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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent and Editor

CONTENTS OF VOLUME X

LEADING ARTICLES: PAGE

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CONTENTS

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WILLIAM F. WHYTE, M. D.

THE BENNETT LAW CAMPAIGN IN WISCONSIN[1]

By William F. Whyte

The immigration to the fertile territory of Wisconsin began during the fourth and fifth decades of the nineteenth century. Settlers from New England and New York State predominated at first, and the constitution and the legal codes formulated by the citizens of the territory were largely copies of those of eastern commonwealths. In many respects the constitution of Wisconsin is a transcript of that of the state of New York.

Whatever may be said of the racial origin or characteristics of the people of the state, it must be admitted that its founders had the Anglo-Saxon ideas of liberty and order which their ancestors had brought with them from the island of Britain.

The settlers from Continental Europe would have made a sad jumble of political affairs had they been permitted to take the initiative in moulding the institutions under which they and their children were to live. They were made up in the main of submissive peasants accustomed to the domination of the lord of the manor, and a small minority of theorists without the experience of free political life. The latter also would have been tragic failures. The Frankfort Convention of 1848, which debated for six months, each man with his own theory of the course which ought to be pursued, insisting on delivering interminable speeches on every proposal laid before the assembly[2], illustrates what might have

[1] See Editorial Comment—*post*, p. 455.

[2] The author added here the following: "What might have happened to Wisconsin as well as Germany is fitly expressed by the old couplet, 'Hundert fünfzig professoren, Vaterland du bist verloren.'" Editor.

happened to Wisconsin had some of our European theorists and learned cranks been at the helm of the ship of state.

The fertility and climatic advantages of Wisconsin were widely advertised in Europe; and in addition to the industrious peasants who since 1839 had been coming to the territory, attracted by the cheap land and the freedom from intolerance in matters of church government, there came after 1848 an influx of what might be called the "intelligentsia"—the educated bourgeoisie, who found that with the crushing out of liberal ideas their occupation was gone in their native country. A number of them became obsessed with the notion that they could found a German state in Wisconsin, where they could sing the German songs and perpetuate the customs and language of the fatherland. A convention was held in 1851 at Watertown for the promotion of this object; but like the Frankfort Convention and the Pennsylvania project to make German an official language, it ended in talk.

Many of these immigrants of the more educated class found it difficult to adapt themselves to conditions in the new world; some of them tried farming, with different degrees of unsuccess. The writer of this article knew a good German woman who told of her share in the cultivation of the farm when first her husband sowed wheat. She watched him in the daytime, and when that worthy man rested from his labors she would steal out in the night and sow grain by hand in the same field, lest it should not be sown thick enough by her lord. Others of the same class tried and failed at cigar making and brewing. Not a few became proprietors of saloons, with varying degrees of success. The writer was well acquainted with a Watertown citizen, formerly a student of theology in Baden, who had been imprisoned for a year because of his revolutionary activities. When he came to Wisconsin he opened a saloon. After some years he was

elected city clerk of Watertown and for a generation served efficiently in that capacity. An authentic story is told of two Germany university graduates who were endeavoring to establish a cigar factory. The cigars would not smoke and were returned to the makers. An altercation ensued in the hearing of the boys employed in the shop. One of the proprietors began to abuse his partner in the French language. "Ach, speak German, speak German," replied his colleague. "The boys know that we are both *Spitzbuben* anyhow."

Many of the intelligentsia were petty office holders in localities where their German fellow citizens were predominant or numerous, and educated German medical men had the confidence of their neighbors and the respect and good will of their English-speaking colleagues. A notable instance of a Berlin university graduate holding a high position as a teacher can be cited here: Theodore Bernhardt was the organizer of the public schools in Watertown and the pioneer in the free school book system in Wisconsin. He served for nearly twenty years as superintendent, and died in the harness.

Where the German immigrants achieved marked success was in making the wilderness "blossom like a rose." They were not scientific agriculturists. The cattle breeding industry did not appeal to them; the horses, cattle, and swine in Wisconsin are mostly of British origin. But having lived from hand to mouth, as they were compelled to do in their native land—for the *Guts Besitzer* were careful not to allow them more than a scanty livelihood—the Germans saw the opportunity to achieve independence by dint of hard work and strict economy. The American settler in Wisconsin chose the prairie when locating a home in the territory, but the German did not fear the drudgery of clearing the forests[3], and today some of the finest farming districts in

[3] Compare Joseph Schafer, *Agriculture in Wisconsin*, 38-40.

Wisconsin are made up of land which was once heavily wooded and which is owned by farmers whose grandsires were the pioneers from Germany who cleared the forests.

It was an easy matter to become a citizen of Wisconsin. One year's residence and a declaration of intentions was all that was necessary to make a voter, and the immigrant from Germany or Norway had the same right to vote as if his ancestors could claim descent from John Carver or Miles Standish.

Politicians of all parties were quick to recognize the foreign immigrant as a factor in politics, and in nominating candidates for state and local offices the German, the Irish, and the Norwegian voters were usually propitiated by one of their number being selected to "represent" them on the ticket. The great majority of the men of German birth were Democrats[4]. In 1853 the question of prohibition came before the voters and the "Maine law" was victorious by a small majority, but the legislature did not enact a law to enforce the will of the people. The Know Nothing feeling was on the wane, but still influenced a considerable number of voters. The name "Demokrat" appealed to many Germans, as it "harked back" to the tumult and agitation of 1848, reminding the expatriated Teutons of their futile attempts to overthrow monarchy in their native land. The prohibition

[4] Here I must take issue with that learned and able historian, Louise Phelps Kellogg, who in her article on the Bennett Law in the September, 1918 issue of this magazine says that the Germans "nearly all united with the Republican party" after 1856, and that "thenceforward the Republican leaders counted upon an almost solid German vote." The vote in the counties peopled by Germans was as a rule reliably Democratic. I need only refer to the *Blue Books* of the years before and after the Civil War for the proof of this statement. Ozaukee, Washington, Jefferson, Dodge, and Sheboygan counties were the banner Democratic counties. There could have been no draft riots during the Civil War in Ozaukee County if it had been a Republican county. Dodge and Jefferson had a large majority of German votes and were always counted as safely Democratic. Carl Schurz, the greatest German in the political sense who came to America before the Civil War, lived in Watertown (two thirds Democratic) and he was assailed with ancient and decayed eggs because he was a *verdammte Republicaner*. The town of Theresa, Dodge County, cast two votes for Grant in 1868.

question, the anti-foreign feeling among the Anglo-Americans, and the name "Demokrat" were no doubt factors in deciding the political leanings of the German immigrant. Idealists like Schurz of Wisconsin, Fred Hecker of Illinois, and Frederich Muench of Missouri were above being influenced by such petty and immaterial matters when the great and vital question of slavery or freedom was the predominant issue, but their heads were in the clouds and they exerted comparatively little influence with the great majority of their fellow countrymen who had become American citizens[5].

The establishment, by George Brumder of Milwaukee, of a Lutheran German paper with Republican leanings was the cause of the first break in German Democratic solidarity in Wisconsin. The Democratic politicians began flirting with the Greenback heresy, which was anathema to the intelligent German citizen.

The Republican party had been uniformly successful in Wisconsin from 1857 to 1890, except when the Granger movement swept over the state in 1873. Carl Schurz was beaten for lieutenant governor by a few hundred votes in 1857, undoubtedly because of the anti-foreign feeling of a few citizens who voted the balance of the Republican ticket. Even in 1874, when blunders of Grant's administration and the *Credit Mobilier* scandal were fresh in the minds of the people, a Republican legislature was elected. The railways and the lumber barons had usually dictated the policy of both parties. The Republicans were rendered more secure in their lease of power by the Democratic political leaders catering to the Greenback heresy, which was forced into prominence by the spectacular campaign for governor of E. P. Allis, the great iron master of Milwaukee.

[5]Compare Joseph Schafer, *Four Wisconsin Counties: Prairie and Forest*, chapter viii.

The Republican machine was in the control of a shrewd political boss who dictated the nominations of governor, congressmen, and even United States senators. His wings were clipped when President Hayes issued his famous order forbidding postmasters to serve on political committees. Had E. W. Keyes remained in control of the Republican machine, as chairman of the State Central Committee, the nomination of W. D. Hoard would in all probability have been prevented and the disastrous Bennett law issue would never have come before the people of the state for decision.

In the convention of 1888 which nominated Hoard for the office of governor, there were two other candidates, both men of political sagacity and experience—E. C. McFetridge and H. A. Taylor. McFetridge was a Dodge County business man who, in spite of living in a Democratic stronghold, had been elected to a number of local offices, had served as an assemblyman two terms, and one term as state senator, and had held the office of state treasurer for five years. It was generally believed that although of Canadian Scottish origin he utilized the "Mac" in front of his name for political effect among his fellow citizens of Irish descent, who at that time were an important factor in the county. Horace A. Taylor had been chairman of the State Central Committee and was an authority on railway legislation. Had either of these men been the nominee of the convention, they would not have rocked the boat or capsized it on the rocks of foreign prejudice.

The Wisconsin State Dairymen's Association was organized at Watertown in 1872. Hiram Smith, a wealthy farmer of Sheboygan County, was its first president and W. D. Hoard its first secretary. Hoard held that position for three years and then was elected president of the Northwestern Dairymen's Association. He had founded *Hoard's Dairyman* in 1885 as a supplement to the weekly *Jefferson*

County Union, and issued it as an independent sheet in 1889.

The factory cheesemaking industry, originated by Jesse Williams of Oneida County, New York, early obtained a foothold in Wisconsin, and progressive farmers turned to dairying instead of grain raising. It was soon found that Hoard's natural ability as a public speaker and as a story teller made him a drawing card at farmers' institutes and dairymen's conventions. He gained a statewide reputation as an entertaining talker. Before he was elected governor he had made three hundred and thirty-six addresses to Wisconsin farmers. The wrangle over the Republican nomination for governor had been distracting the politicians in the party for some time. One day in the summer of 1888 appeared an anonymous article in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* advocating Hoard's nomination. Its authorship was unknown at the time; but Henry C. Adams, a Madison politician and an amateur farmer, afterwards admitted that it had been written by him. The plan to nominate Hoard was looked on as a joke by the politicians, but when every farmers' institute talker in the state (and they were many) began to shout Hoard's name from the housetops and haystacks the matter assumed a serious aspect. Neither McFetridge nor Taylor would withdraw, and Hoard was nominated.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* in the pre-convention campaign had taken up the cudgels for Hoard and assailed the friends of McFetridge and Taylor with a spirit of animosity which might have been excused in attacking political opponents. The nomination of Hoard was seconded by George W. Burchard of Fort Atkinson, who, in an eloquent speech, called his neighbor "the Abraham Lincoln of Wisconsin." Hoard certainly resembled the great Civil War president in stature and lack of physical comeliness. When called on for a speech of acceptance he made a straightforward, manly talk, and no doubt at that time the members of the convention felt that

they had made no mistake in the selection of their standard bearer. At the time of his election he was the owner of a cow and six acres of land. He was the farmers' governor, although in no sense of the word a farmer. The Democratic candidate was James Morgan, a Milwaukee merchant, a native of Scotland, who some years afterwards following a series of business reverses died a county charge.

There is no doubt that the election to the office of governor of a man without any political experience or proven business ability was looked on by a great many as a hazardous experiment. But it would have required a stretch of imagination to foresee that such an occurrence would bring about a political revolution in the state, defeat every member of Congress with one exception, and change the representation of Wisconsin in the United States Senate.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel,* edited by Horace Rublee, sponsored the new governor. Rublee, who had been editor of the Madison *State Journal* for a number of years and was influential in the party councils, had been appointed minister to Switzerland and on his return had been elected chairman of the State Central Committee. The nomination and election of Hoard pleased him greatly, and he gave the new régime in politics his hearty endorsement in an editorial article in the *Sentinel* of January 7, 1889.

> He [Governor Hoard] is a new figure in the politics of the state, though well known to the people, and especially to the farmers, by the valuable services he has rendered in promoting its agricultural industries. Without the experience in public affairs that comes from long training in official life, he has the advantage of a very thorough acquaintance with the state and its people, while he possesses a clear and discriminating intellect, sturdy integrity and independence of character, and a sincere desire to discharge the duties of the place impartially and faithfully for the best interests of the commonwealth. There is every reason to believe that he will prove a capable, conservative, and wise chief magistrate.

Jesse B. Thayer, state superintendent of public instruction, in his annual report took strong ground in favor of a

compulsory school law, and doubtless was a factor in furnishing the new governor with the ammunition which he used in attacking the parochial schools.

In 1890 the majority of the inhabitants of Wisconsin were foreign-born or foreign-fathered. They were living in peace and harmony with their Anglo-American neighbors, and although those who were not familiar with the language of the country did not mingle to a great extent socially with their English-speaking fellow-citizens, the majority of their children of school age were attending schools where the English tongue was the medium of instruction. The language of the playground and the street was English, and there was not the remotest danger of the great majority of the rising generation remaining as foreign as their European-born parents. And here it might be well to say that the notion that the foreigner has everything to gain and nothing to lose by giving up his mother tongue is in every way foolish and untenable. Had Governor Hoard possessed a breadth of intelligence which would have made him conversant with European affairs, he would not with a smug complacency—which was no doubt very satisfactory to his own inner consciousness but highly exasperating to many men with whom he came in contact—have attempted to dictate to clergymen, college professors, and university-educated men in matters of scholastic training. At the time when he dragged the Republican party down to defeat in the Bennett law campaign, Bismarck with his policy of *Blut und eisen* was trying to crush out the spirit of the Poles in Prussian Poland and the inhabitants of Alsace by forcing the German language onto them, and the Czar was Russianizing the Poles in so-called Russian Poland by telling them that if they wanted to talk to God in the church they must use the Russian language. The European autocrats failed, and their Wisconsin protagonist was ground to powder between the upper and

nether millstone of foreign prejudice. The European autocrats failed with the military power behind them, and the Wisconsin immigrants fought with a more potent weapon, the ballot.

The spirit of many Americans of the older stock was not that expressed by Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, in his opening address at the national conference on Americanization a few years ago. We quote:

> We are trying a great experiment in the United States. Can we gather together from all ends of the earth people of different races, creeds, conditions, and aspirations, who can be merged into one? If we cannot do this we will fail.
>
> We are fashioning a new people; we are saying that Slav, Teuton and Celt are capable of being blended. Out of this conference should come a determination to deal in a catholic and sympathetic spirit with those who can be led to follow in the way of this nation. The blending of all the racial elements, the Teuton, the Celt, and the Anglo-Saxon, cannot be commandeered. Put the ballot into the hands of the foreign-born citizens, and then attempt to dictate to him in matters that lie close to his heart, and he will be as stout a rebel as was the author of the declaration of independence.

"The normal course of Americanization," says an eminent authority, "in many parts of the country with respect to English has so far been from the uni-lingualism [some foreign language] of the immigrant to the bi-lingualism of the second generation to the uni-lingualism [English] of the third generation." This process was going on rapidly in the cities in Wisconsin, more slowly in the country districts, and in isolated cases had not even begun, there being whole townships—as in some districts in Dodge, Ozaukee, and Marathon counties—where German was the only language understood by the great majority. It was the speech they had learned from their parents in Germany. Socially they had no use for any other tongue. When they attended church they heard the gospel expounded in German; when they went to market they found merchants "with the gift of

tongues" (*Hoch* or *Platt Deutsch*). They were busy with their farm work. They did not feel the need of any linguistic training, and no doubt in many neighborhoods the knowledge of any language but German made little progress.

Many years ago I heard Ian Maclaren (Rev. John Watson) in a lecture on the Scottish people say that the Scots were distinguished for three things: love of home, love of country, and love of religion.

The only opportunity that the Wisconsin immigrant from Germany had to show his affection for his native speech and country was when his prejudices were aroused by what he thought was encroachment on his personal liberty, an attempt to dictate to him what his children should be taught in the schools which he was supporting out of his private means. The average American citizen in those days (uni-lingual) was as a rule inclined to look down on the man of foreign birth as not quite as good as one born under the star-spangled banner. He could not but admit that the foreign peasant was quite as industrious and, when matched with him as a farmer, was in some respects his superior. To use a comman phrase, a "Dutchman" was all right, but Americans are just a bit superior as men go. The former would be more likely to be swindled by a lightning-rod agent, but he made up for such weaknesses by getting more out of the ground by his dogged industry and perseverance. The assumed superiority of the Anglo-American was not always based on fact, and if he loved his native country he often forgot that the superior advantages which conditions in the United States gave, did not and could not root out the sentiment of love and veneration for the country of his birth on the part of the foreign-born citizen. To him his native speech was the sweetest music on earth, and any attempt to deprive him of the privilege of teaching it to his children was felt as an outrage. With the bulk of the foreign-born the reasons for emigrating were

economic; and although they showed their appreciation of the advantages of the new country by being industrious and law-abiding citizens, they had their prejudices and their ideals, which a wise administration of the law would not have interfered with, trusting to time and the influence of the new environment to overcome them.

How deep are the roots of nativistic sentiment and how they persist, in spite of change of environment and associations, from youth to old age can easily be illustrated. I will mention two instances which occur to me at this time. The Reverend Thomas D. Christie was a pioneer missionary and the founder of St. Paul's Collegiate Institute in Tarsus, Asia Minor. A number of years ago he was my guest while on a visit to this country. I asked him what was his national feeling at that time. He replied, "I came to this country from Scotland when a small boy. I grew up in Wisconsin. I fought for four years in the Civil War. I am a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. I was educated in Beloit College and Hartford Theological Seminary. I have been a missionary teacher for thirty years in Asia Minor, and all I have left is my *Scotch blood.*" Another instance is that of a superior man who lived from young manhood to old age in the United States. Colonel Fred Hecker was a prominent figure in the German revolution of 1848. He fled to this country, came to Illinois, and became a farmer; was politically an abolitionist; fought in the Civil War and rose to the rank of colonel. He died in extreme old age. When his will was opened, it was found that one of his requests was that his heart be sent to Mannheim, Germany.

It may be difficult for the average man of American birth and ancestry to understand how such men of the highest class, after living for two generations away from their native soil, with all their material interests in life cut off from the land of their birth, could still cherish such sentiments; but

to anyone who was born in a foreign country no explanation is necessary. A good example of persistent clinging to ancestry came under my notice ten years ago while traveling in the Orient. A great many people (not Turks) in those days living under Turkish or Oriental rule were called Levantines. One morning on the Mediterranean I met what I thought might be a Syrian or an Armenian. He was of dark complexion and wore a fez. I asked him if he were an Armenian or a Syrian. He replied, "I am neither; I am British. My family are Scotch. My name is MacFoot." "How long has your family lived in the Orient?" "Three hundred years," was the reply. "How could you keep your family name for that length of time?" "That's our name, we would not give that up." He told us that he had fought at Tel el Keber and was a friend of General Wolseley. He also knew Lord Kitchener. This man, probably the descendant of some castaway shipwrecked sailor, was as proud of his British ancestry as if he had been born at the foot of the Grampians. He said that he had been home, as he called Scotland, once on a visit.

Had Hoard been a prudent politician, with a knowledge of human nature such as a high official ought to possess, he might have recalled to mind two incidents in Wisconsin political campaigns which showed the danger of "monkeying" with the buzz-saw of foreign prejudice.

The Jefferson County Republican convention of 1878, of which Hoard was secretary, nominated Charles H. Phillips of Lake Mills as a candidate for state senator. Phillips was a wealthy farmer and a shrewd politician, who had been elected to the assembly twice from a district normally Democratic. He was a candidate in the interest of E. W. Keyes for United States senator. The Democratic nominee was J. K. Ryder of Waterloo, also a wealthy farmer, but somewhat lacking in political acumen. The district (Jefferson

County) could be depended on for a Democratic majority of one thousand. A month before election a Waterloo citizen made an affidavit to the effect that some years before at the spring election Ryder had made the statement that he had an old mare, twenty-one years old, that knew as much about voting as any d—d Dutchman in Waterloo. This affidavit, printed in heavy black type, was circulated all over the county. The result was that Phillips was elected by fifteen hundred votes over Ryder, while the balance of the Democratic nominees were successful by the usual majority.

Two years before Hoard's election General Bragg was beaten as a candidate for Congress before the district convention. His defeat caused much dissatisfaction; and Richard Guenther of Oshkosh, who had been state treasurer and was a popular German-American, was induced to come down to the district and stand as a candidate although a non-resident. Delaney, the Democratic nominee, was an average country lawyer. When told that Guenther was going to come down into the district and run against him he is said to have replied, "I hope that the Dutch son of a —— will." It was told that the German voters in the campaign which followed would salute each other when they men with "Guten morgen, son of a ——." Delaney was overwhelmingly beaten, and no doubt the profane epithet with which he dubbed his German opponent was a considerable factor in his defeat.

With Superintendent Thayer's report as an initiatory argument the new governor in his message to the legislature took strong ground in favor of a compulsory school law, and advocated giving city and county superintendents authority to inspect all schools and require that reading and writing in English should be daily taught therein. As if acting in concert, the *Sentinel* and Mr. Thayer endorsed the stand taken by Hoard, who afterwards admitted that his message

was aimed at sectarian schools. The "little German boy" was being deprived of the language of the country, was a phrase introduced by Hoard at this time, and it played a great part in the controversy for nearly two years. That was a striking idea which the governor never seemed to tire of repeating. Here it is only fair to say that the attitude of the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* the stalwart champion of Hoard from the beginning of the controversy, was in a considerable degree to blame for the bitterness which was generated on both sides[6]. Horace Rublee at the close of the controversy admitted the unwisdom of the course of the paper, and tried to excuse it by laying the blame on Dr. J. L. Kaine, who in his absence had had control of the editorial columns.

A premonition of the gathering storm which ought to have been a warning to anyone of ordinary political foresight was the reception which the Pond bill met with at the hands of those interested in sectarian schools. That measure provided that all heads of private schools must report to the state superintendent of public instruction. It provoked a storm of opposition from Lutheran and Roman Catholic sources, and as it seemed to be a political orphan it soon went to the junk heap, although Hoard in his message advocated the passage of a law conferring such power on city and county superintendents.

The Bennett (so-called) law was drawn by Robert Luscombe, the city attorney of Milwaukee, and was intended to be solely a compulsory school attendance law; the provision making the teaching of English in the schools compulsory was inserted by Hoard. So with the best intentions he sounded his own political death knell, and slaughtered at one

[6] Miss Kellogg says that the editorials appearing in the *Sentinel* in support of the measure were "simple, reasonable, and well written." I will admit that they were well written, but when the leading party organ in the state indulged in sneers at the opponents of the law because of their foreign birth it is very easily understood why these presumably ignorant foreigners became more bitter in their opposition to the measure.

stroke the greatest crop of politicians in the history of Wisconsin.

The June meetings of the Missouri, Wisconsin, and Evangelical synods denounced the law as an interference with liberty of conscience and the rights of parents. The *Sentinel* admitted it was extremely doubtful if the law would be found capable of enforcement, unless voluntary organizations should see fit to take up the matter—a most ridiculous and impossible proposition. At the same time it paid the Lutheran members of the synods the compliment of asserting that such notions would not prevail with them if the majority had not been born in Germany—truly simple and reasonable arguments from the editorial columns of the leading Republican newspaper in the state. To keep up the agitation on the question, apparently by design, the *Sentinel* sent reporters to the parochial schools to gather information as to the amount of English taught in them. The reporters were treated much more courteously by the Lutheran school authorities than by the Roman Catholic. In some instances they were told to attend to their own affairs and were refused the information they had been sent to collect.

