her own money should not have as much right as a man who earns his to say what shall be done with it while giving it, precisely as he does, for public purposes. Taxation and the right to vote go legitimately together and, this being so, women have just as much right to vote as men have to tax them for the public fund.

It is useless in this connection to advert to the indirect influence which women exercise upon public affairs, and try to console them for their legal helplessness by calling them "the power behind the throne." The questions of taxation and voting are business questions, and not mere matters of sentiment; and in matters of business "indirect influences" have no legal value or money value, and are left altogether out of the question. And though this indirect influence of women is largely dilated upon when the object is to deter them from trying to get the franchise, I have never known it to be taken into account when the paying of taxes by women was in question. It does not seem to me to be fair dealing to refuse to any class of human beings rights whereof they have given evidence of being able to

exercise with discrimination, unless the granting of them should conflict more with the common good than I can think the accomplished fact of women's freedom to vote will be likely to do... Man, woman's self-constituted guardian, regarded her throughout life as a minor. All things were so ordered as to bring her into this state of dependency and keep her in it. No margin was left for self-dependent, self-supporting women, since every woman that could was expected to marry. And it was further, for a long time, supposed that no woman who could, would refuse to do so, and being kept helpless, with no rights as a citizen, was in many cases the strongest motive for doing so. But when it was found that marriage afforded women no refuge

from wrong if men chose to wrong their wives, that, as was natural, it depended entirely on their natures whether (being amendable to no law but their own caprice) they should treat their wives well or ill; when the wrongs of widows became a crying scandal in legal annals, women began to ask themselves and each other and lastly men, what possibilities, including law reform, political matters, and public education, might be approached by one part of the race to the other, in order to rectify such outrages as were befalling decent, home and family loving women, let alone girls and women in the public workplace?

....notably during the Civil War it was found that women had occupied positions and undertook responsibilities as never before and that women had also learned, in many cases, to shift for themselves and for each other in incident after incident, which led them to seek a higher and more individual life demanded by higher educational options. And the more they met these challenges, and the more men attempted to dissuade them, the more such reform as suffrage has been agitated. The plant has blossomed too large for a vase.



"I have never known it to be taken into account when the paying of taxes by women was in question."

BECAUSE: I believe the right of women to vote should not depend on who is dependent upon the will, the taste, caprice, or power at the hands of the other.

And I believe that the possession of voting power and advocacy of women will not lead to the overthrow of marriage vows, abandonment of children, as vitally bound by moral laws and heartfelt commitments, as women of high moral character and sound reasoning...have shown themselves again and again in the national interest, to be....

I do not insist upon women voting; but as upon reflection I have been unable, in the present state of things, to see why they should not do so if they wish to, or upon an emergency, I will not aid, by silence, in withholding the right from them.

If this is an experiment, I have a mind that as many women shall try it as wish to try it, believing they have a right to do so because so many of their interests are bound up in this question, and that, if it should be found a failure, it will legitimately lead to the repeal of the taxation of women for the support of a government in which they have no recognized legal voice. I believe--the necessary room for experiment being given -- that the matter will adjust itself, there being certain social factors always at work to bring about the survival of the fittest and to send weak social theories to the wall. But it can never be settled in any other way than by actual practical experiment, and I do not think this experiment will be any more hazardous in its results than the past omission of it has been, upon the welfare of women and, through them, upon the welfare of the world at large.

As for myself, I believe I am called upon to sign this petition in conformation with that clause of our constitution which recognizes the equal rights of all human beings of lawful age and sound mind without regard to sex, color or social condition. Having decided that black people do not belong to white ones, why not go a step farther and decide that women do not belong to men, unless the proprietorship be recognized as mutual?



HOWARD GLYNDON

I am currently at work on a biography and other publications on Laura C. Redden Searing, born in 1840, and a graduate of the Missouri School for the Deaf in Fulton, Missouri in 1858. Laura began her public writing career while still a student at the school, using noms de plume, as it was not considered proper for a woman's name to

appear in print, let alone in public pages of a newspaper. She began to write as "Laura" but chose to assume the masculine "Howard Glyndon" as her career advanced from school annals, to *The Presbyterian*, a local religious journal associated with Westminster College, to the widely read *St. Louis Republican*, which sent her to Washington as a correspondent during the years of the Civil War, 1861-65. Redden was a working journalist, author, and poet throughout her life. Gallaudet University honored her in 1984 by naming a building on the Northwest Campus Searing Hall after her. She added the name Searing when she married in 1876 and after publication of her "Signing An Appeal" column. She was the by-lined author of hundreds of articles in many Eastern newspapers.



The town of Glyndon, located at the junction of the St. Paul and Pacific with the Northern Pacific Railroad, was named for the poet and writer Howard Glyndon (nee Laura Redden) in 1872. The Red River Gazette in its 1st Edition in 1872 documents this act.

