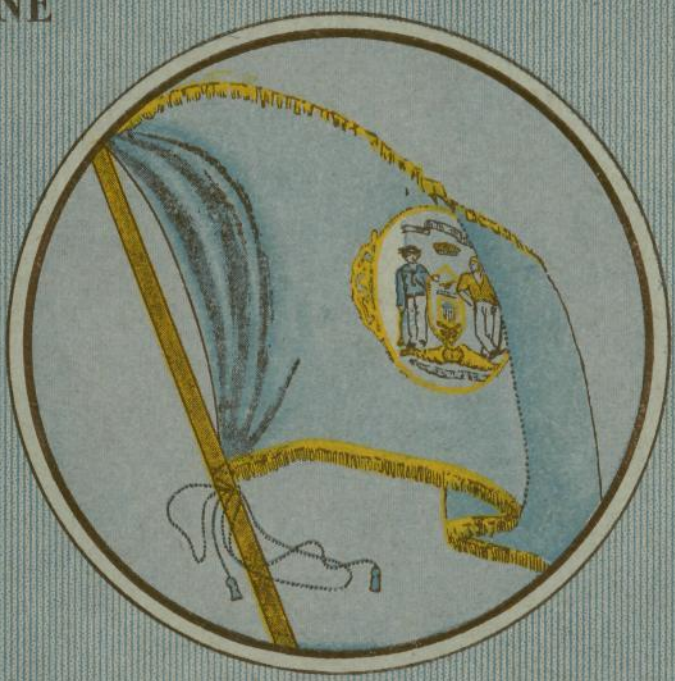
THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

JUNE 1924



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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

The STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN is a state-aided corporation whose function is the cultivation and encouragement of the historical interests of the State. To this end it invites your coöperation; membership is open to all, whether residents of Wisconsin or elsewhere. The dues of annual members are two dollars, payable in advance; of life members, twenty dollars, payable once only. Subject to certain exceptions, members receive the publications of the Society, the cost of producing which far exceeds the membership fee. This is rendered possible by reason of the aid accorded the Society by the State. Of the work and ideals of the Society this magazine affords, it is believed, a fair example. With limited means, much has already been accomplished; with ampler funds more might be achieved. So far as is known, not a penny entrusted to the Society has ever been lost or misapplied. Property may be willed to the Society in entire confidence that any trust it assumes will be scrupulously executed.

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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CONTENTS

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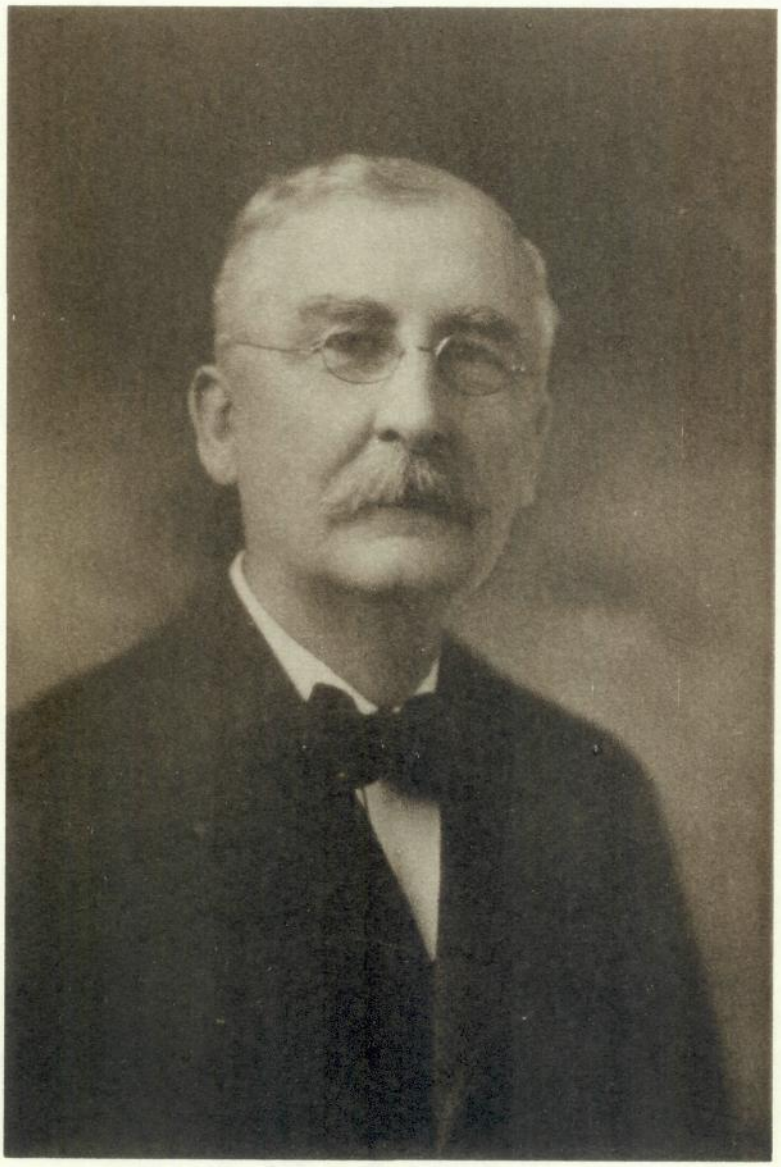


NELSON POWELL HULST, "THE GREATEST AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON IRON"

ELLIS B. USHER

This sketch is not intended to be a conventional eulogy of Dr. Hulst. If it accomplishes its purpose it will be a portrait of a rare character, in which, along with a necessary assemblage of facts, will be found a spiritual background which could be furnished only by himself, and by warm, sincere, long-time coworkers and devoted friends. Even as I knew him, after his retirement, a kind neighbor and a most thoughtful and considerate friend, I learned to appreciate that beneath his quiet voice and gentle manners was force of character and example which had made him an executive of unusual quality and rare achievement. His morals were like his manners, unaffected, genuine, and of certain rectitude. The things "men grovel to attain" were outside the pale of his unspoiled ambitions. He did work, unusual, absorbing work, of great dignity and importance, without parade and with a zeal beyond the measure of material reward.

His life work was virtually confined to the iron fields of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. His home was in Wisconsin, where he will remain forever a part of the state's interesting development and history. Fresh from school, he entered the virgin forests as an explorer, became a discoverer, and thirty-four years later retired from a vice-presidency in the greatest iron mining and steel producing organization in the world.

Although he was frequently urged by friends and by members of his family to write his reminiscences, no one succeeded in moving him to the undertaking. To members of his family it was clear that he could not bear the un-

pleasant consciousness of appearing as the trumpeter of his own accomplishments. Happily, in drawing pen portraits of some of his friends, he has unconsciously left his own distinct shadow in the background. In an appreciation of a successful and beloved friend, a man who took his first practical lessons in chemical science, metallurgy, and mining engineering under him, Dr. Hulst said to the Engineers Society of Western Pennsylvania:

> Strangers were quickly drawn to him, for the childlike simplicity of the man disarmed whatever of reserve they might have. It was easy to perceive that his ideas were lofty, so transparent was his nature, and his ideals were not indulged in as dreams, but wrought out in his daily life—a life of great sweetness and purity.

Of another friend of whom he had occasion to speak in public, he used a sentence that may also have been reminiscent of his own boyhood, for in speaking of school days at a Quaker school he said "the same punishment was inflicted for whistling as for telling a lie." Of this friend he wrote:

> Thoroughness was a principle, a watchword with him. Wealth came to him, not because he was eager in quest of it. In any undertaking which enlisted his interest he aimed to give the best that was in him; that is the basis of success. I can easily believe that the wealth which naturally resulted from his devotion to the basic principles of success, was accounted by him as a sort of by-product. He was more concerned in building up its success than in counting the dollars that measured it. Notable as he was, he was singularly modest and unassuming.
>
> He was no slave to business. He was its master. Having such an attitude towards its demands, he found enjoyment, intense, rich enjoyment, outside of the onerous requirements of business.

Friends will recognize Dr. Hulst's own ideals in these brief extracts. The rare quality of his sincerity and manliness is reflected in the terms used. They bear the stamp of his own character, ambitions, and attitude toward his fellow men.

Dr. Nelson Powell Hulst died at his home in Milwaukee, on Thursday, January 11, 1923, within twenty-eight days

of his eighty-first birthday. He was one of the men who leave the world richer for their friendly, long, and useful lives. A typical American in lineage,[1] he spent his life in a busy and important sector of the great advance that has made the "Old Northwest Territory" teem with the activities of men and reveal its wealth of soil and climate, woods and minerals, to those pioneers who dared face large primal undertakings. We all have faith and pride in the man with prevision and persistence, who has accomplished great results.

Dr. Hulst's quiet early life gave little hint of his later career. His father, Garret Hulst, who had been a wholesale merchant in Brooklyn, New York, gave up all active business when his son was a lad and moved in 1857 to Alexandria, Virginia, to find a milder climate. There Nelson spent his early boyhood and attended the small Quaker private school of Caleb Hollowell, which the outbreak of the Civil War brought to a close. Later he was fitted for college, not very thoroughly, at another Quaker

[1] Nelson Powell Hulst was of the eighth generation from Jacobus Ver Hulst and Marie Bennett, of Gowanus (Brooklyn), Long Island, 1625. Contemporaneous with Jacobus, was William Ver Hulst, who was the second director-general, or governor, of New Netherland. (See John Fiske, *Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*, i, 120.) William had succeeded Cornelius Jacobson in 1625, and was himself succeeded by Peter Minuit in 1626. The name Hulst was, therefore, very early in New Netherland.

Nelson Powell was the son of Garret Hulst and Nancy Powell (1821-1905). She was fifth in descent from Thomas Powell (1641-1721), who came from Wales. He was a Quaker, as were his son, and grandson Thomas II, who died in 1781, and it is possible that the third Thomas (1762-) may have been a Quaker also. The Powells, like the Hulsts, were early pioneers on Long Island; all were farmers, and members of a large family.

Nelson Powell Hulst was born in East Brooklyn (in the early days called Bushwick, and later Williamsburgh), February 8, 1842. It is of record, in the family, that during the British occupation of Long Island, at the time of the Revolution, the family of Hulst fled to Dutchess County, west of the Hudson, and there remained until the war ended. A document found at the Gowanus farmhouse, when the family returned, showed that the Hulst property had been confiscated by the British "because the owners were in rebellion against His Majesty," and that it had been given to the British general, Monckton, later killed at Monmouth, New Jersey. The Hulsts probably took some active part as rebels, to be thus punished.

It is worthy of record here, as of possible value to some future genealogist, that Dr. Hulst in a visit to Amsterdam, Holland, found in an old church there a monument to Vice-Admiral Abraham van der Hulst, who was killed by the English in a four-day naval engagement in 1666. He was born at Amsterdam in 1618, at a time nearly contemporaneous with the official elevation of William Ver Hulst to the governorship of New Netherland.

school at Sandy Spring, Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia. The head of this school, Francis Miller, did his pupil one great service, for he was largely responsible for the selection of Yale College for his young student.

Just here came one of those disappointments that change the whole course of a young man's life. Nelson Hulst was influentially recommended to President Lincoln for appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He had called with his father upon Mr. Lincoln, and had been promised the appointment. But, unhappily, the young man no doubt then thought, the President soon withdrew the promise, under pressure to save his personal appointments for the sons of army officers who had died in the service. Dr. Hulst, whose home atmosphere was of the best, used to relate how Mr. Lincoln received his father, himself, and the senator who introduced them. The President was sitting at his desk, his long legs resting upon its top. His feet were elevated considerably above his seat, and there remained, for he did not rise to greet his callers. He was kindly and agreeable, and the promise, for the moment at least, placed his manners above criticism. But the scene always remained with Dr. Hulst, despite his deep veneration for Mr. Lincoln's rare personality and greatness. It did not accord with his ideal of presidential dignity.

Another incident which belongs in his early home life was also to follow him, figure in his future, and add charm to its friendships. The Hulst family were Methodists. Sometime in the late fifties the Reverend William H. Gilder preached in the Alexandria Methodist church, and it so happened that Nelson, who was slight and of medium height, was the only member of the Hulst family to attend church that morning. Pleased with the service, at its close the boy introduced himself, complimented the sermon, and invited Mr. Gilder to accompany him home to dinner. The preacher looked at his young but hospitable friend a bit

quizzically, and asked if Nelson was sure his parents would welcome an unexpected guest. In return he was warmly assured that, if present themselves, they would join in his invitation. So it was accepted. This incident illustrates, as a family inheritance, two of Dr. Hulst's most lovable traits—warm, generous hospitality, and fidelity in his friendships. Thus began an acquaintance which ripened into life-long intimacy between the two families.

During the Civil War Mr. Gilder was chaplain of the Fortieth New York Regiment, which encamped near Alexandria. He called at the Hulst home and was so ill that Mrs. Hulst put him to bed, and sent for Mrs. Gilder, who came, bringing her son Richard with her. All three remained through Dr. Gilder's serious illness of typhoid fever, until he recovered and returned to his duties. Richard Watson Gilder, the well-remembered editor of the *Century Magazine*, thus became one of Dr. Hulst's most cherished friends—a friendship that endured until Mr. Gilder's death.

Other Union men had reason gratefully to remember the Hulst family, which was notable at this time as the one loyal family in the community, and especially marked by being socially ostracized. Yet the Hulsts were equally attentive to distress whether the sufferer was of the North or the South.

It had been the original plan to send the young man to William and Mary College, Virginia, which was near at hand. But the Civil War made that impossible. He entered Yale College[2] in 1863, graduating in 1867, at the age of twenty-five, with the degree of bachelor of arts. He then went through Sheffield Scientific School, receiving his Ph.B.

[2] His college fraternities and societies were: Alpha Delta Phi, Wooden Spoon, Berzelius, and Brothers in Unity. In the line of his profession, he was a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, of the Franklin Society of Philadelphia, and of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, also first president of the Lake Superior Mining Institute.

in 1869, and after a year of post-graduate work, the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1870. In Sheffield he "found himself" and began to lead.

When he was about completing studies for his doctor's degree, Annapolis again tempted him, this time with an offer of an assistant professorship of chemistry and natural philosophy. But an alternative appeared at the same moment which tipped the scale and settled the young man's future. He was offered the position of chemist and technical engineer by the Milwaukee Iron Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a position created for him. Active work in the then quite new iron development of the Northwest was alluring, and before the year 1870 was over, in his twenty-ninth year, he was established in his new office at Bay View. He early began a rapid and intelligent reconnaissance of the southern half of Wisconsin, seeking iron prospects, and within a very few years had assured himself that there were no important iron deposits in the southern half of this state, except those at Iron Ridge, which were the earliest Wisconsin workings, dating back to 1848.

In 1872 Dr. Hulst went for the first time to investigate certain prospects in Michigan, on the then scarcely embryonic Menominee Range. The Milwaukee Iron Company was alert to find a soft ore, free from phosphorus, to use in its rail mill; so when, in 1872, their attention was called to a claim in Menominee County, Michigan, which had been located in 1867 by two Breen brothers, Dr. Hulst was sent to examine the prospect. He found outcroppings of a very rich blue hematite ore, and his report led to a contract for a lease. Before this option could be developed, however, the company got into difficulty, and it was later sold in bankruptcy court. No bids being received for the Breen option, it lapsed. So impressed were the principal men of the old company with the prospects of the Breen property, that they united in negotiating a new option, which later was

taken over by the Menominee Iron Company, and developed to the point where what appeared to be its principal body of rich ore was believed to be exhausted, and in 1878 the work was abandoned. The discovery and development of the Vulcan mine in 1873 was the initial success of the Menominee Range.

Dr. Hulst had married in Milwaukee, on May 12, 1875, Florence Terry,[3] and in 1878 she and their two little sons accompanied the young engineer into the then northern wilderness.

The Milwaukee Iron Company had been chartered in March, 1867, with an authorized capital of $1,000,000. Captain E. B. Ward of Detroit was the moving spirit and president, with J. J. Hagerman, his local representative, as secretary and superintendent. Alexander Mitchell was treasurer, John H. Van Dyke attorney, and the officers, with O. W. Potter, made up the board of directors. The plant was located in what was then the village of Bay View, now a part of the busy South Side of Milwaukee. The business of this company was the rerolling of the iron rails then used by railroads. The business developed rapidly, and in 1870, realizing the necessity for a more scientific selection of materials and better methods of manufacture, they employed Dr. Hulst, who had just graduated from Yale and the Sheffield Scientific School, where he had been a prize man in metallurgy and German. Things were moving

[3] Florence Terry was born in Hartford, Connecticut, the daughter of Frank H. Terry and Martha Ripley Birge, both natives of Connecticut, and descendants of very early settlers of that colonial state, and of the Plymouth colony of 1620. Mr. Terry was a Milwaukee merchant, of the firm of Goodrich and Terry, wholesale grocers. See *Descendants of John Dwight of Dedham, Massachusetts*, i, 298.

Dr. and Mrs. Hulst had five children, three sons and two daughters; all but the second daughter, Alice, the youngest child, are now living. She was a sophomore at Smith College at the time of her death. Her sister, Edith, was educated at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Of the three sons, the eldest, Harry T. Hulst, following in his father's footsteps, is the chief engineer on the Marquette Range for the Oliver Iron Mining Company. He took a three-year course in mechanical training at Yale, then studied for his degree of engineer of mines at the Michigan College of Mines, at Houghton, Michigan. The second son, Clarence, is a graduate of Yale. The third son, Alfred, was obliged by ill health to leave Yale in his senior year.

smoothly, and the company were not at all alarmed by the panic conditions of 1873. They were, in fact, in the midst of plans and operations for expansion, when a blow more severe than the financial conditions of the country suddenly fell upon them—the invention of Bessemer steel. Iron rails could not successfully compete with steel rails. They recognized a conqueror, and surrendered. By 1878 operations were entirely suspended at Bay View and the property later passed into the hands of the North Chicago Rolling Mills. It continues today, as a plant of the United States Steel Corporation.

Contemporaneous with these rapid changes the new field of iron ore was entering upon its initial stages, in the region later celebrated as the Menominee Range, in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Some earlier discoveries had been called to the attention of members of the Milwaukee Iron Company, and after their Milwaukee business was closed, several of them, headed by Mr. Hagerman and encouraged by the preliminary scouting of Dr. Hulst already referred to, determined to pursue iron farther. Dr. Hulst had, as already stated, examined the field and knew, generally, the extent and character of the new range, and his first comprehensive, printed report had been published in February, 1875. It was addressed to Mr. Hagerman. This report said:

> I call your attention particularly to the texture and quality of the samples of ore sent you. The distinctive feature of their open, porous condition, characterizes them advantageously as wholly unlike the hard ores of the Marquette district.

He was convinced that the ore extended "over into the state of Wisconsin." He laid stress, also, upon the advantages to accrue from the short distance to lake transportation at Escanaba, which a few years later were fully realized and Escanaba became important as an ore shipping port. The definite result of this report was the continuance of

explorations and further careful tests of ore, found in various localities, which led, in 1876, to the organization of the Menominee Mining Company, with an authorized capital of $100,000. A sketch of Mr. Hagerman, published in 1881, tells the succeeding story of rapid progress, vividly and briefly, when it says of the Menominee Mining Company that it is "now mining more iron than any other company in the world."

By this time the Menominee Iron Range was becoming widely known among the great iron producers, and the Menominee Iron Company, with Dr. Hulst as its general superintendent, was operating the six principal mines on the Range, namely: Vulcan, Cyclops, Norway, Quinnesec, Chapin, and Florence. He discovered and opened every one of these mines except the Florence. In all, he opened eleven mines during his service on this range.

It was the exception in those days for a superintendent to have charge of more than one mine, and these six mines were producing 75 per cent of the entire output of the Range, which as early as 1879 aggregated 218,706 tons of ore. These figures may look small today, for the grand total of the Lake Superior iron output for 1923 approximated well over 60,000,000 tons, including the Menominee Range, the product from which reaches market by rail and by lake from Escanaba.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad reached Escanaba in 1872, and the Menominee River Railroad, ultimately a branch of the Northwestern, was extended from Powers to Vulcan in August, 1877, and thence was built westward, crossing the boundary into Wisconsin in 1881. This branch railroad could not be built until the mining company undertook most of the financial risk.

In 1881 the Menominee Mining Company sold to the Cambria Iron Company, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, its interests in four mines, retaining the Chapin and Florence.

Of the Chapin, A. P. Swineford's 1881 review of the Range says, "Not one of them approached the Chapin in magnitude of deposit."

In connection with one of the *Marquette Mining Journal's* annual reviews of the Menominee and other mining ranges in the Upper Peninsula, Mr. Hagerman published a letter which paid his associates handsome tributes. Of Dr. Hulst he wrote:

> While you strive to do justice to me in this matter, you unintentionally do injustice to some others equally deserving of credit. The late Capt. E. B. Ward believed in the region, and it was with his advice and consent that explorations were begun there in the summer of 1872. These explorations were under the charge of Mr. N. P. Hulst, and were continued until early in 1874. He discovered the Vulcan mine in 1873, and, if I am not mistaken, this was the first body of good ore, large enough to make a mine of, ever discovered in the Menominee Range. When the Menominee Mining Company was formed in December, 1876, Mr. Hulst was appointed to take charge of its exploring and mining operations, as general superintendent of the company. The large and successful mining operations of the company have been under his constant care, and certainly much of the company's success is due to him. . . .
>
> The Menominee Mining Company was formed in December 1876. At that time Mr. A. C. Brown and Mr. A. Conro connected themselves with the company, and Mr. Brown has had general charge of its business affairs in Menominee County from that time until the present. How efficient both he and Mr. Hulst have been in the performance of their duties, and how they have kept pace with a large and growing business (as you say, second to none of its kind in the world), all who know them understand.

It is appropriate here to introduce Mrs. Hulst[4] into this story of pioneering, and there is no more suitable way than to quote another letter from Mr. Hagerman. Addressing Mrs. Hulst from the company's Milwaukee office, under date of December 15, 1875, Mr. Hagerman wrote:

> The time is come when we must give a name to the town in Wisconsin, at the end of the railroad now building, and to the mine in the vicinity now called the "Eagle" but which name we do not wish to keep, as there already is an Eagle post office in Wisconsin.
>
> The Company owns all the land, around the lake, where the town will be located.

[4] Mrs. Hulst has a contribution of her reminiscences at the conclusion of this sketch.

It will be a lively town. We shall put an anti-whisky clause in all the deeds, and expect it will be as much noted for its temperance and morality as for its—its, well anything the future may develop.

We all wish to call the new town and mine Florence, in honor of the first white woman who had courage enough to settle (for a while) in that rugged country. I mean the first white woman known to us.

Will you permit your name to be so used?

Mrs. Hulst gave her consent. The mine, the county, and the county seat, all bear the name of "Florence," and it is the only county in Wisconsin named for a woman. The above letter is enduring evidence which, like the Menominee River Railroad, links this entire iron development story with Wisconsin history.

During all these years the Hulst family counted themselves as of Milwaukee. They owned and maintained a home there. That city was also the official home of the several iron companies controlled by the Milwaukee Iron Company, the Menominee Mining Company, and the Pewabic Mining Company, managed by Dr. Hulst, and, beginning in 1897, the Oliver Mining Company. Dr. Hulst became general manager of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, and then general manager in charge of the Carnegie mining interests in all five iron ranges of the Lake Superior country. These interests were eventually absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation, of which he was a vice-president, in charge of mining properties, at the time he retired in 1904.

Along the course of these great developments, there are two outstanding mile-posts of the greatest importance in Dr. Hulst's professional history. The first was his discovery of the Chapin mine; the second, his discovery of the Pewabic mine. The discovery of the Chapin mine, in 1879, was the result of a careful search based upon Dr. Hulst's theories of the geological conditions in this field. Mrs. Hulst tells a thrilling story of this discovery. One of the men came to the house to show Dr. Hulst a piece of ore, and Mrs. Hulst says, "I never saw my husband so

excited in all my life!" He hastened to the spot and assured himself that it was genuine, a wonderful prospect, with every superficial evidence of great value. This was Dr. Hulst's first great find, the fulfillment of years of faith and labor.

A talk to the local Rotary Club at Iron Mountain, Michigan, in January of this year gives the real measure of this achievement. The assistant superintendent of the Chapin mine, George J. Eisele, who began there in Dr. Hulst's day, said:

> With the exception of periods from August, 1893, to May, 1894, and between June, 1921, and February, 1922, the Chapin Mine has been in continuous operation for forty-four years. In that time it has produced a total of 22,750,865 tons of ore; its largest production . . . in 1900, being 1,010,452 tons. . . . The property became famous as the largest underground producing iron ore mine in existence. Its production was all high grade and much sought for by furnace men because of its desirability for fluxing purposes.

The Pewabic mine was discovered several years later and became a producer in 1887. It, too, was the result of Dr. Hulst's theory that either the ore formation from the Chapin extended eastward or another rich deposit would be found beyond it.

Dr. Hulst's duties had been so arduous, and his application to them so constant, that late in 1881 his physician peremptorily ordered him to give up all work for a year, and he very reluctantly obeyed. On January 1, 1882, he began a year of out-of-door physical recreation, free from compelling cares. He had a natural taste for using woodworking tools, that proved a great resource in this emergency, and the year's rest was a success in restoring his health.

Meanwhile the remaining mines, the Chapin and the Florence, were sold, and there was a season of marking time on the part of the Menominee Mining Company, in which Dr. Hulst was a modest stockholder. He made various excursions, to Mexico, New Mexico, Canada, and

other mining districts of this continent, seeking properties for investment, without finding anything that proved as tempting to him as his old Michigan stamping ground.

Near the close of 1886, owing to ill health, Mr. Hagerman retired, taking with him, in settlement, a great part of the company's ready cash assets, and leaving the other stockholders with very considerable holdings in lands, chiefly on the Menominee Range. Not long after Mr. Hagerman's retirement the younger men of the old organization, who were hopeful of the prospects of their remaining Michigan lands, and confident in their trust that Dr. Hulst could determine the question, encouraged further exploration, and on January 1, 1887, organized the Pewabic Mining Company, with much land and little money. It was agreed among the stockholders that Dr. Hulst should be financed for two years of prospecting. The participants were the three Van Dykes, Albert Conro, and Nelson P. Hulst, of Milwaukee; and A. C. Brown, of Marinette.

After working three months with diamond drills, the Carnegie Brothers and Company, Ltd., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who had been looking for Menominee Range ore, were taken into the new exploring venture, putting in $100,000 in cash, with an agreement that they should participate, equally with the Pewabic Company, in any favorable results of the explorations. This agreement marked the entrance of the Carnegies into Upper Michigan, a beginning which ultimately led them into all of the Lake Superior iron fields.

The work of exploration was largely done with diamond drills, an expensive process; and as the months wore on, without success, some dismal doubts began to be heard from the older men, and when the twenty-second month of the two-year limit closed, Dr. Hulst was himself under a strain lest two more months might pass and his record prove one of failure. But his confidence did not waver, nor

his nerve fail, and just as the twenty-third month was entered, his persistence was richly rewarded. The Pewabic mine was found, and the high quality of its ore became a marvel among iron miners. The Pewabic began producing in 1887 and closed in 1918. During this period its output was 9,358,339 tons of ore.

Exploration with diamond drills, which Dr. Hulst had for months prosecuted so systematically and tenaciously, was not so common a practice in 1887 as it is today. Diamond drills were comparatively new, and their operating costs were, in many cases, prohibitive. A brief description of the drill and the process will therefore not be out of place here. A diamond drill described in the simplest possible manner is nothing but a machine which bores a hole with a metal tube and brings the contents to view. It might be compared with a cheese tester or an apple corer, the ultimate object being nearly identical in each case. The "core" thus brought to the surface is a true cross-section of all the rocks and soil through which the drill has traveled. The modern diamond drilling machine, operated by steam, electric, or other power, is a highly developed mechanism for revolving a steel tube, set with black diamonds to act as cutting points or teeth, against any rock, and in any direction it may be desired to bore.

The importance of the Pewabic mine to Dr. Hulst and to the company can hardly be exaggerated, for it produced steadily for thirty years and still contains lower grade ores that will some day pay for working. The product was so rich that it was never without a market. Steel makers from far and near sought it and paid the highest prices for it.

During the season of 1922 forty-three million tons of iron ore were shipped from the Lake Superior region with an average analysis of 58.14 per cent iron and .099 per cent phosphorus. Keeping these figures in mind one will see

that the ore produced at the Pewabic mine, analyzing 68 per cent iron and .008 per cent phosphorus, would cause more than passing notice among the mining fraternity. When the mine first began producing in the early nineties, "skip" samples and "stope" samples frequently analyzed 69.95 per cent iron and .002 per cent phosphorus, thus approaching very closely a chemically pure state. The following paragraphs are quoted from a Michigan state publication—*Mines and Mineral Statistics,* 1897, George A. Newett, statistician, page 77:

> South and east of the Chapin, on Sec. 32, 40-30, is the Pewabic Mine, one of the best known in the markets of the country by reason of the richness of its ores. It has shipped cargoes that have yielded 68 per cent in iron and averaged .008 per cent in phosphorus, surpassed by no other mine I have any knowledge of either in this or in foreign countries.