The answer to the reporters showed that of children with German parents seventy per cent could not speak English when they came to school, but after the second grade that language was used in general conversation. When they left school, as a rule they had a good conversational use of English. Sending out questionnaires and reporters had one effect which certainly the advocates of the law did not foresee.

The German newspapers, the *Germania* and the *Columbia,* attacked the *Sentinel* and denounced it as a Know-Nothing, anti-religious sheet; but Mr. Rublee came valiantly to the rescue of his pet measure with the statement that it was not an American view of the subject that the state has nothing to do with parochial schools, and likewise if children left

school without a knowledge of English it was a grave error which should be promptly corrected. How this could be done no friend of the English language could state, but such foolish talk only added fuel to the fire of foreign prejudice.

And here it might be well to recall the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court (June 1, 1925) which in every way endorses the stand made by the opponents of Hoard in 1889. The Court held that the children cannot be standardized and that they are not mere creatures of the state. The Oregon law, which the court condemns, unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing of children under their control. This decision has settled forever the question of the right of the state to dictate to parents in the matter of the education of their children. We shall probably never again hear of the "American view" of this subject. One of the proponents of the law lauded Bismarck to the skies because the Prussian government was attempting to enforce the German language in the schools of Alsace-Lorraine.

When the agitation had just begun, the writer of this sketch was called out of the state for domestic reasons; and having been known as an active Republican and personally on friendly terms with the governor he took occasion to write him a letter of expostulation at the course he was pursuing in reference to the school law. He pointed out the inevitable consequences politically to himself and to the Republican party of alienating a large number of good citizens who had no quarrel with Republican policies or Republican politicians. The letter was never taken any notice of by the governor, who had become obsessed with the notion that it was his duty to defend the English language at all hazards. An attempt to reach his ear through some of the most prominent Jefferson County Republican politicians, men of statewide reputation, was also without effect. They could not under-

stand how a "little thing" like a school law would arouse the antagonism of the German-Americans to such an extent as to induce them to break the political ties which had hitherto bound them to the Republican party. I cited to Honorable John D. Bullock of Johnson Creek his nonsuccess in inducing his negro teamster to vote for a Democrat who had the endorsement of the Republican machine politicians, E. W. Keyes among the number. When approached by his employer the darkey replied, "Oh no, Mistah Bullock, I can-ut vote for no Democrat nohow, I knows who knocked de shackles offen my laigs."

Criticism of Hoard at this late day is usually met by the statement that children of foreign-born parents are more conversant with the English language than in 1890 and the Bennett law (which was never enforced) deserves all the credit for the change. It may be well to cite from official records the statistics of school attendance at this time. In 1889-90, 13 per cent of the children of school age attended private schools, 10.6 per cent did not attend school. In 1890-91, 15.5 per cent attended private schools and 8.1 per cent did not attend school. In 1891-92, 16 per cent attended private schools and 11.5 attended no school. In 1892-93, 16.4 per cent attended private schools, 7.1 per cent attended no school. In 1893-94, 16.2 per cent attended private schools, 6.4 per cent attended no school. In 1894-95, 15.9 per cent attended private schools and 7.4 per cent no school. In 1895-96, 15.8 per cent attended private schools and 6.3 per cent attended no school. These statistics show that conditions were not changed by attempted legislative interference, and the changes that have taken place since that time are the result of the unilingualism of the immigrant becoming the bilingualism of the second generation[7]. The German

[7] Although statistics of attendance did not change materially, it is still possible that the agitation had some effect upon the amount of English taught in the parochial schools. Editor.

immigrant of two generations ago reared his children in an atmosphere where his mother tongue was the sole medium of communication. His children in a great majority of cases, when they had quitted the paternal roof and established homes of their own, forgot to carry the speech of their ancestors with them and spoke often, not the language of Milton and Shakespere, but a dialect of English as nearly perfect as that in common use by citizens of eastern Pennsylvania or southern Indiana.

A few years ago the writer of this sketch was a guest at the golden wedding of a worthy Dodge County couple who had emigrated from Pomerania in their youth. They had reared fifteen children. They were below mediocrity in intelligence, and the "Gesangbuch" and Luther's Bible comprised their library. At the silver wedding, twenty-five years before, German was the only language in use at the celebration. After a talk with the grandmother who was present I attempted to converse with the young people in the language which their mother had taught them. They invariably replied in English. One young matron said to me, "We don't talk Dutch any more."

The first political campaign which indicated what might be expected if the Bennett law were made an issue was the Milwaukee city election. Thomas H. Brown, who had been elected mayor two years before as a Republican, and had proved an able and popular official, was the Republican candidate, and George W. Peck, the author of *Peck's Bad Boy,* was the Democratic nominee. The Republican politicians saw the handwriting on the wall if the Lutheran Republicans could not be conciliated, and held a number of consultations with their leaders. They arrived at a satisfactory compromise and settled on a platform which the *Germania* agreed to indorse. Then an interpolation was made by H. C. Payne which the *Germania* declared was in bad faith. This corrected platform was adopted by the convention.

At a meeting of Lutheran congregations this charge of bad faith was repeated by Kramer, a Lutheran leader. It was never denied by Payne, and it had a paralyzing influence on the Republican municipal campaign. Payne's subsequent actions showed that he was disgusted with the trend of events, and some of his "unfriends" claimed that he was not in sympathy with Hoard and his whole entourage. The fact that he and E. C. Wall, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, had offices across the hall from each other in the same building lent probability to this surmise. The *Sentinel* added fuel to the fire by denouncing what it called the impudent manifesto of the Catholic bishops, and kept hammering away at the support of the private schools, accusing them of unpatriotic assaults on the fundamental principles of American institutions.

Peck was elected by sixty-seven hundred majority in a Republican city in spite of his silly speeches during the campaign, in which he denounced the Bennett law as a forerunner of prohibition. Three days after the Milwaukee election Hoard, in an address to a teachers' convention in Waukesha, asserted the right of the state to direct all secular education.

The Catholic bishops (all Germans) denounce the law as unnecessary, offensive, and unjust. The *Sentinel* denounces the action of the bishops as impudent, and asserts that if the people of the state do not stand by Hoard it will be possible for our politics to be dominated by ecclesiastical authority; our liberties are at stake, and the bishops promise a red-hot future to every Catholic who does not submit.

Politicians of German birth were quick to see the outcome of the agitation which was to land Hoard and his friends in the ditch; and whether they were Lutherans, Catholics, or non-churchmen, they began to range themselves on the side of the law's opponents. The most important German politician who took this stand was Colonel Conrad Krez, a vet-

eran of the Civil War who had been a revenue collector under Grant's administration, and Greeleyized in 1872. Colonel Krez was a man of some literary talent, the author of a German patriotic poem which ranks with Scott's "Breathes There a Man with Soul So Dead" or Campbell's "Exile of Erin." Although not a churchman he attended many of the meetings of the clerical politicians, and as he had been active in public life for a number of years his advice was listened to with much deference. When he attempted to make a speech in English, his language was better suited to the libretto of a comic opera than a political argument. I listened to a speech he made in Watertown in which he instituted a comparison between the German sauerkraut and the Yankee pumpkin pie, to the decided disadvantage of the latter. He was elected to the Wisconsin assembly in the fall of 1890 and was an active and influential member of the legislature of 1891. Colonel Krez was the comic poet of the campaign. He wrote campaign poetry which was widely circulated. He sang of the "Pomeranian advance" and called on his followers to "arise and smite the foe." His best known effusion was a poem entitled "The Wolf and the Goose," in which he likened the Republican advocates of the Bennett law to a wolf choking on the obnoxious Hoard legislation. He also vehemently denied that English was the language of the country. It was a favorite saying by the enemies of the law that German ought to be recognized as the *zweite sprache,* the second language, in Wisconsin.

The position that the German newspapers took against the law can easily be understood. Their subscribers were one hundred per cent German-born citizens, who were not conversant with the English language and looked to their weekly paper for information on all things political. The German press, knowing that disuse of the German tongue meant their gradual extinction, were solidly against a meas-

ure which would in any way tend to put the German language under the ban. For example the *Seebote,* a Milwaukee daily, wants the children of German parents to retain the good old German ways and keep those virtues and qualities which distinguish the German race. The *Sentinel* denounces the German papers as liars, and calls the English press who oppose the law narrow and hidebound. Hardly simple and reasonable even if couched in faultless English!

A number of schoolmen, principally county superintendents, took up the cudgels for Hoard. The most conspicuous was John Nagle of Manitowoc, one of the ablest and best known educators in Wisconsin, who no doubt found that the private schools in his county with a preponderance of German population hampered him in his work as county superintendent. He found that four teachers in Manitowoc County parochial schools were unable to speak English. Superintendent Nagle quotes with approval the fact that the German imperial authorities are forcing the German language on the inhabitants of Alsace.

The Bennett law advocates got some comfort out of the fact that the non-christian Germans as a rule were in favor of it. They showed both lack of knowledge and lack of judgment in this respect, as the class who made up the *Frei Gemeinde* were not so much pro-English as they were anti-church, and papers like the *Weldbote* and agitators like Joseph Brucker were opposed to church school because they were opposed to the propagation of the Christian religion. The English-speaking Catholics, mostly of Irish nationality, unlike their German coreligionists were lukewarm on the question of enforcing the Bennett law. The Catholic hierarchy in Wisconsin were all of German birth and, in spite of their loyalty to the church, the Irish felt that they were hardly getting fair treatment.

The *Catholic Citizen,* then as now the leading exponent of Catholic opinion in Wisconsin, advised the Catholics to let the Lutherans do the fighting about the Bennett law. The Louisville *Anzeiger,* a German Catholic weekly, denounced the Irish as defenders of the Bennett law because the Germans were opposed to it. They, the Irish, don't think that another race ought to assert its equality alongside of the Celts. Archbishop Ireland wrote to Hoard his approval of the law. In a personal interview with Hoard he took the latter aside and said to him, as reported: "Governor, you must stand up, I must stand up, all who believe in America must stand up and fight this poisonous spirit of foreignism."

The beginning of the campaign inaugurated by Hoard and the Milwaukee *Sentinel* was ostensibly an attack on the German parochial schools because of their neglect of the English language; but it soon degenerated into a defense of the public school system, which had not been attacked by any priest, minister, or politician. "The little schoolhouse, stand by it," was the war cry of the Bennett law defenders. The state Republican headquarters in Milwaukee flew a large banner with the legend inscribed on it.

One not familiar with the real issues of the campaign could easily be led to believe that our English mother tongue was in danger of being wiped out in the overwhelming gulf of foreignism. Mud slinging instead of argument was the favorite weapon employed by those who thought it their duty to defend the public schools "at all hazards." The Stevens Point *Journal,* a stalwart Republican sheet, was of the opinion that Hoard would welcome death rather than abandon principle; although the *Sentinel* in its most pungent diatribes against the Lutherans and the Catholics admitted that the law could not be enforced unless some voluntary organization would assist the authorities.

One hundred prominent Republican politicians met in Madison for consultation on the issues of the campaign. A few expressed the opinion that the party was heading for disaster, but the meeting arrived at no conclusion. The *Sentinel* denounced them as a pack of cowards and afraid of new issues. Honorable G. W. Hazleton, who had been a prominent member of Congress and was a man of the highest standing, announced himself opposed to legislation interfering with private schools. The historian John Fiske's opinion was that the law was contrary to sound policy and that the government was going beyond its proper and legitimate sphere in pressing such an act. Rublee got back at him by guessing that a disciple of Herbert Spencer would condemn school laws of any description. There is little doubt that if the twelve apostles had committed themselves in opposition to the law, they would have been accused of improper motives.

Two eminent Wisconsin politicians of opposite political parties, William F. Vilas and Robert M. LaFollette, fell on their feet, to use a Scottish expression. Vilas had for years been regarded as the ablest Democratic politician in the state and had been chosen by Cleveland as a cabinet minister. It was known that the Washington routine had grown irksome to him, and he foresaw that a political revolution would in all probability be to his advantage. He entered into the campaign with enthusiasm in spite of the defeat of Colonel Knight, his lumber partner, for the Democratic nomination for governor. His eloquent voice was heard throughout the length and breadth of the state in defense of the rights of parents to educate their children where and how they chose. He knew no German, but his unanswerable question: "What is the difference if you say 'two and two make four' or 'zwei und zwei machen vier,' " became the catchword during the campaign. LaFollette confined his efforts to a defense of

the McKinley bill and thus avoided burning his fingers with the red-hot poker of foreign prejudice. Some years after, the writer of this sketch in a conversation with the late Senator Spooner asked why he was not able to stem the tide of political feverishness which was to wipe out the party in the state and defeat him for the Senate. He replied, "I could not do a thing to stop it. I gave five thousand dollars to the committee for the campaign and requested that it all be used to help the state ticket. I did what I could on the stump, but I knew it would be of no use." There is no reason to doubt Governor Hoard's honesty in the contest which he in a large measure had provoked, but his greenness as a politician has not been denied by his best friends[8].

The Chicago *Journal,* the *Herald,* and the *Tribune* with a large circulation in Wisconsin commended Hoard for his fight on the private schools. The *Journal* called him a "giant armed for the war against bigotry, ignorance, and the exclusive and pestilent foreignism. He belongs to the great cause of popular education in the language of the country, of which he is the stalwart protagonist."

Praise from such sources no doubt acted like new wine, went to the head of the country editor who had through a freak of fortune been elevated to the highest office in the gift of the people of Wisconsin. He had adopted, perhaps unknowingly, the methods of his mentor, Horace Rublee, who seemed to choose by preference denunciation instead of argument in conducting this controversy. In his Waukesha address to the teachers' convention three days after the Re-

[8] It will not be out of place to relate an anecdote current which shows this side. Traveling in the railway to Fort Atkinson he met George W. Bird and Walter S. Greene, both prominent and well known Jefferson County Democrats. In the course of conversation Greene said: "Hoard, you are on the right track. If you keep up this fight you will doubtless succeed." When Hoard left the train Greene remarked, "If we can only keep Hoard in this fight that he has brought on himself we will knock the socks off him in November. Rublee has called him the Abraham Lincoln of Wisconsin, and the best of it is the darned fool believes it." The governor afterwards quoted Greene as being one of his supporters!

publican overthrow in Milwaukee Hoard gave utterance to the following diatribe against his opponents: "We must fight alienism and selfish ecclesiasticism, for unless we do these dangers will rise and confront us in the future. The parents, the pastor, and the church have entered into a conspiracy to darken the understanding of the children, who are denied by cupidity and bigotry the privilege of even the free schools of the state. A large proportion were purposely kept in ignorance."

The ignorance which the law was intended to dissipate was largely the result of design. The late Dr. F. W. A. Notz, of the Watertown College at Watertown, in a personal interview with the governor ventured to expostulate with him on the course he was pursuing in regard to the controversy. Dr. Notz was a man who stood very high in the scholastic world and was known as one of the six great Greek scholars in America. He was at one time a regent of the Wisconsin University. The governor replied to him after this fashion, "Have I not taken my oath on the Bible to enforce the law; do you want me to commit perjury? You cannot plant your church across the path of human enlightenment. In five years you will be calling on us for aid." He neglected to inform the learned doctor that the law he had sworn to enforce was his own creation.

A number of prominent Democrats espoused what they called the cause of English education, and W. H. Timlin of Milwaukee, afterwards justice of the supreme court, was the active protagonist of the Democratic Bennett Law League, which claimed to have the names of ten thousand Democrats pledged to Hoard and were getting three hundred additional names daily. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* published the names of prominent Bennett law Democrats in heavy black type as a roll of honor.

Not all the German Lutherans showed animosity to the Bennett law advocates during the campaign. John Metzlaff of Milwaukee, the great iron merchant and a prominent Lutheran, denounced the whole controversy as ridiculous. He said that the children of Poles and Germans spoke English on the street and that in ten or twenty years there would be little German spoken.

A letter written by the governor to Honorable John Luchsinger of Monroe was published at the request of Henry C. Payne. Luchsinger, a prominent Republican of Swiss birth, did not want to publish the letter, but as Hoard did not object it was given to the press. In it Hoard said that he had no objection to having the Bennett law made an issue in the campaign. The discovery was made that the law contained no provision for ascertaining whether English was taught in any private school. This must be remedied, cried the pro-law people, which meant that more drastic provisions must be inserted at some future time.

As is usual in any prolonged controversy, personalities took the place of argument. Hoard was denounced as the fanatical enemy of the parochial schools and the German language. Bishop Katzer denounced the Masons as the authors of the Bennett law. Honorable C. W. Felker, a Democrat of Oshkosh, in a speech at Milwaukee called the Reverend Bishop a liar, and the *Seebote* asked in its editorial columns, "Where are the rotten eggs?"

According to Hoard, the whole system of American public schools and the English language were trembling in the balance. In his last speech of the campaign, on November 6, he said that "ignorance cannot control the destinies of our country; the question will be a menace to the progress of civilization and the perpetuity of our institutions."

No election in Wisconsin, state or national, ever excited the interest that the 1890 gubernatorial contest in Wisconsin

did. Nothing else was talked of for months before election day. The writer of this sketch remembers fifteen presidential campaigns, but in no one of them were the people so deeply interested as in the contest between the Republican and Democratic parties in the year of the Bennett law. In 1888 Hoard had twenty-one thousand majority, but in 1890 he was overwhelmingly defeated. The Democratic state ticket was victorious by about thirty thousand majority. The Democrats in 1888 elected two members of Congress out of nine, but in 1890 one lone Republican, Honorable Nils P. Haugen, was left to tell the tale of his party's overthrow, the remaining eight districts having been carried by the Democrats. The assembly was democratic by a two to one vote, and Vilas was elected United States Senator over Spooner in the legislature by eighty-two votes to forty-five. The obnoxious Bennett law was promptly repealed and the controversy was never renewed.

That the prominent and influential politicians in the Republican party supinely acquiesced in the program of Hoard and Rublee is not to be supposed. Congressman Thomas of the La Crosse district was the first to register his protest, and Secretary Jerry Rusk emphatically denounced the whole blundering business, as he called the Bennett law. Senator Philetus Sawyer, Congressman Van Schaick, and others protested against the law being made an issue, but all to no purpose. Argument only made Hoard more stubborn, and the convention weakly yielded.

The state was carried by Cleveland in 1892 and did not return to its Republican moorings until the panic of 1893 had wiped out the memories of the disastrous attempt to tamper with the prejudices of the foreign-born and foreign-fathered citizens of Wisconsin.

MEMORIES OF THE ISLAND LOGGERY

MARY DOTY FITZGERALD[1]

One winter's night
When stars were bright,
I gave myself away—
Or let the priest—for, really,
The words *I* scarce could say.

My parents' gaze was eloquent—
And when we two were wed,
They spoke to him beside me—
"Be kind to her," they said.

"I will," replied my husband—
And the vow he gave them then
Was kept by him most faithfully—
He was the prince of men.

And I—my senses seemed engulfed
By this momentous part.
So down I sat, and took my cat!
To still my beating heart.

But even *that* did not avail;
And so I made her sit
Beside me, while I took my yarn,
And straight began to knit!

They could not know why I did so—
Emotion made me dumb—
Perhaps my little midget knew—
She purred a soothing hum—

[1] Mrs. Fitzgerald was the daughter of Wisconsin's territorial governor, James Duane Doty, whose log home on Doty Island, at the outlet of Lake Winnebago is historic. The poem is a document of considerable importance for the intimate touches it presents of Doty and his home environment. Editor.

"Alice Maud Mary" was her name
(Victoria's favorite child)
It pleased my fancy, and I gave
Her name to "Midget" mild.

This scene was at the "Loggery"—
Within the parlor bright—
Made so by mother's care and task,
And the soft candle light

That shone from silver candlesticks—
Mementos highly prized—
Relics of dear old *Green Bay days,*
When mother was a bride.

But *even then,* my father's mind
Had formed the vision clear—
That he would come again some day
And make a "homestead" here!

He said, "This lovely island spot,
Where lake and river meet,
Shall be my happy home some day
When friends and fortune greet;

"Success in life's endeavor,
And even Ambition says
I may enjoy a respite
Of many happy days"—

He fell in love with it, when first
He saw it, from the fleet
Of Indian birchen-bark canoes
In which he came to treat

With Indians, and to lay out routes
For roads to be surveyed—
Since laws to settle the North-West
Our Government had made.

They made a brief encampment here,
When Indians alone
Inhabited the goodly land
Which now the white men own.

The Indians saw he loved it,
And offered him the land
On which, though after many years—
The homestead quaint *did* stand.

And stands even now—tho' stranger hands
Have robbed it of its charm,
And Time, and Fate, have both combined
To work the "Loggery" harm!

But still the spirit lingers there
That breathes of bygone days,
And hallows every well known nook
That meets my saddened gaze.

My fancy fills each empty room
With vanished forms so dear—
I hear my mother calling me—
I see my father near.

I see my father's writing-desk,
My mother's sewing chair,
The shelves of books—now *scattered wide*
Yet present to me here.

Old Schoolcraft's book of Indian lore
Which tells the fairy tales
Imagined by those somber souls
Amid their forest trails;

Such ancient copies of Tom Moore—
Goldsmith and Dickens dear—
Shakespeare of course, the constant friend---
Bulwer, and Johnson near.

In after years, on Utah's soil
A home my father found,
"Far from the madding crowd"—by grand
Old mountains circled round.

He named it "Happy Valley"—
Like the one Prince Rasselas sought—
And planted in the western world
That old poetic thought.

The open fireplace, where the logs
Gave such a genial glow
While father smoked, and watched
The flickering fire light come and go.

In winter's cold, or summer's heat,
He loved that evening blaze.
It seemed to warm his heart, and shine
Through memory's tangled maze.

And many a passing guest was cheered
Beside that festive flame,
And sometimes drank a loving cup
Of wine, in friendship's name.

I hear my father's low, sweet voice
Through all these vanished years,
Singing his favorite "Twilight Dews"—
Or "Mary's Dream"—the tears

Are in my heart, to think of them!
And "Highland Mary" sweet—
All dear to him for auld lang syne,
When youth's quick pulses beat.

And mother, as she sat and sewed,
Would often hum the tune
Of "Roy of Aldivalloch"
Or "The Braes of Bonnie Doon."

"Oft in the Stilly Night," so sad,
And quaint old "Robin Gray"—
The tale of love that lost its all
In "One Year and a Day."

But sweetest song of all, to me,
In melody and rhyme,
Was Moore's "Last Rose of Summer"—
The song that outlives Time.

Her face was sad, as thus she sung,
She felt *Life's shadows* then—
I saw, but could not comprehend—
For I was still too young.

I know *now* how she felt each word,
I've learned to feel them too!
But then, I had not learned to *live,*
As all of us must do!

Each in our way—some *bright,* some dark,
Until Time's race is run,
But shadows still must follow us
While Life and Love are one.

Our dear Permelia loved to sing
The songs of realms above—
Yet sometimes let her voice be heard
In gay old "Kelvin Grove."

My father, too, at twilight, loved
To hear my mother's voice
Join him in singing quaint old hymns
That made the heart rejoice

In days of yore—when lips were *free*
And no one sung for hire—
When tuning-forks were still in use
To start the village choir!