Glyndon is believed to be the only town named for a woman writer during her lifetime. She never came to Minnesota but the power of her written words came in the minds and hearts of Glyndon's founders.

1. Source: Weiser, Marjorie P.K. and Arbeiter, Jean S. *Womanlist*. Athenaeum 1981.

2. Undated clipping in author's possession. The illegibility of areas of the original newsprint allow only excerpts.

DEDICATION SET FOR SATURDAY, AUGUST 5

A Poet's Garden, located next to the Glyndon Community Center, will be dedicated in honor of Howard Glyndon/Laura Redden on August 5 at 1 p.m.

A talk on her life story by Judy Yaeger Jones, historian and author of the preceding article, is set for 10 a.m. at the Glyndon Community Center. Open to the public.

Cosponsors: Minnesota Humanities Council and Minnesota Legislature, Clay County Historical Society and Minnesota Woman History Month Project.

Fair Booth features suffrage theme

The theme of the CCHS Clay County Fair booth this year celebrates the 75th anniversary of the passage of the 19th Amendment granting women the right to vote.

Pictured at right at the booth are (l to r): Diane Haugen, Margaret Ristvedt and Dorothy Garven. A special thanks to volunteers Haugen and Garven, both from Barnesville, and to all the other volunteers at the Fair and the Bergquist Cabin. Their efforts are really appreciated.



CCHS Memberships - New and Renewals

May/June 1995

CCHS extends a very special thank you to the following individuals who have renewed their membership for another year.

Edna M. Carlson, Moorhead
Lyle & Grace Clark, Moorhead
Robert L. Gerke, Moorhead
Eleanor Aarestad, Fargo
Hazel Tonsfeldt, Moorhead
Delmar & Rhoda Hansen, Moorhead
Drs. James & Yvonne Condell, Mhd.
Clara Evenson, Fargo
Bette Haring, Lake Park
Ethel R. Medalen, Mankato
Dorothy Martell, Fargo
John H. Halal, Moorhead
Mrs. Joy R. Johnson, Moorhead
Paula K. Johnson, Moorhead
Sylvia Larson, Georgetown
Marie Daellenbach, Moorhead
Jean Doty, Hawley
Jim Fay, Moorhead

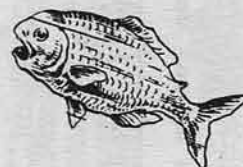
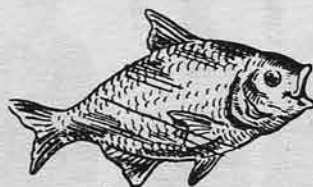
Doris Olich, Moorhead
Harriet Ernst, Barnesville
Carroll & Joan Engelhardt family, Mhd
Ralph Lee, Moorhead
Louise A. Nettleton, Moorhead
Roger Stenerson, Glyndon
Evert A. Wiisanen, Moorhead
Rex (Skip) Wood, Moorhead
DeKrey-Reiersen, Moorhead
Ramona Kooren, Hawley
Leona Overby, Moorhead
Conn Bjerke, Moorhead
Albert Knutson, Moorhead
Pat Colliton, Fargo
Cindy Palmer/Paul Harris family, Mhd
Mabel Johnson, Moorhead
Ray P. Haynes, Durango, CO
Delayne M. Karls, Fargo
John Jenkins, Moorhead
Harry Bergquist, Moorhead
Howard Roos, St. Ouis, MO
M/M Bernard I. Gill, Hillsboro, ND
Justine Swanson, Fargo
Polly Ames, Fargo
Catherine Scheibe, LaMoure, ND
Matt Scheibe, LaMoure, ND

CCHS welcomes the following new members:

Phyllis Ehlen, Fargo, ND
Norman B. Akesson, Davis, CA
Kenneth Dahl, Felton
Maurice & Garnet Floberg, Mhd
Burton L. Grover, Bellingham, WA
Kathrine Erickson, Moorhead
Marion Bjorndahl, Hawley
Pearl Larson, Moorhead
Helen Roseberg, Fargo
Clair O. Haugen, Moorhead
Ruth Urang, Fargo
Justin & Irene Swenson, Moorhead
Jean Akrehavn, Fargo
Lola Quam, Fargo
Mary Foxa, Fargo
Mary Arvold, Fargo
Pam Grant, Fargo
Caroline Pueppke, Amenias, ND
Ardell Strand, Amenias, ND
Rose M. Gytri, Glyndon
Elizabeth Vinz, Moorhead

