THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

SEPTEMBER 1923

VOLUME VII

NUMBER 1

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

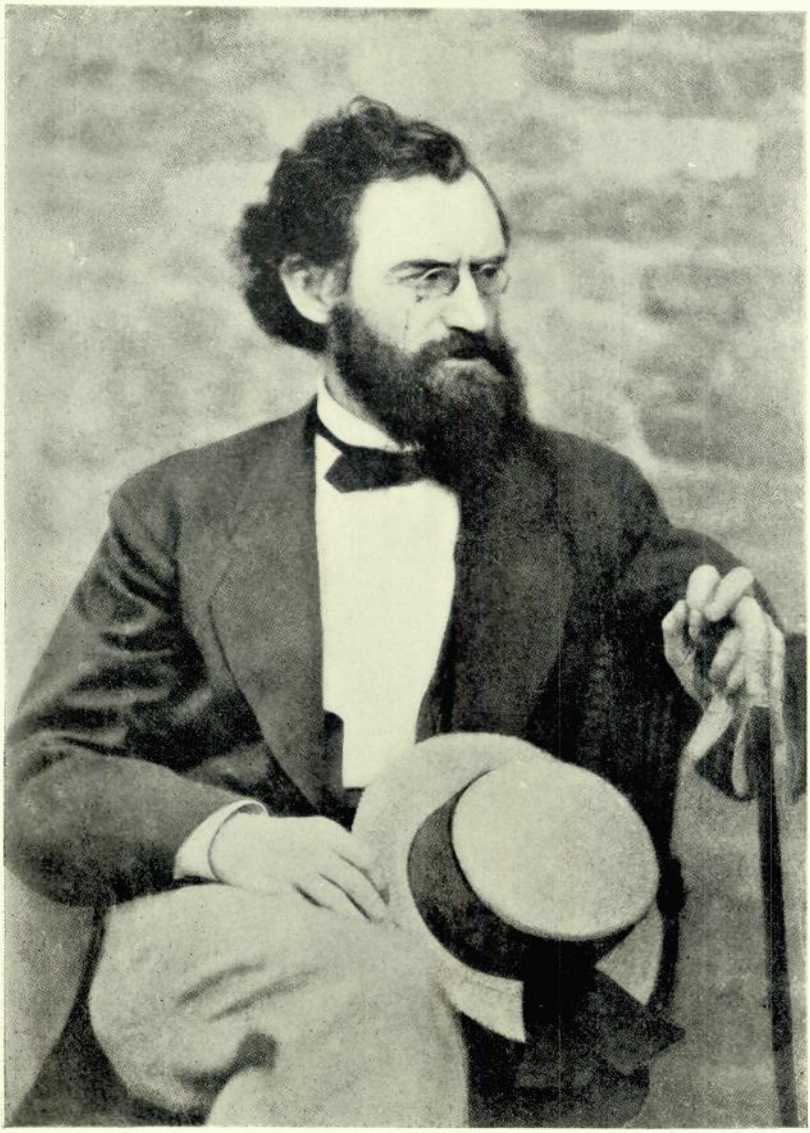
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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.

Entered as second-class matter, December 17, 1917, at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Collegiate Press
GEORGE BANTA PUBLISHING COMPANY
MENASHA, WISCONSIN



CARL SCHURZ IN 1879

VOL. VII, NO. 1 SEPT. 1923

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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

CONTENTS

Paid for out of the George B. Burrows Fund Income

THE YANKEE AND THE TEUTON IN WISCONSIN

JOSEPH SCHAFER

IV SOME SOCIAL TRAITS OF TEUTONS

The year 1832, celebrated in Wisconsin history as the time when the lead miners and other pioneers destroyed the power of the Rock River Indians, was remembered by later-coming German immigrants for a very different reason. It was toward the end of March in that year, the place Trier (Treves), the ancient capital of the western "Cæsars," a city which is still rich in the massive ruins of its Roman foretime. As the story goes, the boys of one form in the old *Gymnasium* were being entertained at the house of a professor, where, boy-like, they were playing indoor games accompanied with much laughter and general hilarity. Suddenly one of their younger classmates rushed breathless into the room, exclaiming: "Goethe is dead!"[1] During the balance of the evening, the less serious of the youngsters having returned to their interrupted play, this boy engaged with his instructors in eager discussion of Goethe's life and writings.

The youth in question was Karl Marx, whose later history exhibits a wide divergence from the exclusively literary career prophesied by his boyhood scholastic interests. The classmate who is authority for this incident continued in Marx's company the *Gymnasium* studies; he then performed his one year minimum of military service, and having secured some business experience sailed away as an immigrant to the new world, settling on a Wisconsin farm. In the course of a long life he often reverted to the story of Goethe, whose works, as well as those of Schiller and Lessing, made a part of his home library. These great names never failed to kindle his pride in the

[1] The death of Goethe occurred on the twenty-second of March. The news must have taken several days in travel.

intellectual achievements of the German people, whose governments at the time of his emigration in 1841 seemed to him a compound of despotism and inefficiency.[2]

Doubtless there were Germans of the immigration to Wisconsin who knew not Goethe, or if in a hazy way they did know who he was, had no intellectual right to judge his merits. But the more intelligent were sure to possess some knowledge of the writings of their greatest poet and of lesser men who still were great in the world's estimation. Hence it was that Germans who at that period went to the new world, while acknowledging by their flight the political, economic, and social obstacles to a successful life in Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Westphalia, or Luxemburg, were always able to maintain a self-respecting attitude when confronted with the pretensions of those Americans who were unsympathetic, jingoistic, or boastful. German immigrants might grant much to superior cleverness, to the stupendous achievements of a liberty loving race, domiciled in a peaceful continent and dowered with free lands and boundless opportunity; but they remembered that *William Tell* and *Faust* and *The Laocoön* were written by Germans.

Though many immigrants were far from being literary, they doubtless possessed, on the average, a knowledge of German masterpieces fully equivalent to the knowledge which Americans possessed of the English Classics. For education was looking up, and while most of the immigrants from German states, like those from other European countries, were of the peasant class, which was usually the most backward, still by 1840 nearly all were sure to have enjoyed some systematic schooling. At an earlier period this might have been otherwise. The condition of limited serfdom, removed but a generation earlier, operated powerfully to neutralize such benevolent plans for universal instruction as kings

[2] Prussians were apt to console themselves for the pusillanimity of King Frederick William III by harking back to the really strong if ruthless monarchy of Frederick the Great, familiarly spoken of as *Der Alte Fritz*.

and ministers proclaimed. For the peasants were directly subordinate to the local lords, who often felt "that an ignorant labor supply was less likely to seek to better its condition by demands upon them. . . ."[3] The great national reform movement which came to fruition after the close of the Napoleonic wars swept away many of the disabilities of the common people, and developed in Prussia and other states a system of universal education as the surest means of national upbuilding.

The excellencies of the Prussian school system prior to 1840 became the theme of flattering reports on the part of educators in many lands. The celebrated philosopher Victor Cousin made it the basis for his plan of educational reform in France; the Scotch, English, and Irish discussed it; Horace Mann proclaimed it to the school authorities of Massachusetts, and Calvin E. Stowe recommended it to the legislature of Ohio. That system may not have possessed all of the virtues which the ordinances quoted by Cousin imply.[4] Yet it had the one excellence to which educationally all others are subsidiary—a well-trained teaching force. Indeed, if there is anything which seems miraculous in the swift and thoroughgoing transformation of school conditions in Prussia during the first forty years of the nineteenth century, it is explained by the provision which the state made for normal schools and the supply, through their agency, of teachers enough to man all the schools. "In the lowest school in the smallest and obscurest village," says Horace Mann, "or for the poorest class in overcrowded cities; in the schools connected with pauper establishments, with houses of correction or with prisons—in all these there was a teacher of mature age, of simple, unaffected and decorous manners." Mann also made it clear that every such teacher was possessed of adequate scholarship

[3] Guy Stanton Ford, *Stein and the Era of Reform in Prussia, 1807-1815* (Princeton, N. J., 1922), 185.

[4] Victor Cousin, *Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia.* Translated by Sarah Austin. London, 1834.

and special training for the work of the schoolroom.[5] Such a statement could not be made at that time about Massachusetts, where popular education was already two hundred years old, nor could it be made with equal confidence of other German countries, though several of these approximated the Prussian standard and most of them were earnestly promoting education along the same lines and by the use of similar means.

We must therefore regard the generation of the German exodus from which Wisconsin profited so largely in the later 1840's and the 1850's, as almost universally literate and usually well grounded in the rudiments of an education. The intelligent, reading, writing, and slow but careful figuring German peasant immigrants constituted the best testimonial to the efficacy of German systems of instruction for the common people. The *Gymnasia,* the *real Schule,* the universities, sent forth representatives of the highest German culture to honor the learned professions, the literary, philosophical, and scientific circles of America.

On the basis of formal school instruction alone, the historian of early Wisconsin would be compelled to assign first place in social fitness to the immigrants from Germany. Neither the Irish, the English, nor even the Yankee pioneers on the average had enjoyed as thorough a training as had Prussians, Saxons, Hessians, or Badeners. Yet, school training is never all there is of education, and it may constitute but a small portion of it. No one questions that the social character of Prussian and other German peasants was far higher in 1840 than it had been in 1800, and this was due to a variety of causes, of which schooling was only one. In part it was due to the abolition of serfdom, in part to the reorganization of municipal life; also, largely to the religious agitation of the period, to the movements for political reform, and especially

[5] See *Life and Works of Horace Mann* (Boston, 1891), iii, 846ff.

to the widespread, momentous, and gripping spirit of nationalism.

Nevertheless, despite their superb educational equipment plus other incentives, the Prussians still seemed to intelligent American observers in a very retarded social condition. Horace Mann, who wrote most enthusiastically of their schools and was sympathetic toward the Germans in every respect, in a passage of almost classic force and beauty written in 1843, tells us why education in Prussia accomplished for the people so much less than one might expect. For one thing, he says, the pupils left school too early—at the age of fourteen, which was their time for beginning regular and heavy work. Then, too, books for further self-instruction were lacking. There was in Prussia nothing analogous to the Massachusetts district school libraries. "But," he continues, "the most potent cause of Prussian backwardness and incompetency is this—when the children come out from the school they have little use either for the faculties that have been developed, or for the knowledge that has been acquired. Their resources have not been brought into demand; their powers are not roused or strengthened by exercise. Our common phrases, 'the active duties of life'; 'the responsibilities of citizenship'; 'the stage, the career, of action'; 'the obligations to posterity';—would be strange sounding words in the Prussian ear. . . . Now, although there is a sleeping ocean in the bosom of every child that is born into the world, yet if no freshening, life-giving breeze ever sweeps across its surface, why should it not repose in dark stagnation forever." The bill of particulars with which the great educator clinches his indictment of the Prussian system, while it aims to describe accurately only the then existing condition in Prussia, might be equally applicable to almost any other absolutist, paternalistic state. All responsibility for the people's welfare was assumed by the monarch, who in turn was actively

aided by a heirarchy of officials in state and church, in the central government and the local administrative areas.

Of this officialdom, particularly in its military and civil aspects, the nobility was not merely the corner stone but the essential part of the structure. The church, loyal to its traditions, was much more democratic, men of every class being found in each of its official grades. The newly developed educational system gave to the common man another significant opportunity, since teaching candidates were drawn in large numbers from the middle and lower classes, and were given at public expense the training necessary to fit them for permanent positions in the various types of schools. On the whole, however, life beyond the school, which among Americans of that day commonly yielded the major part of education, was in Prussia far less fruitful. For, the American, whose formal schooling had been limited, was sure to multiply its efficacy many times through the intensely original character of his activities. In these he was apt to employ everything he had learned, and constantly to learn more for the sake of applying the new knowledge to challenging situations.

The contrast between the average Prussian's life and the average American's life was sharp and decisive. The boy leaving school at fourteen in Frederick William's country was thrust at once into a routine of severe labor, controlled by others. Either he might be on a farm, where his duties were fixed by custom and minutely directed by parent or employer; or he might be apprenticed to a trade which would give him seven years under an exacting master. Assuming that he remained in his native region, his career thenceforth would be determined with the minimum of personal effort. The American boy whose schooling stopped at an early age might go west and start a new farm home in a new environment, with every incentive toward employing his best powers to

win unusual success; he might go to the city and engage in some business; attend school to prepare for a profession; or settle down on the ancestral acres under social and economic conditions which called for almost continuous readjustments, and kept his mind on the stretch to bring these about.

The governmental arrangements in America were inherently educational; in Prussia they were the reverse, save when, with revolutionary fury, the people rose to seek their destruction or reform. In Prussia, says Horace Mann, "the subject has no officers to choose, no inquiry into the character or eligibility of candidates to make, no vote to give. He has no laws to enact or abolish. He has no questions about peace or war, finance, taxes, tariffs, post office, or internal improvements to decide or discuss. He is not asked where a road shall be laid, or how a bridge shall be built, although in the one case he has to perform the labor and in the other to supply the materials. . . . The tax gatherer tells him how much he is to pay, the ecclesiastical authority plans a church which he must build; and his spiritual guide, who has been set over him by another, prepares a creed and a confession of faith all ready for his signature. He is directed alike how he must obey his King and worship his God."

The schools of Prussia inculcated religion and morality as sedulously as they taught geography, singing, and writing, the methods used being highly praised by American pedagogical experts. This universal insistence on the ethical content of life could not fail to produce results more or less in harmony with the aims of great ethical philosophers, like Kant of Königsberg, a teacher of the learned whose "categorical imperative," popularized in that epoch, has not yet gone into the philosophical discard. The average German immigrants of the 1840's knew little of Kant or the Kantian school of ethics. But of honesty, truthfulness, and fidelity to the plighted word they knew much, because those were practical

virtues with which in school if not at home all were indoctrinated. Thrift and industry were additional but fundamental virtues which were widely diffused. It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. The reason why in America a German's note was more often worth face value than that of some other classes was because the German usually labored unceasingly and saved what he earned, thus enabling him to meet his obligation.[6]

They were not all saints, these Germans, and in the matter of personal morality the Prussians particularly seem in those days to have deserved much of the criticism directed against them.[7] However, it is not necessary to regard even the Prussians as more lax than most other continentals, and their character is always explainable as a vulgarized aping of the low if gilded immoralities of court and aristocracy. Matters of this sort do not lend themselves readily to statistical inquiry. But it can hardly be doubted that in France, Prussia, Austria, or any other country of continental Europe the private morals of the common people were better on the whole than those of the upper classes. In America, where immigrants from those countries came into contact with a self-governing people of simple habits and prevailingly high ideals of personal conduct, though with numerous individual divergences from the type, sharp attention was bound to be directed to this feature in the character of foreigners, and the Germans attracted their full share of suspicion and disfavor from the stricter sort of Americans.

Such suspicions were heightened by certain social customs of the Germans to which Americans reacted adversely. Sun-

[6] Cf. Franklin's views on the comparative thrift of English and of German laborers, and note his tentative explanation of the difference. *The Complete Works of Benjamin Franklin* (compiled and edited by John Bigelow, New York and London, 1887), ii, 291ff. Letter to Peter Collinson, dated Philadelphia, 9 May, 1753.

[7] By writers like Samuel Laing, in his *Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and Other Parts of Europe* (London, 1854), especially 108-115.

day amusements were all but universal among them. Travelers in Germany dwell upon the gaiety observed in the villages, or in the city parks and the beer gardens, the distinctive costumes of different localities lending color and interest to the scenes. Music was cultivated in every German community; all Germans could sing and a large proportion could perform on musical instruments. One was "as certain to see a violin as a blackboard in every schoolroom."[8] Wherever Germans gathered together—and Sunday, since it was the weekly holiday, was their day for assembling—there was singing and dancing, usually accompanied by the drinking of beer or wine to stimulate hilarity. This drinking was not necessarily excessive, because most Germans were moderate in their appetites for alcohol, some were unable to spend much, and all were economical (*sparsam*). The dances differed from those favored in this country, being mainly "round dances," and the standards of decorum in the relations of the sexes were different also. No wonder that, when German families settled in groups near our own people, Yankee fathers and mothers often shook their heads doubtfully in contemplating the influence upon their children of these unfamiliar social customs.

It is probable that the vigor with which among this resilient people amusements were carried on had a definite relation to the intensity, monotony, and sordidness of the labor from which they were a recoil. At all events, with more leisure on week days and an opportunity to do his work under pleasanter conditions, the German readily adapted himself to a type of relaxation which was less boisterous and more genteel. His work and his living being what they were, it is doubtful if anything better in the form of amusements could have been expected of him. Travelers from England and

[8] *Life and Works of Horace Mann* (Boston, 1891), iii, 346ff. See also *Reminiscences of Carl Schurz* (New York, 1907), i, 40.

America, on their visits to Germany, were impressed with the wholesomeness of the Sunday picnics, the rambles through the forests, the frolics on the village greens and in the parks adjacent to the towns and cities.[9]

With all his sociability, joviality, and occasional levity, the German was not devoid of an element of austerity. This was one secret of his ability to achieve. Whatever the work might be, he settled himself to its performance with a grim determination expressive of century-long training. The mechanic, from his apprentice years, was habituated to long hours of unremitting but improving toil. The farmer (*bauer*) was a traditional daylight-saver and a night-worker besides, such excessive labor being compulsory under the system of serfdom, when the peasant's time was levied upon to a very large extent by the lord. The German schools inculcated similar habits of relentless application to the work in hand, and even the government bureaus, under rigorous taskmasters like old Friedrich Wilhelm and his son Frederick the Great, enforced compliance with the ideal of a patient, steady "grind" which not inaptly typified the German in the eyes of other peoples. The German often performed less work in the time consumed than an alert Yankee would have performed in a shorter day; his tools and implements were generally awkward and inefficacious; even in scholarship he not infrequently took the long way around to reach his goal—but he usually reached it because he had no notion of turning back or of stopping at a halfway point on his job. Persistent rather than brilliant, more industrious than inventive, the German toiled on, content if he always had something to show for his labor. The contrast, in that generation, between the German at work and the German at play is the contrast be-

[9] See William Howitt, *Rural and Domestic Life of Germany* (London, 1842), *passim*. That portion of Carl Schurz's work (see note 8 *ante*) which describes his boyhood life at Liblar throws much light on the amusements indulged in by the people. There is a delightful account of the Schützenfest, or marksmanship contest, on pages 45-48 and pages 81-83.

tween a man governed by an intense purpose to accomplish a given task, whether interesting or not, and the same man intent on accomplishing nothing with every physical, intellectual, and emotional evidence of enjoying the process. Some men carry into their play the morale which governs them in their work; others import into their work the spirit of their play. In the case of the mid-nineteenth century German the two aspects of his existence, work and play, differed in spirit quite as much as in content.

The Germans had their Puritan sects, like the Moravians and other pietists, whose attitude was distinctly other-worldly, to whom play was a sedate if not a solemn activity. Such people disapproved of dancing and beer drinking Germans quite as heartily as of profane whiskey drinking and quarrelsome Americans or Irish. Individuals and colonies of the pietistic classes passed into the emigrations, and thus Wisconsin's German population contained most of the elements to be found at the same time in the German states. This illustrates one difficulty in generalizing about social characteristics; there are so many exceptions to be noted that the generalization loses much of its validity.

Craftsmanship was a prevalent accomplishment among the Germans of the early emigration. Every shipload of emigrants of which we have a social analysis had a large proportion of craftsmen, who were either established members of the city and village industrial class, or else belonged to the peasantry and had learned a craft in order to improve their status. Trades were learned exclusively under the apprenticeship system, the candidate usually living in the master's home and giving service at the master's will. When he reached the journeyman stage he was privileged to find work for himself, a quest which though usually fruitful in educational results often proved disappointing from a monetary point of view. In those cases the journeyman was peculiarly open to the temptation to emigrate. Arrived in

this country, the chances of finding employment in the line of his training varied. Sometimes they were excellent, at other times poor, depending mainly upon the craft represented. Carpenters were in great demand, as were also blacksmiths, wheelwrights, millwrights, masons, bricklayers, plasterers, and in general all representatives of the building trades and of trades ministering to farmers. Others were in occasional demand. But, if a dyer, or a slater, or a cabinet maker, or a silversmith, or a tile maker, or a weaver, or a wood carver happened to find himself in America without a market for his peculiar skill, he always had the resource of taking land and commencing as a farmer. Many craftsmen, indeed, came with the set purpose of doing that immediately upon their arrival; others contemplated a farming career after a period devoted to their specialty. In some or all of these ways Germans trained as craftsmen came to be widely distributed over the farming areas of Wisconsin as well as among the cities, towns, and villages.