The rustic porch was latticed
By my brother James's hand—
And holds a memory of him
Who early joined the band

Of hardy brave explorers
Whom the Government sent out
To cross the Rocky Mountains
By a new and dangerous route.

At snowy Walla Walla
They wintered on the road,
Then pressed on to Olympia—
Where *he* made his last abode.

His father followed after,
When a few more years had run;
His body lies in Utah,
Where his last life work was done.

The porch was hung with Indian gifts,
To Indian givers dear—
The skins of otter, beaver, mink,
The panther, and the bear.

A chieftain's shirt, and leggings fine,
Embroidered, fringed, and hung
With strings of wampum beads, like those
In *Hiawatha* sung.

An Indian cradle—only meant
To rock with forest boughs,
Hung by a broad embroidered band
And watched by mother squaws—

And Indian pipes, like those they smoke
When council fires are bright,
The calumet of peace—but none
That breathe of coming fight.

So wild, indeed, this entrance hall,
So free from custom's law,
The passing stranger well might think
A chieftain's lodge he saw.

The straggling Indians, who still
Encamp upon the shore,
Were doubtless gratified to see
These tokens at our door.

And some, perhaps, remembered him
As Governor, or Judge—
When the White Father's word was law
Within the Indian lodge.

And he had always been their friend
Though justice weighed his hand.
And they, unlike the whites, were quick
To yield, and understand.

Those gifts are in the building
Which stands upon the ground
That he donated long ago,
The capitol to found.

The moon still rises o'er the lake
And gilds its pathway bright
That seems to reach from shore to shore,
A quivering line of light.

But *they* are *gone,* who gathered here
At twilight hour serene,
Within the rustic porch to watch
The beauty of the scene.

The table which we gathered round
At morn, at noon, at night,
Had gifted guests who joined us there,
And made the circle bright.

From England, Ireland, Germany,
And Denmark, too, they came
And scattered sparks of native wit
Or pathos o'er the game

Of life which each was playing then,
But now will play no more—
For nearly all have long since gone
Beyond the silent shore

Which hides Eternity from view
And veils the final leap—
Perhaps we only waken then
From this our troubled sleep!

Our "half breed" friends were welcomed most,
The ones from "Green Bay way"—
Or "brought their welcome with them"—
As "the old folks" used to say.

Yet with that French politeness
Which was strongest in their veins,
They would not "wear that welcome out"—
And memory still retains

The warm insistence which we used
To lengthen out their stay—
But no—they really must be gone—
To "come again, some day."

Their presence seemed to me a breath
From the mysterious past—
The years when mother's life was full
Of hopes too bright to last.

And my own childish memories
Of half-forgotten things—
"Life's morning march"—came back to me
Like half unfolded wings.

The Bairds, the Lawes, the Grignons—
The Daniel Whitneys three—
The Eberts and the Mitchells,
Were household words to me.

The tragic memory of Burnett—
And Merrill's early love—
The dream renounced, and lost within
The net the "Slaughter" wove—

"*That* Kitty Follett"—and the Bealls,
The *Horners,* and their brood,
Ann Chapman's escapades which gave
The gossips daily food.

These facts and fancies told again
Within our Island home
Made time and busy fingers fly
For those who could not roam.

And in the dreamy summer days
I loved the perfumed air
At the low parlor windows
From the sweetbriar bush there.

Twas there the bright-hued humming birds
Came flashing in and out,
Or stooped to rob the fragrant flowers
That blossomed all about.

The hollyhock and marigold,
Sweet-williams and sweet-peas,
With cockscomb, pinks, and mignonette,
Nasturtiums and heartsease.

I felt, through Byron's glowing lines
The fragrance of the East,
And *Lalla Rookh* enchanted me
With Cashmere's rosy feast,
And journeyings through odors sweet
Of "Araby the blest"—

But mother, when she trained these flowers
To form our floral feast
Had only tried to emulate
The gardens of *our East.*

So Fancy varies with the soul
Whose wishes bid it roam;
Mine flew to realms of poetry,
Hers to her early home.

So those old-fashioned flowers
Are always dear to me,
Because they speak of home and hands
I never more shall see.

THE CENTURY OLD LEAD REGION IN EARLY WISCONSIN HISTORY

JAMES A. WILGUS

The first permanent settlement within the present boundaries of the State of Wisconsin was made at Green Bay in the early eighteenth century. But it was not from this place that Wisconsin Territory was to be developed. The focal center of that territory was in the southwest where rich mineral resources were beginning to attract the attention of Americans. The lead region had been discovered by the French about 1690 and some mining was done by them then and afterwards. The Indians also worked the mines a little, but in a crude way. Hunting was their chief occupation; but when game was scarce and furs were unavailable for trade, they found that lead was a useful substitute. Though they regarded the whites as intruders, they were friendly toward the French in this as in other matters; and they had given Julien Dubuque valuable mining rights west of the Mississippi River in 1788.

The Indians in possession of southwestern Wisconsin and neighboring areas were chiefly the Sauk, Foxes, and Winnebago, the latter claiming the sole right to the lead region. In 1804 the United States government began to acquire these lands from the Indians. Governor Harrison of Indiana Territory, by the treaty of November third that year, at St. Louis, secured from the Sauk and Fox tribes their title to some fifty million acres in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The included part of Wisconsin lay south of the Wisconsin River, from its mouth up to where Muscoda now is, and south of a line extending eastward from there to about

where Mukwonago is today and west of the Fox River flowing south from there into the Illinois River. A later treaty with the Sauk and Foxes, September 12, 1815, gave the United States title to the lead region. Though the treaty of May thirteenth a year later confirmed the previous treaties, disagreements among the Indians and other difficulties led the government at Washington to direct Governor Edwards of Illinois as Indian Agent to retrocede the lead region to the Indians. In doing this he reserved three square leagues at Prairie du Chien, together with such other tracts as the President of the United States might select, not exceeding five leagues in all. But the lands thus reserved were not open to sale. Instead the war department leased them for short periods—three to five years—and permitted mineral locations to be made in tracts two hundred yards square. If mineral was not found on one tract the prospector "pulled up his stakes" and took another. This reservation by the United States Government established recognized rights for the miners, and it had the effect of rapidly changing what had been mainly an intruding and a floating population into one fairly permanently settled in favored spots.

The first of these permanent settlements east of the Mississippi River, was begun in 1819 when Jesse W. Shull and Dr. Samuel Muir established a trading post at La Pointe, which took the name of Galena in 1827. This locality had been first visited by an American trader in 1816, when Colonel John Shaw being thought to be a Frenchman, was permitted by the Indians to go up Fever River to their mines. Shaw took seventy tons of lead back with him to St. Louis, which he said was the first boat load of lead to be taken from this region. After a time the fame of this locality began to spread and La Pointe (Galena) became a recognized mining center. The first permanent occupation of the place by American miners was in 1822 when Colonel James Johnson

and a small party, under the protection of Colonel Willoughby Morgan and troops from Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, acting under instructions from the war department, arrived and wintered there. Though a record seems to be wanting, it is generally supposed that Colonels Morgan and Johnson made arrangements with the Indians by which their assent was secured to such occupation. The following year, Dr. Moses Meeker with about "thirty men and several women and children" came there from Cincinnati. A census taken in August of this year showed "seventy-four persons, men, women, and children, of whom a number were negroes."

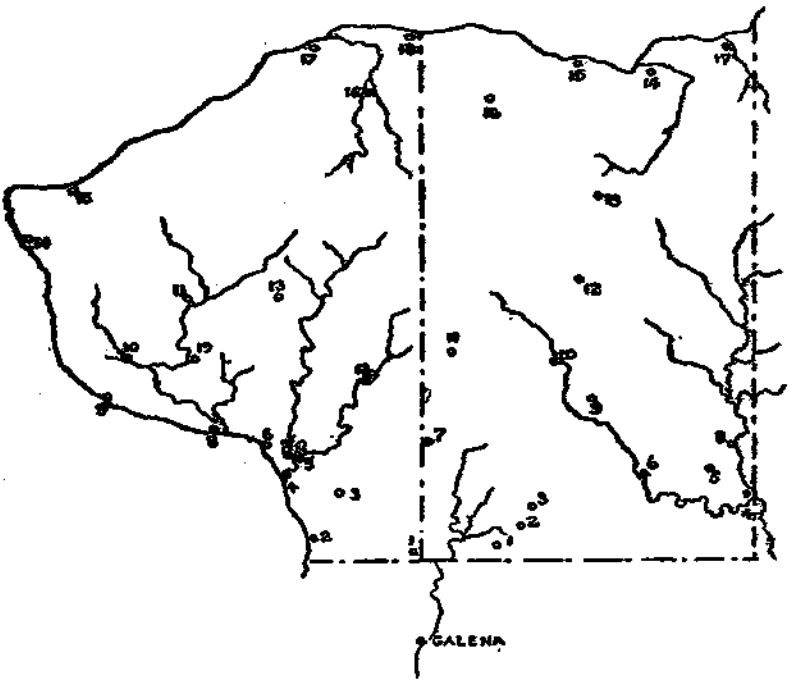
In 1824 the first permanent mining settlements in Wisconsin were made by a few persons leaving La Pointe (Galena) and settling at New Diggings in Lafayette County today, and at Hardscrabble, now Hazel Green in Grant County. The government at Washington sent two officers of the ordnance department to look after its interests, and soon found it advisable to appoint a superintendent of mines for the district. In the next four years the country became flooded with miners, fortune hunters, and adventurers, chiefly from Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. An estimate made in 1829 gives the immigrants for each of the years as follows: 1825, 200; 1826, 1000; 1827, 4000; 1828, 10,000.

Naturally this large influx of people did not confine itself to any government reservation or pay strict heed to Indian treaties, but hunted mineral wherever it could be found. Thus the mining region east of the Mississippi River came to include, generally speaking, all the territory south of the Wisconsin River, west of a line from Portage to Janesville today, and north of the Rock River as it flows southwest into the Mississippi. This encroachment of the whites on the Indians was undoubtedly the real cause of the Winnebago War (1827) and also of the Black Hawk War (1831-1832). In

this latter war the Indian made his last stand against the onward march of an irresistible and superior civilization driving him from his happy hunting grounds forever. Upon invitation and recognizing the futility of further resistance, ten Indian chiefs from the vicinity of Portage went to Washington in 1837 and sold their land east of the Mississippi. The government gave them an annuity and permitted them to remain till 1840.

By 1829 so many settlements had been made in the lead region that it became necessary to organize the territory south of the Wisconsin River separately by detaching it from Crawford County and making it into Iowa County. In another half dozen years (1836) settlement had so increased that it became necessary to divide Iowa County and create Grant County, establishing its boundaries as they have since remained. A map of the period shows nineteen settlements in the new county and seventeen in the old, though some of them, like New Baltimore, Arena, Buchanan, and Fayette were towns on paper merely. Rapid settlement at this time was due to many causes—some local to the region, and others connected with the unparalleled general development of the United States as reflected in its wonderful internal improvements and the general prosperity of the people. Some local causes of importance were: the use of steamboats on the Mississippi River (1823); the establishment of mail service (1826); the removal of the Indians (1832); the surveying of the land into townships and sections (1832-1834); and the opening of the lands to public sale (1834). Homes could now be established with clear titles to the land, manufactured products could be more readily and cheaply secured from the older portions of the country, mineral and other products could find a better and quicker market, and life could be enjoyed in security through the better organization of government, and the elimination of danger from the Indians. To

GRANT AND IOWA COUNTIES, 1837



Grant County

1. Hardscrabble
2. Mississippi City
3. Jamestown
4. Iowa
5. Gibralter
6. Osceola
7. Paris
8. Grantville
9. Cassville
10. Maskenonge
11. Johnsonville
12. Platteville
13. Bedford
14. Mendota or Mississippi Landing
15. Brooklyn
16. Fayette
17. Prairie du Bay
18. English Prairie (Muscoda)
19. Grant

Iowa County

1. Gratiot's Grove
2. Shullsburg
3. Dublin
4. Wiota
5. Hamilton
6. Otterburn
7. Elk Grove
8. Albion
9. Willow Spring
10. New Baltimore
11. Belmont
12. Mineral Point
13. Dodgeville
14. Helena
15. Buchanan
16. Wingville
17. Arena

the material improvements enumerated were added the advantages of the press, the church, and the school. The *Miners' Journal* was started at Galena in 1826. A Presbyterian church was begun, also at Galena, in 1829; a public school was opened at Mineral Point in 1830, and another at Platteville in 1834.

A very interesting account of the conditions in the lead region at this time has come down to us from one who was then here. There were four Methodist missions in this field: one at Apple River Diggings (Elizabeth, Illinois today); one at Galena; one at Dubuque; and the other may be described as the Iowa County mission, taking in the country north of Galena to Prairie du Chien and east of the Mississippi, with headquarters at Prairie du Chien, and stations at Platteville, Boyce's Prairie (afterwards Lancaster), Cassville, and Mineral Point. To this field of work the Reverend Alfred Brunson came in 1835[1], and soon afterwards was made presiding elder of the whole district extending from Rock Island, Illinois to the head of the Mississippi River. Mr. Brunson tells us that Galena "is a place of great business, about 1200 inhabitants. * * * The people are mostly inteligent, enterprising & healthy, but too much absorbed in the cares of the world to think of religion. They came here to make a fortune & to leave, but have since concluded to stay here." Dubuque, he says "contains about 600 inhabitants: the most of them foreigners * * * & forming the roughest & wickedest class of people I ever saw. The lead mines in its neighborhood are of the wealthiest character and have given independent fortunes to some of the most degraded men of our species. Wealth in such hands only affords the means of grater wickedness." Prairie du Chien, Brunson continues, "contains perhaps 100 houses of all des-

[1] See "A Methodist Circuit Rider's Horseback Tour from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin, 1835," in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xv, 264-291.

criptions. The whole French & mixed population are about 600, the American 200, & the garrison contains 250 men, but their wives and children and other attendants, amount to about 150 more: making the population of the place, including all discriptions about 1200." Mineral Point, he concludes, "contains about 600 inhabitants, mostly miners, & the place derived its name & wealth from the abundance of its mineral resources. It is unpleasantly situated, 3 miles from any amount of timber." Had Brunson been a frontiersman instead of a minister, his characterizations of the people would probably have been somewhat different.

Other sources tell us of the "wide expanse of forest and prairie" eastward to Lake Michigan. Dodgeville in 1833 was only a "cluster of eight or ten log cabins, with diggings and a furnace, and one little variety store in a log cabin—mostly the property of Colonel Dodge." At Wiota, Colonel William S. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, had settled in 1828; at Blue Mounds Ebenezer Brigham had located in 1828, as the first settler within the present Dane County; at Milwaukee, Solomon Juneau had established himself in 1818. Green Bay was the only considerable place in the eastern part of Wisconsin. Here in 1831 there were "about 100 dwelling houses scattered over the settlement an equal number on each side of the Fox River." Some places just beginning to be settled around 1835-1836 were: Janesville, Watertown, Racine, Kenosha, Waukesha, Fond du Lac, and Oshkosh.

With the population so slight and so scattered in the east and so much concentrated as well as numerous in the southwest, when Wisconsin Territory was organized in 1836, there was no alternative but to locate its first capital in the lead region. Of 22,214 people enumerated in the six Wisconsin counties (two of them then beyond the Mississippi in Iowa today) at the time of the first territorial census in July, 1836,

16,615 were in the mining district. Geographically also the first capital was almost of necessity in this locality for the territory extended westward from Belmont several times farther than eastward.

It was the mineral region and the development of the mining interest that were the predominant influences in making the Territory of Wisconsin. These interests still continued to grow with cumulative energy and the next dozen years (1836-1848) saw their flood-tide. In this period probably 40,000,000 pounds of mineral were taken out annually and three thousand or more men were regularly engaged in the mining business. But along with these mining interests there were developing also the other necessary activities of a growing and vigorous, though young civilization. An interesting and instructive resume of this rising diversity of occupations shows its character in Grant County in 1844. Out of a total estimated population of 7500 or 8000 there were approximately 1500 or 1600 adults as follows:

Farmers	600	Millers	32
Miners	600	Tavern keepers	16
Mechanics	150	Grocers	15
Smelters	100	Lawyers	17
Merchants	60	Physicians	16

At this time also there were in the county

21 common schools	12 saw mills
9 churches	4 grist mills
30 stores	12 groceries
16 public houses	1 academy (Platteville)
20 furnaces	

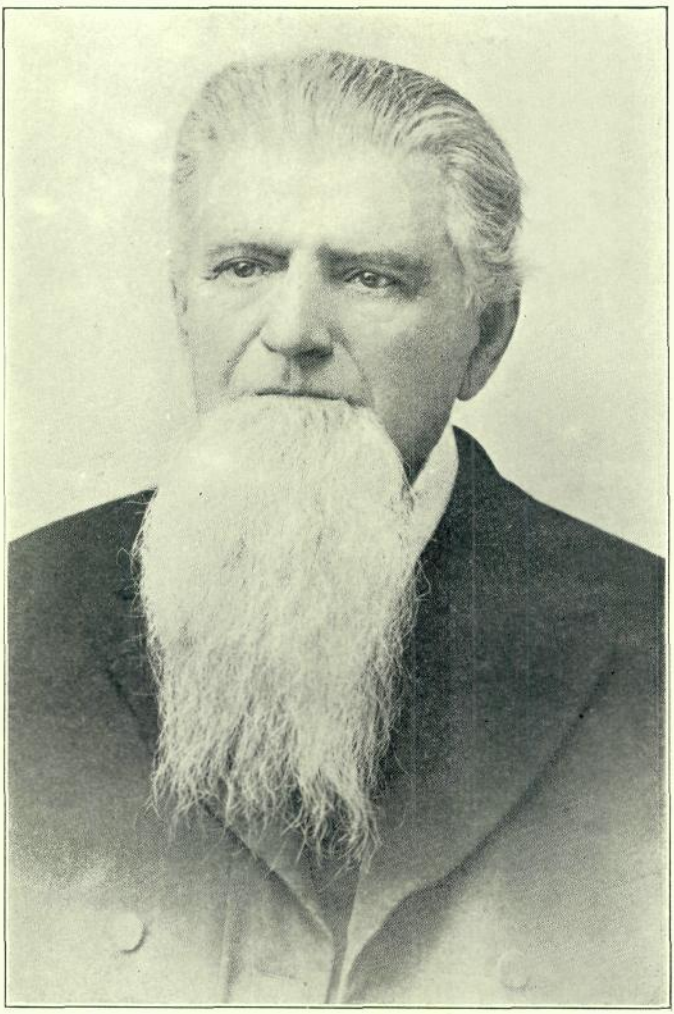
The period from 1836 to 1848 witnessed a rapid development of the eastern part of the Territory. From Fort Winnebago (Portage) and Madison to Lake Michigan surveys were being made, and a steady stream of people was coming from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. These people were mainly farmers, though traders, mer-

chants, and artisans also came in goodly numbers. They came mostly by way of the Great Lakes at first, but improvements in internal communications overland made it possible for them to come that way also. Aside from the differences in the natural resources of the Territory—east and west—and the consequent differences in life and activity produced thereby, there were fundamental differences in the institutions and customs of the people of the two regions. These were reflected in the political and governmental ideals which were now coming to the fore in preparation for the approaching change from territory to state.

Two such instances and differences will illustrate the clash of the sections. The general panic of 1837, in the country at large, had its local aspects in Wisconsin. The miners as a class were wary of banks and of paper substitutes for money. They were digging metal and, either for that reason or because most of them were Jacksonian Democrats, they wanted metal or real "hard" money for their pay and for use in purchases and exchange. Banks nevertheless made their way into the lead region, and unfortunately, after the general fashion of the time, some of them were not adequately financed or properly managed, so failed. One such failure in 1841, the Mineral Point Bank, was particularly remembered. Hence, when the proposed state constitution came before the people for ratification in 1847, there was a majority against it, not wholly of course because of its banking provisions, but quite largely and substantially so in the lead region where the vote proved significant. The trading and commercial interests of the eastern section of the State soon to be, however, were developing into the stronger group, and as they needed banking institutions and used commercial paper in business they were victorious in the second constitutional vote in 1848.

The other instance where the two sections of the Territory differed, also occurred at the period of the making of the constitution. The people of the lead region, being at that time mainly from the south and southwest parts of the United States had brought with them the county type of local government and administration. But the people of the eastern section had brought with them the town type of local government. Each section naturally favored its own customs, and advocated them in the constitutional convention. The two systems were not exactly opposites, and yet it was not feasible to have both perpetuated separately in the State that was to be. Hence the significance of section 23 of article IV of the constitution which provides that "The legislature shall establish but one system of town and county government, which shall be as nearly uniform as practicable."

Contrasted with the mining interests of the southwest as the dominant influence making the Territory of Wisconsin, 1836, it was the development of agriculture, trade and commerce, and incipient manufactures in the east that made the State in 1848. Wisconsin's marvellous development during the dozen years of her territorial existence might rightly be considered simply an earnest of what was yet to be. For there was still the region north and west of the Wisconsin-Fox waterway, a region much bigger than that already settled, awaiting its future development. Exceedingly suggestive was it for the state of Wisconsin to take the motto "Forward" as her slogan in 1848. Her development and progress since abundanly proved its appropriateness.



NELSON DEWEY
Taken May 12, 1889

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GOVERNOR DEWEY

VICTOR KUTCHIN

To be forgotten after death is the common lot, but to be forgotten while still alive may be regarded, in the language of Shakespeare, as "The most unkindest cut of all." It is not difficult to understand how this might happen to an average man, but that it should happen to a public man and that man once the governor of the great State of Wisconsin is almost beyond belief; and yet, when I was thrown into close contact with Nelson Dewey, in the late eighties, I venture to say a majority of the people of the State did not know whether he were living or dead.

Though I am looking back through the mist of nearly forty years, many incidents and much conversation remain distinct. If I had the skill of an artist I could still paint his likeness from memory, and I not only remember things he said, but I remember what called them out and just how he expressed himself; earnestly, emphatically, driving home each point like a lawyer before a jury. Beyond the average man he had the courage of his convictions and was never backward about coming forward and calling the average grafter, "a damned scoundrel." He impressed me as not being an easy man to get along with, a natural leader and, like the whole breed, bound to have his way.

As I remember it, I had not been an officer of the state prison for more than three days when Governor Dewey walked into my office and introduced himself as a member of the prison board of directors, a petty office that was later on legislated out of existence by the creation of what was

called "The State Board of Control," having the management of all the charitable and penal institutions. I am still proud of the fact that the old Governor early realized he was always sure of a wlecome and saw fit to spend a lot of time in my office in the character of my guide, philosopher and friend; for take him all in all, he was a real man and one who met adversity without a murmur or a whine.

It was rumored at this time that he did not have a home of his own, which explained why he spent so much time at the prison, and was wretchedly poor, but beyond the rumor I have no knowledge, for he never made mention of his personal affairs. I never received the slightest encouragement from anything he ever said or intimated, so I never spoke of what I had in mind then and ever since: namely, it is too bad that a pension for a governor and a president does not go with the office, that one having occupied a high position in the State and Nation should thereafter be kept from poverty.