The same publication one year later contains this reference to the Pewabic mine, on page 96:

> In the earlier history of the property the bulk of the product was of high grade, and the shipments for an entire season having given iron averaging 66 per cent and phosphorous .007 per cent. This has probably never been equalled by any other mine in America.

The Carnegie interests in the Pewabic led them into larger investments in the iron ranges of Lake Superior. These "ranges" are so called because the ore bodies occur in or along chains of hills. In the order in which they were developed they are: the Marquette and Menominee ranges of Michigan, the Gogebic ranges of Wisconsin and Michigan, and the Vermilion and Misaba ranges of Minnesota. By 1897 the Carnegie interests had property in all three states, and early in that year Dr. Hulst was called to the general management of these properties, with his office in Milwaukee. Later when these interests were assembled in a corporation, the Oliver Iron Mining Company, Dr. Hulst acted as their chief of mining engineers in the entire field. This large responsibility for a time necessitated the temporary residence of Dr. Hulst and his family in Duluth.

In December, 1898, in a business letter to Dr. Hulst, Andrew Carnegie made the following personal references:

> I am looking forward to a visit as you suggest, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see the immense property which now has the benefit of your control.
>
> We have been fortunate in our mines, and even more so in our manager. It was a personal pleasure to hear our interests were in your charge. I predict that you will have more rather than less to look after by and by.

Dr. Hulst continued his connection with the United States Steel Corporation until December 31, 1904. On October 14 of that year his resignation was tendered to First Vice-President Gayley, the close of the year being fixed as the date for it to become effective. In reply Mr. Gayley urged, very strongly, that Dr. Hulst reconsider; and when he still insisted, Mr. Gayley urged him again at least to continue a relationship with the corporation as consulting engineer. This he also declined to do, assuring Mr. Gayley that his resignation was tendered because he felt it a duty to make more leisure for association with his family, of which many absences had in great measure deprived him for a number of years.

This record of great and rapidly expanding responsibilities is long as well as unusual. There is a pleasant and enduring satisfaction for Dr. Hulst's family and friends, in the knowledge that the services which he performed in advancing one of the world's greatest modern industries were rendered when scientific iron production and steel making, as known today, were in their infancy, not only in America, but everywhere else.

In drawing this sketch to a conclusion, it will be well to illustrate the esteem in which Dr. Hulst was held by his old associates, than which nothing is more decisive in determining any man's true measure.

In June, 1921, John H. McLean, general manager of mines for the Oliver Iron Mining Company, gave a "fortieth

anniversary" dinner in Duluth to one hundred pioneer mining men with whom he had been associated, beginning on the Menominee Range in 1881. His former employer, Dr. Hulst, was present as guest of honor, surrounded with many men who had formerly served under him. In introducing Dr. Hulst, Mr. McLean said, after stating that his service under Dr. Hulst began in 1881, at the Chapin mine:

> He entered an unbroken wilderness, where his principal means of conveyance was a stout pair of legs urged by a strong and willing heart, and energy and determination to win success, which, as you all know, he accomplished to a marked degree. Dr. Hulst's education and training eminently fitted him for the tasks confronting him, and his high sense of honor, and integrity in business affairs, won the confidence, respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. There is no man living to whom the mining industry of Lake Superior owes more, because many of the scientific and practical problems in his day had to be worked out alone, and when records of things accomplished were few.

Referring to other associates, Mr. McLean made a striking roll-call of names prominent in the mining circles of this country. He said, in part:

> Quite a number of the men who have filled important positions in the mining world got their first experience in iron mining at the Chapin mine; among them is Thomas F. Cole, who occupied various positions of responsibility, and later became president of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, at the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. He is also prominent in the copper industry. W. J. Olcott, whose ability was early recognized, finally succeeded Mr. Cole as president of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, which position he now holds; he was one of the Chapin men. James MacNaughton, head of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, Fred Woodbury, who was in charge of the Schlesinger interests until his untimely death in a shaft at Ironwood, Michigan, a few years ago; and Per Larsson, who was superintendent of the Aragon Mine, Norway, Michigan.

Such quotations as the above might be multiplied from many sources. Mr. McLean's concluding words were spoken from the heart and found a ready echo in the hearts of that assemblage. He said:

> My business connection with Dr. Hulst was not wholly severed even when he retired from the Oliver Mining Company, for we are still serving together on the board of directors of the Pewabic Company.

I value his friendship very much and I like to think of him; I like to talk about him. I rejoice in this friendship of forty years' standing without interruption or friction.

This sketch needs but one more quotation, and that from Dr. Hulst's own lips. In addressing the graduating class at the Michigan College of Mines in 1900, Dr. Hulst expressed himself as no one else could do. He did not write without effort. He was anything but a phrase maker. There was no pose of virtue. He merely "rang true." This quotation might stand alone as his own most appropriate eulogy.

I cannot close without saying a word about that priceless element of character, honesty. Be honest always in the most trivial things. Make it an inflexible rule of your conduct that in time it may become a part of your very nature. Never drift into slipshod work, whether it be that of timekeeper, chemist, or engineer, for such work would be dishonest work. It would be dishonest to yourselves. It would not be rendering to your employer what he expects and what he pays for—your best efforts. From a slipshod way of doing things, the steps are very easy to greater acts of dishonesty. Cultivate, therefore, the habit of always doing your very best, and you will become girded with an armor which has no weak spots for the foils of the tempter.

The steady effort to do your best will not only ennoble your character, but it will bring to you in time that sweet reward—a glorious success.

Dr. Hulst was a man of rather slight build and a little more than five feet six inches in height. His eyes were blue, his hair dark brown, his complexion clear, and his average weight was about one hundred sixty pounds. He was vigorous, without especial exertion but rather by nature and habit, up to the last years of his life. His was the sort of prolonged vigor which gets its deep foundation in years of active life in the open. As an explorer he had tramped the woods by day and slept many a night without tent or canopy between him and the stars. This beginning was followed by accumulating duties of oversight and superintendence which kept him constantly moving among the mines under his charge. He reaped dividends in health from these early strenuous years until he was well past

three score and ten, retaining an elasticity of step and certainty of movement noticeably alert and attractive.

Accustomed as he had been to large affairs of business, his days of retirement would have been irksome if they had not been occupied in many and various interesting fields. A member of Plymouth Congregational Church, he became a trustee, and a deacon for life; he served for years on the Board of Associated Charities of Milwaukee, and as chairman of the Public Charities Committee of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association. He was active in the management of the Boys Busy Life Club, the Martha Washington Home, the Free Employment Bureau, and the City Club, all local organizations for public service. He became a trustee of Milwaukee-Downer College in 1900, and of Beloit College, January 15, 1917, holding both positions until his death. He had been president of the Milwaukee University Club, also of the Wisconsin Yale Association, and was a member of the Fox Point Club and of the Town Club. Nor did Dr. Hulst divorce himself entirely from business. He was a vice-president of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company; director of the Pewabic Mining Company, of the Reymert Company, and of the Land Development Company. He was a member of the National Civil Service Association, and of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Among all these connections he found opportunity for much useful activity, and he never accepted responsibility to neglect it.

Meanwhile, also, the interests of his family were always in his mind and among his pleasures. He industriously sought to further the ambitions of his sons in their various business enterprises, and they found his large practical knowledge and experience of great value. So his days of leisure and retirement were never those of a purposeless or indifferent idler. He took to golf as a chance to keep up out-door life, but in the main his time was spent to more

definite purpose than mere amusement. He found time to make a trip to Europe with his wife and daughter, and to get occasional vacation seasons in the South and East. Later he was intensely interested in a fruit farm that his youngest son is developing in Massachusetts, and no play was quite as attractive to him as a chance to work hard among the fruit trees for a few weeks each spring and fall. This, too, gave opportunity to frolic with his little grandchildren, for whom he made an exceedingly complete and beautiful doll's playhouse, which illustrates his expert hand, correct eye, and refined taste in a manner at once unique, expressive, and captivating. He was fond of children, and all young people were fond of him.

Dr. Hulst was a purposeful man. His plans were clear and definite. This characteristic was illustrated when he planned his retirement from business. He had a competence. He had ambitions for his sons and daughters, and felt that he owed it to himself, as well as to them, to find time for closer association. Having determined, he could not be swerved from his purpose. He turned to a new life with vigorous interest and found pleasure and satisfaction in the change, where a man less sure might have drifted into a wearisome and aimless existence.

Dr. Hulst was eminent among scientists to a degree that his neighbors little realized. An illustration is furnished in a notice in the "Obituary Record of Yale Graduates who died in 1922-1923," which says that "at the time of his death he was said to be the greatest American authority on iron." Self-effacement was one of his virtues, and a certain measure of his greatness. When his appreciative friends think of him, they remember how well that splendid title "gentleman" applied to him. Gentle he was, and every inch a man. Dr. Hulst was a just man. The Golden Rule seemed always at hand, a part of his life, which indicates the practical wisdom of his philosophy. His Christianity

was woven into his daily existence. So he was a man of forbearance as well as courage. He will have no successor. He was a pioneer in an elementary development. Neither the man nor the opportunity will be repeated.

He did a great work well and will be remembered.

PIONEER LIFE ON THE MENOMINEE IRON RANGE

MRS. NELSON POWELL HULST

It was in 1877, soon after the failure of the Milwaukee Iron Company, that Mr. Hulst accepted the position of superintendent of mines for the Menominee Mining Company. Beginning in 1872, he had explored to some extent the mineral lands of the Menominee Range and had brought in reports that warranted the establishment of a manager on the ground.

In the spring of 1878 he moved his family to Escanaba, where they lived until the completion of a house at the Vulcan mine location made it possible to have a home at his place of business. The house, built by the company, was situated in a clearing in the pine forest, with giant trees of the first growth on three sides of us, and on the fourth a little lake below the slope on which the building was erected. Between the house and the lake was the railroad, a branch of the Chicago and Northwestern, recently built for the transportation of ore to Escanaba, the port whence a large proportion of the ore was shipped by the lakes to the various iron foundries and blast furnaces of the Middle West. About December 1, 1878, with the first fall of snow, we moved and settled with our two little boys in this home at the Vulcan mine. Our household goods had preceded us, and Mr. Hulst with the assistance of one or two of his men had got the new house in sufficient order so that we could begin to live comfortably from first arrival.

After months of separation from his family, Mr. Hulst's joy at having them with him once more was delightful to see. The morning after our arrival was bright and beautiful and he wanted to take his older boy, aged two and one

half, up to Pit Two, an open working a little way up the hill from the house. The child was fascinated with the hoisting machine, the loud dumping of ore onto the pile, and the striking of the ore bucket to empty it, and the two stood for a long time watching operations. In the afternoon of that same day, from one of our windows I watched a slowly moving procession coming down the hill from Pit Two, carrying some burden. When Mr. Hulst came home he told me that a mass of rock had fallen and killed a man who was working where he, my husband, and our little boy had been standing in the morning. Thus our life in the mining country began with a sad demonstration of the dangerous nature of the work.

Winter began in earnest soon after our arrival, the thermometer in a few days registering fifteen to twenty degrees below zero; but the bright sun, dry air, and freedom from wind made it possible really to enjoy the low temperature, although at times during our stay in that region it was hard to endure the extreme cold. One winter we had three weeks of continuous below-zero weather, and one week when the highest the thermometer marked was twenty degrees below at noon; from that to forty degrees below for an entire week. Mr. Hulst all through the cold winters drove from mine to mine, for, in a few months after his work on the range commenced, other mines were discovered and developed in quick succession, the most important being the East Vulcan, and the Chapin situated ten miles west of Vulcan. With a pair of good horses and a light sleigh he made the distance over an excellent road in an incredibly short time, and was so well protected by fur garments that he suffered no inconvenience from the frigid temperature.

The nature of the mines, deep underground, made it possible to work with a full force all winter, the men with their comfortable log houses and good pay living contentedly with their families directly at the mine locations.

There were boarding-houses also constructed of logs, which took care of the unmarried men. No liquor was sold at either of the mine locations and absolutely no drunkenness was allowed. If intoxicating drinks were obtained or used in any way, the guilty man or men were discharged forthwith.

A physician was installed at Vulcan with an assistant at each of the other mines as soon as it was opened. The men were required to pay a small sum each month to keep a doctor at hand, this sum (one dollar or less) covering all charges for medical and surgical services and all medicines for the entire month. But if a man was so fortunate as not to require a doctor's services for himself or family during the month, he grumbled at the fee and often at the end of that time went to the doctor's office for castor oil with which to grease his boots.

Speaking of good roads, the lumber companies had begun work on the range before the mining men arrived on the scene, and had cut roads everywhere through the forest. The drives were delightful, and Mr. Hulst often took his family with him on his trips to distant places where exploring was being conducted. One day as we drove along I noticed a flock of hens coming out of a low doorway, an entrance to a log building. I exclaimed, "What a very nice chicken house."

Mr. Hulst replied, "That's not a chicken house, but a human habitation—in fact, a company boarding-house." In winter these log buildings were banked with snow almost to the windows to make them warmer.

All through that first winter at Vulcan the mining work progressed, becoming more and more interesting as new pits were opened and more shafts sunk. The Vulcan mine was getting deeper and deeper, the East Vulcan was discovered, and before summer the Norway, Cyclops, and Quinnesec mines became busy scenes of activity, while the

ore trains were constantly getting longer and running more frequently. The spur track, or Menominee River Railroad as it was called, was a section of road extending west from Powers, on the main line of the Chicago and Northwestern, to Vulcan, a distance of twenty miles. Later it was built ten miles farther to Iron Mountain, the site of the Chapin mine. It was badly laid out with many twists and curves. We had one little passenger train consisting of a single coach and a baggage-car. This train plied between Powers and the mines once in twenty-four hours. An express office at Vulcan, opened almost immediately upon our arrival, made it possible to obtain provisions from Milwaukee, and a supply store near by managed by the company furnished us with the necessities of life.

The first summer of our residence at Vulcan was notable for the discovery of the Chapin mine, which, as shafts were sunk and diamond drill work progressed, showed so rich and extensive an ore body that the duties of the manager became too arduous to be performed without help. Accordingly, Jefferson D. Day, a mining man from Ishpeming, Michigan, was engaged for the position of assistant, and a chemist, also a surveyor for underground work, were added to the working force. But in spite of all this help, Mr. Hulst's days were long and often hard. His interest and enthusiasm, however, made him forget fatigue and his long hours, beginning in winter before dawn and ending long after sunset.

In that northern country there is a short season of very hot weather, the thermometer registering occasionally a temperature of one hundred degrees. The mosquitoes arrive before the snow is gone and make life in the woods uncomfortable until August, when they entirely disappear. Even with all doors and windows screened it is impossible to keep a house free from the pests; one morning I counted twenty-seven of them under the netting of my bed.

One hot, still summer afternoon Mr. Hulst came home

"to stay awhile," as he said. Soon I understood the reason for his return to the house. Heavy black and gray clouds came rolling up from the west; in a few moments it was dark as night and a tornado broke upon us with all its fury. The house rocked and trembled, window glass flew all about us, and huge pine trees came crashing to the earth until we thought the whole forest was to be laid low. We tried to get to the cellar, for we thought the house would be wrecked; but flying glass made it dangerous to open the kitchen door, so there was nothing to do but watch and wait for the storm to spend itself. It was but a few minutes, possibly eight or ten, when the wind abated and we were safe. Terrific thunder storms were not uncommon, so the beautiful summer season in the northern woods was not without its drawbacks.

The young assistant engineer was a graduate of Yale, a man of frail physique, marked we believed for the "white plague," that had carried off all of his family. His poor health made him timid and one day he handed in his resignation, being unwilling to undertake the survey of a section of the mine which he was told to report upon. Mr. Hulst, learning from him the reason for his resignation, at once requested him to remain and himself did the work his subordinate dared not undertake. The mine laborers as a class were very superstitious, and not infrequently Mr. Hulst went to the spot where a man had been killed, took up the pick he had dropped, and did a little work with it before any of the dead man's associates dared touch it.

In spite of long hours and arduous duties Mr. Hulst found time to do much work at home to keep his family comfortable. We had no furnace in the house and he assumed the care of the stoves and fireplaces, clearing out ashes and bringing in fuel, considering such work too hard for a woman's strength. In the spring he planted quite an extensive vegetable garden, and many of the summer

evenings he weeded and watered it, carrying the water by hand from a pump near the house. There seemed in those years no limit to Mr. Hulst's energy and strength.

Occasionally the president and vice-president of the company came up to inspect the work of their manager, and generally stayed at our house. This gave us the only bit of intercourse with friends which we had the first year or more of our residence at Vulcan. Mr. Hulst felt the isolation keenly and it was a delightful event when Mr. and Mrs. Day moved into a house near ours, built for them by the company. At about the same time the mine doctor built a little home and brought his bride to Vulcan. The following summer J. J. Hagerman, president of the Menominee Mining Company, had a house erected next to ours and often came up with his family or friends to spend a week or so. The bookkeeper and his family lived in this house, which was consequently always ready for the owner and his friends. The advent of these neighbors made life much more natural and we realized after they came how necessary friendly companionship is.

The second year of our residence passed much like the first, except that now the hills and woods all about us were dotted with test pits so that wandering about in the dark was dangerous, so a high board fence around the house, enclosing about an acre, became a necessity, with our little children. As the boys grew older all sorts of activities went on within this enclosure. A miniature mining outfit made in the blacksmith shop was set up near the house and afforded unending employment and delight to the little boys who with tiny picks and shovels dug a "mine," hoisted the "ore" with a tiny derrick, dumped it into a tramcar, and conveyed it by a track to the "stock pile." They had been about so much with their father and knew so well how the mining work was conducted, that they carried out in correct detail all the processes going on about them.

Their only pet was a beautiful little fawn that some man found in a test pit and brought up to "the little Hulst boys." The children also fed and trained the squirrels and chipmunks that were so numerous in the woods, so they had many little playfellows.

Forest fires were always a danger in dry seasons, sparks from locomotives frequently starting the burning of leaves and sometimes wood piles. One serious fire in the fall of 1879 will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There had been a long season of drought. As we walked in the woods the dry leaves and twigs would crackle beneath our feet, and Mr. Hulst said he must, for safety, spare men to rake and clear a larger area about the houses. The powder house, which was a quarter of a mile away, seemed too near when we thought of a possible conflagration. At last it came, starting near the railway track in the woods west of our house. The first little blaze grew and spread with marvelous rapidity, until by the time the work of combating it began, it was a huge conflagration involving big dead trees, numerous wood piles, and all the dry underbrush in its wake. Mr. Hulst was in Escanaba that day, but the assistant and the mine captains gathered the miners together and quickly formed a bucket brigade from our well, which was the only water available, others digging trenches to confine the flames. It was no use—their puny efforts amounted to nothing, and Mr. Day in a panic came to the house and exclaimed breathlessly, "The fire has crossed the road and is spreading up the hill to the west with nothing to check it. To make matters more desperate, a strike is on at the Quinnesec mine [six miles west of us] and Mr. Hulst is not here."

My husband arrived on the afternoon train, summoned by wire. At the scene of the strike an officer of the company had been storming up and down the platform at the store, swearing at and threatening vengeance upon the angry

crowd, and had only made matters worse. The mine captain, a cool-headed man, had said to him, "Wait until Dr. Hulst comes, he will manage the men."

"He can do nothing with them," was the reply, "he doesn't know how to swear."

In the meantime, at once on his arrival at Vulcan, hearing how matters stood, Mr. Hulst ordered out his good horses and buggy and prepared to drive to Quinnesec. Mr. Day said, "It isn't possible to get through the flames." Mr. Hulst replied, "It must be done," and it was done.

The horses were frantic with fright but they made the plunge and got through the fire. Mr. Day accompanied Mr. Hulst on this exciting ride and afterwards gave me his report of what happened at the Quinnesec mine. Mounting the store platform, Mr. Hulst held up his hand and instantly had a quiet audience. He told the men that he had carefully looked into the matter of their dissatisfaction, had earnestly considered it from their point of view, and had decided that they were in the wrong. Consequently he must refuse to grant their demands. He said they could take their choice of going back to work within twenty-four hours or losing their jobs. In a few words he stated the reasons for the stand he took, trying to make them understand his position. The men listened attentively, then quietly dispersed, and all but one man reported for work the next day. That one got his "time" and left, while the instigator of the strike was discharged. So the superintendent, without swearing at or browbeating the men and without any show of anger or impatience, quickly made an end of what might have been a serious situation. Mr. Day said it was because the men had unbounded confidence in the fairness and kindness of their chief. Mr. Hulst had known for some days that a strike was imminent at the Quinnesec mine and had made arrangements to supply the places of the men through an agency in Chicago. He reached home that evening, tired

out, smoke stained, and greatly concerned as to what the morrow had in store, only to spend most of the night fire-fighting with his men. Although the flames had been held in check to some extent, new danger spots were constantly showing and no one who was able to help dared sleep that night. The fire was halted just short of the powder house. Good news from Quinnesec the next day assured us that the trouble at the mine was over.

In the autumn of 1879 the Menominee Mining Company built an opera house at Quinnesec, where creditable entertainments were occasionally given and where also the miners and their families might assemble for dancing and other social purposes. As no saloons were permitted, it seemed to Mr. Hulst very necessary to provide some gathering place for the men, some place in which to spend their evenings. In the summer of 1880 this building was used as a banqueting hall for the American Institute of Mining Engineers. Entertainment at their annual gathering was furnished by the Menominee Mining Company. It was a most interesting meeting for the members of the institute, many of whom were geologists and metallurgists, and they were especially glad to examine the rock formations of the range and see what had been accomplished in three or four years. A caterer from Milwaukee took charge of providing meals for the guests, bringing with him not only the refreshments but all the table furnishings and several waiters.

In the autumn of that year an outbreak of smallpox occurred in one of the larger company boarding-houses. Two men recently arrived came down with the disease and all in the house were, of course, exposed. In this emergency Mr. Hulst summoned all the mine carpenters from the different locations, and with his help and under his direction a building was erected and ready in thirty-six hours to receive the two patients and a man who had had

the disease engaged to nurse them. The men who had been exposed were at once sent over to a log house across the lake, provided with food for ten days, and directed to remain there under pay for that length of time. The two cases recovered and went back to work, but one of the men who had been isolated came down with the disease the day after being released from quarantine. With facilities ready for his care this was not a serious situation and his case was a light one.

The winter of 1880-81 was a stormy one and will long be remembered by residents of that region, for the heaviest snowfall in the Upper Peninsula in years was experienced. It was some time after the Christmas holidays that the snow began to fall in great masses, day after day, until we were completely snowed in. Railroad traffic was impossible and telegraph wires were down, so that for two or three weeks we were cut off from all intercourse with the world. Underground work went on just the same, but each mine was isolated as the roads connecting them were impassable even for sleighs, so high were the snow drifts. At length one afternoon the cheering sound of a locomotive whistle was heard faintly, and we stationed ourselves at a window overlooking the track to watch for the hoped-for train. We had long to wait while nearer and nearer came the noise of the panting engines, and at last down the cut to the east two powerful locomotives came into view, slowly crawling along the track, laboring heavily and pausing frequently, halted by huge snow drifts, and at last drawing up to the station platform with two cars, a passenger and a freight car. The latter was especially welcome as the stock of groceries and provisions at the company store was running low. Mail was never more welcome, and the news that the telegraph wires had been repaired made us feel in the world again.

The fall and winter of 1880-81 were hard on Mr. Hulst.

The Florence mine, twenty-five miles distant, had been added to the company's holdings and the work of the superintendent was too exacting for one man. Sleepless nights and frequent severe headaches made us feel that he must have rest and relief at least for a time. The doctor finally warned him that he must resign his duties for a year. With almost heart-breaking reluctance he handed in his resignation and we broke up the home in the pine forest where we had spent nearly four happy, profitable, and interesting years. To part with the Chapin mine Mr. Hulst said was almost like giving up a child.

The mine officers gave Mr. Hulst a banquet at the Quinnesec opera house, where he was presented with a silver service, and on a later date they invited him and his wife to a farewell reception at the same place. It was a distinctly democratic affair, including the miners and their wives, the blacksmiths, carpenters, stablemen, etc. It was a most interesting gathering. The men stood in rows while we passed along shaking hands with and chatting with each man and his wife. Many of the men, good, honest fellows, had evidently much appreciated fair, kind treatment, for they told me with tears in their eyes that they "would never again have a boss like Dr. Hulst." Later in the evening there was dancing, which all seemed to enjoy and in which we took part as well as we could. So Mr. Hulst left his work and his many friends on the Menominee Range, with very sincere sorrow that he was obliged to leave his associates and his duties, that had filled his life with interest and pleasure.

OLE BULL AND HIS WISCONSIN CONTACTS

ALBERT O. BARTON

It was eighty years in November since Ole Bull made his first trip to America, heralded by a poem of introduction by Henrik Wergeland, the original copy of which now reposes in a private library in Madison. It was seventy years last April since he made his first appearance in Wisconsin. The occurrence of these two recent anniversaries, therefore, and Ole Bull's more or less intimate association with Wisconsin during the latter half of his life, lend a fresh interest to the memory of this great artist and patriot. From the time of his first coming to America in 1843 until his death nearly forty years later,[1] Ole Bull and his fortunes may be said to have had relations with Wisconsin, for not only was a treasured memento of his first visit to find a resting place in Madison, but at the last scene of all, when he was laid to rest in his native city of Bergen, it was a Wisconsin woman, his widow, who stood by his open grave as chief mourner.

Ole Bull's significance to Wisconsin is only that of a distinguished citizen and patriot, an interpreter of his countrymen, whom he lifted up and glorified by his illustrious fame and toward whom he directed a more sympathetic interest and understanding generally among Americans than might otherwise have occurred. At least they would without his influence have found a common interest more slowly. The state was too crude at his coming to have much musical culture or consciousness, but Ole Bull

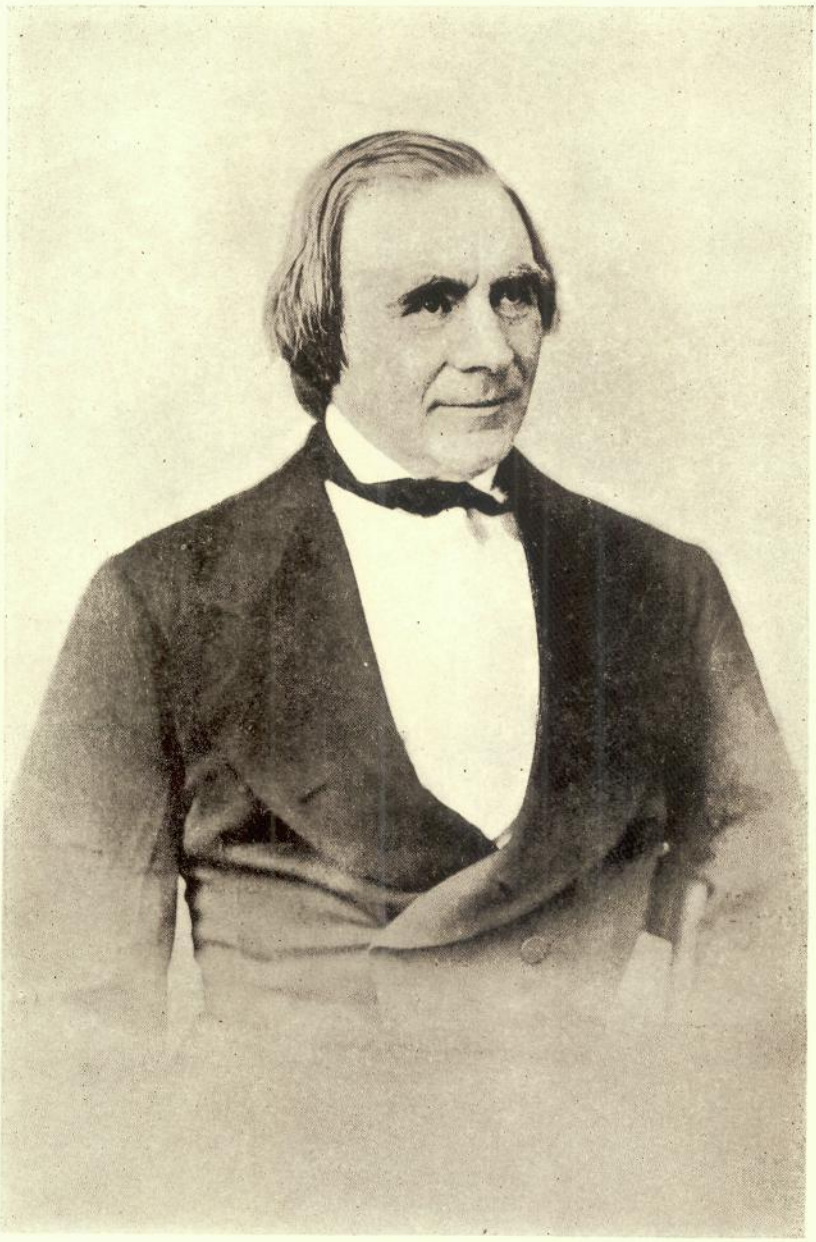
[1] Chronology of Ole Bull (b. Feb. 5, 1810; d. Aug. 18, 1880) as it relates to visits to United States: 1843, first visit to U. S.; 1845, return to Europe; 1852, second visit to U. S.; 1857, to Norway; 1867, to U. S.; 1869, to Norway and back to U. S.; 1870, to Norway; 1871, to U. S.; 1872, to Norway and back to U. S.; 1873, to Norway; 1876, to U. S. (Cambridge, Mass.); 1877, to Norway; 1878, to U. S.; 1879, to Norway and back to U. S.; 1880, to Norway.

was more than a mere musician. Through the medium of his art he reached all classes, and his intellect and personality everywhere made secure such ties, once they were formed, with the cultured and influential.

