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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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

The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY is published quarterly by the Society, at 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin, in September, December, March, and June, and is distributed to its members and exchanges; others who so desire may receive it for the annual subscription of two dollars, payable in advance; single numbers may be had for fifty cents. All correspondence concerning the magazine should be addressed to the office of the State Historical Society, Madison, Wis.

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TO OUR MEMBERS

Does our Society include in its membership all those men and women of your neighborhood who naturally fit into its constituency? Persons specially interested in history, who would enjoy our publications and profit from them, ought to be given the opportunity to become members, and thereby increase their effectiveness as promoters of a sound historical interest among the people both locally and in the state at large. Since that is the Society's function, it ought gradually to unite in the cause all persons whose inclinations lie in that direction, and this notwithstanding there is no financial advantage in increasing its membership.

Will you not contribute to the good work by selecting one person and gaining his or her consent to receive your nomination for membership? Then fill out the lower part of this sheet, detach and mail it to *The Superintendent, State Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin.* Proper blanks will be mailed direct from the office.

JOSEPH SCHAFER,
Superintendent.

I hereby nominate for membership in the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

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JOSIAH LITTLE PICKARD

EXPERIENCES OF A WISCONSIN EDUCATOR

JOSIAH L. PICKARD

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of the following article, Josiah Little Pickard, was born on a farm in Rowley, Massachusetts, and grew to maturity on a farm located near Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College. At Lewiston Falls Academy and at Bowdoin young Pickard received his advanced academic and collegiate instruction, graduating from Bowdoin in 1844, at the age of twenty. In 1845, being determined to make a career for himself as an educator, he set out for the West, where, in the three neighbor states of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, were spent the best working years of a long and strenuous life. He began as teacher of a school at Elizabeth, Illinois, became in 1846 principal of Platteville Academy, assumed the duties of the state superintendency of Wisconsin in January, 1860, resigning in 1864 to accept the Chicago city superintendency, a position which he filled with distinction until 1877. In 1878 he became the president of the state university of Iowa, continuing in that office for about ten years. In 1889, at the age of sixty-five, Mr. Pickard retired from active teaching, and after 1900, in his daughter's home in California, he prepared an extended manuscript covering features of his entire career as an educator. This manuscript was lent to the Society by Mr. Pickard's daughter, Mrs. Fred Jollyman, of Cupertino, California, and a complete copy is now on file in this library, other copies having been supplied by this Society to the State Historical Society of Iowa and to the Chicago Historical Society. For the present article we have selected from this manuscript those portions which seem to us most significant in the educational history of Wisconsin. We omit entirely that part of the narrative which deals with the writer's early life and New England background, beginning with the plan for taking up a teaching career in some favorable western community. Moreover, certain sections of the narrative thus curtailed have been omitted in order to economize space. In

connection with this article should be read the account of the author's work in Platteville by one of his pupils, Mrs. Maria Greene Douglass, published in this magazine, vi, 56-65.

In studying the question of location my mind inclined toward northern Illinois or southern Wisconsin, on account of the predominance of New England and New York people who had settled there. A letter from a classmate and for a time my roommate in college, who was on his way to fill an engagement as teacher in a planter's family in Mississippi, informed me that a teacher was wanted in Elizabeth, a village in the northwestern part of Illinois. The state met my desires. Of the village I knew only that it was in need. At any rate it would serve me as a lookout over both Illinois and Wisconsin, and not doubting my ability to supply the demand for a teacher, I left my home in Maine on the twenty-second of December, 1845, and reached Elizabeth, January 14, 1846. I had spent three days of the time with friends on the way and had refrained from traveling on three Sabbaths. Of the twenty-four days, including the days of beginning and ending my journey, eighteen days were consumed in traveling, or waiting for stage accommodations after leaving the end of railway service. I have recently accomplished the same result in less than thirty hours. The journey was agreeable though long, as it gave me a fair knowledge of the features of the country over which we moved by slow stages, and to a New Englander who had never before been more than a hundred miles from his home, it was full of surprises. A traveler of the present day might consider it intolerably tiresome.

The village was but a few miles from the Father of Waters, which for several hundred miles marked the border of civilization. The population was cosmopolitan and of a character not unlike that of any mining settlement on the frontier. The industry was lead mining. I was not long a resident before I was convinced of their "need of a teacher." The few intelligent men who recognized the

need were young men who had no children to be taught. The older settlers had children past school age. The only means available for the support of a school were derived from the income from the school land donated by the general government, and a small portion of the tax levied by the state and distributed on the basis of the school population. No town tax was levied. The length of the school term was determined by the salary paid the teacher. The amount I could rely upon would hardly pay my board for two months, but by the addition of a tuition fee I was able in nine months to pay the larger part of it. Just as the question of obtaining a loan to tide me over the time of waiting for the people to feel their "need of a teacher" [had become acute], two invitations came to me by the same mail to take charge of an academy—one in Galena, Illinois, and the other in the territory of Wisconsin, at Platteville. The latter offer was accepted, though the former had attractions to a young man without means and anxious to make for himself a home where family life could be enjoyed. Some months later I learned that my decision was influenced by a power not my own but proceeding, as I have had reason to believe many times in my life, from an Omniscient Father whose love was engaged in seeking my highest interests. When I came to the point of asking the consent of the lady whose favor I sought, to join me in my labors in the West, she asked the counsel of her guardian. His reply to her was, "You have my consent to go to any place in the West except Galena." In 1828 he had spent a little time in Galena, and could not believe it to be a suitable residence for a lady. Through the kindness of my landlord, who gave me time upon the balance of my board bill, I went to the new field in November, 1846. There was inaugurated my educational career.

The only valuable experience gained during the nine months' stay in Elizabeth was derived from attendance for ten days upon a convention and teachers' institute in

Chicago. The convention was called by business men of the city who were deeply interested in the public schools then coming into the semblance of system. Scammon, Meeker, Wright, Raymond, Ogden, and Grover are names, still held in honor, of men who were instrumental in gathering an assemblage without limit as to locality. Salem Town, author of schoolbooks in use in the early days, S. B. Pierce, a worker in teachers' institutes in the state of New York, and W. F. Phelps, a recent graduate from David R. Page's Normal School in Albany, were active participants in the convention, and at its close conducted the first teachers' institute in the Mississippi Valley. Attendants were entertained in the homes of the citizens. It was my good fortune to be a guest of Honorable W. B. Ogden, well known as a promoter of railway enterprises. At his home I was introduced to people who represented the culture of the city and who gave me my first impressions of refinement in the people of the West. During my stay in Chicago, at a few social gatherings I met most of the public school teachers—then not exceeding thirty. Four prominent schools were convened in four brick buildings, each two stories in height. In each story was one large room with seats for two hundred pupils, two at a desk, and smaller rooms for recitation purposes. This style of school architecture prevailed for many years, and disappeared entirely only thirty-five years ago, the last example yielding to the ravages of the "Great Fire." School buildings bore the names of prominent citizens—Dearborn, Jones, Scammon, and Kinzie. The teachers were well qualified for the work expected of them, and earnest in desire to improve in their methods. I found in them a sympathy I had not before felt, so that I returned to my work inspired with hope for better things and with a firm purpose to succeed in spite of untoward surroundings. My friends at the East were

not to see me until I could give them some proof that my western fever had not proved fatal.

Just as the cloud began to lift, the removal to Wisconsin already alluded to gave me a new field of labor. The man mainly responsible for the call to that field was the Reverend John Lewis, whose acquaintance I had formed during the summer of 1846, when taking a horseback ride through southwestern Wisconsin—a man whom to meet was to love. In 1847 he took the charge of a church in Platteville. For thirteen years we were colaborers in the cause of education. As a wise counselor, an efficient helper, and an earnest advocate of a sound system of instruction, his help was invaluable. The school opened with five students, and grew steadily until new quarters were needed. Mr. Lewis entered heartily into the canvass for funds. Success attended his efforts, and the academy was furnished with a commodious building having accommodations for three hundred students. During the years the cause of public education was advanced even more rapidly than private enterprise. On my going to Platteville one small building was shown me as the schoolhouse. But it was unused. Applications for admission to the academy were made in behalf of children of tender age. It was soon apparent that if these applications were granted my plans for a school of high grade must fail. At once I set myself to the task of improving the public school as a feeder of the academy, and at the same time devoted myself to the education of teachers. As soon as the territory became a state, with provisions for a good system of public education, the office of town superintendent of schools was offered me, and gladly accepted as a means of bringing into the academy pupils of advanced grade, so that the inducement might be strong enough to call students from outside the limits of the town. Other towns became interested and sought teachers trained for their calling. My work as town super-

intendent did not interfere with my duties in the academy. The school had grown to such an extent as to require the help of an assistant. The town was divided into nine school districts, each district needing but one teacher. Examinations of candidates required but little time, nor was the labor of supervision at all severe. One year sufficed to bring order into the system, to secure public interest in the work, to provide the schools with fairly qualified teachers for at least three months of the year—and I gave up the office.

The population of the town had a strong New England element, reinforced by immigrants from New York and Ohio. One other element which had felt the incubus of slavery and had moved into Illinois, and thence had found a resting place in the neighborhood of Platteville, embraced eagerly the opportunity for education which the academy furnished. The young people entered into study with zest, which carried many of them through college and a large percentage into the Christian ministry, in which they have achieved distinction. As a school preparatory to college the academy grew in reputation. The college at Beloit opened in 1847, and the state university at Madison in 1849 became a stimulus. Better qualified teachers in the public schools inspired their pupils to enter the academy which had given them higher ideals and clearer views of life's possibilities. The normal teachers' class became a prominent feature in the work of the academy, and a few children were admitted as a "model class" for practice in the art of teaching by candidates for teachers' certificates. . . .

After corresponding with men engaged in private schools in the vicinity, a meeting of teachers in the mining region covering southwestern Wisconsin, northwestern Illinois, and a part of eastern Iowa was held in the summer of 1848 at Platteville. One prominent subject of discussion was the best method of awakening interest in the cause of popular

education. A constitutional convention had adopted a constitution for the proposed state of Wisconsin, which contained liberal provisions for common schools. A goodly number answered the call, and the Mining Region Teachers' Association was organized and a brief normal institute succeeded it after the plan of the Chicago convention of 1846, of which I have spoken above. Annual meetings were held in Dubuque, Iowa, Galena, Illinois, and Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and paved the way for the state association in 1853. The brief institutes became in fact the main feature of the meetings of the association. They served to arouse in the teachers attending, an earnest desire for better preparation for their work, and to awaken a hope for increased interest of their patrons—a hope realized in more liberal compensation for a higher grade of service. At my introduction to the school work of Wisconsin, women were contented to receive one dollar and fifty cents a week with board, in country schools, but they were expected to do the janitor work with such help as they could obtain from pupils. In a few years wages were more than doubled. In 1847 average wages for women did not exceed seven dollars a month. In 1860 fourteen dollars and fifty-seven cents was the average, and in 1904 thirty-five dollars and twenty-six cents. After six years the academy had outgrown its accommodations and the demand for a large building was pressing. Friends entered upon a vigorous campaign for funds. The Reverend John Lewis solicited aid from friends at the East, after liberal subscriptions had been obtained at home. Mr. Lewis secured plans for a three-story stone building to be erected upon a lot received in exchange for the old building. In 1853, while the construction work was in progress, I was elected to a professorship in Illinois College at Jacksonville. My brother, who has given me valuable assistance in the preparation of these reminiscences, was a professor in the college, and he urged my

acceptance, but duty to my Platteville work demanded the declining of the call.

THE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

In 1853 Dr. A. P. Ladd, state superintendent of public instruction, in his visits to different parts of the state had formed the acquaintance of several teachers of marked ability who, though engaged in the same occupation, were ignorant of one another's work. In a new state, far removed from friendly associations and sympathy, they longed for companionship which should revive their courage and stimulate their zeal in their chosen life work. Dr. Ladd was in deep sympathy with the efforts made by individuals for advancing the cause of popular education, and felt that the end he sought could be more surely accomplished if united effort could be secured. A special invitation was sent to a few, and a general one was made public for a meeting at his office in Madison. Six men responded to the call from widely separated portions of the state, in no case less than two days' distance, by ordinary conveyance, from the place of meeting. After a day spent in the exchange of experiences, a state association was organized under a constitution giving the right of membership to all "friends of education." John G. McMynn, a graduate of Williams College, a born teacher, was chosen president. Mr. McMynn began his work in Wisconsin in 1848 as private teacher in Kenosha, continued as principal of the high school and superintendent of schools at Racine, served in the Tenth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers as major and lieutenant colonel, and in 1864 was appointed superintendent of public instruction of Wisconsin to fill a vacancy and in 1865 was elected to the office; after one term he entered a manufacturing business in Racine; for a few years conducted a private school in Racine; and removed to Madison in order that his children might pursue a collegiate course with

home influences surrounding them. For many years he was a regent of the state university. After the graduation of his children he continued his residence in Madison to the end of his useful life. He was a man of remarkable energy, with Scotch pertinacity in pursuit of his ideal of what constitutes a true education—harmonious culture of hand, head, and heart. His whole life was an example of what he sought to inspire in his pupils—the attainment of a character "*sans peur, sans reproche.*" For nearly fifty years I was permitted to enjoy his friendship, and sought to profit by his example. . . .

The second meeting of the association was called in August, 1854, to convene in Madison. Those who responded found no preparation had been made for a place of meeting. Dr. Ladd's term as superintendent had expired; his successor was not to be found, nor was any citizen of Madison aware of a meeting. As the hour for assembling drew on, while one of the members sought the office of the sheriff that he might obtain permission to use the courthouse, another purchased a dozen candles wherewith to light the court room. When the meeting was called to order, eleven "friends of education" gathered in the jurors' seats, and one citizen of Madison sat as an auditor before the president as he read the opening address. The auditor paid close attention as one paper after another was read. He evidently came to see rather than to hear, for we learned after reading our papers that he was totally deaf. Before transacting any business we found that more representatives of publishing houses were earnest "friends of education" than teachers, in the proportion of six to five. When opportunity came, the constitution was changed as to membership, and the name, which the association still bears, became the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association. Mr. McMynn retained the presidency. As we were about to separate, discouraged as to any further effort, Mr. McMynn in ringing tones cried

out, "Let us make one more trial before we yield. Come to Racine next year and learn that there is one spot where there is a little life, and you will be heartily welcomed to the homes of the people." With his characteristic energy he spent two weeks of his summer vacation traveling through the eastern and central portions of the state, urging attendance of teachers. When the time for the meeting came, one hundred teachers were welcomed to the homes of the city of Racine. The interest has known no abatement from that time to the present. . . .

STATE SUPERINTENDENCY

The year 1859 was with me a critical year. The enrollment of students of the academy under my charge had reached three hundred. Maine, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri furnished each its quota; Wisconsin naturally had the largest share. For vice-principal I was fortunate in having the services of Fanny S. Josslyn, from Vermont, who had entered upon her eleventh year of service. A brother aided me to the extent of his ability, as he was in feeble health; his wife had some classes. Another brother was in constant service. Two music teachers found employment. The demand upon myself was so pressing that in the early summer a slight fever kept me out of work for the first time in thirteen years. During my absence a girl having a slight strain of negro blood made application for admission. She was received. The trustees of the academy held a hastily called meeting and ordered her removal. They claimed to be acting in the interest of students from the South. I left my bed, went into the meeting, and notified the trustees that unless they reconsidered their action they must find another principal. The majority adhered to the course they had taken. I at once gave notice to the students that all the teachers would cease work until a new principal

should appear, but that I would in the meantime meet at my house any from abroad who desired to remain. The first students to call at my house were those from the South in whose interest the trustees had professedly acted. The excitement which had carried me through the ordeal having subsided, I returned to my bed, where I remained for nearly two weeks, entirely unconscious of what was transpiring in the community. The trustees recalled their order, and notified the girl that she might remain. Very courteously she received the message, but replied that she was about to enter the Female Seminary at Rockford, where she would be free from further annoyance.

As my condition was considered critical, there was no demonstration over the result. The return of consciousness came as I heard the singing of some of my pupils under my bedroom window. The words that caught my ear were, "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore. Oh! it gives me joy to greet my friends once more." The people celebrated my return to consciousness in the evening by a bonfire and the ringing of the academy bell. During my convalescence I was honored by a nomination as candidate for the state superintendency of public instruction. The school was opened in September. As my recovery was not complete, and as there was a possibility of election to the state office, I arranged with a son of Professor Johnston, of Middletown, Connecticut, to become associate principal, with an understanding that in event of my election he should act as principal for two years, the length of my official term, after which I expected to return to the school. My expectation was never realized.

Here I would record what to me has ever been the most blessed experience of my connection with the academy. During the latter part of my college course the claims of the Christian ministry were presented with some urgency by my pastor. But my experience as a pupil would con-

stantly present counter claims of greater weight. I found in my teacher Sewall, of whom I have spoken previously,[1] a man of far greater influence over my life than that of any clergyman I had ever known. In him I saw the possibility of greater usefulness in the work of a Christian teacher than in that of a clergyman. The teacher of youth is engaged in molding character at the impressible period of life, and his work continues day after day instead of a single day in the week. My experience as a teacher has more than confirmed the wisdom of my choice. The clergyman employs himself upon one part of man's nature chiefly. The teacher is engaged upon the harmonious development of all of man's powers—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—and finds each line of labor helpful to the other. In the academy I found opportunity for building character. On the field of youthful recreation, in classroom exercises, in the daily hour of devotional recognition of God's presence and help, and in the weekly seasons of prayer and Christian conference, there were constant occasions for emphasizing one's duty to himself, to his fellows, and to his Creator and Benefactor. . . . No happier portion of my life is recorded upon the tablets of memory than that spent in Platteville Academy. There I learned the blessedness of employment in Christian education, and its claims it has ever been my aim to recognize.

The state election resulted in favor of my candidacy, and I entered upon the duties of the office January 1, 1860. My determination was to learn the conditions and needs of the public schools of Wisconsin by personal visits to as many parts of the state as possible, leaving the office in charge of my assistant and clerk, except in such matters as by requirement of law must have my personal attention. Two things favored my desire to become acquainted with

[1] David Brainerd Sewall, a graduate of Bowdoin College, was in 1836 principal of the Lewiston Falls Academy, which Mr. Pickard attended.

the status of public education before I should attempt any suggestion as to needed legislation. Chancellor Barnard was acting as agent of the regents of the normal school fund in holding a series of teachers' institutes, and Charles H. Allen was employed as their conductor. Beginning in March, they were continued until September. At these meetings I could find opportunity to meet teachers and school officers and others interested in school work. One evening was given me for a public address. Sometimes I shared with Mr. Allen the work of instruction, especially in the brief sessions held in the least populous counties. Here was the greatest need of improvement. Frequently intelligent men and women conscious of that need consulted me as to the best means of accomplishment of their desires. Often in passing from one institute to another, schools were visited, and frequently the people gathered for an evening address. Relying upon my help, Chancellor Barnard could arrange for the holding of two institutes during the same week.

Through another agency I was able to reach the people in discussion of school matters. The State Teachers' Association had for some years published a school journal. The legislature of 1859 authorized the superintendent of public instruction to subscribe for a sufficient number of copies to supply each school district. Five thousand two hundred copies were subscribed for, and the journal became the official organ of the state superintendent. Through its columns I was able to reach all the district officers of the state. It proved an invaluable medium of communication. Through its use the state was saved in public printing more than its cost. As the result of my investigation in twenty-nine of the fifty-two counties of the state, in which I had delivered from one to four addresses each, I felt in a measure prepared to recommend to the legislature such modification of the school laws as would

promote the interests of popular education. That I might reap benefit from the experience of men for years engaged in school supervision, a few weeks, during the time when little could be done in our own state, were spent in conference with the superintendents of other states. The annual meeting of the National Education Association, organized in 1857, and the New England Association, organized in 1830, afforded excellent opportunities for carrying out my purpose. To Honorable John M. Gregory of Michigan and Honorable Newton Bateman of Illinois, the conditions of whose work resembled closely those of Wisconsin, special acknowledgment is due for timely counsel. For many years the debt had been extended. Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

My visits to the rural schools convinced me that the first attention should be given to the preparation of teachers for their work. Normal institutes were doing good initiatory work, but were only indications of the need of permanent schools which in course of time must be established. The state university would soon be recognized as the head of the public school system, but the body needs careful nourishment that it may have strength to meet the demands of the head. Proper nourishment must be furnished by the teachers of the schools. The method of determining the qualifications of the teachers I found faulty in the extreme. The town superintendency had been brought into our state through the Michigan system, which was evidently studied by those who framed our school law, Michigan having used the New York pattern. From H. H. Van Dyck, superintendent of schools for the state of New York, I obtained through correspondence the following statement: "Neither in point of independence, efficiency or economy can that system [town superintendency] be commended to favor." In the same line was the testimony of Superintendent J. M. Gregory of Michigan. He wrote: "We

have tried the township system from the first organization of our state, and the almost universal testimony of the people, including township inspectors themselves, is, that the inspection of teachers and schools under it is nearly worthless." With such testimony at hand I entered upon the study of our own system, then entering its thirteenth year. The following conclusions were presented to the legislature:

1. The town superintendency is an office that requires little time, but furnishes no compensation that will warrant suspension of regular business. It therefore receives attention of so hurried and superficial a character as to be of little worth.

2. This superficial work is so distasteful to men of proper qualifications that they will refuse to serve.

3. Many superintendents teach in the towns they refuse to serve. They naturally make their own qualifications the standard by which to judge of others, and not always to their own disadvantage. The law contemplates the supervision of schools by persons outside of their own schools. A superintendent teaching in his own town leaves his school without legal supervision.

4. There is no uniformity in examinations of teachers. A person refused a certificate in one town may obtain it in another, so that efforts of faithful officers are thwarted.

5. It is impossible for the state superintendent through this agency to make any influence from the department felt throughout the state. A body working inharmoniously, or not working at all, cannot be a healthy body.

Having thus stated briefly my objections to the town superintendency, I proposed a substitution of a county superintendency, and supported the request by the following statements:

1. Where tested it meets with favor from the best educational authorities. (Quotations from prominent men were presented.)

2. The office requires the full time and undivided energies of the person holding it. It can never hold a secondary place with the one who faithfully executes its trusts.

3. The permanency of employment will attract men or women of intelligence, ordinarily of experience as teachers.

4. The reports upon which the distribution of school funds is by law dependent will be more accurate. If township officers fail in duty, the county superintendent is near at hand and can secure correction of errors more speedily than can be done by correspondence through the state office. . . .

5. The examination of teachers will not be in the hands of men who desire to teach and are liable to be brought into competition with candidates for certificates, and the examination will be more thorough and impartial.

6. As the examinations by the county superintendent must be at a set time and place, of which public notice must be given, the publicity of the examination will secure from the examiner thorough preparation and will deter unqualified persons from presenting themselves as candidates. District officers will often attend the examinations and will be aided in selection of teachers.

7. If teachers find that refusal of a certificate by the county superintendent disqualifies them for positions in every district of the county, they will make more strenuous effort to qualify themselves for the posts they desire to obtain. Teachers justly demand that they shall be protected from competition with the mere hangers-on of their profession. The county superintendent will go far toward securing this protection.

8. County superintendents will desire to protect themselves from applications of persons who have failed to receive certificates in any other county, and will by conference seek uniformity of examinations of teachers.

Through these conferences the state superintendent will find a channel through which his influence may be made to flow. Honorable T. H. Burrows, state superintendent of schools for Pennsylvania, where the county superintendency has had its fairest trial, wrote, "It has elevated the profession, and established some uniformity in the character and qualification of teachers in theory and generally in practice; the incompetent and unworthy have been rejected, while the door has been open wide for the admission of the meritorious and qualified, and a stimulus has been given to study and self improvement."

9. In the matter of expense, which might be urged as an objection, I presented the following: Each county upon an average expends $12,000 annually for its schools (this is taken from the report for 1859); admitting that the improvement under county superintendency is but ten per cent, the gain would more than pay the salary of an efficient officer. This does not, perhaps, meet the mind of the objector. The average number of towns in a county is fourteen. The pay of a faithful town superintendent will average $50.00 a year, or $700 for the county—a fair salary for a county superintendent.

A bill for an act creating the office of county superintendent of schools was presented to the legislature of 1861 in connection with my report for 1860, and passed with little opposition. The first election was held on the first Monday of November, 1861, the term of office beginning January 1, 1862. Immediately after the passage of the act, instructions as to duties of the office were prepared and published in the official organ, the *Wisconsin Journal of Education*. In the month of January I mapped out divisions of the state, grouping the counties, each having a central point easily accessible from the several counties in the group. A date was fixed for a conference, and the county superintendents were invited by personal letter

to meet me for consultation, chiefly upon the subject of teachers' examinations, which would be held in the spring before the opening of the summer schools. In these meetings I formed the acquaintance of nearly all the county superintendents. One of the meetings a severe snow storm prevented my attending; I had traversed more than three-fourths of the distance when I was compelled to turn back. To the first meeting I carried a set of questions upon each subject in which examination was by law required, such as I would use if conducting the examination. The set contained many more questions than would be proper to require, graded as to difficulty, since I knew that all counties could not be treated exactly alike at the first examination. The schools of all had not attained the same standard of efficiency. Present conditions must be considered. The questions I had prepared were such that selection might be made to suit localities, but no ten of the number could be chosen which should not be answered with nearly perfect accuracy by teachers of the schools least advanced. The most difficult should be answered perfectly by candidates from localities most advanced. Copies were left with the superintendents, not to be used by them but rather as expressing what my acquaintance with the country schools of the state would lead me to expect as to the qualifications of teachers. The city schools were exempt from the provisions of the law in the examinations of the teachers. I had in the two years visited thirty-six of the fifty-two counties of the state, and understood their needs fairly well. The superintendents, who had begun their work with zeal, were well qualified so far as I could judge from the conferences in which I had met them. The law provided for the minimum salary in all counties having a population of more than eight thousand. This would give to the majority of the counties persons well qualified, since efficient service would inspire them with the

hope of receiving a salary above the minimum. Some realized their hope and received a salary as large as the state constitution allowed the state superintendent. Teachers, understanding that their examinations would be more severe, sought the institutes for instruction. These were continued for a longer term than when first organized. The superintendents entered them as instructors, and so became acquainted with those who would appear before them as candidates for certificates. In one county a session of twelve weeks was held. The superintendent was made assistant in the first normal school opened in the state, and one of his helpers has been for many years president of the same. One day, when a mere lad, I was present while my father was examining a candidate for teaching. I was amused to hear the man say, after failing to answer many questions which seemed very simple to me, "Well, squire, I am rather rusty, but I have a little gal at home that could answer all them questions." I have no doubt that teachers had been employed under the town superintendency who might truthfully make a like reply. Their day was passing. Crass ignorance was, it must be confessed, not confined to would-be teachers. A young lady who had attended my school applied to a superintendent for examination. He used a textbook in his questioning. In geography he ventured to ask an original question. Placing his hand over the map of New England, he asked: "What is the color of Massachusetts?" She could not answer, for in my instruction I had been remiss. Had he asked for the color of Connecticut she might have ventured to answer, "Blue," for she had read some of the laws of that state. I have dwelt at some length upon the subject of the county superintendency, because I consider it the chief fruit of my labor as state superintendent of Wisconsin. It has stood the test for forty-four years, in spite of several attempts to overthrow it. Subsequent legislation has made it more

effective, but has left it unchanged in its cardinal features. To the committees on schools of both house and senate of the legislature of 1861, credit is due. Town superintendents whose interest in schools exceeded that in their salaries rendered efficient help.

After Chancellor Barnard's resignation, the state university organized a normal department with C. H. Allen as the professor—the professorship is now styled that of pedagogy. County superintendents carried on the teachers' institutes. I attended as many as possible. As secondary objects of importance my attention was directed toward grading of schools, school buildings, and school libraries. The graded system had been adopted in the cities and in a few of the most progressive villages of the state, but the tendency in the towns was to divide a district where the number of pupils exceeded the capacity of the house, so that two teachers would be employed, each to instruct pupils of all degrees of advancement. In public addresses I attempted to show the better way as the means of obtaining better results in economy and efficiency. Let the district remain undivided, employ the two teachers, assigning to one the instruction of the younger pupils and to the other that of the older pupils. The result would be that each class of pupils would receive double attention. But how accommodate two teachers when the house is already too small? An enlargement of the house will cost us no more than the building of another house made necessary if the district is divided. In many cases the old log house has outlived its usefulness, and a new one is needed. I had secured from the publishers the privilege of inserting the plan of a school building as given in Johonnot's *Country Schoolhouses*, in my annual report for 1860, with dimensions and estimated cost. In case only two teachers are needed, only the ground floor will be needed; for three teachers a second floor can be added over the main part and a very

neat structure is obtained, capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty pupils. It will seem strange at the present time that any argument was necessary to secure the adoption of a graded system, but I am writing of affairs as they existed forty-five years ago. . . .