My first personal recollection is of the Governor's smoking. I fancy that he may have regarded it as akin to fate, therefore to be accepted without protest or comment. Charles Dickens says of one of his characters: "He would have smoked a lime-kiln if anyone had treated him to it." Accepting that as a real statement of fact, I am bound to say that the Governor would have been a close second. About this time a brother of mine in California received a present of two boxes of Spanish cigars from an old "Don," and made me a present of one box. I regarded the act as one of unparalleled generosity until I had smoked one of the cigars, and then the generosity was changed into a gross and wicked disregard for human life. In some cases a single cigar cured the smoker of the tobacco habit for life, but the Governor would take three a day, without either skip or break, note or comment, and show no sign of physical disability as a result.

Toothache is the only thing that ever got a grunt out of him, and he finally put himself into my hands for some extractions of old, broken, and exceedingly painful roots. I had the feeling that he could not afford to go to a regular dentist, and so was not offended by his cautious and persistent inquiry as to my ability to pose as a sure enough tooth carpenter. I finally told him of my proud success in extracting a tooth for Joe King, a negro, and the biggest convict in the prison, succeeding where many had gone down in defeat, which in a way set the matter of my ability at rest in his mind.

The yard boss sent Joe King to the hospital almost crying with a jumping toothache. It was a big back molar with the crown gone, and I said at a glance, "You must have it out." "I'de be mighty glad to," he said with a grin, "but nobody can budge it. Dr. Challoner of La Crosse and Dr. French of Eau Claire, and that little cuss of a doctor that used to be here, they all hooked onto it, but couldn't budge it." I said, "that all may be so, but you haven't had Dr. Kutchin hold of it yet, let me try." "All righty," he said, "but I tell you beforehand you won't budge it." I didn't quite lift him out of the chair with the forceps and finally I held them up still grasping the "unbudgable" tooth. Joe was surprised and mightily pleased, and after washing out his mouth he left the operating room—and after the manner of a darkey who is going to hand something to a white man—he put his head through a crack in the door and complimented my science as a tooth puller in these words: "Doc., dem other fellows were all too light." The Governor never forgot the story and never failed to inquire, before getting into the chair, if I was quite confident that I was not "too light."

Here is a little story which he told me that I have been handing to school teachers ever since, to their great perplexity. A man living in Iowa had two daughters who were born

in the same house, and one was born in Wisconsin and the other in Iowa. Here are some of the answers: "The house was on the line, one end in each state." Then, "the house was moved by a tornado or some other agency from one state to the other." Practically no one ever guesses the right answer. The house was never moved but the state was.

So he told me how it happened that we came to be called "Badgers." The first settlers actually came to do mining and remained and dug deep, and to discriminate between these and the people who came up from Illinois in the Spring and ran back in the Fall, doing only shallow mining, they were called Suckers and we were called Badgers.

When he came to the Prison, as a rule had he been at the head of a Military Detachment, it might have been said of it that it was traveling light, for he did not hamper himself, when on the move, with impedimenta in the way of baggage whose least common denominator is a paper collar box. Once, when at the Prison, he was literally forced to go to bed, in the early evening, and have his clothes repaired and pressed by the head of the tailor shop, Louis Foteke, a playful fellow who had chopped his wife's head off, but a good tailor. Mr. Redtape locked Louis up at eight o'clock, leaving the cleaned and pressed suit in the shop, and it was later on taken to the Governor's room by a guard. I was called to the Governor's room at seven thirty the next morning in hot haste: an unprecedented thing had happened. The Governor had grown over night to the extent that his clothes were not half large enough. My immediate diagnosis was: "The right man, but the wrong suit of clothes." At this my patient went into the air. Did I think him an old dotard, a drivelling old ass who didn't know his own clothes. He would stake his life on it being his own suit. I might as well tell him that he was in the condition of the old nigger who lost his identity and went about saying: "Is this me or not me, or has the

debble got me?" And so on and so on, till my hurry up messenger brought the Governor's very own suit from the prison tailor shop.

A joke did not have to be on the other fellow in order that Nelson Dewey should enjoy it. The joke was on him and he screamed with laughter and compared himself to an old German making hay in a meadow infested with snakes, who happened to have a yard of rope in a pocket, and when one end of it slipped through a hole in the pocket of his trousers dangling down half way to his knee, he was sure it was a snake and grabbing the knot in the end, for the head of the snake, he attempted to get into his son's coat, instead of his own, and failing in the attempt concluded that he had been bitten and began to scream: "Gott in Himmel, Gott in Himmel, my body is all shwelled up."

I saw to it that the Governor never knew that the suit he had mistaken for his own had not been worn into the prison by a bandit, gentleman, safe-blower, or horse-thief, but by the humblest in the prison social scale—the stealer of a cow.

Perhaps the most interesting thing that he ever told me, and one that I have never seen in print, has to do with the design of our State coat of arms. Queerly enough, this was gotten up by the Governor and Judge Ryan of New York City and is all Dewey. It was all plain sailing—the miner and the sailor and the badger—but they differed violently over the motto. Judge Ryan was for "Excelsior," Governor Dewey for "Forward," the grandest word in the language, and no entreaty, denunciation or eloquence could budge him; and if for nothing else, in the selection of that noble motto, he earned the respect and admiration of every Badger, so long as the world stands and Wisconsin continues as a way-shower to all the other states.

"On Wisconsin" is a child of that wonderful word, Forward. Back of all progress is a mysterious motor power in

a single word—our word—Forward. On the other hand "Excelsior" is associated in the mind with a young rustic on a Friday afternoon in a country school speaking a piece about a lad bearing a banner, through snow and ice, with this strange device, "Excelsior." Perish the thought, that had it not been for Nelson Dewey, this silliness might have been a handicap to the young giant, Wisconsin.

All fine, splendid things are associated with "Forward." Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," gives the right outlook:

> Not in vain the distance beckons. Forward, forward let us range,
> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing groove of change.

Badgers: among the marching days, in the conquest of earth and air, beyond mere nationality, the banner that reaches the highest pinnacle must forever have engraven upon its folds your word, "Forward."

Some years ago I happened to be present at a legislative committee session that was considering the advisability of giving the crawfish a closed season. The discussion became drier than summer's dust, and to introduce a little humor I rose and said: "Mr. Chairman: How can you ever get together on this matter in view of the fact that the motto of the State of Wisconsin is Forward, and the crawfish always walks backward?" The answer that came back was: "Brother, the world is round."

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD[1]

MOLLIE MAURER KARTAK

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
—*Bayley*

When Mr. Lacher asked me to write about the old friends and neighbors of my childhood, there seemed but few; but as soon as I pondered on the subject, friendly faces and scenes of the past came back like a vivid dream. Once again do I see my beloved parents, our kind friends and neighbors, my playmates and teachers. While my gentle mother is the sweetest memory, the most impressive character in the picture is my father, Franz Heinrich Maurer, of good lineage, who was born at Darmstadt, Germany, in 1820. After completing his education he traveled extensively in Europe, as may be seen by his passports. Of an artistic temperament, he became an engraver on steel and copper, and the proof copies of some of his engravings still attest his ability. Paris being then the lodestone of aspiring artists, he was attracted thither and for nine years followed his profession at the French capital.

Sympathizing with the democratic movement which swept Europe in 1848, he came to this country with the political refugees who fled hither after the failure of the uprising in Germany, and who were called "Forty-eighters" for that reason. Among these he made the acquaintance and acquired the friendship of two brothers who afterward distinguished themselves as Wisconsin soldiers in the Civil War: Major General Frederick Salomon and Brigadier General Charles Eberhard Salomon, brothers of Governor Edward Salomon. After a short sojourn in Cincinnati, father located in Milwaukee, being employed as bookkeeper

[1] This paper was read at the meeting of the Waukesha County Historical Society held September 11, 1926, at Hartland.

at the Comstock Mills on Third and Cherry. He boarded at Vogelsang's Republican House, where he met many of the better class of foreigners. In 1849 he came to Waukesha and bought eighty acres of the northwest quarter of section thirty-three, town of Pewaukee, with a house on it which is still standing. In that year he was married to Louise Pitzmann Lorieberg, a native of Halberstadt, Germany, by Justice Hamilton Nelson, then living on the southwest quarter of section twenty-eight, town of Pewaukee, long known as the Dey farm. My mother was a sister of Mrs. Eberhard Salomon and of Major Julius Pitzmann of St. Louis, Missouri. Later my father bought an additional eighty near the Fox River, where the quarries are now located.

During the early years a friend in Paris sent him ten thousand dollars in gold with the simple request, "Buy me a farm." This was a great deal of real money in that period of "wild-cat" currency, but my father placed it in the bank and wrote his friend to come over and with his assistance buy the farm. This man, M. J. Duvigneaud, who had been a merchant in Paris, became our nearest neighbor. He brought with him his own family and a son-in-law, also the latter's parents. The older members of this family never learned to speak English, and I remember how awed I was, on meeting Mr. Duvigneaud on the road, when he grandly lifted his hat and greeted me politely with: "Find wedder today." That was the extent of his English. Both he and my father were termed derisively "Latin farmers," because they were educated and unused to the work of pioneering. You can imagine how difficult farming must have been at that time for city-bred men.

Edward Everard, later of the Cambrian House, Waukesha, was married to Eulalia, a daughter of Mr. Duvigneaud, and their children were my dearest playmates. They were Clementine, Desirée, Tirzah, Alex, and Clotilde. I

recall that the second insisted on being called Caniche (puddle-dog), showing that even children of Parisian descent like to play in the mud. Another daughter of Mr. Duvigneaud, Rosalie, was married to a Mr. Chantron of Milwaukee, and both were burned to death during an explosion at their cleaning and dyeing establishment about fifty years ago. Their wedding at the Catholic church in Waukesha, was an elaborate affair. After the ceremony all returned to the farm, where a grand dinner was served, prepared by the *grandmère*, a most excellent cook. But the *pièce-de-résistance* was a wonderful wedding cake, the artistic creation of a French chef, Monsieur Nicon of Milwaukee. Dinner was followed by dancing and games; and when we children were sleepy, we were laid upon the beds, somewhat after the fashion described in *The Virginian.*

Now I should like to tell you about some of the furnishings the Duvigneauds had brought from France. Off the front room, or parlor, was an alcove—up one step—just large enough to hold the state bed. On the front of this were dark blue satin portieres with heavy tassels; on the bed, a large feather pillow covered with satin, bound with heavy cord, a tassel at each corner. To this day you will find the beds in France made up the same way. At the foot of the bed was a *prie-dieu,* or devotion chair, with cross and candles.

One scene comes back to me which I could not fathom at the time. When a younger brother of my father, Dr. Otto Maurer, who later lost his life in the Civil War, came over, we at once took him to Duvigneauds'. I can still see the *grandmère* advancing to meet us, and with tears streaming down her face, putting her hands on his shoulders and exclaiming: "O Monsieur le doctaire; Monsieur le doctaire!" He appeared to her like a messenger from home, one who could speak her own language. Poor woman! She was in her second childhood and spoke only Walloon French—so

I was told by the children. Justin, a son of Duvigneaud, died some years ago in Minneapolis, where he had been a member of the Board of Trade.

I think Mr. Duvigneaud bought his farm from a Mr. Woodworth, who afterward resided on the north side of Waukesha, near the depot. I have reason to remember this old man, for he frightened me nearly to death. He was a spiritualist and became very much excited upon my entry into his presence, saying that I was a medium. My mother used to tell me how the Woodworths had built themselves a smokehouse out of a barrel, and were smoking hams, when some Indians came along and began investigations; whereupon Mrs. Woodworth came out with a broom and drove them away.

To the north of us lived John Hodgson, an English gentleman, who always seemed to wear a high silk hat. He was a prominent, influential man and lived in a large stone house which is still standing. On Sundays he would proudly take his ladies to church with an ox team. Surely the world has changed much from the days when it was proper for a wealthy farmer to drive to church with oxen, to this age, when even a farm hand sports his motor car. Mrs. Hodgson was a sister of Captain Elihu Enos. The Hodgsons had two children: Manville, now a resident of Denver; and Ella, who was educated at a boarding school and during vacations would often be seen sitting in a swing in their front yard. To me she always remained "My Lady of the Swing."

Next came the Robert Stewart farm, and Miss Mary one of our very dear and esteemed members, was my first teacher at Stewart's Academy in the old Congregational Church building that stood west of Cutler's Park. Beyond the Stewarts, lived a family named Prutzman, whose three children were stricken with diphtheria, two dying at nearly the same time. Mrs. Stewart came to my mother and said:

"Now you must come and lay those children out. I cannot do it, for my arm is lame, but I will show you how." Of course, my mother was very much frightened, but Mrs. Stewart reassured her by saying, "We must help one another, as we may need help ourselves some day." I only remember that my mother was away for a time, and that when she returned she went into the barn to change her clothes. Before morning the third child also died. Mrs. Prutzman was a highly educated woman, who had been a governess abroad. She taught music in the village of Pewaukee, while her husband managed the lumber yard.

I think there were three Busjager brothers living in the neighborhood. Carl moved to Waukesha and later built the Waukesha House. They had been manufacturers in Carlsruhe, Baden, and brought considerable money with them.

Now let me recall the names of friends who often came to see us, for hardly a Sunday afternoon or evening passed that we did not exchange visits. There were the Deissners, whose father had erected the flour mill beyond the quarry in 1840, and Maynard (Meinhardt), their brother-in-law, who was a millwright. They were cultured people from Magdeburg, and Herman Deissner, who was an excellent pianist, brought the first piano to the county. Then there were the Hilles', Austermanns, Meyers, Stoltzes, Scherleys, and John Sperber, later of the National Hotel. And when Carl Schurz came out, all would have a gala time. I must mention my uncle, Dr. Carl Mueller, of Milwaukee, who used to come out to the farm to visit us, and my Grandmother Pitzmann. Dr. Mueller, a Forty-eighter, gave his life as a surgeon to his adopted country in the Civil War.

The Indians who fished in the Fox River and camped in our woods were frequent visitors at the house. I also recall vividly that at one time an old colored man, carrying a small child, was brought into the house, fed, and put to sleep on

the floor near the kitchen stove. During the night my father took a load of hay to some man quite a distance away. Years later my mother told me that the colored man and child were slaves whom my father had smuggled away under cover of the hay, to the next station of the "Underground Railway." The incident made an idelible impression on my childish mind, for these negroes gave me a great fright because they were the first I had ever seen.

About a quarter of a mile to the west lived the Mahoneys, an Irish family, who had a grandmother that wore most wonderful white caps with heavy ruchings around the face, and who smoked a clay pipe. I see her yet as she sat before the cook stove—one of those terraced affairs with a high oven at the back—dexterously picking up a live coal and putting it in her pipe to light it. I loved to play with the Mahoney children, and sometimes it would grow late and dark before I went home. There was a stretch of woods along the road, and I was afraid; but Annie would raise my courage by saying: "You just say, 'Jesus save me, Mary aid me,' and then run, and no harm will come to you." This made such a deep impression on my childish mind, that during all my life, whenever anything occurred that gave me a scare, those same words came back to me: but I did not run.

On a farm toward the east, across the river on the road to Milwaukee, lived the Steins, though farming was then, and is now, unusual for Jewish people. Later Carl Stein opened a general store in Waukesha. His sister Julia married a Mr. Reichenbach, who became a business associate of Adolph Segnitz of Milwaukee. His brother, Marcus Stein, became a successful wholesale merchant in Milwaukee, but was drowned on the ill-fated ship *Schiller*, as were Joseph Schlitz of Milwaukee and Mr. Lamfrom of Oconomowoc. Judge Philip Stein, a younger brother, became a prominent jurist of Chicago.

Among others whom we met either at home or in Waukesha, I remember Flotow, Dr. Cook (Koch), our first German doctor, Seybold, Hartman, Werning, Conrad, Wagner, Kuhlman, and Dr. Ulrich. The last named, a graduate of the University of Greifswald, Germany, came to the United States in 1850 and to Waukesha in 1870. And there was my brother-in-law, Dr. Hugo Philler, also a graduate of the above university, who after service in the Civil War located at Waukesha. A popular practitioner, he also taught German and Latin at Carroll College. Heisleutner, Sperber, the Buchners, Gredlers, Lindners, Beeheims, Pierners, and John Haertel, all came from the same district near historic Nuremberg, Bavaria, between 1840 and 1856.

I will end these reminiscences of my childhood with one of its most pleasing incidents—the closing exercises in the schoolhouse near Canrights', beyond the Deissner mill. The fairy tale *Cinderella* was given, with Charles Gustave Deissner (later sheriff of the county and at last accounts a planter in Virginia) as the prince. And a fine prince did he make, wearing a black velvet jacket with a gold star pinned to his breast. Memory, sweet memory, thou art wonderful!

Where is the heart that doth not keep
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of days that are no more.
—*Ellen C. Haworth*

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

EARLY MILWAUKEE: A POLYGLOT VILLAGE THAT BECAME A METROPOLIS

W. A. Titus

Within the region that is now Wisconsin students of history and archeology have noted that the present day city almost always occupies the site of an aboriginal village. The same attractions of location, the same advantages of topography and geography seem to have appealed with equal force to the savage and to his civilized successor. A location on a stream or a lake, and particularly where stream and lake join, was always preferred by the Indian. The canoe was his easiest means of travel as it was his vehicle for the primitive commerce that he carried on with distant tribes. The adjacent waters gave him a supply of fish and fowl for his daily subsistence. When the white settlers came, the absence of railways and of improved highways gave to the waterways an importance relatively greater than under present day conditions. It is safe to say that water transportation and water power were primarily responsible for the location of almost every city of importance in Wisconsin. The later growth and unequal development of these embryo cities was due to a variety of conditions which the most astute of the early settlers could rarely foresee. In the case of Milwaukee as compared with Racine, Sheboygan, or Manitowoc, there was no apparent reason why the one should develop into the metropolis of Wisconsin with a population now well within the second half million, while the others have remained second or third class cities. All had good harbor possibilities, all were equally open to the development of railroad transportation, and all had equally good agricultural prospects in their hinterlands. Perhaps it was true that individual en-

terprise and daring counted heavily in the initial development of some towns, and that these elements were lacking in others.

The present name of the Badger metropolis has been evolved from the various designations that the locality has borne at one time of another. At different periods and by different visitors the name has been written Melleoki, Melwarik, Meolaki, Minnewack, Milouaquia, Milwacky and Milwaukie. The name is of Potawatomi origin and is said to signify "good land." If so, the name is as appropriate as it would be if applied to any section of southern or eastern Wisconsin.

Marquette and Jolliet passed the Milwaukee river and bay in the autumn of 1673 on their return from the journey that resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi River. If they stopped at the Indian village here, Marquette's journal is silent on the subject; thus it cannot be stated positively that the missionary ever set foot upon the site of the city that has given his name to a great university.

The locality is first definitely mentioned by Father Zenobius Membré, a Recollect missionary who was with La Salle in 1679. In his journal describing the canoe voyage southward from Green Bay along the west shore of Lake Michigan, he notes that they stopped at the mouth of the Melleoiki River and found there villages of both Foxes and Mascouten. Again the place is mentioned in 1698, this time by St. Cosme, and the name is rendered Melouakik. He records that Foxes, Mascouten, and Potawatomi were congregated near the mouth of the river. St. Cosme was a companion of Tonty who was on his way to visit his trading posts in Illinois.

It is asserted by historical writers that the Milwaukee region was always regarded by the Indians as neutral territory which probably accounts for the polyglot character of

the aboriginal population. That this mixed assemblage was not in good repute among the whites, especially after the passing of the French régime, is indicated by the reports of some of the military officers during the British occupation. Lieutenant James Gorrell, who was given command of Fort Edward Augustus (Green Bay) after the British conquest, notes in his journal under date of August 21, 1762[1]: "A party of Indians came from Milwacky and demanded credit which was refused, as they properly belonged to Mishamakinak. They also made great complaint of the trader amongst them, but as he came from Mishamakinak, and did not touch at this place, I desired them to go there and make their complaint and they would be redressed." The name of this early Milwaukee trader is not recorded.

In 1779 Colonel Arent Schuyler De Peyster, who commanded the British post at Michillimackinac, referred to the Milwaukee savages as "those runegates of Milwakie,—a horrid set of refractory Indians"[2]. It is probable that De Peyster's unfavorable estimate was due wholly or in part to the attitude of these mixed tribes during the American Revolution. The records indicate that they were far from friendly to the British cause during this critical period when the mother country was so dependent upon the good will of the aboriginees, and there is evidence that the Milwaukee Indians had made peace with the American George Rogers Clark, conqueror of the Northwest.

As mentioned above a nameless trader was located among the Milwaukee Indians in 1762 while Lieutenant Gorrell was in command at Green Bay. Laurent Du Charme traded at the mouth of the Milwaukee River soon after 1763 but the exact date is uncertain. It must not be inferred that white traders wholly neglected this attractive

[1] *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, i, 35.
[2] *Ibid.*, and xviii, 384.

locality prior to 1762. Undoubtedly they came and went then as they did after the British conquest. Under the French régime they may have been unlicensed traders and if so their own interests dictated the least possible publicity; thus it is not remarkable that their names fail to appear in any of the records of the period.

The diary of Samuel Robertson, pilot of the British sloop *Felicity* during a cruise of Lake Michigan in 1779, contains an interesting entry describing the arrival of the boat at "Millwakey Bay"[3]. Under date of November 3, 1779 he writes:

> At 12 this night we handed the main sail and lay too so that we might not overrun our distance; at daylight we sett the main sail and stood in shoar we just fetched in to Millwakey Bay; at 8 A.M. a verry strong gale; we cam too in 4 fathoms watter; hoist out the Boat; sent Mr. Gautley and 4 hands in shoar with difficulty.
>
> Remarks on Thursday, 4 Nov., 1779,-At 12 this day hard squals of wind from S. W. and haze weather; at 2 this afternoon Mr. Gautly returned with 3 indeans and a french man who lives at Millwakey, nam[d] Morong nephew to Monsier St. Pier; one of the indeans, a war chief named Lodegand. Mr. Gautley gives them a present 3 bottles of Rum & half carrot of Tobaco, and also told them the manner governor Sinclair[4] could wish them to Behave, at which they seem[d] weall satisfeyed, he also gave instructions to Monsieur St. Pier to deliver some strings of Wampun and a little keg of rum to the following & a carrot of Tobaco in governor Sinclairs name; likewise the manour how to behave; he also gave another small Kegg with some strings of Wampum with a carrot of Tobaco to Deliver the indeans at Millwakey which is a mixed Tribe of different nations. * * * Before Monsieur St. Pier said that he believed there might be between 200 & 300 bags of corn to trade there in the spring he said that he raised between 40 & 50 bags for his owen use which was all that him & his 2 men had to live upon this winter; he also said that the indeans owen him about 80 or 100 bags & that they waited untill such time as he had merchandize & then they would pay their old debts and take new; he made interest with Mr. Gautley for a kegg of Rum for which he gave 15 bags of corn which I received on board for government.

[3] *Ibid.*, xi, 210.

[4] Robertson had gone out by the orders of Captain Patrick Sinclair, commandant at Michilimackinac, a British post, to obtain provisions from the Indian towns around Lake Michigan. He was accompanied by Charles Gautier, nephew of Charles de Langlade. Robertson spells the name Gautley instead of Gautier.

The St. Pierre here referred to had been trading among the Milwaukee Indians for a considerable time, probably for a number of years prior to the visit of the British sloop. The diary quoted above lays stress on the amount of maize or corn to be obtained from these Indians, and other records mention the abundance of this important cereal; from the traders' viewpoint it seems to have been considered fully as desirable as the peltries. The Milwaukee savages found in the fertile river bottoms a soil both productive and easy to cultivate; the result was a crude agriculture on a considerable scale.