In considering the Wisconsin contacts of Ole Bull's life one can do no more here than briefly refer to them. His career was so crowded with the unusual and remarkable, with adventure, travel, trials, and triumphs, that volumes might be written of him, as thousands of columns of eulogy, of criticism, of anecdotes, have been written of him in many tongues from his own day to this.

In the memorial volume prepared by his widow after his death—although it comprises several hundred fascinating pages—there is room for only the briefest recital of facts. A Russian or Italian tour—how romantically adventurous it must have been in that primitive day!—receives sometimes but a half-page mention. There are large hiatuses in time, many dates are erroneously given, while of his first visit to California in the fifties not even the year seems to be known. This volume does not contain the date of his death nor the maiden name of his second wife, the author. One is moved to exclaim: "What an autobiography might he not have written had he been able to chain himself to such a task!"

Ole Bull had already lived a long and full life before he became intimately connected with Wisconsin—in fact, several lives, one might almost say. He was already old in experience. Famous before he was thirty, he had lived through a second thirty years of triumphs and adulation; had been received and honored by kings and emperors, kaisers and presidents; had associated with the most renowned artists of his time in all lands; had played before the most brilliant of court audiences, on Rome's most historic hill, in the depths of Mammoth Cave, in the mining camps of California; had launched great colonial and other



OLE BULL

projects, in which he sank a fortune; had experienced many narrow escapes in the primitive modes of travel then prevailing, many perils of fire and flood, sickness, shipwrecks, and revolution; had buried a wife and a son—in fact, had drunk of life to the lees. In spite of all this he had kept his youthful heart and his love for an insignificant land and a people poor in everything but the native virtues of simplicity and honor, and the qualities that make for manhood and patriotism. That he, a citizen of the world—as must be all supreme artists who live for the ideal—could yet, as he did, take a patron's kindly interest in his poor countrymen in a crude frontier society, is proof of a nobility of spirit and has served to enshrine his fame in their hearts.

It is probable that Ole Bull did not visit the territory of Wisconsin on his first American trip in 1843, for while the tide of Norwegian immigration was then beginning to set toward Wisconsin there were no substantial settlements of this nationality as yet, and naturally none to which he could appeal with profit as an artist. Such a visit to his fellow countrymen in Wisconsin at the time, if made, would necessarily have been of a purely sentimental nature. No reference to any such visit is found in his biographies or among the Norwegian records that have come down from that period. Yet by a peculiar chain of circumstances this first trip was to have interesting associations with the state later to become his home, even though he may not then have set foot upon its soil. These associations lie in the fact that the manuscript of the Wergeland poem was eventually to find its resting place in a Madison library, and in another interesting incident.

On June 11, 1844, Ole Bull went to New Haven to give a concert. While there he was called upon by a scholarly but modest American gentleman who handed him a manuscript of eight stanzas in Norwegian, entitled "An Ode to Ole Bull." The famous violinist received the poem with

thanks, read it, and complimented the writer upon it, declaring that the lines had no mistakes. It was related afterwards that the author was a bit disappointed that Bull was not more fulsome in his reception of them. However, they contained no reference to the violinist, but were rather a glorification of Norway's ancient past, and it would appear that they had been written some time before the poet knew of the musician. The caller was James Gates Percival, a graduate of Yale and a widely quoted poet of his day, who also wrote with facility in several foreign tongues. Later Percival was to become state geologist of Wisconsin and to find an obscure grave at Hazel Green in 1856.

On December 3, 1845, Ole Bull sailed for Europe, going to Paris, where he had left his French wife and three children. His first American tour had been a tremendous success. It is said that he had made $80,000 for himself, had paid assisting artists $20,000, and had turned over $15,000 to benevolences. Then after six years in Europe he again set sail, in January, 1852, for America, where he was to remain for practically six years and where he may have then expected to make his future home, since he swore allegiance to the United States at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on July 4 of that year, and took his first step toward becoming an American citizen, which, however, he never fully became. His tour of that year, as of the years following, was a tremendous and triumphal success, almost rivaling that of his early protégée Jenny Lind[2] a year or two before, under the directing genius of P. T. Barnum. Like her, he also completely captivated official Washington.

[2] In an interview in the *Madison Democrat*, February 5, 1879, Ole Bull said: "I found Jenny Lind, then only eighteen, in a chorus in the royal opera at Stockholm, where she was ruining her voice. I laid the case before the king and succeeded in giving the young lady a benefit under royal auspices. With this start she went to Paris for instruction and soon began to win her way to fame."

It was probably at this period also that he inspired in Longfellow the portrait of the musician drawn in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, which appeared in 1863, although undoubtedly he had met Longfellow on his first tour.

During his second visit, in 1852, however, his connection with Wisconsin may be said to have begun. Soon after arriving that year he attempted to put into operation his great project of founding a large Norwegian colony in western Pennsylvania, which was to end so disastrously. A tract of land of one hundred and twenty thousand acres was purchased[3] and a settlement to be known as "Oleana," first known as "Oleona," was begun. Special rights to Ole Bull to hold such property were voted by the legislature of Pennsylvania. Among the three hundred or more persons who were induced to settle there, were a number of men later to become prominent in Wisconsin local history. One of these was B. W. Suckow, later a prominent book binder of Madison and one of the little circle of intimate friends Ole Bull had while living in Madison. Suckow's daughter Caroline was said to be the first Norwegian girl born (1852) at Oleana. Among those still living who were members of the Oleana colony, may be mentioned C. F. Solberg, ninety-one years old, now of Milwaukee, a prominent Norwegian editor sixty years ago. Another is William O. Stephenson of Madison, a Civil War veteran, now living in the former home of Lyman C. Draper, the first secretary of the State Historical Society. Both of these men were boys when the Oleana settlement was founded,

[3] That Ole Bull had great dreams of founding a large colony is indicated by the following news item from a Milwaukee newspaper, which was reprinted in the *Janesville Gazette* of May 29, 1852: "New Emigration. We learn that Ole Bull, the violinist, who is now in this country, has made certain proposals of reform to the Norwegian government and that in the event of its unfavorable action toward them, a system of emigration to the United States on a stupendous scale will be announced. It is said that whole districts will prepare to come. Certain parties are anticipating the unfavorable action of the Norwegian government, and are in correspondence with Ole Bull with a view to inducing the principal portion of the emigration to Wisconsin, and we learn that it will probably take this direction."

and their fathers were among the leading members of the colony.

Ole Bull had had many lawsuits and considerable trouble with the Norwegian national authorities shortly before this time, in his efforts to promote a national theater and liberal movements generally, and had turned his back on Norway, vowing that he not only would leave the country, but would induce as many of his liberty-loving countrymen as he could to do the same. Nothing ever came of this scheme to promote a great emigration to Wisconsin, if it was ever considered, the great fiasco of the Oleana experiment putting an end to whatever dreams of this kind Bull might have had.

Ole Bull's first appearance in Wisconsin was at Milwaukee on Thursday, April 28, 1853. Traveling with him was a notable troupe of artists, including the celebrated pianist Maurice Strakosch, his wife, Amalia Patti Strakosch, and her young sister Adelina Patti, later the renowned singer, then but ten years old. The party came by boat from Chicago,[4] where the troupe had appeared and where Ole Bull had given a benefit concert to aid his countrymen in the building of a church, which netted them $550. A banquet was also given in his honor, and of those who attended this function one still survives in the person of Knud Henderson of Cambridge, Wisconsin, then a youth of eighteen, living with a sister in Chicago. The Milwaukee concert, given at Young's Hall, at the corner of Broadway and Wisconsin Street, made a great stir in the local press

[4] Previous to his appearance in Chicago, Ole Bull had visited among other cities New Orleans, and an interesting souvenir of the visit was found years afterward in an old desk there, reading as follows: "Monseuer le Doctere pere—I have taken the liberty to beg votre acceptions of the enclose tickets for my concert ce soir. If le dame I have see in your societie, and who I am inform are of your familie, will do me le grand honneur to be present this night I shall feel an inspiracion which will sans effort enable me to accomply more extraordinary tonneur than I have in tout mon vie before attempt. I have le honneur to be votre tres humble serviteur Ole Bull, Professor. To H—— pere."

at the time. In describing the event, a later Milwaukee historian said:[5]

> Ole Bull first enraptured Milwaukeeans on the 28th of the same month [April] and again on the 30th. Maurice Strakosch was director of the company and as pianist executed several original fantasies on the piano in such a manner as to transport the audience. Signorina Adelina Patti in her 13th year [she was only ten] rendered such productions as "Coming Thro the Rye," "Home, Sweet Home." . . . "She came forward quietly," says an observer, "with a shade of melancholy on her classic face never to be mistaken for that of any other than that of the south of Europe." Ole Bull executed the "Carnival of Venice" and similar compositions of master minds.

So great was the success of the first concert, in spite of its admission charge of two dollars, that a second concert was arranged for the following Saturday, April 30. While they were there the first opera ever given in Milwaukee, "The Czar and the Ship Carpenter," was presented, and Ole Bull and little Patti, who were present as invited guests, were loud in their praises of the participating artists.

It is probable that on the Friday between these two concerts Ole Bull visited J. D. Reymert at the Muskego colony near Milwaukee, the first large Norwegian settlement in Wisconsin.[6] Letters from H. J. Ellertson, living near Wind Lake, Wisconsin, the local historian of the region, and Charles D. Parker, former lieutenant governor of Wisconsin, who was a young man in the Muskego region in the fifties, bear upon this point.[7]

[5] *History of Milwaukee* (Western Historical Company, 1881), 582.

[6] The *Phrenological Journal* of February, 1872, in a sketch of James D. Reymert, then of New York, who had founded in 1847 the first Norwegian newspaper in America, at Muskego, Racine County, Wisconsin, contains the following paragraph: "In the winter of 1851 Ole Bull, the famous violinist, his early friend, came with a number of Milwaukeeans to pay Mr. Reymert a visit. The array of carriages was considerable and they all expected to be well received, but not so warmly as it happened, for his fine large residence had just been burned, and from the yet smouldering remains a few things had been saved and were heaped in the middle of the floor of a little log shanty in the neighborhood. His friends assembled in the cabin and surrounded the pile. Ole Bull played his 'Carnival of Venice,' and all gave three cheers for the Stars and Stripes and for old Norway."

[7] Letter from Mr. Ellertson, dated at Waterford, Wisconsin, July 15, 1919:

"DEAR SIR: I don't think I can give you much information about Ole Bull's visit to Mr. Reymert in Muskego. As far as I remember the visit took place in the winter of 1858. Mr. Bull with a few friends came out from Milwaukee. He had his violin along and played at Reymert's home; that I remember, but in what year I am not so sure. It could

Milwaukee was the only Wisconsin city visited by Ole Bull and his troupe in 1853. From Milwaukee, they went to Detroit, Buffalo, Toronto, Hamilton, and various cities in New York State. A Milwaukee newspaper reported: "We are informed by one of our Norwegian friends that Ole Bull in a conversation with a party of his countrymen during his last visit to this city stated his intention to return here at some future period and give a benefit concert in aid of a church and school enterprise which they have in view."

All this time things had been going badly with the colonists at Oleana, and Ole Bull had written them from the West that he would be there to meet them May 17 and see what he could do for them. It was a difficult place to reach, but late in the evening of May 17 he arrived on foot, after five hundred people, of whom three hundred were Norwegians, had made great preparations to welcome him. The next day he cheered the settlers by distributing $7000 among them. He remained in the settlement two weeks, in the meantime starting a sawmill and several houses—one for himself, with windows, costing $800. He also arranged to have some cows, clothing, and tools sent.[8] But things went from bad to worse and in the

not have been in 1851 because Reymert's hotel or "tavern" as it was then known was not built till in the winter of 1851 and '52, the same year the Milwaukee and Janesville plank road was built through this settlement. The hotel burned about two years after it was erected. Reymert's dwelling did not burn. Ole Bull gave a concert in Milwaukee at that time." . . .

Letter from Mr. Parker, dated at River Falls, Wisconsin, August 2, 1919:

"DEAR SIR: I received your letter of July 22nd inquiring as to my recollections of Ole Bull and especially as regards to his visit to the Norwegian settlement in Muskego. I was away from my home at my father's during the winters of 1851-52-53, teaching school, and only recollect that he was here. I think it was the winter of 1852 but I am not positive.

"I met him in Madison at Mr. Thorp's long afterwards, and had a very pleasant call from him in my room at the Senate Chamber. He was quite tall and well proportioned, hair very white, but while looking old he was in fine physical condition, erect and as sprightly as most men of fifty. As I recollect, our talk was mostly of the Northmen's discovery in America. He had visited the New England coast and studied the inscriptions on the Dighton rock and believed they were made by the Northmen."

[8] An interesting account of this event is found in the *Minneapolis Tidende*, August 2, 1923.

following winter, 1853-54, the settlers were on the verge of starvation. Learning of their distress, Ole Bull sent them all the money he had and also arranged a series of concerts at Lock Haven, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, sending the proceeds to them. Then, as the story goes, while he was on his way to visit them in the spring of 1854, his violin was seized for an unpaid hotel bill; this, with the discovery that he had been swindled, so mortified him that he never returned to Oleana, but went on a trip to far-off California, leaving the colonists to make their way as best they could to other parts of the country.

Ole Bull's first appearance in Milwaukee called forth at the time much laudatory comment in the Milwaukee press. His second visit to Milwaukee was on November 11, 1854. In the meantime he had been in California—going by way of the Isthmus of Panama, where he lost a violin and narrowly escaped drowning—and had given concerts there in July, August, and September, 1854.[9] Though his second appearance in Milwaukee seems to have produced less comment than the first, the *Milwaukee Democrat* contained this enthusiastic outburst:

> He is Nature's own artiste in whom the follies of age have produced no effect, whose enthusiasm is a spiritual outpouring of his noble soul, and no swaggering air put on to trap the vulgar eye and set the feet stamping in applause.
>
> "Io Paean! Io sing!
> Honor to the Fiddle King!
> King by right divine and holy,
> All the world has crowned thee, Ole!"

[9] The journal of August Wetterman, a California musician of the fifties, contains the following notice: "Back from the country, I was engaged [1854] at the Sacramento theatre. Ole Bull and Strakosch gave two concerts at the theatre. During their stay in Sacramento, two Norwegians, Kent, an actor, and I, had a glorious time with the grand old man. We would either play Carolina, a Scandinavian game of billiards, go bathing, or to dinner where Ole Bull would entertain us with some of his experiences in America and other countries.

"At the concerts Ole Bull came down to the footlights at the center of the stage, stood erect with heels together, violin under chin and his eyes to the right looking at Mrs. Kent (wife of the actor). She was a beautiful woman seated in a private box and must have been the source of inspiration for his wonderful playing. He never moved his feet or his eyes while he played. After the concert we were glad to go to an ice cream parlor as it was very hot."

On this occasion also he was accompanied by an array of supporting artists, including again the juvenile Adelina Patti and the famous Strakosch.

After his tour of 1854, Ole Bull did not return to Wisconsin until 1856. He made his first appearance in Madison on July 1 of that year, at the Baptist Church. Adelina Patti was again with him and was featured in the announcement of his coming, which read as follows:

At the Baptist Church
OLE BULL!
Respectfully announces that he will give positively only one
Grand Concert
On Tuesday, July 1st, 1856
Assisted by
Adelina Patti, the Extraordinary Young Prima Donna
Morino, the Eminent Baritone
Schreiber, the Celebrated Cornet Player
Roth, the Distinguished Pianist

For particulars see program

Then followed an elaborate description of the program.

The Madison press appears not to have given much attention to this first arrival of the celebrated musician in the capital city. The *State Journal* of July 2 said merely: "Ole Bull's concert, last evening, was very largely attended and gave great satisfaction. Quite a large number of his countrymen from various parts of the county came in to hear him." The *Express and Democrat* (Madison) July 2, 1856, said: "Ole Bull's concert last evening was fully attended and loudly applauded." The *Weekly Patriot* (Madison) July 5, 1856, said: "Ole Bull's concert was attended by a crowded audience. Ole plays the violin to perfection and Signor Morino sang splendidly, but we have heard little Patti when she was better. She did not do herself justice. Herr Schreiber is the best cornet player in the world. Taken altogether, it was one of the best concerts of the season.[10]

[10] The reference to hearing Patti when she was better goes back to the year before, when she first sang in Madison as a member of the Strakosch troupe before it joined Ole Bull.

The following year, 1857, Ole Bull was again back in Wisconsin and announced a farewell tour. The following notice appeared in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, June 7, 1857:

OLE BULL'S FAREWELL CONCERT

The great violinist, Ole Bull, being about to return to Norway, is giving a series of farewell concerts in many of the cities of the north, and appears here at Albany Hall next week. He has lost none of his wonderful power over his instrument, and we do not doubt that he will be greeted with a good audience.

He appears now to have had a new troupe with him, as shown by the following announcement:

OLE BULL'S FAREWELL CONCERT

The manager of these concerts announces to the city of Milwaukee, that in consequence of Ole Bull having determined upon returning to Norway the ensuing summer, this will be the last opportunity of hearing the great Maestro before his departure from this country. F. Widdows, Manager.

Ole Bull respectfully announces that he will give one grand farewell concert at Albany Hall, Tuesday Evening, June 30, 1857, the vocal portion of which will be in English assisted by the following talent: Mr. Harrison George, the celebrated ballad singer; Mr. H. Horncastle, the great buffo singer; Mr. W. Dreisler, the distinguished pianist and composer. Admission $1.

From Milwaukee, Ole Bull and his troupe came to Madison, where he gave two concerts on July 1 and 2, again at the Baptist Church. Of those who attended these concerts, one at least survives today. C. F. Solberg, now of Milwaukee, then the youthful editor of the Norwegian newspaper *Emigranten*, was present, and recalls that Ole Bull climbed the three flights of stairs, two at a time, to call on him in his little office in the present Sherlock Hotel building. The *State Journal* of July 2, 1857, contained this brief notice of the concert:

Ole Bull Concert. We were unable to be present at the concert of this gentleman last evening, but understand that it was well attended, and gave universal satisfaction. It will be repeated this evening, when no doubt all who were deprived from attending last evening will be on hand. After the conclusion of the concert last evening, a party of admirers, we believe Norwegians, honored the great violinist with a serenade in front of his lodging. This was a compliment well deserved

and, as we are informed, was handsomely bestowed. Ole has many friends in this country.

In August the same year Ole Bull returned to his native Norway, toward which his heart had again mellowed, and he was not to see America again for a decade. Late in 1867 he returned for a concert tour, opening at Chicago. Then in January, 1868, he was again in Madison and from that time forward his fortunes may be said to have been closely associated with Wisconsin, whose social life was lent a dash of glamor by his marriage with Sarah Thorp, one of the fair young daughters of the Badger State, his first wife having died in Norway in 1862. The first Mrs. Bull never visited America.

As a resident of Madison Ole Bull looms on the background of its past as one of the bright figures of its legendary era—the era of great men and cultured women—when such families as the Atwoods, the Fairchilds, Smiths, Gregorys, Vilas', Bascoms, Mains, Morris', Hopkins', and Hobbins' were in active professional and cultural leadership; when the bearded lions of the bar declaimed in the periods of Burke; when social functions were marked by old-school civilities; and when every citizen known at all received at his death a kindly and careful obituary. Ole Bull's visit to Madison in 1868 was a great triumphal event. He and his party arrived on a Saturday evening from Janesville after giving a concert there. At the West Madison station he was met, like some conqueror of old, by a hundred torchbearers, and had to make a speech at once, as he likewise had done at Stoughton. As the sleigh ordered for him had not arrived, he said he would march with his countrymen, and the party paraded up Washington Avenue and around the Capitol Square to the Vilas House. The next day a dinner was given for him at the so-called gymnasium rooms, with Mayor Sanborn presiding, and in the evening a party at the home of B. W. Suckow, his old friend of the Oleana

colony. His coming aroused the liveliest anticipations among citizens. Tickets in the hands of speculators went as high as ten dollars. The city hall was crowded for the opening concert, with Sheriff Main in charge and the city police force acting as ushers. A local paper describes how "the elite and the masses were there," with the governor occupying a private seat in the gallery, while Americans, Germans, Irish, and Norwegians were mingled below, as were broadcloth, silks, and laces with corduroy, homespun, and calico. Between classical numbers the great master delighted his hearers with various national melodies, such as "*Kjaempeslaaten*," "The Arkansas Traveler," and "Annie Laurie."

So great was the success of the first two concerts at Madison, that Ole Bull arranged for two more there and matinees to be given the following Saturday and Sunday. In the meantime the party went to Milwaukee for two concerts and to Beloit for one. At Milwaukee the violin king was welcomed much as he had been in Madison. Said the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of January 22:

> On the arrival of Mr. Bull last evening the same scene was repeated [as at Madison] but on a grander scale. His countrymen to the number of several hundred assembled at the Prairie du Chien depot with a brass band and torches. They then escorted him to the Newhall House, the band playing meanwhile the national airs of Norway. Arrived at the Newhall House Mr. Bull mounted the balcony and addressed them briefly in his national tongue. He closed by a patriotic reference to the free institutions of America, proposing three cheers for the United States, which were heartily given. Three cheers were then given for Ole Bull, and the company dispersed.

The receipts of the five concerts at Madison were $1775, "something unprecedented in the history of public entertainments here," said a local newspaper. From Madison the party went to Whitewater for a concert.

After his great triumphal reception in 1868, Ole Bull did not return to the capital city until the autumn of 1870, when he came with his youthful Madison bride. Early in

the same year he had been in California, where the daughter of the Norwegian consul at San Francisco had crowned him at a festival.[11] A Wisconsin incident of the same spring may here be noted. On March 26, 1870, Ole Bull gave a concert in Racine. In anticipation of his coming the Danish society of the city, and other citizens, led by the city brass band, and bearing American, Norwegian, and Danish flags, marched to the station and escorted him to the Congress Hall Hotel. An address of welcome and a song followed, to which Ole Bull made a heartfelt and typical response which may be translated as follows:

> We can meet with greater freedom here than in our native land. It may be deplored that as Northmen we must assemble on a foreign soil, but fortunately it is in a land where freedom has reached a higher development. But old Norway is moving forward on the road to freedom and I hope will attain its goal without revolution. Popular intelligence will now achieve what formerly it took revolution to accomplish. Soon the millennial of Norway will occur, the day when Norway a thousand years ago was formed into a strong, independent power under Harald Haarfagre at the great battle at Hafrsfjord in 872. . . . Again I thank you, my honored countrymen, for the undeserved tribute you have paid me, at which, however, I rejoice, as it gives me proof that you thereby honor Norway, your own nationality and yourselves, and when I return to Norway where I hope to be May 17, I shall greet our people and tell them of my hearty reception at Racine.

A long report of this Racine reception, together with an account of the memorable "send-off" later given him by distinguished citizens of New York, and rapturous tributes

[11] Ole Bull was twice to have the experience of being publicly crowned. The following notice of the California incident is from the *Alta*, March 5, 1870: "Farewell Concert. . . . When Ole Bull had finished the last piece set down for him on the programme, a beautiful young lady (daughter of the Norwegian Consul) stepped on the stage and placed on his head a laurel wreath made of gold and set with pearls and diamonds. General Cobb made the presentation speech (very flowery) on behalf of General Johnson (Consul General of Norway) and the Norwegian and American friends of Ole Bull who . . . crowned him 'monarch in the realms of music.' The wreath contains thirty-six pearls, one at the point of each leaf, and a monogram (O. B.) in diamonds, with the inscription 'Presented to Ole Bull, March 4th, 1870,' beneath the coat-of-arms of California. On the outside of the case is inscribed: 'To Ole Bull, from his California friends as a slight token of their affectionate regard, San Francisco, March 4, 1870.'" It was made by Lemme Brothers at the cost of $1000. It now reposes in the museum at Bergen.

The second crowning occurred at Florence, Italy, in 1874, a good account of which is given in the introduction to R. B. Anderson's translation of *The Spell-Bound Fiddler*, by Kristofer Janson.

from New York journals were published in a Bergen newspaper on the great musician's arrival in Norway.

The news of his marriage to the youthful Sarah Thorp (born 1850), daughter of the wealthy lumberman J. G. Thorp, aroused the liveliest interest on the part of his Madison friends. According to one story, Ole Bull had met Sarah Thorp when she was a small child at one of his concerts in Washington, to which her mother had taken her, but Professor R. B. Anderson says in his autobiography that he introduced the Thorps to Ole Bull at a reception given for the violinist when he came to Madison to give a concert in January, 1868. Mrs. Thorp cultivated the acquaintance of the great artist, and when he went to Norway the following year she and her daughter followed him and were entertained by him in his native home. Miss Thorp was then scarcely more than eighteen years of age, and while not particularly handsome was very bright and clever, a fine pianist, dancer, and conversationalist; in short, thoroughly accomplished, like her mother. Gossips became busy at the turn affairs were taking, and therefore were not surprised to learn that Ole Bull's marriage to the young Madison girl had been privately solemnized at the American consulate in Christiania on June 1, 1870. In the autumn the bridal pair returned to America, and on the evening of September 6 the marriage in Norway was sanctioned in accordance with American custom, at the Thorp mansion, the Reverend C. H. Richards of the First Congregational Church performing the ceremony.

To celebrate the union of their daughter with the great musician, the Thorps on September 22 gave a reception which still holds its place in memory as the leading social event in the history of the executive residence, if not of the capital city. Over a thousand invitations were sent to all parts of this country and Europe, and many people of prominence were present besides the social set of Madison.

The poet Longfellow and other notables sent regrets. The beautiful grounds were gaily illuminated for the event and the residence was turned into a bower of loveliness through the art of florists and decorators. A carpet was laid from the doorstep to the street, that the guests might not soil their footwear in passing in. The gowns worn by the ladies were more elegant than any that had ever before been seen in the city. A further tone was given the occasion by Ole Bull himself receiving the guests with the beaming courtliness for which he was famous. The dining-hall was a scene of great splendor. A Chicago caterer with a corps of assistants came to serve the feast without regard to expense. He brought with him his famous dinner set worth $30,000, and the guests that night ate from solid silver plates and drank from solid silver cups. An immense punch bowl, also of solid silver, was a conspicuous part of the set. At either end of the table was a large frosted cake, with the Norwegian and American coats-of-arms, respectively. Ices of various forms were a feature, and a superb epergne with rare flowers ornamented the center of the table. A Chicago orchestra was also imported to furnish music. One of the interesting personages present was Joe Thorp, brother of the bride. He was then a mere lad, but later became a member of the famous Harvard baseball team and a great social lion. Afterwards he was to marry one of Longfellow's daughters.

What Mrs. Bull herself said of the marriage may here be quoted:

> A still closer tie was soon to bind him to the United States, the country which seemed already his by adoption. In Madison, Wisconsin, in the winter of 1868, Ole Bull first made the acquaintance which resulted in his second marriage. He took a kindly interest in the musical studies of his friend there, and later in New York. To others this delightful relation of teacher, adviser and friend seemed the only one permissible, but he wrote, "Other than human powers have decided my fate. The sunbeams I shut out, but the sun itself I could not annihilate."

The marriage was delayed in deference to the wishes of others, for many months, but without resulting in a modification of their fears concerning the disparity of years and other conditions. It was later decided to have a private marriage. This was consummated in Norway and publicly announced and confirmed on the return to the United States three months later, in the autumn of 1870.

For some years Ole Bull made the Thorp residence his home when he was not absent on concert tours, and he gave considerable attention to the beautification of the grounds. In the embankment leading to the lake he caused a series of terraces to be built in the Norwegian style, resembling a mountain road, traces of which can still be seen. Croquet parties were then a feature of outdoor life and many spirited contests were held on the grounds, as well as aquatic contests on the lake near by. Ole Bull was a genial host who entertained and delighted his many visitors with wonderful and amusing tales of travel, anecdotes of celebrities he had met, and when the spirit moved him, with selections upon his violin, naturally the greatest of treats.