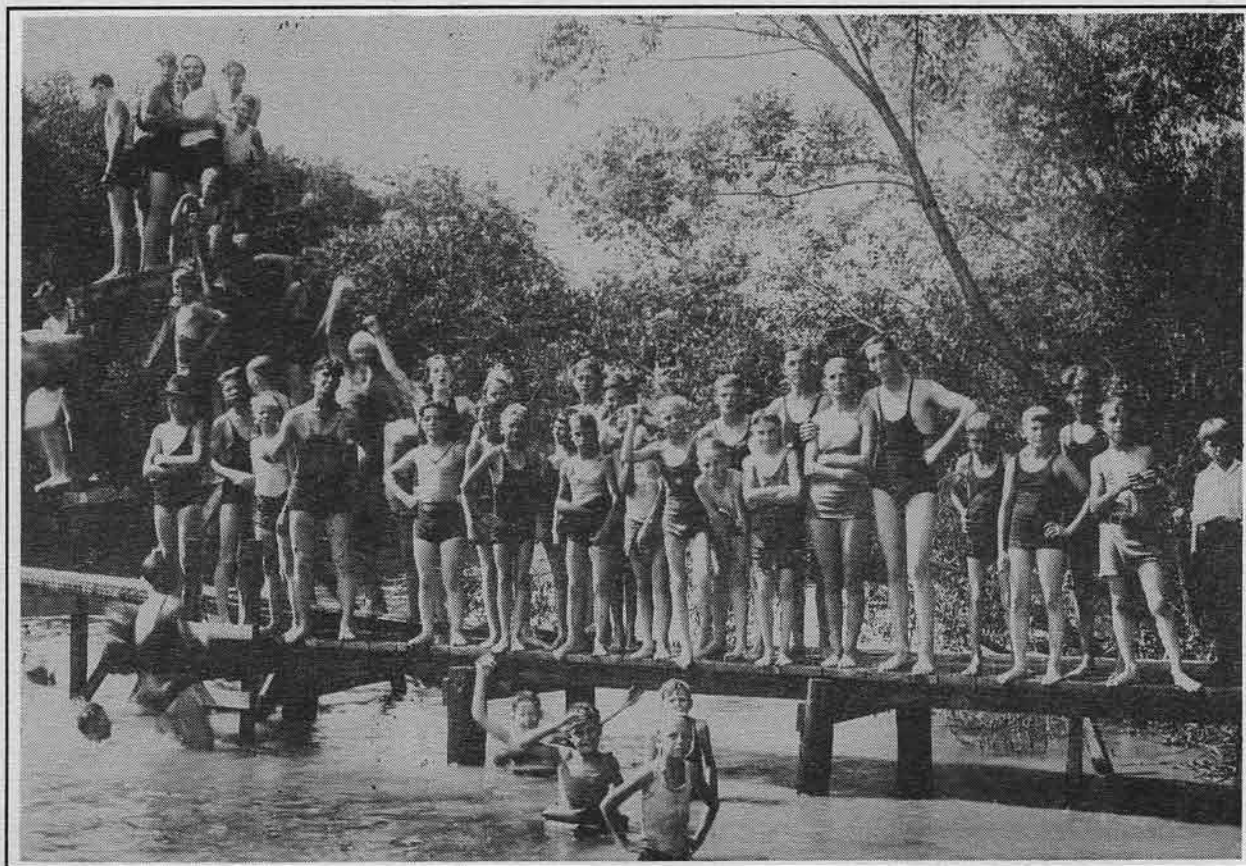
CLAY COUNTY MUSEUM

features



"*Old Ruby*: Red River of the North"

This exhibit explores how Clay County residents and the raging Red have used and abused each other over the years. Topics include: transportation, clamming, recreation, flooding, ice cutting and pollution.



This swimming area at the end of Moorhead's 6th Ave. S. was popular until Fargo built the nearby Island Park Swimming Pool in the late 1930s.

Ella Hawkinson Collection

The Clay County Museum **PERMANENT EXHIBIT** includes unique characterizations of one facet of the history of towns in the county. Together they form a chapter in the overall history of Clay County.

Hours are: 9-5 Mon.-Sat., 9-9 Thurs. and 12-5 Sun.
Lower level of Hjemkomst Center, 202 1st Ave. N., Moorhead

CCHS - 1995 MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

I would like to begin/renew my membership in the Clay County Historical Society. Please enter my membership in the category I have checked below:

- ☐ INDIVIDUAL \$15.00
- ☐ FAMILY \$35.00

CCHS MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS

- ** Support preservation of our heritage
- ** Bi-Monthly Newsletter
- ** FREE Admission to the Center
- ** 25% Discount on Photo Reproductions
- ** 10% Discount on Acid-Free Materials
- ** Voting Privileges
- ** Invitation to all CCHS Events

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____

Family memberships, please list family members.