A letter dated at Michilimackinac June 23, 1778 written by John Askin to Todd & McGill, Montreal, contains this further reference to corn as an article of barter[5]; "Old Francois goes for Detroit he intends living there. I shall send a Young Brother in law of mine to take his place at Millwakee as much on acct of the Corn to be got there as the Peltry." It is believed that this brother-in-law was Louison Barthe. His name appears many years later in the story of Wisconsin. During the Second War with Great Britain he acted as interpreter in the English army and accompanied the expedition that resulted in the capture of Prairie du Chien in 1814.

Alexis Laframboise traded at Milwaukee sometime between 1780 and 1790; he was succeeded by his brother, Francois, who was later killed by Winnebago Indians. Little is recorded of Alexis Laframboise. The parish register at Mackinac contains this entry[6]: "April 2, 1800, Sieur Alexis Laframboise, Esquire, Captain of Militia, died suddenly about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and was interred in the church of McKinanc on the fourth of the said month."

In the brief span of years covered by the history of our state minor incidents have brought far reaching results that

[5] *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xix, 253.
[6] *Ibid.*, 158.

could not have been foreseen at the time. One such was the southern boundary line of Wisconsin. The Ordinance of 1787 fixed the boundary between Illinois and the future Wisconsin as an east and west line from the most southern end of Lake Michigan westward to the Mississippi River. When Illinois applied for admission as a state, it was but natural that her people should desire more territory. Expansion to the northward was their only hope. After a long debate Congress fixed the northern boundary at 42 degrees 30 minutes North, which is the present boundary between the states. Had the old boundary remained, Chicago would have been the metropolis of Wisconsin.

As in the case of other Wisconsin cities which have developed from trading posts, it is difficult to say who was the first actual settler of Milwaukee. Much depends upon the definition of resident or settler. If one who had his family with him and remained in the locality almost continuously for a number of years can be called a settler, several of the early traders of Milwaukee are entitled to consideration.

Jacques Vieau first came to Milwaukee in 1795 and traded there continuously until 1818. His summers were usually spent in Green Bay or Mackinac where he found a market for the peltries he had obtained during the preceding winter, and where he replenished his stock of goods for the Indian trade. Vieau, whose family consisted of a wife and twelve children, seems to have maintained a home continuously in Milwaukee where six of his children were born. One of the daughters, Josette, married Solomon Juneau who took over the Vieau trading post in 1818. Many authorities consider Vieau the first settler because of his long and more or less permanent residence. Bruce says[7]; "The first permanent settlement of Milwaukee was made by Jacques Vieau who came in 1795."

[7] William George Bruce, *History of Milwaukee* (Chicago and Milwaukee, 1922), i. 113.

Antoine LeClaire with his family resided in Milwaukee from 1800 to 1809 during which time he carried on the usual trading activities among the mixed tribes of the vicinity. In 1800 he built the first house on the east side. It stood on the north side of Wisconsin Street between East Water Street and the river. The site is now occupied by the Wisconsin Trust Company Building (formerly the Pabst Building). A bronze tablet commemorating the historic importance of the spot was placed beside the front entrance to the present building by Capt. Frederick Pabst in 1903. The tablet contains the following inscription;

THE FIRST HOUSE
ON THE EAST SIDE OF MILWAUKEE
WAS BUILT ON THIS SITE
IN THE YEAR 1800
BY ANTOINE LECLAIRE AS A TRADING POST. THE
LOG HOUSE SHOWN ON THE LEFT OF THIS VIEW [picture in bronze]
THE LOG CABIN, STOCKADE AND STORE ON THE RIGHT
WERE ERECTED BY SOLOMON JUNEAU IN 1825

IN 1835 JUNEAU BUILT A LARGE WAREHOUSE
WHICH IN 1851 WAS REPLACED BY
LUDINGTON'S BRICK BLOCK
AND THE LATTER BY
THE PRESENT BUILDING IN 1891
THIS TABLET
WAS ERECTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE
OLD SETTLERS' CLUB OF MILWAUKEE COUNTY
BY CAPT. FREDERICK PABST
IN 1903

In a statement by Antoine LeClaire made to Dr. Lyman C. Draper in 1868 he says that Joseph Laframboise settled in Milwaukee as a trader about 1802 and remained there until 1807. With him during his stay were his Ottawa wife and several children[8].

Capt. Thomas G. Anderson located at Milwaukee (he wrote it Minnawack) in 1803. In his narrative he says that

[8] *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xi, 288.

he selected as a site for his trading post a level spot about a quarter of a mile from the entrance to the river and there built a three room house. He says the river at that point was about 300 feet wide; also that LeClaire and Laframboise were occupying posts on the opposite side[9]. Anderson remained on the Milwaukee River three years; then removed to the Sioux country in Minnesota. During the War of 1812 he became active in the cause of Great Britain and was one of the leaders of the expeditionary force across Wisconsin that captured Prairie du Chien from the Americans in 1814. It is not probable that Anderson ever professed allegiance to the United States while the latter exercised its loose jurisdiction over the Northwest Territory. Although nominally American territory, Wisconsin was almost wholly British in its sympathies during the period between the Revolution and the Second War with England. Anderson's father was an officer in the British army during the Revolution and was wounded at Bunker Hill. The son remained true to his British traditions although spending much time as an Indian trader within the American jurisdiction. At the close of the War of 1812 he retired to Canada where he died in 1875 at the age of 96 years.

Among the other Indian traders of the period may be mentioned Stanislaus Chappu who was located in Milwaukee in 1800, Laurent Fily in 1804-05, and Jean Baptiste Beaubien. The latter was an intermittent trader for more than twenty years beginning with 1800. Paul Grignon spent the winter of 1818 in the locality; his efforts to obtain peltries seem to have been disappointing and he soon retired from the Milwaukee region.

In 1821 a letter from Major Irwin to Col. McKenney states that James Kinzie, son of the Indian Sub-Agent at Chicago, had been detected in the act of selling whiskey to

[9] *Ibid.*, ix, 153.

the Indians at and near "Milwalky." In consequence Kinzie was ordered to close his posts at "Milwalky" within sixty days and leave the neighborhood[10]. Illegal selling of whiskey followed by the official padlock appears to be not wholly of modern origin in our Wisconsin metropolis.

As stated before in this narrative, Solomon Juneau first came to Milwaukee in 1818. Whether he was or was not the earliest settler is of little moment. His long residence, his efforts to promote the growth of the embryo village, and his large real estate holdings when the time came that land could be purchased, entitled him to first consideration among the founders of the city. Like Vieau, it is conceded that Juneau spent his summers elsewhere for a number of years after taking over the Milwaukee trading post. It was not until 1835 that land could be purchased in the Milwaukee neighborhood. The Federal government at that time placed the land on the market; Juneau bought 130 acres lying north of the present Wisconsin Street and east of the Milwaukee River. A short time before, George H. Walker had purchased from the government a tract of land on the south side which became known as Walker's Point. The observer of today would find it difficult to account for the "Point" in connection with Walker's holdings, but a glance at the maps of this early period shows a wedge of high land with a northern apex resting on the junction of the Milwaukee and Menominee rivers. On both sides of this upland peninsula were reed marshes filled with backwater from the lake, apparently worthless areas that afforded shelter to myriads of waterfowl. The east side marsh extended north to the present Huron Street. Many of the largest industrial establishments in Milwaukee are built on "made land," the filled-in swamps of a century ago.

[10] *Ibid.*, vii, 280.

Soon after Walker and Juneau secured their land holdings in Milwaukee, Byron Kilbourn acquired a considerable tract of land west of the Milwaukee River. Rival settlements were made on the three tracts which were known as Juneautown, Walker's Point and Kilbourntown. Eastern speculators flocked to the neighborhood and the boom began. Buildings, both temporary and permanent, were erected at points of vantage; ground values frequently doubled over night. Then came the panic of 1837 and the boom collapsed. It is said that lots in the best locations that had sold during the boom for $1000 or $1500 could be bought for $100. It was during this period of depression that Alexander Mitchell and other eastern men with ready capital came to Milwaukee, bought the choicest real estate for a song and thus laid the foundation of their fortunes. With the advent of these capitalists the future of the settlement was assured. The growth of the city has been steady and rapid, but devoid alike of "booms" and depressions.

In 1846 the legislature passed an act to incorporate the city of Milwaukee. Solomon Juneau became the first mayor. At one time he was reputed to be wealthy, but later reverses greatly decreased his fortune. Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay was associated with Juneau in the ownership of several tracts of land on the east side including Juneau's original entry. It is said that Martin was the first to see the future possibilities of the location and that it was he who induced the Federal Government to survey the lands and places them on the market[11]. His arrangement with Juneau seems to have been a verbal partnership that was equally satisfactory to both parties. Neither could sell any portion of their joint holdings without the consent of the other. Writing of this partnership later, Martin says[12];

[11] See Martin's map of the Milwaukee site in Wisconsin Historical Society *Proceedings*, 1906, 197.

[12] *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xi, 406.

Juneau and I were joint owners of the original plat of Milwaukee. We never made any written memorandum of the terms of our partnership, and on account of his residence on the spot, he took the principal management of our joint interests for more than three years. At the close, accounts were adjusted between us and property valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars divided, with as little difficulty as we would settle a trifling store bill.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to go into the story of Milwaukee after it became a city. Its later history has been told in detail by a number of writers. We know it today as one of the great lake ports, as one of the best governed cities in the United States, and as the metropolis of the state of which we are so justly proud.

DOCUMENTS

REV. LOUIS VON RAGUE'S EXPERIENCES IN SHEBOYGAN COUNTY

By J. H. A. Lacher

Rev. Louis von Ragué (pronounced Rah-gay) was born at Oelde, near Münster, Germany, February 17, 1838, the son of a retired Prussian cavalry captain. Of French descent, his large stature indicated a predominance of Westphalian blood[1]. In 1842 his parents removed to Bochold near the border of Holland, where the father died in 1844, and the mother a year later. With the help of friends and relatives he was educated at various places in Germany, and, being deeply religious, he entered the Mission House at Barmen in 1859. After a thorough training in the classics, music, philosophy, and theology, he was ordained in 1864. Assigned to the United States, he arrived in St. Louis, Mo., in November of that year. The following month he was sent by the German Evangelical Synod of North America to Wisconsin, where he labored successfully for eight years. Transferred to other fields, he was equally successful to the end of his long career. Late in life he penned his experiences for his family, and after his death in 1910, upon insistent demand, his widow authorized their publication, in 1912, for the benefit of the Synod's orphanage at Hoyleton, Illinois.

Strongly religious, Rev. Ragué was so kind, tactful, and considerate; had such a fund of spontaneous humor, coupled with a natural charm of manner, that he won souls everywhere. His reminiscences are interesting from start to finish, but only those relating to Sheboygan County will be cited. They are a fascinating recital of the conditions confronting a young, inexperienced, but zealous clergyman among the German pioneers of that county. The scene of his activities was laid mainly in the two northwestern towns of Sheboygan County. The town of Rhine, bordering on Manitowoc County, was organized in 1852. The first

[1] Many French Protestants found refuge in Germany before the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes in 1598. The revocation of this memorable ordinance of toleration in 1685, was followed the same year by the Edict of Potsdam, which attracted thousands of persecuted Huguenots to Prussia. Aside from the generous assistance rendered the refugees, the Prussian government granted them certain privileges, such as the retention of their titles by the exiled gentry. Very likely this was the origin of the *von* preceding Rev. Ragué's name, and made the father eligible for a captaincy in the Prussian army.

settlers were Germans who arrived in 1847, which probably accounts for its overwhelming German population The town of Russell, bordering on Calumet County, was likewise organized in 1852, with a German as its first permanent settler (1849). In 1875 one third of its population was Irish, the other two thirds being German, except for one lone Yankee.—Translator.

FIRST CALL AND JOURNEY TO MY NEW FIELD

For a number of weeks we enjoyed the homelike synodical quarters at Pastor Nollau's. At that time the synod numbered only 97 pastors, most of whom have since gone to their eternal home and are now looking down at one who admired their very souls, although some had never seen him here below. The president of the synod, Dr. Steinert of Waterloo, Illinois, came down to St. Louis and gave us our several assignments. Berger was sent to Marthasville, Missouri, and Schöttle to Burksville, Illinois—both established congregations. I was commissioned as a missionary and itinerant preacher to the state of Wisconsin, where our synod was then little known. Several pastors of the synod had indeed been there, but had not tarried long. A call having come from northern [eastern] Wisconsin, I was entrusted with this mission. However, field workers of that period received no financial aid from the synod, for a mission fund was not yet in existence, and the missionary was, therefore, dependent upon God and kind people for his support. The good people in the primeval forest[2] had in all likelihood plenty of swine, poultry, cornbread and bacon, but no money; hence they could give little pecuniary aid to their pastor. The outlook for me was, therefore, not a promising one, more especially since I was so far removed from my friends. Provided with a letter of recommendation from Pastor Nollau, I thereupon journeyed to Milwaukee where I called upon Rev. J. Muehlhaeuser[3] whom I had met [while he was visiting Germany]. He was the president of the Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin, but notwithstanding his orthodoxy, he received me cordially and permitted me to preach in his church [Grace]. In his hospitable parsonage I was accosted by the tempter.

[2] Primeval forest, the literal translation of the German *Urwald*, was hardly applicable in 1864; yet, as late as 1875 more than half the area of these two towns was still primeval forest.

[3] Rev. J. Muehlhaeuser was the first clergyman sent by the Barmen Mission House to America. Locating originally at Rochester, N. Y., in 1838, he removed to Milwaukee in 1848. He was the maternal grandfather of the Milwaukee Brunders.

After explaining to my host that I was to organize a parish in Sheboygan County, three trustees of a church, then without a pastor, called on President Muehlhaeuser and asked him to provide one. They boasted a fine church, with a tower and two bells, a parsonage, and paid an ample salary. But after Muehlhaeuser at the evening services had read a meditation from Müller's "Hours of Comfort," on the text: "I shall lead thee with mine eyes," I could not sleep that night. The spirit admonished me, "Thou wilt not allow thyself to be led, but thou wishest to go thine own way." I fought a hard battle that night, but Jesus helped me to win it. But now there arose another difficulty. Americans pronounce names altogether differently from the way they are spelt. But I thought, pronounce as you spell. We wandered for an entire day from one merchant to another, only to be informed that they knew no such place as Say-bogan. Finally we called on the postmaster, and he, too, assured us that there was no town of that name in Wisconsin. Then the postmaster asked me whether I had the written address, and when he saw it, he said laughing, "why that is Sheboygan," and at once gave me the directions for reaching it. As steamboats were not running on account of the ice in Lake Michigan, I was obliged to travel eighty miles by rail to Fond du Lac, thence twenty miles by stage to Glen Beulah, and then eight miles on foot through the primeval forest [to my destination]. In the stage I met four Hollanders, and since I could speak their language fluently, I took part in the conversation. They asked me if I were a Domine, and then urged me to accompany them to New Amsterdam [an extinct port in section thirty-one, town of Holland] to become their pastor. They assured me that they had a large congregation, but had been without a pastor for half a year. I excused myself, saying that my Dutch was too defective, but the men would not consider this until I told them that I could not accept their honorable offer.

From Glen Beulah to my destination, town of Rhine, I had been told was eight miles, and I enquired after a while how far it was still to "Town Rhine." As I understood it, the word *town* meant a city; but that a *town* or a township in Wisconsin consisted of thirty six square miles, I did not then know. When informed that "Town Rhine" was only a mile farther, I was agreeably surprised and continued my journey through the deep snow with my heavy satchel. The mile did not seem to end and night came on. The perspiration dripping from my head froze to icicles. Seeing a light in the woods, I directed my steps toward it, but barking dogs would not permit me to come near the log house. Finally an Irishman came out and asked: "What do you want?" I replied in the finest

Irish dialect at my command: "Where is Town Rhine? Please show me the road to Town Rhine." He replied: "This is Town Rhine." I could not make him understand me, and was provoked to think that he could not understand my beautiful English. The moon had in the meantime risen and it was like daylight in the woods. However, I could proceed no farther, sat down on a stump and thought with Elijah under the juniper tree: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." But when an ox team came along I aroused myself and asked the driver: "Are you German?" "I am," was the answer. "Then please tell me where Town Rhine is situated?" He replied: "You are in the middle of Town Rhine." "But I see nothing of a city," said I. Then the farmer enquired to whom I wanted to go, and when I told him to George Brueckbauer,[4] he gave me the encouraging answer that he lived two and one half miles from there. I thereupon implored him to take me there for money and kindness. He replied goodnaturedly: "I'll not do it for pay, but to accommodate a green German. Get in!" Then he asked: "Do you want to buy land, or do you want to hire out? I know a good eighty that you can buy at a bargain." But when I told him that I was a clergyman and wanted to preach, the goodnatured man laughed and said that would be a poor business. Preachers were not needed, as this was a free country. I was forced to walk the last quarter of a mile, because the snow was too deep and packed so hard, that the oxen could not drag the sleigh through it.

Good old Brueckbauer was just carrying an armful of wood into the house when I arrived with my heavy load. Thinking I was a pedlar, he called out: "We don't need anything." After pleading with him to quiet his big dog, I told him that I had come with cordial greetings from Pastor Nollau of St. Louis. Then he asked in surprise: "Are you perhaps the preacher?" And taking me in triumph into the house, he introduced me to his dear wife, saying: "Mother, the Lord has at last heard our prayers and sent us a pastor." The letter announcing my coming had lain for some weeks at the post office four miles distant, but the farmers seldom went there. Mrs. Brueckbauer, a very corpulent lady, was big hearted and unusually intelligent. But most important of all, she was intensely religious, and while still in Germany, they had found the pearl without price, which they had not lost in the wilderness, and their grown children

[4] The older Brueckbauers, who lived on the east half of northeast quarter, Section 27, were the grandparents of a number of prominent citizens, among them Gustave Brickbauer, president of the Wisconsin Cheese Producers' Federation, Dr. G. W. Brickbauer, president and general manager of the Crocker Chair Company of Sheboygan, and their cousin, Dr. H. G. Brueckbauer, a physician of that city.

likewise walked in the fear of the Lord. She was a mother to me and her house became my temporary home. After evening prayers the old man informed me that they had already built a church and a parsonage, and on the morrow he would take me thither. That was a happy surprise for me.

MISSION IN TOWN RHINE AND VICINITY

The following morning, Christmas day, 1864, he took me in his sleigh to the church, one and one half miles due north. After driving a mile, he said: "There, you can see the church on the other side of the lake." I saw no church, but only a small hut of unhewn logs. The so-called parsonage was a shed of boards with but two rooms, one to be used as a kitchen, and the other as a living room, study, bedroom, and spare room. Old Brueckbauer, discerning my thoughts, laid his hand on my shoulder and said in all sincerity: "God does not dwell in temples built by hands; he can bless us greatly if you will preach us the Christmas gospel. May the Lord convert our little church into a manger in which the Savior may be born in our hearts." And thus I arrived at the little church[5] with its primitive pulpit and seats, occupied by twelve women and ten men. After greeting the people, I walked up and down rehearsing my sermon. I thought somewhat impatiently, if the people would only come. Then old Brueckbauer came out and said: "Pastor, could you not begin the services? This afternoon you will have to preach in Town Russell, seven miles from here. The days are short and more people will not come." What a disappointment! The people sang bravely: "Joyfully my heart shall burst!" My heart, too, would burst, but not from joy, but sadness. I announced services for the second Christmas[6], and then was driven to Town Russell. I found conditions there the same as in Rhine, but the services were followed by an unedifying dispute. The farmer who had brought me there, decided to remain with his son-in-law, and nobody else showed any inclination to take me back. Then young Mrs. Brueckbauer arose and made some forceful remarks, saying that the men should be ashamed of themselves, and if nobody would take their pastor back to Rhine, she would do so herself. And packing her year old baby, Peter, on her back, she guided me afoot the seven miles to her

[5] On account of the weather vane on its steeple, the present St. Peter's church is locally known as the "rooster" church, a translation of *Gickel Kerch*, so called in the Darmstädter dialect fifty years ago. The settlers about there were mainly High Germans from Hesse-Darmstadt.

[6] The Germans celebrate their church feasts for two days.

parents-in-law, old Brueckbauers[7]. On the second Christmas the 26th, the attendance was somewhat larger, about thirty being present. However, that same afternoon I wrote the president of the synod, Dr. Steinert, that I could not remain and pleaded for another parish. He replied in a fatherly way and urged me to remain at least till Easter; that there was no dearth of vacancies, but the Synod was anxious to get a foothold in Wisconsin. If by Easter I had no inclination to remain, he would gladly assign me to another parish. I thought I could stand it till Easter, and on New Year's I opened the school. On Monday thirty children were in attendance, and by the end of the week their number had increased to sixty. It occurred to me that where there were so many children, there must also be parents. That encouraged me. There were parents, too, and they had had an independent preacher[8], but no school for their children. The children studied willingly and diligently; they were loving, unspoilt, unaffected children, such as are found only in the primeval forest. On Friday I asked every child to bring its papa along on Sunday. And the elders thereafter came, at first not for the love of God's word, but rather to be rid of the teasing of the little ones. Then I organized a mixed choir of twenty who, according to the opinion of these backwoods people, sang very beautifully. Seventeen young persons from fourteen to twenty began preparing for confirmation, some of them from Russell. The attendance grew so rapidly that regretfully I was obliged to ask the parents to leave their children at home so as to make room for the adults. That was the time of my first love [of my work]. The pastor was obliged to exercise great patience with his parishioners, and these with their youthful, inexperienced mentor, there being good will on both sides, and no satanic influence among the members to harass the pastor. Having no money, the people resolved to supply him plentifully with victuals. They also built for him a large hennery, and each member brought him from three to six fowl, so that he soon had a flock of about fifty.

And thus arrived Easter and confirmation. The little church could not hold all the people. Unfortunately, I was obliged to dampen the joy of the girls who appeared bedecked with bridal wreaths. They had to leave these in my kitchen before the services began. The congregation which in the meantime had increased to twenty three families, entreated me earnestly to remain. The president of the synod asked me whether I wanted another church, he had plenty of vacancies, but pleaded again

[7] She became the mother of four sons including little Peter, Gustave, and Dr. G. W. Brickbauer, and two daughters, all a credit to their state.