Ole Bull was not above mingling socially with his countrymen, whatever their walks in life, as shown in numerous instances. Thus one evening during his last year in Madison, while strolling around the Capitol Square, he heard the sound of music and dancing above him. Inquiring as to its cause and being told it was a Norwegian wedding celebration, he bounded up the stairs, and being warmly welcomed he played several numbers, to the great delight of the dancers and the bridal pair, whose wedding was thus given a glamor which has become traditionalized. Before departing for Norway in 1873 he invited the Norwegians of Madison to a free concert given by him in the courthouse. It was at such intimate appearances before his countrymen that Ole Bull often revealed the fine and child-like sides of his nature. On such occasions when roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, they would frequently call for this or that

native air, some fierce and wild *halling*, some unearthly fantasy of the *Mollargutten* (the miller boy), or some of his own descriptive compositions. To these calls he would respond with encore after encore. It was natural that in such gatherings also he could make clearer with words his descriptive touches—the sounds of bells and their far-off echoes, the distant lowing of cattle in the mountains, and the booming call of the *Storstuten* (bull). H. L. Skavlem of Janesville, who attended, with his fiancée, the concert given by Bull in Beloit in 1868, recalls particularly, to this day, the hush which entranced the audience when he reproduced the soughing sound of the waterfall. "The proverbial pin could then have been heard in its drop," says Mr. Skavlem. Frequently his somewhat sceptical hearers would doubt the possibility of one player alone producing such effects as he did, and were certain that he had concealed confederates assisting him. Mr. Bjorn Holland of Hollandale says this occurred at a Madison concert he attended, where several of his hearers walked out, believing it was a fake Ole Bull who appeared before them and that he was not alone in producing the music they heard. Such things amused Ole Bull, as did the occasional remark of some fellow fiddler, unappreciative of classical music, that he or some friend of his could play as well or better.

Rasmus B. Anderson, who was Ole Bull's protégé and most intimate friend while the violinist lived in Madison, has devoted several chapters in his autobiography to Ole Bull as he knew him and to his relations with him. To a degree he covers the period of Bull's life in Madison. To conserve space, the writer of this article will encroach only casually upon the ground covered by Dr. Anderson. These chapters relate, for instance, to Ole Bull's visit to Madison in 1868, to his second marriage and his home life in Madison, to his concert in aid of the University library in 1872, to

Ole Bull's visit to the little town of Moscow in 1873, and to the trips made by Ole Bull and Dr. Anderson to Norway in 1872 and again in 1873, to the Leif Erickson monument, etc.—to all of which the reader is referred in the Anderson autobiography.

From 1870 to 1880 Ole Bull may be said to have had three homes—in Madison, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Norway—at all of which he spent some time when not on concert tours. On May 17, 1872, he gave his notable concert in the Assembly Chamber in aid of a Scandinavian library at the University of Wisconsin—a great official and social event—and on May 31, 1873, he gave the first concert at Cambridge, Wisconsin, in aid of the Leif Erickson monument. Other concerts for this fund were given at Fort Atkinson, Stoughton, Madison, Prairie du Chien, McGregor and Decorah, Iowa, and La Crosse. The original idea was that this monument should be built at Madison at a cost of $10,000 and be unveiled in 1876, the centennial of American independence. In his enthusiasm Ole Bull declared that he would have the poet Bjornson present to deliver the unveiling oration and that a cantata, written by Bjornson and set to music by Edward Grieg, would be presented. Accordingly after giving eight concerts in this country, Ole Bull and Professor Anderson went to Norway and with the aid of Bjornson gave a number of concerts there—at Bergen, Stavanger, Haugesund, Christiansand, and Christiania. But funds were slow in coming in, and it was not until Ole Bull gave a concert in Boston on December 8, 1876, and inspired an eastern committee to take up the work, that the monument was finally unveiled there November 29, 1887. The statue was the work of Anne Whitney, who died in Boston in 1915, aged ninety-three. A replica of this statue stands in Juneau Park, Milwaukee, the gift of Mrs. Joseph T. Gilbert, a relative of Mrs. Bull.

In 1874 Ole Bull was traveling in Europe or at his

home in Norway, but in 1876 he returned to America to be present at the centennial celebration. Previous to that time he had observed his sixty-sixth birthday, February 5, 1876, by climbing to the top of the pyramid at Cheops and playing an air on his violin. Going to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Bull leased the house of James Russell Lowell, then minister to England. The following winter they returned to Madison for a stay of a few months.

Soon after his return to Madison on this occasion, a number of his friends invited him to appear in a complimentary concert to raise funds for an art gallery at the University. A laudatory letter was sent him which closed as follows:

> Congratulating you upon the honors that have recently been bestowed upon you in Boston and upon the success that has crowned your efforts in securing the proper recognition of the claims of your country, to the honor of first discovering America, and again extending you a hearty *Velkommen*, we remain, Very respectfully yours.

This was signed by twenty-nine leading citizens of Madison, among those still living being John B. Parkinson, Rasmus B. Anderson, and L. S. Hanks. It also contained the following postscript:

> The undersigned, temporarily residing at the Capital City, earnestly join in the request extended to the distinguished gentleman for the purpose named.—Signed, H. Ludington, Governor; Charles D. Parker, Lieutenant Governor; Peter Doyle, Secretary of State; Ferdinand Kuehn, State Treasurer; Edward Searing, State Superintendent; W. H. Hunner, President pro tem of the Senate; J. B. Cassoday, Speaker of the Assembly.

Of these signers Mr. Parker still survives. Mr. Bull's characteristic reply to this letter follows:

> MADISON, January 31, 1877.
>
> *To His Excellency, Governor Ludington and Others.*
>
> GENTLEMEN:
>
> The wreath of illustrious names representing the high standing of this great state of the republic, greeting my wife and myself with so cordial a welcome to our American home, is received by me with pro-

found gratitude. I shall also feel a most lively interest in our beautiful city of the lakes with her fine institutions of learning and benevolence. Your warm sympathy expressed in my ardent endeavour to commemorate the inseparable brotherhood entwining this mighty nation and my own beloved country in the recognition of our just claim to the honor of the first discovery by Norsemen, who were for a period of about three hundred years settlers of this continent, is of the greatest value, coming as it does from a people who have given so many of the half million Norsemen now in this country, an uninterrupted hospitality. Although here to rest from my professional work, I shall have the honor of playing for you and will immediately make the necessary arrangements, the time of which will soon be announced. Believe me, gentlemen, Your obedient servant,

OLE BULL.

This concert was given on the evening of February 16, 1877, in the Congregational Church and evoked columns of laudation in the Madison press. Among the pieces played by Bull in the concert were, "The Mountains of Norway," "Home Sweet Home," and his own celebrated "Carnival of Venice." The concert netted $100 for the University art fund.

Another project which enlisted his interest just before this time is less generally known. This was the movement for a monument to Harald Haarfagre (the fair-haired) who brought all Norway under his rule in 872. In 1869 a committee in Norway began raising a millennial fund for a statue to King Harald to be unveiled in 1872. Ole Bull was prevailed upon to take charge of the American collection.[12] In a recent magazine article, August Reymert of New York, a nephew of James D. Reymert, previously mentioned, says of this venture:

In March, 1870, Ole Bull visited San Francisco and also New York on his way to Norway and was greatly pleased at his artistic triumphs. In New York he became acquainted with a Norwegian artist, Hans Balling, who had been an officer in the Civil War, and who at Ole Bull's suggestion made a sketch of the proposed statue. This sketch was photographed on postcards and on the reverse side was a line for

[12] Ole Bull was opposed to building a monument on Harald's grave at Haugesund. He proposed instead the building of a lighthouse at Stavanger to serve the double purpose of a monument and a beacon, and had such a sketch made by Mr. Balling. However, his suggestion was not accepted and he therefore lost further interest in it.

Ole Bull's signature. These cards were to be sold to Norwegians in the United States for one dollar each and the proceeds appropriated to the monument fund.

The headquarters of the fund were in the office of my uncle, James D. Reymert, 132 Nassau Street, New York. My uncle was a friend of Ole Bull's from earlier Wisconsin days. I worked in my uncle's office and so became well acquainted with Ole Bull.

I remember well how the world-renowned violinist sat in our office and wrote his name upon hundreds of these cards. Great piles of them lay before him waiting his signature. One day he turned to me and said: "I haven't time to sit here all day and write my name. I must go to my room at the Westmoreland Hotel and practice on my violin. I must give a concert tonight before a critical audience in the Academy of Music, and this steady writing is making my fingers stiff. I beg you, my boy, as my amanuensis to write my name on these cards. Here is a letter from the committee in San Francisco asking for 2000 of them. Please see that they get them."

Believe me, I soon became expert as an amanuensis. The cards were sent all over America.[13] What the total receipts were I do not remember, but a great stream of dollars and good wishes flowed from the Norwegian homes in America for the monument at Haugesund.

Writing afterwards of Ole Bull as he appeared at this time, William Welch of Minneapolis, an early Madison lawyer, said:

Ole Bull was of a genial and considerate nature, as gentle and as kind as the first blush of young ambition in life's career. When we first met him in a social way,

> "Age sat with decent grace upon his visage,
> And worthily became his silver locks."

His violin and bow had kept his spirits young; and after rounding out his scriptural term of life, he laid it down, and became a bright particular star in the musical world, the light of which radiates from the frosty mountain's peak, and glints from the silvery sides of floating fields of Arctic ice. The latter years of his life were not cloudless—for it was decreed from the beginning that if love's young dream leads captive tottering age, a thorn is planted in the nuptial pillow which laughs at Nature's gentle surgery in the effort to extract it. Peace, rest! he has found it; he left no enemies—only admiring friends.

Ole Bull's period in Madison had its literary associations as well as social interests. In fact, the musician is revealed at this time as incipient author. Kristofer Janson, the distinguished Norwegian poet and preacher, tells in his

[13] Alexander Bull, son of Ole Bull, stated that he also signed such cards in New York.

memoirs published in 1913, of meeting at Madison in 1879 with his old friend Ole Bull. An interesting letter written by Bull from Madison is given by Janson, containing, among others, these paragraphs:[14]

> I am living as you see among *skrellings*, but hope we may be able to convert them, not by killing them, nor by selling them red cloth, nor yet by bellowing like a taurus (bull), but by playing Leif, Thorwald, Thorstein, and Thorfinn into them and thus civilizing them, just as we put music and tones into a violin. I leave this evening for New York on a concert tour of about twenty concerts, and on May 1 leave for Bergen.
>
> I am writing now a little book to be called *The Soul of the Violin*, in which my theories as to its various forms of construction and handling are set forth in fundamental and popular form. If only I could hasten along with the work!
>
> Our mutual friend and fellow fighter here in the city, Prof. Rasmus Anderson, handed me your *Spell-bound Fiddler*. It was like a basket of freshly-plucked mountain berries, so generous in the portion devoted to me, so *en rapport* with the pain I have experienced for many, many years at seeing our own Norway trodden under foot, shamed and scorned by the so-called conservers of civilization.

Janson said Ole Bull in 1879 was like his old self—buoyant, with a snatch of mischief still, and still a glowing patriot and "Scandinavian hater." Janson relates that he had given an address one evening in which he had used the expression, "My Scandinavian Friends." The next day Ole Bull took him to task and asked him in his broadest Bergensk dialect: "Who was it to whom you spoke yesterday? Scandinavians? What kind of people are they? I don't know them. Possibly they inhabit the moon?"

The musician's death the following year was to call forth from Janson's pen his beautiful poem on Ole Bull—one of many like tributes in verse.

Being of a generous, social, and democratic nature, Ole Bull mingled freely and familiarly with his neighbors and fellow townsmen during the period of his residence in

[14] The date, February 24, 1876, of the letter cited by Janson is probably incorrect, as Ole Bull was in Egypt in February, 1876, according to Mrs. Bull's memoir.

Madison. As stated by Professor Anderson in his autobiography, he gave frequent receptions and entertainments at his home. He was also fond of billiards and cards and built a billiard hall on his lawn, where he spent much time playing billiards with his neighbors. Through this and other forms of exercise he retained his fine physical condition and his mastery of the bow. Bennie Butts, now messenger in the State Historical Library, who conducted a barber shop in Madison at the time and who also often assisted at social affairs at the Bull home, says that Ole Bull often came to his shop to be shaved and that frequently, to get the exercise, he would run all the way from his home (the present executive residence) to Butts's shop on the Capitol Square. In contrast with this picture is another recalled by Andrew C. Nielson, who as a boy greatly admired the renowned musician and used to sit behind the bushes near the Bull home and listen to his playing. Mr. Nielson says that sometimes Ole Bull would come down town for a walk around the Capitol Square. His majestic, erect figure crowned by his snow-white locks, his long, tightly-buttoned coat, his alert, dignified stride, his geniality, made him a most striking figure and his appearance caused a stir as might that of some visitor from a strange land. He was so beset by friends and so fond of chatting with them, that frequently it took him several hours to make the circuit of the Capitol Park. Children trooped at his heels as though he were a second pied piper—a rôle he might well have played had he chosen to bring forth his own magic instrument.

As has already been stated, Ole Bull did not complete the process of naturalization, and perhaps never voted in this country. However, he took much interest in public affairs and early in June, 1872, before starting for Norway, he accompanied Governor Fairchild and the Wisconsin delegation to the Republican national convention at

Philadelphia, in the palace-car chartered by the chairman, E. W. Keyes. The *State Journal* said: "Ole Bull, the distinguished violinist, who is a warm Grant man, is with the party and will contribute to the pleasure of the journey." From the convention the party went to Washington and paid its respects to Grant and Wilson, the nominees. Ole Bull was no more averse to making public speeches than he was to playing, and on occasions displayed the power and charm of the orator.

What may perhaps be said to have been Ole Bull's last appearance in Wisconsin before any considerable or notable company of people was that at the Thorp residence in Madison in October, 1879, on the occasion of the seventh annual congress of the American Association for the Advancement of Women. This congress brought to Madison a large number of distinguished women, many of whom had known Ole Bull in the East. The violinist and Mrs. Bull had just returned to Madison from abroad, and a reception by them was an attractive part of the week's program. The sessions of the women's congress were brought to a delightful close at the present executive residence, then occupied by the Thorps and Mr. and Mrs. Bull. Reuben G. Thwaites, later secretary of the State Historical Society, then on the staff of the *Wisconsin State Journal*, devoted over a column of space in the paper to the reception, referring to Ole Bull in part as follows:

> At the conclusion of the evening session in the assembly chamber, the congress, with its entertainers and other friends, wended its way to the elegant residence of Mrs. J. G. Thorp. Here in the spacious and noble drawing room, recently refitted in exquisite taste, the ladies were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Thorp and her son, J. G. Thorp, Jr. Not far away the Apollo-like form of Mr. Ole Bull lifted his massive head and noble face above the crowd where he and his accomplished wife gave their hearty welcome to the guests. After a few moments of social greeting and chat a few chords on the piano threw an expectant hush over the company, and with all his old fire and marvelous skill of manipulation, Ole Bull held them spell-bound with his "Sicilian Tarantella," his wife admirably accompanying him on the piano. . . .

Nobody ever gets enough of Mr. Bull's playing, so he gratified the company by giving his wonderful variations on the "Carnival of Venice."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe of Boston was also present and, according to R. B. Anderson, recited her poem "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The winter of 1879-80 was to be Ole Bull's last, though this fact was little suspected by him or anyone else. He seemed still almost in the prime of life. On his return from abroad the newspapers of New York printed columns of interviews with him, while a Madison journalist of the time wrote:[15]

Were it not that his hair is as white as the snow that falls from heaven the most careful observer of Mr. Bull's face and physique would say that he is not by a decade and a half as near the three-score-and-ten mile post as he really is. His towering frame is as straight as an arrow; his soft gray eyes light up with youthful fire and the grasp of his strong hand is as firm and hearty as a half-century ago. . . . Fame rests upon him lightly. One forgets Ole Bull, the worthy wearer of Paganini's crown, when talking with Ole Bull, the man. Suggest to him some phase of European politics, some evidence of the coming disenthralldom of thought and the establishment of liberal constitutional government, and the musician gives place to the enlightened and progressive statesman. Let him discourse in his animated, impetuous, yet candid and fearless manner on the recent splendid triumph of republicanism in France and you instinctively begin to speculate upon the resources of the protean intellect this man must possess.

On the seventieth birthday of the musician, February 5, 1880, while the Bulls were living in the James Russell Lowell home at Cambridge, he was made the victim of a surprise party by a group of distinguished friends, a delightful account of which is given in Mrs. Bull's memoir. In the fine simplicity of his nature, wrote Mr. Appleton in this account, Ole Bull was entirely unconscious of the plot and in due season

felt that he had but one thing to do, to reply to the spoken and silent messages of good will in the language he loved best—the one most suited to the occasion. And standing in our midst, his snowy hair falling forward across his bent and sympathetic face, he bade his violin

[15] *Madison Democrat*, February 5, 1879.

speak for him. He played with his whole heart an answer, a swan-song of melody, on which, as upon a great river, we were carried away into dreamland, into Valhalla and the halls of Odin. A distinguished artist answered the violin with a voice into which was gathered the responsive, cordial enthusiasm of all and Ole Bull's fête was accomplished. . . . Mr. Longfellow proposed the health and happiness of Ole Bull, which was drunk in a silence meaning more than words.

Thus ended a happy evening, a memorable birthday, sacred now as the last communion of love and music between the poet of the north and that throng which could have been multiplied a hundred times over if all those who have held in dear regard the great artist could have found admittance to that little room.

However, a deadly malady had seized upon him, whose fatal character was not realized until after a slow and painful voyage back to Norway, for which country he sailed June 30, accompanied by his wife and other relatives, where he passed away at his beloved Lysoen on August 18, 1880, in his seventy-first year.

There are several Ole Bulls in the world's historical eye, but two types are quite distinct. In the memory and imagination of the world he exists as a great and wonderful artist of surpassing charm. In the hearts and memories of his countrymen he lives rather as a great patriot and democrat. Although taking a just pride in his fame as an artist, they think of him primarily as a man, a lover of his kind, and their own great champion and interpreter. Ole Bull delighted to please with his art, but felt that this was merely incidental to his call to serve. To many of us the word "freedom" has become a hackneyed term, but to the awakened Norwegian patriots of a century ago, as to the English poets of that period, it was more than a mere literary term; it was a holy passion. The joyous expansion of the spirit of liberty following the American and French revolutions found expression in the sublimated strains of northern poets as well when Norway threw off its sleep of four centuries. In the sudden new shout of freedom in the north, Henrik Wergeland's became the great resounding voice, and Ole Bull may be said to have been an intellectual

child of Wergeland's. "Patriotism was the mainspring of his life," said Bjornson, "and freedom the soul of his ideal." "Ole Olson Viol, Norse Norman from Norway," he once proudly announced himself to a royal presence.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

WILLIAM A. TITUS

CALUMET, ON THE OLD FORT DEARBORN TRAIL[1]

With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough.
Oliver Wendell Holmes

There is in the State Historical Library at Madison a rare pamphlet bearing date of December 1, 1817, which is a military report to Major General Brown of Detroit by Judge Advocate Samuel A. Storrow.[2] From the text of this document it appears that Judge Storrow had been directed to make an inspection for the government of certain military posts and other points of interest in what is now Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Starting from Detroit, he proceeded to Mackinac Island, the rapids or "Sault" of the St. Mary River, Green Bay, Calumet, Milwaukee, Chicago, South Bend, Fort Defiance, Fort Meigs, and thence back to Detroit. Our present interest in this narrative lies in the fact that it contains the first historic account of the Menominee Indian community on the east shore of Lake Winnebago, known as Calumet or Pipe Village.

Judge Storrow arrived at Green Bay September 19, 1817. He mentions the fact that Major Zachary Taylor (the future hero of the Mexican War and president of the United States) was in command of the Green Bay post, and that during his three days' stay at the post the major proved a courteous and hospitable host. He describes the difficult journey from Green Bay to Lake Winnebago with only

[1] In collecting the material for this article, the writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Joseph Schafer, superintendent of the State Historical Society; to Dr. Louise P. Kellogg, of the research department of the State Historical Society; and to Irma Hochstein, of the Legislative Reference Library.

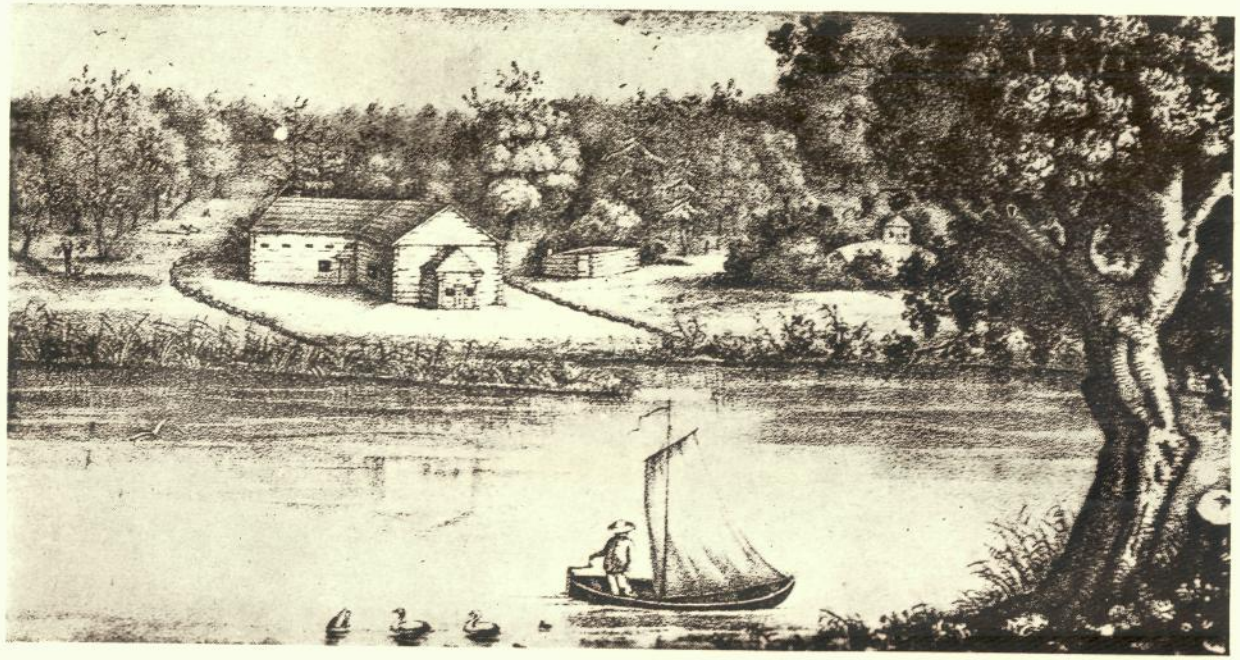
[2] Reprinted in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vi, 154-187.

the Menominee chief, Tomah, as a guide, and a single soldier from the post, who led his pack horse. Skirting the east shore of the great inland lake, they arrived at Calumet on the twenty-fifth, where Chief Tomah, finding it necessary to return to Green Bay, agreed to secure another Indian guide for the traveler and his soldier attendant. As Judge Storrow was the first white man to visit and describe this village of the Folles Avoines,[3] it is well to quote from his report: "The Lake lay before it on one side, and on the other the prairie, rising with a gentle acclivity from the margin of the water. The spot was well chosen for beauty, warmth, and fertility. There was nothing about it that indicated a recent commencement. The grounds bore marks of long cultivation, and the few trees that were left standing seemed as if distributed for ornament and shade. The village has received the name of Calumet; it consists of about 150 souls, and has rarely been visited by whites, except a few *voyageurs* on their way to the Ouisconsin.

"At our approach the villagers poured from their cabins, and gave a general shout, from the unwonted sight (as I supposed) of a white. Tomay, the guide,[4] was received with kindness, and his introduction procured what I supposed to be the same for myself. But as their unrelaxing features, coldness and taciturnity, would indicate anything rather than courtesy, it required the fullest conviction both of his and their intentions to enable me to place such civility to its proper account. I seated myself on the grass and was surrounded by the whole population of Calumet, the men eyeing me with contemptuous indifference, the females and children with a restless and obtrusive curiosity.

"The distribution of tobacco among the former, and vermillion, salt, thread, and needles, among the latter, led to a better understanding, and a reciprocity of good offices.

[3] This is the French of the name "Menominee," both words meaning wild rice.
[4] Tomah, or Tomay, represents the French pronunciation of the name "Thomas." For a sketch of this chief, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xviii, 446.



HOME OF CARL DE HAAS, CALUMET HARBOR, LAKE WINNEBAGO

Tomay was to leave me at this place after furnishing me with another guide; a business that could not be performed before the accomplishment of all the ceremonies of introduction. I was therefore ushered between the arms of two dingy brethren, to a small lodge, where we formed a circle, smoked out of the same pipe, which went the rounds from mouth to mouth, and eat from a large kettle of wild rice placed in the midst of us. Our repast was made without the utterance of a single word, and I know not how long the silence and uncomfortable posture in which I sat might have continued, had I not made signs to Tomay, that I wished to make a general visit to the lodges, and then depart. In this visit I found nothing more than I had seen among nations from whom I had expected less. Sloth, filth, and indifference to the goods or ills of life, form the same characteristics of the remote Indians, as of those nearer to us. The similarity of traits is radical; disparity of situation makes but accidental shades. Necessity gives to the foresters an energy, which contact with the whites takes from the lower tribes. They present fewer instances of helplessness, petty vices, and premature decay from intemperance; but substitute in their stead the grosser and more unrelenting features of barbarism.

"In the different cabins, the right of proprietorship seems well understood, but in none were there more goods than were requisite for immediate use; and such food as did not serve for the day, was generally trampled under foot. They seemed affectionate to their children, who were to a peculiar degree sprightly and handsome. The younger women possess good features, but wither at an early age, from the smoke of the cabins and hard labor in the fields.

"While I had been feasting in the lodge, my man had received food in the field, where he sat an object of the wonder of all the children of the village. Tomay had

procured me two guides, no one being willing to undertake the task alone, from fear of the Winnebagoes. I now prepared to depart, and endured the too affectionate embrace of Tomay and a large portion of his tribe; the black and red testimonials of which were left on my cheek. After this operation, from which the sisterhood were excluded, I departed with my two guides and attendant, amidst the shouts of the village."

It must be kept in mind that the Indian village of Calumet was not located where either of the present villages, Calumet Harbor or Calumetville, now stands. The aboriginal village was on the northeast quarter of section twenty-seven, contiguous to the lake shore and just north of the inlet that forms the harbor. The site is now used in summer as a boy scout camp.

In 1829 we get our next brief glimpse of the Pipe Village of the aborigines. In that year James Duane Doty and Morgan L. Martin, accompanied by Alexander Grignon and a Menominee Indian named Wistweaw, made the journey from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien on horseback. They followed along the east shore of Winnebago the same trail that had been used by Storrow a dozen years before, until they came to the Calumet region. From this point Storrow had passed in a southeasterly direction through the present town of Empire on his way to Milwaukee, while Doty and Martin record that they passed near to Fond du Lac, but did not visit the Fond du Lac villages because of the known hostility of the Winnebago warriors. In Martin's narrative of this journey[5] he states that they skirted the Menominee village of Calumet but did not enter it. This brief reference has a distinct value inasmuch as it shows that the village was still inhabited by the Indians in 1829.

Henry Merrell states in his narrative[6] that in 1834 he

[5] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xi, 399-400.
[6] *Ibid.*, vii, 372.

stopped at an Indian "encampment" in the Calumet region, and it is a reasonable supposition that this was Pipe Village, unless perchance he came across a temporary encampment of Indians. If this old Indian village was still inhabited in the early part of 1834, it must have been abandoned soon after, as the government surveyors reported in the autumn of 1834 that the villages at Calumet, Taycheedah, and Fond du Lac were all without inhabitants.

Deputy Surveyor A. G. Ellis, writing in November, 1834, says:

> This fractional township [Calumet] must be considered as first-rate and valuable land. It consists almost wholly of extensive oak openings, and dry and wet prairies. The soil is first-rate—a mixture of red loam and black sand. Its position gives it an additional value. The stream entering at Pipe Village, though small and barred at the mouth, is nevertheless large enough for a harbor for boats; and a small pier at the mouth would deepen the water so that it might be entered. The banks are high and beautiful, and Pipe Village is a beautiful site.

Again it must be remembered that the "Pipe Village" referred to was the native site, as neither of the present-day villages existed in 1834. It is more likely that the surveyor referred to the abandoned site of Pipe Village than to an actual community of Indians.

In the above description by Ellis, we have the first reference to the picturesque inlet from the lake which forms Calumet Harbor. From his description it is apparent that subsequent improvements by the government have not greatly altered the outlines of the inlet. Probably the mole extends farther into the lake, on account of the deposit of material dredged from the outer channel. It is quite likely also that the north bank of the harbor was raised considerably by similar means, and that the inner basin was widened as well as deepened.