Husband

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Children (under the age of 18)

Return to: Clay County Historical Society
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Moorhead, MN 56561

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Address Correction Requested

The Power of Place

In historic preservation, "Place" usually involves a significant architectural structure with connection to a noted person, family or group. In other cases, such as battlefields, buildings may not be present and Place includes the concept of hallowed ground—land connected with significant events, persons or deeds. Places often bear the name of a historic person: Washington, DC; Lincoln, Neb.; Martin Luther King Boulevard. Glyndon, Minn., also was named for a historic person, Howard Glyndon (in this case a pen name). Glyndon is believed to be the only place named for a woman writer during her lifetime, though the exact motives of her founders are not yet known.

The Glyndon story is also about gender and women writers. Mid-19th century women writers rarely allowed their true names into public print. Most used noms de plume (or pen names). It was considered scandalous for a woman to have her name in print and the career of journalist was not highly regarded. Few places honor women writers—is there an Alcott City, Catherville, Ingallstown? Social historians committed to revisionist methodology see opportunity to expand complementary resources to assist the historic preservationists engaged in public awareness and education. Glyndon stands as a shining example. Still, less than five percent of historic sites honor women's heritage. Fewer still honor woman's role during the Civil War, as does the naming of Glyndon.

Laura Redden's life was lived during the American growth of deaf education, from the early state schools and committed educators, to the founding of Gallaudet University in Lincoln's presidency and the "wars of methodology," which continue today. This Power of Place publication traces one woman's life journey and emphasizes the varied Places in which she lived, was educated, worked and wrote during her 83-year life. She had a remarkable journey for a 19th century deaf woman from Maryland's eastern shore, don't you agree?

Writings, continued

We were informed that there was a juvenile Abraham Lincoln in the camp, and I requested that he might be presented to me immediately. So we were escorted to the front of a tent where a camp fire was burning, and presently a woman came out with some sort of a mysterious-looking bundle in her arms, which, when the rough soldier's coat was removed, proved to be a poor little, tiny, weeny baby, of some three or four weeks old. . . . This child was born in the regiment in camp, and is the first and only child born in the army of the Potomac. And so they were very proud of it and gave it a grand christening, superintended by the chaplain, a Roman Catholic, at which the whole regiment was present, and by one accord received the full name of the President, Abraham Lincoln. It belongs to an Irish private and his wife by the name of Doolay. Some ladies of Washington, hearing of the circumstance, sent in a complete outfit of clothing, which was presented with great ceremony. Young Abraham Lincoln was also a great favorite with my companion. As for me, I knew that I could do something that would please these brave fellows, whose lives were dedicated to this country. So I reached down and took the poor little thing up into my arms, for I was still in the saddle. I said a few words to the mother—such words mothers love to hear—and bent and kissed the small face before giving it back to its mother. We turned then and dashed away out of the camp, only turning in the saddle to wave an adieu.

We concluded, as it was very late, not to visit any more camps, but to go on and pass through Alexandria on our way back. An

hour's horse riding brought us into its principal street. Alexandria is ruined in a commercial point of view, and in appearance is much like poor old Georgetown. There is grass growing in its streets. No use is made of the railroads in this vicinity and the road to Washington is ruined. . . .

It was dark, and the cold winds, sweeping over the waters, came to us yet colder when we again crossed Long Bridge. A few minutes more and I was "thawing out" my numbed personality before a bright fire, and discussing my ride over a comfortable supper, having been in the saddle for hours. . . . There are doubtless many interesting incidents which escaped my memory, and I do not remember half that I saw, but in the enjoyment of the "present hour" my vocation as correspondent was forgotten, until pen was at hand, again.

Howard Glyndon

Acknowledgments

Thanks to: Professor Delores Hayden, Yale University, for sharing a concept of Place in urban Los Angeles; Professor Anne Klejment, University of St. Thomas, colleague and mentor; Gallaudet University staff, especially Michael J. Olson; the family of Laura Redden Searing, who cared enough to keep her papers and materials; Richard and Marthada Reed, Missouri School for the Deaf; Lorenz P. Schrenk for NP photos; Marian Neal, NY, for research assistance; and Cheryl Dickson and the Minnesota Humanities Commission staff for their continued support of Minnesota Women's History Month projects through the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Minnesota Legislature.

The Naming of Glyndon, Minnesota 1872

Glyndon, a railroad junction town in Clay County in Minnesota's Red River Valley, was named for the poet and writer Howard Glyndon. We know that because the town's early residents said so—in conversations, oral histories and print—the *Red River Gazette* noted in its first edition in 1872: "Glyndon was named for the writer Howard Glyndon."

The name was given by employees of the Northern Pacific Railroad developing land for the St. Vincent's Extension. Many Northern Pacific officials were Civil War veterans and some had connections to the deaf culture as well. Several early residents credit former major Luman Tenney for the name.