[8] One belonging to no synodical organization.

that I stay, if possible. I replied that I had to remain, for I was now preaching in three settlements, and that there were prospects for the organization of additional congregations, and that the outlook for the synod was favorable Had the synod at that time had a larger number of clergymen, it could readily have become the leading German church organization in Wisconsin, and had it been able to render pecuniary assistance to its missionaries so that each could have kept a horse and buggy, the results would have been much greater. But under the conditions then prevailing I was obliged to serve the various congregations, twelve to fourteen miles apart, mostly *per pedes apostolorum*, which was not an easy matter in the deep snows and over the poor roads, especially since the days in Wisconsin are very short in winter, and the winter itself is very long. Besides, I was tied down by my school and therefore had little time for missionary work [during the week]. After Easter the congregation decided to erect a larger church; but I was in favor of remodeling the alleged parsonage into a more habitable dwelling. Since the parish could not do both, I pledged myself to go on a collecting tour, if the members would enlarge the parsonage. My plan was not an easy one for a heavy-tongued, timid young man. However, I longed for a home of my own, no longer coveting "eating around," i. e. from one house to another. I was not as fortunately situated as my two classmates, both of whom had been alloted churches with parsonages, and whose fiancées were brought over from Germany by Dr. Jahn, and were since married. However, in 1865 I proposed [by letter] to Miss Elizabeth Solte of Bremen, and since she would not part from her mother, I invited the latter to accompany her daughter. Accordingly the ladies arrived in due time and Rev. Dr. Viehe married us. It was not an easy matter for these city ladies to adapt themselves to life in Wisconsin's primeval forest, particularly since conditions were so primitive. Neither would my church salary have sufficed had not the good farmers and their wives supplied us plentifully with everything that they had and raised, and had we not been so well furnished for years to come with clothing, bedding, linens, etc.[9]

The parish had in the meantime completed the parsonage, containing four rooms and a kitchen, and I could, therefore, occupy it with my wife and her dear mother. Still, I was not permitted to enjoy this period of our first love very long, for soon I had to leave her to make that promised trip to collect funds for the erection of the new church. I visited many

[9] It was customary for German brides to have a dower of bedding, linens, etc.

congregations on this journey, and also our theological seminary at Marthasville, where my brother-in-law, Berger, was pastor of the local church; yet notwithstanding my natural timidity, I was highly successful, for after three months I had collected $1200. It was war-time and people had lots of money, although it had little value, and for one dollar in gold one could get from two to three dollars in greenbacks. On this trip I also visited Hoyleton, Illinois—a congregation consisting of Ravensbergers[10] from the parishes of Bergkirchen, Schnatthorst, and Hullhorst. As I was acquainted in the parsonages of those villages, and could speak to them of people that they knew, I succeeded in raising upwards of two hundred dollars in that then small congregation of thirty families. As a consequence of this visit to Hoyleton, ten years later I received a call from the parish without preaching a trial sermon.

The following winter preparations were made for the erection of the church, timber and stone were hauled, and in the spring of 1866, the corner stone of beautiful St. Peter's was laid, the names of thirty six fathers of families being enclosed therein. Because the members were zealous and self-sacrificing, everything turned out well. But the new church had no organ, organs being then unknown in country churches. So I proposed to Mr. Röber, our postmaster, who conducted a general store[11] four miles from the church, that he give me fifty cents for an organ, and I would contribute a like amount. Laughingly he laid down fifty cents, but remarked that one dollar would not buy an organ, and the parish could carry no additional burdens. I thereupon bought a dollar's worth of postage stamps, letter postage being then three cents, and I wrote thirty three begging letters to wealthy congregations in the East. One of these letters was addressed to Pastor Bank of Brooklyn, who read it to his members, and then took up a collection which yielded $105.00. Altogether I raised $225.00 in this way, my congregation being ignorant of it all. Secretly I journeyed to Milwaukee and bought a reed organ which arrived the evening before the dedication. Great was the rejoicing when the church was dedicated with two imposing services, and the congregation sang for the first time to an organ accompaniment. Where there is light, there is also shadow. Everything did not run quite as smoothly as it reads. He that has built churches in America knows, too, what worry, demands, and irritation are incident to the undertaking, and that in many instances, after a joyful dedication, the pastor is obliged to pack up and make room for his successor. At the annual meeting on New

[10] Ravensberg is a district near Bielefeld, Westphalia.
[11] At Millhome, Manitowoc County.

Year's day, the president of the congregation reported that the pastor's salary was $120.00, but during his thirteen weeks' absence he had not preached. That was exactly a quarter of a year, hence he was entitled to but $90.00. Somewhat excited, I called attention to the meagerness of my salary, and asked whether during my three months' absence I had not served the congregation; and whether the $1200.00 which I had collected were not worth the $30.00 of my salary. Whereupon a member moved that my salary be paid in full. The motion carried unanimously, which proves that things are not always as bad as they look. In most cases of this kind, one can accomplish more by outward calm, than by sensitiveness and bluster. I consoled myself with the thought that many a pastor had no better luck. For example: After incurring an expense of a dollar, Pastor L. K. was compensated for performing a marriage by a gift of a bottle of syrup; and good Pastor S. K. received an honorarium of three cabbages from a rich farmer whose three children he had prepared for confirmation and had confirmed.

Among the parishioners who built my hennery there was Hannes R., a most obliging fellow, who nearly every Sunday drove me gratuitously to my branch church in Russell. Really, he did everything he possibly could for me. One day, while riding by and observing me at work in my garden, he called to me: "Pastor, how are your chickens? Are they good layers? How many eggs do you get a day?" I replied, "eighteen to twenty." Upon which remarked Hannes; "That's too few for so many chickens. You haven't the right breed. You should get improved stock that will lay two eggs a day. I have that kind and you shall have some, too. But you must keep them away from the others, so that they will not interbreed." Dismounting, he made a separate coop for them. The next morning, his boy, Jake, brought me a pair of the promised fowl, a beautiful black cock, and a hen with a large white crest, saying: "Mr. Pastor, my father sends his regards and the promised chickens which lay two eggs a day." Somewhat in doubt, I placed them in the coop prepared for them, but thought that since so much that seems impossible does happen in America, like getting sugar and vinegar from the same tree [the maple], it is perhaps possible that even an American hen may perform an extraordinary feat. But every morning when Jake came to school he placed an egg in the nest, and the tufted black hen usually added one of her own laying. However, Saturdays, when there was no school, I found only one egg in her nest. All the school boys knew the secret, but did not give it away. Some weeks later, while at a christening, the crowd discussed the low price of eggs, Mr. Röber, the storekeeper, paying only

four to five cents a dozen [in trade at that]. Upon which Hannes remarked: "You have only yourselves to blame. You ought to get the new kind of chickens which lays two eggs a day. Our pastor and I have that sort." When the farmers insisted that he shouldn't talk such nonsense, he called on me to sustain him, but the moment I confirmed his claim, his wife interrupted indignantly that it was a sin and a shame to trick their pastor in this fashion. Then she told the entire story and how she had always been opposed to it. But my school boys went about saying: "Haven't we got a stupid pastor, who doesn't know how many eggs a chicken lays?" And then came goodnatured Hannes and begged my pardon for playing the joke on me, declaring that he meant no harm. But I laughed at my own simple-mindedness, and that was better than to feel hurt and scold.

Being a Westphalian[12], I had a great advantage in having a command of the Low-German dialect. I would hardly have been able to organize so many congregations, had I not been able to converse with the immigrants, chiefly from northern Germany, in their own colloquial speech. Pastors of Low-German descent have blamed me for this as something undignified, and they themselves would not for the world have avowed their Low-German origin. Yet, the great Apostle would be a Jew among Jews, and a Greek among Greeks, in order to win them for Jesus. Why should not I be a Low-German to Low-Germans, since it opened their hearts and homes to me in organizing congregations? Louis Harms[13] held his Low-German Bible classes and was not ashamed of them, because he knew that the older people understood that dialect better than High-German.

However, it was the occasion of many funny experiences. On one occasion I had been to Fond du Lac, wearing a fur coat and a fur cap[14]. Returning, I left the train at Glen Beulah[15], and was about to start for home afoot through the deep snow. At the depot a farmer from Holstein [New Holstein][16] was waiting with his sleigh, when the station agent said to him in Low-German: "J—, you may bring me another load

[12] Westphalia—a name given to a duchy and a kingdom and now a Prussian Province, between Hanover and Hesse-Nassau, the Rhine Province and Holland.

[13] Rev. Louis Harms, one of the preceptors of his youth.

[14] The pastor was not extravagant. Fur coats and robes were dirt cheap at the time. As late as 1882 some could be bought for $15.

[15] The extension of the railroad from Glen Beulah to Fond du Lac was completed February 14, 1869.

[16] The towns of New Holstein, Calumet County, and Schleswig, Manitowoc County, were settled chiefly by Germans from the dual duchy of Schleswig-Holstein.

of wheat." Going up to the farmer, I said in Low-German: "Are you on your way home?" "Yes," he replied, "do you want to ride along? Then put your satchel in the sleigh and jump on. Cover yourself with the buffalo robe so you won't freeze your bones." After we had driven a short time, he asked: "Say, are you a doctor?" Answer: "No." "Have you a store?" Answer: "No." "Have you land?" Answer: "Yes." "How many acres have you?" "Ten acres." [These belonged to the church]. "Can you make a living on them?" "Yes, but it's hard." He thereupon remarked: "Young man, you are a foolish fellow. Come with me, adjoining my farm there are eighty acres you can get for $400. I'd like a good neighbor and you look good to me." I told him that I had land enough and wanted no more. Then I asked him whether he belonged to the Evangelical church at H., and he informed me that he was the president of the congregation, which consisted of about one hundred families. Upon my telling him that I did not consider it fair that they paid their pastor, Dr. P., only four hundred dollars a year, because he had a large family and they were a well-to-do congregation, he retorted: "Now let me tell you something. I have an idea one should not pay our pastors too much, or they'll live too high. In Germany they were the bosses, but here we are. What does he do for the four hundred dollars? During the week he teaches and beats our youngsters, and on Sundays he preaches to us for an hour. And, besides, we are all young fellows and have lots of children. For every christening he gets two dollars. And then he brings along with him to the christening his entire family, and when they are ready to drive home, he is given a sack of potatoes or apples, a ham, a winter sausage [Mettwurst], a rooster, or a drake. That's surely enough for his work." I interposed that it was not very decent for him to speak like that about his pastor. He countered by saying that everybody has his own views. "These are mine, and you are entitled to yours."

In the meantime we had arrived at the crossing where I had to get off. When he stopped I asked him whether he would drive by Dr. P's house. He replied: "Yes, up to his door." When asked to do me a favor, he said: "Most certainly, if you don't want any money; that I need for my taxes." "Will you take a message to Dr. P.?" Taking hold of my arm, he asked: "Young man, are you going courting?" "No," said I. "I have a wife." "Well, what do you want of our pastor?" Said I: "I have business with him. I want him to go to Sheboygan Thursday." He interjected: "You needn't lie to me; you want to get a license and want him to marry you. You're afraid of a charivari." "No, no," said I, "I've had a wife these two years, and am not a Mormon." Then he asked: "What's

your name?" I told him that he couldn't remember the name because it's French. Indignantly he replied: "You must take me for a terribly stupid fellow, to think that I can't remember a name. Why, I can't say—'Pastor, I am to bring regards from a big fellow who has a good mouth-piece,' and then he won't know who you are." But when I told him to take the compliments of the pastor of the town Rhine church, he asked in amazement: "What are you?" When I repeated my answer, he jumped up in his sleigh, snatched off his cap, and respectfully addressed me in good High-German: "Mr. Pastor, that was mean of you to speak Low-German to me. Had I known you to be a preacher, I would not have said that the pastor's children eat so much at christenings. My own children do that, too, and they are not preacher's children. I am the best fellow in the world, only I have a loose tongue. My wife always tells me that that is my only fault. But I am sorry for what I have said. I meant no harm." Dejectedly he then drove away to his pastor to whom he described the entire occurrence, begging him to assure me that he was in reality a good fellow, but had a loose tongue. When I met his pastor the latter confirmed this good opinion, saying that the man would go through fire for him. They are not the most dangerous who carry their hearts on their sleeves; they don't always mean what they say[17].

Several miles to the north of us there was an Indian village, whose inhabitants I often encountered. They were very peaceable and uncommonly honest, for which reason the farmers did not fear them. Indeed, some farm houses had no locks on the doors, because nothing was ever stolen. The Indians called themselves Catholics, and could make the sign of the cross, but that was about the extent of their Christianity. Once I left my hatchet outside, an Indian found it and brought it to the parsonage, although Indians are very receptive to hatchets and axes. The

[17] The dialects spoken by the Germans in the various European countries to which they now belong, come under two great divisions: *Hoch-Deutsch*, or High-German, and *Nieder* or *Platt-Deutsch*, meaning Nether or Low-German. Low-German dialects prevail in the low or flat districts bordering on the North Sea, Denmark, and the Baltic. High-German dialects are spoken in central and southern Germany and in Austria, and in the German districts of Czecho-Slovakia, Polish-Silesia, Hungary, Roumania, Russia, Jugo-Slavia, Italy [southern Tyrol], Switzerland, Alsace-Lorraine, and Luxemburg. After High-German had superseded Latin as the official language of the leading states of Germany, and Luther's translation of the Bible had given it currency among high and low, a *Schrift-Sprache* was created which was used by scholars, and in all the churches and schools. Germany's vast literature is couched in this language although the Low-Germans idolize their Bobby Burns in the person of Fritz Reuter. J. P. Hebel leads among High-German dialect poets.

chief of this village was called Solomon[18]. He came regularly every week to beg for tobacco, flour, bacon, etc., and every time he was treated to a cup of coffee; but if it wasn't sweetened, he stirred the cup with his finger until sugar was put into it After our new church had been completed and the organ installed, opportunely old Solomon made his appearance to beg. Desiring to have the school children sing for the old chief, I took him into the church and showed him the organ, which he carefully inspected, even touching the keys. But when I sat down, opened all the keys and began to play, Solomon rushed out of the church as if all the spirits of the forest were after him. My calling to him was of no use; he never looked back as far as we saw him. Neither did he ever return to the parsonage, and whenever he saw me in the woods, he made a wide detour so as not to come in contact with the dangerous medicine man. No doubt he had taken me and the organ for evil spirits.

Since my nearest colleagues lived quite a ways from us, I was very much interested to learn, incidentally, that eight miles away, in the midst of the forest, there was a beautiful church with a pastor. Ascertaining his address, I invited him by letter to visit us, knowing he had a horse and buggy. And one day there appeared a large, handsome, imposing man who introduced himself as Rev. Th. S., the clergyman whom I had invited. He made an exceptionably favorable impression on me, and interested me the more because he was a Rhinelander from Neuwied, and had received his education under the supervision of my uncle, Rector B., of Langenberg. After several hours of pleasing conversation, on leaving, he invited us to pay him a visit. Shortly afterward we availed ourselves of the invitation. Taking a conveyance we found the church after a diligent search. He had told us that the parsonage stood beside the church, but we found only an old dilapidated log hut, and, therefore, could not believe that it was the parsonage. However, I got out and rapped. A squaw opened the door and when I asked her where Rev. S. resides, she replied: "This is the pastor's house." She was surrounded by a number of the dearest-looking half-breed children. Thinking that we did not understand each other, we drove on and half a mile beyond we met the pastor riding a gray. He called to us: "You have gone too far." I replied: "We could not find the parsonage. Beside the church we found a log house occupied by Indians." He explained, smiling: "That's my family. My wife is an Indian princess, the daughter of a great chief!

[18] Mrs. Lacher, who was born five miles due south of old Brueckbauers, in the Town of Plymouth, remembers chief Solomon begging at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Krumrey, pioneers of 1849.

Just come along and stop with us." We had planned to spend the night there, but on our arrival we discovered that the so-called parsonage consisted of one large room, with a ladder reaching the loft. Kindheartedly the princess prepared a meal for us as well as she could. She tried likewise to entertain us, but she and my wife could not understand each other, since she could not speak German, and my wife knew no Indian. Moreover, the conversation of the squaw was so intellectual that my wife could scarcely follow. I recall, for example, how the good woman asked: "Have you any children? Have you chickens? Have you Shanghais? Have you dresses? Have you silk? Have you quilts?," etc. My wife and her mother were quite unhappy, for evening approached and to lodge there we could and would not, although they urged us earnestly to do so. They had also naively informed us that the crevices between the logs harbored all kinds of small domestic animals [insects]. Fortunately we managed to reach [New] Holstein that night, where we were obliged to arouse Pastor Pinckert from his dreams. The clergyman whom we had visited called himself Bishop of the United Evangelical and Roman Catholic Brethren, Prince and Chief of the Tuscarora and Susquehanna tribes. He called on us later, but more and more certain fixed ideas took possession of him. When in Milwaukee he stopped at the best hotel, although his family lived in want in the wilderness; and on remonstrating with him about it, he replied that as a bishop he had to live according to his rank. Evidently the poor fellow was not quite normal; he was not bad, meant well, and really believed that he was upbuilding the Kingdom of God.

MISFORTUNE IN TOWN RHINE AND FIRST TRIP TO GERMANY

In that beautiful hymn: "On to heaven, on to heaven only shall our journey be," we also sing: "Joy changeth here with sorrow." We terrestrial pilgrims were compelled to sing this also in Wisconsin. I was extremely fortunate in my family life, having a good, sweet wife, and an angel of a mother-in-law, so humble and modest, yet beloved by everybody as the "old Madame Pastor" [*Frau Pastorin*]. In 1866 we had a stillborn daughter. In 1868 our dear mother died suddenly, mourned by the entire congregation. Hers was the first funeral from the new church. While she was only my wife's step-mother, they were attached to each other by the most cordial mutual affection. Four months later another coffin stood before the altar with the remains of the beloved wife of the pastor. In the evening she had helped me plant beans in the garden; at eleven that night she gave birth to a daughter; and at one in the morn-

ing she was a corpse. Dear Mrs. Röber at the store four miles away had felt uneasy all day, and in the evening, in obedience to an inexplicable impulse, she hastened through the woods to the parsonage; and thus she came afoot to visit her friend, something she had never done before at that season of the year. It was a gracious dispensation of the Lord, otherwise I should have been all alone in the forest with my dead wife and the newborn infant. When the physician, who had been summoned by Mrs. Röber, finally arrived from his home eight miles distant, my dear wife had been dead for seven hours. But her faithful friend had by God's will arrived in time to render the last service of love. What grief! I was stunned. On Saturday before Pentecost we buried her dear remains. Some eighty conveyances full of mourners were in attendance from neighboring congregations—from Mosel, Meemee, Schwarzwald, Town Russell, Holstein, Greenbush, Deka, Onion River and Town Eleven. Since I had, more or less, held services in all of these parishes, and my dear spouse had sometimes accompanied me, all knew and loved her. The four clergymen who ministered to these congregations—Frohne, Siekmann, Dalies, and Dr. Pinckert conducted the funeral services. Pastor Frohne baptized little Elizabeth beside the casket of her mother. After the conclusion of the services, I thanked the large assemblage of mourners for their sympathetic presence, and announced that under the circumstances it was impossible for me to preach on Pentecost [on the following day]. Thereupon that highly cultured, sensible gentleman, Mr. Röber, arose and announced that since the congregations which I served had all prepared themselves for the Lord's Supper, the services could not be omitted. Consequently services would be held as planned—on Pentecost forenoon at St. Peter's, Town Rhine; in the afternoon at St. Paul's, Town Russell; on the second feast day in the forenoon at Onion River, and in the afternoon, at Town Eleven. Naturally I was surprised at his arbitrary and seemingly inconsiderate action. Mr. Röber then insisted that I permit him to accompany me to the various churches, while his wife took the baby with her to their home. Upon our return Monday evening, Mr. Röber asked my pardon for his arbitrary and apparently hard-hearted procedure. He meant well by me, thinking that I should not be left alone in the vacant parsonage to yield to my grief over these two holidays. Owing to his keen foresight I was not permitted to brood over my loss, and the two worst days were now past. And now these kind people proposed that they keep the baby, while their three boys, Gustave, Herman, and Otto, aged nine, seven, and five years, should live in the parsonage and be taught by me, so that I should not be left alone.

The plan appealed to me, and it was best for me. Now I made practical studies in the art of cookery. Left alone I should have been overcome by my affliction, for I could see three graves near my home in which was buried my earthly bliss.

During the following summer I passed through an infectious skin disease. The winter passed and then I called a meeting of the congregation in order to inform them that after Easter [1869], I should make a journey to Germany, like a merchant seeking a precious pearl. Inasmuch as six pastors were now preaching in the neighborhood, it was easy to arrange for a substitute. On Easter day I conducted my farewell services. Everything had been satisfactorily arranged. My colleagues of the neighborhood promised to hold services every two weeks in my various charges. The congregation sang: "Go in peace thy pathway," and promised to pray for me. After the benediction, jovial Hannes arose and said: "People, our pastor must promise to bring back from Germany a bell for our beautiful church." I replied that I could not promise, but would see what could be done. I had written my relatives and friends abroad, that after Easter I should depart for Germany in quest of a wife. I suggested that they give me pointers, as I should not have much time to look around. And so I went to sea with a joyful heart, but the steamer was all too slow for me. The trip from Southhampton to Bremen seemed especially long. Locked in my cabin, I worried whether I should find the right one. This apprehension drove me to prayer, and I implored the Lord to give me one who would replace my blessed Elizabeth, and be a good mother to my child and a blessing to my congregation. Man proposes and God disposes.

On my arrival at Bremen at 10 A.M., I called on my old acquaintance, Mr. G. Vietor, in order to have my exchange cashed. He invited me to luncheon, and after the repast I took a walk with him. When passing a beautiful residence, Mr. Vietor asked when my train was to leave for Barmen. He then advised that I call on an old lady living in the house, who had resided for some years in America. Her daughters were married to the founders of the synod pastors Nollau, Rieger, Baltzer, and Birkner, and that she was well-known as a benefactress of the synod. After accompanying Mr. Vietor to his office, I returned to the house on the Contrescarpe. Just then six elegantly dressed ladies came down the steps of that stately house, and I thought that an American back-woods preacher should not force himself into it. But it occurred to me that if conditions seemed unfavorable, I could readily excuse myself. On ringing the bell a lady opened the door and enquired what I wanted. I asked whether I

could speak with Mrs. Wilkens. She told me that Mrs. Wilkens was her mother then enjoying her siesta, and asked whether she could not convey my message to her. I replied that I was an American frontier preacher and had no special business with her, but that Mr. Vietor had suggested that I present my compliments to Mrs. Wilkens. The lady, who was the wife of the landscape painter, Christian Grabau, exclaimed: "O, Mr. Pastor, now I can not let you leave. My mother would never forgive me if I did, for she is interested in everything from America." She then took me into the reception room in which I felt quite at home, for on the walls hung the pictures of pastors Nollau, Rieger, Birkner, Witte, Baltzer, Wall, etc., with their wives—all of these daughters or relatives of Mrs. Wilkens. The gentlemen were the founders of the synod, and I knew them all. Finally Mrs. Wilkens, a stately matron of seventy four, with snow-white hair, made her appearance. After introducing myself, she struck her hands together and exclaimed: "This is indeed wonderful. During the past few weeks I have thought of you and prayed the Lord to bestow a good wife on you, one who will be a blessing to you." I asked in astonishment how this was possible, for I had not known her, or she me. Then the dear lady told me that my wife, after her engagement to me, had consulted her as to what she had better take with her in the way of linen, etc. She had read in our *Friedensbote* [Messenger of Peace], to which she subscribed, that my beloved wife had passed away. And since pastors Rieger, Nollau, and Baltzer had taken their second wives from her abode, she knew how difficult it was for a pastor to find a suitable second wife in America. Having recently again looked over her old copies of the *Friedensbote,* she was again confronted with the death notice of my wife. While telling me this, her granddaughter, Miss Nicoline Grabau, came into the room to serve coffee, and she was introduced to me. After an agreeable conversation of several hours, I enquired who was their pastor, and then called on him, the Rev. Rudolph Vietor. That evening I went to Barmen, but I could not get it out of my mind, that since the other American pastors had obtained their second wives in that house, I might be so fortunate as to do likewise. I wrote Mrs. Wilkens from Barmen, asking her advice. She replied that my letter had alarmed her, and that her children were likewise excited thereby. Therepon they took a maxim casket and drew therefrom Bible texts. Mr. Grabau drew the text: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," and Mrs. Grabau drew: "I have given grace for thy journey." I was welcome to her home, she continued, but that I should not return overconfident, for they would not in any way try to influence their daughter, but leave it all to the guidance

of the Lord. It was no easy matter to be a stepmother and a parson's wife in America, and at that time it was far harder than at present. However, she wrestled resolutely until she could give me a joyful "yes," confident that the Lord would say "Amen" thereto. On the twelfth of July we celebrated our happy wedding feast in Bremen, Pastor Vietor performing the ceremony.