In 1837 Captain Frederick Marryat, the well-known English author, passed through Calumet on his journey from Green Bay to Fond du Lac, Fort Winnebago (Portage),

and Prairie du Chien. With the eye of an artist and the skill of a successful writer, he told in one of his books,[7] after his return to England, of the wondrous beauty of the Calumet region as one looked southward over the oak openings to the Fond du Lac prairie in the distance. He likened this vista to the park region of his native country, and stated that nature had done here what it had taken centuries for man to do in England. His party camped for a night near the site of the old Pipe Village of the Menominee Indians, and he later wrote his impressions of the spot as follows:

> I never saw a more beautiful view than that which was afforded us from our encampment. From the high ground upon which our tents were pitched, we looked down to the left upon a prairie flat and level as a billiard table, extending, as far as the eye could scan, one rich surface of unrivalled green. To the right the prairie gradually changed to oak openings, and then to a thick forest, the topmost boughs and heads of which were level with our tents. Beyond them was the whole broad expanse of the Winnebago lake, smooth and reflecting like a mirror the brilliant tints of the setting sun, which disappeared, leaving a portion of his glory behind him; while the moon in her ascent, with the dark portion of her disk as clearly defined as that which was lighted gradually increased in brilliancy, and the stars twinkled in the clear sky. We watched the features of the landscape gradually fading from our sight, until nothing was left but broad masses partially lighted up by the young moon.

The first actual settler in the Calumet region was the Reverend George White, who came from Green Bay in 1837. For years he conducted a general store near Calumet Harbor, in which was later located the post office. He traded with the Brothertowns, who had settled habitations, and with the roving bands of Indians whose home was where night overtook them; all considered him their friend. He also acted as agent in purchasing lands for some of the early German settlers, and ever after spoke highly of them for their thrift and integrity. Soon after the arrival of Mr. White, other pioneers followed, among whom was a group of German immigrants who settled during this

[7] *Diary in America*, of which the Wisconsin portion is printed in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, 137-154.

early period near Calumetville on the northern boundary of the town. These hardy settlers wrote to their kinsfolk across the sea, thus spreading in Germany the story of this western Utopia where great areas of fertile soil could be purchased at low prices, and where the owner of a few acres was his own master and lord of his own domain. John Mentis, one of the early settlers in Calumet, wrote for the German newspapers the story of his experiences in the then "far west," and told of the opportunities here for his discontented countrymen who still lingered in the Old World. Thus began the great influx of Germans which continued for the next thirty or forty years and made Calumet a German town. That these pioneers, their children, and their children's children have made good is evidenced by the most casual inspection of their broad and fertile acres, their neat and comfortable farm homes, and their capacious barns. For thrift, energy, and strict attention to the details of farming, the people of Calumet today stand in the front rank of rural communities in Wisconsin.

A letter written by an emigrant from Wesel was published in the *Barmer Zeitung* in 1846 or the early part of 1847. It attracted the attention of Carl de Haas, who determined to cross over to America and visit the Calumet region in Wisconsin. He arrived in Calumet on July 26, 1847, purchased some land, and spent about three months in the German colony before he began to write a work entitled *Nordamerica, Wisconsin, Calumet. Winke für Auswanderer*, in which he told in an entertaining manner of his travels and experiences, and his impressions of the new country. The introduction is dated at Calumet, October 27, 1847. The work was published in two volumes at Elberfeld, Germany, in 1848-49. This, probably more than any other piece of literature, gave to prospective emigrants a knowledge of Wisconsin. There is a copy of this rare work

in the State Historical Library, but so far as the writer is aware, it has never been translated into English.[8] By courtesy of Dr. Joseph Schafer, superintendent of the State Historical Society, an excellent typewritten translation of a portion of the work has been placed in the hands of the writer for use in connection with this article. Only brief portions of the work can be quoted within the limits of this story; they indicate the literary style as well as the keen observation and enthusiasm of the pioneer farmer author.

"On the evening of July 25 we reached Fond du Lac (the chief city in the county of like name), and the next day went on foot to the settlement of Calumet, lying fourteen English miles north.

"The neighborhood around Milwaukee made no particularly favorable impression on us; but as soon as we went farther inland the appearance changed: billowing fields of wheat, whose stalks could scarcely bear the heavy-laden ears, cornfields whose broad-leaved blooming stems waved over our heads, alternated with the most glorious woods, for the most part thick-stemmed oaks. Herds of the finest cattle were on the rich natural pasture lands; pretty log houses could be seen all over through the trees and grain, and in front of them worked farmers with cheerful faces lighted with the joy of life, and veritable herds of children, domestic animals, poultry, pigs, and so forth, were playing. . . .

"The pretty town of Fond du Lac is also in a large prairie, which, however, with its high grass, has hitherto been used only as cattle pasture. Fond du Lac is at the

[8] We are indebted to W. H. Rueping, of the Fred Rueping Leather Company at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, who also owns a copy of the book, for suggesting the publication of a translation of the same to Mr. Titus. Mr. Rueping's maternal ancestors, the Burgs and Thuerwachters, were among the earliest settlers in the Calumet region, in the wilderness on the east shore of Lake Winnebago, and some of the names are mentioned in this work. The paternal ancestor, William Rueping, came to Fond du Lac in 1854, because of the information contained in the DeHaas book. Mr. DeHaas married a sister of Mr. Rueping's grandmother, Margaret Burg, the first settler, who purchased the first farm taken up in the Calumet region, had the same partly cleared, built a log house and barn, and then had her parents come over from Alsace-Lorraine.

south end of this prairie; at the northern corner of it, directly on the shore of Lake Winnebago, is another small town, Taycheedah, in which, however, there are only twenty houses. A steam mill is being built, and two small steamships go out from here to the settlements and towns all around the shore of the lake, which is about thirty miles long and twelve miles wide, and extends north and west from Taycheedah. From this town the way to Calumet lies through thick woods, which stretch up on the east shore, and about in the middle of this shore lies the village of Calumetville, just newly sprung up, and for ten miles around is the colony, or settlement, of the same name. . . .

"As for Calumet itself, the country and its inhabitants appealed to us so exceedingly that on the very first day we decided to stay. Mentis received us very warmly, and even abandoned his marriage bed in the living room to us, and he and his wife slept under the roof. Here, as elsewhere, we found many children . . . and it is easy to imagine that his log house, consisting of a living room and an attic, was somewhat over-populated by our being there. We therefore proposed later to go to the only hotel in the place, which, because it is going to be the town hall, is situated at Pipe Village, one and a half miles from Calumetville. This place consists of a store, a hotel, and a school. Besides the hotelkeeper, the doctor lives at the hotel. At Caton's (that is the keeper's name, who is also a lawyer and a farmer) one can secure comfortable lodging for four and a half shillings a day. . . .

"A few days later I bought a forty-acre farm near Mentis, entirely enclosed by a strong fence, and having on it a brand-new two-story log house with a large brick basement, a well cemented to a depth of twelve feet, ten cleared acres of the best kind of arable land, about as much meadow land, level and in summer quite dry, with sweet grass, all from two to three feet tall. The rest is part 'opening'

(land on which there are only a few trees), part woodland. I paid $300 now, and shall pay $100 within a year. Our house is more livable than most houses in Germany; it is surrounded by a verdant terrace, and all around lie the loveliest woods, meadows, and grainfields; a great, magnificent prairie, the first glance at which tells one that it was once the bottom of a lake, ends a few hundred feet behind our house, and also brings the distant view within sight. In the evening, if the mist over the meadow is not too dense, it has even now the illusory aspect of a sea, which, especially when the sun is sinking, presents a glorious sight. Nor are we lonesome here, for our neighbors are friendly, upright people. At home in Germany most people remain strangers; often one does not know his next-door neighbor; yes, in Berlin one often did not know all the people in the house he lived in; whereas here all are on friendly terms, regard one another as brothers, 'thee-and-thou' one another, visit one another, come and go, as leisure permits and pleasure wills.

"We have glorious appetites, to appease which we have in our cellar a keg in which we have pickled beef, and another containing pork; the former cost us three cents a pound, the latter four and a half (a cent is not quite five *pfennige*). We bought thirty bushels of potatoes at three shillings a bushel; wheat flour (the finest or 'flower') at three cents, and so-called *nachmehl* (coarse flour) at one and a half cents. . . .

"I shall take the present opportunity to speak of the articles it were well for the European emigrant to bring with him. A really warm, well-stuffed feather-bed is hard to get here, but is absolutely necessary. It is best to pack one in a very strong, laced-up bag. One need not bring many boots and shoes; they are well made here, and not more expensive than in Germany; a pair of high boots which can be laced around the thighs is especially practical

for morning wear in the tall, damp grass. Linen things are scarce here; let him who has some bring them with him; yet cotton shirts, sheets, etc., are cheap here, and as serviceable. . . . In general, more strong, practical working-clothes should be brought than elegant Sunday-clothes, but let there not be a shortage of the latter. . . .

"The inhabitants of the settlement of Calumet, who at this particular time number about fifteen hundred (the neighboring Brothertown has a population of from two to three thousand), divide into Catholics and Protestants; the former occupy the southern and middle portions of the colony, the latter the northern. Most of the Catholics are from the Rhine region, many from Moselle; they compose by far the largest part of the population and are increasing daily with great rapidity. They have a rather large log church and an Austrian priest, who conducts a school at the same time. . . .

"In our settlement one sees Indians only on the main street and in Calumetville. They often travel toward the south in bands of twenty or thirty, and pitch their cloth tents wherever they want to spend the night. They live mostly by hunting, and so far only a few have been persuaded to take up farming or cattle raising. The government has granted them a tract of land, to be theirs without payment, which borders our settlement on the north. This Indian settlement is called 'Brothertown'; its Indian inhabitants speak rather good English and can scarcely be distinguished from the other inhabitants. . . .

"Now let whoever wants to take upon himself privations and hardships such as I have described, set out on his way right soon, in God's name; for good land is fast being sold in the desirable districts and the price is increasing from year to year (government land lying in cultivated regions which remains unsold for some length of time is usually not worth much). I specially urge him who wishes to make our

colony his dwelling place, to delay no longer. I do not say that there are no other regions in America, and in Wisconsin too, which are not just as inviting to the settler as Calumet; but I can assert that few equal it in healthfulness, productiveness, and beauty."

Through the years that have come and gone since Dr. Carl de Haas wrote his descriptive work covering the Calumet region, agricultural development has gone on steadily, and prosperity has come to its thrifty population. We have noted that the beauty of the section was always commented on by the early writers. The possibilities of the lake shore early attracted the attention of summer resorters from the neighboring cities. The tract adjoining the harbor on the south came to be a well-known picnic ground. Fuhrman's hotel, in the present village near the harbor, was a popular hostelry a generation ago, especially noted for its excellent meals. Sunday dinners at Fuhrman's were frequent events in the lives of Fond du Lac people.

About 1890 Winnebago Park, two miles south of Calumet Harbor, was platted and immediately became a popular summer resort because of its healthful location and beautiful shore line. It has a number of summer homes, and a club house and recreation hall owned and managed by the park association. Nothing of an objectionable character is tolerated within the jurisdiction of the park board of managers, and the result is an excellent class of summer residents, not only from Fond du Lac, but from Chicago, Milwaukee, and other cities.

There are no records to indicate that any government work was done on the harbor at Calumet during the nineteenth century. In 1892 the river and harbor bill passed by Congress contained an appropriation for improving the harbor at Calumet, on the condition that such action be recommended by the United States government engineers after inspection. The following from *House Executive*

Document Number 117, Fifty-second Congress, Second Session, gives the result of this investigation:

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF HARBOR AT CALUMET, ON LAKE WINNEBAGO, WISCONSIN

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ENGINEERS,
UNITED STATES ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 5th, 1892.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the accompanying copy of report, dated August 4th, 1892, by Major James F. Gregory, Corps of Engineers, on preliminary examination of harbor at Calumet, on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, made to comply with the requirements of the river and harbor act approved July 13th, 1892.

It is the opinion of Major Gregory, concurred in by the division engineer and by this office, that the locality is not worthy of improvement by the General Government.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THOMAS LINCOLN CASEY,
Brig. Gen. Chief of Engineers.

Hon. S. B. Elkins,
Secretary of War

REPORT OF MAJOR JAMES F. GREGORY, CORPS OF ENGINEERS

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,
MILWAUKEE, WIS., August 4th, 1892.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit the following report upon a preliminary examination made by me on August 2nd, 1892, in pursuance of instructions contained in letter of Chief of Engineers, dated July 14th, 1892, and to comply with requirement of item contained in section 6, river and harbor act of July 13th, 1892, as follows: "Harbor at Calumet, on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin."

This harbor is the mouth of Pique Creek, on the east shore of Lake Winnebago (pronounced Pike Creek), which empties into the lake at a point about one third of the distance from the head to the foot. It is at times a refuge for the smallest class of light-draft vessels. The United States tug Gen. G. K. Warren, on which I went to the locality, drawing 4½ feet of water, grounded hard upon the expansive hard gravel bar outside the river mouth.

The only reason assigned for the desired improvement of the harbor appears to be that it might be used as a harbor of refuge by vessels on the route between Fond du Lac and Menasha or Neenah. There is now no steamer on this route, and there is no commerce to be benefited by the so-called harbor. In my opinion therefore it is not worthy of improvement by the General Government.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JAMES F. GREGORY, Major of Engineers.

In 1903 another attempt was made to interest the federal government in the improvement of the harbor, and with better success, as the following report shows:[9]

> In accordance with the approved project for the improvement of the harbor, an entrance channel 100 feet in width and 7 feet in depth was dredged outside the mouth of the creek from the 7 foot contour in Lake Winnebago to the shore line. In the creek a channel was dredged from 60 to 80 feet in width and 6 feet deep, terminating in a turning basin, 350 feet long by 200 feet at widest point. This work was commenced August 12th, 1903, and was completed June 13th, 1904. This dredging affords a fine harbor at this place and has greatly increased the transportation business on Lake Winnebago, and has been of great benefit to the residents along that shore.

The United States engineer office at Milwaukee reports that the original cost of the above work together with maintenance to date amounts to about $8000.

During 1922-24 a concrete highway, following closely the route of the old Green Bay and Fort Winnebago military trail, was constructed between Fond du Lac and Calumet, thus making the whole intervening lake shore easily accessible. It is not improbable that within a short time the desirable portions of the entire shore line between these points will be occupied by summer homes. At a recent meeting of the Fond du Lac County Board, it was voted that the new concrete highway be hereafter known as the "Winnebago Trail."

[9] From *Report of United States Chief of Engineers*, 1904, pt. 3, p. 2851.

EARLY WISCONSIN EDITORS

JOHN G. GREGORY

HARRISON REED

That is a haunting story which tells of the colloquy between Napoleon and a bedraggled soldier who found his way to the commander's tent on a stormy night toward the end of the retreat from Russia. Recognizing his division, Napoleon asked, "What of the Rear Guard?" "Sire, I *am* the Rear Guard," panted the spent man, its sole survivor. In the infancy of Wisconsin's metropolis, so tradition runs, there was a time when one man, Harrison Reed, was editor, owner, compositor, pressman, delivery boy, and mailing clerk, comprising the entire personnel of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. A glance at the *Sentinel's* files for the period covered by the Reed régime will convince competent judges that this tradition overemphasizes a picturesque situation; but undoubtedly the editor was skilled in many things, lent his hand at need to humble tasks, labored unremittingly, and, except in so far as concerned the development of his powers, received at the time but scant reward.

It was in the early eighties that I first met Mr. Reed, who had come to Milwaukee to visit relatives and survey the progress which had been made on the scene of his former struggles. He was spectacled, small-featured, of medium height and spare figure, with sparse, colorless hair, longish, thin beard, and a dome-shaped forehead. He called at the office of the *Evening Wisconsin* to exchange courtesies with William E. Cramer, to whom he presented a basket of Florida oranges, which Mr. Cramer, a connoisseur of the juicy fruit, "sampled" with relish, and then passed around

for the delectation of others. Among Mr. Reed's titles to distinction was that of a pioneer of the citrus industry in Florida. He had been among the first in so many things, that extended space would be required to portray him in his various rôles.

The native place of Harrison Reed was Littleton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, where he came into the world on August 26, 1813. Not long after this event his parents removed first to Tyngsboro on the Merrimac, and later to Castleton, Vermont, where his father kept a hotel, while Harrison attended the academy. The average American youth at that time rarely grew old in institutions of learning. At sixteen Harrison was apprenticed to the printing trade, but after three years his health failed, which led to the cancelling of his indentures, the young man entering service in a mercantile establishment at Troy, New York, and remaining till 1836, when the whole family came West. While his father and brothers undertook the settling of Summit, in what is now Waukesha County, Harrison located at Milwaukee, opening, he subsequently asserted, the first general store in the place, and establishing the first Sunday-school. Overtaken by failure in the crash of 1837, he went to Summit, where he spent a short time, and then came back to Milwaukee to take charge of the *Sentinel*. That paper, with money furnished by Solomon Juneau, had been started in July, 1837, by John O'Rourke, a journeyman printer who had been setting type for the *Advertiser*, and who died of consumption on the twelfth of the following December.

The winter of 1838 was one of much discouragement to everyone in Milwaukee. Business was demoralized, and money was not to be had. The story that Reed supported his mother and sister through that trying period by purchasing a barrel of flour and a barrel of mess pork on credit and paying for them by job printing which he performed himself

"after business hours," is based on fact, its romantic effect being undiminished by the circumstance that his sister a few years later became the wife of Alexander Mitchell. Nor is evidence lacking to corroborate the companion tale that the noise which he made by working his press as late as nine o'clock at night kept awake the family of a fellow-occupant of the building, and resulted in the eviction of the young printer, who must have seriously disrelished being compelled to move his type-cases and imposing stone and machinery in the season of ice and snow. But Harrison Reed was courageous and resourceful. While blessed with moments of elation during his connection with the *Sentinel*, he did not become too proud-spirited to accept commodities from patrons unable or unwilling to pay in cash, as is plain from an announcement which he placed at the head of his editorial columns not long before his relations with the paper came to an end. The announcement was as follows:

> Wanted.—If some of our friends who are indebted would send us a few barrels of good FLOUR, we should take it kindly.

That the *Sentinel* sailed on tumultuous seas in those early days is evident to students of its files, who discover certain candidates for office lauded in one issue and antagonized in the next. Close observation of the publisher's announcements and of explanatory paragraphs on the editorial page, however, usually reveals coincidental changes in the management, so that individual reputations for consistency remain unimpaired. Soon after Mr. Reed's assumption of the duties of responsible head of the establishment, this legend made its appearance on the first page, immediately below the headline: "Harrison Reed, Editor and Publisher." In the issue of June 8, 1838, announcement was made that Colonel Philo White would assist in the editorial department until further notice, and a week later the proclamation on the front page was altered to

"Harrison Reed, Publisher." On July 3 this was changed again, to "Published Every Tuesday by Harrison Reed," while under the name of the paper on the editorial page began to appear the standing line, "Philo White, Editor." The issue of this date contained the following editorial paragraph:

> Gen. George W. Jones, we are authorized to say, is a candidate for re-election to Congress from this territory. In view of the indefatigable exertions, the effective influence and the successful efforts of our Delegate on behalf of the people of Wisconsin, a desire is daily becoming more prevalent that he should be re-elected without opposition from this part of the territory.

Nothing inimical to Delegate Jones in this! But consult the *Sentinel's* files a little further. In the issue of July 31, at the top of the editorial matter, is the line, "Harrison Reed, Editor Pro Tem." On the same page the eye catches a report of a convention of delegates from the several towns of Milwaukee County held at Prairie Village (now Waukesha) July 27, which had adopted resolutions whose tone and tendency may be judged from the following:

> We deem it no more than justice that the counties bordering on the Lake should be entitled to the next Delegate in Congress.
>
> We cannot and will not support a man who was engaged in the recent tragedy in Washington [the Graves-Cilley duel, in which Jones had acted as a second], who was an instrument in sacrificing one of New England's noblest souls, and who for his conduct in that transaction was censured by the report of a committee of Congress, and who has forfeited the respect and confidence of all who deplore the practice, thereby rendering himself comparatively useless.

August 7 brings a signed communication from Philo White, who, it seems, has been in "another part of the territory." He begins by stating that without disparaging other candidates he supports George W. Jones for re-election to Congress. At an earlier period, he admits, he was among the signers of a call upon Morgan L. Martin to come out for the office, but that was under the supposition that General Jones would not run. In short, Mr. White's readiness to consider other candidates than Jones had been contingent

upon the absence of Jones from the field; with Jones willing to run, he was for Jones, as one whose experience made him capable of giving his constituents more efficient representation at Washington than could be expected from any other man. But a time was close at hand when Mr. White's opinions would cease to affect the course of the *Sentinel.*

On August 21 the line above the editorial department was changed to "Harrison Reed, Editor." All along, Mr. Reed had been friendly to the candidacy of Judge Doty, and from that date the judge received without disguise the *Sentinel's* vigorous support. It was Reed who had called the assemblage that brought Doty into nomination. It was Reed, in all likelihood, who framed the resolutions adopted at the Prairie Village convention. Beyond peradventure it was Reed who wrote the editorial paragraph in the *Sentinel* of August 21 criticizing Jones for coming home from Washington for the purpose of electioneering while Congress was in session—a time, the paragraph very broadly intimated, when his regard for the interests of his constituents should have kept him at his post. With Reed once more in full editorial authority, it is not remarkable that in its issue of August 21 the *Sentinel* found room for a letter signed "Many Voters," presenting powerful arguments for the election of Doty, which it printed in large type. When the election came, soon thereafter, Doty was chosen. This was not the last time when Harrison Reed was able to turn the *Sentinel* to Doty's support.

A critical year in the newspaper's history under Reed was 1841. The issue for June 29 contained an editorial saying the *Sentinel* was for the Whig party, and applauded the appointment of Doty to the governorship. In its issue for July the typographical appearance of the paper underwent a remarkable change. Heretofore its name had been the *Milwaukee Sentinel;* now it became the *Milwaukie Sentinel.* Old English text letters, and a vignette woodcut

of Indians gathering wild rice, which had distinguished the heading from the beginning, gave way to plain roman type, with no pictorial embellishment. The name Milwaukee was spelled "Milwaukie" in most but not all of the body of the newspaper, as well as in the heading. In some of the advertisements the form employed continued to be "Milwaukee," to "the end of the chapter." Under the heading were the words: "Harrison Reed, Editor and Proprietor."

In its next issue, that of July 3, the *Sentinel* was formally committed to Jonathan E. Arnold for delegate to Congress, declaring that there was no man better enjoying the confidence of the territory. An editorial paragraph declined to give space to the proceedings of a meeting "held for the purpose of creating the impression at Washington that the appointment of Doty as governor was not acceptable to the Whigs of Wisconsin." Arnold's name was "kept at the peak" till the issue of August 3, which came out with the name of Clinton Walworth as editor, and the name of Henry Dodge instead of that of Jonathan E. Arnold as the *Sentinel's* candidate for Congress. The explosion of a bombshell at a prayer meeting would have occasioned no greater surprise. There may have been "ins and outs" of this remarkable transformation that never will come to light. That the politics of the territory was decidedly mixed at the time is deducible from the circumstance that Morgan L. Martin, who had been discussed as a suitable candidate for the Whigs in 1838, was one of the members of the Democratic territorial convention that nominated Dodge. In the *Sentinel* of August 10, 1841, H. N. Wells, widely known as a leading member of the bar and an active Democrat, announced that he had become the proprietor of the *Milwaukie Sentinel*, and would continue it on Democratic principles. Arnold's friends, naturally excited by the turning of their battery against them in the midst of the campaign, made arrangements for the publication of a Whig

paper to be called the *Journal*, and the prospectus of the *Journal* charged Reed with "premeditated treachery," an allegation which he promptly denounced as "false and malicious," and which the *Journal*, when it appeared, retracted. Eventually there came to be no doubt on the part of Reed's friends that Democrats who had lent him money absolutely essential to carry on his paper had seized the *Sentinel* for debt, and, while it remained in their hands, shaped its policy to suit themselves. October 5, Clinton Walworth relinquished the office of editor to resume the practice of law, his purpose—which was the election of Dodge—having, he said, been "gloriously accomplished."

On October 19, 1841, Mr. Reed again had the paper in his own hands. He now called it the *Sentinel and Farmer*, making a bid for additional support by devoting especial attention to agricultural subjects. In a formal explanation of what had occurred during the summer, he observed that he had been dispossessed of his property, during his temporary absence, for reasons on the part of his political opponents "too obvious to need explanation here." He added: "The transaction had a semblance of legal but no moral right. My interests were sacrificed and my rights trampled upon for the gratification of party feeling." In February, 1842, Mr. Reed took in a partner, Silas Chapman, but the arrangement lasted barely a fortnight. May 7, 1842, while the formal indication of the *Sentinel's* ownership was the line, "Harrison Reed, Editor and Proprietor," Reed published his valedictory, and the issue for May 14, 1842, carried the legend, "Elisha Starr, Editor and Publisher." Mr. Reed then removed to Madison, where he had spent much of his time reporting the proceedings of the legislature and performing clerical work for Governor Doty. There he remained for more than a year.

In correspondence with the publication committee of the Wisconsin Editorial Association, shortly before the

Civil War, Mr. Reed summarized the succeeding fifteen years of his life as follows:

> In 1842 I accepted an offer, and removed to Madison, to take charge of the *Wisconsin Enquirer*, which had just been purchased of C. C. Sholes by B. Shackleford. Here I associated David Lambert, a friend of Gov. Tallmadge from Washington, in the editorial conduct of the *Enquirer*. Mr. L. was at that time private secretary to Gov. Doty, a ready writer, but a man of uncongenial habits and character. I therefore abandoned the *Enquirer* after a few months of profitless labor; and, in 1843, resolving never more to have to do with politics or newspapers, I plunged into the wilds of the north, and at the outlet of Lake Winnebago found a home among the Indians. In 1856, the wave of civilization and the requisitions of "society" had surrounded me, and, in obedience to a local necessity, and for the furtherance of local interests, I started the *Conservator*, a seven-column weekly, which I continued a little over two years, when I turned it over to B. S. Heath, its present conductor; and after years of vain effort to shake off my early-acquired love for the profitless profession, I have returned again to active service in editorial life, at the state capital, in connection with Messrs. Atwood and Rublee, in the conduct of the *State Journal*.

It was while Mr. Reed was in Madison, disappointed with the outcome of his *Enquirer* experiment, that Congress passed an act marking the final abandonment of the early policy of making Wisconsin a perpetual home for members of the Indian tribes. One issue of that plan had been the founding of a vocational training establishment. The Indians, it was argued, should be furnished instruction in agriculture—taught the white man's methods of tilling the soil and the white man's arts auxiliary to that pursuit. Consistently with this purpose several hundred acres of land had been set apart at what then was known as Winnebago Rapids, now Neenah. A gristmill and a sawmill had been erected; also a blacksmith shop, equipped with tools and supplies. A wing-dam had been run out into the Fox River, turning a current into the raceway of the mills. Houses were provided to shelter the white teachers and the expected Indian students. There was also a schoolhouse. These erections, numbering between twenty and thirty, were built of hewn logs. Five of them were two stories in height, each provided

with a wing. They were well finished inside, for it was not customary to spare expense in government work. The Indians, however, evinced no ambition to be "personally conducted" by their white brothers. Some of them even showed disinclination for honest toil, and this undertaking to teach them how to be profitably busy never attained even a small measure of success. In the spring of 1843 Congress passed a bill authorizing the sale of the lands with their improvements. The sale was advertised, and Reed saw the advertisement in the *Sentinel and Farmer*. He talked it over with Governor Doty, who advised him to be present and bid in the property, which he did, all he was obliged to offer for it being "a mere song"—something between three and four thousand dollars.

At this point in his career it must have seemed to Mr. Reed that he possessed the key to affluence. As fate would have it, however, he found himself beset with financial embarrassments during the next fifteen or eighteen years of his eventful life. Though he had been able to command credentials that made his initial negotiations with the federal officials an easy matter, actual money was beyond his power to procure, and until he could pay the government and secure his patent he could not legally dispose of a foot of the real estate. This was one of his handicaps—and the greatest; but there were others, including at the outset the comparative inaccessibility of his lands. No road led to them—nothing but an Indian trail overland and the Fox-Winnebago waterway. In the winter it was possible to approach Neenah from the south by traveling across the lake on the ice, but winter brought few settlers into the wilds of Wisconsin. When Reed and his young wife took up their residence on the property, ousting a squatter, who had ensconced himself in the largest and most comfortable house, one of the ex-editor's pioneer achievements was to make a wagon road to Oshkosh.