The possession of special skill in any line, like the possession of special scientific knowledge, raises a man in social estimation, and every trained worker properly regards himself with satisfaction as being not quite "as other men are." In addition to the social training which came to him as an incident of his apprenticeship and journeyman's experience, the German craftsman often was able to challenge the respect and admiration of his American neighbors by making articles of cunning workmanship which to them seemed wonderful because they did not understand the processes involved. Agriculture being regarded as an unskilled occupation, the artisan farmer also was very apt to lord it over the peasant farmer of his own nationality. Craftsmanship, in a word, established a kind of rank among Germans in this country because it was a recognized means of personal and social progress at home.

Statistics are impossible to procure, but the testimony of men and women familiar with early conditions in Wisconsin proves that the German population of the state in early days varied quite as widely in social characteristics as did the American population, though America had no distinctive peasant class. Accordingly, although in the beginnings of American contacts with their Prussian or Westphalian neighbors these were lumped together indiscriminately as "Dutchmen," differences soon began to emerge. In the course of a few years a class of "fine old Germans" was recognized in almost every community to supplement the well-known type of "fine old Yankee gentlemen." These select Germans were very apt to be men who had been trained as craftsmen, or men who had enjoyed the advanced scientific or literary instruction afforded in the higher schools and the universities of the homeland. In the cities, especially Milwaukee, were many Germans who had been prominent in business lines as well as in the professions.

The question has sometimes arisen why so many of the second-generation Germans appear inferior in social character to their immigrant parents. A hint of the reason is found in what has just been said. Whatever elements of superiority were shown by the immigrant artisan-farmers or the highly educated Germans, the social advantages accruing therefrom were personal, and in a slightly developed western society could not be handed on to the next generation. In the cities it frequently was possible for men of high ideals and fine social status to provide equivalent opportunities for their children. But not so on frontier farms. There it was a rare case when an education or training like that received by the father in the old country could be supplied. Accordingly, the sons of the most intelligent, dignified, and worthy German farmer, if they became farmers in succession, might perhaps turn out mere farmers, with none of the

graces or exceptional social virtues of the parents, and little except the memory of a parent's high respectability to distinguish them from the farmer sons of the clumsiest peasant.

However, this is but half the story. If the superior Germans reared families incapable of remaining on their own social plane, other types of Germans, who in their own persons counted for less, frequently had the happiness to see their children advance to a position perceptibly higher than their own. Natural gifts, industry, the social opportunities which yield to the key of economic success availed much. Sometimes the presence of a good school, a wise and helpful pastor or some other worthy friend gave the necessary impulse. The process, in fact, does not differ essentially from that which, throughout American pioneer history, has enabled the deserving to press forward and permitted the weak, indolent, or vicious to fall behind in the social competition. It is impossible to say how many German families made a step, or several steps, upward, and how many others slipped back. The delinquents may perhaps exceed the meritorious in number, but probably not, and the impression that the children of German immigrants shame their parents is almost certainly an illusion which would be likely to disappear if the facts were fully known.

The social institutions of Wisconsin, based on the earlier Yankee and southwestern immigrations, were profoundly influenced by the German immigration of the late forties and the fifties of last century. Milwaukee, the center of German influence (the *Deutsche Athen*), became a city in which the German language was spoken and read by many English speaking persons, in order to facilitate communication and trade with the numerically dominant German element. The Germans maintained advanced schools for instruction in both English and German; their parochial schools were conducted

mainly in German; the immigrants themselves felt no compulsion to learn English, and their children, in many cases, however well educated, spoke the language of the country with very imperfect accent.

The universal respect in which the German language was held, and the extent to which it was affected by others than Germans, provided an admirable social soil for the development of German music and the cultivation of German literature. Hardly had the immigrants established themselves when, in 1847, they founded at Milwaukee their first singing society, which was followed three years later by the famous and far-reaching *Musikverein.* A German theater followed promptly, and became a permanent feature of Milwaukee's intellectual life.[10] The *Turnverein* fostered in America Father Jahn's conception of athletics, while restaurants and beer gardens gave an old world, continental atmosphere to public recreation. Holidays assumed a German aspect. The *Christ Child* displaced *St. Nicholas* not alone in Milwaukee, but in scores of towns, villages, and hamlets, and innumerable farm homes scattered over Wisconsin. The joyous German *Weinacht* made way easily against the more somber Puritan Christmas, which, however, had already brightened a good deal in its progress from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth century.

In general, Germans did not insist with extreme pertinacity upon the retention of their own social customs, and wherever people of that nationality were intermingled with a larger number of Americans, the process by which they assimilated American habits of living, American social usages, and even ways of acting, speaking, and thinking was very rapid. In the schools of a Yankee neighborhood the children of German settlers, in many cases, could not be distinguished

[10] Albert Bernhard Faust, *The German Element in the United States* (Boston, 1909), ii, 472.

by their manner of speech from the Yankee children. On the other hand, in communities made up wholly or mainly of Germans, the grandchildren continue to have trouble with the *th* sound in English words, and manifest other linguistic peculiarities. And this difference is merely symptomatic. To this day, it is easy to reconstruct, in case of the average person of German descent, the atmosphere in which he was brought up. If he comes from Milwaukee, or from some rural "Dutch settlement," that fact is usually clear from a hundred trifling intimations. If he was brought up in a non-German community (so adaptable is the race), a change of name from the German *Weiss* to the English *White,* or from *Schwartz* to *Black,* would ordinarily suffice to disguise the fact that he is of German descent at all. Germans thus brought up are apt to have made their religious affiliations and their intimate social relationships harmonize with those of the leading American element of the community, so that these quite as much as their speech would tend to conceal their racial origin.

Wisconsin writers have made much of the fact that emigrating German revolutionists came to this state largely in 1848 and the years following. That fact, significant as bringing to Wisconsin Carl Schurz, who became the most noted liberal American statesman and publicist of German birth, has perhaps been overstressed. At least, it can safely be said that for every revolutionist disembarked at Milwaukee or Sheboygan or Manitowoc, probably a full score of plain, everyday, conventional Germans filtered into the state's population during the same time. The important point about the revolutionists is not their relative numbers, but their character and the leadership they helped to supply in the affairs of the new commonwealth. Newspaper editors who possessed exceptional literary and scholastic attainments came from that class; some found their way into the legislature, and

many served the cause of liberal government on the local plane.

The name of Schurz was one to conjure with, as American politicians were quick to discover. He figured prominently in Wisconsin state politics only a few years, but as a national leader his influence in attaching the Germans to the causes he advocated was especially strong in this state, which claimed him as her own. Schurz's high character and attainments, coupled with his political successes in this country, were a source of pride to thousands of Wisconsin Germans who shared not at all his revolutionary views. Enough that, like Goethe, he was a great German, and that he had gained the respect and confidence of large sections of the American people. It ministered to the self-respect of the average German settler to feel that his people had contributed something of value to the life of the nation and state.

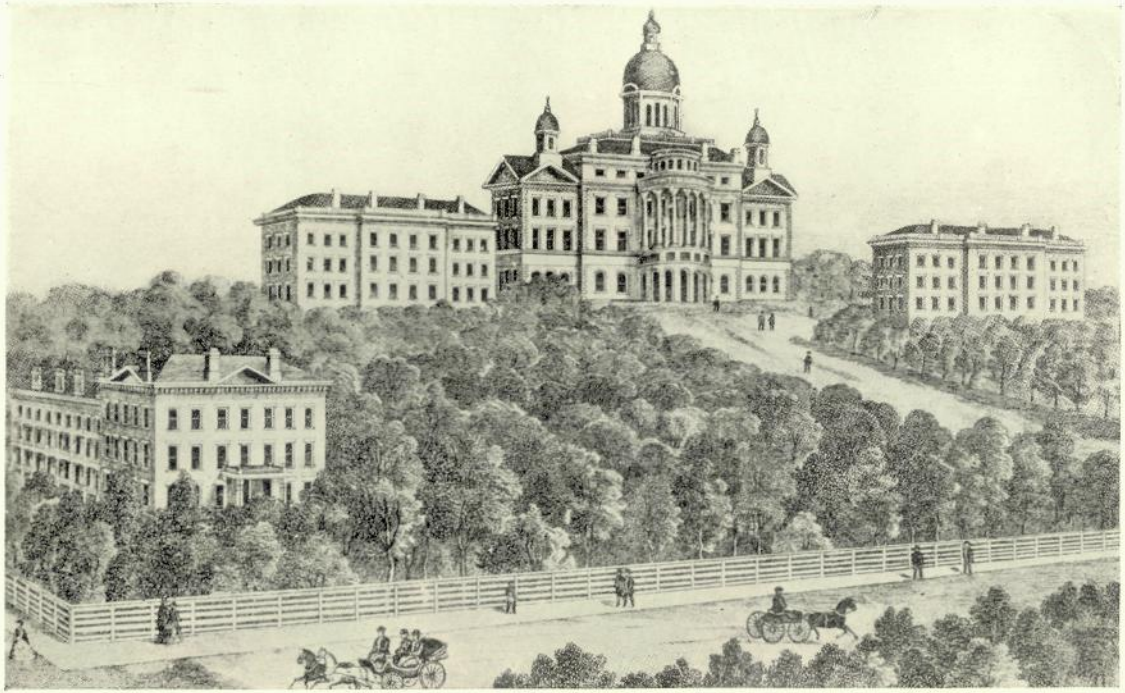
Later arrivals from Germany, and especially from Prussia, brought with them an intense pride of nationalism and enthusiasm for German achievement in the wars against Austria and against France. The difference in attitude between immigrants of 1880 and those of forty years earlier was antipodal. Many of the former had served in the victorious wars and abounded in military incidents and in stories of Bismarck, of Kaiser Wilhelm I, and Crown Prince Frederick William (*Unser Fritz*). These men obviously belonged to a new generation of Germans, and they have exerted a powerful influence upon our recent history. But the Germans who deserve special recognition along with the Yankees, as founders of the commonwealth and its institutions, are those of the earlier immigrations from a Fatherland which as yet was united only in culture, while politically its states remained dissevered.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN SOON AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

MRS. W. F. ALLEN

To give an idea of the University as I first knew it, let me picture to you Madison as I first saw it. My view was across the waters of Lake Monona on a beautiful August afternoon of 1868, for in those days professors had to be ready for the term on September 1, after barely two months of vacation, the spring term closing near the end of June. Reaching the West Madison station (for in those days there was no East Madison), we walked up over the low land to Gilman Street, on sidewalks of two planks only, and those often occupied by a cow or a pig, while here and there a family of geese wallowed in the muddy gutter. The part of the town north of State Street was but sparsely settled, being considered undesirable, bleak, and cold. It was chiefly breezy fields and stretches of oak grove and hazel brush, with here and there a small group of houses or a few shanties. Langdon Street (then called Langdon and Engle) sometimes received the name of Lovers' Lane, from its rural seclusion. As I recollect, not more than six or seven houses were on the lake side of the street between Carroll and the University, and those on the other side were mostly shanties.

The land where the president's home and the Clinic now stand was the favorite camping ground for the long trains of emigrant wagons that passed through every spring, often returning in the fall with tired, discouraged emigrants. The University was no less primitive, consisting of just one building—the main building on the hill—for recitations, while the north dormitory housed the boys in wretched homelessness, and the girls tried to add a little grace to their building, the south dormitory, by here and there in some window a white curtain or other sign of home comfort. In the third-story



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, 1871

window of the boys' dormitory hung the great bell rung every hour for the changing classes. A student earned his tuition by attending to it. In the main building several of the professors roomed. I know of one room in it that was supposed to be matrimonially fatal. It was in the second story of the wing toward the lake, and any young professor who was so brave as to take it was considered as good as engaged.

The gymnasium was a barn-like structure which stood on the rise of land just before one reaches the home of the astronomer—then the residence of the University president. The gymnasium appliances were entirely in harmony with the appearance of the building. At this time the girls were not allowed entrance into the sacred temple, reserved for their worthy brothers, although they greatly desired to share in the physical training, and needed it, for many of them were pale and far from vigorous. But they were saved by an angel who appeared at this time in the person of a new student, a Mr. Anderson, who not only instilled into the boys new ardor in their physical activities, but also secured Thursday afternoons for the girls to have the use of the gymnasium, and instructed them himself—as a philanthropic work and not for pay. Of course he won no end of appreciation, and acquired quite generally the name of "The Gilded Idol." It may be interesting to know that later he became the director of athletics at Yale University, and obtained the distinction which he well deserved. His father and mother were here for a time in the early part of his career, and were most interesting people. His father had been a prominent Free-state leader in the old days of the Free-state struggle in Kansas, was bitterly hated by the slavery leaders, and a price was set on his capture, dead or alive. He was called "Black Feather," since he wore a complete suit of buckskin with a tall feather in his cap. He told me some of his interesting adventures of those times. With such a father, it is no wonder that young

Mr. Anderson could remove mountains; such power was needed, for the athletic situation, a difficult question in those days, was rendered the more difficult because of the opposition of the regents.

Patrick Walsh in those days was the grand panjandrum of the University. When President Chadbourne first came here, he remarked to some one, "I was quite at a loss to know what to do till I met the former president of the University, and after that all was clear before me, for I followed his instructions." He had met Patrick. Patrick cared for the young professors as his children, passing judgment on their selection of wives, without fear or favor. It seems really too bad that this old custom of a formal introduction of the wives of the faculty to Patrick was abandoned some years before he died, for it had much to commend it. The younger ones have never experienced the excitement of a first interview with Patrick, the feeling that with the true Irish keenness he was weighing and measuring you while he was wishing you the "top of the morning." They have been denied also the tip-toe of expectation the following day when their husbands would come home from the University and tell what Patrick had said to them. I remember one crestfallen professor who had looked forward to this ordeal for his bride with pleased confidence, and who was greeted the next day after the important introduction, with these words, "Shure, professor, I can't congratulate you; you could have done a great deal better for yourself." I believe only one of the later professors ever tried the old custom, and he had his reward: "Shure, professor, the nicest things are done up in the smallest packages." His wife was rather tiny, but bright and friendly.

The faculty in those days consisted of President Chadbourne and nine professors, whose duty it was to teach from nine in the morning (with prayers preceding that hour) till

five in the afternoon, with two hours for dinner. The departments were decidedly inclusive and varied; for instance, my husband was expected to teach Greek, Latin, political economy, and history.

The preparatory department was fully as large as the University, I believe, and was doing merely high school work. The University proper was heroically struggling to create a university spirit and a university course of study. Through all this time—the period of President Chadbourne's administration—the girls were taken only on sufferance. They were here—could not be got rid of—and so President Chadbourne tolerated them, in classes by themselves. But woe to the girl who dared to walk on the boys' side of the hill, or to be seen speaking to a boy on the campus. It is curious to see how even a shrewd man may be strangely blinded on some one point. No one could have doubted President Chadbourne's shrewdness—he was as quick and alert as one of our squirrels, and always reminded me of one—but poor man, he was blind to one situation. The boys walked up the north side of the hill and recited in the south rooms of the main building, while the girls, who went up the south side, recited in the north rooms. A better place for flirtations, my husband used to say, could scarcely have been devised than the University rotunda, where these lines crossed. He could testify that the students made good use of their opportunity.

There was very little social life at the University in those early days; indeed, I think in President Chadbourne's time it was rather discountenanced. Except for an occasional reception at the home of some professor, and the festivities of commencement week, the average student had small chance to meet his fellows in a social way. A gentleman who later held an honorable position in our state (and I believe at one time was a regent of the University) once told me of his life in the University. He said: "When I enlisted in the army in the

Civil War I came to Camp Randall. It was the first time I had ever been five miles from my father's log cabin. I looked up on the hill and saw some buildings that seemed to me very big. I asked what they were. I was told they were the buildings of the University. Now what a university was I did not know, but I held my tongue and managed to find out, and I decided to save my pay and go to that University when I should come back from the war. I was about as green a country boy as you ever saw when I came there. I was invited out twice in my whole University course, and then I did not know what to do with myself." This is the story of only one, but it would apply to many more. I remember well a good, honest, strong, intellectual face that looked up to me when I was passing refreshments at one of our students' receptions. It was the kind of face that belongs to a man who will be a power for good wherever he goes. He evidently had something to say, and I hesitated before him in my progress around the room. At length he succeeded very bashfully—"Mrs. Allen, I want to thank you for inviting me to your house. I have enjoyed it very much. It is the second time I have been invited out in my University course." This young man was nearing the end of the junior year. If my husband and I had needed any convincing—which we did not—that would have convinced us of the good of opening the homes of Madison to the students. In these days there is a large and increasing class who get an abundance of social life, and more than an abundance; but I am sure—and I know whereof I speak—that there are still those to whom just such friendliness would be welcome. In the early days it was much more possible to have a personal acquaintance with the members of the various classes, the number was so small—in 1868 only 164, of which 34 were girls; in the preparatory department, 124 boys and 106 girls. I know that nearly every member of several of those early classes of girls had some professor's

family whom she knew intimately, and to this day her University recollections always come back in the light of that home. But, as I have already said, many of the boys living their homeless lives in the north dormitory had little knowledge of the hospitality of this eminently hospitable town of Madison.

The waters of Lake Monona had their *Scutenobequon* putting off from Angleworm Station, and a variety of boats owned by citizens. Mendota was a lonely, fascinating waste little used. There was not even the University Drive to enliven its shores. Above Eagle Heights the bald eagles still screamed, and one never passed that way without one of the family swooping down from the hill and circling round the boat in graceful curves—evidently inspecting the audacious intruder. Indeed, so near did the eagles come to town, that one day as we were wandering over our favorite resort, the University slope back of the Observatory, we saw a dead bald eagle lying stretched on the ground before us, the victim of some wanton gunner. I wish it had been possible to protect that nest of eagles, for in their lordly occupancy of the land they surely were worthy of protection. But in those days there were no sheltering arms of our Audubon Society. Then think in this light of the glory of Madison—not only the city of the grey squirrel, but the truly American city of the bald eagle.

I know of no student who owned a boat. The spirit of aquatic sports, though rife at the East, seemed not to have penetrated Wisconsin. This surprised me, for the very summer I left the East I had been one of a large and enthusiastic crowd who witnessed the Harvard boat race on the waters of Lake Quinsigamond—a crowd sufficiently enthusiastic to stand for hours in the dripping woods on the shore, drenched by a summer shower. Our Mendota was far finer than any sheet of water of which they could boast. I explain this by

the fact that the majority of the students who came here came with the idea that the intellectual training of the University was the object they had in view, not recreation nor social aims. Many also used every moment of their spare time in earning their living. In addition to this, the idea that a sound body is necessary to a sound mind, the idea that the American youth has not the vigor and enduring qualities of the English and German, had not gained the prominence it has today. The physical condition of the girls especially was far from good. The exercise of many of them consisted in the walk between the south dormitory and the main building, and the walk to church on Sunday. For the boating, which the girls as well as the boys have enjoyed so much in these later years, there was Bernard's boat yard, where boats could be hired for fishing or pleasure; and some students, of course, went rowing. There was also occasionally a boat that could be secured by borrowing, or perhaps by appropriating without any such trifling formality. I know of several instances in which the latter plan was used with most ludicrous results, as seen in the softening light of today. However, should any student be seen on the lake of a Sunday afternoon in President Chadbourne's day, he was sure to meet with the utmost penalty in the president's power—a power quite beyond what we consider University prerogative today. This was not going quite as far, however, as in the days of the succeeding president, Dr. Twombly, who wished the professors to act as spies over the students' conduct outside University connections, on all days of the week—a sort of special police, an office which I believe the professors with one accord refused to fill. This did not preclude the professors' writing in some cases to parents of fellows who had proved that they were not worthy to be treated as responsible men and were not willing to be straightforward, honorable, and hard-working, and suggesting the removal to schools where more constant supervi-

sion was possible and appropriate. But the greater proportion of the students were hard-working, many were of limited means, and many even earned every dollar they used. The foremost scholar in one of those early classes was earning his way by sawing wood for various people all over town. I well remember one fellow who, just before his graduation, came to Mr. Allen and showed him seventy-five dollars, saying, "I had seventy-five dollars when I came here four years ago, and I leave with seventy-five. All the money I have used in these four years I have earned." And his case I know was not an exception in those early days.