The writer Howard Glyndon's gender and identity were widely known from the time she burst into prominence during the turbulent 1860s. One poem, "Belle Missouri," was set to music as the unionist song for the Missouri volunteers in 1863. By the 1870s, Howard Glyndon/Laura C. Redden had several books in print, and was the bylined author of hundreds of newspaper stories, poems and articles in various popular media as the *Missouri Republican* article documents. In 1873 she prefaced *Sounds from Secret Chambers*:

"In letting these Sounds go abroad I hesitate whether to accompany them by that name which, adopted in a moment of girlish caprice, was fated to be the one by which the world should know me best, or by that which is rightfully mine. I remember that the name will represent me to some, and the other to still others, while a few know me by both. The two names are typical of my double existence as a woman and an author. In my double character I give my rhymes into the hands of—may I hope that I shall find the terms synonymous?—friends and readers."

This preface is signed Laura C. Redden and, in much smaller type and in parentheses, Howard Glyndon.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB by Laura C. Redden

Read at commencement; published in *American Annals of the Deaf*, July 1858

Between a well-educated deaf-mute and another of the same age who has never been under instruction, there is as wide a contrast as can be imagined. . . . Think of it friends! A human being, born, perhaps with the noblest intellectual endowments; with a mind which, if allowed the same facilities in common with others, might have become one of the master spirits of the age; but . . . the ear is closed to all outward sound, the lips are sealed in silence never to be broken on earth. All honor, then, to those who undertake to open communication with the "silent one. . . ."

Signs are the natural language of the deaf. Writing may be used in his intercourse with others, but when conversing with those who are, like himself, deprived of hearing and speech, you will always find that he prefers signs to every other mode of intercourse . . . and every other established means of communicating his thoughts, no matter what facility he may have acquired in it, is no more nor less than what a foreign language is to those who hear and speak. . . . Pantomime is the language Nature has provided for the deaf and he should never be discouraged in making signs. Teach him to articulate if you can, make him a good writer if you will, but you will find, if he has his own choice, signs will always be the medium of intercourse with others. It is right; do you not all love your mother tongue? Then why should not the mute prefer his own language to any other? Signs, when used by one well-versed in them, can be made to convey the most subtle and abstract ideas. They are a language built up like any other; and those who would acquire it perfectly and thoroughly must make it a life-study. . . .

Resources

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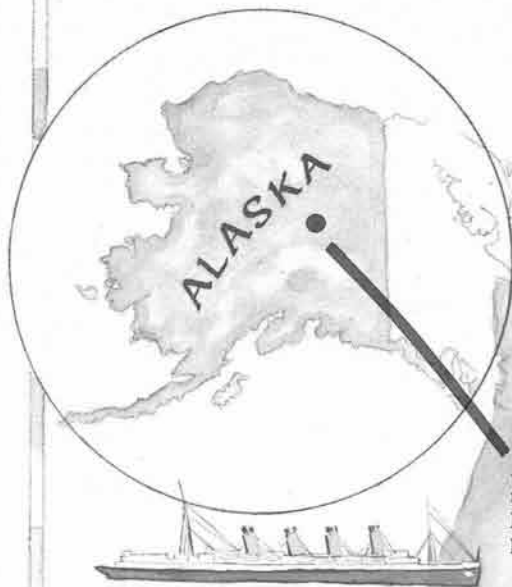
Supported by Minnesota Department of Education, EEO.

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THE POWER of PLA

A Life Journey

LAURA C. REDDEN SEARING
(1840-1923)



Alaska. 1901 Fairbanks, Elsa joins "the gold rush"; 1903 Laura at Elsa's wedding to John Labbe McGinn; 1903-1918 visits Fairbanks and Nome, enters and wins poetry contest.



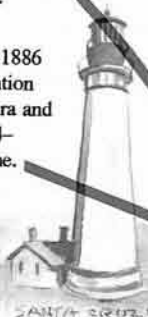
Glyndon, MN. 1872 founded by Luman Tenney and crew, Northern Pacific RR, St. Vincent's Extension, named for Civil War poet Howard Glyndon.

1995 Poet's Garden dedication August.

California.

Santa Rosa. 1886 first California home.

San Francisco. 1886 National Convention of the Deaf; Laura and Elsa arrive; 1904-1908 family home.



Berkeley. California School for Deaf (now Fremont); various publications; 1897-1900 Elsa at Miss Head's School.

San Mateo. 1909-1923 lives with McGinn family; 1921 *Echoes of Other Days* published (Elsa McGinn, ed.); Aug. 10, 1923 Laura dies.