While at first he could not sell land, he found himself free to dispose of personal property—the superfluous wagons, plows, spades, and axes, as well as the lumber, logs, nails, and iron which had come into his possession as bidder-in. There still remained on the premises twelve blockhouses built for the Indians, and three of the larger ones intended as residences for the teachers. He lived in a roomy house, with other houses near by at command, and was able to offer much-appreciated hospitality to travelers coming his way. One of these whom it gave him great pleasure to entertain was an itinerant preacher, the Reverend O. P. Clinton, who told him of an eastern business man with money, on the lookout for investment in the West. Reed made overtures which ended in an agreement with Colonel Harvey Jones, of Gloversville, New York, whereby the latter was to furnish the sum necessary to pay the price of the Neenah purchase, with the interest thereon that was owing to the government, and in consideration therefor was to become joint proprietor of Reed's ducal estate. Reed settled with the government in 1846, and in the same year Jones disposed of his eastern interests and removed to Neenah. By the public at large the final terms of the bargain between the joint proprietors never were very clearly understood, but before long it became evident that Reed and Jones did not "pull together." Rival interests arose in the vicinity, yet instead of uniting against them the partners seemed to prefer conniving with strangers in the hope of embarrassing each other. Jones was a man of capacity and accustomed to plan far into the future. He was systematic in business to a degree not common in the West at that time. Long after he had passed away, Reed expressed the conviction that had Jones lived he would have worked into harmonious relations beneficial to the members of the partnership and the community at large. But in 1849—three years after his embarkation in the investment—

Jones died a widower and intestate, and thus his real property was tied up till the maturity of his minor heirs.

With the administrators of the Jones estate Reed had no smoother relations than with Jones himself. He was industrious; he was always eagerly on the lookout for what would advance the interests of the locality and its people; he was personally much liked. But in the great things he had hoped to accomplish for himself as well as for the development of manufactures in the Fox River valley he was hopelessly handicapped by lack of financial means, and finally he gave up the vision of "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," in exchange for a humbler prospect involving less burdensome responsibility. He did this the more cheerfully, perhaps, for the promise it offered of greater ease and comfort for his wife.

During the course of his residence at Neenah Mr. Reed had been publishing a Whig newspaper, the *Conservator*. He had taken an active part in public affairs, as chairman of the first Board of County Commissioners of Winnebago County, and as representative of the counties of Winnebago and Marquette in the convention which formed the state constitution. In 1858 he removed to Madison, securing a position on the *Wisconsin State Journal*, and for two years carrying a large portion of the daily burden which formerly had fallen to the senior proprietor, David Atwood, but which the condition of that gentleman's health did not permit him to sustain at the time. On the first of January, 1861, the names of David Atwood, Horace Rublee, and Harrison Reed were formally published as those of the proprietors of the *Wisconsin State Journal;* but at the end of April in that year, Mr. Atwood having recovered his health, Mr. Reed withdrew from the partnership and departed for Washington, conceiving that from the new national administration, in advocacy of whose political principles he had been engaged from a period antedating the organization of the

Republican party, he might anticipate a cordial welcome. The issue of the *State Journal* for May 31, 1861, contains Mr. Reed's signed valedictory and an editorial paragraph, from which the following is an excerpt, representing the friendly attitude of Messrs. Atwood and Rublee toward Mr. Reed:

> In parting with our recent associate it is proper to add that the uninterrupted good feeling which has characterized our relations during the past still continues, and to express the hope that the circumstances which have influenced him in withdrawing for the present from editorial life, in which he now ranks as a veteran, may shortly result in placing him in a position where he will find less labor and more ample means than usually fall to the lot of those who depend for an income upon the profits of a newspaper.

Of several of the early leaders in Wisconsin politics Mr. Reed had come to entertain very positive ideas not conducive to harmony between himself and them. That his writings sometimes took a personal turn is illustrated by the following editorial which he published in the *Conservator* of October 9, 1856, under the sarcastic caption of "The Solons at the Capital:"

> We verily thought we were somewhat "posted" in regard to legislation at the West, and that after an observation of twenty years we were pretty well acquainted with a Wisconsin Legislature. But we spent a week at Madison recently, and we confess to a degree of verdancy becoming a boy—a greenhorn. We had heard of "logrolling" and in a small way of "bargaining and corruption," but considered the instances rare where the representatives of the people could be moulded to the purpose of designing and unprincipled demagogues, regardless of consistency and reckless of the interests and rights of their constituents. But we take our hat off to the Legislature now assembled at Madison. Kilbourn and Doty and Strong and Barstow and a hundred other political hacks have tried their hands, singly and in squads, and in some instances have succeeded. The first took the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal grant; the second put a legislature in his pocket and secured a state capital; the third squandered the funds of the territory as fiscal agent, and then modestly asked the representatives to pay him for his time and trouble—and they did it; the fourth obtained the gratuity of a few thousands for a lunatic asylum, and was sustained in pocketing the best part of the school fund. But it took them all together to execute a *coup d'état* and carry a Legislature by storm, against all their preconceived notions, and in the face of their expressed convictions and the

wishes of the people. They have done it, and so far as the Legislature is concerned a corrupt and corrupting monopoly is formed in our midst, and under its shadow the people will be compelled to dance to music that extorts their life-blood, and then will have to "pay the fiddler."

Among those whose sinister course the indignant editor laid bare were individuals who undertook savage retaliation. Efforts were made to create sentiment against him because while holding a clerkship in Madison he acted as correspondent of a Milwaukee newspaper—Booth's *Free Democrat.* Finally he was charged with having altered the language of a bill after its enactment but before its publication, thereby thwarting the intention of the legislature. But this serious charge was not made to "stick," and his later friendly relations with Messrs. Atwood and Rublee, who were in a position to be well advised regarding the facts of the matter, may be accepted as evidence that they regarded the defamatory allegation as the invention of defeated malice.

Soon after his arrival at the national capital, Mr. Reed obtained work in the Treasury Department. Later President Lincoln gave him a place on the board of commissioners for the collection of taxes in Florida, which he resigned in 1865, thereafter serving as special agent of the Post Office Department for Alabama and Florida. In 1868 he was a member of the convention which framed the constitution of Florida. In the same year he was elected governor of that state, being reëlected in 1870, and remaining in office till January 8, 1873. Subsequently he became the author of a book recounting the history of governmental reorganization in Florida after the war. To those who have fallen under its spell, the allurements of editorial work are hard to withstand. In 1875 Mr. Reed became the editor of the *Semi-Tropical,* a monthly magazine devoted to southern literary, industrial, and social development, which he conducted for three years. In 1878 he was a member of

the Florida assembly. From 1889 till near the end of his life he was postmaster at Tallahassee.

Harrison Reed was married in 1840 to Ann Louise Turner, of Prairieville (now Waukesha), Wisconsin, who died in 1862, one of the children of this marriage being Nina Reed, first white child born at Neenah. In 1869 he took as his second wife Chloe Merrick, of Syracuse, New York, who had established schools in the South under the auspices of the Freedman's Aid Society. She died in 1897, leaving one son.

Mr. Reed died at Jacksonville, May 25, 1899, within three months of the completion of his eighty-sixth year.

DOCUMENTS

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN EARLY WISCONSIN

AMHERST WILLOUGHBY KELLOGG[1]

I was born November 13, 1829, in the village of Canaan (by some called Canada), Goshen Township, Litchfield County, Connecticut. My father, Leverett Steele Kellogg, born October 27, 1796, was the fifth son of Helmont Kellogg, who was born March 17, 1762, in New Hartford, Connecticut, and died March 26, 1848. My mother was Angelina Howe, born in Goshen, April 30, 1801. Three of the Kellogg brothers married four of the Howe sisters. I got my name, Amherst Willoughby, from a great-uncle, a brother of grandmother, a farmer in Vermont, who once visited us in Goshen and won my heart and fired my ambition by promising me the gift of a Vermont colt if I would visit him at his farm; but I never got the colt, for as I was preparing to go that way en route to collect, the sad news came that he had passed away.

Grandfather Kellogg, though just past fifteen years old, in the summer of 1777 was drafted into the army of the Revolution for a short service at Horse-Neck; thence he went to White Plains; then he worked on fortifications at Fort Putnam and North River; after returning home he reënlisted, and was soon ordered to the coast on the Sound at Greenwich, Connecticut, where some French troops were stationed; his regiment made an unsuccessful assault on the bridge at King's Bridge on the Hudson. His older brother Leverett served in Captain John

[1] From a manuscript autobiography begun January 7, 1916. Mr. Kellogg died October 7, 1923, at the ripe age of nearly ninety-four years. When he composed the manuscript from which the present contribution is taken, his memory was still firm, and since he had the habit of consulting records for dates and details, his story may be looked upon as more accurate than the average of memoirs. Its significance lies in the success with which the author, by dint of an extraordinary retrieving memory, brings back a succession of incidents which illustrate and typify the lives of our forbears in the pioneer age of the territory and the state. The author belonged to the large class of deeply religious and Puritanical New Englanders whose influence on Wisconsin history for many years was dominant and which is still felt. This narrative reflects the feelings of men of his type on questions like church attendance, anti-slavery, intoxicants, and the use of tobacco.

Sedgwick's regiment at Ticonderoga, was taken prisoner, and was said to have starved to death in the prison. Helmont received a pension during life for his service. Grandfather Kellogg and wife and Grandfather Howe and wife were members of the first class of the Methodist Episcopal church that was organized in Litchfield County, Connecticut, so that it is not improbable that this organization was the work of the celebrated Jesse Lee, the courtly Virginia gentleman, Bishop Asbury's chosen leader and general to bring New England into the fold. He had also been chosen and sent to work out grand triumphs for his Master and message in Charleston, South Carolina, and other portions of the Southland. These two families with other associates soon founded and built a church in Goshen in which the then new gospel of a present, free, full, and conscious salvation has been preached with power from that day to this. Their homes were the stopping places of the Methodist itinerants, who were gladly welcomed, with the result that all the fifteen children of both families (except one) as they grew to maturity became members of that church, and two of the Kellogg boys married daughters of a preacher, the Reverend Ebenezer Washburn, and one of the girls married another, the Reverend Julius Field, and was a very useful help-meet through a long life. Those were the days of great quarterly meetings, when the services lasted two or more days, and families came for miles around and were entertained by the local church. At one such meeting when the preacher was asking how many each family would care for, Grandpa Howe spoke up, "We will care for forty and their horses at our house," thus electrifying the meeting and causing his wife wonderment; but those were the days when the garret, with a bed on the floor, and the haymow were made available and were gratefully accepted. Methodist history is all athrob with similar events.

Grandfather Kellogg's trade was blacksmithing; but in the later years of his life in Goshen he added a wool-carding machine to his shop, and I have a pleasant memory of watching the white fleecy rolls fall out.

It was not because I was a precocious child that I went to school when only eighteen months old, but rather that mother was without help and Miss Cobb, the teacher, who boarded with

her, took me and my cradle across the road to the schoolhouse to relieve mother. One vivid memory is of standing at the door with a little black kitten in my arms and crying because I was not permitted to take it in to school with me. I seem to remember that I learned my letters that summer and in the spelling-book to read as far as "baker." I also recall the beginning of a week's visit at Miss Cobb's home, when her beau came for her with a horse and top-buggy.

One winter morning we woke to find ourselves snowed in with the snow banked up to the eaves, and father had to dig a tunnel from the back door to the barn and from the front toward the street before our release, while the neighbors with ox teams and sleds made a driveway through the street. Father's business was that of a carpenter contractor, engaged chiefly in building churches. Consequently he was away most of the time, generally coming home late Saturday and going early Monday. He was fond of a good horse and kept and drove one which could be relied upon to make quick time. Two years before leaving the East he built a new Methodist church in Canaan and at the same time built a new home for himself; in his last year he built a fine Methodist church at Waterbury.

Of his religious experience mother gave me this account: When he was married, although brought up in a Methodist home with regular prayers both night and morning, he was not a professor of religion, and mother took it upon herself to have prayers in the morning and to have grace at table. He was regular in attendance at church and Sunday-school, also sang in the choir; strict, too, in observance of the Sabbath, always shaving and blacking boots Saturday night. As time went on, mother prayed much for his conversion. A camp-meeting was announced to be held not far away, and mother felt impressed that if she could get him to go with her to that meeting, results might be favorable; and yet knowing the demands of his business she dreaded to ask his attendance. So she was both surprised and rejoiced when on his homecoming she had screwed up her courage to ask him to go with her he not only consented but said he had been planning his business to go with her. She naturally was much in prayer for him, fixing her hope on the camp-meeting.

But when he came home the Saturday night before they were to go he told her that on the way home he felt so impressed that it was his duty to make a business of seeking the Savior, that he tied his horse to the fence and got down on his knees in the fence-corner and began to pray for light and salvation; and it was not long before the light came and with it a joy and peace which was well-nigh overwhelming. They went to the camp-meeting, but only to testify to the blessing that had come in the fence-corner, and from that day until his death he was one of the faithful, consistent members of the Methodist church.

Of my early experiences I seem to have an indistinct memory of the dedication of the new church and of sitting beside mother in the singers' gallery and of trying to join with her in the singing and keeping the tune by the then new specially-shaped notes in the new tune book. I also recall attendance at some of the singing-schools of the time.

Some considerable time before this the happy Kellogg family had begun to disintegrate. As the boys married and children came along rapidly, the need of looking ahead for them, and the lure of the West, began to have their influence. I think the first to break away was Austin, the third son, who went to Pennsylvania; whither Luman, the eldest, followed and took contracts for building one of its canals, afterward going to central New York to help build the Erie Canal. Then Chauncey, the second son, moved to Cortland, New York, and continued his building business there. Later Uncles Thaddeus and Seth moved to New Hartford, Connecticut, where cousins had built a factory and village. In the summer of 1835 Uncle Austin, lured by the call of the farther West, with its cheap lands and great promise, moved to Wisconsin and settled on a farm two miles north of Pike River, later Southport (now Kenosha). The next summer Uncle Thaddeus and Uncle Edwin Howe (mother's eldest brother) were sent to Wisconsin to investigate the conditions there for others; upon Uncle Thad's return a council was held at which it was decided that father with his family was to go on that fall and Thaddeus, Seth, Chauncey, and the old folks of both families should follow in the spring. Thereupon definite preparation for our going began; the home was sold, business closed up, and as the

news spread, friends and neighbors crowded in with the feeling that we were going into an unknown country where they would never see us again, and they must come and bid us good-bye forever.

Amid such excitement household goods were packed and sent by team to Albany, New York, for which place our little family of five, after a tearful good-bye, took the stage, at the start of the long journey in the last days of September, 1836. At Albany we took the railroad to Schenectady, the only railroad in the country, with strap iron laid on wooden stringers; there, as the most rapid transit, we took a canal packet for Buffalo. I still have recollections of ducking as the helmsman cried out, "Low-bridge," and of occasional tramps beside the mules on the tow-path as we made our slow way. Arrived at Buffalo, we found that the last steamer around the lakes had just gone, and we were compelled to send our goods by a sailing vessel; while we took steamer for Detroit. At Detroit, instead of taking the stage to travel day and night, as was its wont, father bought a two-horse team and wagon, and while we traveled as fast as the stage during the day, we put up at the very primitive taverns of the time at night. At Ypsilanti we had our first taste of venison, which we did not relish much for it was cooked too hard. At Niles, at the foot of its great sand hill, we stopped for the night at a big log tavern where the crowd was so great that although there were bunks up the side of the walls and beds on the floor, we could get for our family of five only one bed in a room with others, and so we packed all into the one bed for the night. At Chicago, where father had had some thought of stopping, the mud was so deep and so omnipresent that he determined to drive on after stopping at the old Lake Hotel over night; and I can even now see the chicken tracks on its kitchen floor, so thick that one could not put a pencil down without covering some. On our last day, while watching the water flow into the wheel tracks, as we crossed a prairie to avoid a slough, my cap fell off and the hind wheel ran over it, so that it got very wet and my ears got cold, and I recall that after passing Pike River, where we inquired the way to Uncle Austin's, and it grew dark, it seemed a very long, cold drive before we caught sight of the light from his window and then the glad

welcome and comforting cheer of the blazing fire of logs in his chimney place.

It seemed like a haven of rest as the two brothers and two sisters greeted each other, and the new-found cousins all gave such a joyous greeting. Though we had come the quickest way possible (except the lack of night travel across Michigan), we had been just four weeks on the way from our home in Connecticut. And just think, our family of five lived for more than a month, except that father went on to Milwaukee after the first week or two, with Uncle's family of eight, in their one-room log house with one room above reached by a ladder by the side of the wall and a hole in the ceiling, with only the privacy made by sheets or blankets hung from the ceiling to give a kind of separation into rooms, and with only a fireplace for heating or cooking.

Among the memories of those happy days are these, of seeing uncle open a trap-door in the floor and go down a ladder to the bins in the cellar and lift up turnips by the one long root, to find the solid ones and bring them up to be scraped with a case knife, a real delicacy instead of the apples with which we treated friends in the East. Once father went down and my little two-year-old sister stood on the edge looking down and saying, "Papa, let me come with you." She heard his kind word, "Jump and I'll catch you," but she hesitating stood saying, "I can't see you, papa, it's all dark," and again he said, "I am right here; jump and I'll catch you." Then she, mustering up all her faith, jumped into the darkness and landed safe in his enfolding arms. I have often since used this little incident as a good illustration of "saving faith" in the act of complete committal to Christ for pardon and salvation. On Sunday all of both families went to Methodist meeting in Southport and met Father Deming and Sereno Fisk, who were among the founders of Southport Methodism. Aunt Armenia was a good cook, and though with the limited facilities of only a fireplace and a tin oven, with the help of her three well-grown girls she managed to provide for us what impressed us then as very good living for a new West—pancakes, or oftener slapjacks of [buckwheat meal] with sausage, supplemented with bread and milk or mush and milk for breakfast; roast pork or a baked wild duck or a mess of fish caught in Pike

River close by, potatoes roasted in the ashes, boiled turnips or rutabagas (the first we had known), with tender johnny-cake and pumpkin pie and a bowl of milk for dinner; creamed potatoes with thickened salt pork gravy, biscuits and wild honey (for uncle had found a bee tree), with plenty of milk for supper might be called high living now.

After the supper dishes and the chores were done, the whole family would gather for prayers, each with his own Bible or Testament, and aunt or mother would strike up a familiar hymn, in which all would try to join, when uncle or father would lead in a prayer of thanksgiving, petition, or praise. After prayers uncle would put on a huge back log and with a good fore log would build a blazing fire that lighted all the room, and the children would bring from the loft pans of hazelnuts (new to us then), hickory nuts, black walnuts, or butternuts, and with flat-irons on lap, two with hammers would begin to crack (each nut with its peculiar stroke, that its meat might come out whole) until all the company around the glowing fire were supplied, and then as we picked out the meats with thorns from the crab-tree some one would tell where the hazelnuts had been found, or the hickory or butternuts, with some of the fun of the getting, or some story of a hunt in the woods. And after all had eaten to the fill of nuts, uncle would go to the cellar and bring a basket of smooth white turnips, and cutting off the tops, give each one a knife, teaching the newcomers how to scrape to get the cool, luscious juiciness to perfection, which we were pleased to find not a poor substitute for the apples of the old home. As the fire burned down and big coals glowed warm, we would hear some story of the new western life; till uncle would suddenly call out, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," and uncle and aunt would start for their sheet-framed room in one corner, and father and mother for one in the opposite corner, where little sister had been long asleep, and the children would take turns in climbing the ladder to the quilt-separated rooms of the loft, where on straw beds on the floor, "nature's sweet restorer, blessed sleep"[2] soon brought rest or dreams.

[2] Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He, like the rest his ready visit pays

After a ten days' stay father drove on to Milwaukee to find our goods and arrange for a home. The household goods had been carried past to Chicago, but had found their way back to Milwaukee, and after long search were located and then moved into a living place consisting of four rooms over a store situated on the west bank of the river just opposite what is now the Second Ward Bank, but what was then the "American House." After settling the furniture in this house father drove back to Southport for the family, spending New Year's eve with the dear ones in his brother Austin's home. Early New Year's morning we bade a fond good-bye to the friends, and our family of five started for Milwaukee snugly tucked up in a big double sleigh and drove through in the one day, only stopping at Caledonia for dinner, and finding ourselves welcomed to the new home with the old goods by Cousin William Ansel Kellogg (Uncle Chauncey's oldest son), who had spent the summer working at his carpenter trade there.

So we arrived at Milwaukee and set up a new home the first day of January, 1837. Thirty-six had been the boom year, and the spirit was still very much in the air; those were the days when Milwaukee was to become the great city on the western shore of Lake Michigan, having the advantage of Chicago by its higher ground, its freedom from swamp and mud, and its promise of a better harbor for the larger ships and steamers. New buildings for stores and homes were the great demand from old settlers and newcomers. Father and Cousin William Ansel formed a partnership as contractors and builders, taking several contracts for large buildings, and everything looked rosy and hopeful for a profitable year. They put their saved money into lumber and labor and assumed debt for material to fill the contracts, expecting good returns when the work was done. But suddenly, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, in August the Ohio Life and Trust Company of Cincinnati closed its doors and there swept over all the land the great panic of 1837.[3] Banks nearly

Where fortune smiles. The wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from grief,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
—YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*

[3] The cause of the panic here given fits better the financial collapse of 1857, which began with the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company.

all failed—all in the West and South and all but a very few in the East. What money people had was in bank bills which were worthless and would not buy anything, and for food and absolute necessities the only recourse was to what little gold and silver men had, which proved to be a very insufficient quantity.

But before the panic, of which more later on, several occurrences took place which should be related at this time. Early in 1836 a Methodist class had been formed, composed of one man and three women (about the average proportion), a preacher had been appointed, and the work of a church begun. Of the four first members, Daniel Worthington was a tall, handsome, courtly gentleman, who soon became an itinerant preacher, and spent his life in laying the foundations of our grand Iowa Methodism; Mrs. Samuel Brown was a cheery, large-framed, and large-hearted woman, full of good works; Mrs. Farmin some time later was the wife of a Methodist preacher and a real helpmate for him; Mrs. Lowry was such a Christian that her husband, influenced by her life, was the first convert at Elder Clark's two-days' quarterly meeting in January, 1837, which conversion of a leading merchant tailor, by its reality and power, made a wide-spread impression on the town. Surely these made a good beginning for the little new church, which father and mother immediately joined. One of the most vivid of my boyhood memories is of bursting one noon into our living-room, of hearing mother's "Hush," and seeing stretched out on the bed in the corner an old man with a face almost as white as the counterpane aureoled in a halo of snowy hair full whiter than the pillows, and with such a restful, radiant peace upon it, that he seemed to me then (and, too, as I plainly see him now) like a real messenger from the skies. He proved to be Elder John Clark, one of the pioneer missionaries of Wisconsin, Illinois, and afterward of Texas, one of Methodism's heroes and saints. Mother told me that he said almost as soon as he came in, "Sister Kellogg, after sleeping three nights beside the logs on my trip from Green Bay, your bed does look so inviting, may I have a little nap upon it?" And what Methodist mother could say him nay. He held his quarterly meeting, preaching with rare eloquence and power, and passed on, and we never saw him more.

In the spring the three Kellogg brothers and their families, Chauncey from New York and Thaddeus and Seth from Connecticut, came west and located at what was long known as Kellogg's Corners (now Sylvania) in Racine County, about equally distant from Racine and Southport, and with them came my four grandparents, the Kellogg and Howe families. Uncles Chauncey and Seth were at the Corners and Uncle Thad two miles east, all on farms. I remember that father sold his team, for which he had little use in town, to Grandpa Howe to help in his farming. In July of that memorable year the darling sister (Wilhelmine Estelle), the light and joy of our home, was suddenly attacked with what was then called summer complaint, and after a very brief illness for which no remedy could be found, because of the unskilled doctor of those early days (as it has ever seemed to us) passed away, and with the help and sympathy of the preacher and church friends we buried her on a steep hillside on Deacon Brown's lot, as there was no cemetery yet in the town.

The effect of the panic was such that parties for whom father and his partner built could not pay for the work done, one party I remember pleading the baby act—that he was not of age when the contract was made and so not responsible—and in another case father's lawyer neglected to file a lien in time; the sad result being that father was left with a heavy burden of debts, and though Congress stepped in to give relief by passing the first bankruptcy bill, releasing debtors who took advantage of it, yet father, deeming it not quite Christian to seek relief that way, struggled on for many years to pay these debts, and often used to pray that he might live to be clear of debt once more. The winter of 1837-38 was a very hard one for Wisconsin; for most of the people potatoes and salt were the only diet, and for many it was hard to get even these. Our family was regarded as very fortunate in having through a friendly merchant, whose name I forget, access to a box of buckwheat and one of shelled corn; so that my brother and I would take a pail on a hand-sled and one week get it full of buckwheat and the next of corn, draw it home, grind it in a coffee-mill, sift it in a hand sieve, and then make pancakes, which, with a firkin of butter father had secured before the panic, gave us high living compared with others; I

recall that I became so deft with a spider that I could throw it up and catch the falling pancake without spilling any batter.

I think it was this winter my brother and I attended our first school in Milwaukee. It was held in a store building located on Third Street near Poplar, and was taught by a Mr. West, who afterward settled on a timber farm opposite Appleton on Fox River, and whose son-in-law, Dr. Studley, now keeps the Riverside Sanitarium, north of Milwaukee-Downer College. His school comprised children of all ages, from full-grown youth down to little children. Among the pupils were two daughters of Byron Kilbourn, and of I. A. Lapham I think two, Elizabeth Burdick, who married R. W. Pierce, two or three Smith boys, and some forty others. One very exciting time I distinctly recall. The master had announced that any who did not come in promptly when the bell rang would be called to account. One afternoon Bill Smith, one of the biggest boys, much larger than the master, who was quite a small man, came in late; after the school work was over the master called Bill to the front, telling him to take off his coat, as he must punish him for disobeying the rules, and taking a rawhide from his desk. When Bill saw the rawhide he ran to the stove and grabbed up a big iron fire shovel. The master took a big hickory club from his desk, and Bill seeing he was overmatched offered to put down the club, which was done, but as the master stepped forward to use his rawhide Bill clinched him and they had a great struggle, falling to the floor and rolling over till finally the master came out on top and called for some one to hand him his rawhide. I picked it up and handed it to him, and he arose and lashed Bill with it while he lay on the floor turning his feet to the master; one cut of the rawhide was so strong that it cut Bill's shirt sleeve clear in two, and this whipping continued until Bill begged for mercy and promised to keep the rules. But in the clinch and tussle the master lost two of his front teeth and altogether it was the most exciting time I ever saw, but its result was such that the master had no more trouble that winter.

One January day in 1838 father took a dry-goods box on a big hand-sled and went up the frozen Menomonee River for a load of potatoes he had heard of. On the way home he became so cold

and numb that he had to leave the sled and come for help. Mother and we children had been anxiously awaiting his return. It would not do to leave the load till morning, for the potatoes would freeze, and so as soon as father could go, brother and I, warmly bundled up, went back with him and with our help he managed to get the sled with its box of potatoes into the cellar of the store below our rooms by about midnight, saved for our winter supply.

At the legal organization of the First Methodist Church of Milwaukee, which took place in July, 1837, at the preacher's house, of the seven trustees elected one was my father, one my mother's oldest brother Edwin, and one my cousin William A., father's partner. The services, including the Sunday-school, were held in the store of an auction room until that was closed by the panic, and after that in father's carpenter shop, prepared by sweeping out the shavings and placing boards on nail kegs for seats and using the bench for a pulpit. This shop was on the southeast corner of East Water and Huron streets, and was the last building on the street north of Walker's Point. It stood on piles in the marsh which extended to the lake on the east and the river on the south, and was generally overflowed and frozen in winter, making a fine skating place for the boys, as that was before the time of skating girls.

In the fall of 1837 three of Uncle Chauncey's older girls, following their brother, came to town and started a millinery and tailoring establishment; they united with our little church and added to our homelike feeling. During the hard winter of 1838 Uncle Austin drove up in his sleigh to visit us, bringing along some of his wife's fine fresh butter, which he sold to Byron Kilbourn, about the only man who could buy, for the very unusual price of seventy-five cents per pound, having first given us a small share. The same winter a man drove two yoke of oxen from Caledonia, traded one of his oxen for a barrel of flour, and taking it home invited his neighbors in to a feast of biscuits and honey, he having also found a wild bee tree. And Mr. Buck in his history tells of many a city lot, for which $500 to $1000 had been paid, that was traded for a barrel of flour to escape starvation. Postage on a letter from friends in the East cost twenty-

five cents, and if of extra size it cost fifty, and therefore correspondence was infrequent.

This winter the ice in the river froze more than three feet thick, so that when we wanted to cut holes through it in order to fish, as we often did, it was necessary to have besides the regular ax with which to cut the holes a chisel fastened to a long handle to finish the cutting. But it was fun to watch the fish through such a long hole as we lay on the ice and covered our heads with a blanket, and see how warily they would come and smell of the bait and dodge away and at last snap at it and get caught; in this way we helped out our scanty fare not infrequently.

At the spring meeting of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Reverend Julius Field (the husband of father's sister Aunt Minerva) was appointed a Sunday-school missionary, and sent out to Wisconsin. He came with his family in June (stopping for a brief visit with us) and located at Kellogg's Corners, where with the help of his eastern friends he caused to be built the first frame Methodist meeting-house in the state, of which Uncle Chauncey was the contractor and builder. I am reminded by a recent letter from his daughter that the first county teachers' institute was held in this place, some time later.