My purpose to return to the Platteville Academy at the close of the term as state superintendent to which I was elected in 1859, was put aside that I might serve a second term, to which I was elected in November, 1861, and again for the same reason in 1863. My majority increased at both the second and third elections. In these days of expensive campaigns it may be of interest to know that the only contribution to a campaign fund asked of me was the sum of twenty-five dollars for printing and distribution of tickets. Friends made it unnecessary for me to make any canvass for votes. Through educational association meetings, state and national, my acquaintance with leading laborers in the educational field was extended. My connection as regent of the state university and as trustee of Beloit College gave me an insight into the working of both public and private institutions of higher education. I was gaining broader views of the possibilities of culture in letters and in science, and was led to study more earnestly the relation of these agencies to the elementary schools, in which foundations were laid suited to the superstructure, or, to change the figure, to the preparation of the soil for the germination of seed designed for the production of an abundant harvest. Dropping all figures, the question arises what course in the education of the child will tend toward the ripest scholarship in the man, and will secure the most worthy citizens. My attention was more and more directed to the needs of the elementary schools. Unexpectedly a broader field was opened to me in the summer of 1864.[2]

[2] As superintendent of the Chicago schools.

I cannot close without expressing my indebtedness to my competent and faithful assistant, Honorable A. J. Craig. As my duties called me out of the office for weeks at a time, I was sure that the correspondence, which was constantly increasing, would be promptly attended to, and that matters needing my personal attention would be forwarded to me. One duty, the most exacting of all, was the hearing of appeals from school officers and teachers. The decisions of the state superintendent were by law made final in matters adjudicated. To deal justly by parties to the appeal was of supreme moment. In this regard Mr. Craig's counsel was invaluable. Throughout my entire term of service he remained my assistant true and trusted. Important features of my work as state superintendent of public instruction were developed by conflicts having either a racial, political, or religious origin. School districts having citizens of different nationalities were often sharply disturbed through preconceived notions as to proper management of school children, or methods of instruction, or extent of the teachers' control of children out of regular school hours, or of the personal habits of children while in school. Then, too, political influence in selecting teachers gave to the election of school officers an unfortunate bias. The selection of a site for a school building, the vote of a tax for the erection of the same, became often the occasion for bitter strife. Charges of political bias in examination and certification of candidates for positions as teachers were not uncommon. The years 1860 to 1864 were years of excessive sensitiveness along political lines, and the conduct of teachers in school exercises, especially in song, was scrutinized very closely. The use of the Bible and audible prayer as a regular daily exercise at the opening of school was criticized by some, and the occasional presence of a garb indicating membership in a religious order by a few led to complaint. Many of these complaints required

a little tact in settlement. Some were of a nature demanding the formal entering of a complaint and the introduction of witnesses. Plaintiff and defendant must appear as in a court of law. By statute the superintendent of public instruction was authorized to act as trial judge in matters of school cases presented to him. From his decision there was no appeal. Parties were at liberty, if they should so choose, to use the ordinary civil courts instead of appealing to the superintendent. They were required to present their cases in writing, and no *ex parte* hearing was permitted. The decision involved at times great responsibility, and the reading of testimony often required days of earnest thought and study. The subject of religious exercises in schools was more frequently presented than any other. One incident which gave me great pleasure and helped in settling the question so often presented is worthy of note. One morning I called at a school in a Catholic community. The teacher was a Protestant and an earnest Christian woman. I entered the schoolroom before the hour of opening. When the children were seated the teacher said, "I always ask God to help me, and I have no doubt your mothers have taught you to do the same. We do not all need the same things, and if we asked aloud it would be confusing. So we will all bow our heads and think what we would like God to do for us this day." Two or three minutes of perfect stillness followed. The teacher then said, "Now we are all ready for work." Heads were raised, and work began in earnest. A more impressive exercise I do not remember to have witnessed. No complaint was ever made of that teacher.

THE YANKEE AND THE TEUTON IN WISCONSIN

JOSEPH SCHAFER

V SOCIAL HARMONIES AND DISCORDS

The "Sons of the Pilgrims" of Milwaukee held in December, 1850, their customary banquet to celebrate the historic landing on Plymouth Rock. The occasion was one which stimulated the flow of oratory and the display of quaint Yankee humor and sparkling wit. Among the toasts, some of which embodied genuine wisdom, was the following: "Our adopted state. She has gathered her sons from many lands and given them all a home amid her bounty and her beauty. May the elements of strength and greatness peculiar to each be here transplanted and united to form a perfect commonwealth."[1]

The sentiment was notably generous, voiced as it was by one out of the many and diverse population elements, and we now see that it was also prophetic. But the attainment of the ideal here advanced was not to result from an effortless, unconscious process. Much history is involved in the relations of Yankee and Teuton—to say nothing of other stocks—which reveals a general tendency to helpful coöperation, but presents, on the other hand, episodes marked by animosity, jealousy, and social estrangement. If there were social harmonies, there were also discords.

As early as 1850 Milwaukee contained more Germans than Yankees. Out of an aggregate population of 20,059 the census taker had designated 3880 as natives of the New England states and New York, while 5958 were born in Germany. The entire American element (aside from

[1] *Daily Free Democrat*, December 27, 1850.

natives of Wisconsin, who were children of the foreign born as well as of the American born) amounted to 5113, while the number of foreigners was 12,036. Of these, more than 3000 were Irish and about 1300 English. Thus the German was numerically the dominant social factor in the city.

Nevertheless, in all but numbers the Yankee element remained, as it had been from the beginning of the town's growth, in a position of acknowledged leadership. There would be no difficulty in proving that socially, industrially, and commercially the places of power were occupied by the "down-easters," while in politics, although their control was being challenged from one side or another, they were still far from recognizing a master.

Yankees were the promoters of those far-reaching improvements, like the various plank roads, and especially the railroads, which were destined to unite the extensive new settlements with Milwaukee and thus guarantee the future greatness of the city. They were largely engaged in the carrying trade on the Lakes. They controlled the flour milling business, the leading industry of the city, in which was concentrated probably more capital than was invested in all other lines of manufacturing carried on at that time. They were also prominent in wholesale merchandising and owned the most pretentious retail stores.

Their general preëminence in the professions was undisputed. They had most of the lawyers, a large proportion of the physicians, the editors of English language papers, the Protestant clergymen, the teachers. Public opinion, with a reservation to be stated presently, was mainly of their making, both in the city itself and—through the agency of a widely read newspaper press—in the state at large. On all questions affecting public education, social morality, health, and recreation, as well as business or industry, the American portion of the community was very apt to mass

behind Yankee leadership; and the English speaking section of the foreign population was not averse to doing the same, at least under ordinary circumstances. Often, indeed, such was the prestige of the Yankees, their initiative was followed unquestioningly by American and foreigner alike.

But the weight of numbers being with the Germans, the bulk of whom did not speak or read English—though there were numerous exceptions,—it was natural that there should have developed a community leadership within their own group, and such leadership would be determinative in cases of divergence from American ideas. The presence of this great body of non-English speaking persons, clothed with political power and wielding also a goodly share of economic power, especially as manifested in consumption, tended in itself to generate a more amiable attitude and more moderate policies on the part of the dominant class.

For the Germans were a coherent, prosperous, and growing element in the city. They began coming in 1839, and during the succeeding decade the annual accretions waxed gradually larger. After the revolution of 1848 the tide of emigration, especially from the countries and provinces along the Rhine, was swollen to unprecedented proportions, Milwaukee and the whole state profiting largely therefrom. But, already before 1850 Milwaukee's streets, business places, and homes were so habituated to German speech, that most visitors unhesitatingly described it as a German city. "In the colony of Herman alone," wrote Carl de Haas in 1848, "among all the United States is the population so preponderantly German."[2] This writer also says, as do other chroniclers of his race, that not alone the speech of his country, but also the national habits and customs prevailed exceedingly in Milwaukee; that the Americans made many concessions to the Germanism of the environ-

[2] *Nordamerika, Wisconsin, Calumet. Winke für Auswanderer* (edition of 1849), 64.

ment—merchants, for example, learning the language themselves, or at least keeping clerks in their establishments who could speak it, in order to attract German trade.

The emigration which began in 1839 as a religious movement, a congregation of Old Lutherans fleeing the pressure of the illiberal policy of Prussia's king, was continued thereafter mainly from economic and social motives. An examination of the census schedules of 1850 for Milwaukee reveals its general character better than volumes of reminiscent testimony. The census shows that, among the 5958 Germans in the city, 1165 (if the count is accurate) were craftsmen. There were house carpenters, ship carpenters, smiths, wheelwrights, millwrights, cabinet makers, masons, plasterers, painters, brickmakers, tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, watchmakers, coppersmiths, silversmiths and goldsmiths, barbers, bakers, brewers, cigar makers, musicians, sailors, and many more. In contrast to the large number of craftsmen, those employed at common labor numbered only 461, while the aggregate of those who may be described as business men was 248. A total of 45 persons fall in the class of professional men. Many, even of the laborers, possessed some property, thus showing that they were of a substantial, home-making type. A good many of the craftsmen owned homes, some of the business men were possessed of real estate to an appreciable extent, and there were a very few capitalists whose properties were valued at from $20,000 to $50,000.

The significance to the city of having among the population so large a body of thoroughly trained and skilled artisans cannot readily be overstated. It toned up all building operations and enabled them to keep pace with the city's rapidly growing needs; it facilitated the establishment and expansion of industries depending upon a full supply of skilled labor; it gave the city a fine body of industrious, well paid residents as homemakers and citizens—at a time

when American artisans were very prone to seek land and raise farm produce. American business and industrial leaders in Milwaukee appreciated the German craftsmen who contributed largely to the prosperity of the city; and the same may be said of the common laborers.

The appearance of Germans with capital which sought investment in lines of business already pursued by Americans was no doubt less welcome, and to some it may have seemed like an intrusion. Generally, however, Germans began their business enterprises on so modest a scale, and built them up so gradually, that no serious economic dislocations could have been felt in consequence. In some cases the German business men merely undertook to meet demands created by the presence of their own people, which demands were not fully cared for by existing American enterprise. Perhaps no better illustration of this tendency can be found than the local tobacco trade. "Groceries," of course, carried the "plug tobacco" used so widely in those days by Americans of all classes, while drug stores handled cigars. But smoking was more nearly universal among European immigrants than among Americans. Germans accordingly set up tobacco shops, which usually included a department for the manufacture of cigars. The investments were all small, ranging from $50 to $4000, but the payroll was of some consequence to the city and the output considerable. It is believed that all firms of tobacconists or cigar manufacturers listed by the census takers in 1850 were Germans.

Another industry in which Germans were prominent in 1850 was tanning. This they did not monopolize, for several non-German tanners were operating at the same time. But G. Pfister and Company, Tanners, had an investment of $35,000 and, employing thirty-five men, manufactured an annual product valued at $45,000, while all other tanneries taken together had an aggregate investment of less than $7500.

In boot and shoe manufacturing one American firm was far in the lead.[3] Yet, on a smaller scale, German firms were participating in the business actively, while German craftsmen were an important element in the success of all shoe manufacturers. A similar statement will hold true in the department of brickmaking. A large number of Germans worked in the brickyards as experts, and several had small plants of their own. But the big brickyard of the city was not managed by Germans.[4] There was one single rope maker, who was a German, and also one glove and mitten manufacturer, who was also German. Both of these industries were small.

There remains the historically important Milwaukee industry of beer-brewing, popularly supposed to have been introduced by immigrants from Munich and other centers of beer manufacture in the fatherland. The census lists a total of ten establishments designated as breweries. Of these, seven were owned by Germans and three by non-Germans. The investments by the latter aggregated $27,000, those of the former $20,900. But the sum of the annual products of the German breweries was $41,062, while the aggregate product of the others was $32,425. The non-German brewery which had the largest investment was doing an annual business valued at less than the investment, while one of the German breweries having only $3000 invested reported a product valued at $18,000.[5]

When we consider mercantile lines as distinguished from the industrial, Germans were prominent in those which called for moderate investments. They had many small grocery stores scattered through the city, a number of meat markets, and of course a goodly proportion of liquor

[3] Bradley and Metcalf.

[4] It was managed by G. and J. Burnham, who had an investment of $10,000.

[5] This was John Braun's. Best and Company had the largest investment among the German brewers, $7400, but their output was only $11,250. Other German brewers were Weizt, Englehardt, Stolz and Schuder, H. Nunnemacher, and H. Beverung.

saloons. There were also several German clothing stores, confectioneries, and bakeries. That their business men expected to sell almost exclusively to Germans is indicated by the fact that for the most part they advertised only in the German language papers—the *Wisconsin Banner* and the *Volksfreund*,— not in the English papers. On the other hand, the American merchants, as we have already seen, catered to the German trade by providing German salesmen,[6] and they also advertised extensively in the German papers.

There were German taverns which did a thriving trade; the restaurants made the sojourner from Berlin feel at home; and the German beer gardens were the despair of the pious Yankee mothers of boys. So indispensable did German musicians become, that when the Sons of the Pilgrims banqueted, a brass band directed by a German bandmaster discoursed "martial as well as festive" music.

One other form of coöperation between Yankee and Teuton deserves to be mentioned—the employment of German girls in Yankee homes. This custom, testified to by German writers and indicated unmistakably by the census, was widespread. Such service was an immediate resource to the poorer immigrant families, and a boon to the American families as well. By that means numbers of future German homemakers came promptly into possession of the manners and customs of the Yankees, acquired their speech, and gained some insight into their distinctive views of life.

The least numerous of the special classes into which we have analyzed the German population of Milwaukee, in 1850, was the professional class. Yet it is not for that reason least important, for the little group of forty-five[7]

[6] If our count is correct, the 1850 census lists as "clerks" fifty-one Germans. Doubtless many of these were serving in American stores.

[7] Or thirty-six, if we omit the teachers, some of whom at least were probably not liberally educated.

persons contained most of the individuals whose views swayed public opinion among the 6000 Milwaukee Germans. Among them were two newspaper editors, each in charge of a German language paper. There were six lawyers, nine teachers, and eleven clergymen and preachers. Four of the preachers are described as German Lutheran, one was Evangelical, and one Methodist.[8] Two, Joseph Salzman and Franz Fusseden, were Catholic priests. One, F. W. Helfer, was called a "rationalist preacher." Two, John Mühlhauser and G. Klügel, were merely called preachers.

It is not strange that medicine, among all the professions, should have had the strongest representation. A physician, wherever trained, is equipped to practice anywhere, while a lawyer, clergyman, editor, or teacher is obliged to prepare for service by first fitting himself into the community he is to serve. German medical education was far superior to American at that time, and, in the western states at least, the supply of trained physicians was below the requirements. There were communities in Wisconsin where not one-fourth of the practitioners were graduates of medical schools or had honestly earned the title of "doctor."[9] This condition made a splendid opportunity for German physicians, who could hope to win the patronage of Americans as well as Germans. That the prospect was alluring to them is shown by the fact that Milwaukee at the census date in 1850 had seventeen German physicians, some of them already men of note in the community.

The Yankees and the Germans came into such close and intimate contacts in Milwaukee, that it is easier to study their normal attitudes there than in the outlying portions of the state. On the whole those relations, in the

[8] The Lutherans included a Fr. Lachner, C. Eisenmeyer, and Ludwig Dulitz; the Evangelical preacher was Christian Holl, and the Methodist, Christian Barth.

[9] The Western Medical Society of Wisconsin, representing the counties of Grant, Iowa, and Lafayette, reported in December, 1850, that out of sixty persons engaged in the practice of medicine in that area, only twelve were entitled to be called "doctor." *Daily Free Democrat*, January 8, 1850.

period terminating with the Civil War, appear to have been marked by mutual respect, if not active friendship. At all events, if there were differences causing ill will on one side or the other, these—so far as they were the outgrowth of the social, economic, or commercial interplay of the two groups—rarely became serious enough to be reflected in the public press. The prosperity of the city, providing usually full employment and adequate returns to all who wanted to work, made the bond between capitalist and employees satisfactory, and this solved one important aspect of the class problem. The absence of any decided public interest in the immigrant problem as affecting the city—other than politically—is a fact which obtrudes itself upon one who canvasses the Milwaukee papers, English and German, during the fourteen years which intervened between the first constitutional convention and the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency.

Yet, there are not wanting evidences that the two groups were quite distinct and that the Germans, as a foreign group, were sensitively class conscious. This is shown, for example, by the race appeals in their business advertisements. To call attention to one's nationality when offering services of a personal nature, like those of the physician, or the dentist, or even the druggist, is reasonable and correct. But there is no good ground for assuming that nationality makes a difference to the purchaser of lime. Why then the advertisement of a *Deutsche Kalk Haus* (German lime house), unless there was a feeling that the German dealer would be favored by German buyers simply because he was German? This is a typical example which goes to show the existence of a city within a city, a German Milwaukee which tended to live its own group life, for which, as already explained, it possessed, within itself, great facilities.

Occasionally some relatively minor happening threw this feeling of separateness into strong relief, as when, in 1850, a German scholar published in the Milwaukee papers of his language the story of his relations with the chancellor and board of regents of the University. He thought they had promised him a chair, but afterwards they made it plain that no contract had been closed with him. He may or may not have had cause of complaint. But what he professed to do was to lay the whole matter before the Germans of Wisconsin, in order that they might know how the board of regents "flouts the wishes of the German citizens," how it keeps its promises "to Germans," and how little it regards the rules of ordinary courtesy "in dealing with Germans."[10] No doubt the design was to bring political pressure to bear on the regents, but the device would not have been resorted to had not the recognized racial unity among the Germans rendered that a hopeful plan.

In a society like the present Milwaukee, where interracial marriages are a daily occurrence, and one is rarely conscious of race in cases of that kind, the condition of seventy years ago seems almost incomprehensible. For, a close scrutiny of the entire census record for Milwaukee in 1850 reveals that marriages between Germans and Americans of all derivations at that time were excessively rare. The aggregate number of such unions was twelve. But of marriages between Yankees and Germans I can provisionally identify only six, as follows: Margaret, twenty-six years of age, born in Germany, was the wife of John H. Butler, a livery-stable keeper, born in New York. Hiram Brooks, twenty-seven, born in New York, was married to Mary, twenty-three, born in Hesse Darmstadt. James Ridgeway, thirty, a cooper, native of New York, was married to Mary, born in Prussia. Abram Davis, twenty-five, a cooper, born

[10] "The University and the Germans," *Daily Wisconsin Banner*, August 23, 1850.

in New York, was married to C–, twenty-three, native of Bavaria. Joseph Stadter, thirty-three, physician, rated at $2000, who was born in Bavaria, was married to Sarah Ann, nineteen, born in New York (but a female who was a member of the family, and may have been this woman's mother, bore a German name). Finally, William Stamm, thirty-two, painter, native of Bremen, was married to Lucy, twenty-eight, a native of Massachusetts.

It is not possible to determine how many of the American born persons represented in the six cases may have belonged to German families, but doubtless some did. At all events, we can assert that in Milwaukee at that time, with its nearly 6000 Germans and nearly 4000 Yankees, not more than six cases can be found of marriages between them. No commentary is needed to establish the fact of the virtual segregation of the two great population groups.[11] If Chevalier, the French philosopher, was right in his conviction that "the Yankee is not a man of promiscuous society," it is equally true that the German at that time was excessively clannish. His clannishness was due, no doubt, to natural and inevitable causes, but the fact needs to be recognized by the student of history.

This disposition on the part of Germans to "hang together" was promptly discovered by American politicians and exploited for partisan and personal ends. The outstanding fact of the political history of the period under review is the attachment of the immigrant Germans to the Democratic party. That relation was all but absolute and universal during the 1840's, though a gradual change took place in the last half of the next decade. There was nothing mysterious about it. Germans found the country,

[11] The remaining cases of marriages between Germans and Americans were briefly as follows: A whitewasher, born in Pennsylvania, was married to a German woman; tailor, born "in U. S.," married to a German; a weaver, born in Germany, married to a woman born in Pennsylvania; a laborer, born in Ohio, married to a German woman; a stage driver, born in Ohio, married to a German woman; a minister (M. E.), native of Hanover, married to a woman born in Illinois.

on their arrival, living under a Democratic administration, to which they looked for favors and usually not in vain. The Democratic party was liberal in the bestowal of lands; it contended manfully against the principle of monopoly, especially in banking and other corporate activities; and it emphasized the doctrine of the equality of all men. The Germans, like the Irish and, in fact, all immigrants, were strongly attracted by the principles professed in Democratic platforms. The very word "democracy," had its winning appeal. "Democracy," wrote the editor of the *Banner* in 1850, "is a glorious word. There are few other words, in any language, which can be compared to it. To the poor man it is peculiarly precious since he is aware that he owes to it his escape from the serfdom in which his oppressors held him, and can now look up into heaven and thank his God that he has ceased to be a serf. Democracy knows no distinctions between man and man. She sets all upon the broad foundation of equality."[12]

The enormous prestige gained by the Democratic party under Jackson's leadership easily floated the administrations of Van Buren and Polk. But, as an influence toward captivating the foreign element in Wisconsin, no other Democratic principle had quite the efficacy of the liberal suffrage provision which the party in power adopted at the beginning of our history as a state.

In Michigan the makers of the state constitution had granted the voting privilege to all aliens who were *bona fide* residents and who had declared their intention to become citizens. That clause in her organic law drew the criticism of Whig members of Congress, but she was admitted to the union in spite of their opposition, and thus was established the principle that men might be voters without being citizens. When, in 1846, the territorial legislature of

[12] *Daily Wisconsin Banner*, August 1, 1850 (translation).

Wisconsin provided by law for the holding of a constitutional convention, a similar proviso was made to govern the election of delegates to the convention.

In Milwaukee County the Democrats nominated eight candidates for delegates. Dr. Franz Huebschmann was the sole German named. The *Wisconsin Banner*, while remarking that Germans constituting one-third of the population were to have but a single delegate, urged Germans to vote as one man for him. He was needed, said the editor, especially to contend for equality in the voting privilege, for which he had striven manfully during the past three years. In the neighbor county of Washington, Germans were urged to support two Irish candidates who favored equality of the voting privilege and whom the Whigs (so it was asserted) were trying to defeat by the same wiles they employed against Huebschmann. The moral of the *Banner* editorials was: "Don't trust the Whigs. They have always opposed the rights of the foreign born."[13] In preparation for the vote on delegates, Milwaukee Germans who had not declared their intention were given every direction for completing that formality, and the indications are that a large number of voters were newly made for the occasion.

Dr. Huebschmann, in the first convention, was a powerful advocate of equality, giving as the chief ground in favor of the principle that it would tend to bring Americans and foreigners into more harmonious relations with one another. "The more distinctions you make between them politically," he said, "the more you delay this great end [amalgamation], which is so essential to the future welfare of this state. And, in fact, I regard only one measure equally important as the political equality which I ask for, and that is a good common school system. . . . Political equality and good schools will make the people of Wisconsin an en-

[13] *Wisconsin Banner*, August 29, 1846.

lightened and happy people. They will make them one people."[14]

On the educational question Huebschmann found the Yankee majority of the convention eager to welcome his coöperation. On the subject of suffrage their unity was less complete. While party lines were not strictly drawn, the chief contenders for equality were leading Democrats and the chief opponents leading Whigs. But both conventions adopted the principle, the first not quite frankly, and with the admission of Wisconsin into the union all foreign born persons who had resided in the state one year prior to any election had the right to vote, provided they had declared their intention to become citizens of the United States.

The adoption of such a liberal suffrage provision in the teeth of the nativist movement which had affected all parts of the country more or less, was considered a great triumph of Democratic principles. And there is no doubt about the gratitude of adoptive citizens to the party which secured them the boon. To the Germans it seemed thenceforward a simple question of loyalty to support the Democratic party, through thick and thin, through good report and evil report. Inasmuch as the Democratic party also supported the Germans' views on the subject of temperance (prohibition), soon to become a burning issue,[15] and in their contest with the more serious manifestations of Know-Nothingism, which in this state reached its climax somewhat later, one almost wonders how any of the Germans were able to detach themselves from that party, despite its failure to represent them on the slavery and free-soil issues.

The temperance movement and nativism were the chief grounds of political contention between Germans and Yankees during this period. The first of these broke, in

[14] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xxvii, 235.
[15] See this magazine, vi, 395-398 (June, 1923).

1853-55, on the rock of German—which meant Democratic —opposition. For, although a referendum vote had gone in favor of the enactment of a "Maine Law," the Democratic legislature chosen at the same time refused to accept the result as mandatory, and did not pass the law. And when the first Republican legislature did pass such a law, in the early months of the year 1855, Barstow, the Democratic governor, vetoed the bill. Never thereafter did the temperance issue become as acute as it had been during the seven years immediately following statehood, but it is not strange that their record on that question was one of the standing arguments against Republicanism among the German voters.[16]

The Know-Nothing issue, which was supposed to be dying out at the time of the Wisconsin constitutional conventions, 1846–1848, revived after the Mexican War, figured prominently in the defeat of General Scott in 1852, and in this state as well as in some other states rose to dramatic and even tragic interest in 1855. Thereafter it declined, to pass away for the time being with the election of Lincoln and the engulfing of the nation in war.

But the Know-Nothingism of 1855 was regarded by the Democratic party as sinister because, as that party professed to believe, it had got itself incorporated as an important if not controlling element in the new Republican party. This the Republican leaders and organs denied with vigor, but it is true that the general council of the *American* party in this state urged the support of the Republican candidates and professed to have contributed 20,000 votes toward the election of Bashford. The Republicans had no objection to Know-Nothing votes, but they feared that the endorse-

[16] "Events teach us," said the *Banner und Volksfreund*, October 15, 1855 (in the thick of the bitter Barstow-Bashford campaign), "that the Shanghais (Republicans) despite their prating of antislavery, are further removed from actual human freedom than the slaveholders themselves. The occurrences of the past year, during which the Shanghais have been dominant in various state legislatures, have shown us that this party is the incubator of the temperance law." This line was followed vigorously through the campaign.

ment of their ticket by the Know-Nothings would cost them more foreign born votes than it would gain them nativists. It was tactically wise for the Democrats, and especially the German Democratic press, to keep the "Republican-Know-Nothing" idea before their people—and they made the best use of the opportunity.

"Temperance," after all, was regarded by the Germans as merely a manifestation of Puritan fanaticism, which must be opposed in the interest of personal liberty. Much as they disliked it, their opposition does not seem to have developed excessive bitterness against the believers in or practicers of temperance. But nativism, which demanded that the suffrage be limited to citizens; that naturalization be made more difficult; that in some departments, as in the army, natives be favored to the exclusion of the foreign born, this they felt to be a deliberate and vicious attack upon the rights of the foreign born as a class. The advocacy of these principles involved much discussion of the unfitness of foreigners, their ignorance, their sordidness, their "un-American" habits and customs, in one important respect their "anti-American" religion.

All of this inevitably roused a bitter, fighting resentment on the part of all foreigners, as it did among radical natives also, and it is well known that many parts of the country suffered in consequence from riots and other manifestations of a class war. In Wisconsin there was less overt hostility than in some states where the foreign elements were not so powerful.[17] The Know-Nothing party as such functioned seriously only in the one year 1855, and its propaganda was relatively mild-mannered.[18] Its chief objects of attack were the foreign born Catholics, which class included

[17] Note, for example, the Louisville, Kentucky, riots in which the Germans were driven from the city. The Wisconsin Democracy, in August, 1855, made that the excuse for a resolution refusing seats in the convention to men of Know-Nothing proclivities. See *Argus and Democrat* (Madison), August 29, 1855.

[18] See the *Milwaukee American*, 1855-1856, which was the party organ.

a majority of the Irish but only a fraction of the Germans, most of whom—probably—were either Lutheran or Reformed, with an appreciable number of non-churchmen or "free-thinkers."[19] Nevertheless, nativism, as entangled in the political psychology of this eventful year, had its full share in producing a tragedy in this state also.

It came in the form of a lynching, carried out with hideous barbarism by a body of the ruder Germans of Washington County, in August, 1855. It seems that a sickly, weak witted boy of nineteen, named George DeBar—a native of New York State—felt himself aggrieved by a German farmer and proposed to administer a beating. This he partly accomplished, at the farmer's home, but his victim fled into the field, where he found a hiding place. Meantime, DeBar ran amuck, and meeting the man's wife stabbed her severely but not fatally. He next pursued a fifteen-year-old boy, Paul Winderling, who was living with the farmer, attacked him with his pocketknife, and killed him. He then burned the farmer's cabin. DeBar afterwards solemnly assured his attorneys that the only part of the transaction he could remember was striking the farmer himself with a stone knotted in his handkerchief. The belief was widespread that he became unbalanced mentally at this point, which theory is really the simplest explanation of his horrible crime, committed without assignable motive.