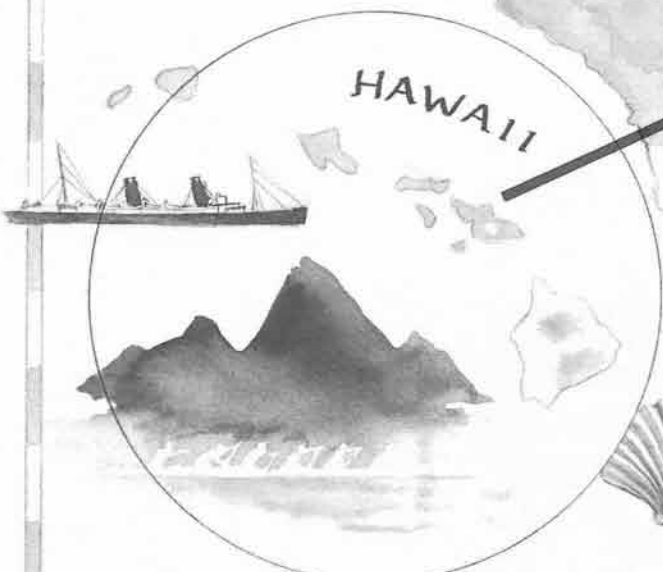
Colma. 1923 Holy Cross Cemetery, Laura C. Redden Searing burial site.

Santa Cruz. 1887-1903 resides at 138 Bay St.; 1897 publishes *Of Eldorado* and *A Song of Santa Cruz*; 1894 O'Phelan Fountain dedication poems; Douglas Tilden (sculptor) poems.



Fulton, Missouri. 1855 enters Missouri Asylum for the Dumb, taught Sign; 1858 graduates, known as "The Authoress"; 1859 Asst. editor, columnist for *The Press*; 1875 attends Missouri School for the Deaf commencement.

St. Louis. 1851 Laura survives quinine fever—total hearing loss, semi-mute; 1859-60 correspondent *St. Louis Republican*; 1863 her poem, *Belle Missouri*, set to music.



Hawaii. 1890 cruise to Hawaiian Islands with Elsa, a gift of friends; begins sea shell collection.



DEAF HERITAGE

New Orleans. 1864 visits St. Charles "Camille"; 1875-83 frequent visits to "Sunny Southland" series.