[Translator's synopsis of the rest of the narrative. After visiting relatives and securing two bells—the larger one a donation—the Reverend Ragué returned with his bride to his expectant flocks in Sheboygan County. In another year he was transferred to Milwaukee, then to Fond du Lac, whence, in 1872, he left for other states, never to return. After many years of a happy, successful ministry, during which he organized thirty congregations, he fell asleep in the Lord, at Chicago, April 30, 1910. His second marriage proved exceptionally felicitous. A son and three sons-in-law became ministers of the synod.]

Lincoln's Sponsor in La Crosse, 1860

Captain Wilson Colwell, banker-soldier, led from La Crosse in 1861 Company B, Second Regiment Wisconsin Infantry (the Light Guards). He was killed in action at South Mountain, Maryland, September 14, 1862. Captain Colwell, whose name was given to the G. A. R. post in La Crosse, is remembered in that city as the "original Lincoln man" of La Crosse, and captain of the "Wide Awakes" as the Lincoln marching clubs were called in the political campaign of 1860. He was the first husband of the present Mrs. N. C. Dorset who treasures two interesting letters sent by Mr. Colwell in the year 1860 to a cousin in his old home in Pennsylvania. These letters describe political events of the period just preceding the Civil War. The letters have been loaned us by Miss Helen Dorset[1].

[1] These letters were printed in the La Crosse *Tribune and Leader Press*, Sunday, Feb. 18, 1927. The text has been collated with the original letters.

La Crosse, May 27th 60

My Dear Cousin

I have neglected writing to you so long, that I am now almost ashamed to commence, but going on the old adage that it is never too late to do good I commence this evening, and I have hardly commenced before the chimney of the lamp breaks to pieces and I have to write this partly in the dark. Nannie is up stairs putting the baby to sleep and has a pretty hard job of it for she is a great night owl, and will have to get a settling soon or she will get past conquering although she is as yet a very good child only [except] in this particular. Her mother has now been about an hour endeavoring to get her asleep and has not yet succeeded. I would not have the patience.

Well I was at Chicago and we have made a nomination with which we can scoop out the Democrats effectually. I think we are going to have a very hot and spirited campaign and we can get up more enthusiasm for Old Abe Lincoln than for any other man we could have selected. His honesty, integrity, and capability is conceded on all sides, and the able manner he conducted the campaign with Douglas in Illinois has given him a world wide fame as a debator and sound reasoner. He is what we might call a genuine old line whig, for the platform adopted at Chicago is just about the doctrine we have all preached up for years and years, and 'tis the only conservatism party now in the country. The friends of Seward were very much disappointed at his not receiving the nomination, but I think they are generally giving in their adhesion to the party, and the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser,* the leading American paper in New York State, has placed Lincoln and Hamlin at its head, and I think they will sweep the entire north. Enough of this.

The weather has been very fine and the crops of grain look very promising. There has been a large amount of wheat sown in this part of the country and I think the crop will be an abundant one.

We are all well. Mrs. S. Crawford left for Kitty last week in company with Mr. Jesse Bell. He gives rather a poor account of the iron business in Pennsylvania, but hold on, John, I think there is a good time coming and perhaps we will all come out right. S. Crawford is now the cashier of the bank, and I trust I will be able to settle with G. A. Beck in a few days.

Give my love to Rebeca, Martha, Allie, Henry, and all the folks. Nannie also sends love to all

Yours affectionately

WILSON COLWELL

To John A. Colwell,
Kittanning, Pennsylvania.

LA CROSSE Sept 9th 1860

MY DEAR COUSIN

* * * We expect to have a grand time here this week in the shape of a Mass Convention, Senator Seward, Gen. Nye, Charles F. Adams, Lieutenant Gov. Patterson, and Senator Doolittle are expected to speak here on Friday next and we expect to have a large crowd of people in here from the surrounding country. *I am Captain* of the Wide-awakes of this city and we have now 150 in uniform and we expect 2 or 3 hundred more from the surrounding towns so that we will have quite a fine display. I am one of a committee to go to Madison, the capitol of the State, where they speak on Wednesday to accompany them here. Old Abe will carry all the North West with a perfect rush, there is *no possible doubt about it.* I have had some fears of Pennsylvania, but I see Gen. Cammeron sets the majority at 30,000 certain. I see the Bell men are running a candidate for Governor, how will that affe[c]t Gov. Curtain. I thought it would endanger his election. Write soon. Nannie sends her love to all. Give my love to every body.

Your cousin

WILSON

To John A. Colwell,
Kittanning, Pennsylvania.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Our Leading Article

Doctor William F. Whyte passed away after a short illness on the 25th of December, 1926. During the year he had occasionally spoken of some work he was doing on the history of the Bennett Law, and after his death it was found he had completed the article which is printed as the leader in this number.

Conversations held with the Doctor at various times during about six years have left impressions of his interest in and attitude toward the theme treated. As a warm friend and curator of the State Historical Society he was anxious that the publication of an article on the Bennett law in this magazine nine years ago (perhaps somewhat under the influence of war psychology) should not be permitted to foreclose the discussion on behalf of the Society[1]. As a foreign-born citizen of American training, he held strong views on the subject of the right of all the foreign-born to refresh their spirits at the fountains of native culture, to which language affords the key.

Doctor Whyte was peculiarly close in feeling to the Germans of Wisconsin. Brought up in the dominantly German community of Watertown, his Scotch parents realized the advantage to him of learning the German language which was effectively taught in the public schools by Theodore Bernhardt, a scholar whom he honored as both master and friend. Our author not only spoke German with as much apparent ease as English, but he was a reader of German literature and shared with Germans the great traditions of the race. He moved among them as their family physician in a spirit of complete sympathy and understanding.

[1] Louise P. Kellogg, "The Bennett Law," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, ii, 3-25 (September, 1918).

He was, therefore, in an altogether different situation, with reference to the school question, than was Mr. Hoard, who was less intimately acquainted with the German language and had but imperfect means of bringing himself into rapport with the fundamental dispositions of these people. Doctor Whyte knew their inner life, Mr. Hoard knew them as neighbors, citizens and farmers.

It is not unnatural that Doctor Whyte should have resented Mr. Hoard's failure to pay attention to his warning against making the school language question a campaign issue. He was a man of very strong convictions, and having made up his mind at the outset that the issue was dangerous, he was not likely to forego his opinion in the light of the result, or to be too meticulous in assessing the weight which ought to be assigned to other influences. To him, as the article proves, the political disaster of 1890 was attributable wholly and solely to Mr. Hoard's mistake in going to the people on the school question.

This grippingly interesting paper has the character of a source document. The author speaks out of an intimate personal knowledge of both main parties to the controversy. An ardent Republican, he was profoundly concerned about the success of the party and correspondingly impatient with policies judged by him to be the causes of the party's defeat. Since he centered upon the Bennett law as the chief of those causes we can understand his severe strictures on Mr. Hoard as a politician.

My own study of the school question as affecting a limited area has given me much sympathy with Doctor Whyte's view that the Bennett law was an ill-advised measure, productive of unnecessary social bitterness between classes of citizens equally patriotic and public spirited. The description of the process by which the unilingual foreigner, speaking only German, was succeeded first by the bilingual citi-

zen, speaking German and English, and then by unilingual natives speaking only English, as presented in the paper before us, is demonstrably correct. Not alone the public school, whose single influence was bound to prove decisive in the long run, but a hundred other social forces were operating to impel German parents to give their children a chance to learn English. We have unimpeachable testimony to show that in the most German of German rural districts English by 1880 was becoming the play-ground language of school children[2]. Indeed the public rural schools in Ozaukee County were by that date manned to a considerable extent by normal teachers trained at Oshkosh, Whitewater, and other Wisconsin schools who were taking the places formerly held by teachers of German nativity trained in German normals. The law of the state permitted the study of a foreign language, and some schools "had a German hour, two or three times a week[3]." The teaching of German was not stressed, however, and the tendency prior to 1890 was away from its use. Only in the parochial schools, attended by some 16 per cent of the children of the state, was foreign language instruction emphasized at the expense of English, and in view of the well-established trend toward English in the public schools time could confidently be relied upon to bring about an adjustment there also.

While, therefore, we think the agitation itself may have produced a certain quickening of the English instruction in parochial schools (a point on which we have some testimony from aged Lutheran pastors in Ozaukee County) we are in substantial accord with Doctor Whyte in thinking the Bennet law remedy out of proportion to the social disease it was intended to reach.

[2] B. H. Meyer, quoted in *Four Wisconsin Counties, Prairie and Forest.* Chapter XI.
[3] Dr. J. E. Richert. Also, Supt. Richard F. Beger.

There was little opportunity for conference with the author during the preparation of the paper, otherwise certain inquiries would have been suggested which might have caused him to modify his views on the relative importance of the Bennett law as a political issue in 1890. Publishing the article posthumously, it would not have been proper to load it with foot-notes or to make any changes which would qualify the author's meaning. I therefore take this opportunity to call attention to certain facts which, in his preoccupation with the Bennett law, Doctor Whyte ignored, thereby making his discussion of the law's political influence less convincing than his discussion of its uselessness.

The author, intent on revealing exhaustively the wreckage caused by the campaign of 1890 in Wisconsin, notes that all Republican candidates for Congress were defeated save Nils P. Haugen. But he tells us that several of the Republican congressional candidates—Thomas and Van Shaick particularly—protested against making the Bennett law an issue, while La Follette ignored it. Yet, all these men were relegated to private life. He does not tell us that Haugen was elected despite his advocacy of the Bennett law, yet such was the fact. On this showing it would seem as if some other cause must have had even a more decisive effect on the course of politics in the state than the Bennett law.

The point becomes clearer when we consider the congressional election more at large. It is well known that the campaign of 1890—a political off-year—wiped out the Republican majority in the House of Representatives and brought in a Democratic majority. But the results in states which were neighbors of Wisconsin were essentially the same as the result in this state. All of the nine House members from Wisconsin save two were Republicans in 1890; the election brought in eight Democrats leaving only Mr. Haugen to represent Republicanism. All five from Minne-

sota were Republicans; the opposition defeated all save John Lind. Michigan had 2 Democrats out of 11 members; the election gave her 7 Democrats. Illinois had 20 members of whom 4 were Democrats; the proportions were changed to 15 Democrats and 5 Republicans. Iowa had a single Democratic member among her 11 congressmen; after the election of 1890 she had 7 Democrats and 4 Republicans.

General causes, among which should be mentioned particularly the McKinley Tariff law, operated to defeat the Republican candidates for congress. This is a conclusion which cannot be doubted. Still, the governorship need not have been lost to the Republicans for that reason. In fact, while Iowa elected a Democratic governor that year, and Michigan also, Minnesota Republicans saved Governor Merriam by the narrow margin of 2267 votes. Illinois elected no governor in 1890. If Hoard had been especially popular, and if no complicating local issue had arisen, it is conceivable he might have been reelected despite the widespread dissatisfaction with national republican policies. Instead he was defeated by the decisive majority of 28,000.

It requires only a cursory examination of the returns to convince one that many of these adverse votes came from former supporters in the German counties. In Ozaukee, which was all but solidly German and of which all precincts were Democratic both in 1888 and 1890, Hoard received in the latter year the grand total of 411 votes as against 2326 for Peck. Two years earlier he received 755 to 2025 for his Democratic opponent. That was a presidential year, Harrison receiving 750 to Cleveland's 2026; thus the state and national tickets ran about even. The congressional vote, in 1888, stood 795 for Kusterman, Republican, and 1993 for Brickner, Democrat. In 1890 it stood 362 for Blackstock, Republican, and 2312 for Brickner, incumbent Democrat.

Thus far the evidence for a special Bennett law influence in that county is not conclusive. But it becomes so when we compare certain precincts. In 1888 the town of Belgium, occupied almost exclusively by Catholic Luxembergers, gave Hoard 13 votes, his opponent 264, treating Harrison exactly the same. In 1890 Hoard got 29 votes, Peck 262. In Cedarburg, town and city combined, the Hoard vote in '88 stood at 200, the opposition at 329. In 1890 Hoard received 66, Peck 517. In Mequon the vote for Hoard in '88 was 220, against 327. In 1890 it was 72 and 458 respectively. The two towns of Cedarburg and Mequon were strongly Protestant and Republicanism had made great headway in both. Yet, no doubt owing to the feeling against the Bennett law, these Protestant Republican Germans largely ranged themselves in the Democratic column. The Catholic Belgiumites being almost all Democrats anyway, no perceptible change occurred in the vote there. Our conclusion is that the Bennett law cost Hoard heavy losses among German Protestants, while we can well believe with Dr. Whyte that it gained him some votes among previously Democratic German free-thinkers.

To sum up, we endorse the view that the Bennett law was not a wise piece of social legislation, and we agree that it had the result of eliminating Mr. Hoard from active state politics. Hoard's determination to raise the issue is now seen as a political error. It does not condemn him as a political leader but shows rather what it is refreshing to observe in a public man, a devotion to ideals which transcended personal ambition. Dr. Whyte was too close to the Protestant anti-Bennett law Germans, and too deeply engaged emotionally in what they believed to be one of their inalienable rights, as parents and churchmen, to appreciate fully the other political forces operating at the same time. His contention, therefore, that the Bennett law alone was responsible for the all-

round, comprehensive disaster to Wisconsin Republicansim in 1890 leaves us unconvinced.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

CORRECTION

The author of the "Fairchild Papers" in the March number of this magazine has had her attention called to the unaccountable error in regard to the Ohio home of the Fairchild family, before their removal to Cleveland. This is the more important as this first Ohio residence was the birthplace of Gen. Lucius Fairchild. It was at Kent, in Portage County, not at Painesville that J. C. Fairchild began his mercantile career. It was there also that he was for a time a partner of Owen Brown, father of the noted John, whose "soul goes marching on."

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

During the quarter ending April 11, 1927, there were twenty-two additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Four persons enrolled as life members: R. I. Caughey, St. Louis, Missouri; Edgar F. Lang, Belmont; George J. Leicht, Wausau; Elizabeth A. Waters, Fond du Lac.

Thirteen persons became annual members: Dr. W. H. Bartran, Green Bay; Stephen Bolles, Janesville; Hester Coddington, Madison; Dorothy Fargo Curry, Aurora, Illinois; Theodore Dammann, Madison; William A. Drume, Kilbourn; Earl D. Elkins, Trempealeau; Maurice E. Field, Madison; Olive M. Hope, Salem; Mrs. Lizzie R. Johnstone, Green Bay; Adeline Marvin, Madison; Rev. E. C. Mechler, Trempealeau; E. W. Rapps, Racine.

Three Wisconsin public libraries became members: Fond du Lac, Laona, and Mayville.

The Oregon public schools became a member of the Society.

Columbia College Library, Dubuque, Iowa, became an institutional member.

James R. Jensen, Janesville, Wisconsin, changed from the annual to the life membership class.

The spring meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association was held in the historic city of New Orleans, March 31 to April 2. About seventy-five were in attendance from places outside of the city. The Louisiana Historical Society and the several patriotic societies demonstrated southern hospitality by their excursions for and cordial entertainment of the visiting guests. The Association adopted a memorial commending the efforts of the local societies in endeavoring to preserve the picturesque French quarter of the city in its historic entity. Dr. Otto L. Schmidt of the Illinois Historical Society presided at the sessions, and at the business meeting the nominating committee presented the name of Dr. Joseph Schafer for president during the following year, when he was unanimously elected. The Association will meet at Des Moines next year, and will also hold a session with the American Historical Association at Washington in December.

NECROLOGY

John Barber Parkinson, vice president emeritus of the state university, and curator of this Society, died at his Madison home, April 2, at the age of nearly ninety-three. Professor Parkinson was born near Edwardsville, Illinois, April 11, 1834, son of Peter and Valinda Barber Parkin-

son, who came to the newly created territory of Wisconsin in 1836, settling on a Lafayette County (then Iowa County) farm. Mr. Parkinson recounted his early life for this magazine in volume v, 119-141. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1860, and was at the time of his death its oldest alumnus. At the close of the Civil War he was appointed a regent of the University, and in 1867 took the chair therein of mathematics and later was professor of political economy and civil polity. In 1875, while Dr. Draper was secretary he was chosen curator of our Society, and served continuously in that office for nearly fifty-two years. At the time of his death, he had held office on the Society's board longer than any other member.

The Beloit community lost March 31, 1927, Robert H. Wilson who was long connected with the history of the drama in that city. Mr. Wilson, who was approaching his seventieth birthday, came from New York to Beloit in 1861.

ACQUISITIONS

From Hon. M. P. Rindlaub, Platteville, the Society has received a gift of two handsomely bound volumes containing the entire history of the proceedings for restoring the old territorial capitol at Belmont and transfering it to the state. This history covers the years 1917-1924. The volumes are made up in part of mounted clippings from newspapers, letters written and received by Mr. Rindlaub who was president of the state commission for the old capitol, and of the legislative proceedings had in regard to the old capitol. Numerous photographs and other illustrations are included. It is believed that no important newspaper article, letter, or other item pertinent to that history has been omitted.

The Society has also received, from Prof. William Ellery Leonard of the University of Wisconsin, a most interesting account written by his father, Rev. William James Leonard, of the Chicago Fire of October 1871. The account was written a few weeks after the fire.

The Society has secured a collection of letters written from Wisconsin between 1841 and 1852 by relatives and members of the Strong family of Rutland, Vermont. This collection, which comes to us from Vermont, contains letters from Milwaukee, Madison, Sheboygan, Mineral Point, and other prospering villages by recent immigrants to Wisconsin who praise it in highly flavored but characteristic terms. Among these letters are a score or more from Chauncey Abbott, who became a prominent Madisonian. Other letters are from Moses M. Strong, Samuel Hinman, Samuel B. Ormsbee, and H. H. Conklin.

A biographical sketch of James, son of Ole Natesta, first Norwegian settler (1838) of Wisconsin Territory, has lately been sent the Society. James Natesta pioneered farther west to the Dakotas. His father's book was translated and printed in this magazine, i, 149-186.

Biographical material on several present day editors of country newspapers in Wisconsin came to the Society recently from Prof. A. W. Hopkins, of Agricultural Journalism in the University.

The Society has recently received from Earl Pryor, Milwaukee, the diary of his grandfather, Doctor John Dalton. The diary covers the period April 7 to November 16, 1852 and gives a day-by-day record, remarkably well written and perfectly legible, of the author's trip to California via the overland route. He started from New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, went by boat to Kansas City where he outfitted. Thence he followed the old trail via Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, South Pass, the Big Sandy, Sublette's cut-off to Bear River, thence by Myers' cut-off to the Humboldt, down the latter stream and across the desert to Truckee valley. From the summit of the Sierras he traveled down Beckwith valley. The Dalton diary is one of the most readable of the California journals which have been preserved.

Rev. J. N. Davidson of Madison has permitted us to transcribe several letters from the overland pilgrims of 1850 to California of whom his father, who died enroute, was one.

LANDMARKS ACTIVITY

The Wisconsin Society of Chicago has decided to mark the historic Chicago-Green Bay road. The section of that road from the state line to Milwaukee will probably be marked this summer, a concrete post bearing a bronze tablet, properly inscribed, being erected every mile.

The Madison chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will place this summer a tablet on the building occupying the site of the American House, first hotel built in 1838 in Madison. Within the walls of this hostelry the first Madison legislature met, in November of the same year. There the first meeting to organize our Society was held January 29, 1849. Prominent persons of territorial and early statehood days were guests at the famous inn, which was burned September 5, 1868.

Janesville last November unveiled a memorial presented to the city by the Lions Club "in honor of the brave men and women who served their country in the World War." The presentation address was made by Otto A. Oestreich, after which Henry Traxler, city manager, accepted the monument on behalf of the community.

Milwaukee, also, is raising an elaborate World War monument at West Water, Second, and Wells streets, under the auspices of the Service Star Legion.

In connection with the poem of Mary Doty Fitzgerald, published in this issue of our magazine, we note that the famous "Loggery," which she therein describes, is now preserved in the park at Neenah, and is to be-

come a city museum. Doty relics are already being collected and an attempt will be made to refurnish the ancient building as near as may be to the original; while old-fashioned flowers such as the poem describes, will flourish in the surrounding garden.

Restoration and reproduction of old Fort Winnebago at Portage is being discussed by the service clubs of that city. This would be a noteworthy achievement for Portage and the state, and would not be too difficult since pictures of the post are extant, and veterans remain who saw the fort in its period of decline.

Marquette University faculty and students of the honor fraternity Alpha Sigma Tau are planning the erection of a memorial shaft to the renowned missionary for whom the institution is named, as near as possible to the exact site of his death at the mouth of Pere Marquette River The committee in charge believes that the location chosen is within ten paces of the true site. The monument will be erected there in the near future.

An ancient sundial was re-erected as a "zero stone" in front of the post office at Eau Claire by the William C. Johnson Post of the American Legion, and marked in January by bronze tablets giving its history.

Waupun Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will mark the site of the first cabin built by Seymour Wilcox March 20, 1839, at the present city. It was located east of the North Madison Street bridge.

A curious and erroneous item to the effect that our Society has taken charge of the oldest barber shop in the state at Darlington, has been going the rounds of the state newspapers. The myth-making faculty is frequently in evidence, such as the above notice and the account of the discovery of a skeleton near Richland Center, proclaimed to be that of the heroine of an Indian legend.

ANNIVERSARIES AND PAGEANTS

Mineral Point will be the mecca for all those interested in celebrating Wisconsin history when it observes this fall the centennial of its founding and the beginnings of settlement in the lead-mining region of our state. A committee on history, headed by Miss Lillian Hoskin is actively at work gathering data for the celebration and for the pageant which will be staged for the benefit of visitors and townspeople. Other committees for publicity, reception, pageant, and decorations have been chosen all working with T. N. Burke, the general chairman for the occasion. Shullsburg, Dodgeville, Lancaster, Platteville, and other southwestern towns are also planning to commemorate this centenary. Montford, originally known as Wingville, home of the Thomas Jefferson Parish family, is making especial preparation to join in this celebration.

Shullsburg will observe the centenary with a three day's celebration, July 2-4.

Lawrence College at Appleton was eighty years old in January, and observed Founders' Day on the seventeenth of that month, the date when Henry Dodge, territorial governor, signed its charter. The history of this institution, written by its late president, appeared in this magazine vi, 146-164. The college is expanding under President Henry M. Wriston, having added to its campus thirty acres on the south side of Fox River where men's dormitories will be placed.

In 1918 the Society published as volume twenty-five of the *Collections* the papers of Edwin Bottomley, a pioneer English settler of Racine County. Last autumn the English Settlement in that county, of which the Bottomley family formed a part, commemorated the eightieth anniversary of the cornerstone laying of their church, and the tenth anniversary of its remodeling into a modern structure, which serves as a community center for the whole settlement. Two hundred and twenty-five gathered for the banquet, to listen to historical addresses by Bottomley descendants and others.