Immediately on DeBar's arrest a plan was hatched to storm the jail, take him out, and hang him. The death penalty had been abolished at the instance, as many felt, of the Yankee sentimentalists, and the ignorance of some suggested that, since hanging was only justice in a case like this, and the state refused to execute a criminal, the people themselves had a right to take the matter into their own

[19] Those belonging to the Turner Society are generally classified as "free thinkers." The *Turner Zeitung*, national organ of the Society in 1855, was Republican in its politics, which probably influenced the result in Wisconsin.

hands. Unfortunately, a similar case had happened two weeks earlier at Janesville, in which the avenging crowd was made up of Americans.[20] It was suggested by some that DeBar was himself a Know-Nothing, or at least trained with the Know-Nothing element, and there were dire whispers about the trial judge, Charles H. Larrabee. Doubtless these rumors were altogether wild. The nineteen-year-old DeBar, practically *non compos mentis*, was of no possible political consequence, while Judge Larrabee at the time was as sound a Democrat as could be found.[21] But passions once fully aroused hurl reason from its throne, and so it was in this case. The rowdies gathered at a drinking place in West Bend, and decided on a lynching.

Judge Larrabee convened a special session of court, impaneled a grand jury, and having summoned two companies of militia—the Union Guards of Ozaukee County, a German company, and the Washington Guards, another German company, of Milwaukee—to come up for the protection of the prisoner, had him conveyed to the courthouse and examined. The grand jury brought in a true bill, charging murder in the first degree. To this the prisoner, on the advice of his attorneys, pleaded "not guilty." The multitude which had been permitted to press into the court room, despite the judge's instruction to the militia to limit the number to the seating capacity of the room, fairly raged when they found a trial would be required, and before the prisoner took many steps in the direction of the jail, they seized him and made way with him.

The severest censure was leveled against the militia companies and their leaders. All the American writers whose statements appear in the *Sentinel* charge that these companies fraternized with the lynching party, and practi-

[20] The Mayberry lynching. The lynchers were loggers from an up-river camp belonging to the murdered man.

[21] See his letter, MS, to Lyman Draper, August 28, 1855.

cally assert that they had an understanding by which the prisoner was to be given up to them. The captain of the Milwaukee company, who was a veteran of the Mexican War—though a German immigrant—insisted with vigor that his company did all it could to prevent the lynching. He did not speak for the Union Guards of Ozaukee. All witnesses agree that one of the Union Guard officers, Lieutenant Beger, performed his duty manfully and heroically, but the weight of the testimony condemns the companies as organizations, and especially their captains. It would seem that two companies of militia, if well led, ought to have been able with the butts of their guns to hold off a rabble of three hundred men, and no witness puts the number higher than that, while some declare the rush was made by not more than thirty-five men.

In the Milwaukee captain's statement, as in the statements of other German apologists for the militia, we come at once upon the political note. They could not expect the "Know-Nothing American writers" to tell the truth about the tragedy. In other words, they found in the politics of the time an opportunity to charge prejudice against Americans, and by that means to dodge the real issue. Two German writers of West Bend, one of them the undersheriff, bitterly denounced both the militia companies and the lynchers, and both more than hint that the passions which led to the lynching were partly religious. Here, undoubtedly, we come upon one of the signs of division among the Germans themselves. It is possible that these two Germans were politically opposed to the main body of their fellow-countrymen, for by this time a light minority had already been attracted away from the Democratic party. However, we do not know that this was true, and merely call attention to the several psychological attitudes which, from the testimony, we know the case disclosed.

Of greatest interest is the attitude of English and German language papers of Democratic and Republican proclivities. The *Sentinel* continued to admit contributions on the West Bend tragedy for approximately two weeks. It also published the results of an investigation made on the ground by one of its staff, and a petition to the governor, said to have been signed by 186 residents of Washington County, who asked for the disbandment of the two accused companies and the withdrawal of their officers' commissions. But the *Sentinel* does not appear to have tried by means of the incident to influence the political situation which was about to become superheated. At all events, what it published would all have been legitimate as news. On the other hand, the *Banner und Volksfreund*,[22] while condemning the lynching, made no demand for the punishment of the lynchers. It tried to exculpate the militia companies (accepting the Milwaukee captain's testimony as against all other evidence), and deliberately charged that the *Sentinel*, in publishing the above-mentioned petition, was playing for political advantage. This charge was absurd on its face, for the success of the new Republican movement which the *Sentinel* had espoused depended on its ability to detach Germans from the Democratic party, which assuredly could not be done by playing into the hands of the Know-Nothings, and the *Sentinel* did not hesitate to declare the Know-Nothing support a handicap to the party.

Both American and German testimony discloses the existence in Washington County of a strong German party of law and order. They deplored the lynching and urged the apprehension and trial of the ringleaders. They realized that the crime would put a stigma upon their race as well as upon the county and the state. But, as a matter of fact, although some of the lynchers were identified in the verdict

[22] In the year 1855 the *Wisconsin Banner* and the *Volksfreund* were united and became the *Wisconsin Banner und Volksfreund*.

of the coroner's jury, it must be recorded that no earnest effort was made to punish them.[23] Nor was any step of an official character taken (so far as I have been able to find) to determine the guilt or innocence of the militia companies and their officers. In fact, the Democratic press of the state, evidently fearful of sacrificing some German Democratic votes, which that year were all needed, deliberately tried to darken council by confounding this case in principle not only with the Mayberry case, which it resembled, but also with another of an entirely different nature, to which we must give passing attention.

In the previous year, 1854, occurred at Milwaukee the famous Glover rescue. Glover was a runaway slave who had been apprehended by his self-styled owner, brutally man-handled, and confined in the Milwaukee County jail for safekeeping. Sherman M. Booth, editor of the *Daily Free Democrat*, one of the founders of the Republican party, a vigorous free-soil and antislavery partisan, and the man in the state who was perhaps most feared and hated by the Democracy, had argued hotly for the protection of Glover's rights against the man claiming him under the "unconstitutional" compromise law of 1850. Booth called a public meeting at the courthouse for the purpose, as he claimed, of concerting measures for helping Glover without the use of force. But the upshot was a rescue party which battered down the door of the jail, took Glover out, and by various shifts and transfers on the underground railway, carried him to Canada and freedom. Booth was then made to suffer for all that had been done; he was tried in the federal court, convicted, fined, and given a jail sentence.

[23] "Fifteen participators in the lynching affair were indicted and tried for the murder of DeBar in May, 1856. They were acquitted, as the testimony did not sustain the allegation that 'he came to his death by hanging,' *there being a reasonable doubt as to his being alive when he was hung the last time.*" *History of Washington and Ozaukee Counties* (1881), 358. Editor's italics.

We cannot go into the details of the Booth case, a *cause célèbre* in ante-Civil War political history. But the Democratic papers, after the DeBar lynching, ostentatiously bemoaned the fact that due to recent events "neither national nor state laws" could hereafter be enforced in Wisconsin. The beginning of the trouble was the setting at naught of the national law for the rendition of slaves, in which the arch Republican Booth was ringleader. The Mayberry lynching and the DeBar lynching followed in natural sequence. These editors did not choose to analyze the difference between the Glover case and the others—the fact that the one was a rescue performed at their own risk by philanthropic men, the others brutal killings committed by men crazed with the lust of blood vengeance. In other words, the Democratic press, including those papers printed in the German language, attempted the impossible feat of arranging in the same straight line the "higher law" and the lower law.

Of course, the Republican press retorted handsomely, and probably with considerable political effect, that if the apologists for mob law in Kansas were "in favor of the execution of the fugitive slave act in Wisconsin" they would like their avowal to that effect.[24] It is well known that during the 1855 campaign, as in the previous year, a good many Germans were converted from their old-time Democratic allegiance.[25] But both parties were too intent on their immediate political objects to risk pressing for an investigation of the West Bend tragedy, which might have alienated a large section of the German vote in three German counties.

[24] See a brilliant editorial by Colonel David Atwood, in the *Daily State Journal* at Madison, for August 13, 1855.

[25] See the article in *Banner und Volksfreund*, July 28, 1855, entitled "The So-Called Republicans:" "We encounter in the *Watertown Anzeiger* the following appropriate article concerning the so-called Republican (vulgarly Shanghai) party, by which so many Germans were duped at the last election and which expects to repeat the same swindling tactics in the approaching election." (Translation). The election of Coles Bashford as governor was due in part to German votes.

It is not impossible that politics was responsible for the severity of the onslaught upon the militia companies, since the nativist propaganda for an exclusively American militia would be quick to seize upon such an opportunity, and it is not to be supposed that the politics of the case was all on one side. Yet, unless the governor was in possession of facts which were withheld from the public, the least that could be said against the companies is that they exhibited criminal inefficiency. From this distance, it looks as if politics affected the Republican attitude as well as the Democratic; as if crime was condoned in the interest of party success, since one party was intent on holding its former German adherents and the other was determined to take as many of them as possible into the opposition camp.

Whether or not the incident leaves the stain of blood on the path of Wisconsin politics, it marks the nearest approach to a race war between Germans and Americans which this general period affords. And by Americans we practically mean Yankees. For it was a truth which the German press sensed instinctively, that the Republican party—made up of "shreds and patches," as was said,—embracing prohibitionists, abolitionists, free-soilers, nativists, and Whigs, was dominated by the "Puritan" element.[26] A glance at the history of its origin in Wisconsin will at least convince the reader of its Yankee paternity.[27]

However, the Republican party changed radically in character during the next few years, and as the German population came to be distributed between it and the Democratic party, a healthier social tone was the result. The

[26] "The temperance swindle," says *Banner und Volksfreund*, October 16, 1855, "is an outflow of Puritan bigotry and comports with other of their pious pretensions, for example, such a rigorous observance of the Sabbath as will reduce all sociability to the condition of a Puritan graveyard. For this sort of thing, also, is the Republican party the fruitful soil. The Know-Nothings harmonize, in these matters, with the Republicans."

[27] Success was to render it practically as cosmopolitan as a protracted career of triumphs had long since rendered the Democratic party.

political campaign of 1856, when Frémont was candidate for the presidency, was conducted with such enthusiasm by Wisconsin Republicans, as to make serious inroads on the Democratic German vote. A number of prominent German leaders took the stump for Frémont, speaking in the German language to German audiences with telling effect. Thereafter, in successive state campaigns and in the presidential canvass of 1860, the Germans of Wisconsin were electrified by the compelling oratory of their greatest campaigner, Carl Schurz, to whom the success of the Lincoln ticket, both in Wisconsin and other western states harboring many Germans, was largely due. Such participation was doing much to justify the prophecy of Dr. Huebschmann—that political equality would help to make the people of Wisconsin "one people."

THE JOHN JAY ORTON PAPERS

JOHN G. GREGORY

When John Jay Orton came to Wisconsin, in 1850, it was with no definite purpose, apparently, but that of paying a visit to his brothers Harlow and Myron, who then were located at Milwaukee. Thirty-eight years of age, a man of boundless energy and resolution, fine education, much experience, and good character, with friends at the East—some of them men of considerable means, who trusted his judgment—he commanded resources far beyond the average. In the directions of merchandising and realty development he saw opportunities which attracted him. Therefore he decided to remain.

Mr. Orton was born on the twenty-fifth of April, 1812, a native of Brookfield, Madison County, New York. His father, a physician, had been one of the pioneer settlers of a remote portion of the Holland Purchase, in Niagara County, New York, to which region he removed when this son was barely five years of age. The boy was brought up on the farm, going to the district school in winter till he was eleven, and then becoming clerk and general helper in a dry goods and drug store at Albion, Orleans County, in which he was admitted to partnership at eighteen. Partially fitting himself for college while thus engaged, he finished his preparatory studies at Middlebury, Vermont, and then entered upon the classical course at Yale. His mind having a practical bent, he took chemistry under the elder Silliman, and retained an interest in that science till the end of his life. He also went in for political economy, particularly in connection with the theory and history of protective tariffs. The panic of 1837 had swept away

his savings, and to support himself while reading law, which he began after being graduated from Yale with honors, he kept books for the bank at Orleans. In 1847 he was admitted to practice in the old Supreme Court of New York, but instead of devoting himself to the profession of Coke and Blackstone, he engaged in the lumbering business at Albany and Buffalo, his principal being a well-known New York state capitalist, Isaac Sherman. For a time he was interested in a flouring mill. At this point in his career he journeyed West.

Prosperity seemed to attend everything he touched, in the initial stage of his identification with Milwaukee. Among other purchases of real estate for investment, he bought a tract of land at Humboldt, on the Milwaukee River, four miles north of the city, commanding a water power. Here he operated a flouring mill, and made a long-term lease of part of the property, with water privilege, to Josiah A. Noonan, an active figure in the early history of Milwaukee, who had been a printer, a publisher of newspapers, and postmaster, and now was engaged in the manufacture of paper. Noonan and Orton seem to have agreed for a time, looking forward to the building up at Humboldt of large manufactures and a thriving village containing the homes of the operatives. But before long they quarreled regarding the volume of water that passed through the flume, Noonan refusing to pay his rent and even claiming damages because of an allegedly insufficient supply. A lawsuit was begun, and this led to others. Soon the resulting suits were innumerable. They continued for many years, becoming a byword, like the famous proceedings of Jarndyce against Jarndyce. No fewer than twenty-six of them were carried to the state supreme court. Summarizing their history, toward the end of his life, Mr. Orton observed: "When I first came to Milwaukee I went into business. In 1851 and 1852 I made some money. Then I got into litiga-

tion with Noonan, which lasted till he went bankrupt, broke down and died in the madhouse—say about thirty years. From 1853 I was a lawyer *ex necessitate*, in self-defense. Sixty-five lawyers were employed in a long guerrilla fight against me. I never was overthrown."

The contest engendered extreme bitterness on both sides, in which more than one member of the bar employed as counsel, as well as individuals having business relations with the principals, became involved. Orton was attacked by one of Noonan's employees, who was arrested and prosecuted for assault with intent to kill, but finally was acquitted. The dam at Humboldt was washed out by a freshet, and was not rebuilt. At the height of the litigation the flour mill and the paper mill were destroyed by fire, and each side charged the other with arson, but these damaging allegations remained to the end without substantiation. At different times Mr. Orton was in partnership with James B. Cross, with his brother Harlow, with E. G. Ryan, and with D. B. Frankenburger. E. G. Ryan and Harlow S. Orton rose to the chief justiceship of the state supreme court. D. B. Frankenburger for many years was head of the department of oratory in the University of Wisconsin.

In addition to the business in the courts forced upon him by his controversy with Noonan, Mr. Orton found time for an extensive and varied general practice, his dynamic character continuing to enrage enemies and enkindle the enthusiasm of friends. In 1878, after a long-standing dispute growing out of a gambling transaction, Russell Wheeler shot and killed Theodore Henderer, in the barroom of the Newhall House. At Wheeler's trial for murder Orton appeared in his behalf, and secured his acquittal on the ground of self-defense. Prior to this, Wheeler had brought suit against an insurance company and its representatives in Milwaukee, to recover money alleged to be due him in connection with the surrender of a policy

on his life. In this suit also Orton had been his attorney and had won the case. Meanwhile Orton on several occasions had advanced money to Wheeler. To repay these advances and to compensate himself for his legal services covering a long period of years, Orton, his client not objecting at first, retained the proceeds of the judgment. Some months later, however, Wheeler protested, asserting that there had been no talk of pay for Orton's legal services at the time they were rendered, and eventually he brought suit against Orton to compel a refunding; but when the matter came to trial the decision was in favor of Orton. Thereupon followed one of the most remarkable proceedings in the history of the Milwaukee bar. In his answer to Wheeler's complaint, Orton had recited his services to the plaintiff, stating in the course of the narrative that before the encounter in which Henderer was killed he had explained the law to his client. This was interpreted by Orton's opponents as a confession that he had instructed Wheeler how he could kill a man legally, and that Wheeler, acting on this instruction, had gone forth prepared to slay under such circumstances as would leave him technically immune from punishment. On this theory, an order disbarring Orton was procured from Judge David W. Small of the circuit court. But this was not the end, for on application to the supreme court the action of the lower court was reviewed and Orton was reinstated.

Although he was successful in much important litigation, the fees that Mr. Orton secured for his legal services were often trivial in comparison with what equally able and efficacious exertions in the same field would command today. Yet when he died, on the twenty-fourth of January, 1885, he died rich. The protracted litigation between Noonan and Orton had not only hampered industrial development at Humboldt, but cast a pall on the vicinity. Instead of deriving growing income from his lands on the Milwaukee

River, their owner at times was driven to the necessity of going into debt to procure the wherewithal to make payments of interest and taxes. With characteristic doggedness, however, he held on. In 1876 the Milwaukee Cement Company was organized, and soon established a flourishing business in the manufacture of hydraulic cement from rock of the Niagara limestone formation, which was plentiful in the vicinity, but overlaid by four feet or more of soil, expensive to remove. At length it was discovered that the same rock composed the bed of the Milwaukee River on the winding reaches through the Orton property. Naturally followed the calculation that there would be great economy in diverting the channel of the river and taking up the raw material of cement which had been laid bare by the action of the stream. The Orton property was leased, at round figures, for the purpose of using it in the manner described. The value of the estate inherited by Mr. Orton's widow and two daughters was estimated at between a quarter- and a half-million dollars.

It is the habit of many people to destroy correspondence almost as soon as it is received, but letters which came into the hands of Mr. Orton during the period of his residence in Milwaukee usually were carefully endorsed with the date of their arrival, and filed. These, together with a mass of printed and manuscript matter relating to litigation in which he bore a part, were found not long ago and sent to the State Historical Society by Curator Howard Greene. The bulk of the correspondence proved to be of evanescent interest, dealing with the immediately personal concerns of people long since passed away. Purely private letters, likely to be of no value in genealogical or historical research, were discarded, as were also papers pertaining to lawsuits whose history is accessible in the records of the courts. But here and there, in every rubbish heap of the past, careful sifting discloses something which rewards

labor—and from the Orton correspondence there is a residuum that may contain messages for posterity. Every scrap possessed of potential value has been saved, to be classified, indexed, and preserved for use when it shall be needed in the future.

SOME ORTON PAPERS

Of the old Milwaukee and Rock River Canal, which played an important part in the early development of Milwaukee, there are extant printed histories asserting that the canal never was used for the purpose of transportation, with a view to which it was built, and with a view to which Congress made a grant of land for its construction. One of the papers in the Orton collection is a chattel mortgage, issued during the period of the Civil War, which indicates that this assertion is erroneous. The document bears date of June 22, 1864, and sets forth that in consideration of the sum of one thousand dollars to him in hand paid by John J. Orton, the maker of the instrument grants, bargains, assigns, etc., to the said Orton "one scow boat, with the engine, machinery, wheels, et al., now lying in the canal or river between Milwaukee and the village of Humboldt; also one frame building or shed, situated on the bank of the canal, near Curtis' mill, in the city of Milwaukee; also all the flour, shorts, grain and feed, flour barrels, and all the stock of every description now at the Humboldt mills at Humboldt or on the scowboat aforesaid, to have and to hold the same forever, provided, and these presents are upon this express condition, that if the said Gale shall pay the said John J. Orton any and all sums of money due him for rent of water at the said mill, or any balance due on notes or mtge. or [illegible] from either Hunn & Gale or said Gale, to said Orton, then this transfer and these presents to be void and of no effect. But in case of the non-payment of the said sum of money or any part thereof, at the time

due, the said Orton shall have full power to take possession of said property above described, and sell the same at public or private sale, after giving ten days' notice of the time and place of such sale, and to apply the avails of said property to the payment of said indebtedness aforesaid, returning the residue to said Gale, after paying all reasonable costs and charges. And in case the said Orton shall at any time deem [his interest] insecure, it shall be lawful for him to take possession of said property, and sell the same at public or private sale as aforesaid." This chattel mortgage bears the signature of Charles A. Gale, and fifty cents' worth of internal revenue stamps, duly canceled in pen and ink with the initials "C. A. G." and the date, are affixed to the margin. Memoranda on the back of the instrument indicate that it was recorded on the day following its execution and that a sale was held on the sixth of July (year omitted) at 9 A.M.

People interested in the history of finance will enjoy the following from Isaac Sherman, New York, to John J. Orton, Milwaukee, written under date of June 8, 1862:

> Yours of the first instant has been received. Mr. D. and I arrived at our conclusion taking into consideration your interests. We have only the kindest feeling toward you, and we have no disposition to foreclosure at present if you can pay the interest and keep the taxes paid, or even if you can pay the taxes and give undoubted additional security for the interest. Your letters indicate that you can begin to pay part of the interest. I will consult Mr. D. and endeavour to induce him to commence no foreclosure without further intimation from him. Your letter has the tone of a man that can take care of himself, and I feel confident that you can work through without the government issuing any more rags as a currency. One reason why I want my pay now is the fear I entertain that the government may further expand the currency. If five hundred or a thousand millions of government legal tender notes should be issued I should not receive thirty cents on a dollar for my claim if paid. I have made up my mind to let no man owe me during these times. For the past fourteen years I have been out of debt and have had sums due me, but now I have resolved to get into debt. You do not know how fortunate you are in being in debt. It is a godsend to you. "Government is debt, and rag currency is its prophet." I cannot afford to let any

person owe me when every man has his hat full of legal tender notes. If something substantial, like cobble stones, were made a legal tender I should know what would be paid to me. You do not seem to see the logic of your letter. It is from me that the wail of distress should come. It is my ox that is to be gored. If government does as you desire, you will attempt to pay me in a gas, a vapor, or something more etherial. I have been recently at Washington and have consulted with parties in the Treasury Department, and I have come to the conclusion that there will be a further inflation of the currency unless the American Bank Note Company fail and the other engravers of the country die. I am desperately opposed to these government issues, but I do not mean to lose money by such issues. I think when I try I can run in debt about as fast as my neighbors, and I intend to enter the field early.

February 3, 1865, Mr. Sherman wrote as follows:

I think it is about time that I should remind you that peace is coming, and that it is important to you that you now pay your mortgage, before a resumption of specie payments. Are you ready for the great crash which will surely come when the banks all fail and when even one hundred millions of dollars of legal tender notes are withdrawn? You must pay now, and you will find hereafter that I am doing you a service to press you for payment at this time. This is "the last call," as the auctioneers say.

In the following May Mr. Orton paid his creditor $500 on account, and received the following characteristic acknowledgment:

I cannot too strongly impress upon you the necessity of paying the full amount of your mortgage. I have lost recently enormously and I feel certain that you will lose more to remain in debt than you will if you sell at a sacrifice and meet your obligations now. When can you pay the balance?

In December of the same year Mr. Sherman wrote:

You must not expect to be able to induce me to take less than $2,000 and interest from January 1, 1866, and even on those terms you must pay the whole before spring. It is as certain as fate that the currency will be materially contracted in the ensuing year, and if you do not get out of debt soon you will be overtaken by the storm. You must act now.

Mr. Orton's transactions with Mr. Sherman seem to have been concluded in the spring of 1867, as there is no correspondence that passed between them after that date.

One of the letters from D. B. Frankenburger to Mr. Orton, bearing date of Madison, September 30, 1878, and referring to law cases in which Orton and Frankenburger had been interested during their partnership, contains the following postscript:

> Guiteau has been out here lecturing. Talked to abt a dozen, and skipped the town leaving his creditors looking sad. He did not call to see me.

This was the same Guiteau who less than three years thereafter assassinated President Garfield.

A letter headed "Register's Office, Milwaukee, March 12, 1855," addressed to "Friend Butler," probably Ammi R. R. Butler, and signed by Daniel Shaw, begins with a business matter, but goes on to touch upon politics as follows:

> I am very glad to hear friend Hyer is about to resume the pen in Watertown. I have been in business with him long enough to know that he is a true man. We differ somewhat as to national questions, but agree as to the Barstow faction *in toto*. I regard them as a set of men whose official peculations have been of such a character as to shut them out forever from the companionship of decent men, and this Legislature, although they have not always been discreet as to the subjects requiring investigation and the manner of conducting it, have tended in the main to convince the public of their rascalities, and, I hear, will tend still further in that direction before the session closes. Give Hyer my respects and best wishes for his success.

There is a draft of a letter written by Mr. Orton to Governor Salomon, August 13, 1862, as follows:

> In the present crisis it becomes every patriot to stand by his country, and the great need is men. You know me, and I know you, and when you want a man you will know where to find me. I am ready in this emergency to take arms for my country.

At times Mr. Orton took a working part in politics. This seems to have been the case in 1868, when he was made chairman of the committee to collect funds for the expenses of a Republican canvass of the Fourth Ward for the spring election. The other members of the committee were S. D.

Blanchard and Edwin Hyde. John Plankinton headed the list of contributors, followed by John Pritzlaff. Among those who contributed were Cassius Fairchild, Layton and Company, H. H. Camp, and E. D. Holton. The original list was preserved by Mr. Orton, as was also another made later in the year, when he was chairman of a committee to solicit funds for a meeting at Music Hall (afterwards the Academy of Music) to ratify the work of the Republican national convention at Chicago. This was the year of General Grant's first nomination for the presidency. Milwaukee city at that time usually voted Democratic by a considerable majority, but old residents remember the ratification meeting as a great success. In the Hayes and Wheeler campaign, during the fall of 1876, Mr. Orton went on the stump for the Republican ticket. Two letters from Judge E. W. Keyes of Madison, at that time chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and one from Senator Angus Cameron, inviting Mr. Orton to extend his speaking campaign to La Crosse, are souvenirs of that campaign to be found in the correspondence. There are also letters from Congressmen C. C. Washburn and Amasa Cobb referring to the distribution of federal patronage. In the spring of 1877 the Republicans of Milwaukee County, in convention assembled, ignored the precedent of non-partisan judicial elections and made nominations for the judgeships of the county and the municipal courts. For the county court their nominee was Wilson Graham. The members of the bar in general had signed a call upon the then incumbent of the office, Judge J. E. Mann. As Republican candidate for the judgeship of the municipal court the convention nominated Mr. Orton, who was called upon for a speech. He responded to the effect that the honor was one he had not sought, but that he was in the hands of the convention, and, while expecting nothing, would run in the interest of the great change that was to come. But

the same evening he wrote a note addressed to the voters of Milwaukee County, declining the nomination, and assigning as his reason the assurance that there would be no nomination against Wilson Graham. A very interesting letter, which Mr. Orton preserved, came to him that evening from Casper M. Sanger, who held the office of sheriff and at the time was regarded as the strongest working member of the party in the county. The Sanger letter is as follows:

> FRIEND JOHN J. ORTON: I have been waiting to see you since 7 o'clock, and I have very carefully thought over our ticket since the time it was nominated, and talked with several Democrats and Republicans; and my honest conclusion is this: if we want to be successful, you must withdraw and leave the field clear for Mallory. By so doing, we can get a great many Democrats to support the ticket, and very respectable ones at that. I regret I could not see you, as I could explain more fully to you my ideas of how this would affect our cause. I hope you and the bearer will come to this conclusion, and get it into the morning papers.

In the morning papers Mr. Orton's declination appeared, and at the election, which quickly followed, Judge Mallory, running for reëlection without opposition, received upward of ten thousand votes, the vote on the county judgeship being divided as follows: Graham, 4182; Mann, 7359. Both Mallory and Mann were Democrats, but the action of the voters, as thus recorded, was attributed to disapproval of partisan contests in judicial elections. Notwithstanding this, however, the large vote cast for Judge Mallory no doubt contributed in no small measure to his selection by his party to head its state ticket at the fall election that year, when the Republican candidate for governor was William E. Smith. There was a very lively canvass, at the end of which Judge Mallory, as candidate for governor, was defeated.

CIVIL WAR SIDELIGHTS

The following, dated Madison, April 29, 1861, shows the sentiment of a sincere, patriotic American, not by any means a "Doughface," when the country was trembling

on the verge of civil war but had not yet taken the final plunge, and when the character of Abraham Lincoln had not become known to the people:

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: As soon as I received your alarming letter of the 19th I requested a gentleman of this city who was going to Milwaukee to call on you and state how I stood in relation to the war. He may have omitted to do it.

First, then, I am for standing by the old flag, obedient to all orders of the Government, in war or peace.

Second, I most fully and totally and emphatically disapprove of the course that *seems* to be indicated by the Administration, to fight the South. I say *seems*, for only God and Lincoln know what he does intend to do; for he says to Virginia he intends to take back the forts, etc., and he says to Maryland he only intends to defend Washington. These catch phrases, "enforcement of the laws," "punishing treason," "possessing the forts and places," are merely the flippant and meaningless use of words. It is war, war, war, and nothing but war, upon fourteen sovereign states of the Union of 8,000,000 of people, by the other twenty states, of 20,000,000 of people—civil war, an internecine war, the arms of the Government turned in upon its own vitals. This means general anarchy and ruin—as I read history. This will destroy all hope of Union *forever*, and probably result in destroying all Government, *North* and South.