As one result of this, dress was given much less consideration than in later times. There was no need then for the protest against the dress suit at the class party; the appearance of any such style at a University affair would have placed the wearer in a most uncomfortable prominence and would probably have met the stern censure of public opinion.

The University appliances in the early days were of the simplest type. The benches had been constructed not only with utter disregard of the anatomy of the human figure, but seemingly with the old monkish idea that torture and holiness went hand in hand. The students tossed all the old benches into the lake one night, and I know of several of the faculty who personally sympathized with the act, though of course they could say nothing in its praise. President Chadbourne, however, took quite another view, and one poor Norwegian student who chanced to have been a passive spectator of the affair came very near being expelled, because he would not give the information in regard to the real actors that President Chadbourne required of him. These same seats nearly caused the morning prayers held in the University chapel to come to an untimely end one morning. Some mischievous fellows had weakened the back legs of the front bench, on which sat the gravest of grave seniors. After an ominous

creaking in the midst of the exercises, the bench came down at the back, leaving the front part high, and depositing the occupants in every imaginable position gazing up at the ceiling. The professors, who occupied the platform during these exercises, were sorely tried in their self-control, especially by the serious attitude of one fellow, my husband told me, who with eyeglasses on nose gazed up at them from the floor, remaining with his fellows perfectly quiet till the prayers were over.

The sheet-iron box stoves were another primitive institution in the early times. In these was burned the greenest of green wood, bought cheap. Mr. Allen said he could only compare the temperature of the University in those days of winter to a seat on our lake shore with one's feet in the icy water. I think one of those stoves ought to be preserved in a University museum; they were unique.

The members of the faculty in those days, being so few in number, were strongly bound together not only by their necessary University connection, but in the intimate bonds of social intercourse. President Chadbourne, in fact, strongly advocated a scheme for building houses for the faculty on the University grounds, with his house, now that of the astronomer, for the center of the group, thus forming a distinct community. This plan was decidedly frowned upon by a number of the faculty—among them my husband—who saw, what time has conclusively proved, that the strength of the University is as much dependent upon the spirit of the town as upon the spirit of those directly connected with the institution, and any division of town and gown would be a detriment to both.

The faculty meetings of those early days are memorable to us who climbed that long hill every Monday evening to attend them at the home of President Chadbourne. In the front parlor of that house the faculty carried on their deliberations

in the early evening, while their wives, the preceptress, and the lady instructors with their work amused themselves with conversation in the back parlor. The work brought by one professor's wife was her baby. I remember well two of the number who delighted in telling funny stories and starting hilarious merriment, to make the professors conducting their deliberations beyond that thin door impatient to join the lively group in the other room. Every winter night, after the professors came in, we were refreshed with cake and coffee. But the winter was the calendar winter, and not the winter of cold weather; and as a result some night we would wait and wait, wondering what hitch had occurred in the kitchen arrangements, till the hour warned us to be going. Perhaps when halfway down the hill some one would shout, "First of March," and the mystery was solved. There was no deviation from this rule even if March did come in like a lion and we had ploughed our way to the hill through drifts knee-deep. You would perhaps find it hard to believe if I should tell you of the merry races down those hills on the snowy winter evenings, with no path but the one made by our own feet. The few participants who are still left have many grey hairs, but when they meet in these days they have often a hearty laugh over the personal incidents among that cheery company who came over the University hill those winter Monday evenings of 1868-69. And though we all appreciate the wider outlook of today, and the growing power of our beloved University, we who were a part of those early days shall always give them a warm place in our hearts.

THE SCHOONER THAT SUNK THE LADY ELGIN[1]

FRANCES M. STOVER

A new chapter in the story of the wreck of the *Lady Elgin,* sealed for more than sixty years, is here set out. It deals with the flight from Milwaukee of the ill-fated little schooner which had rammed the great excursion steamer when a Third Ward mob, bent on avenging relatives among the three hundred who sank with the *Lady Elgin,* gathered to wreck the boat. A frail little woman of seventy-three, who then was only ten, tells the story. Her father was the one-eyed, doughty Captain Jasper Humphrey who hurried his wife and little daughter aboard the schooner and sailed away—through the Great Lakes and into the ocean—out of the ken of the mob and all Milwaukee.

The story of the little schooner's flight and fate is told for publication, for the first time, by Emily Humphrey Thompson. The last survivor of the *Lady Elgin* has gone to his rest, but many persons will recall the mob that gathered May 1, 1861, and they will now learn what happened to the little schooner *Augusta*[2] after its name was changed to the *Colonel Cook.*

I. CAP'N JASPER'S DAUGHTER

Over on the south side [of Milwaukee] lives the little blue-eyed woman who, as a sailing captain's daughter, made the

[1] Sixty-three years ago this September occurred the wreck of the *Lady Elgin,* one of the most terrible disasters on the Great Lakes. The following account of the later history of the schooner *Augusta,* which rammed the steamboat, was published in the *Milwaukee Journal,* January 21, 1923. With the permission of the newspaper, we reprint this article, believing that it will interest our readers in this anniversary month.

[2] The *Augusta,* although a small schooner, in modern parlance, was considered when laid down in 1855 at Oswego, New York, one of the finest grain boats on the lakes. She was 128 feet long, and had a carrying capacity of 15,000 bushels. She was still, under the cognomen of the *Colonel Cook,* plying the Lakes as late as 1892.

voyage on the *Colonel Cook*. But that was not her first trip on the water. As a babe in her mother's arms she had been carried aboard schooners that stood out for the straits, for Buffalo, and as a wee girl taking her first steps she laughed gleefully when the mainsail filled and a barefooted sailor swung her in the air as he sang out, "We're bound away—bound away!" Years later, as the wife of a captain who commanded great steamships, she had many adventures. Her life may be said to have moved parallel with the maritime history of Milwaukee.

But in spite of the hazards she has been through, Emily Humphrey Thompson is a most feminine little body, as delicate as a china shepherdess. Her voice is very sweet and low—it would not carry any distance in a storm at sea. She does not seem to have any connection whatever with rolling waves and snapping canvas. Her appearance at once suggests a bit of embroidery and a sheltered life, but instead of that, the little china shepherdess has shared more hazardous marine experiences than any Jack Tar of them all.

As long as the little woman can remember, she was proud to be known as "Cap'n Jasper Humphrey's daughter," for Captain Humphrey was a personage in Milwaukee. On the south side, where the lake captains lived, they knew his staunch, sailorman qualities; they elected him to the legislature of 1857. Once when he quit the lakes for a season, he acted as Milwaukee's harbor master, and he was the first master of the Independence Lodge of Masons.

Captain Jasper Humphrey was from "York State." He had run away from home as a lad to "follow the lakes," and somewhere along the line he had lost the sight of one eye. Some people thought that the one-eyed captain was a mighty tumultuous sort of man. But that was because he was certain. He was certain about everything—about how to make sail and when—about how large a line the tow ought to have

and whose duty it was to provide it—and about all sorts of questions that had nothing whatever to do with sailing. He was certain that "the New York Try-bune was a durned lyin' sheet"—that was one of his political certainties. And when there was a dispute about which of two craft had the right of way or whether some schooner did right to "port her helm and go ahead," Cap'n Jasper was certain what was the right, and whose was the fault. The lake captains would about as soon have his opinion on a question of admiralty as have Lawyer Markham's.

But all this roaring, pounding, red-faced certainty vanished when he took hold of his little daughter's hand. That came Sunday afternoons. Then Emily had on her best blue frock, and her sunny hair received some extra strokes of the brush. She clasped her little fingers around the big hand that was used to taking half-hitches in tarred and frozen lines, and she skipped along by his side on the promenade that he called "taking a turn ashore." The big man and the little girl invariably directed their steps to the shipyard. There he would lift her to the hull of what was to become a sailing vessel, and tell her how tall trees together with the blooms of many feathery cotton plants finally became the towering masts and white sails of the schooners that "followed the lakes."

On those Sunday trips the little girl learned ever so many things that other children were ignorant of—about the importance of the stars, about the premonitions of danger that come to the sailor, and about the strange little iridescent creatures that live in the waters of the tropics. "Portuguese men o' war, we call them," Captain Jasper would say, while little Emily wondered if she would ever be so lucky as to see "Portuguese men o' war."

II. A POLITICAL EXCURSION

She did see them, when she was ten years old and when, in the *Colonel Cook,* a tiny skimming dish of a schooner with but two masts, she followed the lakes down to the sea, along the coast, to the tropics—a dream-lovely voyage that lasted thirteen months. But there cannot be a story of the sea without its dark side. The most delightful adventure-voyage must have its phase that lies in the shadow. "Following the sea," brings as much night as day, as many storms as fair weather times. That's a way the sea has! The dark side of the *Colonel Cook's* history came eight months before that first of May, 1861, when Emily and her mother hurried over the gangplank while Cap'n Jasper sang out, "Let go, men!" and the tug puffed and the line grew taut and the *Colonel Cook* was off.

This sailing was dictated by a disaster of September 8, 1860—the sinking of the *Lady Elgin.* The *Colonel Cook* was no other than the *Augusta,* the schooner that gave the death blow to the *Lady Elgin.* And when it went on Emily's wonder voyage it was running away from Milwaukee and from a mob. To explain about the mob one has to go back to the summer of 1860, with politics riding high, with Abraham Lincoln, and John Bell, and Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Breckenridge, all running for president, with the boys of Milwaukee's Third Ward formed into a military company and shouting for the Little Giant. Obedient to some of the political maneuvering of the times, Governor Randall called in the arms of the Third Ward company. But Irish boys, not to be dissuaded from uniting in a military company because their arms were withdrawn, immediately formed the Union Guard, a volunteer company, and resolved to buy their own equipment.

September 7, 1860, a great rally was to be held in Chicago —the Little Giant was to speak. The Union Guard char-

tered the *Lady Elgin,* pride of the lakes, and arranged an excursion, out of the proceeds of which they planned to earn money enough to arm the company.

III. A WRECK AND A MOB

We know what happened on the return trip on that lonely stretch of water ten miles off the forbidding bluffs at Winnetka, Illinois. How, as the boys of the guard and their sweethearts danced in the brilliantly lighted salon while the band played, a tiny schooner loaded with lumber and with its sails set, mistaking distance in the rain, the blackness, and the heavy fog, gave the big, brilliant *Lady Elgin* a dagger thrust amidship. As the little schooner headed around alongside, her captain is said to have called out, "Shall I stand by?" And he is also said to have received a negative answer. So the little *Augusta,* without realizing the injury it had inflicted, stood out for Chicago and arrived there the next morning, minus headgear, jib boom, and stanchion, to be told of the dread results that had followed its lurch in the dark.[3]

Three hundred lost on the *Lady Elgin!* Mourning in the Third Ward, sobbed prayers and lamentations in the church, and on the street wild threats against the *Augusta.* Hated name! Murder ship—it should be sent to the bottom! Never again should the assassinating schooner follow the lakes!

Some months later the *Augusta* limped into the Milwaukee River to lay by for the winter. So many schooners raised their bare poles along the docks, that none noticed the *Augusta.* Men came and scraped the white paint from the hull to apply coats of shining black. They added a new jib boom, and on the bow painted a new name—"Colonel Cook." And further to change the schooner's luck, the owners looked about for a new captain. On the first of May the black

[3] The *Augusta* was at first supposed to be more seriously injured than the *Lady Elgin.*

schooner with snowy canvas and a brand new name moved down to a grain elevator to take on cargo, ready to go to sea.

But the friends and brothers of those Irish lads who lay at the bottom of Lake Michigan heard about the refitting, about the changing of the schooner's name. "The dirty little ship thinks she will disguise herself," they said. "And her heartless owners plan to make money out of the miserable timbers that killed our boys. We will show them!" Groups collected on the streets; there was talk of scuttling, of burning. It was agreed that the deed should be accomplished in the dusk of the early May evening. The mutterings reached the ears of the owners. A mob going to burn the ship! Clearly the schooner had best sail at once. Hastily they sought the sailorman whom they had selected from all the Milwaukee captains to command the *Colonel Cook*. He was no other than Captain Jasper Humphrey, one-eyed, certain Cap'n Jasper!

"You must sail within an hour," they said. "Go anywhere —to Europe, to the tropics, but be sure you find a purchaser for the ship. We don't want the unlucky thing on our hands any longer."

To be sure Captain Jasper would sail, and before six bells, too. His just and legal mind was up in arms at once at the idea of a mob daring to burn a good ship. "By the Lord Harry," he would show the landsmen that they couldn't burn schooners at will—the *Lady Elgin* disaster had been an accident, pure and simple. He wrote a brief note, gave it to a drayman, went aboard the schooner, cast his one good eye over it from stem to stern, gave the order to cease taking on cargo, and then waited. Waited for what? For a little girl in a blue cambric dress, a little girl with yellow curls who wanted to see a Portuguese man-o'-war. Otherwise, for Emily.

IV. ON TO THE OCEAN

Emily and her mother went aboard; the ship swung free, went through the old Ferry Street bridge; the captain of the tug boat and the captain of the schooner each touched his cap and one called to the other, "Good-bye, captain, and good luck to you!"; the sails filled, and Emily's wonder voyage was begun. At Buffalo Captain Humphrey received a letter telling how the mob had sought the *Colonel Cook* after supper, and of their anger at finding the ship gone.

One day the *Colonel Cook* rode into Montreal, and after that if the tiny schooner from the lakes did not have the audacity to tie up at the foot of Wall Street in New York. When Emily and her mother went sightseeing, like the true sailors that they were, they took their direction from a landmark, which was the spire of Trinity Church. They did not go where they could not "pick it up."

One afternoon as the sailors assisted the woman and the little girl across the gangplank, a dignified gentleman standing close by raised his tall hat. "Madam," he said, "you will excuse the seeming impertinence, but I would like to inquire if you design to take that innocent little girl out on the Atlantic Ocean in such a toy ship." He raised his cane, pointing at the *Colonel Cook,* and its gold knob seemed almost as high in the air as the peak of the mainmast. Telling of the circumstances now, Mrs. Thompson says: "We were sure he was one of the railroad kings—Commodore Vanderbilt, or perhaps Jay Gould. But no matter how wise he might be about railroading, we pitied his ignorance of the sea. Of course the schooner could sail the Atlantic if only it had father for a master.

"We went to Boston and then hugged the coast to Baltimore. There father took on a negro crew. They were wonderful sailors. I can see them now, standing in the forecastle, and hear their songs as they reefed the canvas. 'They can

sing all they want to,' was father's word, 'so long as they make sail as though they loved to do it.'

"When we got to Mobile, father found that while the *Colonel Cook* remained in port his negro crew must be lodged in the city jail; Mobile was a slave center, and 'free niggers' were regarded as a public menace. Every day he strode down to the jail to see that his men were given good food and treatment. 'By the Lord Harry,' he would show those Southerners whose crew it was!"

In each city, while the crew lightened ship Captain Humphrey sought a new cargo—sometimes it was lumber, oftener grain—and also he went about in the shipping district trying to sell the schooner. As he stepped over the side, returning, little Emily was sure to say, "Father, you didn't sell our home"—for she had learned to love the cozy, dipping little vessel. Above all she liked to hang over the side, watching the interesting things in the water, and reluctantly she answered her mother's call that it was time to come into the cabin and "sew her seam."

Then the vessel took the zig-zagging course that Captain Jasper said would lead them to Havana, and one morning, as the little girl pieced her blocks, her father's voice summoned her. And, looking into the water, Emily saw the beautiful, transparent, iridescent little jellyfish, the Portuguese men-o'-war that she had heard about on the Sunday afternoon walks back in Milwaukee.

The *Colonel Cook* sailed on, bound for Matagorda Bay on the coast of Texas. As the captain sang out, "All hands on the main brace!" the negroes would run to their stations, and as they hauled on the lines their voices would rise in a chantey that held to a minor key:

> Away, you rollin' river,
> Oh, Reuben was no sailor,
> Ranzo, boys, oh, Ranzo!

And the return voyage began.

V. THE *Colonel Cook's* FATE

Back in New York, Emily and her mother left the ship. Captain Humphrey concluded arrangements for its sale, and then returned to Milwaukee to follow the lakes. A little later Emily went across the Atlantic in a three-masted schooner named the *Ravenna,* sailed by her father. Homeward bound they ran into the memorable long storm that damaged even the *Great Eastern,* but the *Ravenna,* maneuvered by her "certain" captain, weathered it without an injury. On this trip a great wave caught the little girl and would have carried her overboard, but for a sailor who seized her skirts just as she was going over the side.

The last chapter of Emily's childhood wonder voyage came years later when her husband, Captain Edward Thompson, commanded the *Minnesota,* a great passenger steamer. One morning, when the *Minnesota* was fast at the dock at Marquette, Michigan, Captain Thompson called his wife. There was a delighted tone in his voice, and she hurried on deck. "Come here, quick, Emily," he cried, "here's an old friend of yours."

Leaning over the rail, Captain Thompson pointed to a little slip of a schooner nestling alongside the big *Minnesota.* A ragged waif of a ship, too, with the paint cracking off and needing overhauling sadly. But the old hull shone bright in the morning sun. "Do you know her, Emily?" Captain Thompson asked. His wife laughed just as the little girl of long ago had when Captain Jasper showed her something interesting floating by.

"Why, if it isn't the *Colonel Cook*—my old home; and if it doesn't look like a Portuguese man-o'-war—the tiny boat!"

She never saw the *Colonel Cook* again.

VI. A BRIDE'S ESCAPE

Because steam had supplanted sails when Emily was married does not mean that her voyaging as a captain's wife was to be a plain story of quiet days in still waters. Even to great steam vessels the sea has its dark moods.

As a bride sailing on her husband's ship, the *Governor Cushman,* Mrs. Thompson was one of the few survivors of a marine disaster that is a notable incident in the history of the lakes. While the ship lay in the harbor at Buffalo, December 19, 1868, and while the captain's wife was sleeping, the boiler exploded, blowing the ship to smithereens, except for a bit of the bow and an equally small portion of the stern. Half of the berth occupied by Mrs. Thompson was wrecked, but some mystical protection was apparently thrown about the captain's wife—she was unharmed. Awakened by the noise and by a frightful sense as of being held in a vise, she cried out and was answered by her husband. He got to her and clasped her in his wet arms. But a few moments later, when a police boat reached the wreck, by the light of a lantern hung on a blue-coated arm she saw that the dampness was of blood, not water. Most of the *Governor Cushman's* crew perished.

It was Captain Thompson, too, who commanded the steamer *Lac La Belle* when it foundered in Lake Michigan twenty miles off Milwaukee, October 14, 1872. The bravery shown on this occasion by Emily Thompson's husband was not less than what her father's gallant actions in danger had taught her to expect. Quietly under his command the passengers were taken off the ship. The only ones to perish were a few stubborn individuals who insisted on remaining with the ship, believing that the cabin would float and fearing the small boats. Captain Thompson came off last in a small metal boat only large enough for two. The city of Milwaukee sent a special train to meet the brave captain.

These are some of the happenings the sea has brought

into the life of the little woman on the south side. She does not regret that her people followed the lakes. But it is thirty-four years since she has stood at a deck rail to watch the land recede and wonder what experiences the sea had in store. Mrs. Thompson explains why she has not sailed for so long. "I sailed," she says, with a proud little half-smile, "on ships that my own men commanded."

FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

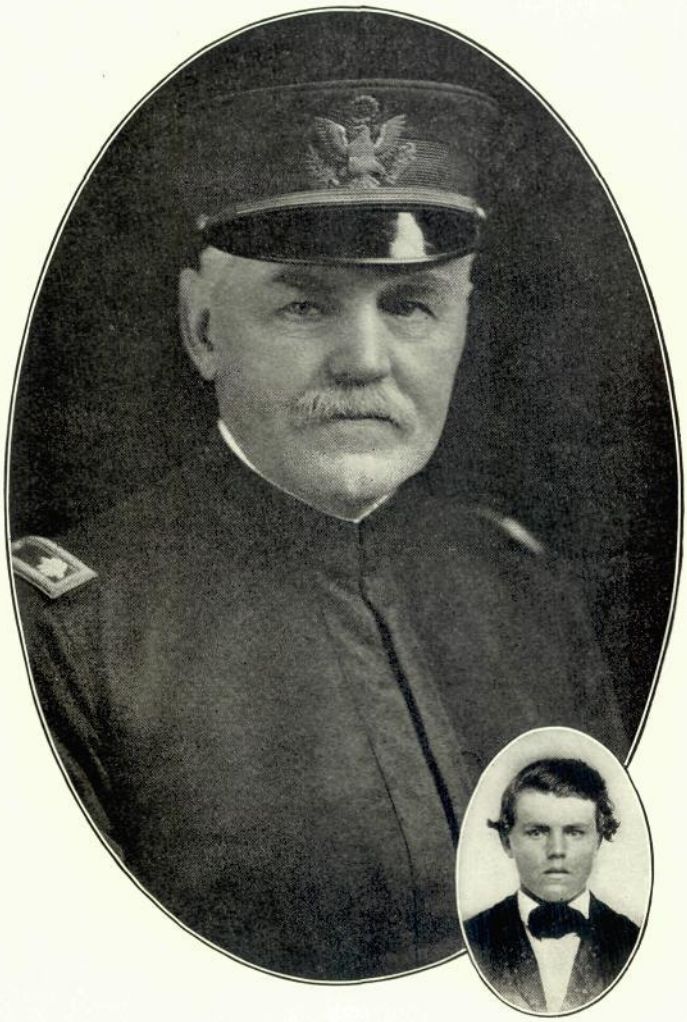
JEROME A. WATROUS

I was born in a one-story, three-room house in Broome County, New York, September 6, 1840. Half a mile east flowed the historic Susquehanna, and beyond that, hiding the rising sun, was a high mountain; a mile west was another mountain, which veiled the setting sun. At the north, eight miles away, where the Chenango River empties into the Susquehanna, nestled the thrifty city of Binghamton, then with a population of five or six thousand inhabitants, the home of Daniel S. Dickinson, a distinguished statesman who became a leading senator and narrowly escaped a presidential nomination. Two miles south was the line dividing the two most populous states, New York and Pennsylvania, and two hundred miles away were the Atlantic Ocean and the nation's greatest city, New York.

My father was Orin J. Watrous, son of Major Ansel Watrous, the latter a native of Connecticut, whose father had been a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and the former a native of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, who married Jane E. Smith, a native of the same county. Though but twenty-one when married, both had for several years taught district schools when the fashion was for teachers to "board around," a week with each family having children in school—that being part payment for the teacher's service, the balance being ten dollars per month for women and twelve dollars for men. In spite of that unattractive outlook in their parents' early calling, five of the six children of Orin and Jane Watrous—two boys and three girls—became school teachers, the girls and one son—myself—at sixteen, the other son at nineteen. All of us had experience in boarding around and small pay. The girls taught many terms; the boys visioned richer promises in other lines and retired, but lived to find

pleasure and pride in recalling that they, too, had been school teachers, though they lacked the efficiency, usefulness, and popularity of their splendidly self-trained teacher sisters.

It is tradition that I was a fat, roly-poly, good-natured baby, because of which my father—in a thoughtless moment, I've always hoped—pronounced me a regular cub, in the presence of my interested grandfather and five-year-old brother Ansel. The three, I was informed, entered into a conspiracy. They voted that name "Cub" upon me, and throughout my boyhood days that is what all in the family, and all too many outside of it, called me. Not all; my good mother objected, saying that she had not been born to bring young bears into the world. But the name stuck. About the first thing that my three younger sisters learned to say was "Cub." I found welcome relief and comfort when the name no longer fitted a robust boy well on in the teens. It should be added that I was given another name, also when I was unable to defend myself. Right here, let me make a suggestion in behalf of future helpless babies. Let them grow up and choose their own nicknames. In that case I am sure that there will be no more "Cubs" in the human population. But to the other name. However, why mention it? My dear, child-loving grandfather, Major Ansel Watrous, was the chief factor in settling the question. His wish was that it be Jerome Bonaparte. My parents agreed to the first but wouldn't accept the second. They compromised on Anthony. In return for the privilege of giving the child such a name, grandfather was to present the innocent victim with a sheep from his flock. Henry Ryan, the head printer of the *Appleton Crescent,* said, "That name makes too much of a mouthful—your name is Jerre," and that it was until after the war, when the late Governor Sam Fifield agreed with Ryan and said, "Your name is Jack." It seemed to me then that my grandfather's entire flock of sheep would not have compen-



JEROME ANTHONY WATROUS
1840-1922

sated for the privilege granted him. After all, "what's in a name."

I distinctly remember an incident which occurred when I was not yet three years of age. My father and his brother William were clearing a piece of land near our house on that mountain west of my birthplace. I went out to look on. A rolling log went farther than the choppers intended, and one end of it knocked me several feet, taking away my breath. I revived in time to see father carry me to the house and hand me to a badly frightened mother.

In 1844 the family came to Wisconsin. I was deeply interested in the preparations essential for such a journey, which required nearly four weeks to make, by team, canal, and a slow steamer from Buffalo to Sheboygan. The day of departure, I imagined, was to be one of great gladness, but it didn't turn out that way—my plans were upset by sober faces, tears, and silence as grandparents shook hands with father and mother, and kissed us children, crying, unable to say good-bye. Up to that time I had looked on in open-eyed wonder, but when my tender-hearted grandfather and equally soft-hearted father, clasped in one another's arms, said good-bye and cried aloud—the two men, in my eyes, of all the men in the world the greatest and best—I joined, outcried them, and then Ansel, Henry, and little sister Demis entered with a most sorrowful chorus. That was the parting as a four-year-old boy remembers it from that day to this, October 30, 1921. It is needless to add that my time of anticipated gladness turned to one of gloom. It required more than the day for me fully to recover. It was only necessary for me to think of the grief of those two strong men, and the weeping of the dear grandmother, to break forth in doleful bawling. Mother discovered a way to still the tempest, after several such scenes, by fishing out of a big basket one of grandmother's incomparable cookies, a signal also for three other children to assemble about the hamper.

What a long journey it was from Buffalo to Wisconsin—weeks on Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, much of the time in rough weather and with high seas! The destination was Milwaukee, a village young in years and small in size, but robust in promise. Our family was to settle there and grow up with the city. A distressing windstorm raged as our boat entered the bay, the waves rolling high, so high that the captain refused to approach the one unstable pier; and the next day we sailed to Sheboygan, a much smaller village, but one so ambitious, at that time, that it boasted it would leave Milwaukee far in the rear and surely become the metropolis of the coming state of Wisconsin. The safer pier at Sheboygan and the abating storm rendered it possible for the passengers to land.

Only a few days were spent in Sheboygan. There was no opening that promised my father a place in which he could earn enough to meet the wants of a family of six. Five miles beyond was the small town of Sheboygan Falls, where the owner of a gristmill wanted a man to manage it. Father had been assistant miller back East. He walked to the Falls, took the position, rented a small house—the only one vacant in the village—and the next day we moved in and began life in the territory of Wisconsin four years before it became a state. In that one-story house of four small rooms was born the fifth child, a pretty blue-eyed girl, Eliza Jane, named after two of her aunts, but for a long time called Dana—a name given her [by her] father, the miller. We children welcomed the new sister most joyfully, and gladly took upon ourselves the task of rocking the baby's cradle the following year. At about the same time the duties of father were increased by an appointment as deputy sheriff. Upon several occasions he drove a two-horse team hitched to a lumber wagon over the poor road to the Milwaukee that had recently been made a city, with prisoners to be placed in the Milwaukee jail, there

being none in Sheboygan County. The days of his absence were lonesome ones for the family, and his return was an event of great happiness, both because we loved him and because each one was remembered with a present, usually striped sticks of candy.

There are many reasons why I shall never forget Sheboygan Falls, among them the fact that it was my first home in Wisconsin. It was there that, in my fifth year, a small patch of ground was set aside for my very own garden. Nobody else was allowed to have a part in it. I did the digging, raking, planting, weeding, hoeing, and harvesting. It gave me an appetite for gardening that has never ceased. While I was doing the original digging, barefooted, a sore toe was so badly hurt that I went into the house, crying, and exclaimed to a sympathizing mother that "I wisht there never was a garding." All of her grandchildren became familiar with the remark, frequently to my embarrassment.

My brother Ansel, then ten years of age, had become quite a hunter. I was always ready to go with him and bring back the game. One day we were picking our way through the brush, near the Sheboygan River, getting close to a drumming partridge. I was just behind the hunter when a treacherous limb discharged the shotgun, slightly wounding my straw hat, frightening both boys and the disturbed partridge. One spring morning I found, near a creek that ran through our lot, a vegetable so tempting that I ate of it until things went very wrong inside and all over. With a piece of the product gripped in my hand, I reached the sunny side of the house and collapsed; there mother found me, white, rigid, and insensible, carried me into the house, and ran for the doctor. The handful of wild parsnips explained to the doctor what was wrong. For two long days I was kept in bed, when my services were again needed in the small garden.

It was at Sheboygan Falls that I first went to school. It

was a short term. The teacher was a Miss Prentice. Soon after that a schoolhouse was built and a young man of seventeen, spare and palefaced, was the teacher. There, under that teacher, was made my second start in school, as it was the first start with many of the boys of the village. The teacher, Horace Rublee, was later a Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* reporter, its editor, a political leader, minister to Switzerland, and for many years editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel.* Because he made savage war upon a warm personal friend, I struck back in behalf of the friend, and for a few weeks we two editors engaged in one of the sauciest newspaper battles in the history of the state; but this controversy did not keep me from thinking and saying that Horace Rublee was by far the biggest editor Wisconsin ever had. I am glad to know that the custom of such bitter personal encounters through the press long ago came to an end. Formerly they were very common, the pattern for them being set by such eminent characters as Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune;* James Gordon Bennett, *New York Herald;* Thurlow Weed, *Albany Journal;* Wilbor F. Story, *Detroit Free Press* and *Chicago Times;* S. D. ("Pump") Carpenter, *Madison Patriot;* Colonel W. L. Utley, Racine; Colonel E. A. Calkins, Madison, Milwaukee, and St. Paul; George Hyer, Waukesha, Madison, and Oshkosh; Judge Sam Ryan, of Appleton; and Horace Rublee, of Madison and Milwaukee. It was a custom that richly deserved to be scrapped.

Late in the fall of 1847, our family bade a sorrowful goodbye to Sheboygan Falls and many dear friends, and moved to a settlement in the town of Forest, Fond du Lac County, where for a few months we lived in a large double log house, two stories high, used as a hotel. Here I had two more months of schooling in a log house, ten by twelve, where our children constituted half of the pupils. Father did most of the construction of that temple of learning. In it I unlearned

a good share of what I had learned at Sheboygan Falls. The teacher was quite incompetent and devoted her time to love affairs and novel reading. The hotel proved a failure, and in the spring of 1848 we moved to what was then and still is known as The Corners, in Brothertown, Calumet County. There was more hotel experience, also unsuccessful. The hotel was situated on the one road between Fond du Lac and Green Bay. The tri-daily stage between the two cities brought most of the hotel patrons, but too many of them were trusted for ultimate profit.

At Brothertown I found plenty of playmates among the civilized Indians whose ancestors had come from New York and settled upon land given them by the general government. I went to school with them, played with them, and learned to imitate some of their ways. One of the young Indians was named Billy Johnson; he and I had many contests, both physical and political. He and his father were Democrats, adherents of General Lewis Cass, while my father and I were ardent Whigs, supporters of General Zachary Taylor. The campaign for president was very heated in Brothertown. When words failed Billy in a discussion of the merits of the two candidates and their parties, he resorted to blows. I carried black and blue spots throughout the campaign of 1848, and so did Billy.

There was an old-fashioned sawmill near our house. The single saw chewing its way through a log fascinated me. When no one was looking I sat on the log to see how near I could ride to the saw. One day Henry Modlin, owner of the mill, appeared just when two more moves of the saw would have begun to make two pieces of a small boy. He grabbed me by the neck, threw me aside none too carefully, and told me to keep away from the mill. I didn't much mind that, but I didn't like his telling father of the close call I had had.

That same Mr. Modlin gave me a two-weeks-old pig,

after my several persistent suggestions that it would be the right thing to do. Piggie was given quarters in the garret. One day a brother forgot to close the door, and the animal escaped, but in attempting to go downstairs, fell and broke its neck. Not since then have I adopted a pig.

In May, 1849, when I was past eight, father rode on horseback through the woods twelve miles east of Brothertown, in Calumet County, and made a mill-site claim on Manitowoc River. A week later, with an ox team, food for three people, a few tools, several axes, a gun, and ammunition, he returned to the claim, occupying most of a day in making the journey, accompanied by his eldest and youngest boys, Ansel and myself. The next day father and Ansel drove to a sawmill on Kill Snake Creek, some miles away, to get lumber for the small house of one big room that was built that week. I was left alone in the woods, the nearest neighbor being two miles away. The strange noises heard that day—the shrill whistle of a deer's call, growls of other wild animals, the doleful song of an unfamiliar bird, and the jabbering of Indians canoeing down the river—were very trying to the eight-year-old boy. But he stood his ground, and when the absentees returned after dark, a warm supper of over-boiled salt pork, boiled potatoes, bread without butter, and long-steeped tea was ready. All my fears and troubles were as nothing when father, after supper, said, "Ansel, Cub is a fine cook." The cook went on strike, declaring that he would never again remain there alone. He won the strike, and that was the last of his cooking until he had to take his turn as a soldier, in 1861, with five others in the same wall tent.

Our stay of a week in that quarter-acre clearing, getting ready for the rest of the family, was the beginning of the village of Hayton, town of Charlestown, Calumet County. The succeeding seventeen months presented many conditions and events which the average boy who lived through them

would not be likely to forget. They were hard times for our family. Money was scarce; banks in Milwaukee and Fond du Lac, all small affairs at that time, were not ready to lend to pioneering people such as my father, whose plan was to build a sawmill and a gristmill in an almost unbroken forest, and the plans had to be put off until better times.

There was no regular teaming between Brothertown, twelve miles away, and Fond du Lac, thirty miles distant. We had not as much as a yoke of oxen or a horse. One time in the summer of 1849 we ran out of flour and corn meal. There was only one family each in Chilton, three miles away, and Gravesville, two miles. Both of these families had only a day's supply apiece, but each had a horse and sent men on horseback to Brothertown for flour. We being horseless, father had to walk to Brothertown, where he found that he would have to wait two days for a team to bring a load of provisions from Fond du Lac. That meant three days for mother and family of five hungry children to be without bread or material with which to make it. Our small garden had been planted to potatoes. The new crop was small and green, but those potatoes and the chubs and shiners two of the boys caught from the warm waters of Manitowoc River and Pine Creek were what six of us subsisted on those three days. Father arrived late in the afternoon, having carried, with many impatient rests, fifty pounds of flour twelve miles. There was no sweet or sour milk in the house, but it didn't take mother long to have tins of the best biscuits I ever tasted, as I remember. That night, tired as he was, father rode down the river in the canoe until he killed a deer. How well I remember those feasts on white bread and venison!

That summer, 1849, a two-story log house was built for us, people coming from two to twelve miles to help get the logs and lift them to their places. From that time on there seemed to be only days of disappointment and gloom for my

good father. Because of failure to secure financial backing, his proposed mill building—sawmill and gristmill—had to be abandoned. The ill health of my mother, and the worry of feeding and clothing, on scant means, six children—the eldest fourteen and the youngest less than a year old—were too great a strain on his own poor health, and on September 10, 1850, at the age of thirty-five, he died, broken in spirit and heart. As I think of my invalid mother and the dark days of that time, I feel very much as I did then, like going by myself and crying. A month later a ray of sunshine appeared. Late in an October day seventy-one years ago, father's brother George H. Watrous, who had been called home from Yale College by grandfather to come to Wisconsin and take the family back to Broome County, came to our home of sorrow and distress, and six weeks later four of the children had been parceled out to families who thought they could make good use of us, and mother, baby Kate, and Demis, eight years of age, settled in housekeeping in two rooms in grandfather's large house. Mother's health improved, and she was able to care for the two little girls. Ansel was taken by a carpenter, Henry and Eliza went to farm homes. I went to the home of father's sister Eliza. Besides helping in the house, rocking the baby's cradle, and bringing water from the well, I sawed and split the wood supply. That winter, 1850-51, I went to district school three months.

Let us return to that log house in Calumet County, Wisconsin, during the winter of 1849-50. It was bitterly cold. We three boys felled the trees and cut the wood for the fireplace and two stoves. One day, my brothers came so close to the freezing point that they stopped before their stint was completed; I finished mine and went to the house with heels and toes frozen, there to endure two months of suffering, unable to wear shoes. During that time, when the pain permitted, I studied a spelling-book father had sent to Fond du

Lac for and presented to me. By its use that season I was prepared to enter the next winter the red schoolhouse on the hill, at Millburn, Broome County, New York.

In April, 1851, Aunt Eliza and her husband, Uncle Thomas J. Ratten, moved to a farm in the town of Windsor. There, spring, summer, and fall, I put in, six days in the week, a twelve-hour day in farm work—doing chores, driving an ox team for the plowman, planting, hoeing, harvesting, husking, milking four cows, feeding pigs, gathering eggs, and helping in the house. Busy days were those. A half-holiday was given me that summer to return a bull, large and ugly, to grandfather's farm four miles distant. In one hand I held the rope hitched to the animal, in the other a gallon jug to be filled with vinegar and brought back. The bull was a fast trotter, and I, barefooted and clad in blue overalls and a straw hat, trotted by his side; but the jug hand wearied, and for relief the jug was tied to the end of the rope and allowed to join in the race, on the ground. After a successful run it struck a small stone and collapsed. The true story of the race and mishap, instead of bringing me the scolding expected, brought hearty laughter from my military grandfather and the dearest of grandmothers. After a brief rest, a new jug was loaded with vinegar and I set out on the up-hill and down-hill journey back to the farm, where pigs waited to be fed and cows to be milked. It was a busy, if not a happy, half-holiday.

There were two months of schooling for me the following winter. One Saturday, when there was no school, I had breakfast at four o'clock and started on a seven-mile journey to drive back to the farm four cows my uncle had bought. The animals were so determined to return to the herd, that I was obliged to run to keep them in line. The trip was not over until late in the afternoon. When the stock was in the barnyard and the bars up, I climbed to the haymow, too weary to

go to the house and satisfy a hunger that had accumulated since four in the morning, and went to sleep, wishing myself back in Wisconsin. In the spring of 1852 the farm was sold and we returned to the west bank of the Susquehanna River, eight miles from Binghamton, near my brother[?], and for the summer and autumn I was part of the time a farm hand and part of the time a helper in a sawmill. The winter of 1852-53 I attended district school. In the presidential campaign of 1852 I was a Whig, as I had been in 1848, and hurrahed for General Winfield Scott, the Whig candidate, against General Franklin Pierce, the Democrat, and was chairman of a boy company. It made mourners of the company to have General Scott beaten and to read about the death of the Whig party, my father's and grandfather's party.

Early in April, 1853, when not yet thirteen years old, I was apprenticed to a man who had a farm, half cleared, on one of Broome County's many high hills. I was to stay with him three years for my board, clothes, and three months in the district school two miles away. This meant a two-mile climb after school, and there were plenty of chores before supper. Nine months in the year I did the work of a man in all phases of farm life—ploughing, harrowing, planting, hoeing, mowing grass, cradling grain, pitching, loading, hauling stones, making stone wall, clearing land, and cutting wood, not to mention garden making, chores, and giving some help about the house, such as doing the churning and pounding the clothes on wash days—two jobs I despised. The hard work on that hill farm those three years was good for me, as I have believed ever since I grew to manhood. It fitted me for a lifetime of strenuous efforts; but I didn't like it overmuch at the time, and from the first counted the days to the time when I could earn and thus help mother and the girls. The nine months in school—three winters—were of inestimable value to me. They gave me an appetite for education

that still remains. What cold winters they were for a boy without an overcoat and underclothes! My lunches, while at school, were quite uniform. They were usually buckwheat cakes left from breakfast, and occasionally a slice of salt pork. I didn't complain, but it stung me to have other pupils whose lunches were more appetizing make fun of mine. However, a rebuke they were given by the teacher largely compensated for the stings. One day, when half a dozen boys and girls were enjoying their white bread and butter, cake, and mince pie, they were unusually attentive to my frugal pancake meal. The teacher, after looking at them, wrapped up her own ample lunch of goodies and took a seat by my side, saying in a voice loud enough for all in the room to hear, "Jerome, I like pancakes—once in a while. I want to exchange dinners with you." As she insisted, the trade was made. After that there were no more stings.