The early history of Waupaca County will be presented at the county fair at Weyauwega next September to commemorate the eightieth anniversary of the coming of the first settler.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

Plymouth Congregational Church of Milwaukee on its eighty-sixth birthday in March, recalled that Deacon Robert Love came in 1841 from Prairieville to Milwaukee to establish a church on the foundations of the "Puritan Faith and Polity." The name "Plymouth" was adopted in 1850. On the occasion of this anniversary a brief history of this important church appeared in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.

Mention was made in our last issue of the diamond jubilee of the La Crosse Congregational Church. At the same time its "twin" church, the First Baptist of that city, held a similar celebration, both churches exchanging greetings and showing a spirit of brotherly interest in one another. The Congregationalists staged a historical pageant beginning with the advent of Friar Hennepin in 1680; continuing with the coming of the first settler, Nathan Myrick; thus instructing the youth in the past of the city as well as that of the church.

The Pardeeville Presbyterian Church in Columbia County celebrated its seventieth birthday in January. This attractive old building begun during the Civil War still stands with its skyward pointing steeple, a replica of the New England type of meeting-house.

The St. Jacobi Evangelical Lutheran church on Milwaukee's south side was founded in 1873 and when its present building was begun it stood in a dense wood where now there are hundreds of homes to which this church stands as a landmark.

At Edgerton five hundred persons gathered in January to attend the fiftieth anniversary celebration of its Norwegian Lutheran church.

We note with regret that the Free Will Baptist Church of Greenbush in Sheboygan has been razed. The last service was held there in 1922, the members of the congregation having died or moved away. The records of this church since 1848 are now in the Society's library.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

The Beloit Historical Society on March 23 was addressed by Superintendent Schafer on the "Gold Trail of 1849 to California." This Society is carrying out the program announced in our last issue. Several talks for Junior members have been given, among them one by W. O. Hansen on "Old Fire Fighting Apparatus."

The Green Bay Historical Society has issued as *Historical Bulletin* vol. ii, No. 6, an account of the French Land Claims at Green Bay, summarizing the evidence for the early settlement there and citing the report of the commissioners of the 1820's on the history of this settlement. This latter document is an excellent illustration of the inadequacy of tradition when compared with results obtained from documentary material.

The Door County Historical Society has arranged for a contest by students of nine of its rural schools for prizes offered for the best local historical essays. This contest is under the charge of W. J. Gilson, the Society's secretary, and county superintendent, who is arranging for the prizes and stating the rules of the contest.

Fond du Lac County Historical Society held its annual meeting in January at the Community house in Fond du Lac city. Town histories in essays by the school children who took prizes therefor at the county fair were read. President C. L. Hill read a paper on "The Hazen Tablet" (see *ante*); and Mrs. Leslie B. Gibson one on the "Toll Gates of the County;" while Mrs. Hill described the early taverns. Waldo Sweet was elected president as Mr. Hill refused to serve for a fourth term. An old fashioned spell-down closed a very successful meeting.

Sauk County Historical Society met February 28 at the Public Library at Baraboo when several papers were presented among them "Recollections of the Baraboo Collegiate Institute" by Miss Ruth M. Southard. "Early County Surveys" by H. E. French recalled the platting of the county and its villages. "Dancing in Early Wisconsin" by W. E. Martner; and "Calling on the Devil" (relating to Devil's Lake fishing) by John D. Jones completed the program.

Winnebago County Historical and Archeological Society held its annual meeting January 11 when R. J. Barnes was chosen president. George Overton, first vice president came from Butte des Morts to speak of recent researches on Indian matters within the county. At the March meeting the "French Régime in the Fox River Valley" was outlined by Miss Kellogg of our staff, who laid special stress on the two invasions of 1716 and 1728. The Edgar A. Sawyer museum is presenting several exhibits of especial worth to the art lovers of Oshkosh.

At Racine the Association of Commerce is sponsoring a project for a county history under the auspices of Eugene W. Leach.

At La Crosse the first Christmas celebration was described from material found in the Lucius C. Colman collection in the care of the County Historical Society.

The Old Settlers Club of Reedsburg held its annual meeting on February 18, when an exhibit of relics of pioneer days enlivened the occasion. James Hogan, an eighty year old Civil War veteran, was present from Portage, and other Reedsburg pioneers from a distance sent greetings.

At Appleton the Outagamie County pioneers took the opportunity of Washington's birthday to assemble for the fifty-fifth annual meeting. W. F. Saecker is president.

Milwaukee County Old Settlers Club elected last February Henry J. Pauly president. This club has permanent rooms for its treasures of which George Richardson is official custodian and librarian.

Wauwatosa Pioneers' Club held a costume party on February 24, when a number of older people appeared in the garments of Auld Lang Syne.

The Ygdrasil Literary Society of Madison, composed of Norwegian Americans, has devoted the program for the year to Wisconsin history, having addresses from several members of our staff and from Dr. S. A. Barrett of the Milwaukee museum.

PERSONALIA

Memorial services for the late Senator Robert M. La Follette were held in the House of Representatives Sunday February 20. A bill has been introduced into the Wisconsin legislature to provide a University Library as a permanent memorial to this son of Wisconsin and the State University.

The centenary of the birth of Gen. Edward S. Bragg, commander of the Iron Brigade in the Civil War, was commemorated at Fond du Lac by the presentation to the County Bar Association of a fine portrait of the General.

WISCONSIN HISTORY IN NEWSPAPERS

The Baraboo *News* for January 6 published an article by Mrs. J. E. English telling the story of the wedding of Bluewing, niece of Mrs. Yellow Thunder the distinguished Winnebago woman, who visited Washington in 1828. Bluewing's costume is described from the personal recollection of Mrs. Almira Brown Johnson, who as a child of ten was present at the wedding of the tawny maiden. The same newspaper on March 8 printed an account of "Pioneer Times at Baraboo" by Rev. E. A. Paddock of Idaho.

The Fond du Lac *Reporter* published January 21 and February 17 two of the winning essays of the rural school pupils of the county one of which portrays early days in Byron township and the other farming methods in Empire. February 14 the *Reporter* printed an account of a silk flag which was draped with crepe on the day Lincoln was assassinated, and was displayed again on his birthday in 1927. This interesting relic is owned by Mrs. C. R. Juliand, who has a collection of memorials of historic interest. At the dedication of the new public building in Fond du Lac Attorney L. J. Fellenz described the first county court house in an address printed in the *Reporter*, February 17.

A description, with illustrations, of the two court houses which served La Crosse County from 1852 to 1900 appeared in the *Tribune* for March 27. The fourth of the same month this journal presented "Tales of the Thirty-Second Division in the World War," by Lieut. Col. G. W. Garlock of West Salem.

"The Historic Maunesha," the small stream on which stands Waterloo in Jefferson County is described in the *Courier* of that place, March 3, by H. G. Ryder.

The Lancaster *Herald*, printed New Years Day an article entitled "With the Pioneers," describing the "Whig Diggings" of the town of Harrison, also those called "Red Dog," and other early sites in the same locality, including the defunct Paris or Detan's City, the founder of which was the eccentric Frenchman, Detantabaratz. The Grant County town of Paris takes its name from this circumstance.

From the Stevens Point *Journal* for February 12 comes a brief note of old stage routes along the upper Wisconsin, furnished by George N. Wood of Wisconsin Rapids.

The Merrill *Herald* on February 24 reprinted from the Wausau *Pilot* a biographical sketch with portrait of Mark H. Barnum, an editor of the latter half of the nineteenth century at Wausau, and the founder of a resort at Lake Shishebogema near Lac du Flambeau. A file of Barnum's paper the *Torch of Liberty* has been presented to the Marathon County Historical Society.

The Antigo *Journal* February 8 printed a plea for information concerning the origin of the post on Post Lake, where many relics of trade and occupation have been found. It is thought this lake may have been one of the chain known as the Pelican Lakes, whereon there was trading as early as 1803.

The occupation of Delavan Lake by prehistoric Indians and fur bearing animals is well told in an interview with Charles E. Brown in the Racine *Journal* for January 6. The same newspaper on March 18 presented an account by Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett of the production of the popular hymn "The Sweet By and Bye." This was written in 1867 by J. P. Webster at Elkhorn, and many incorrect versions of its origin have seen the light. Dr. Bennett has a letter written in 1892 by the author telling the facts of the hymn's composition and first production.

A German article on the Indians of Wisconsin was printed January 23 in the Milwaukee *Herold.*

The La Crosse *Tribune* (April 3) and the Racine *Journal* (April 1) printed an account of Eben Rexford, author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," who sold his song to Frank Leslie for three dollars. Rexford was a student at Lawrence College for a year, and while in college wrote and sold many more poems. His home was at Shiocton and there he died about eleven years ago.

March 19 the Plymouth *Reporter* published an article on "Pioneer Days in Cascade," including reminiscences of Indian gatherings and the older pioneers and buildings of the place.

A delightfully written article by Peg O'Brien Welsh on the old mill at Shopiere and early days when the Harveys lived at the place appeared in the Janesville *Gazette* April 2.

In the Eau Claire *Leader* for March 20, Curator W. W. Bartlett prints a letter taken from the Eau Claire *Free Press* of 1859 giving an account of the life of Alexis Corbine, a noted fur trader on the Chippewa River, who came there as early as 1802. Mr. Bartlett asks for information concerning the descendants of Corbine.

The Milwaukee Sunday *Journal's* historical features during this quarter embrace one of January 30 on the prehistoric ruins of Aztalan; one of February 20 on an old windmill in southern Milwaukee County at St. Martin's, which formerly was operated at Somers in Kenosha County. A printed illustrated article, February 27, is on the German settlers of New Holstein in Calumet County. An interview with Mrs. Aubertine Woodward Moore, of Madison, describing musical events appeared on March 6; while the next Sunday William Noel of Fort Atkinson wrote of his experiences at Andersonville prison in 1864. Other historic articles are those of January 27 on George Smith and Alexander Mitchell, early Milwaukee bankers; and of March 16 containing a letter describing Milwaukee, February 16, 1838.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The French associations in favor of colonial expansion, among them the Academy of Colonial Sciences, the Committee Franco-American, the French Colonial Institute, the Geographical Society of Paris, the Society for the History of French Colonies, the Society of History of Canada in France, and the French Colonial Union have decided to organize with the concurrence of the ministers of Foreign Affairs, of Colonies, of the Navy, of War, and of Public Instruction, an Exposition to be held in 1928. This exposition will be entitled: "La France dans l'Amerique Septentrionale et aux Antilles," and will be held in the Hotel of Prince Roland Bonaparte now the home of the Geographical Society on Avenue Jéna. It will bring together documents, portraits, engravings, pictures, books, manuscripts, arms, flags, uniforms, and other objects relating to the history of the French in Canada, Louisiana, Florida, and the West Indies. The Canadian government will participate officially and a Committee headed by Gabriel Hanotaux, member of the French Academy has been appointed. The ambassadors of England and the United States have accepted places on the Committee of Honor. The Senior Research Associate of our Society has been appointed correspondent for Wisconsin. If any of our constituency would wish to place any exhibits, as above named, in this exposition please consult Louise P. Kellogg at our Society's office.

Professor Carl Russell Fish of the University in an address before the Milwaukee Bankers' Association on Washington's birthday pointed out that nearly a hundred patriotic and other societies in the United States are attempting to dictate to publishers of history text books for schools what shall or shall not be included in these histories. The effect of this bombardment, Professor Fish claimed, tends to make the school histories colorless and inane, because their authors try to please everyone. The Milwaukee unit of the Steuben Society of America supports Professor Fish's contention that "historians have no right to gloss over or distort facts."

The Winnebago County Archeological and Historical Society aided by Rev. Francis S. Dayton, well-known archeologist of Waupaca County, is renewing the effort to locate the site of the Outagamie village visited by Nicolas Perrot in 1668 and by Father Allouez two years later, called Ouestatimong by the *Jesuit Relations*.

A subterranean spring, which is all that is left of the great fountain for which Spring Street, Milwaukee, was named has been uncovered in excavations for a building on what is now West Wisconsin Avenue and Fifth Street.

Rev. F. C. St. Clair of Antigo has for his hobby the collection of photographs of the crafts of the Great Lakes, which he has been observing for two decades.

MUSEUM NOTES

A meeting of the Mid-west Museums Conference was held in the auditorium of the State Historical Museum on Thursday, April 7. About fifty representatives were present from natural history, historical, and art museums in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Indiana. The program consisted entirely of informal discussions of various matters of museum organization and management.

On the two days following the members of the Conference participated in the program of the annual joint meeting of the Wisconsin Archeological Society and Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, which was held in the auditorium of the Biology building of the University of Wisconsin. On Friday evening all attended the annual dinner held at the University Club. At this time Dr. Joseph Schafer delivered an illustrated address, "On the Gold Trail, 1849." The Conference has received an invitation to hold its next meeting at St. Paul where the various museums located in the Twin Cities will act as hosts.

The American Anthropological Association, Central Section, held its sixth annual meeting at the University of Chicago and the Field Museum of Natural History, on Friday and Saturday, March 25 and 26, Mr. Charles E. Brown attending as one of the representatives of the Wisconsin Archeological Society. This meeting was largely attended, some members coming from states as far away as Texas and Alabama.

The Henry P. Hamilton estate has purchased and added to the Hamilton Archeological collection in the State Historical Museum a collection of about six hundred and fifty Indian stone implements gathered years ago chiefly in the Four Lakes region by the late Dr. Charles H. Hall of Madison.

The March 1927 issue of *The Wisconsin Archeologist* is largely devoted to a paper on the early Indian history and remains of the Pike Lake region near Hartford, in Washington County, based on a surface survey made by Mr. Brown in 1919.

A booklet entitled "Scenic and Historic Wisconsin" and intended as a ready reference guide for residents and travelers in the state has been carefully compiled and is being privately printed by Mr. Charles E. Brown, at Madison.

A preliminary survey has shown that there are in Wisconsin to-day some eighty public museums large and small. Of this number four are large museums housed in buildings of their own and receiving their entire or the greater part of their support from the cities whose educational needs they serve Some twenty others are located in colleges, state nor-

mal and other schools. About fifty small public museums are at present housed in public libraries, court houses, city halls, high schools, and other public buildings. Among these are the historical and natural history collections at Baraboo, Kenosha, Waukesha, Whitewater, Portage, Fond du Lac, Darlington, Clintonville, New London, and Racine. At least fifty other Wisconsin cities are of sufficient size and importance to maintain for the use of local schools and the public at least small, well-equipped public museums. In all of these places are interesting specimens and collections which their present owners would contribute or loan for such a public purpose. If some local group or organization will start such a movement no great difficulty should be experienced in any of these cities in laying the foundations for a future very necessary and useful museum.

A recent notable addition to the State Historical Museum is a huge Northwest coast Indian ceremonial vessel from Alert Bay, British Columbia. This specimen elaborately carved in the form of an Indian deity ("Kiasswa"), is made of a spruce log, fifteen feet in length and is said to weigh one thousand or more pounds. It is supposed to be more than two hundred years old and was formerly in use at intertribal potlatches. The greater part of it was hewn with stone adzes. It was obtained from the community house of Chief Wakiass in the wilds of British Columbia. It is deposited in the museum by Mr. J. L. Kraft.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. William F. Whyte ("The Bennett Law Campaign in Wisconsin"), a native of Scotland, lived in Watertown for many years. For the occasion of this article see Editorial Comment, *ante*, p. 455.

Mary Doty Fitzgerald ("Memories of the Island Loggery") wrote this poem many years ago. It was recently given, with other Doty papers, to the Society.

James A. Wilgus ("The Century Old Lead Region in Early Wisconsin History") is a member of the faculty of Platteville Normal School.

Victor Kutchin ("Some Personal Recollections of Governor Dewey") was elected curator of this Society at its last annual meeting.

Mollie Maurer Kartak ("Memories of My Childhood") gives in her article the facts about her parentage and Wisconsin home.

Senator William A. Titus ("Historic Spots in Wisconsin") turns in this article to the earliest history of Wisconsin's largest community.

Mr. J. H. A. Lacher, of Waukesha, translator and editor of the long document in this issue, is curator and vice president of the Society.

BOOK NOTES

Everybody's Bishop: the Life and Times of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D. By Alice K. Fallows. (J. H. Sears and Co. New York, 1927.) vii-461 p. Illustrated.

The story of Bishop Fallows' life is told in *Everybody's Bishop* with thorough understanding and equal sympathy. The tale is vivid, rapid, and eager, like the life itself. No higher praise can be given to it than to say it is worthy of its subject, alike in content and manner.

Bishop Fallows was the type of man who is called a characteristic American product, partly because of the facts of his life and also partly because we so greatly need more men like him. His experience covered all the stages of the development of this region. Wisconsin became formally a state on the day when as a boy of twelve, he landed with his parents in Milwaukee and went on over the prairies to settle on a frontier farm near Madison. His last public address was given at the University commencement of 1922. He lived in this region during the intervening seventy-four years and very little of its life was outside of his knowledge and interest or went on without him. He profited by all of the opportunities for education that the state afforded. He fitted himself for the service of the people and he gave himself unreservedly to that service whenever and wherever it called him. He could turn his hand to any tasks that needed aid, spiritual ones preferred, and he was ready and prompt with that help for which the day called, whether teaching, preaching, soldiering, or "bishop's beer." And everywhere and always he worked hard, lived greatly, and enjoyed life enormously. He was quite at home in a new cause or a new movement. He found that a fresh way of making effective the old truths which were central in his life: and the newness was part of the pleasure of doing the work. I think he would have told you of such a state of things that, like Dr. John Brown's Jeems the doorkeeper, "he liked its leecence."

So you wonder as you read of the varied and multitudinous enterprises in which his activity expressed itself. But you see also that his inner life was not dispersed into them. That was firmly centered in the life toward God; it was a life from God whose ever varied expression was never contradictory, always powerful, and always helpful.

"A prophet at play," someone called him as he walked in the commencement procession on that last visit to Madison. The phrase fitted the man—always a prophet and always at play, no matter how hard or perplexing might be the job in hand. For from boyhood he was on the right side of things; on the constructive side, which is another name for the creative side. A cause, a college, a regiment, a school system, a church—in all these and more, a life united with the creative power of the world expressed itself freely and fully. So he could not help doing good and he could not avoid having a good time, even if he had wanted to.

And therefore "after he had served his generation by the will of God he fell on sleep and was laid unto his fathers." Many thousands of men and women are finding this world a better place because he lived in it

with them; and their hope of the life to come is more vivid, more assured, because of his presence there. That is why he is "Everybody's Bishop."

Such a life passes before you in the book; you share its activity, its happiness; its toils and its triumphs are yours as you read the story. So it is a book worthy of its subject. Bishop Fallows would have enjoyed reading it himself.

EDWARD A. BIRGE

The Prairie and the Making of Middle America. Four Centuries of Description. By Dorothy Anne Dondore. (Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The Torch Press, 1926.) 472 p. Illustrated.

As the author herself explains, the purpose of this book is to show the prairies of Middle America in literature, from first discovery to the present. The subject has been developed upon the solid basis of historical source materials, as well as upon the more imaginative treatments of poets, novelists, and land speculators—not forgetting the humorists. In outline she unfolds "the pageant of explorer, missionary, soldier, fur-trader, habitant, and planter;" and shows the idyllic primitive man of the overenthusiastic early travelers transformed to squalid tribes and degenerate half breeds, dazed with bad whisky. We see the rolling spaces of the unforested country pass through all the stages of the white man's frontier till they become "the high priced farms running to the very edge of smoke-blurred cities or busy mine." The author's own descriptions of prairie landscape show that she knows and loves the country of which she writes, and cannot be laid to what Carlyle calls the sin of view hunting.

In making such a compendium of prairie literature, and in following the dual threads of history and fiction, the author has handled a formidable amount of material. The completeness of the survey of early bibliography, and the critical estimates of the varying degrees of excellence, make the book of real value to the student. Particularly helpful features are a table of contents that gives a clear indication of the contents of each chapter, and an index that enables one to find a book under either author or title. The volume itself is a descriptive bibliography, although it is not without literary qualities of its own; and it is further enriched with an appendix of sixteen closely packed pages of bibliographical notes.

It would be an injustice to so admirable a work to try to pack its contents into a brief review. The chapter on the "Realism of the Mississippi Valley" is perhaps the most significant—and it is here, by the way, that we find *Uncle Tom's Cabin* dealt with. Equally surprising is the incorporation of dramatic treatments, from 1764, into the chapter on "Later Romantic Treatments." It would be of course impossible for anyone to attempt completeness in a chapter on "Recent Tendencies," but we are sorry to miss from this the more recent work of Edna Ferber.

The twelve pictures reproduced from old and now rare books are interesting and valuable. On a whole the press work has few errors and those of a very minor nature. The documentation is of course beyond reproach.

Dr. Dondore plans to follow this volume with a series dealing in turn with the Forest, the Plains, the Mountains, and the Sea. We shall await them with interest.

ANNE KING GREGORIE

The Norwegian-American Historical Association, the first volume of whose *Studies and Records* we noted in our issue for last December, p. 239, presents as volume one of its Travel and Description Series *Ole Rynning's True Account of America*, in a bilingual edition, translated and edited by Theodore C. Blegen. A reprint of this rare pamphlet was published by Curator Rasmus B. Anderson in 1896; but the reprint is now nearly as rare as the original. A translation appeared in the Minnesota *History Bulletin*, ii, 221-269 by the present editor, from which it has been transferred to this edition, with many additional notes. The historical introduction also contains new material notably in connection with a biographical sketch of Rynning.

Robert K. Boyd of Eau Claire has sent us three booklets containing his reminiscences of early days in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The first is entitled *Early Conditions of the Chippewa Valley* and is the address delivered before the county training school at Eau Claire, June 8, 1921. It gathers up a century and a half of history, and mentions the earliest visitors to and traders among the tribesmen of that remote valley. Its chief value is the author's account of his lumbering experiences, and the brief vocabulary and place name definitions incorporated in its eleven pages. The *Battle of Birch Coulee* is an address delivered in January 1925 before the Sons of Veterans in his home town, and relates to the September 1862 hostilities in Renville County, Minnesota. Mr. Boyd has annotated this volume for us with manuscript maps and several manuscript additions to his printed description. The third pamphlet is entitled *The Real Indian*. Its sixteen pages embody the writer's personal knowledge of the Sioux and Chippewa, and makes a plea for an understanding of the virtues of the red race. All these booklets are pleasant reading and add to our acquaintances with mid-nineteenth century experiences.

We have received from the Minnesota Historical Society the third volume of W. W. Folwell's *History of Minnesota*. This volume of 605 pages deals with the period since the Civil War. The series will be complete with a fourth volume composed of documentary material. The whole series is a notable achievement for one so far beyond the normal span of man's activity.

New History of Milwaukee and Year Book for 1927. Compiled by John R. Wolf. (Milwaukee *Journal*) 120 p. This pamphlet contains notes on Milwaukee's history, and an outline alphabetically arranged. It also has a chronology not wholly accurate, a list of Milwaukee organizations, and many useful statistics. We note that the compiler undertakes to locate the exact site where was delivered Lincoln's speech, reproduced in our last number.

INDEX

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