This I am opposed to—but still, if Government so orders, I will obey, as a good citizen—"My Country, right or wrong,"—but I shall not *volunteer* to go just *now*. The Administration is evidently feeble, vacillating and incompetent to cope with the times, and we shall find it so. It has already *raised* a storm it cannot control.

I shall go on the even tenor of my way, attending to my own business, and watch and pray.

Business is to be prostrated, and property is to be depreciated, and the whole country to be in stagnation, and people are to hold their breath and look on in terror while we drift on to ruin. I can see nothing else. Two-thirds of the excitement today in the Northern states is hostility to the South, and to slavery—and the object of many is not to save the Government and the Union, but to abolish slavery—and into this whirlpool all are to be drawn or forced by the reign of terror.

Yours in despair,

H. S. ORTON.

By the time the war ended, Judge Orton's opinion of President Lincoln had matured. Here is what he wrote to his brother on the twenty-first of April, 1865, when he had just returned to Madison, after a brief visit to Green Bay:

I arrived home on Saturday last, and of course found the whole country in mourning for the awful and to be deplored assassination

of the President—the most horrible and damnable act in history. He had grown into the esteem of the whole country, and now *all*, without party distinction, may well mourn his loss. Our joy was suddenly turned into mourning, and the voice of joy and thanksgiving merged into woe and lamentation. We must hope for the best in President Johnson, but I can but think it will take the country a long time to recover that buoyant hope for the future so suddenly lost in the death of Mr. Lincoln; and it is certain that, out of this country, our national credit will suffer for a long time.

There was a branch of the Orton family in the South. Following is a letter from Cyrus Marsh to "Cousin John Orton," written from Natchez, May 20, 1864:

I have become acquainted with a Mr. Lockwood, who says he is from Milwaukee and is an acquaintance of yours. I hardly know what to write about. We at Natchez are under U. S. military rule, and at present the rule is very strict. No permits to pass out of the lines, which heretofore have been generally granted without much questioning. Permits to take out of the lines articles in common use are now entirely forbidden. How long this state of things will last I don't know. The people begin to feel the effects of a great war. Many are entirely ruined. I am nearly on my last legs; and, being old—65 years—I cannot think of beginning the world on another base.

If the South is conquered and slavery abolished, then prosperity is gone. The country never can prosper on the labor of free whites or freed slaves. Recollect my prediction. It will be like all other countries where slaves have been emancipated—like Jamaica, San Domingo and Hayti.

The sugar crop will not be more than 1-10th of the usual amount, owing in part to want of seed, caused by the unusually cold winter that froze and killed most of the cane plant and seed, or rattoon cane. Sugar here, right in the sugar region, is now selling at 25 to 30c. There will be but little cotton raised. Most of the lessees have been disturbed in their locations, and nearly all will be, by the Confederate scouts and cavalry, who are making raids all through the country. I would give little to a lessee of a plantation for his chance of making a crop. Our city is pretty well filled up with adventurers from the north. There are many trade stores in the city, many of them have done a large business, and sold goods at very high prices; but I think, from the late stringent orders, their prosperous times are over. Rents since January have run up to be very high, both as to stores and dwellings. We have had two large fires lately, the first destroying five stores and the last, seven or eight, with dwellings. The stores were all trade stores of the Yankees, and their loss was very heavy. We live in dread of fire. Every day and night we think of being burnt out. It is supposed the fires are caused by incendiaries, whose object is robbery. At every fire stealing is carried on in a high-handed way. It appears to me that nearly all have become demoralized. There are robberies almost every day and night. Nothing

appears to be safe. So far, at my residence in the city I have not been disturbed or robbed; but I live now in fear of fire, all day and night.

I have lost and been injured very considerably by the war. A plantation in partnership with my nephew, B. Pendleton, worth—slaves and plantation—$100,000; our slaves, thirty-five in number, abandoned us or were taken off. Twenty are already dead—after they got their freedom. Our gin and mill were burned and our crop and stock—cattle—were stolen. The place now is in complete desolation—abandoned. I have a place back in the country, out of the Federal lines—on which nothing has been disturbed so far, but which has paid no income for the last two years, while entailing an expense of over $7,000 to keep it up. Nothing can be brought in from the place—the Confederates won't allow it. I have about 200 bales of cotton on the place, which, if I could get it in and sell it, at present prices, would bring quite a handsome sum. But I fear everything I have will go some way or other. This war is a terrible war. The people generally of the South had but little to do with bringing it about. It was all done by political demagogues. The people are heartily sick and tired of the war, and will be glad enough when it is over. . . .

No other letters from Cyrus Marsh, but, under date of August 15, 1866, a long letter from "Cyrus Marsh 2d," Modena Plantation, Franklin County, Mississippi, who says:

The undersigned is the son of Rufus Marsh of Sangerfield, Oneida County, New York. I remember when you were at Yale College. Then you occasionally visited at my father's. My brother Myron was named by your brother Myron. I lost my brother Myron in 1860. He died in Natchez. It is now fifteen years since I left New York state, and most of the time I have lived in Mississippi. Before the war I resided in Natchez, and was doing a good business. During the war I was in the Confederacy, and at that time traded for the plantation where I am now living. I am trying planting this year with freedmen; but my prospects are not flattering, nor are my neighbors', and as far as my knowledge extends planting will be a failure as a general thing in the South. One-half of the planters will sink money this year. Some men on the Mississippi river and in favorable localities, that had the means to monopolize not only good lands but hands, will do well; but many were not able to get hands, and their plantations are going to waste. We have not half labor enough. One-fourth of the negro population were destroyed by the war. In the little city of Natchez over 18,000 died in a little over two years, from its occupation by Federal troops up to the surrender, and at the present time between one and two thousand blacks are in Natchez, without the visible means of support, crowded into huts, living from hand to mouth on little jobs, etc. Before, they were in the country, making corn and cattle—producers; and now, alas, they are consumers. Consequently wages in the country are too high, owing to competition (between employers). Last year, after the surrender, 3,000,000 bales of cotton came forward, and a large trade was done; but

this year 1,000,000 bales will cover the amount of cotton raised; so the prosperity of the South must be greatly diminished. What we want is laborers. Negro labor will not develop the resources of this country. Not one-half of the lands are in cultivation, and next year it will be worse. Thousands will perish this year in the cities, and the country darkies will rush in to take their places. The niggers do not want steady employment. All they care for is to eke out a precarious living—anything but work. In our cities there is a class of negroes that drive drays and hacks, and are porters in stores, that get big wages, and present a better appearance, and are the swell-head class, and dress very well, spending all in living and dress; but in the country they are trifling indeed. The negro in no country has ever advanced in civilization, but on the contrary goes back to barbarism and dies out.

Could we but get rid of the Freedmen's Bureau and make such laws as would give us reliable labor, it would benefit both white and black. "There is no existence without labor," and the negro will not work without some sort of compulsion. The freeing of the blacks will be felt over the entire country, north and south, and end in the extermination of the black race, and a burden upon the whites as long as this government stands, unless repudiated.

But I do not wish to discuss this question, "Slavery vs. Freedom." What I wish is to show that without labor our country in the south must become a wilderness again, and Freedmen will not give us the labor we need. Our eyes turn to the north for laborers. Your hardy, honest Germans are what we need to make this country blossom as the rose. The world must have our cotton, and for years it must remain at a high figure that will make it profitable to produce cotton. The hills of Mississippi are more healthy than the prairies of the west—less of chills and fever, less of all diseases. Our heat is not as great, but of longer duration. With an experience of nearly fifteen years, I know that as good health exists here as in New York. I would like to get some German families to work my plantation. I would build them new and comfortable houses, furnish lands, team, implements, etc., bear one-half of plantation expenses and give one-half the crops of all kinds raised. I would enter into an arrangement of this kind for three, four or five years; at the end of this time they would be able to buy lands and places of their own. Laboring men could make twice and perhaps three times as much here as in the west. In Texas the Germans have done well, and enjoy as good health as the creoles of the country. I would be pleased to hear from you and learn your ideas of the practicability of obtaining white labor from the west. If there is no cholera on the river, laborers could come south on the 1st of November with safety.

From the same correspondent, in November, 1866, came the following:

Your kind letter came to hand a few days since. I am under many obligations for the account of your experience in working German laborers. I was not entirely ignorant of their characteristics, having

been among the Germans in several of the northern states. While in 1858 I traveled across the great state of Texas on horseback, viewing the country and its inhabitants at my leisure, I passed through several German settlements, one, in particular, in latitude 29, at least two and a half degrees south of Natchez, where the Germans were engaged in raising corn, wheat, cotton and cattle. All were thrifty, and the best peasantry I ever saw, making good citizens and developing the resources of the country where they live. There seem to be a sobriety and industry among rural Germans found among no other class of laborers in the world.

There is a false view gone forth to the world about slaves and slaveholders. The former, as a general rule, were the best treated and cared-for servants in the world, and their tasks were lighter than those of any other laboring people I ever saw. It has been thought that no one could labor in the sun to raise cotton and sugar but negroes; yet I have seen poor white men in the interior of the state, on poor lands, that would make from six to ten bales of cotton a year, and from 200 to 500 bushels of corn. The rich settled on the good lands, with large forces, seldom made 10 per cent., often 3 to 4, and sometimes 6, on their capital invested. Of course they had no help but negroes, and while slavery existed the black man produced the great articles of commerce, towit, cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco. The planter derived the least benefit from working these negroes. His cotton sold, the money went for pork, corn, flour, in fact all the necessities of life, besides manufactured goods and articles of every description. Our cotton gave us commerce, paid for our imports, and kept the whole country prosperous on a sound coin basis. But now it is all changed. About one-eighth part of the sugar, cotton, etc., will be produced that was formerly by slave labor. The negroes are dying very fast. They are so improvident they never have anything of comfort, or money to obtain needed medical attention. The negro soldiers enlisted here by the Yankee army died out three to one of the white soldiers brought from the west, and without guardians they will all perish and in time become extinct, like the Indians. The whites in the south, raised in luxury and ease, can, and in repeated instances have endured exposure under which the negro has succumbed. In my opinion, the negro, the planter and the country at large are great sufferers by the abolition of slavery. But this is neither here nor there. It is an accomplished fact, and we that remain must prepare our houses for the change, and save ourselves, if possible, from the loss of our labor, and continue to develop the resources of our own country, and preserve it from returning to a wilderness.

Thousands know no other way of farming but by negroes, and will prefer them, no matter how ignorant they may be, but their children will adapt themselves to the changed labor of the country. Many large landholders will hold on to their lands as long as they can, but there are some that will sell; so that all emigrants that were able could buy land, and those not able could rent lands or get work as laborers. The radical papers north misrepresent and lie abominably about the way

Freedmen are treated. All in my acquaintance, which is large, are doing all they can for them, and in no instance is there cruelty. The Southerner is the soul of honor, and a braver, better class in all respects never lived, and when they disappear from this nation their like never again will be seen. The race of Washington, Jefferson and Madison will be extinct.

I thank you for your invitation to visit you and see what could be done for myself. It is now too late to do anything in getting laborers or emigrants for another year. Laborers ought to be ready to leave their homes in Wisconsin by the 1st of November, so that everything could be settled and ready to commence the year's work by the 1st of January. Another year, if the Lord spares my life, I shall try to pay you a visit the last of summer and first part of fall, and make arrangements to get Germans to come south. I know that I can get along with them. If honesty and fairness dwell in the German breast I can get along. I have a large acquaintance in Louisiana and Mississippi, and think I could do well as agent, in buying and selling lands and bringing colonies to the south. Some one must lead off, or it never will be done, and until we get white labor to cultivate our lands no prosperity can attend the south. Then cities will spring up, manufactories and railroads and works of improvement will flourish.

Bad weather has made bad crops, and overflow has nearly ruined some large planters, and lands worth $100 per acre will now sell for $20 and $25. Anyone having money could not invest it in anything so certain as these cotton and sugar lands, which in a short time must be worth their original value.

You say the south should cultivate friendly feelings with the north and especially with the west. So we would, if we could. The radical party are determined on our destruction, and would, were it in their power, inaugurate a war of extermination against us, so perfect is their madness. The west should unite with us against the New England fanatics. We are alike agricultural people, and the tariff and U. S. debt fall heaviest upon us; but it is lamentable that even the west has become abolitionized, and the state governments are in the hands of radicals; and even here with us, a few in each state, like Brownlow, and Hamilton of Texas, can be found, who would like to out-Herod Herod. If conservatism cannot stem this black flood of nigger equality, and if Johnson cannot sustain himself against the usurpations of the Rump Congress, and the destinies of the people are committed to its tender mercies, we of the south emphatically are gone. Destruction is our doom; and conservatives of the north will soon feel the power of fanatical rule, and it will all end in the total destruction of the once glorious Republic, founded by our Revolutionary sires and cemented by the best blood ever shed for liberty and the rights of man. . . .

Can't you come south this winter, and bring your wife and child, and see the ruins of Dixie? We will give you a warm welcome. You might be induced to locate here. My family continue well. So do all the Natchez relations.

A "STOVE-WOOD" HOUSE

PAUL B. JENKINS

It is safe to say that ninety-nine in every hundred of the readers of this magazine have never heard of—to say nothing of having seen—a human habitation constructed of the materials and in the manner described below. Yet the building stands today, as strong and almost as serviceable as when the last touch was given its remarkable construction by the ingenious builder.

A wave of immigration into the hitherto little-known southeast corner of Wisconsin followed on the publication throughout the nation of the fertility and beauty discovered in its area by the frontiersmen-soldiers who followed like avenging hounds on the trail of Black Hawk's doomed band. Among the early settlers in this new tract was a farmer from Allegany County, New York—David Williams, a descendant of that Roger Williams of Puritan fame, who not only dared the perils of the New England country but made such bold ventures into the then forbidden fields of freedom of religious opinion as shocked his orthodox neighbors into expelling him from their settlements—to win due and lasting honor as the founder of the Rhode Island colony.

The vein of originality, not only intellectual but eminently practical as well, which characterized his great ancestor, seems to have cropped out again in the adventurous spirit, the ingenious devisings, and the constructive skill of David Williams, the Walworth County pioneer. Settling on a tract of one hundred and sixty acres midway between Lake Delavan and Lake Geneva, he decided to build his house on a low knoll which marked the high

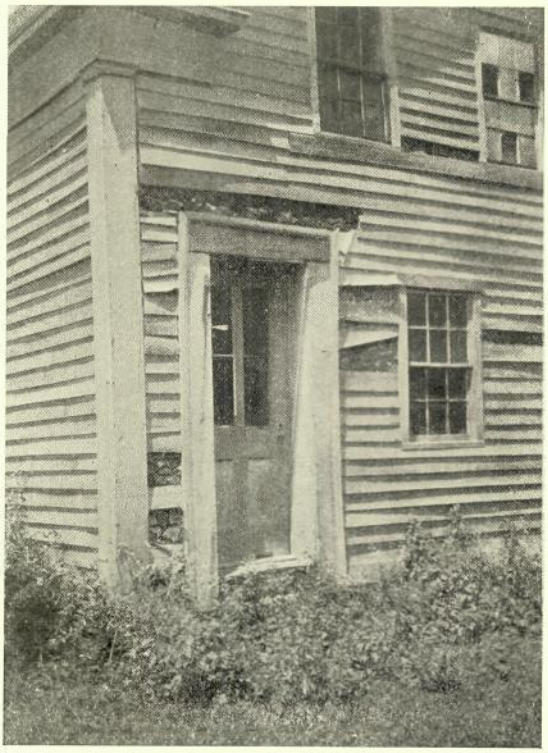
point of the watershed. At that time his farm, like almost the whole of the surrounding country, was covered with a dense growth of oak forest, in clearing which for purposes of cultivation was spent no small part of the subsequent years of David Williams himself, and perhaps of the next generation of his descendants.

The site of the house decided on, of what should it be built? Log cabins, either in the rough or squared with the adze, were the common construction of the period and the region, as everywhere along all our frontiers before the erection of sawmills at natural water power sites. But David Williams was not minded to contemplate housing himself and his family, present and future, in a cabin such as dotted the clearings of southeastern Wisconsin. He wished to build something at once more permanent, that should defy alike the winters' storms and the summers' heat, and that should resemble the comfortable farmhouses of that part of New York State whence he came. The simple components of mortar were, of course, abundant, but there was no building stone in the neighborhood, save the larger cobbles of the local surface gravel, of which an occasional pioneer gradually accumulated enough to build himself a stone house, following his early cabin. Brick there was none.

One material there was, and that was wood. Of that there was literally no end, the amount available depending only on the toil of the wielder of ax and saw. Wood it should be, accordingly; but of wood so prepared, with such toil and labor, and so "laid up" (as it was locally called) as few of his neighbors had ever seen; and, indeed, as fewer people today have ever even heard of.

The house was built in 1848 and 1849. It was not large, only twenty-four by thirty feet; a tiny house according to our modern ideas, but most comfortable for frontier Wisconsin, with its almost universal log cabins of one or two

WALWORTH COUNTY PIONEER "STOVE-WOOD HOUSE"



VIEW OF THE FRONT DOOR OF THE
"STOVE-WOOD HOUSE"

rooms at most. It stood on a slight rise of ground some seventy-five feet from the highway, commanding from its upper story a view of many miles of the country between the lakes and to the northward the ridge at Elkhorn.

The remarkable feature about the house is simply that it is constructed entirely of "stove-wood." That is to say, instead of brick or stone, David Williams prepared with infinite labor an immense amount of wood, cut, sawed, and split into sticks fourteen inches in length, exactly such sticks as are used for all kitchen cook-stove fires where wood is burned today. This wood—it is solid oak, every stick of it—was all prepared from the trunks and limbs of trees felled for the purpose in the surrounding woods, cut to the required length, and split to usable size. There must have been twenty thousand of these sticks in the pile that Williams prepared for the building, as a little study of their number per cubic foot of the walls, and of the dimensions of the walls themselves, will demonstrate. They were used as nearly like so many bricks as possible, laid close together, packed tightly, and solidly mortared in. The work of preparing the wood must have been great and prolonged, and to this day Williams' descendants repeat the family tradition that every stick was sawed to the required fourteen inches with a common bucksaw.

In the longer side walls of the house the wood was laid parallel with the wall line. In the front and rear walls it was laid in the same direction as in the side walls, making the walls fourteen inches thick—the length of the sticks. The windows are accordingly set in casements fourteen inches deep, as are the doors. While it is not definitely known, it would seem certain that forms must have been used to hold the successive layers of wood and mortar in place, while the mortar set at least. Otherwise it would hardly have been possible to hold such materials in place and in the excellent wall alignment which Williams succeeded in giving

them. The floor of the second story was laid on beams set in the fourteen-inch-thick walls, while through the floors from the front to the rear walls ran iron rods, fastened with iron plates on the outside of each wall, to hold the whole more strongly together.

Additional small rooms were built onto the main part of the house; these were of simple wood or "frame" construction, an "L" at the north and a kitchen, woodshed, etc., at the back. The chimney of the main part was in the center of the roof, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs.

When the house was finished, it was from the first extremely satisfactory. People came from far and near to see it, and to verify the boast of its occupants as to its warmth in winter and coolness in summer—the natural result of its fourteen-inch-thick walls. Its proud owners pointed out that it was so comfortable in winter that a pail of water set in one of the deep window casements would not freeze over night in the severest winter weather—and Wisconsin can be simply Arctic in January and February—if there were a fire in the room! It strikes the writer as rather a pathetic boast, indicating as it does that in the great majority of other frontier homes water would freeze on winter nights even in the rooms with fire in them, in which the family chiefly lived and slept!

On its completion as described, the house stood for a year or two with the rough exterior afforded by its wood-and-mortar construction. Lumber becoming presently available, the entire building was clapboarded, the boards being easily nailed to the oak sticks composing the walls. This form of outside covering so completely concealed its unique construction that it was presently forgotten, and the passer-by saw no evidence of the novelty of its materials. Today not one person in thousands who motor past has any idea of its differing in any way from others of the older farm-

houses of the region. The wear and tear of time, however, its abandonment as a residence and use as a storehouse for tools, etc., have allowed a few of the original clapboards to fall away so that the wood-and-mortar of the walls may be seen in places. An interesting fact is that absolutely none of the sticks in the walls have decayed in the least, the mortar so completely preserving them alike from moisture or from dry-rot that they have become almost as hard as iron, their exposed sawed ends being still perfect, but dark, and hard as only old, bone-dry oak timber can become. The original clapboarding is everywhere in place, save at the few points mentioned and shown in the photographs.

At about the same time, two other buildings in the neighborhood were constructed in the same manner. One was a similar house, not far distant to the north, near the East Delavan cemetery, while the other was the old Douglas gristmill at Fontana, itself an historical structure of great importance to the early settlers of the county. Both of these have, however, been taken down, so that the old house here described stands today as the sole local representative of an unusual form of the early ingenuity and toil which laid the foundation for the present character and prosperity of southeastern Wisconsin. The old house is today owned by L. D. Williams of Delavan, and used, as mentioned, as a storehouse, by the tenant of the surrounding farm, F. D. Grant. Persons desiring to see the house will find it one mile south of the first four-corners west of the village of Williams Bay, on the west side of the road. It will be easily identified by the slight knoll on which it stands. It may also be reached by turning southward off State Highway 50 at the hamlet of East Delavan, for a distance of a mile and a quarter. The unique and interesting appearance of its wood-and-mortar construction will well repay a stop by any one interested in the early history of the Middle West.

A COMMUNITY HISTORICAL MUSEUM

ALBERT H. SANFORD

The desirability of maintaining a community historical museum, on a larger or smaller scale according to circumstances, is a matter upon which those persons whose interests tend toward things historical will scarcely disagree. The feasibility of such a project is another question. Whence will come the contents of such a collection? Where shall the museum be housed, and who shall care for it? The writer's experience in connection with a school museum may help to answer some of these questions and may serve to show what results can be secured and by what means.

It was quite without definite plan or program that the historical museum of the State Normal School at La Crosse had its beginning, although a previous experience had shown the possibilities of the situation. But it came about naturally time and again, in the course of class discussions, that students volunteered information concerning articles that might be brought in to illustrate in concrete form the subject of the lesson. First, probably, it was some samples of Indian relics, then a part of an old costume, an old newspaper, book, or relic of the Civil War. Thus was the ball started rolling. At the bottom there was merely the teacher's interest in the concrete illustration of historical topics. Add to that a reasonable amount of appreciation and a real effort to preserve and to make use of the articles donated, and you have the essentials upon which any such collection may be founded. The only stimulus that need be applied is one that is disguised as such. Since this is a public collection, the public is entitled to know how it is progressing. So new acquisitions are from time to time given

notice in the local newspaper by way of acknowledgment to the donors. It thus becomes well known that there is a place where relics are being gathered and that they are serving a useful purpose. Almost invariably the appearance of such a notice is followed by more donations.

Several years ago, while workmen were digging a gas-pipe trench in the southern part of the city, they began to find bones and other evidences of Indian burial. The foreman, knowing of our collection, notified us and the work was then carefully watched. Briefly, there resulted the preservation, among other things, of a fine disk pipe, perhaps the largest yet found in the state, which would otherwise have fallen into the hands of an ignorant workman. Similarly, we are preserving many things which might have suffered the fate of the Civil War knapsack which, we learned too late, a young woman became tired of dusting and moving about in the attic of her home and so deposited on the springtime bonfire; or that of the letters written by Grant and Lincoln which, for the same reason, found their way into the kitchen stove.

Early views, maps and plats of the town, pictures of the pioneers and of local scenes are supplemented by odd copies of early newspapers and a few complete files. A tolerably complete exhibit can be made showing how our forbears managed to write and send letters before there were envelopes, postage stamps, blotters, or steel pens. Similarly, stages in the process of lighting can be illustrated by various articles; the wool cards, spinning wheels, and reels of our grandmothers' time serve to revive the lost art of spinning yarn. Some of the primitive agricultural methods are represented by the ox yoke and ox shoes, flail and grain sickle. A city-bred high school graduate stood before the yoke and said, "What is it? I never saw anything like that." Several of these modern city school products asked the same question concerning the wooden dasher

churn, in connection with which some of us have bitter childhood memories. Do we realize how rapidly many of the most common appliances of life in the last generation are being superseded and forgotten?

A collection of swords, pistols, guns, etc., represents another phase of social evolution, while the coins of our early history and of foreign countries are of interest to some. We are fortunate in having acquired from a particular friend of the museum a paper money series representing Colonial and Revolutionary notes, early and later state bank issues, and Civil War fractional currency—most useful for teaching purposes.

The boundaries of such a museum very soon expand beyond the limits of local associations. Old English documents, indentures engrossed on parchment, old books (one recently acquired dated 1518), a cowboy outfit from early California days, and an autograph collection in which seven presidents from Washington to Lincoln, inclusive, are represented, illustrate how the collection ranges through time and space. Many things that have been acquired belong to a geographical collection: such are the exhibits from the Philippines and Alaska. Others are turned over to the science departments—the bones of a mammoth and other specimens of natural history.

Such is a brief review of the collection whose items have come unsolicited from friends of the school. There has been no searching for relics and practically no payment for them. Doubtless the collection would not have been possible if the practice of paying for relics had been begun. While items illustrating the equipment of the Civil War and Spanish War soldiers came readily, it was thought desirable to purchase a small collection from France during the recent war, though many other items have since been added by gift and loan. In only one or two other instances has purchase seemed desirable. On the other hand, if one

may judge from the expressions of donors, the museum has conferred a real favor upon the conscientious possessors of articles which they knew were historically interesting, and which they were loath to discard. We seem to have decidedly lightened the semi-annual troubles of house cleaning in some instances.

It has been the writer's conviction that the school is the logical place for a community museum. Certainly in the school there is greater possibility of its use than elsewhere. But the location must doubtless be determined in part by the consideration of finding an interested custodian, and also of finding the means for furnishing proper exhibit cases. However these matters may be settled, there need be no formal organization, no campaign of propaganda, and no extravagant devotion to a fad on the part of any one. The collection once properly started will grow of its own momentum. Some "junk" will have to be accepted—and quietly shelved. This and other minor considerations should not obscure the main contention that in every community there exist numerous tangible evidences of past life that will soon drift to destruction unless they are rescued. Any teacher who has tried it knows how these "real things" enlighten and enliven the pages of history. But if not the interest of the present generation, at least that of future students of history should furnish sufficient motive for their preservation.

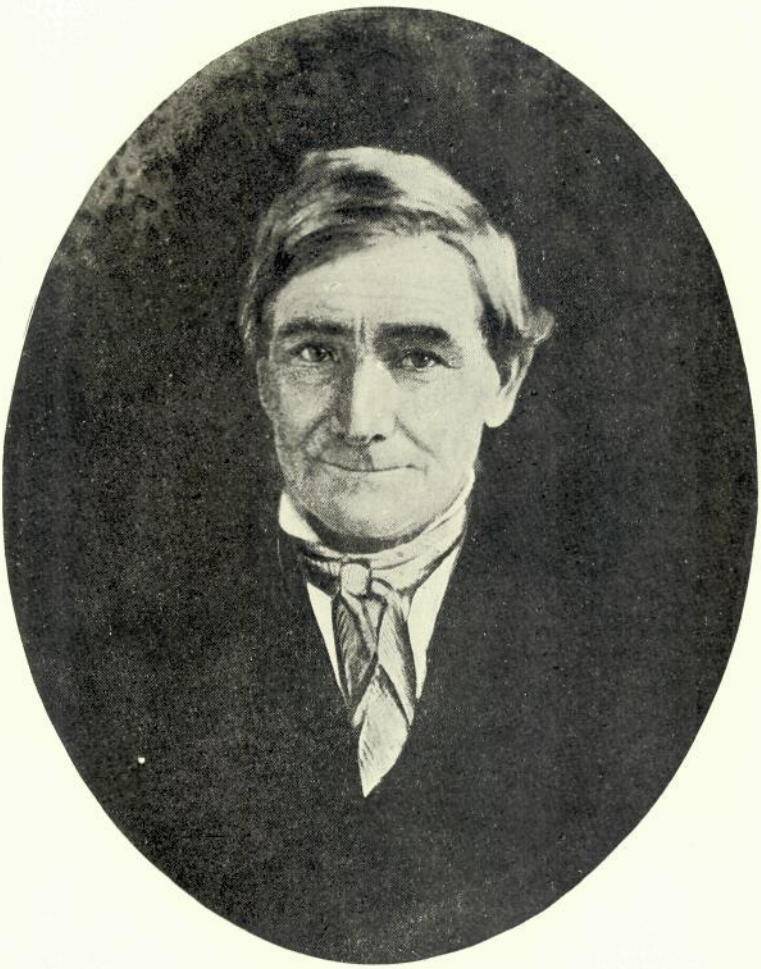
GRANDFATHER HILL

Mary Gage

My recollections of Grandfather Hill cover a period lying between the years 1848 and 1862. I always understood that his father, Thomas Hill, was a man of English descent who came and settled upon one of the many little indentations along the coast of Long Island Sound, at a little point in the Compo District which came later to be known as Hill's Point, just beyond the beautiful beach now quite a miniature Coney Island. The old homestead was burned before I was born, but the barn was still standing and for many years was used for storing hay.