To turn back a few months in my narration: At the session of the Illinois Conference held in Jacksonville September, 1837, the Reverend James R. Goodrich was appointed preacher for Milwaukee. He came all the way from Dubuque (for the conference then embraced Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa) to preach to the forty-five members reported by the last preacher, in their place of meeting, father's carpenter shop. He was a scholarly, finely cultured man and very acceptable as a preacher, but his health failed and he was obliged to leave in the middle of the year. But the regular services were kept up, sometimes by the reading of a sermon by Cousin William A. [Kellogg], but more often by a sermon by one of the exhorters, of whom four were licensed at a meeting held March 12, 1838, namely, James Ash, David Worthington, Francis Metcalf, and Hiram Johnson. Two of these, Brothers Ash and Worthington, afterward joined the conference and became traveling preachers. The first, having

filled with a true success for several years appointments in Wisconsin, passed over, and was buried within the bounds of the New Berlin circuit; the other, transferred to Iowa, became one of her leading preachers, was once a delegate to the General Conference, and left a long record of useful work in his Master's vineyard. Francis Metcalf developed into a successful class leader, church worker, and local preacher. He married Uncle Chauncey's third daughter, Ophelia, became a merchant in Kenosha, and later a successful salesman for Silas Peirce and Company, a leading wholesale dry-goods house of Boston, where he lived for some years. He left as a chief legacy to his three sons and three daughters a long record of good works stretching from Milwaukee through Sylvania, Kenosha, Boston, and Appleton, where he died beloved in 1863. Hiram Johnson became a local preacher and good church worker for many years in Port Washington and Sheboygan; a good record for this meeting's work. At the conference of September, 1838, the Reverend Wellington Weigley was appointed to Milwaukee, but he could not raise money enough to move his family from Galena, and so we were left without a regular preacher for the year, but Brother Jared Thompson, a farmer of Oak Creek and a local preacher (father of the lawyer of the same name, who has been a recent assistant city attorney), came up and continued the service and carried on the work through the year.

It must have been the spring of 1838 that a school was started in one of the rooms on the first floor of the courthouse (the court room being on the second floor). Whether this was a public school or a private one I do not remember, but I know that my brother and I took our lunch pail in a canoe every morning, paddled across the river and bayou and landing at a depression in the high east-side hill, climbed up to the top, passed by a frame bowling alley just built there, and then by a cow path through the poplar grove to the courthouse standing where the present building stands (a new white frame two-story building which Juneau had given to the county). We had for our teacher Eli Bates, a middle-aged man with a cork leg, who proved to be a good teacher and kept a successful school, having for his scholars children of most of the prominent people of the town. Among

them were Juneau's five children (Narcisse, Paul, Frank, Theresa, and Harriet); Galbraith, Kurtz, and John Miller, sons of A. G. Miller, the federal judge; Henry and Walter Williams; Charles and Frank Hawley, sons of Cyrus Hawley, long the county clerk; and Francis Walker, Sydney and Irving Bean, his brother the farmer, and many others whose names do not come to me now. As I remember it there was but one house, a two-story frame fronting the square, located on what would now be the northeast corner of Jackson and Biddle streets (built by A. Hyatt Smith), and that all north of the courthouse was a thick poplar grove with some large oak trees interspersed, in which we were wont to play Hi-spy at recess or at noon. The hill between where we left our canoe and Juneau's store, then as high as the new city hall is now, has since all been graded down to fill up the adjacent marsh. There was no bridge across the river, only a ferry from Wisconsin to Spring streets (the latter now Grand Avenue) and one at the foot of East Water Street to Walker's Point. Matthew Keenan (or Mat, as everybody called him) was the ferryman at Spring Street, and the ferry was a small scow propelled by a crank windlass around which a rope stretched across the river revolved; a larger scow, which was poled across, served at first for motive power. Keenan, the ferryman, lived to be one of the prominent and wealthy citizens of Milwaukee, a vice-president of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Professor Bates, after teaching for about two years, was made keeper of the new lighthouse finished in 1839. After that he entered the firm of Mears, Bates and Company of Chicago, a leading lumber firm, and made a large fortune. The lighthouse was located on a high bluff which extended from where Huron Street strikes the lake to North Point, at a spot at the east end of Wisconsin Street where the hill was very high and steep. At its foot was a favorite swimming place for the boys, especially adapted to the purpose by being screened from observation by the hill, and by having a fine sandy beach and two sand bars, the first within wading depth from the shore. It was great fun when the white combers would roll in from the lake to dive through them and come out on the second bar, and wade out a space and repeat the process out to deep water. The lighthouse

was long ago moved to North Point, the hill graded down, and its dirt used to fill the marsh below Huron Street.

At the west of the town there was a high hill sweeping clear around to the north, very steep at Spring Street and also at what is now Third Street. At its foot from about Wells Street up to Chestnut, was a tamarack swamp with some of its trees nearly as tall as the bluff but with a bottom that one had to jump from clump to clump to traverse; it was here we gathered tamarack gum and wintergreen berries in their season. On west, beyond the top at Spring Street, stretched a burr oak grove which was broken by two gullies running north and south; and if in looking for the cow and listening for her bell she had strayed beyond the first gully, we felt it a very long tramp to find her, which made us late and skeery. Later Priam B. Hill, long secretary of the Milwaukee Mutual Fire Insurance Company, built a fine house near the head of Spring Street hill; and still later Dr. D. W. Perkins built one on a high knoll at about Cedar Street. Both of these had to come down from their high perch when the grading-down occurred which was necessary to make a gradual ascent of the streets up the hill. The same thing happened to a fine house built by Mr. Goodall of the firm of Holton and Goodall at the crown of Clybourn Street, and to one built by Leander Comstock at the top of Third Street hill.

In the woods, where we hunted our cows and went blackberrying in the fall, the deer were often seen, and when the snow was on the ground it was not an infrequent occurrence to see Dr. E. B. Wolcott riding home with his rifle on shoulder, dragging a deer tied to the tail of his horse, down Spring Street and up to his home on the East Side. The land from just south of Spring Street down to the Menomonee was low and swampy, generally flooded in winter and so making good skating; while the whole Menomonee valley on both sides of its sluggish stream was a jungle of rushes and cat-tails, a home for ducks in summer and muskrats in winter.

From the upstairs rooms we moved into the corner one of a double house on the corner of Fourth and Cedar, where the Republican House now stands, having for our neighbors in the other part John Hustis and family, a leading lawyer who later moved to Dodge County and became a prominent politician.

This spring of 1838 father began a new business, that of supplying the steamboats which sailed the lakes, with cordwood used exclusively for making steam. Using large scows propelled by men with poles, he would go up the rivers and along the lake shore, load the scow with wood procured from the farmers or choppers on the banks, pole it out to the boat anchored in the lake opposite the mouth of the river, discharge his cargo of wood, and take a load of freight from the boat to warehouses on the river, as none of the large steamers of the time could enter the river. When he went to the lake shore he would tow the scow along the beach by means of a team of horses hitched to a long rope, and sometimes I would ride one of the horses and take the place of the teamster.

In February, 1839, the first land sale by the government was held in Milwaukee, at which persons from all the southern part of the territory came to secure their land. The terms were that the land was to be sold at auction, but no sale was to be for less than $1.25 per acre, and if no one should bid more the land was struck off to the first bidder. Settlers who had made location and improvements on their lands, fearing speculators would bid them up, held a meeting and resolved to hustle and use harsh measures on any one who bid beyond the government price on a settler's land. The first morning one man began to bid, but the crowd made it so uncomfortable for him that not one other ventured to bid up, and the men who had made improvements procured their land at the stipulated price and the sale went off without disturbance. At this sale Uncle Thad came up from Racine County and bought in his land and the lands of the other Kelloggs in that vicinity.

The first money my brother and I ever made was at that land sale. Father had ordered for us five barrels of apples, and we took them in baskets among the farmers and in the four days we sold four barrels of them at sixpence apiece, which was the lowest silver piece at that time, thus making quite a little sum after paying for the apples and saving one barrel for ourselves. My memory is that we paid almost four dollars per barrel for them.

When the river broke up that spring it was with a freshet caused by heavy rains, and the ice from six to twelve inches thick

in large cakes piled up on the banks of the river in heaps from two to ten feet high, as I seem to remember it—at any rate it was a very unusual flood. A little later, while the current was still very swift at the mouth of the river, father with a crew was poling in one of his scows and finding it difficult to make headway tied to the shore, and taking four men in a yawl he rowed through the mouth of the river to plant an anchor with a rope attached whereby the scow could be warped in with its windlass. Unfortunately, when the anchor was thrown out of the yawl its fluke caught on the edge, tipped over the boat, and threw the five men into the cold, rushing river. Father called to the men to grasp the boat, which all were able to do except David, a faithful German, who was thrown too far and was drowned. The four others clung to the boat, which righted but was full of water, and were swept out into the lake. Father began to call at the top of his voice for help; the two men left on the scow poled the scow after the yawl as fast as possible, but soon struck too deep water and they could only drift, but after a long time and great effort succeeded in reaching the boat and getting the men aboard the scow. This was but a small relief, as they were now far out in the lake, with no means of propelling the scow, and it was growing dark and the cold wind swept over the water-soaked men. One of them, the foreman, succumbed to the cold and died; fortunately for the others some men in town heard father's continued call for help, and sent the little steamboat, used to carry passengers from the large steamboats, out for a rescue, and it towed the scow in to the river, and brought father home about midnight to an anxious household, who watched and wondered why the homecoming was so late. It was a close call, and father felt sure that it was his continued shouting that kept him from being overcome with the cold as well as brought the necessary help.[4]

[4] *Milwaukee Courier* April 6, 1842: "More Lives Lost in Consequence of the Want of a Harbor.— On Friday evening last, as Mr. Leverett S. Kellogg and some workmen were engaged in setting an anchor in the mouth of the Milwaukee River, a buoy line caught their boat and precipitated them into the stream. Mr. Kellogg and three of the men clung to the boat, but one of the workmen, a German named David Krieger, was almost instantly drowned. The men that held on to the boat were in the water nearly an hour, when they were relieved by a wood scow's coming to them. They were taken from the scow by Capt. Shelby of the schooner *Memee* and brought ashore. John M. McDonald

This business of supplying wood to steamboats proved profitable until the Stevens and Higby pier was built out into the lake at the foot of Huron Street, and then the steamboats came to the pier and the farmers teamed their wood there also, and the scows became useless for that work and must find some other. But that time came some years later, after many other records.

I think it was this winter of 1838-39 that Cousin Fred (Uncle Thad's oldest boy) for the better school of our town came up from the prairie farm and spent the winter with us, and we had his help in training two calves to draw our hand-sled and be driven like a yoke of oxen. Our rented barn was a big one set in the middle of a block between Fifth and Sixth streets and Cedar and Wells, and we used the calf-team to haul water from house to barn. It was a Mr. Whipple, a good scholar and a courteous gentleman, who succeeded Mr. Bates in the courthouse school for this winter. In the spring when Fred went home my brother (Romulus Oscar, or R. O., as the cousins called him) and I went with him. We had one horse which two rode while one walked, taking turns in riding and tying the horse. About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Ives Grove, ten miles from Uncle Thad's, and stopped at the Reverend F. Whitehead's house (Fred's preacher), for the circuit then took in the Corners. But I was completely played out, and remember vividly how kindly Sister Whitehead washed my sore feet in warm water, put me to bed, and later gave us supper and insisted on our staying till morning; and there began a friendship which lasted till the end of their and their children's lives. The next year Father Whitehead moved to the Corners, and after a few more years was put in charge of the sales-room for Methodist books in Chicago, in which he continued till death. There Dr. Arthur Edwards, so long the editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, married his second daughter, and was our neighbor in after years. Of

died from exhaustion before relief could be obtained. Thus have two more of our citizens found a premature grave in consequence of the dilatoriness and cruel injustice of Congress in not making an appropriation for the harbor." [This contemporary newspaper item confirms the narrator's details in a remarkable manner; also, it fixes the date of the incident.]

At the conclusion of an editorial branding as false the report that there was not sufficient depth of water on the bar at the mouth of the harbor to permit of its being crossed by the harbor steamboat or by scows laden with wood, the *Courier* for April 13 added: "We are authorized to say that Mr. Kellogg will at all times have an abundance of wood in readiness for boats at the mouth of the river."

that visit to Uncle Thad's, which was the first of many, more often than yearly, I have faint remembrance.

Soon after, Solomon Juneau moved from the southwest corner of Michigan and Main (now Broadway) streets (where he had kept before his front door for some years two bears chained to posts about ten feet high, whose antics in climbing and sitting on the top and then coming down in almost continual motion operated not only to the amusement of the boys but also were a stock exhibit to every stranger who came to town) to the corner of Milwaukee Street and Division (now Juneau Avenue). Mother, who was quite friendly with the Juneaus, visited them in their new house and while there Juneau said to her, "Mrs. Kellogg, I want you to come and live beside us; I will sell you the lot across the corner for fifty dollars and you can pay for it when convenient, but come and live on it." The next day father and mother went up to inspect the premises, and after their return in the evening I heard them say, "Oh that place is too far up in the woods among the Indians; we can't live out there," which now seems a ridiculous thing to say of the corner of Milwaukee and Juneau.

Our next teacher was a handsome young man from Massachusetts, whose name I cannot recall, but his specialty was good spelling, and his school was held somewhere in the Third Ward below Michigan Street. He planned for the last exercise of the day a spelling class embracing all the older scholars, to the number of about twenty, and in order to stimulate their interest offered a prize of five dollars to the one who should get to the head twenty times during the term, fifty cents to the one getting there the most times, and twenty-five cents to the next to the highest. Of course the winner had to go to the foot as soon as he reached the head. This teacher certainly succeeded in developing a very lively interest among all the members of that spelling class. They studied the spelling lessons as never before, and seldom missed making the getting-up truly difficult. At the end of the term my brother took the fifty-cent prize with seventeen times to his credit, and I the twenty-five cents with sixteen. The next term he offered only the two small prizes, which we two won again. In that class were the two Stoddard girls, one of

whom married Whittemore, of Rood and Whittemore, Booksellers, and the other married the noted teacher and elocutionist, Professor Griffith; and also I think Rebecca and Lydia Ely, the Lydia who became famous as a painter, a protégée of Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, wife of the famous banker.

At the session of the Illinois Conference in September, 1839, our uncle, the Reverend Julius Field, was appointed presiding elder of Milwaukee district, and he soon found a preacher for the services, still held in the carpenter shop, in the Reverend Daniel Brayton, a superannuate of the Troy Conference. He was a tall, austere, gloomy looking man whom we boys regarded as rather poky, but who was a good preacher and a wise pastor. That year the little church met with a serious loss by the death of Cousin William A. Kellogg, trustee and Sunday-school superintendent. But his place was made good by the coming of Brother George F. Austin, a merchant, of whom and his family more anon. In 1840 Rock River Conference, embracing northern Illinois and Wisconsin, was set off from the Illinois Conference, and a single man, the Reverend John Crummer, was sent to Milwaukee. He was able to live by boarding around like the old-fashioned school-ma'am, but made a fine record by securing the gift of a lot from Morgan L. Martin, Juneau's partner, and with the help of father as contractor and Brothers Austin and Bean (Jacob L., proprietor of the New American House) as building committee, built a frame church thirty-five by fifty feet on Broadway, where the armory now stands. He left the next fall and to forestall further boarding around took with him as a bride a dear cousin of mine, Uncle Austin's second daughter, Mary, whose son is now Captain Wilbur F. Crummer, in charge of one of the departments in Cook County Courthouse, Chicago.

The new church building was dedicated with rejoicing by the presiding elder (Uncle Field) in May, 1841; its members were from the three sides of the town and were divided into three class meetings, one on the east side led by Brother G. F. Austin, one on the west side led by Uriel Farmin (who later joined the Fourierites at Ceresco), and one on Walker's Point, led by Hiram Johnson. At the conference held in Platteville, August 25, 1841, Milwaukee was attached to Chicago district with

John T. Mitchell presiding elder and the Reverend Silas Bolles preacher in charge; Brother Bolles, known as the "Weeping Prophet," came from Chicago with a record of success and put in a year of earnest, faithful work, and at its end, when he left, reported a membership almost doubled, numbering one hundred and sixty-four. But they were chiefly common folks, of whom Lincoln said, "The Lord must have loved them much, because He made so many." Those were the days of frequent changes of Methodist preachers, and Brother Bolles's fire and fervor were needed elsewhere, and the calm, cheerful, steady light of the Reverend William H. Sampson, of whom one has reverently said "he could smile and smile and NOT a villain be," was sent to shine in our pulpit and our homes. His work was of the conserving, solidifying kind, but he too left after one year, much beloved.

It was some time in these years that in order to be nearer his wood supplying business father moved to the bank of the Kinnikinnick, where he bought ten acres with a modest house located where the Thomas Furnace now stands. The half-breed Portier (or Perky, as we called him) was our nearest neighbor on the north and Horace Chase just beyond, while a pioneer farmer, one Stewart, with his two big boys lived at the top of the hill just across the Kinnikinnick bridge on the south. On this point of land stretching to the bridge there was room for a large wood-yard with a dock at which the scows could lie and be loaded, a considerable garden beyond the house, and at its end a log stable with stalls for six horses and a cow, and a loft for hay, while on either side were wide marshes along the river. These marshes were fine feeding ground for all kinds of ducks and fine hunting places with canoes for both whites and Indians. One incident I recall, reminding of Leather-Stocking tales. A half-breed who lived just beyond Perky stood on the bank over which the ducks were flying. He had a common single-barrel old Indian shot-gun with a big sight at its end and no back sight, only a flat barrel, a smooth bore of course. As he took from his pocket three balls nearly as big as marbles to fit his old gun, he said to me, "Three ducks," and I laughed out, "You don't expect to kill flying ducks with that outfit," but he nodded and said, "Wait and see." I

waited, saw him load with one ball; pretty soon three white-breasted ducks came flying high and he took aim and fired and the ducks went sailing on, and I said, "There's one of your balls gone and no duck"; he said, "Look," and lo, one of them suddenly keeled over and came tumbling to the ground, shot through the breast, as we found on running to pick it up. Again he loaded his old smoothbore with a big bullet and soon a single blue-winged teal came flying over the bridge almost on a level with us; he fired and the teal fell into the river, whence he recovered it with his canoe. And once more he loaded and waited till some mallards came flying past at about a three-quarter angle, a difficult shot, but he fired and brought one down, and with only this word to me, "Three bullets, three ducks," gathered up his game and went over the hill to his home.

Of my own hunting experience, the first I recall is of going with some schoolmates to the bluff near the lighthouse and taking turns at shooting with one of their guns into the immense flocks of wild pigeons which every spring came flying across the lake as they rose from the lower level to mount over the high bluff; and as it seems to me now they came flock after flock, not merely by thousands, but by millions every morning and spread over the farms. So plentiful were they and so destructive to spring-sown grain, that the farmers devised many ways for keeping them off the fields, including scarecrows, shooting, capturing in nets sprung over them, taking dozens at one time; so that it seems almost incredible that there are no more such pigeons to be found on this American continent today.

On one early visit at Kellogg's Corners I saw a big prairie chicken perched on a fence stake and ran into Uncle Chauncey's house for a gun. The only loaded one was a rifle, and I had never shot one, and Cousin Steele said, "You can't use that," and started to get the chicken himself. "Oh let me try," I cried. He, still saying, "It's no use," handed me the rifle, and I, resting on the fence and taking careful aim, fired and cut the cock's throat and shouted triumphantly, "I can, you see." This Cousin Steele tells the story that at one Thanksgiving time his mother was short of meat for the dinner and sent him hunting to find some. At the end of the farm he saw a flock of wild turkeys

jumping over the fence, and by careful following [stalking] secured three of them, the first and last ones ever seen in those parts. At another visit the Sunday before a family reunion feast, I looked out of a window and saw a fawn coming along a road-side fence, and though it was Sunday, Uncle Thad took his gun and shot it for the coming feast.

Father always kept good horses, a double team and a buggy horse to drive to town and church. Once he traded with a steamboat captain for a new single horse which had not been broken to either harness or saddle. The next day he and the teamster began testing her. First they put on a bridle and led her about awhile, then a saddle, leading her, then put me on the saddle still leading, and when she did not balk, let me ride around the yard, then they put on a harness and drove her awhile, then fastened a stone-boat, first empty and then loaded, and when she pulled that without balking, hitched her up in the buggy, and drove up the hill, and as she proved satisfactory each time concluded that she was a bargain, which proved true; for before long mother or the boys could be trusted to drive her even in crowded streets and she became a pet. But she was not quite fast enough for father's oft-time hurry, and so he traded her for a tall, high-shouldered, long-limbed, deep-chested, homely-looking brown horse that would not take any one's dust, and could go faster and keep it up longer than any horse we had owned. Father at one time sent one of his fine double teams, Cub and Barney, out to Uncle Thad's farm. While they were there the young folks, some twenty-five or more couples, planned a ride to Rochester, mostly with single buggies. They were to rendezvous at Ives Grove and drive together to Rochester, get a good dinner and drive back together. Cousin Fred's girl, whose father's farm was only a mile away, had unexpectedly given him the mitten, and it became necessary for him to take Cub the afternoon before the ride and drive to Mygatt's Corners (about ten miles) for another girl. He came home about nine o'clock at night with Cub foundered stiff. It had been planned that I was to take Margaret (Fred's sister, whom no one else had asked) and with Barney make the ride, but that night it seemed that we must give our horse to Fred and stay at home. But Uncle Thad worked over

Cub nearly all that night and after Fred had gone early with Barney in order to get to the rendezvous in time, uncle hitched up Cub and told Margaret and me to drive to the rendezvous and if Cub did not limber up we could come back from there. We started and at first Cub was very stiff, but before we got to Ives Grove he could keep up with the best, and so we went on and had a very jolly time and as uncle said, probably saved the old horse by the forty-mile drive.

In the late summer of '42, during the Reverend William Sampson's ministry, Professor D. J. Pinckney, the new principal of Rock River Seminary, at Mount Morris, Illinois, came and preached in our church, and Brother Sampson invited our family to sup and spend the evening with him. He was a wonderfully attractive man, about six feet two inches tall, large, well proportioned, with a large head covered with dark, wavy hair, black, flashing eyes, a charming smile, magnetic manners, and altogether inspiring. He told us of his school and urged father and mother to send their two boys. We went home and talked it over. Father could not see how it would be possible to afford it; but mother, who had spent one year of her girlhood life at New Haven under the shadow of Yale College, had long determined that her boys should go to college; this would be good preparation for that, and it was worth making any sacrifice for. So it was arranged that we should go.

When the time came, Cousin Steele came up from the Corners and took father's double team and lumber wagon, with a spring-seat, in which we and our belongings were stowed, and drove us out to Mount Morris, stopping one night at Lake Geneva with Uncle Edwin Howe and family, another at Rockford, and leaving us in Professor Pinckney's care the third day. Cousin Steele has often said since that as he drove away and left us he greatly envied our opportunity, and wished that his parents would take the same view of educational advantages that my mother did. But they were content with a common school education for their children, and had no ambition beyond it, although they could much better afford the cost than our parents.

For myself that first week was a very dreary, homesick week; our room had been newly plastered and the walls were not dry,

and it was difficult to keep warm with our little box-stove, for which we had to saw and split the wood at a common pile in the back yard upon which our room looked out; and everything and everybody was new and strange. To dress and get down to prayers at six, get wood for the day and do other chores, and to breakfast with little to tempt one's appetite, or remind of mother's table, at seven, where we sat in silence, the boys at one long table, the girls at another, and the faculty at a third; with the term's studies and classes to be arranged, in some of which brother and I were to be separated as we had never been before (for though he was the elder by four years lacking two months, we had up to this time been in the same classes)—all was so different and so strange, and mother so far away, it is no wonder the boy not quite thirteen and still in a roundabout coat, and the youngest in the school, had more than a touch of *heimweh* for a time. But the atmosphere soon cleared, for both the fellows and the girls—whom we were allowed to visit in their rooms Saturday afternoons—and even the teachers, were disposed to be gracious to the youngest.

(*To be continued*)

COMMUNICATIONS

ALBION COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

In my article on Albion Academy in the March number of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, I stated that the legislature had granted two charters to that institution, its first in 1853, its second in 1863, and that by the latter charter the power of conferring degrees on its graduates was granted. By sheer accident while recently examining for other purposes the private and local laws of Wisconsin, I ran upon Chapter 434 of the *Wisconsin Private and Local Laws* for 1856, wherein I found the legislature had therein granted a second charter in 1856 under the title Albion Collegiate Institute, in which charter authority was granted to the board of trustees "to confer such degrees and issue such certificates and diplomas as are usually conferred and granted in institutions of high grade." As the first class graduated in 1858 it is altogether probable that all of the graduates of that institution previous to 1863 as well as subsequently, received the degree of Ph.B. or Ph.L. The charter members of the corporation were Daniel Coon, J. H. Potter, T. R. Williams, Abram Allen, T. F. West, LeRoy Crandall, T. E. Babcock, N. Williams, and C. R. Head. The Northwestern Seventh-Day Baptist Association was authorized annually to elect a visiting committee with powers therein specified, who by *ex officio* right were members of the board of trustees. No test of a sectarian character was permitted for any officer, professor, teacher, or student.

J. Q. Emery, *Madison*

A REQUEST

Can you secure for me a copy of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for September, 1919? I believe the Historical Society has no copies left. The issue is desired on account of a Lincoln article therein.

Albert H. Griffith, *Fisk*

ERRATUM

In the March issue of this magazine appeared the article entitled "The Story of the Propeller *Phoenix*." On page 295, in the list of persons from Holten who were saved, the following names were omitted: Dina J. Schuppert, later Mrs. H. Veenendal, 1845, d. 1916, at Baldwin, Wis.; Jan B. Wissink, 1813, d. 1886, at Cedar Grove, Wis.; Mrs. J. B. Wissink, née Teuntje Landeweert, 1825, d. 1857, at Cedar Grove.

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending April 10, 1924, there were fifty-six additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Nine persons enrolled as life members: Frank W. Bucklin, West Bend; William W. Coleman, Milwaukee; Adolph Kanneberg, Madison; Marie C. Kohler, Sheboygan; William Mauthe, Fond du Lac; Lucius W. Nieman, Milwaukee; Gustave A. Reuss, Milwaukee; John G. Rexford, Janesville; Henry Spoentgen, Manitowoc.

Forty-seven persons became annual members, as follows: Frank E. Baker, Milwaukee; J. H. Beuscher, Milwaukee; Edw. Bobeck, Racine, Mrs. J. A. L. Bradfield, La Crosse; D. H. Casterton, Racine; Paul B. Clemens, Milwaukee; Mrs. Juliaette Davis, Green Lake; John Eiselmeier, Milwaukee; Mrs. C. T. Ellis, Madison; Christopher C. Gittings, Racine; Frank Grether, Milwaukee; J. W. Hansen, Sheboygan; Joseph Pratt Harris, Madison; Ewald Hasse, Milwaukee; Bertha M. Haven, Racine; Dr. R. C. Hindley, Racine; A. H. Hoard, Fort Atkinson; Joseph Horlick, Racine; L. W. Hull, Oshkosh; C. Hugo Jacobi, Watertown; John E. Jones, Milwaukee; R. A. Karpinsky, Manawa; E. P. Kastler, Racine; C. E. Killian, Racine; Rev. Philip H. Koehler, Iron Ridge; Ernest Kremers, Milwaukee; Andrew Lees, La Crosse; Julius J. A. Luening, Milwaukee; Claude C. Luse, Superior; B. F. Magruder, Racine; William P. Marr, Racine; L. H. Mickelson, Racine; Rev. William P. Mortell, Oshkosh; C. T. Olen, Oshkosh; Martha E. Pond, Manitowoc; Andrea Pultz, Racine; Lorenzo D. Roberts, Shawano; Emma Schwarz, Green Bay; Ethel B. Scully, Milwaukee; Herman Smieding, Racine; Rev. Edgar J. Symons, Manitowoc; Glenn Wallace Vergeront, Black River Falls; Mrs. Elizabeth Wallace, Hawarden, Iowa; Rev. George M. Weng, Oshkosh; John D. Westra, Friesland; Dr. G. Windesheim, Kenosha; Rev. Robert F. F. Wolff, Slades Corners.

Ephraim Paul Grignon, Appleton, changed his membership from annual to life.

The State Historical Society is now engaged in filling an order received from the McGhee Library, of Knoxville, Tennessee, for photostat copies of the Tennessee papers in the Draper Collection of Manuscripts. These papers comprise seven special volumes, together with additional documents filed in other volumes of Draper papers.

Professor P. M. Hamer, of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, who is stressing the history of Tennessee in his teaching, initiated the movement to secure the reproductions. It is a movement which promises to eventuate in the reproduction of the entire Draper Collection for placement in Knoxville, where historical research will be greatly advanced in consequence.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY MEETING

The spring meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association was held May 1-3 at Louisville, Kentucky, the University of Louisville and the Filson Club acting as hosts. Louisville is a central location for the association, and about one hundred members were in attendance. The program carried features on the Civil War, Mississippi Valley beginnings, general political and agricultural history. A section for history teachers was also included.