That was only one of the many times the teacher came to my rescue. She was so great a help to me in my studies, that the day we parted, at the close of her second term in 1856, when it came my turn to say good-bye, she said, "You have made me no trouble these two terms. You have done so well I can recommend you to teach." That gave me courage, less than a year later, when I was sixteen, to finish a term in the Brookdale district, Pennsylvania, after the big boys had driven out two teachers who boarded around. Each morning, when putting wood in the stove, I left one stick on top. Things went well for two weeks. Then the gang, with a leader my own age, prepared to dispose of number three. The leader was directed to approach the blackboard for work in a lesson. He didn't stir. The second order was given. No movement. Armed with the not too large stick of wood, I faced the gang, gave the leader a third order, and he obeyed. The rebellion died at its birth.

I must return to that teacher, Lydia Robins, who was an

inspiration to her pupils, a constant help to them in many ways. She was an intense lover of America, and had so much to tell us about it and its institutions, that 1861 found all but three of the boys of suitable age volunteers in the Union army, to whom loving and inspiring letters were written by the patriotic teacher. Soon after the war, word came that she had died. I mourned her until 1905 when, by writing a Miss Frank Robins, of Union, Broome County, I learned that she was still living. A letter brought a prompt reply. She was the wife of Dr. Whitney, was an artist of marked ability and a woman of great usefulness in the community. In 1909, while on my way to visit the battle field of Gettysburg, for the first time since the days of the great decisive contest, I stopped for a few days to visit her. The meeting, in one respect, was a reminder of the school days of 1855 and '56. The salutations were those of that time: "Good morning, Miss Robins."

"Good morning, Jerome."

The fifty-three years that had passed since we parted had changed her from a young woman of twenty-three to an old lady of seventy-six, but the Miss Robins features, voice, smile, and merry laughter were present. It was a very pleasant visit, always memorable despite the fact that her health was rapidly failing. Six months later the teacher to whom I owe the most died, but in memory she continues to live. In my home workshop there is upon the wall an enlarged picture of the long-ago helpful teacher and good friend as she was in 1856. It is quite likely that if there had been no Miss Robins in those two winter terms of the Riverside school, town of Kirkwood, Broome County, New York, the rest of this story could be told in a few words.

Early in July, 1857, after a prolonged season of Wisconsin fever, which most people who have lived in the state and gone from it experience, brother Henry and I started back to the Badger State, with six dollars between us after buying

second-class tickets to Sheboygan. My brother carried the cash, except seventy-five cents which I secured to make purchases at Toledo, and while at the station his pocket was picked. The seventy-five cents had to fight off hunger from there to Milwaukee, including a stay of two hours at Chicago while we were waiting for the boat. It was early in the morning when we landed in Milwaukee, where we had to wait until night for a boat to Sheboygan. Our last ten cents fed us on crackers that day. While we were sitting in a corner of the boat, a gentleman asked us where we were going. We told him. "That is my destination, too. Know anybody there?"

"No, but we used to live at Sheboygan Falls, and know Charles D. Cole and his sons."

"I know them. What's your name?" We told him. "Was Orin Watrous your father?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he asked us if we had had supper. We very much hadn't, and my brother explained why. "Come with me." We hesitated. "You are my guests. Come with me to supper."

It was the first regular meal we had had since leaving Binghamton. He insisted upon our occupying half of his stateroom, paying for our breakfast at Sheboygan and stage-coach fare from there to Plymouth. From there we walked, the afternoon of our arrival, to Hayton, our former Calumet County home, where brother Ansel and other relatives were living. After a rest of two days we got work at clearing land, for which we received fifty cents a day and board. That year, 1857, was one of the hardest of hard-time periods in this country. Our first earnings were sent to our good friend J. L. LeRoy, who had a contract in the building of the railroad from Sheboygan to Fond du Lac. Why had he taken such interest in us? A few words will explain. He knew that our father had been a member of the Masonic lodge at She-

boygan Falls. He knew that we were the stranded sons of a Mason. LeRoy was a Mason. This explains, in part, why for fifty years I have been a Mason.

The winter of 1857-58 I taught school in the Stanley district for fifteen dollars a month, paying six dollars a month for board. I earned a few dollars extra by teaching writing to a class of men and women. The schoolhouse was a log cabin ten by fourteen, of one low story. Frequently, in the night, wolves disturbed slumber by their unwelcome howling. I recall only one other more hideous noise—the howls of a band of drunken Indians, such as we often heard at Sheboygan Falls. They used to get filled up on whisky at Sheboygan. We could hear them a mile away. It was a signal to extinguish lights and lock doors.

The spring of 1858 I was given work in a shingle mill at Stiles, Oconto County, at twenty-five dollars a month and board. At first I hauled the log chain to the pond, fastened it to logs, had them pulled up, and then helped Big Mike saw them to shingle length and split them into shingle bolts. At the end of a month they gave Big Mike a new helper and promoted me to shingle sawer. That made Mike angry with me; he picked a fight in which he was somewhat bruised, and so was I. Both had friends at the dinner table, and they pulled us apart, leaving us silently to hate one another to the end of the season—a feeling I held until I heard that he had been killed, in December, 1862, in one of General Hooker's charges at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

I returned late in the year 1858 to Hayton, only to find that mother and the three sisters also had suffered from the Wisconsin fever and were back in the good state. Again the family was together. It was indeed a happy homecoming; how we all enjoyed it!

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH

ARTHUR ADAMS

The very form of the subject on which I have been asked to speak implies reciprocal duties and obligations; therefore, the purpose of this paper is to discuss these duties and obligations with a view to a helpful definition of them.

At the outset, we are confronted by the fact that in the past, perhaps also even the present, the historian has assumed a superior attitude toward the genealogist. At best his attitude has been that of amused tolerance. Is there any justification for this? It cannot be merely because of the presumed limited interest of the subject. Biography is even more limited in this respect, and yet the biography of even an obscure person, if treated sympathetically and with regard to the community relations of the individual, is not without something like general interest. Next to fiction, biography is one of the popular classes of literature among the patrons of our public libraries. Any living thing, person, or society has a history, and that history may be made interesting if treated in the proper spirit. So the history of a family. The explanation, then, of the superior and often contemptuous attitude of the historian does not lie in the subject itself. It is to be found rather in the method, spirit, and aim of too many compilers of genealogies.

Too often the genealogist lacks the true historical spirit; he betrays no understanding of scientific method, and has no vision beyond the compiling of names and dates. This being so, the attitude of the historian is not only explained but justified. We have all seen genealogies made up of names and dates, sometimes generation after generation without so much as a statement showing where the persons enumerated

dwelt, lacking absolutely in citation of authorities, and absolutely guiltless of "documentation" of any sort. Names and dates are important, the backbone of genealogy as of other historical disciplines; but a genealogy that does not rise above and reach beyond them has small excuse, if any, for being. Then, too, the genealogist seems to the historian to have little appreciation of the relative values of facts. Much that seems to him trivial receives disproportionate attention; much that he wishes to find fails to appear. Many facts of interest to the historian are omitted, sometimes because of a mistaken notion that they would be discreditable. Service in the patriot army is pretty sure to find mention, but the fact that the ancestor was a "rank Tory" is carefully suppressed. In a word, the historian's attitude toward the genealogist is due to the fact that the historian feels that the genealogist is dealing with an historical subject in a way that no person with a grain of historical feeling can tolerate. The historian stands justified in his own eyes, and in the eyes of a jury of his peers.

However, it is obvious that the defects of which the historian justly complains are not inherent in the subject. They are due rather to the fact that most compilers of genealogies have not been "professionals," but mere amateurs, often not only without historical training, but of scant training of any sort. Now, however, standards are rising, and new and higher conceptions of what a genealogy may and should be are taking form. The new interest in heredity and the larger knowledge of its laws are having their influence on genealogical studies, and genealogies are being found of value and usefulness in ways never dreamed of by those who compiled them. Data not heretofore thought worth including in regard to physical characteristics and mental traits are being industriously compiled and carefully recorded. The great regret is that so often biological data of the kind desired cannot be

obtained. Color of hair and eyes, characteristic features, height and weight, etc., too often now cannot be ascertained; but for present generations and for generations within the memory of those now living such facts may be learned. If genealogists begin at once to record such data, within a relatively short time an adequate amount of material for the statistical and scientific study of heredity and eugenics will have been accumulated. Genealogists of today cannot safely leave such matters as these out of consideration. Such studies of degeneracy as those of the Juke and Kalikak families have shown too plainly the hereditary quality of physical and mental traits, for the lessons to pass unheeded. The fact that several of our states have passed laws, too often declared unconstitutional, limiting the rights of marriage and of producing offspring is striking evidence of this. Conversely, the fact is being driven home that the only hope of improving the race is through "selective breeding." The influence of such ideas will work slowly, but will ultimately be of no small effect. The genealogist can be of service here in pointing out the benefits of the introduction of good hereditary strains and the havoc produced by the introduction of inferior strains.

Galton, the "father of eugenics," began his work with a study of "hereditary genius." His method was not without defects, and he had too little data perhaps for safe generalization; nevertheless, he obtained striking results of permanent value. Woods, in America, in his studies of the relation between ability in royal families and the prosperity of nations has done creditable work. So, too, the mass of data piled up in the ever-increasing number of genealogies of American families may be made useful for studies of sociological conditions. We all know in a general way that the size of the American family has progressively decreased. But where except in genealogical studies can reasonably reliable data

for anything like an exact statement be found? And such data taken in connection and in correlation with data regarding economic and social conditions are not without interest and importance.

Questions dealing with purity of race, racial superiority and inferiority, racial traits, etc., now receiving no small amount of attention, may often profitably be considered with the aid of data compiled and worked out in genealogical study. Questions of this nature are of great importance to a nation such as ours—a nation into which so many racial elements have already entered, and in which new types of immigrants are presenting new and pressing problems.

If what has been said as to the dignity of genealogy as an historical science be true, and if what has been said as to the value of genealogical data be conceded, then it follows that the historical society has a duty toward the genealogist. This duty, I take it, is the same in kind as the duty of the historical society toward students interested in other aspects of historical research. It is certainly not the duty of the historical society to compile genealogies, though many people seem to the librarians of historical societies impervious to this fact; no more is it the function of the historical society to write history. The function of the historical society is to collect, preserve, and arrange the "raw material" for historical study. It is its high privilege to evoke, foster, and encourage the historical spirit and enthusiasm for historical investigation and production. The historical society should be the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the eager aspirant for the honor due the successful local historian or the ardent genealogist of a local family of a long and useful, if not distinguished, career. Much poor work, of which complaint is justly made in both fields, might be avoided if the historical society had been fully alive to its possibilities and opportunities.

The historical society, then, should collect not only

church, vital, probate, and cemetery records, rolls and orderly books, newspapers and family papers, but practically everything that is useful in enabling us to reconstruct the past—its ideals, its aspirations, its struggles, and its failures, those both of individuals and of social units. It should through its proper officers, so far as lies within its power, inspire ideals and teach methods, so that this material may be used most effectively for its proper purpose. It should inculcate ideals of scholarship, of painstaking care in securing facts, of scrupulous honesty in weighing evidence and of demanding sufficient data for conclusions.

I know of no better means of teaching a beginner the essentials of historical method. The sources are the same in kind as are used for other kinds of history. Indeed, they are not infrequently identical. The process of discovering, organizing, comparing, evaluating data and of presenting the results of research are the same. This is particularly true of the history of social life, manners, and customs. Professor Charles M. Andrews, for example, used just the materials which a genealogist would use, in writing his admirable *Colonial Folkways,* for the Yale *Chronicles of America.* Why might not advanced students in college be trained in methods of historical work through genealogical research? It would seem that dealing with original documents in the solution of real though limited problems would be more helpful than the use of predigested material in "source books" and the like.[1]

By way of summary and conclusion, then, the relationship between the historical society and the genealogist should be a relation of mutual helpfulness and sympathetic coöperation. Probably ninety per cent of the persons making use of the collections of our historical societies are impelled by a

[1] Comment on the paper brought out the interesting fact that essentially this is being done with success by some colleges in coöperation with historical societies.

genealogical interest. Their numbers and the dignity and importance of their work command respect. They should be borne in mind when decisions are made as to what the society shall print next, or what documents shall be copied, arranged, or catalogued. The society owes them its best efforts, of course with a due regard to other demands, in providing material, printed and unprinted, for their work; it owes them proper guidance and the setting of high standards of work. They, on their part, owe the society hearty support in all aspects of its work, as well as gratitude for the society's helpfulness in all the matters of which I have spoken. If this attitude and relationship becomes general and normal, we may confidently look forward to steady progress both for the historical society and for genealogical research.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHLAND CITY

JAMES MCMANUS

In the extreme southern part of Richland County, Wisconsin, on the bank of Wisconsin River, once stood the subject of this story, though the major part is no longer extant and the remnant seems doomed to destruction. As one stands at the mouth of Pine River, facing the Wisconsin, a little back from the edge of the age-old river terrace, he hears at alarmingly frequent intervals the dull thud of a falling earth mass, and then a confused sound as it slides from the perpendicular cliff into the rushing current and is lost forever. During long ages the Pine struggled with the greater stream, gained the mastery, and built the terrace of sand and clay which had been torn by erosive forces from more than half the surface of Richland County, leaving behind high perpendicular cliffs of sandstone, limestone capped, steep rugged clay slopes, almost mountains, with deep, broad, intricate, ever winding and interlocking valleys—making Richland County and the valley of the Pine one of the most picturesque and beautiful regions in the western highlands. The tragedy, in this struggle among nature's forces for the mastery, began when the Pine, diminished in the flow of her waters, ceased to bring down sufficient material to push back the waters of the master stream. At that time the terrace of the Pine extended southward the full width of the present channel of Wisconsin River, and the then channel of the Wisconsin lay well to the south of where is now a long island, near the left bank of the river.

If the first men who stood on the terrace at the mouth of the Pine came by the river—and there seems to have been no other highway—the present state of our knowledge leads us to think they came from the west and south. Wearied with

the long and strenuous paddling, our voyagers would naturally seek repose on the long bar of white sand that stretched its regular line in a graceful curve from the bar at the mouth of the stream, across the entire width of Pine River, trending first northward, then eastward, finally—on the eastern side of the valley—southward, forming a beautiful semicircular bay in the river front of one of the most enchanting spots in western Wisconsin, the home of beautiful landscapes. We may suppose that after a short rest from their battle with the current they climbed the easy slope of the terrace, to the nearly level plain some thirty or forty feet above the surface of the river. Here a landscape of marvelous beauty would have burst upon their vision. The terrace extended east as far as the eye could reach, and back from the river front to the foot of the line of high bluffs that formed the north wall of the Wisconsin River valley. To the west, beyond the Pine, the cliff wall ran in an irregular line down the stream. Far away across the Wisconsin rose the higher ridges forming the south wall of the valley. At right angles to the valley of the Wisconsin was the valley of the Pine, about one and a half to two miles wide, and five miles to the point where the bordering cliffs turned sharply to the west, and the north wall closed the view in that direction. Thus delimited, the valley had the appearance of a vast amphitheater. High up on these bordering cliffs were bold exposures of sandstone, whose perpendicular walls were carved into the most fantastic forms possible to imagine. Around these, above, below, and on either side, were plots of grass-covered ground molded into long, flowing lines of beauty beyond the power of any human sculptor, while over all and around all was the forest with its myriad tints of color.

These first visitors were doubtless men of the chase, and here was game on land, in the water, and in the air. The land needed only to be scratched to yield an abundant harvest

to their simple agriculture. So they stayed, these primitive folk, built their simple huts on the terrace at the mouth of the Pine, and laid the foundation of the city beautiful, at the foot of the hills, in the fertile valley fitly called Richland.

Then the modern red men came in their place. Whence and when came the red men? Did they descend from these former folk, or come from another unknown? Ah well! when one stands at the mouth of the Pine, he stands on enchanted ground, and forms will rise and walk, shades of the far-away past mingle with the living present, and questions will come. The red man? We only know that when the white man came the red man was here; and that in all the early historic days there was always a red man's village on this historic site. Doubtless the waterways determined his choice of the place for his habitation, because from here he could fare forth in his staunch bark canoe, in three directions, on the surface of his liquid highway. Thus even to the red man good highways determined destiny.

The white man came from the north and east; from Montreal, up the Lakes, up Green Bay, up the Fox River, around and over the falls, across lakes, through swamps of water-lilies, wild rice, and wire grass, past villages of Indians, across the portage, and on down the wide channel of the Wisconsin River, with its ever rushing and shifting currents. Everywhere was only the red man; for to the white man this was the pathless, the untrodden, the unexplored, the unknown wilderness, visited for the first time by men whose manner of life made them only less wild than their environment. They were adventurers, voyageurs, explorers, missionaries, or traders—as determined by one's point of observation and view of human affairs. In all probability Louis Jolliet and Father Marquette visited the mouth of the Pine, site of the Richland City yet to be, and camped on the terrace in the early summer of 1673. If they were not the first white men

to come, they were the first of whom we have any record that they passed this way.

Some one has said that Marquette and Jolliet brought French law and authority to these northwest provinces; however, these cliffs, valleys, and streams know no law, nor ever have, but the law of the wild—that is, the law of force. Look to the hills; if we can believe the geologists—and we must—then in the long, long ago it was thousands and thousands of feet from the tops of these limestone-capped ridges to the level plain of that primitive world that rose above the surface of the primeval sea, with bordering mountains to the north higher than the Himalayas. What frosts of unnumbered winters have torn these rocks apart! What sand blasts, driven by ten thousands of whirlwinds have eroded the cliffs! What deluges of rain have sent torrential masses of water, sand freighted, with mighty grinding power, down the valleys, while swelling floods have swept the debris on to quiet lake, bay, or sea! 'Twas thus that the terrace at the mouth of the Pine was laid down in the latter days, and now ruthlessly the master stream is undermining and carrying it away.

Come with me and stand at the mouth of Pine River in the springtime, when Wisconsin's flood is at its height; at midnight, when the sky is overcast with thick storm clouds, when lightnings flash from cliff to cliff, when rolling thunders shake the earth and cyclonic winds lash to fury the waves of the broad, rushing river. If for a moment winds, waves, and thunders are silent, there comes the thud of falling masses of earth from the face of the terrace; tell me then and there, what rule of man know these titanic forces of old chaos? The puny hand of man for a short time did resist these destructive forces, but it was thrown back defeated; now, unrestrained, chaos and old night reign supreme, and what remains of the city beautiful is doomed to destruction. This is the history of what has been here and of what is yet to be, written on hills, plains, rocks, land, and stream. Who will may read.

Whatever of authority Jolliet and Marquette may or may not have had, they had the souls of true adventurers, and they were the forerunners of many who came after them. They left the Straits of Mackinac, May 17, and by the Fox-Wisconsin River route entered the Mississippi River, June 17, 1673. After them others came and went. Father Hennepin and Duluth passed up the river in the latter part of 1680. Nicolas Perrot passed down in 1685 and returned in 1686. Then many hardy French adventurers and traders came, until the country was abandoned by the French at the close of the war of 1755 to 1760. Jonathan Carver, an Englishman, came in 1766; he published a full account of his travels, but it seemed to appeal to none but the men of the wild. At least, the British frontier was not advanced, and the region was occupied only by hunters, trappers, and traders until 1780. At this date J. Long, with a force of twenty Canadians and thirty-six Fox and Sioux Indians, came on an expedition to Prairie du Chien. The War of 1812 brought active military movements into the region centering in Prairie du Chien. The Black Hawk War once more brought scenes of strife into this peaceful valley. One tradition locates the trail of the fleeing Indians after the battle of Wisconsin Heights around the eastern angle of Pine River valley.