Great-grandfather had three sons. Thomas went to Philadelphia and, engaging in the provision business, acquired what was considered in those days considerable wealth. He married a Quakeress named Mary Cooper. Nathaniel Lewis, my grandfather, married Maria Wakeman, daughter of Bands Wakeman of Greens Farms, and settled down on his father's farm. The third son, I used to hear them say, was born with *wanderlust*, which took him away to parts unknown, from which he never returned. He had red hair, a characteristic still prevailing in the family, although several generations have passed. His name I never heard mentioned.

There were two daughters. Katherine married an eccentric farmer named Peter Jennings, living down in "The Farms." Abby was disappointed in love, the young carpenter to whom she was engaged dying of typhus fever, causing her to become demented. She lived to old age and was a familiar spectacle wandering aimlessly up and down Compo Street, leaning on a staff, mumbling to herself, quite harmless although she would brandish her cane threateningly at the youngsters who teased her, as they would in those days. She lived with my grandfather for several years after he married, but being very troublesome in the family in many ways, her presence could finally no longer be borne



NATHANIEL LEWIS HILL

with and she was boarded at Marvin Bennet's in Compo Street, where she lived for several years.

Grandfather's house and barns were built in a delightful spot, the big dooryard facing the water, with only the roadway between that and the narrow beach strewn with stones and rocks carved and seamed by the action of the waves. At low tide the sand flats afforded excellent clamming ground, and there was plenty of seaweed, valuable as a dressing at a time when commercial fertilizers were unknown, while a near-by creek served as a good scalloping ground, and along the banks was plenty of salt grass to be cut and dried as bedding for cattle and hogs in the barnyard. The dooryard was full of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, with a few plums and quinces along the sides. The house was homelike and inviting. Grandmother always had on either side of the stoop a few choice plants—an oleander, rare in those days, a calla lily, lemon tree, and hydrangea. These she loved, and they always responded to her care by making good growth in leaf and blossom. Back of the house lay a most delightful old-fashioned flower and vegetable garden, the admiration of her neighbors, who could never get such good results as she could. Outside the sunny living-room windows grew climbing roses—red ones—and after her work was done for the morning, dinner cooked, etc., she would slip on a clean indigo blue calico gown, get a nice apple, pull in great branches of pretty "cluster roses" between the snow-white sash curtains, sit down in her big Boston rocker—she weighed over two hundred pounds—and pare and eat her apple, all work for the day done—for supper was very informal, sometimes only great bowls of "hasty pudding" and milk eaten in the pantry. She always looked so rosy and contented then, as I remember her. Presently out would come the old stocking basket, for there were always holes to be darned.

Grandfather and grandmother Hill reared six children—my father, William Augustus, the eldest; Mary, Augusta, Thomas, Henry Martyn, and George Cook, the youngest. Grandfather was a man of medium size, rather good looking, of very reserved nature, a Puritan of the strictest type, rather austere in manner, a man of strong convictions and doing his best to live up to them,

bringing his children up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," loving them sincerely but not demonstrative, never kissing or caressing them, or using "pet names." Nicknames were unknown, as was all exclamatory speech, never a byword allowed—not even "Oh dear" or "My goodness." Chary in bestowal of praise, believing it would "spoil them," he showed his interest in their welfare by giving them, boys and girls alike, $1200 as they attained their majority. He had only a common school education, but was an intelligent man, greatly interested in events of the day, believing the times he lived in most remarkable.

A Congregationalist of the old-fashioned type, he was for many years an honored deacon in Westport Congregational church, until he went west. There was no Sunday-school in those days, only an hour's intermission between the two services. The Reverend Cornelius Benedict, a saintly man, was the revered minister, the influence of whose life and teaching followed him for long years after his decease. Organs were unknown, at least in country districts, and the choir sitting up in a high gallery was led by a chorister who "set the pitch" for the big bass violin and the first and second "fiddles" with a tuning fork, the congregation letting the choir do all of the singing. Rain or shine, the old sorrel horse was "hitched up" and driven the long two miles up to the church. Neighbors timed their starting by Deacon Hill's passing the house. He was always early. A luncheon of crackers and cheese, apples and cookies, was wrapped and carried to be eaten during the hour's intermission. The women went into houses across the street, where the hostess always had a cup of tea for them, while they ate their lunch and "gossiped mildly." Grandfather and a few others who, like him, lived up to their principles, spent the time in meditation and discussion of the sermon of the morning. The majority, however, discussed crops, prices, etc., in quite a secular manner. Then at sound of the bell all gathered to listen to the sermon of the afternoon.

Grandfather was a man of excellent judgment, and his advice was sought by many in the varied problems of the day. His sterling principles were well known, and his word was "always as good as bond." All that he did was well done; he was a good

farmer, keeping everything snug and tidy around barn and outbuildings. Of decidedly mechanical turn of mind, he had a remarkably well equipped workshop—tool house, it was called—with lathe, vise, set of good planes, augurs, chisels, saws, etc., all of which he knew how to use. His boys inherited his love for tools and when old enough were taught how to use them, and were always expected to keep them in their proper places. Each could do any ordinary carpentry and could build both sail- and row-boats, even to making oars. Grandmother had to make all the sails, after the boys had cut and fitted them, doing all by hand with sail needle and twine. I well remember how she dreaded to see a sail being brought into the house for her to sew.

Grandfather faithfully discharged his duty as he saw it, reading his Bible regularly, but he was not one who could be said to enjoy his religion. There were family prayers each night and morning, the scriptures read in course, genealogies and all. George, the youngest child, was not much my senior, and as I was the nearest and almost the oldest grandchild, and not meddlesome, I was often down there for days at a time, and many were the good times we had together. The seasons of family prayer were always very painful, tiresome hours for us, for little could we understand of the lesson read, and so we amused ourselves by teasing fat, logy old Carlo, a coach dog, during the long, very scriptural prayers, slyly pinching his tail or tickling his toes as he dozed near us. He would snap and growl, but was supposed to be annoyed by fleas. We two nearly burst trying to suppress our giggles, but rose looking demure and innocent.

Newspapers were scarce, but the weekly religious paper, the *New York Observer*, was taken and faithfully read. The sections, headed "Religious" and "Secular," were cut apart and the latter portion hidden over Sunday. Most of the story books in the present-day Sunday-school libraries would have been secluded in the same way. Once I found a little volume entitled *Whittington and His Cat*, a very harmless story, and soon curled myself up on the lounge, and settled down for a real feast. When I had read a few pages, grandpa came around, and seeing the book took it away, saying, "You must not read that on the Sabbath day. Get your Bible and read that." The family regarded tobacco

with horror, and although cider was made they never were allowed to taste it after it began to ferment, when it was made into vinegar.

Grandfather was a good provider, and nothing was lacking in the commissary department. There was a smokehouse just outside the kitchen, in which were the choicest of hams and equally choice pieces of smoked beef—both beef and pork raised on the farm, well fattened, and butchered there. Opening out from the living-room was a large, square milk room, with shelves surrounding three sides, most of them filled with pans of rich milk in various stages of cream raising, the morning's milk on the front lower shelf. On a side shelf was always a small cheese covered with a wooden box cover, for grandmother was not a cheese maker. In front of an open window stood the last churning of rich yellow butter, still in the large wooden bowl in which the buttermilk had been worked out and the salt worked in, the mass deftly marked in crossway lines with the wooden butter ladle, and left there to cool and harden. Standing around on the floor were a barrel of flour and a tub of yellow corn meal and buckwheat—all were grains raised on the farm, taken to the mill, and ground,—a keg of molasses sugar, used for many purposes. We young ones would whenever hungry run into this milk room, cut a big slice of bread, spread with butter and then with a generous layer of the molasses sugar. There was always a barrel of pilot bread, on which we liked to spread it too; a large box of fine Malaga raisins, such as one does not see very often nowadays; a large wooden box of soda crackers, a tin box of rice, a wooden box of starch, a jug of real New Orleans molasses, a sack of coffee beans, a large Chinese box lined with tin foil holding twenty-five pounds of tea. On the top shelf a big sugar loaf was wrapped in heavy, felt-like blue paper, which was carefully saved and used in dyeing yarn. When company came grandma would climb up, take down the loaf sugar, and with a carving knife and a small flatiron for hammer would cut off irregular lumps to fill the sugar bowl. We youngsters generally managed to hang around until each secured a lump, for grandma was very good to us.

Down cellar were quantities of choice apples and winter pears, and bins of Mercer potatoes—considered the best then. On

shelves were many yellow pumpkins for winter pies, Hubbard squashes and winter cabbages in abundance on the hard dirt cellar bottom. There were barrels of corn-fed salt pork and such corned beef as makes my mouth water to mention; a tub of salt mackerel, another of salt shad, tubs of fine cucumber pickles, and mangoes—as they called the sweet green muskmelons which were cut in half, filled with chopped red cabbage wonderfully spiced, and the halves sewed together with twine and pickled. There were beets, turnips—yellow and white,—bins of red onions, and in the cellarway alway hung a big codfish in progress of consumption. This was often "picked up" over night and put to soak for breakfast.

There was always in the cellar a big stone crock of sugar quinces done "pound for pound" for company, and one or two more done in molasses for common use; there was a tub of cider apple sauce and a barrel of real cider vinegar; sweet cider was there, too, but allowed as a beverage only before passing the early stage of fermentation, when it was set aside for vinegar. There was a barrel or so of soft soap, for the making of which all scraps of fat, ham and pork rinds, were carefully saved. There was always in season a bushel of small oysters on the cellar bottom, for roasting when neighbors happened in to spend the evening, when pans of them were brought up and roasted as the guests sat around the bare table, to be eaten as they came hot from the ashes, together with prodigious piles of buttered slices of bread. Shells were thrown into milk pans. Up garret were many long, thin cloth bags of sausages seasoned deliciously, and bushels of nuts—hickory, butternuts, some filberts and black walnuts. Popcorn hung from the garret rafters; also stores of dried apples in old pillow-cases and bunches of herbs for seasoning. There was always a loaf of real pound cake made with ten eggs and their weight in butter and sugar, and a loaf of fruit cake for company. The supplies, as I remember them seventy years ago, far outranked those in the modern delicatessen store.

There were flocks of geese which were duly picked at the proper time, the snowy white feathers carefully cured for future beds and pillows. One or two young geese were fattened for Thanksgiving, when the family came home. They raised no tur-

keys, but they did have big flocks of fowls, some of which appeared at certain seasons in big chicken pies. There was always on hand a pillow-case full of meal "emptin' cakes."

One grows faint at the thought of the housewife's manifold labors. Once a year grandma cleaned up a very big brass kettle and made the year's supply of soft soap, using aforesaid scraps of fat with potash. This was an arduous task, performed out of doors, the kettle being suspended over a small stove in which a charcoal fire was kept burning. Long, frequent stirring was necessary. Butchers came to kill a beef and fat hogs in the fall, and these must be well fed while the job lasted.

Then came the "threshers," who had just begun to use the machine up and down which a horse marched on an endless road which kept the straw moving along and rendered the clean grain. Once I remember the threshers came and proceeded to set up their machine on the barn floor. The big double doors at each end were thrown open and the machine was set up between the full mows on either side. When all seemed in readiness for work to begin, just as the gray horse commenced his treadmill walk, all at once over went the whole thing, horse and all, on the barn floor. Grandfather had been standing near as the threshers were putting the machine in place, and when it went over, his temper broke loose and, to my amazement—for George and I were on hand, of course, I only six years old—grandpa just jumped up and down and shouted, "Dang you, why didn't you block the thing up?" Into the house I flew, crying, "Grandma! Grandpa swore!" In her quiet, mild way she said, though looking worried, "Oh child, grandpa never swears. You must be mistaken." She probably knew what he said when his temper got the better of him. Fortunately and strangely enough neither machine nor horse suffered serious damage, although it took some time to quiet the poor animal. Things went along smoothly within a short time, and before many hours there was a stack of oat straw piled as high as the barn outside, and George and I were digging our way down to the bottom, each in a sort of well, coughing and sneezing as we inhaled the fine dust. Then we dug a passageway from one well to the other.

Grandma was large, strongly built, a capable Yankee housekeeper, skilled in every department, and "full of contrivance," as the neighbors said. She could cut a garment out of less cloth than any one around. Newspaper patterns were used then, and were passed from one to another. She was a capable nurse by nature, and immune to such diseases as typhus and kindred fevers. There were no trained nurses in those days, and sometimes she became much worn lending a hand in cases of illness among the neighbors. She looked well after her household, and passed no idle moments—cooking, washing and ironing, doing all the sewing, knitting yarn stockings for all, and performing many specially arduous tasks, besides the ordinary routine. She made all their trousers, shirts, and red flannel undershirts by hand, made all their standing white linen collars, worn Sundays, hemmed the black silk neckerchiefs, also gingham ones for everyday wear, melted tallow and made candles in tin molds, to go to bed by. They used oil lamps around on tables in the living-room. Of course, as the children grew large enough they were taught to do many things, and both boys and girls were pretty well trained in household matters. When a new baby was expected, my father, the eldest child, was given charge of the previous one at night, taking it to his own bed.

Grandfather did not teach his children that Santa Claus came down the chimney the night before Christmas and filled stockings hanging there, so of course they were never hung up. I happened to be there once on the day before Christmas, when grandfather came home from the village whither he had gone for needed supplies, and shall never forget my delight when he, with a not to be repressed twinkle in his eye, gave me an orange—a rare treat in those days—and a little basket made of peppermint candy. When in some store he could not resist the temptation to buy a bit of the Christmas stuff.

For many years he had suffered from a bronchial cough, which grew more acute each winter, and his doctor told him repeatedly that he could obtain relief only by leaving the damp salt air of the coast and going to the dry climate of the West. Several of the Scribner family and many of his acquaintances, among them his

son-in-law William Scribner, and his own son Henry Martyn, had gone some time before. They wrote in glowing terms of the new country, urging him to sell out and come to Wisconsin, then considered very far west. This he was finally obliged to do, so in 1852 he sold his loved home and snug little farm to a New York man named John B. Fish, closed his affairs, and started with his wife and son George Cook on the long journey, which was in those days a tedious undertaking, for there were not connecting lines all the way as now. When Milwaukee was reached, there was still before them an eighty-mile ride over all sorts of roads, in a springless lumber wagon, with trunks, bedding, and immediate household necessities. Grandmother's weight made the ride a most uncomfortable one for her, and she always referred to it as a very painful experience. They finally reached Fond du Lac, a raw little village in Fond du Lac County, twelve miles from Rosendale. There they met friends who gave them warm welcome and took them out to the new home on a fine, rolling prairie, where were no trees and none of the hills their eyes had always rested upon. Several friends had taken up land and were prospering as wheat growers, for wheat grew marvelously in the rich soil where one could never find even a pebble to shy at a bird. Grandfather bought a small farm with a neat, comfortable house, and the new home was started literally "far out upon the prairie," as the Sunday-school children sing.

Accustomed as he had always been to having abundance of fruit, his longing for it led him to set out apple trees almost as soon as he arrived, planting young "maiden blush" trees which would soon come into bearing and produce luscious fruit. There was a little Congregational church, also a small Methodist church, standing so near to his house that he had only to cross his back yard, open a gate, and three minutes' walk brought him to the door of either—certainly a pleasant change from the long, tedious rides to his homeland church. His cough never returned, and he never regretted the change, living there many happy, prosperous years, with almost his entire family settled in comfortable homes near him, and profiting greatly financially by the adventure.

Contact with western life had a marked effect upon him. He never ceased to wonder at the large way people did things

out West. He soon placed the stamp of his character on the community, and became, I think, a deacon in the church of which the Reverend I. N. Crandall, who married into the Scribner family, was for some years the pastor. When I visited Rosendale, a seventeen-year-old girl, I noticed quite a change in him, and felt really at home in his society, for he had lost all the old staid, formal way, and wore a smile on his face, indulged in a joke now and then, and was interested in all that was going on. He eagerly showed me all the strange new sights, pointed off at the boundless sea of green waving like billows in the breeze, and showed with pride his young orchard then in full bearing. Prairie chickens were to be seen then, and sometimes as they perched on the eaves, making a peculiar drumming with their wings, he would get his gun and shoot enough for dinner. Their meat was very dark and gamey in taste, and their little bodies very small.

Not far away was an Indian encampment, the remnant of the nearly extinct Potawatomi, and the Indians used to come periodically to beg for supplies. I knew nothing about them, and one day when I was sitting at the parlor organ the door suddenly opened, and in stalked the chief, clad in a dirty looking coarse blanket, tomahawk strapped on his back, followed by his squaws. Greatly terrified, I was about to beat a hasty retreat, but grandfather motioned for me not to be afraid. The chief rubbed his stomach and placed his finger in his mouth. George and his father knew what he meant, and taking some dirty bags from him, left for the barn for grain with which to feed the rough little ponies which they rode and had left tethered to the picket fence. Shortly the men returned with full bags and several large pieces of salt pork, cabbages, and other supplies. The chief drew his blanket around him, motioned to the squaws, and stalked out, leaving them to carry all the burdens, which they placed on their own ponies and off they rode. I was told that this was their regular custom, and no one dared to refuse them.

The state prison at Waupun was not far away, and as Wisconsin was the first state to abolish capital punishment, grandfather liked to show the prison to his friends who came out to visit him. I went one day and saw among other interesting sights murderers at work outside the walls, on honor parole only. Ten miles away

was Ripon College. President Merrell became an intimate friend of the family. Oshkosh, now a large and growing city, was eighteen miles away. To a beautiful little inland lake called Green Lake the Hill family used to go for a little while to gratify an insatiable thirst for their dearly loved Long Island Sound. So there was great variety in the life there.

Grandfather did not live to a great age, contracting pneumonia—inflammation of the lungs, as it was called then. Everything possible was done to save him; a member of the family, Dr. Hall, a skillful physician, and a good nurse attended him, but he became delirious and died begging me not to put off making my peace with God, and refusing the offer of salvation until it was too late, as he had done. In his delirium he imagined this was true. He passed away, and all that is mortal of Nathaniel L. Hill lies in the Rosendale cemetery. He believed that saying of Holy Writ about the training of children, and according to his understanding of it had faithfully carried it out. His children have been men and women of strong character, and have in turn brought up their families to know and love the Bible, to be temperate, law abiding, church going people, and it is interesting to note that even in the third generation there is still a Deacon Hill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter, descriptive of her new home in Wisconsin, was written by Mrs. Hill to one of her friends whom she had left in the East:

ROSENDALE January 19th 1854

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND MRS. SHERWOOD. This afternoon I have resolved to spend in writing to you would that it could be instead of writing I could take my knitting work in hand as I often used to do and seat myself by your comfortable fire and enjoy your company but this at present cannot be I had intended to write to you before this but one thing & another has prevented but I assure you I have not forgotten nor shall I ever for one day. Would you like to know how I like my new home in this far off Western contry I confess that as yet I have not felt at home it seems as if we [were] visiting somewhere & by & by I should go home we have things very comfortab[l]e here the

weather is some colder here than in Conn. but the air is different, very dry there is not dampness in the air and chill that we used to feel in Compo We live in part of Thomas's house as the one we bought is not finished Mr. Hill has bought a little farm 25 acres near the village with a very pretty house on it which we expect to occupy as soon as the weather in spring will be warm enough to plaster O then if I could have you for a Neighbor as I used to I should know how to pr[i]ze it Thomas has got a nice farm here the first I believe that was ocupied in this villege a nice orchard of apple trees beginning to bear fruit with other kinds of fruit in four years from the time they set their apple trees it is said here they will produce 1 bushel of apples apiece we have about one hundred growing on our place Our children are all comfortable setled here but George and he seems to like here— there is plenty of game here such as prairie chickens and quails with some other birds it is a fine place to raise poutry turkeys are raised very easy Mary says Thomas bought a large flock that was on this farm for 3 shillings each so you see we have something good to eat I have help dress and cook eight turkeys & a good many chickens & quails we have had sleighing some 4 or 5 weeks steady & now it is snowing very fast We have all enjoyed excelent health since we have been here Mr Hill in particular has gained in flesh he is more free from colds and coughs And now Mrs Sherwood I will tell you a little how I live as you cannot come in and see me as in former times imagin me in my new home with only one room besides a bedroom to do all my work in with a movable cupboard in one corner with a curtain drawn across instead of doors and a beaurua [bureau] in another corner stand in another a large cooking stove in the midle with many other useful things that are necessary to keep house with all in one room so I can come from my bedroom in the morning and get my breakfast without going out of the room as you understand I have every thing in it western fashion I have as much chamber room as I kneed Our goods were four weeks behind us and very much injured in coming them nice apples you gave me the morning I called at your house lasted untill we got nearly there with some we bought on the road the last perhaps you will ever give me often very often I think of the

many nice baskets of fruit that you have from time to time given me and with a great many other favors I have received from you never never to be forgotten and that nice cap you gave me on our last parting I prize very highly I think as long as I have any thing I shall have that also shall I remember Ebenezers Wife who worked the cap so neatly I hope she will work you another that we may have one like if she is there give my best regards to her

I have one privilege here that I had not in my old dear home that is living near meeting I think it takes about ten minnits to walk their but we have nothing better as yet than a log s[c]hool-house to worship God in we have a meeting house part done—our little farm reaches nearly to it but I feel as if I were among strangers and often feel sad when I think of the many dear friends that I have left especiously my aged Mother but then I comfort myself in thinking that the time will be short that we have to stay in this world & that their is a home provided where partings are unk[n]own their I expect to spend a happy eternity with you and yours my dear friend Mrs. Sherwood their we shall be happier neighbors than ever we have been but I do not think I have said good buy to you for the last time in this world I expect if my health is as good as at present in a year or to to come on and visit you all and at some future time we think we may come on and board a while for a change You and Mr. Sherwood have always labored hard I think it would do you both good to come out here and make a visit and see the country—I assure you a hearty welcome I think Eleanor might keep house for you if you could have some good help to leave with her—give my best love to all of your children and all of my other dear friends their names are to numerous to mention I have them all in my mind each day as they pass & in the slumbers of the night my thoughts are there When you see my Mother please remember me to her and do for my sake often visit her she enjoys company very much she always thought very much of you & one reson is I think because you were so fri[e]ndly always to me it will seem next to seeing me to have you go and converse with her about scenes that are past I feel by this removal as if I had deprived myself of a great many privileges but I do

hope in some way it may be for the best if we can do some good by it I will not mind the sacrifice the church is small and feeble here and kneeds help and if our hearts are rightly disposed I think we can help by our prayers and substance We have two evenings meetings a week Mr Hill jinerally goes and I do sometimes a church prayer meeting one a week their has been about 8 or 10 taken in the church by letter since we come two by profession so you see our little church gains in numbers if not in graces our minister we like very much seems very much like Mr Pennel plain and seociable & I think very pious preys for the churches and pastors we have left What has become of my friend Julia B. has she gone to the west remember me to her I feel very sorry for her blind and homeless but the time will soon come when she will have a home in our heavenly Father house— their her happy spirit will not be blinded Remember me also to Mrs Weeks she came down to the depo in the rain to see me that morning I left Mary T. and all her family are well as all our friends are here Eunice has been remarkable well ever since she has been here. . . . And now Mrs Sherwood I want you to write and tell me all the news and not serve me as most of my friends have not write to me at all I have wrote several but have not received but one directed particularly to me Mr Hill has had several business letters so that we hear often from home remember me to Mr Sherwood I used to love to have him come in and spend an evening And now I leave you for the present wishing the best of heavens blessings to rest upon you & yours To my ever dear friend & Neighbor Eleanor Sherwood

from her affectionate friend MARIA T HILL

P.S. Tell Francis if he intends to be a farmer he had better come here

P.S. Direct your letters to Rosendale Fond du Lac Wisconsin

DOCUMENTS

The following address was delivered by Judge Franz Eschweiler, of the State Supreme Court, who represented the Society on the occasion of the anniversary celebration held last June at Prairie du Chien. An account of this event appeared in the September issue of this magazine.

By the clock that ticks for Eternity it is but today, by the horologe that strikes the hours of human history it is still yesterday, by our calendar two hundred and fifty years ago, that the priestly pioneer and the pioneer priest, still young and fired with zeal, his black-robed, gaunt frame already under the shadow of his coming early death, stood with his six companions near where we now stand, and with bosom swelling with gratitude—to quote his own words which have come down to us through all the years, "with a joy that I cannot express"—gazed out upon the moving bosom of Father Mississippi. And yet that event, so quiet and simple in its accomplishment but so momentous in its result, so close yet so distant in point of time, would now be within the limbus of the forgotten past save for the quiet labors of the historians, those who for the guidance of the future keep burning the altar lights of the past; they who gather and garner that which the pioneers sowed, so that we of today and you of tomorrow may enter into the spirit of those labors, and that we may, by but the lifting of the eyes, see before us more present glories than those of which they but dreamed.

The honor is indeed truly great, of being permitted on this momentous and inspiring occasion to be the humble representative of the Wisconsin Historical Society, surrounded by the mementos of the great event, with the famous tale being told and retold, and close to the murmurs of that mighty stream which, like a thread of silver in a cloth of gold, now ties and binds rather than divides this great nation of ours, and whose murmuring

waves ripple on now, as they did then, unto far distant southern seas.

The makers of history generally have but little time to give to the recording of their parts and places in microcosm or macrocosm, that being left for other hands. But Wisconsin, fertile field as it was for the pioneer in the making of the West, was also a pioneer in the noble art and grateful task of perpetuating the records of the heroic deeds of those history makers.

Massachusetts first started the roll call of states as founders of historical societies, in 1791, she then with a comparatively long past. In 1845, Wisconsin, yet a territory, first listened to suggestions for the forming of such a society, and simultaneous with the first constitutional convention in 1846 at Madison there was a formal gathering of her leading citizens for that purpose. Their efforts ripened on January 29, 1849, on the very threshold of this state's existence, by the signing of the roll of members of that society by about one hundred of her foremost citizens. Its breath of life during the first few years was feeble; not until the modest but marvelous efforts of Dr. Lyman C. Draper, commencing in 1854 and terminating on his death in 1891, did it begin to accomplish its great work. Then through the long devotion of Reuben G. Thwaites, including also the five years of the building which culminated in 1900 with the dedication of that great monument to Wisconsin and repository of its history, the library building, it has proceeded on its quiet task to keep for those, alas too few, who are willing to stop for a moment from the mad rush of the pleasure-seeking present to read those records which bring back the wonders, the fears, and the visions of the past; of those who blazed the trail through forest, on lake and river, by ox cart and canoe, that we of today might dart o'er land and sea and air.

Without a recorded history a people live and vanish in but a day and a night. Without a profit from and study of their recorded history a people deserve to perish and have said of them that they shall "die unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

And so, my friends, on behalf of the society whose aim and dedicated purpose is to preserve for you and your children and your children's children the records of the precious, priceless

heritage of the past, we join with the chorus swelling from this composite throng of citizens of diverse commonwealths, of different creeds, of different racial heritages, making the harmonious song here sung in commemoration of that simple but momentous event which took place a quarter of a thousand years ago—all of us joining in a flood of gratitude, even as do the sparkling waters of our river Wisconsin here join with the waters of so many states stretching from the Alleghenies to the Rockies—that composite flood moving on majestically in sunlight, in starlight, by lonely cabin, crowded city, and fertile fields, on to join its mighty Mother Sea.

A BIT OF NEW YORK HISTORY AND AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF HENRY CLAY

W. A. Titus

Because Governor N. P. Tallmadge came to Wisconsin in 1844, and became one of our territorial governors, we are likely to think of him as primarily a Wisconsin statesman. As a matter of fact, his service in Wisconsin was the closing scene of an exceptionally brilliant career in state and national politics achieved while he was a resident of New York. Born in the Empire State and college trained, young Tallmadge was admitted to the bar, and at thirty-three years of age he was elected a member of the New York assembly. In 1833 he became state senator, and before his term of office expired he was elected to the United States Senate. Although chosen by the Democratic party, Senator Tallmadge, who was an able debater, came into conflict almost immediately with Senator John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, on the slavery question. Calhoun maintained that the Senate had no right to receive petitions favoring the abolition of slavery. Tallmadge held that the right of petition was inherent in the American people and that any petition, if couched in respectful language, must be received. Although Tallmadge did not rank with Calhoun

as a debater, the logic of his speeches appealed to the Senate, and he carried his point—a triumph of sound argument over eloquent sophistry.