Judy Yaeger Jones: Concept, research, writing

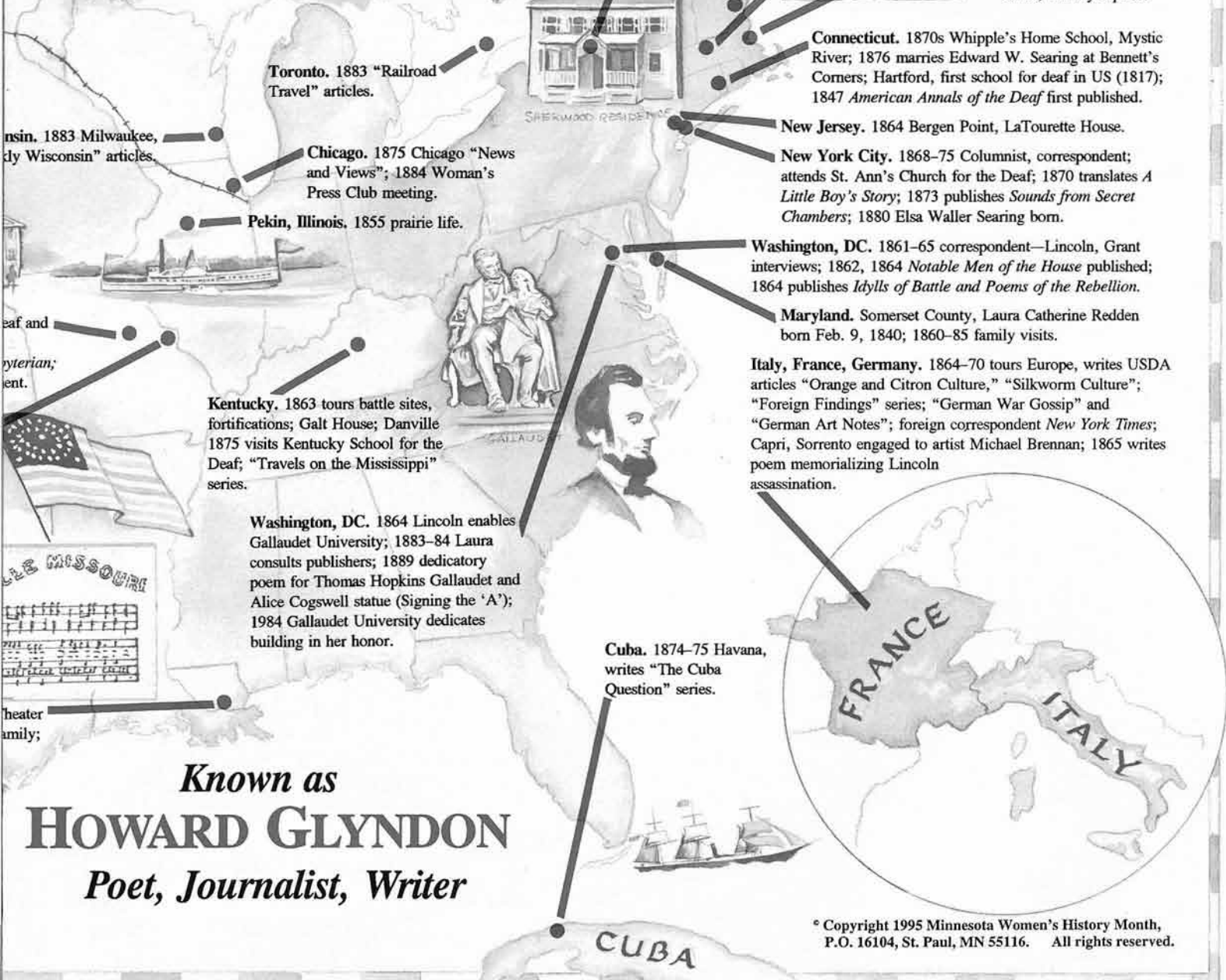
Nancy Goodman: Layout, type, graphics

Leslie J. Bowman: Art

Donna Lorix: Minuteman Press

CE

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Known as

HOWARD GLYNDON

Poet, Journalist, Writer

The Life Journey

of Laura Catherine Redden Searing (1840-1923), Poet, Journalist, Author Known as Howard Glyndon

Laura Redden, of Irish-English heritage, was born Feb. 9, 1840 in Maryland. Her father was murdered on the Mississippi in 1848. Her mother remarried and the family moved to St. Louis, Mo., where, at age 11, Laura contracted spinal meningitis, which resulted in total deafness and an inability to speak clearly for many years. After a rebellious trip to Pekin, Ill., in 1855 Laura reluctantly entered the Missouri School for the Deaf (Wm. D. Kerr, Superintendent) at Fulton, where she learned Sign, ultimately thrived and graduated in 1858. She began her public writing career while still a student, first as "Laura," later under the pen name "Howard Glyndon."

During the Civil War she was sent to Washington, DC as a correspondent by the *St. Louis Republican*. She visited battlefields, met and interviewed Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln, General Ulysses S. Grant and other war heroes. Lincoln was among the subscribers to one of her books and notice of their exchange of letters can be found in the Lincoln papers.

In 1864, after her mother's death, she made the first of several trips to Europe where she wrote articles for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and served as a foreign correspondent from France, Italy and Germany. Her first book, *Notable Men of the House*, a collection of biographies, was printed in 1862, a second edition in 1864. A book of poetry, *Idylls of Battle and Poems of the Rebellion* (1864), was published to wide acclaim by veterans.

Laura was fluent in several languages as well as Sign. She studied oral speech techniques at Northampton, Mass., and Mystic, Conn., schools and in Boston with Alexander Graham Bell. She was never successful with lip-reading and communicated with non-signers largely with chalk and slate or pad and pencil most of her life. She was a strong supporter of Sign and advocated teaching all methods of communication in deaf schools. She testified on behalf of deaf education before legislative bodies and was a visible member of the deaf communities wherever she lived and wrote.

Sounds from Secret Chambers (1873), her second book of poetry, was published during the height of her New York City journalism years and prior to her 1876 marriage to Quaker attorney Edward W. Searing, a hearing man from Sherwood, NY. Their first child, a son, was stillborn in 1877. A daughter, Elsa, was born in 1880. Laura continued to write to help support the family, but the marriage was not a success. She fled New York with Elsa in 1886 by an excursion train carrying National Convention of the Deaf delegates to California, where she remained the family's sole provider, selling poems and articles wherever she could: *Of Eldorado* was published in 1897.

The fame of the war years had ended; she was away from her established literary contacts and her health was poor. California became her final home, though she traveled frequently to Alaska and visited Hawaii. She settled first in Santa Cruz, later in San Mateo, where she died in 1923, relatively unnoticed and unheralded despite efforts by her daughter Elsa (then Mrs. John Labbe McGinn), who in 1921 published what she may have believed was a complete collection of her mother's poetry, *Echoes of Other Days*. Laura is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Colma, California.