The men who came and went, from the close of the War of 1812 to the coming of the first actual settlers—possible only after the relinquishment in 1837 of the Indian title to the lands north and west of Wisconsin River—were not different from those who had come before. Adventurers, traders, hunters, trappers, and others carrying their lives in their hands visited the region at will, but on the opening of the lands to settlement the real pioneers came in.

Let us pause here, for we are at the point of transition from the dreams, legends, traditions, and inferences drawn from rocks, hills, plains, and streams, to the more certain rec-

ords of the historic present. Indeed, we speak of some things more enduring even than written records. These are the mounds, tumuli, effigies, places of worship, defensive inclosures, and watch towers that are found in many places along the streams and on the hills in all this region. Richland City and all the country around had their share of these. Early writers and local traditions speak of them as being numerous on the terrace at the mouth of the Pine. They indicate a large population or a long occupation, perhaps both. But they are largely gone, in part owing to destruction by ignorant and selfish men, in part owing to the erosion of the river. However, individuals and groups yet remain in the region. On the high point of cliff, at the angle formed by the west wall of the Pine with the north wall of the Wisconsin valley, are five fine conical mounds, one of which is very large and high, and may have been a watch tower. What a lookout it would have been, with the valley of the Wisconsin east and west in full view until lost in the misty distance! He who loves nature in her vastness and grandeur should climb to this vantage point and gaze, as men must ever have done, in wonder and awe. Looking to the north and east, up and across Pine valley, one sees a cliff I have called Observation Point. It is a scant half-mile south of the village of Sextonville. From here the view is open and clear to a point of cliff overlooking Richland Center and far up the Pine. From these three points signal fires could have told the people dwelling on the terrace all that transpired in the valleys for many miles distant. But we must turn from these ancient earthworks to the more certain story of settlement, development, and, alas, destruction of the gem of the valley.

John Coumbe has the distinction of being the first pioneer to enter the county of Richland and to establish a residence there. He was an Englishman and a bachelor, who in 1840

built his log cabin near what is now Port Andrew. On this expedition he had as his only companion his brother Edward. Matthew Alexander and his family came in July, 1840, and settled six miles east of Coumbe, near what is now Eagle Corners. Mrs. Matthews was the first white woman to establish residence or, so far as we have any record, to enter the county.

W. H. Waters and his brother Samuel J., and William Smiley, came and lived with Coumbe through the winter of 1840 and 1841; but in the spring they plunged into the wilderness and established claims some distance west of Byrd's Creek. In the fall of 1843 a trapper by the name of Knapp came and built his cabin far up on the bank of the creek that now bears his name. In the autumn of 1843 Wiley H. Waters, his brother Samuel J., James Andrews, and Vincent B. Morgan came up from Port Andrew to the mouth of the Pine, and ascended that stream to the mouth of Ash Creek, where they established a hunting and trapping camp.

The first pioneers to establish claims in what is now the town of Buena Vista were the McCloud brothers, Robert and William. They came from Ohio in 1844, and passed the winter in Muscoda, coming in the fall of 1845 to Richland County and locating claims on the east side of Bear Creek, some four miles east of Richland City. They did not bring their families until the following spring. The McClouds seem to have had much of those natural qualities that make men leaders of their fellows. This, in the early days, made them local heroes, and there are many legends and stories about them that have endured to the present. None of the old settlers talk long of early days without recalling their prowess. It is very difficult to determine what is truth and what is fiction as regards them. One of these legends is that Judith McCloud, a sister of the brothers, while roaming about on the bluff near her brother Robert's home, was attacked by

some Indians; rather than be captured by them she leaped over a high sandstone cliff and was killed. The legend says that this gave the name Point Judith to the cliff, and led her brothers to a ceaseless war with the Indians. However, Elmer McCollum, of Twin Bluffs, told me that his grandmother was a sister of the McClouds, that she said there never was a Judith McCloud in the family, and all the stories about her brothers' killing Indians for revenge are without warrant, thus discrediting all stories that tend to make these men other than what they were—bold and heroic pioneers. There seems to be much better reason to believe another story, to the effect that at one time when the McClouds were absent from the settlement, the Indians made an attack and drove the settlers into one house, where they held the Indians back until the return of the McClouds, who came promptly to the rescue, organized the whites, and led them in a successful expedition against the enemy, and so severely punished them that they were content to let the settlers alone. However, fearful of a renewal of the attack, a messenger was dispatched to the governor, calling for help. He responded in person, bringing a considerable force with him. After a careful investigation, the governor approved of all that had been done in the action, and highly commended the McClouds for their leadership and personal bravery. Thus Richland City had the distinction of being host to Governor Dodge.

In the fall of 1846 Israel Janney and his brother Phineas settled about two miles west of the McClouds and two miles east of Richland City. They came by way of Madison, Helena, and Spring Green. Two others who deserve to be classed as pioneers came in 1847—William Janney and Amos Mercer. True to type, these men settled apart and lived in the wilderness. A number of hardy pioneers had now penetrated the new country, in all directions, settling along the whole river front on the south, and back on the various streams

that descend from the north, to their sources along and beyond the northern border. Most of these settlers had only footpaths leading to their solitary cabins in the unbroken forest. Many were little more than hunters and trappers, while others actually began to clear and cultivate the land.

With the spring of 1848 the tide of emigration had fully set to this region, and settlement began in earnest. The pioneers soon found themselves crowded by the impact of the community, and the solitude of the wilderness silence was broken. Farmers from the East seeking cheap lands cleared away the forest; business men of all kinds located and developed towns, laid out and opened roads, built dams and erected mills, cut away the forest and sawed the logs into lumber, with which the settlers built houses in town and country. Soon from every hilltop, in the early dawn, could be seen the rising smoke from the new-made cabins in the clearings. Of these newcomers and the improvements Pine River valley received its full share, and Richland City quickly rose as the trading center for the valley. Back in 1841 John Smith and Thomas Matthews, who had more of the spirit of the community than that of the pioneer, established a ferry between Muscoda and a landing on the north bank of the Wisconsin. While the ferry was used only by hunters, trappers, and pioneers, the owners showed by their works their faith in the coming of the community. They laid out and platted a town site at the north landing, and called the place Richmond, a name later changed to Orion. It was the first town site platted in the county. The public spirited action of Smith and Matthews in establishing the ferry made communication easy from the south side of the river to the western part of the county.

In 1843 Samuel Swinehart crossed the Wisconsin River from Muscoda and made his way up to the mouth of the Pine, establishing camp on the east side. He was soon compelled

by the Winnebago Indians to remove, for they claimed the place as on their territory. This was the first attempt to settle on the site of Richland City. Swinehart spent the months of October and November exploring the valley of the Pine as far as Rockbridge, and in his canoe passed through the opening where the west branch flows through the high sandstone ridge. This opening forms the famous natural bridge of Richland County, and is one of the most interesting nature wonders of the western highlands. No tourist has done himself or the county justice who has not visited this charming region, with its rugged landscapes fit to be reserved as a state park. Swinehart established a camp under the overhanging cliff on the east side of the ridge, and spent ten days estimating the large tract of pine timber in that locality, giving the name to the stream flowing through it. After satisfying himself of the value of the timber, the next problem was to determine if it was possible to run the logs down the Pine. This problem required a careful survey of the stream, which could be made only by passage down in a canoe or boat. Making this passage, he found the stream satisfactory. After this exploration he went to Galena and interested a capitalist in a logging enterprise at Rockbridge. He secured an outfit and supplies, and attempted to make his way from Orion up Indian Creek and down Ash Creek to the Pine, then up to Rockbridge; but the lateness of the season and the deep snow made it impossible to get the ox teams through. Not to be defeated, however, the determined leader sent the teams back to Orion and constructed some hand sleds, loaded his equipment and supplies, and after many hardships and more labors reached his objective, established his camp, and without teams proceeded to put a number of logs into the river. It does not appear that he succeeded in driving the logs the following summer. In 1845 he cut out a road up Indian Creek, down Ash Creek, and up the Pine to Rockbridge.

The following winter, under contract, he cleared the Pine for a space eighteen feet wide from Rockbridge to the mouth, of all logs and brush that were above the ice, thus making it possible during the spring freshets to run logs down to Muscoda.

Among the many who came to Richland County in 1848 was I. H. Wallace, who located the claim on which was platted Richland City. The original proprietors of the village plat were I. H. Wallace and Garwood Green. I have not been able to determine how Green obtained his part of the title. The village was laid out in 1849. In 1851 A. C. Daley became equal partner with Wallace and Green in an addition to the original plat. Garwood Green erected in the fall of 1849 what seems to have been the second house on the plat. This house was purchased, in 1850, by Henry Clayman and used by him in part as a dwelling house, and in part as a shoe shop, he being the first shoemaker in the village. The first merchant was Ezekiel McIntyre; D. Osbourne was the second. The first blacksmith was Peter Haskins, the first doctor was a Mr. Hartshorn, the first wheelwright was Samuel Tyler. Christian Spidel was the first jeweler, Henry Dillon and John Wiker were the first tailors. The post office was establshed in 1854, and was the first in the town of Buena Vista. John Rutan was the first postmaster. Bangham and Company kept the first hotel, in a log house. The first mill, erected in 1855 by Ephraim Brown, was run by steam.

The great handicap to settlement was the lack of highways. In the early days the smooth water highways were sufficient; but when the great western trek of humanity reached the county, there was demand for land highways where, literally, the wheels of commerce might go round. There were two distinct classes of people settling the county, and these classes were determined by the highways. The western side of the

county was largely settled by people from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and farther south. These came up through the lead regions in the southwestern part of the state, passed through Muscoda, and crossed the Wisconsin on ferries at or below that place. East of the Pine the settlers came from states farther east, even as far as New England; and many sturdy Yankees found their way here through Madison and Sauk City, Helena, and Spring Green. Of the three routes the two at the east were by far the most difficult; but difficulties could not stop, and did in fact little hinder, these sturdy and resourceful men. The passage of the Wisconsin River was then, as it is now, a difficult proposition. Only at fixed places could it be accomplished. There were no fords, for the shifting quicksands forbid. Canoes and boats were used until teams came, then ferries were established. As we have seen, Smith and Matthews established in 1841 a ferry at Muscoda. This and the one from Helena to Spring Green had to serve for about fifty miles of the river. But the first county board took measures to improve matters by authorizing James Law to establish and maintain a ferry at Briggstown, afterwards called Law's Landing (now known as River View), about five miles down the river from Richland City. James H. Wallace was also authorized to establish a ferry at Richland City, crossing to Avoca. These acts greatly improved conditions, bringing trade to Richland City from across the river, and opening a way to the west side of the county by crossing to Avoca, then by road to Muscoda, thence by ferry to the north side, at Orion or points below. The early settlers on the upper Pine came in by way of Muscoda, across the ferry, and over the road cut out and built by Swinehart; and for the most part they were from the same regions as the other settlers in the western part of the county. These factors doubtless had much to do with locating the county seat at Orion.

The first county board recognized the importance of highways by authorizing the cutting out and building of a road from Richland City up the Pine, to connect with the Swinehart road at the mouth of the Ash. This road was located on the west side of the Pine through Twin Bluffs, and later helped to make two-thirds of the county tributary to Richland City. The opening of this road must have had much to do with securing the votes of the eastern side of the county for moving the county seat from Orion to Richland Center, as at that time there was no direct road to Orion. The Wisconsin River, flowing close to the foot of the bluffs all along the River View front on the north side, made the construction of a road at the foot of the bluffs too costly for the financial means of those early days. No valleys ran with easy grade from the lower reaches of the Pine to the ridge, while added to this the dense forest there barred the way.

The bill which provided for organizing the county of Richland was passed by the legislature on February 7, 1850. The first meeting to organize the county was held May 1, 1850. At this time the county was divided into three towns—Buena Vista, Richmond (now Orion), and Richwood. The county seat was located at Richmond. At the meeting held in July, 1852, the county board provided for moving the county seat to Richland Center. They held the first meeting at that place November 9, 1852. This action, permanently locating the county seat, left Richland City, which had always been receptive to the seat of government, free to devote her undisturbed energies to the development of her own business and civic interests.

A considerable commerce was now carried on the river. Steamboats plied more or less regularly, as shifting sand bars and changing channels would permit, between Prairie du Chien and the upper river towns, as far as Portage and, in good stages of water, as far as Kilbourn City. Richland

City was the most important landing between Portage and Prairie du Chien; the boats stopped there on both up and down trips. This made it the natural port of the newly created county seat, with all of its financial benefits. The settlers in the upper valley of the Pine and the Bear Creek valley found its landings and places of business most profitable. All the farm products and all the lumber were brought here for shipment, while all goods received for distribution throughout the region of eastern Richland County passed through its warehouses. Thus it came about that two-thirds of the county paid tribute to Richland City. The largest flour mill in the West was built here about this time. It had four run of stones and was driven by steam, grinding most of the flour used by the settlers in the whole tributary region, besides much for shipment to other markets. A large steam sawmill was also built at the mouth of the Pine, using many logs from Rockbridge, but many more that came by the Wisconsin, besides those cut in the neighboring forest. This was a large business, and many rafts of sawed lumber were sent down the river to the southern and western markets. Humanity's great trek to the West created an undreamed-of demand for lumber, and the business increased by leaps and bounds. All day long, up and down the river, could be seen the rafts of logs and of sawed lumber, floating to the never-satisfied markets. Many of the crews of these rafts came off in boats—if the rafts did not tie up for the night, as they were compelled to do in low stages of water. Throngs of these river and lumber men were carried up the river on the boats, and visited the town while the boats were unloading and taking on cargo at the landings. Thus the place acquired much of the character of a typical river and lumber town of the early days. General stores found a good trade, and wealth came to their proprietors. Shops of all trades ministered to the needs of the thrifty population. Land agents grew rich, as they always do in a new and growing county.

Nor were these thrifty settlers satisfied with material wealth and development alone. Public schools were early established. The first of these in the town of Buena Vista was taught in 1850 by Mrs. Emily Mathison, wife of Delos Mathison, in her own home. The first schoolhouse in the town was built of logs, on the northeast quarter of section thirty-two, about one and a half miles northeast of Richland City. Margaret Ingham was the first teacher in this school. A schoolhouse was erected in Richland City in 1853. The same year an academy was established by Professor Silsby, who was the proprietor of the school. The people helped in the erection of a good building, receiving compensation later in tuition for their children. This school was in operation for four years, and gave to the youth of the neighborhood the advantage of what was in effect a high-school education. At this time hopes were high and promises seemed sure of fulfillment.

The religious needs were cared for by the establishment, in 1848, of a Methodist Episcopal church by the Reverend Mr. Wheeler. This pastor had been assigned work in Iowa County, but the spirit of the times brought him across the river to look after the spiritual welfare of the settlers; he often remarked, "I brought Sunday over into Richland County, where it never was before." Mr. Wheeler is supposed to have conducted service in the county. The *Minutes of the Wisconsin Conference* for 1851 in the list of appointments, notes "Pine River Mission, M. Woodley pastor." In 1852 it notes "Richland City, to be supplied." The *Minutes of the West Wisconsin Conference* for 1856 gives "Richland City, W. Harvey pastor." The statistics include one church, valued at $1000, 29 probationers, and 113 full members. This is the last mention of the passing city in the *Minutes*. The Reverend Mr. Benton, Congregational minister, came a short time after the Reverend Mr. Wheeler, and established

a Congregational church. Some time later the Presbyterians organized.

The people of Richland County were early interested in railroads and their development. It was by many thought certain that any road built down the Wisconsin valley would have to be located on the north side of the river and pass through Richland City. Many think, today, that the people were so sure they would get the road that they refused to give any financial aid to the enterprise, and so caused the road to cross the river at Lone Rock and go down on the south side. If this is correct it was a fatal mistake. But whether true or not, the decline and fall of Richland City was largely due to the location of this road. It is my judgment that the approach of Wisconsin River to the bluffs, for the long stretch along the River View front between Richland City and Orion, and the even longer and more difficult pass farther down, determined the location of the road on the line of less resistance over the level open spaces of English Prairie. Certain it is that the road crossed the river and left Richland City's hopes blasted.

Remoter yet similar causes added to the forces making for financial decay and death. The building of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad through Portage, and the Northwestern through Merrimac and Baraboo, practically drove steamboat traffic from Wisconsin River and closed the Fox River canal. Thus these modern steel highways, more than the drifting sandbars and the shifting channel of the river, were the real causes of change from river to land transportation. This change made Lone Rock the shipping point for the whole region once tributary to the city on the terrace. Many of the merchants and mechanics moved their stores and shops to the new emporium. The flour mill, when other local mills sprang up in various places, was found too large for the reduced business, so it was taken down and moved to Milwau-

kee. The academy was closed and the building moved to Spring Green, there to be again used for school purposes. Thus Richland City was left with only her local trade, and the humiliating necessity of hauling her supplies from her rival's depot.

The building of the Lone Rock and Richland Center Railroad brought a brief revival of hope. This was a strictly local project for a narrow-gauge railroad from Lone Rock up the Pine River valley, with Richland Center as the first objective and, as the sequel proved, the last. This road was built and operated with wooden rails, and is believed to have been the longest road of the kind in the country. It was a monument to the resources and enterprise of the people of the county. But, alas for Richland City! Though beautiful for situation, the very things that added to her charms forced the new road on to a line too far distant to benefit her, and built up a rival village, first called Richland City Post Office, later Gotham, which absorbed her local trade as Lone Rock had absorbed her distant trade. Thus robbed of her means of subsistence, the charm of her location could not save her when all business had ceased in her streets.

Far more fatal, however, to the fair city was the destruction of the terrace on which it stood. It is difficult to tell why streams tend to change their channels and drift in their valleys from one side to the other; but they do, and the drift once started seems resistless. Such a movement came to the Wisconsin, off Richland City, from the south side to the north. After long years' passing through low banks covered with dense growths of timber, the strong, swift current set full against the high bank of the terrace, and the loose materials were powerless to resist. The national government, in the interest of navigation, tried by means of wing dams to arrest the process, but traffic on the river had so declined that the government abandoned all effort to improve the channel, and

the attempt so far failed that the dams were soon destroyed and the terrace was at the mercy of the stream. Private capital tried to save the land, but it was found to be useless; and now, year by year, the destruction continues unresisted.

Few of those who live in the village of Gotham know even the tradition of the older city. Of the multitudes who in their luxurious high-power cars turn at the depot in Gotham, and for a little way drive on state highway number sixty toward and near to the dead city, few ever think of it as once living, nor care that it is now no more. Not even a stone marker designates the historic site where once was life and hope, but now only death and decay. With care-free minds they rush, unheedful, under and past the watch tower on the high hill at the western gateway of the valley, not dreaming that on that vantage point there stands possibly the spirit of one of the watchmen of old, who has seen all the throng of first men, red men, white men, adventurers, explorers, hunters, trappers, traders, pioneers, priests, tillers of the soil, merchant princes, soldiers, military chiefs, and governors, that in all the ages have passed this way.

BEGINNINGS OF THE WATERTOWN SCHOOL SYSTEM

WILLIAM F. WHYTE

In the straggling village on the banks of Rock River there are no records of attempts on the part of the early settlers to establish schools until 1847, when J. A. Hadley was induced to come from Lockport, New York, by some of the leading men in the village who thought that the community could support a weekly newspaper. Hadley had been a journeyman printer, earning only ten dollars a week, and was no doubt easily induced by the promise of financial aid to come to the "garden of Wisconsin," as it was called even in those days. He began the publication of the *Watertown Chronicle* in 1847.

He was a man of high ideals, a forceful writer, and an ardent Whig. In spite of his intense partisanship and his denunciation of everything opposed to the principles of the Whig party, he must have exerted a salutary influence on the little community. He was what in these modern days would be called a promoter, and everything which he deemed for the public good had his enthusiastic support. For six years the *Chronicle* was the only paper in the village. I do not think that its subscribers ever fell asleep over its columns, and after seventy years one can still find both instruction and entertainment in every number of the *Weekly Chronicle.*

Hadley was a champion of education, and every effort to establish a school in Watertown received his warm commendation. The public schools in pioneer days were not such as to meet the approval of all of the citizens of the town, as the numerous attempts to establish private schools and seminaries show. In one of the first numbers of the *Chronicle,* Mrs. E. Baker announced to the public that she "has moved her school from Waukesha and will open a boarding school for young ladies, gathering around it all the appliances required to give tone and finish to their education. Common branches, $1.50 to $2.50 per quarter. French, Latin, and piano extra. Produce taken at market prices. In the district schoolhouse near the Methodist church." The district

schoolhouse was evidently not in use or it could not have been secured for a young ladies' seminary. She also announced that she had engaged Grace P. Jones as her assistant. Miss Jones had a long and honorable career as a Wisconsin educator. She did not remain many months an assistant to Mrs. Baker, for in the *Chronicle* for March, 1850, we find an announcement that she would open the Willard Institute for Young Ladies, named for Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, New York, from which Miss Jones had recently graduated.