Always a man of the people, Senator Tallmadge felt it his duty near the close of his first term in the Senate to oppose the partisan and political methods of President Van Buren, and the breach widened rapidly. Both were born in Columbia County, New York and had been neighbors and friends as well as co-workers in the same political party. President Van Buren vowed that he would prevent the reëlection of the Senator from New York, but despite this powerful opposition, Tallmadge was triumphantly returned to the Senate. At the next election President Van Buren was a candidate to succeed himself, and Senator Tallmadge threw his personal strength to General William Henry Harrison. This with other defections resulted in the defeat of Van Buren. When General Harrison was nominated, Senator Tallmadge was offered the nomination for vice-president, but declined the honor, probably because he was not willing to go over entirely to the Whig party. He had been reëlected to the Senate in face of the active and virulent opposition of his party chieftain, and was satisfied with the confidence reposed in him by his native state. President Harrison, in recognition of the assistance he had received from the Senator from New York, offered Tallmadge a seat in the cabinet and later a foreign mission, both of which were declined. It is indicative of his high character that Tallmadge refused to accept any favors from a political party with which he was not affiliated, but which he had felt it his duty to support temporarily. With him, the shift in allegiance was a matter of principle and not of selfish interest.

Near the close of 1844, Senator Tallmadge, who had become interested in Wisconsin lands, decided to resign his seat in the upper house of Congress. He was immediately

appointed governor of Wisconsin Territory by President Tyler. That Tyler was pleased to make this appointment in order to banish Tallmadge from the scene of national politics is more than likely. Certainly the appointment was not made because of any harmony or friendship that existed between the two men. The following unpublished letter from Henry Clay throws much light on the strained relations that existed between President Tyler and the men who had helped elect him on the ticket with General Harrison:

ASHLAND, October 30th, 1841.

Hon. N. P. Tallmadge,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SENATOR:

I received your obliging letter from Tioga County and am thankful for the account which it communicates of the proceedings of the Syracuse Convention. Their declaration is characterized by vigor, ability and discretion, and from the harmony that prevailed in their deliberations, I hope we may look forward to favorable effects. Considering our defeats elsewhere in the State election, I confess, however, that I am apprehensive of the issue of your November election; these defeats show the operation of a general cause, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Tyler's vetoes are that cause.

I am greatly obliged by your friendly advice as to my retirement from the senate. I have that question now under consideration. If we had maintained our ground this Fall I should have less difficulty in deciding upon my course, but I own that I feel some repugnance in resigning at a moment of such general disaster. My feelings prompt me not even to seem to desert my friends, but to meet them once more and to cheer, console and consult with them. If, therefore, you should meet me at Washington, it will be from the predominance of my feelings, but beyond this session, under no circumstances, have I a thought of remaining in the senate. Indeed, if I should go back I hope to be able to quit before the close of the session.

My latest advices from Washington represent Mr. Tyler as still entertaining a purpose of proposing some fiscal agent without having fixed in his own mind the form which it ought to assume. I am most curious to see to what conclusions he will come; for having rejected a National bank, the sub-treasury and the State bank, I am unable to conceive any other rational plan.

I congratulate you on the acquittal of McLoud and the disappearance of all cause, at least of immediate hostilities with Gt. Britain. From what I have heard, I believe the event of a war, if not desired, was expected by the executive.

What ought our friends to do at the next Session? Should they fold their arms and say that because Mr. Tyler has applied his veto to the bank, they will do nothing?—I think not. They constitute the majority in both Houses and are under the responsibility which that fact imposes. I think, therefore, that they should proceed to fulfill all the promises and pledges made to the people during the last year, as far as depends upon them, just as if General Harrison had lived, or as if Mr. Tyler had proved faithful.

They ought to reduce the National expenditure, abolish unnecessary offices, introduce more economy, and curtail the executive power by legal action, when it can be applied, and by proper amendments to the constitution where legislation is incompetent. In no other way does it appear to me can we stand acquitted to our conscience and to our Country.

There are those that think the field ought to be abandoned to Mr. Tyler and to his little cabal. Within his sphere that may be right enough, or rather, it will take place, but within the constitutional sphere of congress, I think the majority ought to perform in good faith its whole duty.

Can the infidelity of Mr. Tyler authorize or justify infidelity to the people on the part of congress?

I make these suggestions for your consideration, being quite sure that you will give them the friendly attention they deserve.

I am,

Faithfully,

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. Clay

From the time of his coming to Wisconsin until his death in 1864, Governor Tallmadge was a resident of the town of Empire, in Fond du Lac County, where he owned and operated a large farm. His home was a center of culture in the pioneer period. His farm, with the farms of John B. Macy and Gustav de Neveu, formed a contiguous area, and the families a cultural group rarely found in a rural community. There was a large family of children in the Tallmadge home to add to its interest. One of the daughters married A. G. Ruggles, for many years president of the First National Bank of Fond du Lac. Another daughter became the wife of Napoleon Boardman; her son, General Charles Boardman, needs no introduction to the people of Wisconsin.

LETTERS AND DIARY OF JOH. FR. DIEDERICHS[1]

TRANSLATED BY EMIL BAENSCH

BREMEN, August 16, 1847.

After we had at last torn ourselves from your loving embraces, had a pair of shoes thrown into our wagon at Barmen by the friendly Helmensteins (they fit our Auguste just right), had received a hurried and hearty handshake from the Deussens at Gemarke, and then had bid farewell with blessings and good wishes from dear uncle, aunt, and family, we had plenty of leisure to reflect, not only upon the days just passed, but also upon the guidance of the faithful and wonderful God. That with these reflections many a tear had to be forcibly restrained by myself and my dear wife, you may easily imagine.

Two bottles of wine and some bread with cheese and sausage from the good aunt Voss came in very handy during the trip and lasted as far as Minden, where we arrived safely at ten o'clock the following morning. In Werl we met the first emigrants,

[1] These documents describe the journey of the Diederichs family from Elberfeld, Germany, to Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The complete diary is an account of the trip from Elberfeld to Bremen, the ocean voyage from Bremerhaven to New York, the journey from New York to Milwaukee, and last, the settlement of the family in the woods near Manitowoc Rapids, Wisconsin.

three Württembergers; two of them, husband and wife, though no Hofackers or Barths,[2] were yet delightful persons with whom we would like to have made the whole journey to Milwaukee; the third was a jovial, frivolous tinsmith whose family was sending him to America for the purpose of reforming him. As far as Bremen we remained together, but there we lost one another, and we shall hardly meet again.

Saturday morning, at five-thirty, we saw in Minden the first emigration scenes, a couple of wagons filled with emigrants, and baggage standing on the shore, awaiting the departure. On account of low water it was impossible for all to embark and hence the majority had to remain until the following day. I inquired of one of the latter whether those on shore were not also going to America, whereupon I learned the above. Then, in turn, I was asked, "Are you also going to America, and where are you from?", and when I answered "Yes," and that I was from Elberfeld, he instantly said, "Then you must be Diederichs. I recognize you, having heard so much about you. I am a poor sinner like yourself and there on the shore are still others; my name is Schnacke, from Luebbecke near Minden; I lived as servant at Schroers not far from Orsoy, and now I, and my bride, who hails from Orsoy, are going to America, and precede our friends from Orsoy and Wesel to Wisconsin." You can appreciate how agreeable this was to us. Unfortunately we were again separated, and I have neither seen nor heard of them since night before last.

Here it is also crowded with emigrants, five hundred of them are said to have come at random and now must unhappily wait. Our lodging, "*im Weserthal*," is filled with Prussians, Saxons, Bavarians, Württembergers, Hanoverians, Hessians, etc., among them infants of three weeks, and old men from sixty to seventy years. . . . Our hosts are good people and do what they can, and have shown us many preferences without increase of cost. Nevertheless, Fred and Carl had to sleep on a straw-bed on the floor, and the rest of us had only two single beds, from which we arose in the morning more tired than when we lay down in the evening.

[2] The allusion may be to common friends of writer and addressee.

Wink and Vogel were delighted to see us and we were equally glad. They have a room next to us. This morning we settled our account at Schroeder's; this afternoon our trunks go by skiff to the harbor, and tomorrow, the Lord willing, we will follow by steamboat.

Candidate Brauer, a Hanoverian, and Pastor Sievertz will travel with us on the same ship; both devout men, the first a superior mind in learning and talent. Aside from these, Schroeder tells me that there are other devout Württembergers and Bavarians among our fellow-travelers whom I do not yet know. Through Schroeder, Bicker extends to us a hearty welcome, and we will claim his brother-love in case we are in need. We are invited to dinner at Schroeder's at half past one.

Whoever may follow from yonder should provide himself with ham and sausage. The former is very dear here; therefore we must do without it. For expenses here, one should supply himself with foreign pistoles, and for America with Napoleons d'or and 5 franc pieces. On the shipboard tinware of this place, which is ridiculously cheap, is used exclusively. Spoons, knives, and forks, should not be forgotten. Our innkeeper, Mr. Blome, "*zum Weserthal,*" I recommend to all travelers, as well as Mr. Schroeder.

The poor emigrants are treated shamefully here too. Thus the dear Bavarian brothers, whom the agent had directed to be here on the fifteenth and to take passage on the ship *Carolina*, were told this morning, when they paid, that this ship would not sail until the first of September. Of course they promptly sued the ship-broker Traube in the Commercial Court, but it is doubtful if they will get on our ship *Florian* or on the *Emigrant*, both of which are now being dispatched to New York. With these are also two devout candidates, Ulrichs and Voller.

August 17th. The friends from Bavaria will not come with us. But Traube must pay them until September 1st, 18 groats daily, about 8½ silver groschen. We are all well except for the eyes of our Auguste and Maria, but these too have improved rather than become worse. Immediately after dinner we shall leave.

August 18th. Yes, truly, immediately after dinner we did leave Bremen per steamboat and accordingly should have been in Bremerhaven at 7 o'clock yesterday, but—man proposes and God disposes; we arrived only at 6 o'clock this morning, and were heartily welcomed by Bicker. Within sight of the city of Bremen, on account of the shallow water, we were grounded in the sand, and after five hours of incredible trouble and labor, in which all without distinction took part, we were again afloat. At ten o'clock in the evening we were loaded onto another steamboat, where we had the pleasure again quietly to rest in the sand for several hours, until at three o'clock the tide rose, lifted us up, and brought us safely hither. You see, my dear ones, here we already have material to sing—"No travel without trouble." But do not think that we have lost courage. Oh no, we are of good cheer and are going on in God's name.

O, what a view we had this morning, as we caught sight of the mighty waters, and saw lying before us the Weser, so broad that my eye could hardly recognize objects on the shores. Mr. Schroeder, to the greatest delight of my boys, showed us the first inhabitants of the sea, two or three seals which were tumbling about freely in the water. I was absorbed in quiet contemplation of the wonders and omnipotence of God. Great are the creations of His hand and in this hand we too are held. He will guide and lead us, and bring us to the place where, according to Mr. Mueller's blessing and farewell, which has become weighty with me, my poor feet, which have thus far found no repose, will find rest.

We have already brought our belongings on to our *Florian* and on this occasion saw our accommodations. My dear wife remained on shore with Maria and Auguste. I didn't care to ask them aboard, for I thought it's time enough when it has to be. But it's not so bad as I had formerly imagined. I sleep with my wife, A and M together, Fred and Carl with Vogel and Wink. And really, it suits me very well that we did not take separate berths like the candidates, which are not worth $3. to $5. per person extra, since they have less air and light than we, especially since our space is near the large aperture which is left open in good weather.

I have not yet seen our young captain, Poppe. Schroeder just now tells me that he has given the candidates and myself permission to visit him in his cabin; also, that the mate has promised especially to look after us; 175 persons are journeying with us. It is said there are two devout sailors aboard who rejoice at our arrival. Say, my dear ones, have we any reason to be faint-hearted? Of course, we feel that we are following a path that is not easy, but be confident, my soul, wait upon the Lord and despair not, for you will yet thank Him who is your help and your God.

At this moment we see our stately arrayed ship passing Bicker's house and working its way through the other ships in order to anchor at the mouth of the harbor and there take on the freight. Our dear Carl is acting as the watchman of our baggage. If we are required to go aboard this afternoon, then the ship will leave the harbor tonight and early tomorrow morning stand out to sea. At all events, we shall sleep on the ship our next night, and when you read this our feet will no longer touch the same ground with yours, and we will have bid our beloved fatherland a fond farewell. This letter is coming to a close, but not the silent well-wishes for all of you. You can scarcely believe with what love we embrace you all; I can not yet part from you, my heart is too full. Shall we ever again see you or any of you? The Lord knows. What jubilee it would be for us in our American block-house!

It is to me a remarkable indication that so many of God's children are departing. Henceforth we will no longer see you about us, dearly beloved father, and the hope, when once the death hour comes, to be permitted to guard and nurse you, is gone; but we are certain that loving filial hearts and hands will not be wanting then, and that you will also be mindful of us with blessed love as you part from here to live with our glorified mother in the Lord's presence through all eternity. O glorious, precious certainty, there shall we all see one another again.

I must close. Mr. Schroeder comes running and tells me that the freight has arrived; I must therefore hurry aboard so that the one trunk which we shall need daily does not get into the lower deck. Farewell, farewell, I can [write] no more. Amen.

DIARY

On the 19th of August we left our dear Bicker and toward evening went on board, since it was to be expected that we would get under sail early in the morning. And so it turned out. Friday, the 20th, at 4 o'clock in the morning, we started, and with us 8 to 10 other ships, all under full sail, so that our dear German fatherland will soon vanish from our sight, but never from our hearts. However, the wind did not last long and on the 21st we were totally becalmed and lay at anchor. Sunday, the 22nd, Pastor Sievertz held the first divine service, in full robes and with complete liturgy, and had it been practicable, crucifix and burning candles would not have been wanting. Otherwise he is a lovable man, a true child of God, but so stiff and biased a Lutheran that he almost pitied us for being genuine Reformed. But enough of this.

23—Monday. Sea-sickness is in full swing, and it is amusing to see how big, strong men writhe and choke and roar, in order to pay their tribute, while children and women escape much easier. My dear wife and Auguste were among the first, then in turn came Maria, Fred, and Carl. I am keeping up bravely, exercise in the open air, bring up the dishes and pottery for my dear sick ones, empty and rinse them; always at it, and have agreed with Candidate Brauer, who is a valiant man, to oppose this dog-sickness with all our will power, yes, to scare it away. We keep on cheerily eating, drinking and smoking, and laughing, while one man after another succumbs, who but a few minutes before joined us in laughing at others.

24—Tuesday. Nearly every one is still sick, and last evening my friend Brauer had to submit to the common fate, and share the same, *nolens volens*, with Vogel, who had thus far kept up gallantly. And our poor Wink, too, was dreadfully exhausted, and thus I alone am the hero, and a surprise to myself when I consider the sensitive temper I formerly had at operations of that kind; now I stand there and look upon this spectacle with wide-open eyes, and combat my nausea, which, however, will probably come up suddenly. This morning at 5 o'clock I arose and went on

deck to drink my coffee. We are not sailing through the Channel, but are making a wide detour, around Scotland, which will be so much safer. The sea is somewhat calmer, hence the rolling of the ship has lessened, which is very beneficial to my dear sick ones. The wind is favoring us and we are sailing merrily, but it is very cold and I am freezing in my two summer coats.

25—Wednesday. This morning there were earnest remonstrances to the captain on account of the extremely bad meals, which are sometimes burnt, then too salty, and again unclean, and the result was that a woman took over the cooking, which, I hope, will improve them. The wind is southeast. All my dear ones are well again except the dear mother and poor Wink.

26—Thursday. Splendid weather. Everybody is active, including my dear wife and children. Today the first lice on the ship were discovered, which has filled us with anxiety and fear. There was a crowd of Hanoverian girls, aged from 12 to 20 years, who were afflicted with them, but to our relief a woman was able to rid them of their uncomfortable guests, and then throw the latter overboard.

Only a few days at sea and how bored we are with life on a ship! Could we but once more drink water to the full in Louise street, how grateful we would be; how glad we would be to see some fish etc. for a change! But only sea gulls, and nothing but sea gulls, present themselves to our view. Today our dear Maria again moved cheerfully about the deck, despite the bright sunlight, thank God.

27—Friday. We have a good breeze and are moving forward. O, how thankful if the heart for every breath of wind that brings us nearer our release. Today it is eight days that we have been traveling; these are gone, thank the Lord. How often we rejoice that when we are alone in a crude but clean log house it will be a palace compared with our present home. Indeed we have struck it bad in every respect, and Schroeder probably did not know the ship and the captain well; otherwise he would not have recommended them to us. Last night there was a great scandal in the steerage, concerning which the Pastor and I made bitter complaint to the captain; but the captain is a vain, con-

ceited man, and does not concern himself about order or cleanliness.

28—Saturday. Wind southwest and stormy. The rolling of the ship is again bringing sea-sickness to many; our dear mother, too, has again taken to her bed, since headache, nausea, and cramps are causing her much trouble. I feel very well and keep on deck despite wind and weather, though the former pierces to the very marrow of the bones. We are coming far to the North and ought to reach the point of Scotland by tonight; if this should be the case, then tomorrow we will steer westward, and then it will again be warm, I hope. The cook burnt the barley-groats today and hence war again with the captain.

29—Sunday. Stormy night, everything clinks and clatters, the ship goes up and down, the dishes are striking one another and falling from nails and shelves, and there's confusion everywhere. In addition, the weather is very cold and one cannot be on deck. The majority are sick in bed; all the women this time, and therefore Vogel is chief cook today. Alas, while I write this, my heart is touched; I think of you, dear ones, of the beautiful divine services, which recall so many things to me. Thank the Lord, physically I am well, nothing wanting, but the heart is uneasy. The wind is bringing us still farther north, winter is always drawing nearer, and I do not yet know where my feet will rest. But the Lord will not forsake me and will guide everything for the best.

30—Monday. Another stormy night. Through the pitching of the ship things had been thrown about and this morning there was plenty of debris. During the night I got up and tied the coffee pot and water bottle to the bedstead and thus in the morning our things were in order. Now we are in the ocean, but have little wind. If the Lord in His mercy would only order His winds to move us forward! Mother feels somewhat better and will soon be about.

31—Tuesday. Stormy. Of course, the sailors laugh at our idea of a storm, but it fully satisfies me and I would gladly refrain from any closer acquaintance. The bow of the ship dives deep into an abyss and the waves meet high above our heads; in addition, it rains and freezes and no one is able to stand with-

out holding on to something. O, if it would only come to pass, as the captain stated today, that we will arrive in New York before the end of September. Some of the passengers claim to have seen a few flying fish and a large shark.

Wednesday, Sept. 1.—Today we had pleasant weather and the pleasure of seeing a lot of dolphins swimming about our ship. But toward six o'clock in the evening the scene shifted, the wind howled fiercely in sails and rigging and the waves roared and foamed in unusual grandeur and splendor. The sailors, awaiting the orders of the captain who stood at his post, in a great cloak and water-boots, which I had never seen on him before, looked at the sea with serious mien. I cannot say that I had any fear, but it was sufficient to commend myself and mine, with quiet sigh, to the faithful protection of our Lord and Saviour, for in such hours, when it is not improbable that in the next moment you will stand before the judgment seat of God, there is nothing to do but to implore a judgment of right and mercy. To experience the novelty of a genuine and great storm, and to see nature in its full strength and power, kept me on deck, but the probability of a great danger could not long be hidden from the steerage, and I therefore deemed it my duty to go below and encourage my wife and children as best I could. In the meantime it had become dark, but nevertheless I had to go on deck once more in order to empty the dishes overboard, and since it was impossible to carry anything up the stairs, my Fred had to hand them up to me. It was just about that time, I imagine, when my dear father was taking his meal with brother William and probably talking about us. O, if you had known what condition we were then in. You would have cried with us to the Lord of Mercy. I looked for the stairs in order to go back to my people, but the waves washed overboard and the stairs were wet, and when my feet touched the first step, the ship leaned far over and down I fell into the steerage below. Everybody cried out, for many thought some harm had come to the ship; although the fall was a hard one, the good Lord guarded me, and aside from severe pains in the hips and right knee, which vanished after ten minutes, I had received from it nothing but a severe fright. I begged my wife to let me go up

again; I wanted to face the storm, I wanted to see the grandeur and might of our Heavenly Father, I wanted to admire and adore. O, it was terrible, to hear the roaring of the wind, to see these mountain-high crests which bore our ship on high as if it were a feather, only to hurl it down deeper than before, and the next moment rush together so that the water sprayed high in the air, and then covered the sea with foam. Every moment one heard the orders of the captain, which were executed with the utmost celerity. Here and there sailors fell on deck, others sprang over them, and lucky he who first reached a rope to hold onto. I too, helped as well as I could, since the crew was insufficient. The captain, a butcher from Bamberg, the cook, and myself, hauled in the three bowsprit sails while the waters washed the deck; but when the captain ordered all sails hoisted and the sailors climbed like cats up the rope ladders, and up there, at the tops of the masts, began to unroll the sails, and I expected every moment to see one or the other hurled into the sea, then I did feel queer. O, it was dreadful to see these men on high, silhouetted against the clouds, and I thanked the Lord when the work was completed and all were safely down again. The Pastor, the candidate, and I, were the only passengers still on deck, and, in order not to stand in water up to our knees, we fled to the bench in front of the cabin. Towards 12 o'clock at night the storm seemed to have reached its height and by six o'clock in the morning it had abated. Yes, truly, great is God! Who can conceive His power!

2—Thursday. The morning is clear but cold, the sea still restless, but the wind is northeast and favorable, so that we are making ten miles per hour.

3—Friday. Today it's 14 days that we are on the sea—if we had only reached our goal! In Bremen we had bought some apples and today we exchanged some of them for eggs; a Swiss lady gave us some flour, we added two shipbiscuits, and then six pancakes were baked, which furnished us a royal meal. The weather is still cold, but with northeast wind we are making fast time. We will forget everything if only the end of our journey be near, and I feel much relieved when I see my wife and children happy about me, as was the case today.

4—Saturday. Weather clear and warmer. Wind northwest, not the best. Saturdays we have barley-groats without meat, the worst meal of the whole week.

5—Sunday. This is the day of the Lord. We have no lack of sermons on the ship,—two daily. Since the Pastor now unsparingly exposes the abominations on the ship, he is no longer the king's friend, and our meeting consists of only a few men. And then the captain is not a man for divine services, and purposely tries to disturb them, although he does not prohibit them, having once given his consent.

Sundays we have rice and smoked meat, but this is generally so salty that one cannot eat it. Bacon is still the best meat. On the whole the meals are miserably poor; I would not complain if they were only eatable, but under existing circumstances—well, it will all pass over and we will endure patiently.

6—Monday. The wind has shifted and is southwest, but too light to profit much. Last night I dreamed that we had arrived in New York in 35 days and 5 hours; accordingly we should land there on the 24th; if it will happen, the Lord knows; we are in His Hands! O, how happy I am that my wife is beginning to recover, also that Auguste and Maria are again cheerful, and that for several days the latter's eyes seem to have improved. Thou faithful God and Father! Wilt Thou keep us and give us strength, that united we may live and work in Thy fear and do our day's work when called upon.

7—Tuesday. A restless night, much vexation and wickedness on the ship; in addition, contrary winds, so that captain and sailors were busy the entire night. We are being well practiced in patience; sometimes it is said that we have passed half the journey, then again, not by far.

8—Wednesday. Light, unfavorable wind, the air warmer and wife and children cheerful. By afternoon the sea became agitated and therefore everybody stayed below in the steerage; it gets dark by 7 o'clock and since the captain furnished no lights in the steerage, one has plenty of time for reflection. This evening my thoughts were with my dear Dröhners and passed each one in review; that moved the heart and moistened the eyes. But——

9—Thursday. It is once more better, with a northwest wind. The sun is shining gloriously, my dear ones are playing together, and my heart is grateful to God.

10—Friday. Fairly good wind, splendid weather, but not so warm as yesterday. This morning the steamer *Caledonia*, Boston to Liverpool, passed near us, and every one who wasn't sick came on deck to see something new for a change. We are all well and even the worst meals are relished nearly every day; so that we have persuaded ourselves that man can endure much, if he has to. There are peas on Monday, beans on Tuesday, peas on Wednesday, beans on Thursday, peas on Friday, barley on Saturday, and rice on Sunday, but O, Lord, how the last two dishes are prepared! For a change today we received half a herring and each one some soup. During the first eight days we occasionally saw potatoes, and if we were fortunate sometimes to find one in the soup, it was honestly divided into six parts.

11—Saturday. Last night mother and the children and I remained on deck until late to observe the phosphorescence of the ocean, extending as far as the eye could see. I believed that this brightness was nothing more than the snow-white foam on the dark blue surface of the sea, and that that caused the beautiful sight. However, my astonishment increased after I had pulled up a pail of the water, and, stirring it with my hand, observed results as if I were stirring glowing ashes, and even after I had poured the water on the deck, I noticed the brightness again. I had to admit that my wisdom was at an end, that I should have to leave it to the judgment of the learned and content myself with what I had seen. Great are the works of the Lord! He who regards them has unalloyed pleasure in them. With this thought we went to sleep and awoke to a stormy, rainy morning, with a strong southeast wind that will bring us off our course. Yesterday it was said that the captain had miscalculated and we had not yet covered a third of our journey; if this is the case it may well be the middle of October ere we arrive in New York. I live in the hope that the Lord, whom the winds must serve, will command them to bring us there by the end of this month.

12—Sunday. Last night we sailed rapidly, and also today, with a north wind—we are making five hours in one—we are

quickly forging toward our goal. Last night there again appeared a herd of sea-hogs, or better, hog-fish; the helmsman tried to harpoon one, hit it, too, but since the harpoon was not sharp enough, we lost the prize again. We are from ten to twelve miles from the Azores but we can see no land.

13—Monday. How grateful is the heart that we still have the same wind as yesterday, that lets our ship fly over the waves so that, if this keeps up, my dream may be realized. We are all well, we lack nothing but victuals for strengthening; unfortunately we did not sufficiently provide ourselves.

14—Tuesday. In the world and on the sea there is nothing stable but instability. Here we are now, with the finest weather, with an immeasurably beautiful view and the clearest sky, on the open ocean with its gently curling waves, but—without what is to us most indispensable—wind. We try to pass the time fishing but catch nothing but a few gelatinous animals, called nautilus, which we cannot use.

15—Wednesday. O! What a wonderful and indescribable view we enjoyed last evening, when we beheld the sun set in a glory and magnificence never before seen. My God, since the works of Thy hands are so beautiful, how glorious must Thou be, and that house wherein our dwellings are to be that Thou hast prepared for us! Until late I sat on deck with our Wink and our John (an unusually pious sailor who has lived in Chicago for 5 years and has been on a visit to his home at Bremen), conversing as to the millennium and with the Lord near us. Then we retired and awoke this morning with a southeast wind, which will again bring us too far North.

16—Thursday. Cloudy day with north-northwest wind, not exactly favorable.

17—Friday. Clear, pleasant day. Wind like yesterday. How dissatisfied I am and how often I ask, why does the Lord not give us good winds? Does he not know that I am on the ship? Does he not know that my means are meager and that I must necessarily have my hut ready before winter? Ill-humored I pace back and forth, in constant conflict, would like to entrust all and surrender myself and mine to my true Lord and Saviour;

then, when I am about to submit to his guidance, this will not do, and soon I again call out: Halt, O my dear Lord, this will not do! You do not consider this, nor that. O, do bring about a change. It is easy to hope and trust when our experience accords with our views, easy to hope and trust when things run along in a rut and chests and boxes are filled—for then we always have a thing of our own in our hand, but—but—Faith, how art thou so difficult! And yet how art thou so easy! To whom He gives, he has it free, that's certain. Inheriting and acquiring is naught but cobweb.

18—Saturday. Restless night. No sleep came to my eyes. Poor heart, when it comes to the test, how little can you build on the father-goodness of God! And yet, all things are in His hand, and there is nothing that should and will not serve our best. The day is fine and the wind fair, but light, and my dream will hardly come true.

19—Sunday. Strong southeast wind, therefore favorable; but rainy the entire day. Liturgical service to weariness. How longingly I reflected today on our beautiful simple services, and wished to move once more with the masses toward the house of the Lord. At the morning service we sing not less than 20–25 not short verses, and in addition have the singing of the Lord's Prayer, and at the opening and closing the church's blessing spoken by the minister himself, and with all that, intermittent songs by the choir. I do not believe that in my new fatherland I will ever hold to a church that has such ceremonies. This evening heavy rain and stormy.

20—Monday. Northeast wind and therefore favorable. We are near the coast of Newfoundland. The color of the water has changed from dark blue to light green.