Selected Writings of Laura Redden

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

The Missouri Republican, Nov. 8, 1861

Your correspondent had a very pleasant canter of some twenty-five miles or more, on either side of the river, one fine, bright afternoon not very long since. I had determined to go over and see with my own eyes how things looked before the expected forward movements should place this privilege out of my reach. And accordingly, a little after one o'clock, we—that is, one of the editors of the *National Republican* and one of your Washington correspondents—sprang into our saddles and cantered off towards Long Bridge. And a LONG bridge it is, and no mistake. There was one glorious moment when, reining myself up about midway on the bridge, I raised myself, and, turning in the saddle, swept the whole, broad, beautiful expanse of shore and water in one excellent glance. Beautiful, beautiful Potomac! Glorious river! Blue arm of the sea! I am so glad because I was born amidst all this splendid scenery. There was a vessel with white wings outspread standing away from the shore, and I watched her drifting away into the distance with a yearning that was almost pain, because I was not standing upright upon her deck and gliding swiftly onward toward "The Bay." I never turn my face towards it without feeling like a home-sick child when it sees home far off, inaccessible in the distance.

Riding through the bridge gate we found ourselves in the midst of the fortifications—Fort Jackson, commanding Long Bridge and

the river for a considerable distance up and down. Turning further into the country, for miles we rode along with the hills that constitute the rear of Arlington Heights on one side of us. All the country in this vicinity is very hilly and presents a most melancholy aspect at present. The hills are shorn of their pride. The crowning beauty of these picturesque heights is gone. The trees, the beautiful trees with which those hills were so beautifully wooded, have been cut down in all directions for many miles, and a military road now winds through those formerly sylvan shades. I have already told you why the trees were cut down. Parties of confederate scouts were in the habit of availing themselves of the shelter thus afforded on some commanding eminence from which they could safely reconnoiter our position.

It must have required

an immense amount of labor thus to lay so much of the country bare. And the soldiers did it all. In some places fire has been used to clear the ground, and the withered boughs of the fallen trees along the route, together with the black desolation left by the fire, gives the country a bleak, dreary look and quite changes its aspect.

Immediately upon our route were Forts Albany, Runyan, Taylor, Lyon, and Ellsworth; and we saw a dozen or more in the distance at various other points. We rode quite around Fort Albany. It is protected on all sides by a formidable redoubt of saplings, with the ends sharpened and bristling in every direction.

We went through the camps of several New York, New Jersey, Michigan, and Connecticut regiments. Everywhere the most perfect order, neatness, and discipline were prevalent. There was nothing, so far as I could see, to disturb the ordinary routine of camp life. The soldiers were cooking, lounging about in the sun, or on drill. We saw a group washing their clothes in a running stream as we rode into one of the camps; and as we went up the hill leading to the camp of the Third Michigan, the regiment was drawn up in line and the Governor of Michigan was expected to be at the dress parade and address them.

Just here, I believe, we overtook a bearer of dispatches going to a distant camp. He was quite intelligent and we three rode on together for some time, my companion making various inquiries concerning the camps, recent movements, etc. At length, the road stretched away before us, temptingly level and devoid of all objects of interest which might give us an excuse to loiter; we three, with one impulse, slackened rein and galloped on, our spirits rising with the excitement of emotion until it became a regular race.

At first I was in front, the messenger darting forward passed me and "sped off." Now I could not bear this. On I flew faster and faster—at length we went forward, neck and neck, neither gaining on the other; and kept this gait for the next three miles. It did not take us long to get over the ground; but we came suddenly upon another road, and my opponent leaning out of his saddle to wave a farewell, dashed away, and I reined up and looked around for my companion. He was about a quarter of a mile behind. We next came to the camp of the Thirty-seventh New York; and my companion called for Capt. Kavanaugh, Company E. He soon came up to us and welcomed us with all the graceful cordiality of a real Irish gentleman and true soldier, as he is. He had heard of "Howard Glyndon," and to gratify this gallant officer and in the fullness of my enthusiasms for the New York Thirty-seventh, I, for the first time in my life, took "a drink." I mean that I swallowed a table-spoon full of water discolored with brandy!—and then passed the glass along. My toast was "Success to the Thirty-seventh and the post of honor for Company E. Long may they wave!" And that won the heart of its gallant Captain right away.

Continued at right

IN TIME OF WAR

from *Idylls of Battle* by Howard Glyndon

There are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us everywhere;
The nation's pulse hath an unsteady beat,
For scents of battle foul the summer air.

A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then—as when a strong man stints his breath—

A stillness comes; and each one in his place,
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.

The "Extras" fall like rain upon a drought,
And startled people crowd around the board
Whereon the nation's sum of loss or gain
In rude and hurried characters is scored...

Young hearts shall bleed, and older hearts shall break,

A sense of loss shall be in many a place;
And oh, the bitter nights! the weary days!
The sharp desire for many a buried race!

God! How his land grows rich in loyal blood,
Poured out upon it to its utmost length!
The incense of a people's sacrifice,
The wrested offering of a people's strength!

It is the costliest land beneath the sun!
'Tis priceless, purchaseless! And not a rood
But hath its title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil
But thriveth well beneath the holy dew
Of tears, that ease a nation's straining heart,
When the Lord of Battles smites it through and through.

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