Willard Institute had a more or less flourishing existence in Watertown until 1859, when its principal removed to Oconomowoc and established what was known as Bord-du-Lac Seminary, from its location on the banks of Lac La Belle. One of her Watertown pupils went with her and was for a time the only boarder at the school, the others being day scholars. Young ladies from all parts of the region were in attendance. During its existence in Oconomowoc this seminary was under the patronage of the Episcopal church, and no doubt owed something of its popularity to that circumstance. In 1884 the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding in Oconomowoc was celebrated, and many of the former pupils and teachers were present on that occasion. The school went out of existence in 1885, after which the buildings were utilized as a fashionable boarding-house. Miss Jones passed away January 18, 1913.

The *Watertown Chronicle*, in its first issue, announced that a number of female teachers had arrived in the territory from the East, under the patronage of the National Educational Society. Whether any of the ladies obtained employment in Watertown we do not know, but since the population of the village was at that time not more than a thousand the demand for teachers could not have been very great. However, there must have been some interest shown in educational matters, for we find that the "Jefferson County Normal School will open in the village of Jefferson on October 15, 1849 and continue two weeks. Tuition $1.00. This school hopes to give a new impulse to our public schools and more uniformity in the methods of teaching."

The most pretentious attempt to found a seminary in Watertown was made by the Reverend Jabez Brooks, who announced

that his institution would have "four departments—preparatory, junior, middle, and senior. Prepares for business and college." He delivered lectures on school education in Columbus, Beaver Dam, and Waupun. Mr. Brooks's school was short-lived, and we find that Adin Brooks, who had been his assistant, was in 1852 head of the Wisconsin Seminary. This institution was also a transient affair, for the following year Adin Brooks was a public school teacher.

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to give a list of volunteer educators who between 1850 and 1863 appealed to the people of Watertown for their patronage: Reverend Jabez Brooks, 1850, Wisconsin Seminary; Adin Brooks, 1851, Wisconsin Seminary; M. W. Mason, 1850, purchased a building and fitted it up for a schoolroom to seat 200 pupils—also used by the Baptists as a church; H. Newell Griffith, 1854, announced that in his academy gentlemen and ladies would be fitted to teach first-class common schools or to enter college. Cavenagh, a graduate of Manchester College, England, opened in 1853 a private school in the German Methodist church. The Wisconsin Female Seminary (O. W. Cooley and Mrs. Cooley) advertised that it would open, 1853. J. W. Carter opened a select school in 1853, and the same year Miss R. B. Pease opened a seminary in Watertown. Miss A. O. McMillan opened a school for little girls in 1854. Miss M. Fay Adams, of Brockway College, Ripon, opened a female academy, 1855. This school evidently found favor with the pupils, as it was in existence for two years, and was considered as the nucleus of the female seminary later mentioned, of which, had it been established at Watertown, Miss Adams would have been elected principal. The Universalist Society proposed erecting a church in 1850, the first floor to be used as a non-sectarian academy, but nothing came of the project. Ashley D. Hargar taught a private school in the years 1855–60, but there is no record of his success as a teacher.

In 1854 the Wisconsin Baptist Educational Society was founded and an ambitious program was announced. It was proposed to have an academic, collegiate, and theological school, and Watertown was looked on as the most favorable location for this group of institutions. Considerable interest in the project was

shown by the townspeople. However, a philanthropic citizen of Beaver Dam donated $10,000 and twenty acres of land for the purpose, and as Watertown citizens had done nothing but hold meetings and talk, Beaver Dam was selected. Wayland Academy, which is today a flourishing and high-grade institution, might have been located in Watertown had its citizens shown foresight and the necessary public spirit.

Other projects for the establishment of educational institutions in Watertown came before the people a number of times within the next few years. William Chappel, a state senator, introduced into the legislature a bill to incorporate a female seminary in 1856. A board of trustees was elected, and Miss Adams's seminary was evidently intended to be honored by being made a chartered institution in Watertown. Reverend Parker told the board at its first meeting that had the people of Watertown shown sufficient interest Wayland Academy might have been located there instead of at Beaver Dam. John Richards, a prominent citizen, offered to the board of trustees the gift of one and one-half acres of land, and promised half an acre more if the seminary was made a state school, but there is no record of any other financial aid being promised, and the project lagged. A call was issued for a convention of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of the Winnebago and Madison districts and the Milwaukee Presbytery to meet at Watertown April 22, 1856, to consider the establishment of a female seminary. Large delegations from Waukesha, Madison, and other localities were present. Waukesha offered property valued at $10,000. Madison had held two meetings and offered to give more than any other place in the state. One Madison man volunteered to subscribe $5000. Nothing more came of this plan so far as Watertown was concerned. Contemporary writers say nothing about the causes of the debacle of the seminary proposal, but there is little doubt that the panic of 1857, which put a quietus on public improvements in Wisconsin, had the same effect on all projects which required financial assistance.

The first record that we find of any organization of public schools was a call of the Reverend M. Hoyt, an Episcopal clergyman, who was also town superintendent, issued under date of

January 12, 1850, asking the directors of each district to meet and assist him in defining the boundaries of their districts. The system of township superintendents in vogue at that time did not make for intelligent and scholarly supervision. The pioneers of the early fifties were much more interested in clearing the land and establishing homes than in educational matters. It was no doubt difficult to find qualified teachers to instruct the children in the primitive log huts of the pioneer days. I knew in his old age a retired farmer, a native of the Emerald Isle, who, as a young man, had for several years officiated as a teacher in his district. His platform was a primitive one from a scholastic standpoint. He thought that all the children required was "readin,' 'ritin,' and 'rithmetic" (with accent on the third syllable). Grammar was in his opinion all "Yankee humbuggery." Superintendent Hoyt received reports from districts one, two, four, eleven, and fifteen, giving the number of children and the time school was taught. He acted as town superintendent for three years, and during his incumbency called a meeting at the brick schoolhouse in the village for the purpose of organizing a teachers' association. In the spring election of 1853 Mr. Hoyt was succeeded by Dr. James Cody, a pioneer physician and a graduate of Harvard. His successor, John Ford, made his annual report to the common council November 1, 1855. The number of whole and joint districts was ten; number of children between four and twenty, 1496; average salary paid to male teachers, $31.40 per month; average salary paid to female teachers, $14.20 per month; amount of money received by the superintendent, $300—evidently for a quarter of a year. A bill introduced into the legislature provided for a union school system in 1856, and in the following year the foundations were laid for two graded schools, but they were not completed for some time—number one in 1863, and number two in 1867.

Charles R. Gill was for several years the stormy petrel in Watertown politics. He was undoubtedly a lawyer of ability, and a man whose peculiarities would in the frontier days make friends for him by appealing to the passions and prejudices of the mob. My only recollection of him as a public speaker is when as a boy I attended a Republican meeting in Cole's Hall, and heard

him pour forth a tirade of abuse of Andrew Johnson and the Democratic party. He was elected superintendent of schools in 1857, and soon found opportunities for the exercise of his fighting qualities. The school board had passed a resolution forbidding the reading of the Scriptures or any religious exercises in the public schools. The custom had been to assemble the children a few minutes before nine o'clock. The teacher would read a few verses of Scripture, the pupils and teacher recited the Lord's Prayer in concert. The teachers defied the board and persisted in the religious program. Superintendent Gill proposed that the teachers be dismissed. As this would practically have meant closing the schools for the year and paying the teachers for the term of their contract as well, the board hesitated to adopt the recommendation of the superintendent. One of the members wrote to State Superintendent Lyman C. Draper for his opinion. In a long letter, which was published in the *Watertown Democrat,* Draper replied that he regarded the Bible as eminently first in importance among textbooks for teaching the noblest principles of virtue, morality, patriotism, and good order, love and reverence for God, charity and good will to men. The board rescinded the order which had been stealthily introduced and passed by a majority of one. The victory of the teachers over the superintendent no doubt promoted disharmony and was the cause of a number of pin-prick quarrels which kept school matters in a turmoil. The *Watertown Democrat* published a mock controversy between the superintendent and one of the teachers, which shows at once the feeling which existed and at the same time the lack of dignity on the part of the officials.

Teacher: Dear Mr. Gill: A girl persists in wheeling a baby carriage in front of the schoolhouse. Her doing so annoys me greatly.

Gill: Catch her up and spank her.

Teacher: She is too big.

Gill: Recite for her benefit a few verses of Scripture and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Teacher: It would be casting pearls before swine, for judging by appearances she is an infidel.

Gill: Remember the words of our Redeemer, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Gill's unpopularity grew apace, and his nomination to the assembly was followed by his defeat in a reliable Democratic district. He called a public meeting three days before election, in which he announced that he was going to shoot loaded cartridges. He abused by name the majority of the prominent Democrats in the city, and this meeting was no doubt the cause of his overthrow. The conflict between the fighting superintendent and his enemies waxed hotter, as time went on, and the following year he was summoned to appear before the common council and defend himself for neglect of duty as an official. His defense was not successful, and by a vote of 10 to 5 he was removed from office. A few days afterwards a meeting was held in Cole's Hall, in which the aldermen who voted for Gill's removal were denounced as being actuated by malice and vindictiveness, and unworthy of the confidence and respect of their fellow citizens. The night after the meeting the houses of three of the aldermen were stormed by a mob, the windows broken, and their families compelled to flee to the neighbors for refuge.

The opposition to Gill was cowed by this display of what must justly be called brute strength on the part of his supporters, and four months after his removal he was reinstated. In the November election (1859) he was chosen state senator, running as an independent against Patrick Rogan, the regular Democratic nominee, whose windows had been broken by the pro-Gill mob. He still trained with the Democracy, however, for when Douglas spoke at Watertown during the campaign of 1860, he was introduced by Gill. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a strong supporter of war measures, and in 1862, when the Twenty-ninth Infantry was recruited, he was commissioned colonel and spent a year in active service. He resigned owing to poor health following his military service in the South. He was afterwards elected attorney general of the state of Wisconsin, and served two terms in that office (1866–1870), later retiring to his farm near Madison, where he soon died. One of his sons, Hiram Gill, achieved considerable notoriety a few years ago as mayor of Seattle.

The reason for the numerous private academies in the city from 1850 to 1863 was the unfortunate and chaotic condition of the public schools. D. W. Ballou, editor of the *Watertown Democrat,* was a man of scholarly tastes and an able educational

writer. In an editorial published in his paper in April, 1857, he spoke of the lamentable condition of the public schools. In the issue of May 7, 1857, he said that the whole number of children between four and twenty was 2191, and the number connected with the schools was 742, of whom about 200 were in private schools. He deplored the miserable accommodations provided for the children, and the lack of interest shown by the citizens generally. In the issue of May 14, 1857, he spoke again of the laxity in attendance. The whole number of children registered was 712; average attendance, 482. Thirty-five per cent of those enrolled were constantly absent; consequently, thirty-five per cent of the money expended for schools was thrown away. The expense for the quarter was $490. A bill passed the legislature in 1857, providing for the incorporation of the union school system, but no steps were taken at that time to carry out this provision.

The high school in 1857 was a one-story frame building in the second ward, and W. C. Sanford was the principal for several years. There were two rooms, the larger for the more advanced pupils. The first-ward school was a one-story brick building seating about a hundred pupils. The assistant taught in a small room which was divided from the main class room by a wooden partition, and those pupils who were of the lower grade were sent to her for recitations. The third-ward school was a dingy brick barrack with two rooms. Richards Grove schoolhouse was situated in a grove owned by John Richards, a mile from the city, and was built at the expense of the owner of the property. It was the only instance in the history of Watertown where a private citizen contributed of his means otherwise than as a taxpayer for educational purposes.

The high school in the second ward after about two years was abandoned, and the first-ward school was used for high school purposes. The scholars ranged in age from ten to twenty years, and discipline was enforced by the liberal use of the rawhide. The first principal was Myron W. Reed, who after his conversion to Christianity made a record as a gallant soldier in the Civil War, and after his discharge was a preacher of the Congregational denomination, noted for his eloquence and originality. He was for some time pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Indian-

apolis, where the late President Harrison was a member. I still remember one of his stories told when delivering a lecture on a secular topic. He said the only man who ever went fishing and told the truth was a saint—Saint Peter, who said, "Master, we have toiled all night and caught nothing." He died about twenty years ago in Denver. His brother, Rollin Reed, a capable teacher and a stern, unbending Puritan, followed him in the high school, and after about three years' service in Watertown was elected principal of the high school in Prescott, and for nearly forty years was active in educational work in Pierce County.

The high school boys of the present day are mild-mannered in comparison with the boys of sixty years ago. The high school fronted on Third Street, one of the principal thoroughfares leading out into the country. Farmers would drive their teams several blocks out of the way so as to avoid passing the schoolhouse. Should any farmer have the temerity to drive by the school with his empty sled, it would be taken possession of by the young ruffians, the whip wrenched out of his hand, the oxen belabored until they were forced to a gallop. If the farmer protested or made any resistance, he was pitched into a snow bank. Occasionally some irate citizen would complain to the police or the principal, but usually nothing came of it and it was not possible to indict a whole school. Fraternity men are often accused of standing by one another to avoid trouble. I remember a peaceable German citizen who, having suffered molestation at the hands of the young rowdies, thought it his duty to complain to the principal. The boys massed together on the schoolhouse steps. The complaining witness found it impossible to penetrate the phalanx, and turned away in despair.

Quite a large percentage of the population, especially on the west side of the city, was of Irish parentage, and what the natives of the Green Isle call public fights were exceedingly common. The bridge over Main Street was the dividing line, and the Irish there met in conflict the American and German boys who were denizens of the east side. Those who have read the autobiography of John Muir will give the palm for fighting to the Scottish boys of his day, but Watertown boys before the Civil War will in my opinion hold a close second.

The advent of the Civil War and the prosperity of the country no doubt justified greater expenditures for educational purposes. The high school in the second ward was completed in 1863, and Theodore Bernhardt, who had taught first a German school for several years, and afterwards with two assistants used the English language as a medium, was made principal, with four assistants and with supervisory power over all the schools in the city. Bernhardt was a man of great learning, a graduate of the University of Berlin, who had drifted to the United States after the revolution of 1848. Like many of his ilk, he had found it difficult to adjust himself to conditions in Wisconsin. As a cigar manufacturer he was not a success. He was for some time city clerk and served a term in the legislature. The free schoolbook system in Wisconsin was due to his initiative, and the citizens of Watertown were the first who were relieved of the expense of paying for schoolbooks for their children. His long and honorable career as a teacher came to an end in 1879, when he died literally in the harness. My friend E. M. Wood, of Chicago, is the author of an interesting article descriptive of his methods, which is printed herewith.

Theodore Bernhardt was an instructor of the youth of Watertown in the late fifties, in an old-style frame building situated one block east of Fourth Street and two blocks north of Main Street. He taught a private school in two lower rooms of the building, pacing back and forth between them, keeping the scholars busy, giving instruction to different classes, and periodically taking snuff from an oval-shaped wooden box which was his constant companion. His instructions were all given orally; still, though his methods were peculiar and unusual, he succeeded in imparting to his pupils a fund of miscellaneous knowledge and information that formed the groundwork for future work and advancement that was so well founded it is difficult to appreciate the true value to those who were so fortunate as to be under its spell. Originally the lessons were all in German, but later English came to be the dominating language in which instruction was given, and some of the American boys who attended the school were in a continuous state of hilarity over the teacher's broken English, for they repeated the many expressions which he made use of until these

became a regular "stock in trade" for the merriment and amusement of themselves and those who followed in their footsteps.

But notwithstanding his peculiarities, Mr. Bernhardt was a thoroughly educated man, whose methods in the class room brought most satisfactory results. He used no textbooks, but had a system of individual instruction in which each member of a class became his assistant, and was instrumental in instructing each one of the associate members. His system of teaching geography has never been excelled, while his methods in mathematics, philosophy, chemistry, history, reading, writing, spelling, languages were plain, pointed, and comprehensive. In those earlier days, before he became connected with the public schools, he gave exhibitions of the scholarship of his pupils in the rooms of the common council of the city, which were then located in the Dennis Block on the west side of the river. His remuneration must have been meager, judging from what the writer paid for tuition in the juvenile class in German—fifty cents per term.

A feature of his system was a half-holiday on Wednesday afternoon, and regular school duties on Saturday forenoon; the latter part of the system, it is needless to remark, was never in the remotest degree a popular one. There were compensations, however, in the way of picnics with prize contests in simple variety, which took place in near-by groves on the afternoons when school was not in session. They were entered into whole-heartedly, and Mr. Bernhardt was the prime mover in all these diversions. He seldom addressed a scholar by his first name, and one of his few punishments for a refractory student was this: "My friend, you fool, stand in the corner." As the culprit was obliged to stand, sometimes with his face to the wall, in full view of the whole class, it was seldom that the offense would be repeated. Another of his punishments was to deprive a student of the privilege of witnessing some of his many experiments in physics, which was ever a fascinating study.

The later-day public may have prefixed the word "professor" to his name, but we of the old-time school used more often the more intimate and endearing name of Theodore. He was outspoken in his denunciation of laziness, and sometimes would deride a boy with the words "*du Esel du,*" but he was equally ob-

servant of the studious boy, who would receive full and gracious recognition for faithful work performed. His memory was remarkable, his knowledge of history—ancient and modern—provided a most interesting fund of information which he gave to his scholars while sitting on the edge of a school desk, like one in pleasant and familiar conversation with a friend. Good penmanship and accurate spelling were embodied in a series of dictation exercises in which the pupils wrote down in blank books the matter as it was dictated, after which the books were all taken to his home and corrected, with comments on the work done and the comparative standing written at the end of the exercise. In teaching the letters of the German alphabet to beginners, he had each letter on a separate piece of cardboard about four inches square. He would hold the letter up before the class and ask some one to name it, then the whole class would name it in concert. In this way it was only a very short time before every member of the class was thoroughly familiar with every letter of the alphabet. In a similar manner he taught the class to pronounce whole words, beginning, of course, with monosyllables.

This subject—German reading and literature—was the only one in which he used textbooks at the time spoken of. The beginners each had a German primer. One pupil would pronounce a word twice in rapid succession, to be repeated by the whole class in concert. When I speak of a class it means the whole roomful, so that all the pupils in the room were studying the same thing at the same time. Words of two or more syllables were spoken with only the last syllable doubled, thus: "Wis-con-sin-sin, Wisconsin." This likewise was repeated by the class in concert. The progress made by pupils under this system was both rapid and remarkable.

The details of his system in each branch of student activities are full of interest, but might prove tiresome to the general reader. He took pains to reward and encourage all ambitious pupils and to hold them up as object lessons, to such an extent that a pang of resentment would sometimes creep into the hearts of the less fortunate. However, his aim in life was to render valuable aid and service to those under his immediate care, and he was eminently successful in so far as the children of his time were amenable to his influence.

DOCUMENTS

A CIRCUIT RIDER IN THE OLD NORTHWEST: LETTERS OF THE REVEREND JOHN H. RAGATZ

TRANSLATION AND NOTES BY LOWELL J. RAGATZ

John Henry Ragatz was born in Tamins, Canton Graubünden,[1] Switzerland, on July 31, 1822. He was the son of my great-grandfather Bartholomew Ragatz, an architect and magistrate of Tamins. In 1842 the family, consisting of the father, the mother, seven sons, and two daughters, emigrated to America, following a son who had preceded them the year before to select land in the new world; they took up a homestead in the town of Honey Creek, Sauk County, Wisconsin.[2]

Bartholomew Ragatz was one of the organizers of the Evangelical Association work in southern Wisconsin, long served as a lay pastor, and gave the site and considerable financial assistance for the erection of the church standing a few miles west of Prairie du Sac, which has since been known as the Ragatz Evangelical Church. Two of his sons, Oswald and John Henry, the writer of the following letters, became pioneer Association pastors, serving in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin,[3] and Minnesota. The latter subsequently withdrew from the Association and continued his clerical duties in the New Jerusalem church.[4] He died September 17, 1903,

[1] Otherwise known by its French name, the Grisons.