21—Tuesday. Yesterday noon it was already somewhat stormy, continued the whole night, and now we have almost contrary wind which brings us more backward than forward. Therewith the pleasant news is passing about the ship that the captain has ordered the rations to be reduced. That's likely to turn out good!

22—Wednesday. The wind which started favorably at daybreak today, during the course of the afternoon turned into a

storm, which, violent at first, died down about 7 o'clock in the evening. Then it became very pleasant on deck and we remained there, with beautiful moonlight until ten o'clock.

23—Thursday. Splendid wind. About 4 o'clock this morning we saw a sail ahead of us, and it soon appeared that it was following the same course we were. About 11 o'clock we overhauled her, and, since our captain wanted to learn her nationality, he hoisted the flag; and since our friend, as a matter of politeness, had to do likewise, it then appeared that it was an English ship, whereat our captain was not a little pleased and doubly proud, as if he were the man who was able to blow our ship along. I should have liked it better if he had "blown" earlier, so that our ship would have remained with the Americans *Pallas* and *Perkins,* who left the Bremen harbor with us and are probably already in New York.

24—Friday. If my dream had been realized, we should be in New York today; but now we are far from it and the Lord only knows how long we still have to sail. Today we had for the second time soup with half a herring per man, without any potatoes, however. But at any rate it was a feast again. Since our own provisions have all been consumed we must content ourselves with the ship's fare; well, we have already learned a great deal. Today a hog was slaughtered but we poor steerage passengers will see nothing of that.

25—Saturday. Fine weather, but feeble wind. The Lord puts heavy tests upon us; one grows impatient and the evil heart will no longer acquiesce in God's ways. Today there occurred again unpleasant scenes with the captain; due to his rudeness the men are no longer willing to help work, carry water, etc., and to me these wrangles are very disagreeable. I, as well as the Pastor and the candidate, are very much dissatisfied with the treatment.

26—Sunday. Today it is five weeks that we have been at sea and with the little wind we have a good opportunity to meditate on the journey passed. About seven o'clock we saw at a great distance to the eastward of us, a sailboat, which, as the captain noted through the spyglass, seemed badly damaged. Soon it raised five flags, from which our captain concluded that it desired to talk with us and ask for water and food. However, our

dear John, as an old experienced seaman, knew better, and told me immediately that the flag signal denoted that the ship wished to compare longitude with us. And so it turned out. About eleven o'clock we were alongside and now soon learned, after the two captains had talked with each other through the speaking trumpets, that we differed only about three minutes, in that the Englishman had 47 degrees, 15′, and we 47 degrees, 12′. The ship came from San Domingo, loaded with coffee, bound for Liverpool, and several days ago had passed through a severe storm, and as a result the mainmast was broken off, the rear mast had disappeared and was replaced by a jury-mast, and the bulwarks were very much damaged. I looked at the ship with peculiar sensation; it seemed to me almost like an old warrior who, though badly wounded, still emerged victorious from the battle. About five o'clock the wind changed, and that favorably. O, would but the Lord keep this up for 10 to 14 days!

27—Monday. Our hearts are happy in the Lord who has heard our humble prayer. Since eight o'clock last evening we have had the finest north-northwest wind, which will bring us to New York, our desired goal, by the end of this week, if we keep it, and that is indeed an easy matter for the Lord. Just now we saw the first American bird of Newfoundland flying through the air, about the size of a goose. The meat this noon was not eatable on account of its stench, and the passengers threw their portions overboard. Upon my representation to the captain he had the remaining supply inspected, when an entire barrel with decayed contents was found, which was quickly thrown overboard amid loud hurrahs and delivered as a welcome prize to the fish of prey.

28—Tuesday. Today too the Lord heeds prayers and wishes; the wind, like yesterday's, is favorable. O, how the heart yearns for the wished-for harbor! Shall we too one day, when our sails are spread and we begin the journey into eternity, be anxious with yearning desire to enter the eternal Haven of Rest? O, I hope that our sight will then be clear, and we can see the right Pilot at the helm who alone knows how to bring us through the storms of vexation to the father-heart of God where all sorrow shall have an end. Since last evening I am not well; last night

was a long and troublesome one for me and today I have a headache.

29—Wednesday. Since midnight the wind has left us and with a mild southwester we are moving forward but slowly. Here we are now, and all our hopes have come to naught. Seafaring fully resembles spiritual life; in both one is wholly dependent; in the former on the wind, in the latter on compassion and mercy, and only when the face of the Father beams upon us, are we saved.

30—Thursday. Last night we were on deck until late, 11 o'clock, where we admired the beautiful Northern Lights in rare perfection; and when soon thereafter the moon rose above the ocean we involuntarily exclaimed, "What beauty, what splendor!" The wind today is mild, and we are not getting forward.

October 1st—Friday. Although today, with rainy weather, the wind is favorable, yet we have postponed our hopes of arrival to the 4th or 5th instant. Perhaps the anniversary day of my birth will also be the day of our arrival.

2—Saturday. Again unfavorable wind, and instead of sailing westward we are tacking toward the South. So near our goal and yet we cannot reach it. O, may the Lord dispose all for the best!

3—Sunday. The wind is better, but feeble, and we are glad to have it. The weather is pleasant.

4—Monday. Since last night the wind is most favorable; so that we made the last ten German miles in four hours and today covered another nine miles. It is said that if this continues we shall reach port by Wednesday. Would to God that this were so.

5—Tuesday. Today I celebrated my 43rd birthday, on the wide ocean. O, how many recollections throng my bosom. . . .

Since twelve o'clock last night the wind has forsaken us and today we are again tacking, so that the hope to be in New York today has wholly vanished. Thus is our patience ever and anew put to the test. Towards five o'clock a whale-fisher passed us on its way to the South Sea, and it was interesting to watch the boat battle with the waves, now deep down so that we could see but the top of the masts, and then again dancing about on the crest of the waves.

6—Wednesday. The sea runs high, the wind is strong and adverse. During the night the sea was very restless. Two ships that passed us today came so near that the captain exchanged reckonings with them.

7—Thursday. We have favorable winds again since last evening, and hope to reach New York this week; we are now so near that a continuous good wind could bring us there by tomorrow night; but experience has so often disappointed us in our expectations that we do not think about it at all. Today we saw from four to six large grampuses, with bodies equal to a large ox, whose length, however, on account of the great distance, could not be clearly noted. We also saw several small land birds like sparrows—all gladsome signs to us.

8—Friday. Fine weather and favoring winds. Everybody is happy now and hopeful soon to reach land; but———

9—Saturday. Doleful awakening or rather doleful waking, for there was no thought of sleep, since the spirit was too agitated over shattered hopes. Stormy southwest winds have met us, the sea is running high, a sail has been torn by the force of the gale, and now we are drifting, the Lord knows how long. I am completely downcast from the long duration of the journey.

10—Sunday. The wind still has its full force, is still adverse, but the sea is somewhat calmer. About twelve o'clock the sea was swarming with hog-fish and it was interesting to see them swimming about the ship. The mate harpooned two of them and the smaller, after head and entrails had been removed, weighed a hundred pounds. Internally they are constructed like a hog; and now, after they had been trimmed and carved, the larger one was assigned to the steerage and the smaller to the cabin passengers. We were granted a special distinction in that the captain called my wife and gave her an extra large piece which, if we had had potatoes with it, would have furnished us a delicious meal.

11—Monday. Wind feeble but favorable. This morning the mate caught a vampire which had fastened itself to one of the sails. This is a sort of bat, the size of a small rat, with long, bat-like wings, varicolored fur, sharp teeth, and a head which very much resembles that of an English bulldog. How the creature came upon our ship is a mystery and we can only guess that

a ship passing us in the night carried it, and that at the moment of passing it flew over to us. A cabin passenger bought it to send to the museum at Berlin.—A whaler from the South Sea, heavily laden, passed us.

12—Tuesday. The wind is stronger, we are moving rapidly forward, and expect the pilot on board today. Everybody is on the lookout. *Noon.* The wind is growing stronger, almost stormy, and since no pilot has yet appeared, the captain intends to haul in the sails so that during the night we may remain far enough from land and have no mishap to fear. *4 o'clock P. M.* On the far distant horizon a small sail appears and every one is anxious to know whether it is the pilot boat. I am too fearful to believe it. Yes! it is! Through his spyglass the captain recognizes it by its shape; it is the pilot boat! It is coming nearer and we see it transfer a pilot to a large three-master, which is ahead of us. Will the little boat also have one for us on board? Surely, it is coming toward us—what joy for all of us! Meanwhile the storm has increased and the captain has the sails furled; so that the little boat may reach us. There we stand, fearing to breathe as we watch the little ship battling with wave and storm, the women and children crying aloud every time it is hidden by the waves. But—O wonder, each time it comes up again. At last it is a rifle-shot distant from us, a small boat is lowered—but my God, will the pilot come over to us in such a nutshell in this storm? Indeed, two sailors are going over. The pilot too, and now—oh my God, let these three lives find favor with you! There they leave—a cry upon our ship—and boat and all has disappeared; but no, look, there they are again; now it's all over; they are gone forever—but again they appear and are nearer—again to disappear and again to move nearer, until finally—oh the joy and rejoicing—they reach us and our sailors pull up a tall lean man who is to guide us into the harbor. The captain welcomes him and asks his commands, whereupon the order "Hoist all sails" resounds from one end of our ship to the other. What? In this storm and so near the land? Still, he is the pilot. He is the man who knows the way and who now must be obeyed. Soon all sails are spread, the wind bellows them, the masts creak, the waves dash house-high—it matters not, onward it goes

through storm and waves, and we are no longer able to look upon the sea without getting dizzy. Ever wilder the ship courses through the high waves—but the pilot stands fast at his post and calmly and firmly faces the storm. Brothers, then I acquired admiration for the American pilot! At 9 o'clock, it was said, we would see the lighthouses, and so it turned out. I was on deck most of the time; everything was new to me and the time seemed long until I could see my new fatherland. The anchors were cast and we lay at the mouth of the Hudson.

13—Wednesday. At daybreak we were all on deck to see the land and gradually, on both sides, it appeared through the dawn. What a sight! There it lies, the land in which I and mine shall hereafter live, where my remains will rest, and where the call shall come to me: "Fred, thy pilgrimage shall stop and the days of thy knighthood shall end!" All, all, all, is with Thee, Thou true God!—Soon the anchors are lifted and toward 10 o'clock in the morning we at last enter the harbor, where soon a crowd of German leeches come on board, one knowing of a good tavern, another of good work, a third this, a fourth that. However, it seems to me that these loafers are nearly played out, and that the Germans have in time become too wise to be fooled by them. After our arrival we went on land as soon as possible, since our baggage was not to be delivered until the following day.

14—Thursday. Now that we have received our baggage and all has been opened for inspection, we have no more to do with our ship. A great distance lies back of us, much has been overcome, and this I have emphatically realized: "Man can do much, if he must."

But the Lord who has helped us until now, will in mercy help us further. To Him alone the honor! Amen!

[*To be concluded*]

EDITORIAL COMMENT

TESTING TRADITIONS

1. Naming Wisconsin Valley Towns. Some months ago there appeared, in a leading Wisconsin newspaper, a sprightly article dealing with the above topic. It purported to give the story of the first special train to make the through run between Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien, which occurred early in the year 1858—not 1857, as the article says, for the road was not completed in that year. The special is said to have borne a joyous party consisting of the railway officials and their friends. Several members of the party are designated by name.

The clever writer, frankly basing her statements on tradition, describes in dramatic manner the naming of Avoca and of Muscoda. She gives three alternative accounts of the naming of Boscobel.

> As the train wound along the beautiful Wisconsin River . . . it reached a point where the valley between the bluffs narrowed to become a long, leafy corridor of delicate and exquisite proportions, a fairy-like place with the first foliage of spring, shining and green. The train stopped and the stockholders and first citizens stepped from the platform to gaze enraptured at the lovely, tender little vale. "We are going to build a depot right here," announced an official. "A town will grow up around it. It has to have a name. Are you going to call it 'Valley City' or 'Valley Point'? Or do you want to name it after Alex. Randall here, or George H. Walker, or Anson Eldred?" Then one of the passengers quoted some lines from Tom Moore.
>
> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet," the quotation commenced, and ended:
>
> "Sweet vale of Avoca! How calm could I rest,
> In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best."
>
> He lifted his arm in a wide gesture. "Let me introduce the town of Avoca," he said. "In its shade I could remain forever, with you all—the friends I love best—if it were not that I am sure you join me in desiring to hasten the iron horse's drink in the Mississippi." "Good-bye,

Avoca, the iron horse has got to drink in the Mississippi," became the word as the laughing group reëntered the coach.

The engine puffed, the train drew away from the just-christened Avoca and traveled some six miles down the new track to where the valley once more widened and became a prairie miles across. Some three-quarters of a mile away on the river was a town called English Prairie, but the railroad did not touch it. The settlement which was to grow up in the future about the projected depot must be given its own name. As the passengers stepped down from the coach they seemed to be treading a flower-studded carpet. The flat green of the prairie was a vast mosaic, with the violets, the May-flowers, as arbutus was called in 1857, the Indian paint root, the trilliums, marking it in a rich pattern. One of the passengers turned to the man who had provided the name for the last station. "You and Tom Moore christened that future metropolis back on the line," he said, "Professor Longfellow and I will give the name to this. There is a piece of poetry to carry my name too." He assumed the air of an Indian orator, raised his hand, and said:

"And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms."

"I have done!" The speaker dropped his Red-Jacket attitude and stepped back.

"What's the name—you haven't told us. Is it Nokomis or Muskoday?" was the bantering question.

"Nokomis," he made answer, "should be the Indian name for this iron horse that falls on the lovely meadow, Muskoday, just at twilight, and is blamed thirsty for a drink out of the Mississippi River on beyond. Behold, in your mind's eye, the city, Muskoday."

The legend says that sixteen miles beyond the present Muscoda the party on the special fastened the name "Boscobel" on another settlement. One of the stockholders is said to have recalled that "boscobel" was a Castilian vulgarism for "beautiful wood," and to have remarked that there could be no lovelier timber land than the stretch of venerable oaks which stood where Boscobel is today.

Another version says that Boscobel was named by the railroad men for the friendly little English wood which sheltered Charles Stuart after the luckless battle of Worcester.

Still a third version places the naming of Boscobel at another date, and is concerned with an early settler who belled his red cow with a particularly mellifluous dingdong. The "boss-cow-bell" is said to have become "Boscobel" under time and change.

Such are the traditions, so delightfully dressed out for the thousands of readers of our Sunday journals. Let us now turn to an earlier account of the naming of these towns.

On the seventeenth of August, 1855, more than two and a half years before a train could have passed between Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* printed two columns of editorial correspondence signed by "R. K.," who was Rufus King, the editor himself. He had made his second trip to the Mississippi, this time by a wholly new route, along the line of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, on which trains were running as far as Madison. From the capital city he and his party—for there were several persons with him, probably leading railway officials—proceeded apparently by team and wheeled vehicle down the Black Earth valley, which he describes in deservedly flattering terms, mentioning also the towns of Mazomanie and Helena.

Of that portion of the line farther west he says:

> The railway stations along the Wisconsin Valley have been selected with reference to the business of the country adjacent. They are all, too, beautifully located. . . . Some distance below Hurst's Ferry [which was two miles below Lone Rock] on the south shore, and in the midst of a smiling prairie, is the Avoca Vale station, so-called from a beautiful glen, or *cooley*, near by. A fine spring gushing from the hillside some 200 feet above the plain, supplies this station with water of crystal purity. Muscoda, in Grant County, a town charmingly situated on the river side and waking up into new life on the approach of the railroad, is the next point of interest. Here will center a large business from Grant and Richland counties. Fifteen miles further down is Boscobel, near the residence of Mr. Bailey, in whose comfortable farm house we found snug quarters and a warm welcome Thursday night. This station derives its pretty name from the handsomely wooded glen and hill-sides adjacent.

Mr. King nowhere states that Avoca and Boscobel possessed name or local identity prior to the visit of himself and party. It is clear even from his concise paragraph that Muscoda did, for he speaks of the town waking to new life with the coming of the railroad. We know from other sources that the old "English Prairie" of the French river men became "Savannah" in the post office directory of

1837, and "Muscoday" in the directory of 1843, fifteen years before the supposititious christening by the orator of the Milwaukee-Prairie du Chien "special." We know also that the place was called "Muscoday" as early as 1841.[1]

From the fact that the *Sentinel* editor explains the origin of the name "Avoca Vale" and the name "Boscobel," while mentioning Muscoda as something established and to be taken for granted, one might infer that he and his party actually bestowed those names on the stations thus honored. And with this inference agrees a statement contained in the story of Boscobel as published in the Grant County history of 1881. The writer says the name is from "bosc" and "belle," meaning "beautiful woods," and adds that, in the year 1854, General Rufus King visited the place with some of the railway officials, and on his return to Milwaukee wrote enthusiastically about it in the *Sentinel* under the name "Boscobel," which name persisted. King was not in Boscobel in 1854, so it is likely that the trip of 1855 was meant and that the article referred to is the one from which the above quotation is taken. Since the facts concerning the early history of Boscobel as treated in the 1881 history are understood to have been supplied by C. K. Dean, who had been one of the railway surveyors, was one of the owners of the town site, possibly was with the party, and certainly knew all about the visit of August, 1855, we have reason to take the printed statement as in some sort evidence that King and his friends actually named that place. And if they named Boscobel it is fair to assume that they named Avoca.

As to the derivation of these two names, it seems that the tradition reported in the newspaper article above quoted is not seriously at fault. "Avoca Vale" has the very flavor of Tom Moore's poem, while the first version of the

[1] See this magazine, iv, 38-39 (September, 1920).

origin of "Boscobel" is the one also given by General King. The drama of the naming of Muscoda is wholly imaginary. Since Longfellow derived the Hiawatha story from the writings of Henry R. Schoolcraft, whose books were widely read for some years, there is no inherent reason why some one other than Longfellow—say, one of the postmasters at Muscoda, or a visitor to the place formerly called Savannah or English Prairie—should not have drawn it from the same source. It was a well known Indian designation for "meadow" or "prairie"; a certain Wisconsin Indian tribe bore the name "Mascouten," because, as it is supposed, of the flat, open terrain which was its original habitat, and a similar form is preserved also in the place named "Muscatine." It was an easy and obvious substitution for the Spanish name "Savannah," and may have been resorted to in order to distinguish the place on the Wisconsin River from another Savannah passed by up-river steamers, on the Mississippi.

2. Daniel Webster's Visit to Wisconsin. The history of land ownership in Wisconsin, as it is being worked out piecemeal on the local plane by registers of deeds and title attorneys, yields many a surprise. For the purchaser of a farm known to have been once owned by John Smith or Samuel Rugh is not expecting to find, embedded in the earlier title to his land, a great American name like Ralph Waldo Emerson, or Edward Everett, or Daniel Webster. Still, all of those names and others of only less note have been turned up by abstractors from time to time.

As respects Daniel Webster, it was known that he once secured, at second-hand from Lucius Lyon of Detroit, a fine tract of unimproved land in Dane County which Mr. Lyon as surveyor knew all about, so that he could guarantee its quality to his senatorial colleague. It was also known that Webster dealt with George Wallace Jones, delegate in Congress from Wisconsin Territory, in the

matter of other lands, and land office records show that he derived still other tracts, in Dane and Rock counties, directly from the government. This could easily have been done through an agent, as the law made it unnecessary for a purchaser to present himself personally at the land office in order to secure title to land. It had always been supposed that Webster, like so many other eastern investors, obtained his Wisconsin lands in that way.

Now comes Mr. John Potter Porter, a man of seventy years, reared mainly in Rock County, who tells the following interesting story derived from his father:

> Daniel Webster, accompanied by Dr. John Porter, came into this country some time in the late 1830's, for the purpose of selecting land which was granted to Webster by the government for some service that he had performed. The trip was made, and afterwards certain parts of the land selected were conveyed from Webster to this John Porter who accompanied him. Along in the early 1860's this John Porter came west and sold this land to my father and his two brothers. Their names were Isaac, William, and Joseph Porter.

Mr. Porter also presents a deed of transfer of three parcels of land, aggregating 952 acres, from Mr. Webster to Dr. John Porter, of Duxbury, Massachusetts. The deed is dated November, 1842, and the lands described lie partly in township 5, range 11 east, and partly in township 4, same range—the present towns of Porter in Rock and Dunkirk in Dane counties.

Their ownership of land once belonging to the great expounder of the constitution would naturally render the Porter family especially sensitive to any suggestion that Webster selected the land in person, but one who looks at the matter coldly is disposed to say, at first blush, that a trip by him into the uninhabited prairies for such a purpose was quite outside the range of historical probability. On the other hand, the story that Dr. John Porter was associated with Webster on such an extended trip is precisely the type of tradition which would not have been invented

by intelligent, moral, and cautious people like the Porters, and if an incident of the kind happened to a member of their family it is likely to have been handed down with a good degree of accuracy. Our test, of course, must be such contemporaneous evidence as can still be found bearing upon Mr. Webster's movements in the period of eight years between the opening of the Wisconsin land offices in 1834 and his sale of lands to Dr. Porter in 1842.

The published papers of Webster prove that he made a journey into the West in 1837, visiting Pittsburgh and Wheeling and passing down the Ohio River. He stopped at Louisville, probably at Cincinnati, and certainly at Madison, Indiana. From contemporary newspapers we learn that he arrived at St. Louis on the afternoon of June 9, that he enjoyed a great festival prepared in his honor on the thirteenth (it took the form of a barbecue and was attended by many thousands, to whom Webster made an extended speech), and that he left the city by steamer for Alton on the morning of June 14.

From the facts that, on this journey, he received urgent appeals to accept the hospitality of Michigan City, Detroit, Toledo, Erie, Pennsylvania, and Rochester, New York,[2] and that he spoke in Rochester on July 20, it is certain that his return to the East was by way of the Lakes—at least in part—and the Erie Canal. Other evidence is in harmony with that theory. On the fifth of April, 1837, Webster's son, Fletcher, who had been in the West off and on for a year, looking up land for his father and others, and who was then living with his family in Detroit, wrote that the people there were very anxious to see Webster. "It would be prudent," he says, "to let me know if you can when you will be here, that I may make arrangements for lodgings, for there won't be room to turn around from May to

[2] Claude H. Van Tyne, *Letters of Daniel Webster* (New York, 1902), 210, note 3.

November."[3] Since Fletcher was acting as his father's agent he can be supposed to know his plans, which appear to have included a visit to the Michigan capital.

The Whig paper in Galena, Illinois, learned from passengers on the steamer *Burlington* about Webster's arrival in St. Louis, and also obtained from the same source the suggestion that he intended coming north by way of the Illinois River.[4] His embarkation for Alton agrees with such a program, as does also the fact that Webster either owned at the time or purchased that year a large farm called Salisbury, near La Salle, on the Illinois River in northern Illinois. Upon that farm his son Fletcher and family were living in March, 1838. Whether or not they had removed from Detroit to La Salle prior to the middle of June, 1837, we do not know. At all events, Webster almost certainly passed up the Illinois River by steamer, and stopped at La Salle.

The town of La Salle lies due south from Beloit, at the distance of approximately eighty miles. At that point Webster would have been within about one hundred miles of his lands in Rock and Dane counties, and it is not improbable that he took the opportunity to visit them. However, our statesman was not fond of the hardships incident to traveling through a sparsely settled primitive country, and I should by no means accept the probability of such a visit for historical certainty without some direct, confirmatory evidence. Webster may have continued by the Illinois River route to Chicago, and he may have gone thence by the most direct communication to Detroit. Or, he may have gone by steamer around the Lakes. The time between the middle of June and September 4 (when the special session of Congress convened) was at his disposal. He was in Washington the first day of the session, but I have seen

[3] Van Tyne, 210-211.
[4] *Northwestern Gazette and Galena Advertiser*, June 17, 1837.

nothing in print to indicate how long prior to that date he arrived in the East. If we assume that he reached Boston by August 15, he still would have had two months for the trip from La Salle. Of this the Erie Canal section of the journey, together with the voyage down the Hudson and by way of Long Island Sound east, would have consumed for a leisurely traveler at least ten days.[5] Fifty days should have been ample for the balance of the trip, even if he took an extra week for a visit of inspection to his lands in Wisconsin Territory.

We have no Milwaukee newspaper for 1837, nor yet a Racine newspaper, nor a Southport (Kenosha) paper, and our files of the Green Bay papers are incomplete. It is by no means impossible that Webster traversed Wisconsin Territory to Milwaukee, or even to Green Bay. In the latter place he was acquainted with Daniel Whitney, while in Milwaukee the Honorable John Cramer, of New York, who was an associate of Webster in western land speculations, had a son Eliphalet Cramer, who was managing Milwaukee's first bank.

Yet, when all is said, we do not know that the great orator ever set foot on Wisconsin soil. The Porter tradition no doubt has a basis of fact in this, that Dr. Porter accompanied Webster on his western tour in 1837. That they did not select the tracts of land which became the Porter property is clear from the non-agreement of the entry dates with the known date of Webster's arrival on the frontier.[6] That the lands were granted to Webster for some special service is disproved by the fact that certificates were issued as in ordinary cases of land purchases at the land office, and by letters of Webster to his son which show that they were

[5] Steam packets were that year carrying emigrants westward to Buffalo, from Whitehall, Vermont, in six days and six nights.

[6] The tract in Dunkirk was entered in March, 1837. The certificate number was 548. The numbers for the other tracts were 546 and 547, showing that all were entered together.

trying to locate good land to be bought of the government. That Porter and Webster in company inspected these lands is possible, but not certain; and the whole question of Webster's visit to Wisconsin remains in doubt. This doubt may be resolved at any moment by some bit of evidence derived from the manuscript papers of Mr. Webster. For such evidence we must be content to wait.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending October 10, 1923, there were seventeen additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Four persons enrolled as life members: Adolph C. Dick, Milwaukee; Adolph C. Nelson, Madison; James B. Ramsay, Madison; Arlie W. Schorger, Madison.

Thirteen persons became annual members, as follows: Joseph M. Bodenberger, Evansville; George A. Boissard, Madison; Ithel B. Davies, Delavan; William R. Foley, Superior; Merton Grenhagen, Oshkosh; Mrs. F. S. Kent, Beloit; L. R. McPherson, Superior; James F. Riordan, Milwaukee; Hugh W. Rohde, Shorewood; Gustave M. Rothe, Milwaukee; Robert Stewart, Superior; William H. Tyrrell, Delavan; Mrs. F. E. Walbridge, Stevens Point.

Professor Albert H. Sanford, of La Crosse, changed his membership from annual to life.

The Society's annual meeting occurred October 18, when the yearly reports were given and officers elected. The twelve curators whose term expired in 1923 were all reëlected. In place of the Honorable John Strange was chosen Lyman J. Nash, of Manitowoc. Henry C. Campbell's place was filled by the election of Robert Wild, of Milwaukee. The Secretary announced the generous gift of Curator W. A. Titus to the museum, of his remarkable and valuable collection of Indian pottery of the Southwest. The feature of the day was a dinner for members and friends of the Society, at which over eighty were present. At its conclusion the Society was honored by a lecture by Professor Michael Rostovtzeff of the University faculty, on recent excavations and restorations at Pompeii, which proved of the utmost interest to the auditors.

PUBLICATIONS

As we go to press with this number, the first volume of *Town Studies, Wisconsin Domesday Book*, is approaching the stage of page proof. That volume will therefore come from the press approximately at the same time as this issue of the magazine. The volume contains special studies of twenty-three towns scattered through the following counties: Milwaukee, Racine, Waukesha, Walworth, Rock, Dane, Grant, Green, Crawford, Richland, Iowa, La Crosse, Monroe, Columbia, Fond du Lac, Manitowoc, and Door. There is an extended introduction, in which the main findings resulting from this study are briefly discussed. The volume is in atlas format, and contains plats of all the towns studied, on which is represented the ownership of farms as of the year 1860, together with surveyors' notes descriptive of the land and census statistics for three censuses, revealing the process of farm making. There are also numerous special maps, of topographical surveys, of soil surveys, and of supplementary population surveys.

Another publication which the Society has placed in the hands of the printer will make volume two in the Calendar Series, volume one being the *Calendar of the Preston and Virginia Papers*, published in 1915. This second volume is a calendar of Kentucky papers, prepared, like the first, by Miss Mabel Weaks. It will contain descriptions of approximately four thousand documents, and will be a somewhat larger volume than the first. This calendar will be issued for the benefit of the users of the Draper Collection who live at a distance from the library. It will not be distributed to members of the Society, but will be sold by the Society to pay expense of publication.

The Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, with headquarters at Cincinnati, has published in its *Quarterly* for April to September, 1923 (vol. xviii, no. 2-3) a very interesting memoir taken entire from the Draper Manuscripts in our library. In 1922 Professor Beverley W. Bond, Jr., of the University of Cincinnati, noted in the Draper Collection an unfinished manuscript by Dr. Daniel Drake containing an account of the earliest history of the region around Cincinnati. Dr. Drake, an early Cincinnati physician and antiquarian, had prepared this memoir for the semi-centennial celebration at Cincinnati in 1838. He had based it upon letters and interviews with pioneers still living, and it contains material on early Ohio beginnings not found elsewhere. The memoir has been ably edited by Professor Bond, who acknowledges in both his preface and notes his indebtedness to the research members of our staff for aid in deciphering, arranging, and collating this difficult but interesting manuscript. The appendices are especially valuable, presenting as they do many of the sources from which Dr. Drake drew his material. The entire work is illustrative of the kind of material embedded in the Draper Collection, which yields its treasures to skillful and trained investigators.

Apropos of this publication it may not be amiss to note the summer visitors to our library who came to consult the Draper Manuscripts. Among these were Mrs. Milnor Ljungstedt, editor of the *County Court Note Book of Maryland and Washington*; and the Misses Alexander, of Charlotte, North Carolina, who are direct descendants of several of the signers of the so-called Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence of that state.

FIELD MEETINGS

The State Woman's Christian Temperance Union held an all-day session in Madison on July 21, 1923, when a carriage which had long belonged to Frances E. Willard was presented to our museum. It frequently causes surprise when Miss Willard is claimed as a Wisconsin product; nevertheless, the formative period of her life was passed on a Wisconsin farm, not far from Janesville. (See this magazine for June, 1919, 455-461). It is, therefore, peculiarly fitting that this carriage, which was until recently in the possession of relatives of the Willard family at Beloit, should be installed in our museum. The day chosen was the birthday of the present president, Anna A. Gordon, who graced

the occasion by her presence. The exercises took place in the open-air theatre of the University, when after the invocation by the Reverend E. L. Eaton, Mrs. F. S. Kent of Beloit read an interesting paper on Miss Willard's life. The carriage was then presented by Miss Gordon as the gift of the Rock County W. C. T. U. Acceptance for the state was spoken by Colonel Kuehl, the governor's secretary; for our Society by J. G. Gregory and Charles E. Brown. The afternoon was devoted to a rally for the state W. C. T. U. The Willard carriage is now installed in the museum, with proper inscriptions, and is as great an object of interest to our many visitors as the similar vehicle which once belonged to Daniel Webster.

The Wisconsin Heights battle field was marked on Labor Day, September 3, by the Madison Chapter D. A. R., our Society and the State Archeological Society coöperating. The artistic marker, of Bedford limestone, about four feet high, bears this inscription:

WISCONSIN HEIGHTS BATTLEFIELD
Near this site the Sauk chieftain Black Hawk
and his band were overtaken by Wisconsin
and Illinois troops on July 21, 1832

The day for the dedication dawned cloudless, and by the time the exercises began over five hundred people were in attendance, among them many of the neighboring residents, who walked or drove to the site. The exercises were opened by Mrs. C. A. Harper, regent of the Madison chapter, who told in a few fitting words of the inception of the enterprise and introduced Dr. Louise P. Kellogg, who in a twenty-minute talk gave a graphic description of "what happened here." Dr. Kellogg declared that while the battle was a drawn one, and the Indians suffered more casualties than the whites, Black Hawk with masterly strategy held an overwhelming force at bay until his band of women and children could reach the Wisconsin River and be ferried over to safety. Later at the Mississippi this chieftain was totally defeated, was led into captivity, and the Indians of Rock River were compelled to cede all their lands to the pioneers

Mrs. George S. Parker, state regent of the D. A. R., spoke briefly in defense of the pioneers and their services for civilization. She was followed by Superintendent Joseph Schafer, who paid a tribute to the material and spiritual significances of the landmark movement. At the close of his talk, Samuel Bowman Harper, son of the regent, drew the flag from the monument, while the audience sang "America."

OTHER LANDMARKS

The Old Capitol Commission has had designed and cast a very attractive bronze tablet to be placed on the first territorial capitol building at Belmont, Lafayette County. After exhibit in the present capitol for some weeks, the commission had the tablet erected on the restored building at Belmont, and with appropriate exercises the entire enclosure

was turned over to the state park department of the Conservation Commission for permanent care.

In August there was erected, without ceremony, in Milwaukee courthouse square a bronze tablet to the memory of the donors, which reads: "Court House Square, donated in 1837 by Solomon Juneau and Morgan L. Martin for a public recreation spot. The people of Milwaukee owe a debt of everlasting gratitude to these public-spirited pioneers."

The Evansville Union Masonic Lodge on August 30 erected a monument and held memorial services at the grave of Nathaniel Ames, a Revolutionary veteran, buried in the cemetery at Oregon, Dane County. Masons from Madison and Oregon took part in the exercises. The Ames family were Wisconsin pioneers, taking up land near Oregon in 1844.

The school authorities of Superior recently erected a tablet on the memorial addition to the city high school, in honor of Andrew J. Webster (1829-1903), who was long connected with the city school board and who left his estate to promote manual training courses for Superior youth.

Frederich Mayer, pioneer manufacturer of Milwaukee, was honored by the erection on September 4, the hundredth anniversary of his birth, of a portrait tablet at the offices of the company.

The Daughters of the American Revolution at Antigo have recently erected on the high school campus a bronze tablet with the names of the eleven students of that institution who in the Great War made the supreme sacrifice.

LOCAL HISTORICAL AND OLD SETTLERS' MEETINGS

Sheboygan County Historical Society is active in interesting its constituency. In addition to the space given at stated intervals to the purposes of the Society by the local papers, the officers opened a booth at the county fair. There a copy of the earliest German newspaper printed in Sheboygan and other interesting pioneer relics were exhibited. Memberships were also solicited and historical literature distributed. The venture was a success.

Waukesha County Historical Society held September 8 its thirty-fourth meeting at Oconomowoc, when a delightful program was presented. Ten new members were accredited and the Lacher gold medal was shown. This medal is to be awarded to the high school senior who writes the best sketch of the county's history.

Eau Claire County Old Settlers' Association met June 28 at the city park. Honorable William W. Bartlett, life member and correspondent of our Society, was reëlected president.

Milwaukee Old Settlers' Association picniced July 28 at the Soldiers' Home for the thirty-sixth time. Ex-Governor Phillip was the orator of the day.

St. Croix and Pierce counties held a joint old settlers' meeting last June at Baldwin.

ACQUISITIONS

The Society is in receipt of a small group of papers from Frank C. Patten, librarian of the Rosenberg Library at Galveston, Texas. Mr. Patten, who was formerly a Ripon resident, came into possession of some land deeds indicating the breaking up of the communistic experiment known as the Ceresco Phalanx. These he has donated to our Society.

Before the receipt of these Wisconsin documents the Galveston library had made our Society its debtor by the gift of a large series of typed copies of Galveston and Texas papers now in their possession. The Texas Historical Society of Galveston was the first to be organized in that region, and early entered upon a mission of collection and preservation of historical documents relating to Texas origins. After a quarter of a century of activity the society became moribund and the manuscripts were preserved by one of the surviving members, who ultimately donated them to the Rosenberg Library.

These papers are extremely valuable not only for the history of Texas, but for that of the Mississippi Valley as a whole. A large number are from Spanish and Mexican sources and date from the earliest years of Mexican occupation; others took their origin in the estate of Stephen F. Austin, and illustrate the causes of the difficulties between the American colonists and the Mexican authorities. Still others are orders and decrees of Spanish and Mexican officials. Among those in English are the papers of James Morgan, who commanded the port at Galveston in a critical period, and was engaged in extensive land speculations; he was a correspondent of Samuel Swartwout, Jackson's appointee as collector at New York. The papers of Peter W. Greyson, member of Houston's cabinet, S. M. Williams from Rhode Island, the Trueheart brothers of Virginia, indicate the breadth of interests bound up in these Galveston manuscripts. The generosity of the Rosenberg Library in opening up this treasure trove to Mississippi Valley historians is much to be commended.

THE TYPEWRITER

The fiftieth anniversary of the production of the first typewriter has awakened much interest in its invention. The Historical Society of Herkimer County, New York, wherein at Ilion the first machine was manufactured in 1873, has brought out a very attractive book called *The Story of the Typewriter*. In this publication full credit for the invention is given to the Wisconsin inventor C. Latham Sholes. According to our records Mr. Sholes, who was a practical printer, came to Wisconsin in May, 1837, when a boy of eighteen. He first aided his older brother on a newspaper at Green Bay; and the next year, when his brother had been voted the right to publish the proceedings of the first territorial legislature at Madison, he sent Latham east with the copy, which he had printed in Philadelphia. The next years were given to newspaper work at Madison and Kenosha. After the Civil War Mr. Sholes was appointed collector of customs at Milwaukee, and while employed on the *Sentinel* and other Milwaukee newspapers con-

ceived the idea of a writing machine. His first model was produced in 1867, and he himself gave it the name *typewriter*. Associated with Mr. Sholes in his early efforts were Samuel W. Soulé and Carlos Glidden; as none of these men were practical machinists, they employed Matthias Schwalbach to assist them, and he suggested the banks for the keys. These men could work at their invention only during evenings and holidays; their workshop was an old building at 454 Canal (now Commerce) Street, since replaced by a flour mill. Sholes was often discouraged and on the point of abandoning the idea, when he was heartened and urged to persist by James Densmore, who ultimately persuaded the Remington Arms Company to undertake the manufacture. Mr. Sholes sold his entire interest in the machine for $12,000. In later life he would jokingly refer to his narrow escape from being a millionaire.

Mr. Sholes was a man of great beauty and purity of character, an idealist and dreamer, and yet one of the builders of Wisconsin's foundations. He was an early Abolitionist, then a Republican; he served in the state legislature several times before the Civil War, was postmaster at Kenosha and Milwaukee, and member of the latter city's board of public works. A movement is on foot to erect a fitting monument to this notable son of Wisconsin, to be placed in the Forest Home Cemetery at Milwaukee, where he was buried in 1890. It is to be hoped that this anniversary year may see his memory finely commemorated.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

The town of Norway, Racine County, was the scene of an interesting occasion when, September 16, the Lutheran church therein celebrated its eightieth birthday. This church was organized in 1843 by the Reverend C. L. Clausen, from among the earliest Norwegian immigrants to Wisconsin. It speaks well for the longevity of this people and of our climate that there are yet living seven members of this church who have belonged to it for seventy or more of its fourscore years of activity.

The Reformed church of Elkhart Lake celebrated early in July its sixtieth anniversary.

Among the churches that have attained and celebrated the half-century mark during the last three months are the First German Evangelical Lutheran of Manitowoc, St. John's Lutheran of Baraboo, the Salem Reformed of Pewaukee, and St. Mark's Evangelical of Mosel, in Sheboygan County.

September 16, 1873, was organized at Green Bay a French Protestant church for the Belgians and Canadians of that region. This church was the result of the effort of a Swiss missionary, the Reverend Henry Morrell. It was organized under the Presbyterian polity, is now known as Grace Presbyterian Church, and is one of the strongest in the Winnebago presbytery. Last September its golden jubilee was observed.

In August last the Reverend William Bergholz, of Kewaunee, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry; thirty-five of these years have been passed in Kewaunee.

TOWN ANNIVERSARIES

Among Wisconsin towns celebrating anniversaries this year is Lebanon, in Dodge County, which was eighty years old last July. An interesting account of the beginnings of this place appeared in our Society's *Proceedings* for 1915.

Kaukauna celebrated its homecoming last August with a pageant written especially for the occasion by Thomas Wood Stevens, master of pageantry, who has staged some of the finest of these spectacles ever presented. Mr. Stevens visited Kaukauna, studied its historic past, and introduced into the drama such Wisconsin characters as Jean Nicolet, Nicolas Perrot, Father Allouez, Charles de Langlade, and the latter's grandson Augustin Grignon, founder of Kaukauna.

Cambridge, in Dane County, also had a homecoming in August, to celebrate its seventy-fifth birthday.

The most recent "melting pot" in America seems to be in southern California, whither so many pilgrims have flocked from all the older states. August 25 a Wisconsin picnic was held near Pasadena, whereat the attendance ranged into the thousands, of which thirty-three persons were enumerated from Jefferson County alone.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

A portrait of R. A. Moore, founder in 1901 of the Agricultural Experiment Association and builder of the University short course, was unveiled at the Agricultural College building in June. Mr. Moore, whose untimely decease is still mourned by his colleagues, was seed expert for the college; and the Experiment Association which he brought into being now enrolls over three thousand members.

Colonel Arthur W. Holderness, of the regular army, whose home is at Kenosha, has been called to the faculty of the West Point Academy, where he graduated in 1905. Colonel Holderness saw active service both in the Philippines and in France during the late war.

At the opening, September 10, of the autumn term of the circuit court at Baraboo, a memorial service was held by the Sauk County Bar Association in honor of three of its eminent jurists who have recently died: Justice Robert G. Siebecker, Colonel W. A. Wyse, and E. August Runge. A portrait of Judge Siebecker was presented to the court.

An interesting series of articles is appearing in the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, entitled "From Rusk to Blaine." These articles, written in a charmingly reminiscent fashion, are from the pen of Henry Casson, son of Rusk's secretary of the same name. They give genial pictures, interesting anecdotes, and attractive sidelights on the characters of all our recent governors.

General Henri J. E. Gouraud, known as the "lion of the Argonne," who commanded the Rainbow Division in the late war, visited the United States last July to attend a reunion of his division. He extended his tour throughout the Fox River valley, stopping at the towns where

many of the men of his unit were recruited. Everywhere he met with an enthusiastic welcome.

The fifty-seventh national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held in Milwaukee, September 2-8. Numerous Wisconsin regiments held special reunions at this time, as well as the famous Iron Brigade, three of whose five regiments were from our state. This famous unit was composed of the Second, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin, the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and the Nineteenth Indiana. Its battery was composed almost wholly of Milwaukee boys. Once before, in 1889, a generation ago, Milwaukee was hostess for a national encampment, of which General William T. Sherman was then the most noted member. Although the veterans are thirty-four years older than on the former occasion, their enthusiasm is as hearty as it has ever been.

Apropos of the celebration by the State Federation of Women's Clubs of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the oldest club that has had a continuous existence—that of Berlin, noted in our last number—it is interesting to note that a woman's club was organized in Wisconsin nine years before we became a state. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* for March 2, 1839, notes that the ladies of Waukesha (then called Prairieville) had organized a Female Moral Reform Society. Whether it was to reform the women or society our information does not prove.

If Wisconsin was the early home of women's clubs, the first women's rights convention was held in New York at Seneca Falls, seventy-five years ago in July. This event was celebrated last summer by a notable gathering of suffrage workers. For the suffrage movement in Wisconsin note the article by Mrs. Youmans ("How Wisconsin Women Won the Ballot") in our magazine for September, 1921.

In the editorial pages of this issue is a notice of the first railroad train to cross this state from Milwaukee to the Mississippi. James Ackerly, now living at Prairie du Chien, is thought to be the only survivor among the employees of that famous road at that time. He was in 1858, when but fourteen, messenger boy for the Prairie du Chien terminus, and was employed to "toll" passengers landing from the Mississippi steamboats in the direction of the depot, where they might buy tickets for Milwaukee. His father was at the same time freight agent at the same terminus. Later young Ackerly went on the road as engineer. Altogether he has been employed on this railway for over sixty years.

In the June number of this magazine we noted the hundredth anniversary, occurring this year, of the first upper Mississippi steamboat, the *Virginia*. Our contemporary, the *Minnesota History Bulletin*, notes in its August number, page 237, the commemoration of this event by feature articles in the St. Paul and Minneapolis newspapers. These articles summarize the conclusion reached by Captain Fred A. Bill, that the *Virginia* reached Fort St. Anthony, May 10, 1823. Captain Bill has made extensive research concerning this voyage, and has found much conflicting evidence about the dates. He has also dis-

covered a minute description of the *Virginia*, and has reconstructed it in imagination for modern readers.

MUSEUM NOTES

Gifts to the State Historical Museum were numerous during the months of August and September. The estate of Dr. Rosellette Bird, Beaver Dam, has presented a considerable collection of museum specimens, among them a pewter snuffbox, fire tongs, chinaware, inkwells, bookmarks, and cutlery (1800-1860). Especially notable are several homemade crepe mourning rosettes worn by citizens of Madison at the time of the death of President Lincoln, and a carpenter's mallet used in the building of the first Madison capitol, in 1837. George Claridge, of Prairie du Sac, has given the cap, blouse, belt, and cartridge box worn and the musket carried by him when a member of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Infantry in the Civil War. Mr. Claridge himself brought these specimens to the museum office, and there in the presence of Mr. Brown and others went through the manual of arms "for the last time." Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Knapp, Menomonie, have presented an interesting collection of china and glassware, metal ware, textiles, and other articles obtained during their travels in European countries and in the Orient. Margaret Shelton, Rhinelander, has given a Chippewa beadwork belt and neck bands; E. J. Caswell, Madison, a collection of 250 Civil War patriotic envelopes; Dr. C. K. Leith, Madison, a series of World War materials collected in the Argonne Forest in 1921; E. C. Twitchell, Madison, three old-fashioned bonnets, tin candlesticks, and chinaware; and the C. D. Nichols estate, East Cleveland, Ohio, two gavels made from trees growing on the Antietam battle field. Other donors of interesting articles are Professor Julius Olson, the Annie Marston estate, Roger O. Bacon, L. L. Holman, Walter McCafferty, Mrs. E. W. Pudor, Mrs. Kate C. Morton, and Mrs. Minnie Glagow, Madison; Thomas Reynolds, Hubbleton; and Mrs. Nellie Moyer, San Jose, California.

Three groups of Indian mounds, located in Burrows, Hudson, and Elmside parks, Madison, are to be marked with bronze tablets provided through the generosity and interest of the Roxana-Gyro, Kiwanis, and Rotary clubs of that city. These will soon be in place, and will undoubtedly stimulate the rapidly growing popular interest in these Indian records of the past.

A fine bronze tablet set in a concrete block was provided by the Fox Lake Commercial Club for the marking of a group of three interesting Indian linear mounds located on the tourist camp ground on Frank's Point, opposite the village of Fox Lake. This tablet was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the afternoon of September 14, in the presence of an audience of over two hundred residents and school children. The unveiling address was delivered by Charles E. Brown, chief of our museum. An attractive playlet depicting Indian and pioneer life in America was enacted by the pupils of the local high school. Several musical numbers closed the delightful and well organized program.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society is continuing archeological researches in various parts of the state. Mr. Towne L. Miller and Mr. C. E. Brown recently spent several days visiting and investigating Indian earthworks and sites in the Grand River region and along the Fox River in Green Lake County, which Mr. Miller had previously located and mapped. Mr. Brown also visited and obtained data on the early Indian sites about Cravath Lake and the river at Whitewater. Mr. Stoughton W. Faville located an unrecorded group of effigy and mortuary mounds in the Mud Lake region north of Hubbleton. This was visited on September 8 by a party, among whose members were Robert P. Ferry, Louise P. Kellogg, Mr. Faville, and Mr. Brown. Dr. Alphonse Gerend has located a long line of mounds in Armenia Town, Juneau County. The state society is also continuing its researches in Columbia, Wood, Jefferson, Dodge, and Walworth counties. Dr. N. P. Jipson has published in the July issue of the *Wisconsin Archeologist* an account of the Winnebago Indian villages formerly located along the lower Rock River in Wisconsin and Illinois.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The career of Josiah Little Pickard ("Experiences of a Wisconsin Educator") is outlined in our editorial note. For an account of his influence upon his pupils during his teaching in Wisconsin, see the article by Mrs. Maria G. Douglass, "Personal Recollections of Platteville," in the September, 1922, issue of this magazine.

Superintendent Schafer ("The Yankee and the Teuton in Wisconsin") with this number continues his series of articles involving a comparison and contrast of the two largest racial stocks in Wisconsin's population.

John G. Gregory ("The John J. Orton Papers") recently joined the staff of our Society as chief of the war history department. Before coming to Madison Mr. Gregory was for more than forty years engaged in newspaper work in Milwaukee.

The Reverend Paul B. Jenkins ("The Story of a Stove-Wood House") is author of the *Book of Lake Geneva*, reviewed in the last issue of this magazine.

Albert H. Sanford ("A Community Historical Museum"), professor of history at the State Normal School at La Crosse, is vice-president and curator of our Society. He has lectured on historical subjects at several of the summer sessions of the State University.

Mrs. Mary Gage ("Grandfather Hill"), who wrote this sketch of her grandfather, is a cousin of Charles L. Hill, of Rosendale, who has sent to our Society this and other papers concerning his New England forbears.

BOOK REVIEWS

La Follette's Winning of Wisconsin (1894-1904). By Albert O. Barton; with an introduction by Louis D. Brandeis (Madison, Wisconsin, 1922).

Much has been written by way of explanation and interpretation of the experiments which have been made in that "political and social laboratory" known as Wisconsin. The author of the volume under review does not analyze the legislation produced as a result of the progressive reform movement in that state. Instead, he has written a narrative dealing with the political battles that marked the rise of Robert M. La Follette, with reference particularly to the decade from 1894 to 1904. The story of the "winning of Wisconsin" by the rising leader of the western Progressives is a dramatic one, filled with exciting episodes. If, in the telling of it, Mr. Barton lingers over its sensational aspects, he does not lose sight of the significance of the "ten year 'holy war' "—as he terms it—in its broader relations to recent American history. "In the recent general uprising of American democracy for a larger and freer life and to vindicate the justice and wisdom of its establishment," he writes, "the first and most brilliant victory, considering the obstacles encountered, was achieved in Wisconsin. . . . A great state had given a new significance to its motto of 'Forward' and pointed the way for the other confused and irresolute commonwealths."

The book opens with what is really an epilogue—a chapter on "The Republican Insurgent Movement in Congress." The explanation of this is that the work was "practically completed" in 1914, at a time when "the progressive movement gave promise of developing into a stable political organization. . . . " The author then devotes a chapter to a somewhat sketchy account of "Granger Legislation in Wisconsin," with special emphasis upon the administration of Governor Taylor and the passage of the Potter law. Attention is properly called to the Granger legislation as preparing the way for state regulation of railroads. In the third chapter the author, without even a cursory review of the earlier political career of La Follette or a consideration of the economic problems of Wisconsin in the early nineties, plunges into the story—beginning with the break with Senator Sawyer in 1891—of La Follette's stirring struggle against organization control. This fight, as is well known, eventuated, after defeats in the Republican conventions of 1896 and 1898, in his successive elections to the governorship of Wisconsin in 1900, 1902, and 1904. Chapters four to ten deal with the candidacy of Haugen for the Republican nomination in 1894, La Follette's candidacy in 1896 and his speaking crusade against the "machine" in 1897, the fight of Albert R. Hall for anti-pass and railroad tax legislation, the campaign of 1898, the Republican reform movement

in Milwaukee, and the convention in 1898. The remaining chapters of the book, eleven to thirty-one inclusive, cover the years from 1900 to 1904, giving much attention to the three gubernatorial elections of the period, the alignment of political factions, the legislative sessions, and the laying of the foundations of the "Wisconsin idea."

The author is an ardent admirer of La Follette and a thorough believer in the reform movement which he describes. His pages naturally reflect his warmth of feeling for the central figure in his drama. In other words, he writes, not as an impartial scholar, but as a friend and an adherent. The day for an impartial assessment of La Follette's place in American history, in the author's opinion, is far distant; but he believes that a genuine service can be performed by telling the story of La Follette's career, or a part of that career, with a view particularly to reflecting the spirit of the exciting events which centered about La Follette's personality. He employs verse to convey his wholehearted admiration of La Follette as the heroic champion of a great cause. He pictures men in the future pausing at the statesman's birthplace and exclaiming:

> "Here sprang a man, by Nature sent
> Forth triple-armed with flame, high heart and zeal,
> To front the later dragons of our land,
> Whom others fed, nor dared to meet with steel."

A large number of anecdotes, humorous stories, and sprightly incidents appear in Mr. Barton's pages. He has a newspaper man's affection for dramatic episodes, sensational occurrences, high local color, and "human interest" happenings. As the reader proceeds easily from chapter to chapter, he is apt to feel that a considerable amount of gossip and insignificant detail is included. It must be said in all fairness, however, that no writer can portray the career of La Follette without much emphasis upon the clash of strong personalities and the clang of dramatic battles and episodes. The author frankly submits his book "to those who may be interested in learning something of the more intimate incidental aspects, the passions, prejudices and practices of an interesting and significant transitionary period in the history of a great state"; and it must be admitted that the campaign squibs and songs, the anecdotes and repartee, the newspaper stories and opinions, the quotations from campaign speeches, and the accounts of special incidents, which the author presents, give an astonishing vividness to his picture as a whole.

He possesses a gift for characterization. The salient qualities of a great many men whose names figure in the volume are usually presented in a few happy lines. The reader is impressed by the large number of forceful personalities that took part in the "crusade." Many able men followed La Follette, and many opposed him. The struggle was a struggle of strong men, and the result was a battle royal. In chapter twenty-one, the author, himself a newspaper man during the period of which he writes, discusses the rôle of the "press gang" in the "big political game," and presents interesting pen pictures of individuals in

that influential group the newspaper reporters. One of them is described as "one of the most genial, most sarcastic, most irreverent, most incomprehensible geniuses that ever pounded the cobbles of newspaper row."

Although the author does not give references to the sources of his information, it is apparent that he has made careful use of a wide range of contemporary newspapers and documentary records. An enormous amount of quotation from these documents helps him to reflect the spirit of the times and, it may be added, adds greatly to the historical value of the work. Mention should be made of a brief foreword by Louis D. Brandeis.

Mr. Barton has made an interesting and useful contribution to the history of Wisconsin. Dealing with such a storm center of American politics as La Follette, he had a difficult task indeed. But he limited the field of his work and has partially disarmed criticism by the frankness of his avowal of aims. He has not written a definitive study of the political struggles of Wisconsin in the period from 1894 to 1904, but has caught the spirit of the reform movement and drawn a very vivid picture of its battles and its personalities. Finally he has made available —as a supplement to the Senator's own autobiography—an illuminating study of the political background of Senator Robert M. La Follette.

THEODORE C. BLEGEN.

The *Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology* is of more than ordinary interest to the people of Wisconsin. It presents the first complete ethnological account of one of our important tribes, the builders of the famous effigy mounds and the tribe first met in 1634 west of Lake Michigan. This monograph on the Winnebago, by the noted specialist Paul Radin, is the result of years of study and patient research among the surviving Winnebago, and will no doubt be considered the authoritative description of this interesting people. It has long been eagerly expected by the ethnologists of our region, and its delay, due to the congestion in the government printing office at Washington, is most unfortunate. The report is that for the year 1915-16; moreover, it is apparent that most of the preparation of this volume was done before 1912. In this interval of eleven years many important studies have been undertaken, the results of which were not only unknown to our author, but must completely reverse some of his conclusions and inferences. This is most conspicuous in the section on archeology, in which field researches have been pushed rapidly in the last decade, with valuable results. To instance but one example, Radin in speaking of the remains at Aztalan knew nothing, when he wrote, of the interesting explorations conducted there by Dr. S. A. Barrett, of the Milwaukee Museum, and thus fails to give the newer knowledge concerning the Aztalan ruins.

Radin is neither strong nor accurate in his discussion of the history of the Winnebago in post-Columbian times. It is evident that he has never evaluated at first hand the accounts of the early French writers;

or at least he has a very superficial and inaccurate knowledge of seventeenth-century Indian geography in the Northwest.

When, however, he comes to the subject of social and material culture, clan organization, religious conceptions and rites, we find these subjects handled in a masterly manner and full of suggestive material for primitive folkways. Little will probably ever be added to this full ethnological account of one of our most interesting groups of aborigines. In his preface and notes Radin gives full credit to the work of our early writers, such as Lapham and Peet, and pays tribute to the more recent activities of the Wisconsin Archeological Society and its present secretary, our museum chief.

Mississippi Valley Beginnings. By Henry E. Chambers. (Putnam, 1922).

This book was written by a Louisianian from the standpoint of the lower valley. The author's knowledge of the early beginnings in the northern valley is not abreast of present-day scholarship. He writes, however, with a certain *élan*, which has in it a tincture of French methods.

On his own ground he is more accurate and interesting. Especially valuable are his pictures of French life in the lower valley; the homely virtues of the "Cajian," and the frivolities of the French *émigres*. His creole sympathies are marked in his discussion of the Spanish period of occupation, and of the first American government of the Territory of Orleans. The book is chiefly valuable for sidelights, such as those on the career of Grant while a boy soldier in Louisiana; the description of early water travel; and the account of the western frontier of Louisiana before the Texan revolt.