The Kentucky State Historical Society likewise met at the same time and place. Due possibly to the location of the meeting south of the Ohio River border line, many of the papers were on southern subjects, such as "The Contraband Cotton Trade," by Professor Ramsdell, of Texas; "The Peace Movement in North Carolina during the Civil War," by A. Sellew Roberts, of Illinois; "The Agricultural Revival in Virginia and Maryland," by A. O. Craven, of Michigan. Among the more significant articles were "An Interpretation of Civil War Finances," by James L. Sellers, of Wisconsin; "The Democratic Societies of the West and the Free Navigation of the Mississippi," by E. Merton Coulter, of Georgia; "The Background of the Populist Movement in Kansas," by R. C. Miller, of Chicago; and "Some Factors in the Oregon Adjustment," by Thomas P. Martin, of Texas.

Miss Drumm, of the Missouri Historical Society, described the Clark manuscripts recently donated to that society by the heirs of General William Clark; and Secretary Rothert, of the Filson Club, gave an interesting account of the "Outlaws of Pioneer Times."

The social features of the meeting were as usual delightful. A luncheon was tendered by the University of Louisville, and another by the Filson Club. Friday afternoon the History Society of the University invited the guests to a reception; while arrangements were made for auto rides to neighboring points of historical interest.

Professor Frank Hodder, of the University of Kansas, was elected president for the ensuing year; and the invitation of Detroit to hold the next meeting there was accepted.

NECROLOGY

We regret to chronicle the death on March 28 last, of Mrs. William F. Allen, contributor to late numbers of our magazine of "A Polish Pioneer's Story" and "The University of Wisconsin after the Civil War." Mrs. Allen was for fifty-five years an outstanding factor in the life of Madison and the University.

Another prominent University woman passed away in January at Los Angeles—the widow of Bishop James W. Bashford, who as Jane M. Field was a daughter of pioneer settlers of Fennimore.

The Society has recorded in its collections the history of the Swiss colony of New Glarus, one of whose original settlers, Fridolin Legler, died in February in the village which he had helped to found.

Francis H. Lyman, of Kenosha, member both of our Society and of the Wisconsin Archeological Society, died February 8 in Florida.

In this magazine for September, 1921 (p. 110-111) we chronicled the history of the Nippert family, descendants of a Napoleonic soldier buried in Wisconsin. We regret to learn from Judge Nippert of Cincinnati that his oldest son, James Gamble Nippert, a veteran of the World War, died last December from injuries received on the football field.

ACQUISITIONS

In the December magazine (vii, 172-188) were described the papers of John Jay Orton, which had recently come into the Society's possession. Since that time an additional installment of these interesting papers has been received.

The Society has also acquired a copy of the journal of Edmund T. Ely, missionary among the Chippewa in the early nineteenth century. The first journal covers the period from July 5 to September 28, 1833, and describes the voyage from Albany, New York, to Sandy Lake, Michigan, giving an interesting description of the southern shore of Lake Superior, the fur traders and missionaries of that region. The original journals are in the custody of the St. Louis County (Minnesota) Historical Society, which has lent them to the Minnesota State Historical Society for copying. Our copy is furnished by the last-named society.

In response to a circular letter sent out by our Superintendent asking state photographers to aid us in preserving history material, Arthur Johnson of Baraboo was the first donor, giving us a parade and street scene of his town forty years ago, with several later pictures taken during the World War.

ANNIVERSARIES

The State University celebrated in February the seventy-fifth anniversary of the meeting for instruction of the first class. The affair was largely in the hands of the present student body, who entered into the preparations with eagerness, and filled the Stock Pavilion on the evening of February 18. Judge Burr W. Jones, Robert N. McMynn, and Philip La Follette spoke for each of the quarter-centuries that have passed. One of the first students, William H. Holt, is still living in the city of Madison. Mr. Holt remembers that the class was begun in a two-story brick building on the site of the present Central High School, when Madison's population was about three hundred and fifty, and University Hill was still a wilderness.

St. Mary's Danish Lutheran Church at Kenosha celebrated its fiftieth birthday in January, when several of the thirteen pastors it has had were in attendance.

The Indian church at Reserve which was destroyed by fire three years ago is being replaced by a unique chapel of logs, after the fashion of a medicine lodge. The pastor, Father Philip Gordon, is a member of the Chippewa tribe, which assembles there for worship.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

Winnebago County Historical Society holds its annual field meeting on June 14, when Louise Phelps Kellogg, of the State Historical Society's staff, will speak on Winnebago County in the French régime.

Beloit Historical Society held its annual meeting February 20 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Merrill, Dean George L. Collie presiding officer.

Manitowoc County Historical Society elected in March, Ralph G. Plumb president, with Harry Kelley secretary-treasurer. Steps are being taken to gather materials for a museum to be established in the city library.

The Old Settlers' Association of Reedsburg held an interesting meeting on Washington's Birthday, the forty-second anniversary of its founding.

Oregon, in Dane County, held a pioneer meeting at the high school on March 29, in order to obtain material on the early history of the township.

LANDMARKS

The Society's committee for the marking of historic sites consists of Howard Greene, chairman, David Atwood, O. D. Brandenburg, Frank L. Gilbert, William C. Stone, and William A. Titus. A meeting of this committee was held April 19 at Madison, in which plans were made for marking Indian mounds, and for coöperation with other organizations in erecting markers at the following suggested places: the grave of White Crow at Cross Plains; Old Helena on Wisconsin River, where the troops crossed in the Black Hawk War; the battle field at Victory or Bad Axe; French fort sites at Fond du Lac, on Madeline Island, and near Trempealeau. Any local or state organizations which wish to assist in these undertakings please consult the chairman, 550 Marshall Street, Milwaukee.

The Portage, or Wau Bun, chapter of the D. A. R. has procured three tablets for the site of old Fort Winnebago, which will give to tourists correct information concerning the post. The first reads: "Site of Fort Winnebago 1828-1845. Surrender of Red Bird, noted Indian chief, 1827." The second tablet gives the names of the regular army officers who served at this post, including Major D. E. Twiggs of Mexican War fame, and Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, later president of the

Southern Confederacy. The third tablet marks the old military road and the Fort Winnebago cemetery. We congratulate the people of Portage on the erection of these useful markers.

Beloit Historical Society is planning to mark the conical and effigy mounds which are so remarkable a feature of the Beloit College campus.

Winnebago County Historical Society has already marked the site of the first county courthouse. The first circuit court, however, was held in the village schoolhouse, which location it is now proposed to mark as a celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the meeting of this first court.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The leading article of this magazine for December, 1923, was an account of the experiences of Josiah L. Pickard. The timely appearance of this article, and the esteem in which his memory is held, led to the celebration at Platteville on March 17 of the one hundredth anniversary of Mr. Pickard's birth. The old Platteville Academy is now part of the Wisconsin Mining School, where the anniversary exercises were held.

The death of Woodrow Wilson calls to mind the fact that he visited Wisconsin four times. First in 1910, when governor of New Jersey, he came to Milwaukee for two addresses. Again a year later he spoke at Madison at the first national conference on civic and social center development. In March, 1912, on the eve of the presidential primary, Governor Wilson made a speech at the Pabst Theatre on "The Relations between Business and Politics." He also spoke to an audience of Polish citizens at the South Side Armory in Milwaukee. His last visit was on January 31, 1916, when he was given a great ovation at the Milwaukee Auditorium; on that same visit he came to the rear platform of his train and spoke a few words at both Kenosha and Racine.

A Wisconsin state flag has been placed in the office of the postmaster general at Washington, through the courtesy of the postal employes of the Milwaukee office. It is a large blue silk flag, fringed with gold, with the state seal painted thereon, as it appears on the cover of this magazine.

A unique memorial has been placed in the tall, graceful steeple of the Beloit First Congregational Church in the form of a beacon which was lighted for the first time on Christmas night in honor of the New England Emigrating Company, which formed the nucleus of the original Beloit settlement. Religious services were first held in Caleb Blodgett's log cabin on March 9, 1837; nearly two years later the old First Church was organized, which began the present stone church building in 1855. From this steeple, the highest point in the Beloit valley, this new beacon throws its light for miles over the surrounding country.

Significant of the times is the action of the *Buffalo County Republicaner*, which after sixty-three years as a German newspaper at Fountain City, last February became the *Buffalo County Republican*, in English dress. The editor laments the parting with the "mother tongue," but states that "the majority rules and the demands of the public must be respected, and as the demand for issuing our paper in the American language became greater and greater, we decided to make the change."

The *Watertown Times* is publishing a series of articles entitled "Reminiscences of Watertown," dealing with the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The interesting diary of Captain Stephen Hanks, cousin of Lincoln and a Mississippi River pilot, continues to appear in the Sunday edition of the *La Crosse Tribune*.

W. E. Martner of Prairie du Chien is publishing in the *Milwaukee Journal* historical articles concerning the old town where he lives. The description of the Treaty of 1825 is excellent. This was the first large Indian treaty held in Wisconsin, and was for the purpose of settling tribal boundaries and not for securing land cessions. Most of the Indians who attended were in a state of barbarism verging on savagery. General William Clark of St. Louis and General Lewis Cass of Detroit were the negotiators. They took with them several friends, among whom was the artist James O. Lewis. He delighted to paint the chiefs in all their barbaric splendor. The Lewis portrait album, containing these portraits in color, is now one of the rare and much sought Americana. Copies may be seen at the Society's library.

Mills were an important factor of pioneer life, and millstones were necessarily prized. One such may still be seen at Rewey, in Grant County, which was brought to that vicinity by ox team almost a century ago, and used for the first gristmill in that part of the state.

MUSEUM NOTES

A fine oil portrait of Major General William G. Haan, U.S.A., distinguished commander of the famous Thirty-Second (Red Arrow) Division in the World War, was presented to the State Historical Society on the evening of January 24, by the Thirty-second Division Veterans' Association. The artist is the well-known R. S. Meryman.

A banquet was held early in the evening by the association at the University Club, at which Colonel Theodore G. Lewis acted as toastmaster. The principal speakers at this banquet were General Ralph Immel, adjutant general of the Wisconsin National Guard, and Colonel Paul B. Clemens, during the war an officer on General Haan's staff. Afterwards the members adjourned to the auditorium of the

State Historical Museum, where the portrait was formally unveiled under the direction of Major F. X. Ritger, secretary of the association, two members drawing the ribbons which removed the flags. Colonel Lewis delivered the unveiling address, presenting the portrait to the State Historical Society. He characterized General Haan as a man who never tired, who was a great disciplinarian, and who during the war was always training his men to be fully prepared for any emergency. "Unlike many of the high officers," said he, "General Haan chose his post of command at the most advantageous point, whether in a place of danger or not. His division was unexcelled in the American Army." Dr. Joseph Schafer, superintendent of the Society, received the portrait in the name of the Society. He spoke in high praise of the exploits of General Haan as an American soldier.

General Haan was unable to be present at the unveiling. He was represented by Mrs. Haan. In attendance, besides the men of the Division, were many members of the local American Legion post and interested citizens.

The portrait of General Haan hangs in the museum corridor. In a large case on the opposite wall are preserved the flags of the famous Red Arrow Division.

A very successful competitive postage stamp exhibit, in which forty Dane County boy and girl collectors took part, was held in the museum during the week of February 25 to March 1. These young exhibitors were from seven to fourteen years of age. The specimens shown were of a select character and filled four large museum cases. These were judged at the end of the week by Forest Middleton and John Kulp, Madison philatelists. Prizes of packets of American and foreign stamps were awarded. Winners of first prizes were Chauncey Juday, Theodore Dodge, Lyle Anderson, June Johnson, Edwin Coyne, Frederick Wessel, Robert Nagler, and Carl Schmedeman. The prizes given were presented by S. J. Rahn and John H. Kulp, Madison; W. S. Aldrich, St. Joseph, Missouri; the Fennel Stamp Company, St. Louis; Metropolitan Stamp Company, New York; M. C. Phillips and Company, Hartford, Connecticut; the Rueger Stamp Company, Dayton, Ohio; and by the museum itself.

The collections of the museum have received some important additions. Through the interest of Colonel Howard Greene about fifty interesting specimens were obtained from the old general store stock of David Edwards, at Genesee Depot, Waukesha County, Mr. Brown going to that place and he and Colonel Greene together making the selection. The items include old styles of men's boots and shoes, women's and children's shoes, hats, hoopskirts, linen and seersucker coats, jersey waists. They are the gift of Arthur Richards. Colonel Greene has himself presented three fine gold watches, each more than half a century old, and formerly belonging to members of his family. John Jennings, Madison, has given a fine collection of Woman's Relief Corps badges, brass and aluminum trade checks formerly used in

Madison, books for the library, and other specimens. Henry E. Knapp, Menominee, has donated a United States Huguenot-Walloon tercentenary half-dollar; Levi Palmer, Madison, the beam of a scale used in weighing grist at Badger Mills on the Sugar River, in territorial days; Dr. L. J. Keech, Racine, a pair of spectacles in a tin case; Albert O. Barton, Madison, a Norwegian vaccination certificate, issued in 1858; J. A. Buckmaster, Madison, a Waterbury watch and an early Swiss cylinder watch; and William F. Hooker, New York, a $1000 La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad construction bond, dated 1867.

Special exhibits have been prepared and installed by the Historical Museum since the first of the year, some being removed and others added nearly every week. These included the following: early American and European watch movements; paper dolls, 1860; collection of French postal covers; valentines, 1800-1880; American Tract Society tracts, 1800-1833; specimens of old jackknife whittlings; cliff dweller materials (W. A. Titus Collection); Parisian gown, 1887. Nearly all of these were shown in cases in North Hall. During February the Madison Art Association made in the auditorium an exhibit of water colors from the combined annual exhibitions of the American Water Color Society and New York Water Color Club, and during March an exhibition of water colors, etchings, and dry points by Sears Gallagher. All of these exhibits were announced in the weekly bulletin of the University and were visited by numerous students and other visitors.

In coöperation with the director of the summer session of the University of Wisconsin Charles E. Brown, director of the museum, has prepared two historical leaflets to be distributed during the summer session. One of these is entitled "Campus Landmarks" and describes in brief all of the important landmarks (buildings, monuments, trees, etc.) on the University campus. The other is entitled "Lake Mendota." It is devoted to a description of the Indian sites, mounds, and historical and scenic features of this beautiful lake. It will be distributed during the annual archeological and historical excursion which he has been conducting for the University for the past ten years. Similar leaflets issued during previous summer sessions are "Little Walks About Madison," "Lake Wingra," "Indian Folk Lore," "Paul Bunyan Tales," "Wisconsin Indian Tribes," and "Flower Toys and Games." Thousands of these have been distributed.

To the March, 1924, issue of the *Wisconsin Medical Journal*, published at Milwaukee, Charles E. Brown contributed an illustrated article on "The Medical History Collection of the State Historical Museum." The foundations for this very interesting collection were laid by him in 1908. With the gift in 1911 of the collection of surgical instruments and other medical history material of the late Dr. Solon Marks, for many years a leading Milwaukee practitioner, this now important collection received its first real impetus. The descendants of many early physicians and other friends of the museum have aided

in building up the collection. Its present contents are interestingly described in Mr. Brown's article.

The spring plowing and cultivating of the land on farms in many parts of Wisconsin is certain to bring to light many interesting specimens of clay, shell, bone, stone, and metal Indian implements. Specimens of these are wanted for the collections of the State Historical Museum. Persons finding such specimens are requested to donate them to the museum, where the better examples may be placed on public exhibition and the others held in reserve for study purposes. The museum has been collecting local Indian implements since 1854, but there are still many localities in the state from which it possesses few if any specimens. It is important that the state collection should be made as representative of the archeology of every locality as it is possible to make it. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged. All intending donors are requested to communicate with the museum office.

The museum also wishes to learn of the exact location in every county of such old Indian landmarks as camp, village, and workshop sites, mounds, graves and cemeteries, spirit stones, boulder mortars, cornfields and garden beds, and other features of similar interest, to the end that full reports of the Indian history and archeology of every Wisconsin county may finally be published. Descriptions, maps, drawings, and photographs of such Indian remains will always be acceptable.

The interest and vigilance of all citizens of the state are asked in preventing the mutilation and destruction by tourists or others of the Indian mounds or graves or other aboriginal monuments in any part of Wisconsin. The permanent preservation of all such memorials of native occupation is desired in the interest of education and history of the present and future citizens of Wisconsin.

The museum is making a collection of information concerning the curious and interesting superstitions and customs of the former rivermen, lumberjacks, and lakes sailors of Wisconsin. Mr. Brown has already obtained considerable material on this subject and will be pleased to hear from any members of the Society or other persons who may have information which they can furnish. It is important that as much as possible of this folklore material should be preserved.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society held its annual meeting at Milwaukee on Monday evening, March 17. At this meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. Eberhard J. W. Notz, Milwaukee, president; W. H. Vogel, Charles G. Schoewe, and H. H. Smith, Milwaukee, Dr. F. C. Rogers, Oconomowoc, and Aden T. Newman, Bloomer, vice-presidents. Dr. George L. Collie, Beloit, Mr. H. E. Cole, Baraboo, Mr. A. P. Kannenberg, Oshkosh, Mrs. H. E. Koerner, South Milwaukee, and Mrs. Angie K. Main, Fort Atkinson,

were elected members of the executive board. Charles E. Brown, Madison, was reëlected secretary and Milo C. Richter, Milwaukee, treasurer of the state society. Full reports on the survey and exploration work, preservation of Indian landmarks, and the care and improvement of Man Mound Park near Baraboo, and of Aztalan Mound Park, near Lake Mills, administered by the Society, were received and approved. With the year 1924 the society began the twenty-third year of its valuable and important activities in Wisconsin.

George R. Fox, former Wisconsin archeologist, and for some years past director of the Warren Foundation at Three Oaks, Michigan, was elected president of the newly organized Michigan State Archeological Society at its organization meeting held at Kalamazoo on January 17. Mr. Fox, whose former home was at Appleton, is the author of a number of illustrated reports on the archeology and early Indian history of a number of Wisconsin counties and smaller areas. The Foundation, of which he is the supervising officer, includes the Chamberlain Museum at Three Oaks, the large Warren forest and the great Warren dune region in southwestern Michigan. He has recently been conducting an archeological reconnaissance in Louisiana and Mississippi.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society and the Wisconsin Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Letters held their annual joint meeting in the Biology Building of the University of Wisconsin on Friday and Saturday, April 11 and 12. Louise P. Kellogg, the Reverend E. P. Wheeler, W. C. English, R. A. Buckstaff, John G. Gregory, Professor Nand Singh, Albert O. Barton, and C. E. Brown presented papers in the archeological-historical section of the program. The two state societies have been holding these annual joint meetings since 1908.

The January, 1924, issue of the *Wisconsin Archeologist* contains interesting illustrated papers on "Stone Pestles and Mortars" by C. E. Brown, "Caves and Rockshelters of France" by A. W. Pond, and a number of shorter articles on "A Prehistoric Colombian City," "Cloth Weaving by the Dakota," "Uses of Native Plants by the Menomini," "The Michigan State Archeological Society," "Conference of State Archeological Surveys," "Francis H. Lyman," "Wisconsin Archeological Survey, 1923," and "British A.A.A.S. Meeting at Toronto." The paper on "Stone Pestles and Mortars" is one of a large series of papers and monographs which its author has published during the past twenty years on nearly every known class of Wisconsin Indian stone and metal prehistoric and historic implements, ornaments, and ceremonials.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Ellis B. Usher ("Nelson Powell Hulst, 'The Greatest American Authority on Iron' ") is a journalist formerly of La Crosse, now of Milwaukee. Mr. Usher's interest in historical matters is longstanding and active.

Mrs. Nelson P. Hulst ("Pioneer Life on the Menominee Iron Range") explains in her article her relation to this episode. Mrs. Hulst now resides in Milwaukee.

Albert O. Barton ("Ole Bull and His Wisconsin Contacts") is fitted by inheritance and training to interpret the life of this eminent Norwegian. Mr. Barton has been a journalist on the *Amerika*, a Norwegian paper formerly published in Madison.

William A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin: Calumet, on the Old Fort Winnebago Trail"). Senator Titus, of Fond du Lac, has been giving our readers a series of these articles, interesting for both local and state history.

John G. Gregory ("Early Wisconsin Editors: Harrison Reed") is now a member of the Society's staff. He was for many years a Milwaukee journalist, and knew personally the pioneer editors of the state.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Winning of the First Bill of Rights for American Women. By Mabel Raef Putnam. (Milwaukee, 1924). 92 p.

For all interested in recent Wisconsin history this little volume will be of value, since it gathers up and relates in a somewhat artless, yet careful, fashion the methods by which the woman's bill of rights was engineered through the last session of the state legislature. Aside from the intrinsic interest in the law itself and in the implications involved, this account indicates the new methods in politics, whereby publicity is used as a means of pressure and a method of cultivating a vote for a measure of public interest. The author does not mince the fact that all the large women's organizations were not behind this bill. Not even the League of Women Voters, the successor of the Wisconsin suffrage organizations, was as a whole in favor of the bill as presented. The attempt to pass the bill was due to the recommendation of the National Woman's Party, headed by Alice Paul; it was sponsored in Wisconsin by the local members of that party, and by the Wisconsin Woman's Progressive Association. The active workers succeeded in getting the coöperation of both Wisconsin senators, of the governor, and of the then revisor of statutes, Charles Crownhart (now of the supreme court). The tactics of the campaign were the familiar ones of pre-suffrage days—the personal appeal to every senator and representative, the utilization of every avenue of influence, and the prompt address by which a victory was snatched from the very jaws of defeat. For the senate so amended and emasculated the original measure as to make it unacceptable to its promoters. The feat was performed of persuading the assembly to repudiate the senate amendments, and then of obtaining the senate's reversal of its former action. All this was accomplished in a whirlwind rally of about six weeks, at the busy end of a long session of the law-making body.

One argument was a powerful aid to the women who secured this law; that was an almost forgotten plank in the state platform of 1920, which stated, "Women having come into full partnership with men in the conduct of the affairs of government, the legislature should revise its laws to the end that in all matters men and women should be upon a basis of equality." Another of their greatest aids was the consistent and constant sympathy in the cause of most of the state officials, and particularly of the governor and the United States senators. Altogether the passage of the bill was a triumph, coming as it did on the heels of the rejection of a bill for women's service on juries, and being in fact a blanket law, which revokes an age-long discrimination against the women of the state. Wisconsin, the first state to ratify the suffrage amendment, thus becomes the first state to throw down all legal discriminations

for the women within its borders. Some industrial workers have feared that such a law would nullify the carefully built up legislation for the protection of women in industry. The courts will be called upon to interpret the new law in this respect. Whatever the final result, this little volume will remain a witness of the political acumen and ordered enthusiasm of women under the new régime of equality.

The Red Man in the United States. By Gustavus E. E. Lindquist. (New York, 1923), v-461 p.

Reference was made in the preceding number of this magazine to the studies made of foreign groups in the United States by the Interchurch World Movement. The committee on social and religious surveys of this same movement is responsible for the volume under review. This volume is in two parts, with several appendices. The first part contains a general summary of the relations of the white and red races, the policy of the government, the Indian religion and the influence of Christian missions. The second part is a carefully prepared study of the present status of the American Indians, arranged by localities and subdivided into tribes. It contains a vast amount of valuable information brought down to date, and for the most part is impartial and scientific in its statements. It will prove a mine of material for those sympathetic with the modern Indian and desirous of aiding him.

As a history the book is too brief and cursory to be adequate; none the less, many of the tribal sketches are valuable and contain material difficult to obtain elsewhere in so concise a form. The authors of the sketches were most carefully chosen, many being government employes or missionaries in the field. The commissioner of Indian affairs, the supervisor of Indian education, and their subordinates cooperated heartily in providing information; while in many cases educated members of the tribes assisted in the survey.

The object of the volume was not merely to furnish adequate information concerning the present status of the American Indian, but to form a basis for a study of the field which may produce results. The chapter, therefore, on "Conclusions" is one of great value to friends of the Indians. Among the recommendations are, first, a gradual advance from wardship to citizenship, with emphasis on the "gradual"; second, an effective health program, which includes emancipation from the use of alcohol and drugs, especially peyote, control of tuberculosis and sexual diseases. Then an adequate educational program is outlined, and a broad basis laid down for missionary effort with applied social agencies. The need to develop trained leadership among the Indian youth is strongly emphasized, and provision for a fuller and better life for the students returning from educational institutions to the tribal home.

The portion relating directly to Wisconsin covers seventeen pages (123-139) and gives a valuable and succinct statement of conditions among the Menominee, Stockbridge, Winnebago, Potawatomi, Oneida,

and Chippewa residents of our state. In an appendix there are also statistics on the Chippewa reservations in Wisconsin, and on the government school maintained at Tomah. Another appendix gives a careful summary by the assistant commissioner on the legal status of the Indian. The book closes with a good selective bibliography and a useful index. It is, on the whole, the best book for reference concerning the present status of the American Indian that has yet been published.

Selim Hobart Peabody: A Biography. By Katharine Peabody Girling. (University of Illinois Press, 1923). 9-215 p.

This is a notable biography of a man whose chief contribution to American life was that of an educator in the pioneer region of the Northwest during its formative days. A descendant of the Plymouth pilgrims, Dr. Peabody was born in 1829 in a Vermont parsonage. His father died when his son was but twelve years old, and after the hardships of a career as farmer's boy and carpenter's assistant, varied by one year at the Boston Latin School, he entered Vermont University in 1848. After his graduation in 1852 he taught first in Vermont, then in Philadelphia until 1857, when at the suggestion of his kinsman Harrison C. Hobart, Mr. Peabody removed his family to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where he had obtained the appointment of clerk in the land office.

The author's picture of life on this Wisconsin frontier in the years 1857 to 1859 is excellent, and illustrative of the hardships and the pains that cultured eastern families had to endure in this then new West. The railway ended at Sparta, and in the drive of forty miles from that place, the howling of prairie wolves was a doleful sound. The first winter the Peabody family lived in an unplastered house, with the thermometer frequently many degrees below zero. "There was plenty of green wood to burn, but it had to be cut, dragged home, sawed, and split. As for cleanliness, there were no wells and cisterns. River water and melted snow furnished water. . . . There was no real lack of food; although before spring came there was much sharing and going on rations." The Indians were still troublesome, and in summer the snakes and mosquitoes were a constant torment. The Peabodys found that most of their neighbors were eastern people; when one evening a Shakespere reading was planned, every one in the neighborhood came and very many brought their own copies of the plays. The neighborliness of the time is well described; also the economic interests in land values, and the early county fair, which Mr. Peabody helped organize.

In 1859 the family removed to Fond du Lac. The head of the family now became president of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, and his wise counsels for developing the state's educational system were followed to a considerable extent. Racine was the next home; and that during the Civil War, when the Peabodys lived near Camp Utley and shared in part the lives of the soldiers. At the end of the war Professor Peabody undertook teaching in Chicago, leaving, however, his family at Racine until 1871. With his later life, at Massachusetts Agricultural

College and at the University of Illinois, where he was president for eleven years, our state is not concerned. Interest in Wisconsin, however, always marked the family, and the younger son is now state architect for Wisconsin.

The book is delightfully written, and while it is a daughter's tribute to an eminent father, is no fulsome eulogy. Instead it is a picture of life in the Middle West passing from its pioneer to its present stage of full development, and it is a fitting tribute to a man who had a large share in aiding growth along cultural and spiritual lines. Such biographies meet a need and should receive a warm welcome, especially throughout the old Northwest.

Scandinavia: A Monthly Magazine. (Grand Forks, North Dakota). Georg Strandvold, editor.

We are in receipt of the first three numbers of this new magazine, "devoted to the interests of Scandinavians everywhere," and it is certainly significant of present-day conditions that the language of this periodical is English, and its general makeup and appearance American. While there is much in its pages to stimulate the pride of Scandinavian-Americans, there is nothing therein to make them less valuable citizens of their adopted or native country—for it is the second and third generations, born in America, that are making the principal contributions to this magazine. Much therein relates to Wisconsin. In the first number four of the contributors are Wisconsin men; while Mr. Barton's account of "Muskego, the Most Historic Wisconsin Settlement" gives some interesting local history, well illustrated, of the Norwegian leaders of Racine and Waukesha counties. In an illustrated article on "Scandinavian Languages in American Schools," Wisconsin University receives proper credit for being the first to establish a professorship. By a curious misconception the old Main Building (now Bascom Hall) is said to have been "burned some years ago," whereas it still stands, minus the dome, which was burned a few years ago, and still houses the classes in Scandinavian languages and literature.

Such slight mistakes are not characteristic of this publication, which is well edited, well printed, and contains a considerable amount of interesting literary, artistic, and historical information about the inhabitants of the Northlands and their widely scattered descendants.

INDEX