[2] For the emigration of this group of Swiss to Sauk County, see this magazine, vi, 317-333 (March, 1923).—EDITOR.

[3] The work of the two brothers as Association pastors in Wisconsin is covered in G. Fritsche, *Die Evangelische Gemeindschaft in Wisconsin Wahrend Achtzig Jahren, 1840-1920* (Cleveland, O., n.d.).

[4] This church was founded by the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg, the eminent eighteenth century Swedish scientist-philosopher who held that the point of view from which God must be regarded is that of His being a Divine Man, and who reinterpreted the Scriptures in that light. Although he did not himself found a new sect, his followers withdrew from their respective churches and formed a new body, the New Jerusalem church. The parent congregation was founded in England in 1787. The first one in America was founded in Baltimore in 1792. The teachings of Swedenborg profoundly

and is survived by three children—Mrs. Anna B. Morley and Mrs. Henry Bowers, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, and Mrs. Louis Rich, of Chicago.

The following letters were addressed to an uncle, John Henry Ragatz,[5] who with another uncle, Jakob, and an aunt, Menga, had remained in Switzerland. All three were written in German. They were secured from a descendant of the recipient in 1923.

[EAST] GERMANTOWN [INDIANA], 24 July 1849.

MY VERY DEAR UNCLE AND YOUR LOVED ONES:

At last, after seven years and four months [in the new world] which have passed as in a dream, I am sitting here to fulfill my promise [to write to you]. . . . You already know what occupation I am now following, indeed not from my own will but through God's, and that what I now am, that have I become through His Grace. . . .

In May, 1848, I left my loved ones and traveled in company with two ministers who had stayed with us, to Illinois, where the annual synod meeting was being held. This synod is known as the Illinois Conference of the Evangelical Association of North America. The Association is composed of five such conferences. The Illinois one is, however, one of the weakest. It embraces thirty-one traveling and fifteen resident pastors. In the former class are those who leave their homes and go on circuits to which the conference assigns them, and are engaged daily in preaching the Word. The resident pastors are those who have permanent homes and therefore preach only in their respective immediate neighborhoods.

The Evangelical Association does not consider the ministry a calling which can be followed by anybody and everybody like another profession; it believes rather that, as Holy Writ says, God will send his people ministers and prophets and shepherds and teachers, who will care for his flocks. . . . We give discourses

influenced Coleridge, the Brownings, Henry Ward Beecher, and Carlyle. There are about 100 New Jerusalem church congregations, with 7000 members, in America today.

[5] On the several forms of spelling of this name, see this magazine, vi, 317, note 3. —EDITOR.

on what we know, and preach what we have seen. But we know that we have come from death to life, and hence we also exhort all persons to repent and to seek forgiveness for their sins from God through Christ, and to live righteously and in peace before God, the Father of our Lord. We don't burden the people in these matters, and don't make a business out of evangelizing, but rather we follow the Word of our Master, Math. 10:8: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

We travel from one vicinity to another to preach, and are satisfied if we have food and clothing; we are not so foolish and perverse as to consider our souls' welfare of small consequence, as do many others who seek to become rich in this world. Our motto is "Consecrated to the Lord." Therefore, also, we have no fear, and do not hesitate to face uncertainties. He is our All. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple," said the Lord.

Our Association extends from New York to Iowa and Wisconsin, and from Indiana north to Canada. It is divided first into a general conference, which meets once every four years; secondly [it is divided] into five annual conferences; thirdly, the several conferences are divided into districts, each of which is served by one or two pastors (according to whether the district is large or small). These districts are, in the fourth place, divided into classes of from fifteen to forty or still more members, as may be most convenient for a neighborhood. Each such group has a class leader and an exhorter, whose duty it is to call together their body twice each week for prayer meeting.[6]

No one can become an Association member until we first see and hear from him that he is whole-heartedly desirous of the salvation of his soul. Nevertheless we work industriously (through the Grace of God) to convince everyone of the necessity for a true change of heart. . . .

Let me tell you something also about our income—that is, that of the preachers. Since the relation among the members of the Association is so close, almost like that in a family, it does not cost us much to travel, for we are entertained everywhere by

[6] The organization of the Evangelical Association has remained substantially the same as here described.

our brothers in Christ." However, it happens that we have frequently to go to regions where there are no members of our Association, as for example, when we go out on mission work, at which times we are in need of [financial] aid. To this end, we have a rule amongst us to collect free-will offerings every quarter and to turn in this money, together with traveling expense accounts at the annual conference. Then, after the deduction of traveling charges [from the respective amounts collected, the balances are placed in a common fund and] this money is divided equally amongst us and is added to our annual salaries for the purchase of clothing and other necessities.

The salary of an unmarried pastor this year was sixty-two dollars and that of a married one twice as much. But out of this we are obliged to provide ourselves with our horses and conveyances, for one must ride horseback or in a little carriage, as there is often as much as forty miles to be covered in going from one preaching place to another, and the roads are on the whole very bad.

Strong efforts are made to further the work of the Master and to found new missions by those who have given themselves body and soul to the service of God. Hence we also apply whatever we can save [from our salaries] for this purpose. There is a large field to work, and one in which one must not weary in doing good, for it is still very heathenish in many regions in this country. . . .

I was home again last May for a visit and spent four weeks there. Everyone was well, and what pleased me still more was that they all endeavor to do the will of God and, with watching and praying, to lay up treasures for themselves in Heaven and thus make a good preparation to enter in upon the Peace of the Lord. But here, too, the words of Writ are fulfilled, namely, that all who live godly lives will be persecuted (2 Timothy 3:12), for there are those enemies of Truth who deny that Christ is the Son of God and our Savior, and do not shame themselves to blaspheme the Lord and to persecute religious souls. Our dear ones are much persecuted by such evil persons, [some of whom] indeed are among our own countrymen, because of the Truth

which is in Jesus Christ. The Lord will, however, reward them as they deserve.

In the last week of May I again left home and father, mother, brothers, and sisters, among many tears. I went from there to Dubuque and found brother Christian and sister Margaret and your George in the midst of their families, all well and happy. I spent two days there, and spent a night at the home of George and his family. We had a nice time amongst ourselves. We passed the time to eleven o'clock talking of God and of godly things; then we all bowed down before the Mercy Throne of God, to recommend our souls to him. . . .

Our annual conference this year was held 180 miles from home, in the same town where I had my headquarters during the past year. But this year I was sent 300 miles farther, and after a journey of eight days I reached the circuit where I am to preach this year. So I find myself in the state of Indiana, not far from the border of Ohio. The country here is already more built up than it is in the West, and one finds the nicest orchards, which remind me a great deal of the fatherland. Especially is the region where I now am more like an old country because everything is already well organized, and also more densely populated than is Wisconsin. I also found very warm-hearted Christians here, which gives me a new spirit to carry on further in the service of my Lord and Savior.

But let me tell you something about the cholera, also. As early as last May, when I came to Dubuque, there was a sign of it there, though it wasn't, it is true, very strong. Since then I have traveled through several cities in which many persons died of this terrible epidemic, and now it rages in this region. Cincinnati is seventy miles southeast of here. There already about 4,000 have fallen victim. Many small towns ten to twelve miles from Germantown were hard hit; indeed, one was about wiped out.[7]

[7] The cholera epidemic of 1849 was one of the most severe epidemics ever known in the United States, and was especially prevalent in the river towns of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans. We have examined the local papers of Southport (Kenosha), Milwaukee, and Madison, with the following results: The epidemic began to be feared in southern Wisconsin as early as the last of April. May 2, the Southport *American* recommended cleaning up as a preventive for cholera. May 23, the city sexton of Chicago reported that there had been thirty-one deaths from this disease since May 1; and about this time it was brought out to Southport, where there were four deaths between May 25 and May 30. By mid-July the disease had practically abated in Kenosha. But in the meanwhile

Day before yesterday I was twenty-four miles north of Germantown, in Winchester, a county seat, where eleven persons died within a few days. Today I went thirty miles northwest of here, where I have a congregation, and only two miles from there [there is a settlement] where thirteen have already died and still more lie sick. Many could be saved if a good physician were available, but in several places these have themselves already been carried off, and so, as I see it, there is nothing better than to have God for a friend, for the righteous man is comforted even in his death. "For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

This epidemic is sweeping over almost all of North America to a greater or a less extent, and may God have mercy on our nation although we have deserved punishment, for one must fear that thousands die as a result of the plague without being prepared for it. When we see the godlessness which is in vogue everywhere, we must not be surprised if God manifests his judgment and destroys whole nations through war, hunger, and pestilence. Watch and pray and be firm in your belief; the Lord is coming. . . .

JOHAN HEINRICH RAGAZ

Milwaukee had become infected through steamboat traffic. May 11 it was reported that cholera had appeared in Chicago; not until June 5 did a steamboat land an infected case, but it was protested that this was not true cholera.

In Milwaukee the disease became epidemic early in July. It was a period of great influx of foreign immigrants—Norwegian and German. A quarantine hospital was fitted up, and beginning with July 20 the board of health made daily reports in the *Sentinel* until September 1. In most cases the names of those dying are recorded, except for the immigrants, when only the nationality is given. On August 9 the board of health declared that cholera had disappeared as an epidemic; but on August 12 and 13 the highest number of new cases was reported. August 31 an official summary gave the following: 209 cases and 104 deaths since July 1; population then about 18,000. There were several more deaths in September, and without doubt the official reports were kept as low as possible.

But there was no such morbidity or mortality in Wisconsin as occurred in the Ohio and Missouri cities. In Madison only a few cases were reported in late July and August. Watertown suffered severely, due doubtless to immigrants, and in the southwestern part of the state, especially at Mineral Point, there were a number of cases. Cholera also broke out in the Wisconsin pineries, but as few were employed in that region during the summer it made no great headway.

The epidemic in Cincinnati and St. Louis was especially severe. In the former place 802 were buried in one day in early July, and the deaths from July 1 to July 7 totaled 1111. Nearly every paper ran a column called "Cholera Progress," with reports from various cities. On the first of May in 1849, the year of the gold rush to California, cholera broke out on the steamboats carrying the argonauts from St. Louis to Independence. The President issued a proclamation urging that the first Friday of August be observed as a day of fasting and prayer. This was universally heeded, and was in many places supplemented by proclamations of the mayors and governors. The people were constantly advised by their officials to clean up their premises, and the authorities were urged by the people to clean up the streets and public property. Cleanliness, simple diet, and temperate habits were continually advocated.—EDITOR.

August 29, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE:

Although a month has passed since I wrote to you, I haven't mailed the letter as yet. The reason for this is that I have been waiting for a letter from father, and have been holding mine in order to be able to give you the latest news regarding our dear ones. But none has come, and in order not to make you wait longer, I am sending on mine [accompanied by these few additional words]. . . .

I have seen by various papers that things in the West (especially along the Mississippi) don't look good, in that the cholera is causing great havoc and that thousands have fallen victim to it. This news comes chiefly from St. Louis and the region round about.

According to the reports, among the many thousands of emigrants traveling from New Orleans to St. Louis and still farther north, several hundreds reached eternity before arriving at their destinations. For instance, one report says that 600 immigrants journeyed from New Orleans to St. Louis on one steamer, and that of these, 75 died before they reached St. Louis. I have often wondered whether perhaps some of our Graubündeners or [other] acquaintances have met this fate. . . .

I have heard and read many sad bits of news from Europe in connection with the numerous wars and rumors of war. The prospects don't seem to offer any hope that things will soon be better. The Word of God is thus fulfilled, "Sin is a reproach to any people." It has been a long time since I have heard anything about Switzerland. I hope, however, that you are at peace. I would certainly like to hear from you how things are in that regard. . . . [8]

The cholera has finally set in in our immediate neighborhood, though to date it hasn't caused many deaths, having been operative for only four or five days. Those who died were chiefly drunkards or persons who had been left in a non-resistant state by some previous sickness. Now it has about disappeared from

[8] A wave of revolutionary unrest was sweeping over Europe from 1848 to 1851. Even little Switzerland was not immune. A short inter-cantonal war resulted in the introduction of a new, liberal constitution in 1848.

here. In other towns not far away it wrought terrible destruction, and many, one is told, had to lie suffering without attention. . . .

My address is Via Havre de Grace and New York, Reverend John Henry Ragaz, East Germantown, Wayne County, Indiana, North America.

Your loving [nephew],

JOHAN HEINRICH RAGAZ

CHICAGO, February 20, 1857.

MY VERY DEAR UNCLE, AS WELL AS YOUR WHOLE FAMILY:

May the blessing and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with you all. At such a great distance from you, my dear ones, I again take up my pen to converse with you through the medium of the written word. . . .

As I haven't written to you for seven years, I will give you a rather full account of how things have been going. In the spring of 1850, I was sent from East Germantown—the town from where I wrote to you—to Mount Carmel in the state of Illinois, to minister to a town congregation in that place. There I made the acquaintance of my late wife, and on the 8th of April, 1851, we were married and soon after traveled to Dubuque and to Wisconsin in order to visit our dear ones there. After that, we went to the northern part of the state of Indiana and spent a pleasant year there, while I worked with good results in the building up of several congregations in that region. A year later I was sent to the Madison district, only thirty miles from father, so it was granted us to have our home near his for a whole year, which pleased my wife greatly, for she liked my family very much. A year later we were sent to Milwaukee, a large lake port, and a year later to Chicago, seventy miles south of Milwaukee, where I now am. This city has about 100,000 inhabitants, 20,000 [of whom] are German; only a few are Swiss.

My wife was an American, born in Richland County, Ohio, but she was of German descent and spoke both German and English. She was a faithful, loving wife, and willingly practiced self-abnegation in order that she might be helpful to me in my missionary work. Our married life was, in truth, a happy one, for which we often thanked God. . . . We had no children of

our own, but when brother Jakob and his wife died,[9] we adopted their youngest child, a girl named Margaret, seven months old. She is now four years and nine months old, a very lovable child, who gives me much pleasure. My wife died in her twenty-ninth year. Her death was a peaceful passing away in the Master, whom she loved dearly. "Christ was thus her life, and death her victory." However, I trust that our Heavenly Father will continue to care for us, until we, too, pass on to eternal rest.[10]

I intend to pass much of my time [in the future] in mission work. For three years I have hardly been out of the city, but I think that my time was well spent, for in addition to my preaching, I found time during the week to attend a high school, which was very beneficial to me. I have also had more of an opportunity than formerly to improve my English.

I am sending you herewith a little tract which I translated from the English. This contains the chief teachings of the New Church[11] in brief form. The theologians of the old church in its several branches, through a failure to understand the nature of the Holy Spirit, have interpreted the Word of God too literally, and have thus brought a great number of errors into the church, as a result of which not only were many sects organized, but the true church of Christ was itself placed in danger of being destroyed. So it has pleased God for the salvation of mankind to set forth the pure teaching again, and thus save His church from destruction.

But there are many among the religiously minded who refuse this pure teaching from the Word of God, and prefer to hold firmly to their dogmas (according to old habit) as did the Jews when Christ came into the world to found a new church. And hence arises the New Church. No matter how numerous the sects may now be, the time is nevertheless not far off when all pious souls will place themselves on the side of the New Church, and a blessed period of the Kingdom of God on earth will com-

[9] Jakob, one of the eight sons of Bartholomew Ragatz, and his wife, Margaret Buehler Ragatz, died eleven days apart of the cholera, which in 1853 was still continuing its ravages. They left three children—Bartholomew, Henry, and the Margaret here referred to. Of these the first is still living. His home is in Oshkosh.

[10] Reverend Ragatz was married about 1858 to Johanna Haerle (now spelled Hurley). Three children of this marriage survive. See introductory notes.

[11] See note 4 *ante*.

mence. Especially are there good signs of a better time to come already close at hand, in this blessed land of freedom. . . .

I went through struggles in connection with my ecclesiastical duties, because even those who call themselves brothers rose against me; but God helped me through all of it, so that I can still stand before him joyfully. But since some of my opponents were in the same conference body (or synod) with me, and since I have no taste for strife, I withdrew from that group, and joined the synod of the New Church. . . .

In order to give you a better idea of my point of view, I will send you still another little work, which I published in my defense [explaining why I withdrew from the Association].[12]

Dear uncle, this will doubtless all seem rather strange to you since the religious conditions in this country are so different from what they are with you. Here there are no laws through which religion is bound. Here all sects are able to set forth their teachings openly, in full freedom, without anyone being able to hinder them. So you can easily see that different relations enter in than is the case with you, where everything is carried on under old forms in accordance with law and traditional, unchanging usage.

I won't pass judgment here on which of the two ways is the better in which to build the church of the Lord. He knows best how the different peoples are constituted and which means are the most suitable for building His church and founding it on a rock so that the hordes of hell cannot overwhelm it. . . .

JOHN HEINRICH RAGATZ

[12] These could not be found.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE DEPARTMENT OF WAR HISTORY

The State Legislature at its recent session passed, and Governor Blaine signed, the following bill under the title: "An act to repeal chapter 648, laws of 1919, and chapter 284, laws of 1921, and to revert the balance in any appropriations made by said chapters to the general fund; to create a new paragraph (e) to subsection (1) of section 20.16 of the statutes, providing for the collection, classification, cataloging and editing of the historical material relating to the activities of the Wisconsin soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses and its citizens in the war between the United States, Germany and Austria, by the State Historical Society, and making an appropriation."

Section 1. Chapter 648, laws of 1919, and chapter 284, laws of 1921 are repealed.

Any balance remaining in the appropriations made by said chapters at the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1923, shall revert to the general fund.

Section 2. There is added a new paragraph to subsection (1) of section 20.16 of the statutes [State Historical Society—Appropriation for] to read: (20.16) (1) (e) On July 1, 1923, five thousand dollars, and on July 1, 1924, five thousand dollars, to be used exclusively for collecting, classifying, cataloging and editing historical material relating to the activities and services of Wisconsin soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses and Wisconsin citizens in the war between the United States and Germany and Austria. All historical materials, manuscripts, files, and other property belonging to the War History Commission shall be transferred to the State Historical Society, for use, safekeeping, and preservation.

Section 3. This act shall take effect July 1, 1923.

This law differs from the act under which the War History Commission was created, in that the emphasis is no longer on the publication of books relating to the war, but it is placed very definitely on "collecting, classifying, cataloging and editing" documents relating to the war—work which is

similar in every respect to that which the Society has always performed for the state.

The War History Commission, under the chairmanship of General Charles King and with John G. Gregory as secretary, has accomplished much that will be of permanent value in relation to the history of Wisconsin's participation in the World War. Its outstanding publication is *The Thirty-second Division in the World War, 1917-1919,* prepared by the Thirty-second Division Historical Detail—of which Colonel Paul B. Clemens was executive officer— and edited by the commission. Mr. Gregory has assembled and organized much material bearing on the mobilization of all the energies of the state for war purposes, which material is thus made available for the future historian, and he has prepared an attractive, interesting manuscript volume describing the Russian campaign of 1918-19, in which a number of Wisconsin units participated. He has also begun to make collections of newspapers, letters, diaries, account books, and other data.

It is the purpose to extend and expand these collections as rapidly as possible. Fortunately Mr. Gregory, who, by reason of his secretaryship of the War History Commission since its creation, is more familiar with the field than any one else, has consented to continue in charge of the work under the Society's direction, and the Board of Curators has made him chief of the War History Department, with office in the library.

Mr. Gregory will devote much time during the fall and winter to a survey of the state for the purpose of locating documents, and in that quest will appreciate the coöperation of members of the Society.

THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SCHOOL HISTORIES

Our last number contained an editorial notice, with some discussion, of the law passed by the Wisconsin legislature on the subject of history texts. Since writing that article I find that one other legislature, that of the state of Oregon, passed a law on the same general subject.

The special interest attaching to the Oregon law lies in its origin, for it was suggested by the Committee on Patriotic Education of the Sons of the American Revolution, and was passed in the form suggested by that organization. The law reads:

> It shall be the duty of all officers, boards and public bodies charged with the duty of selecting textbooks for use in the public schools to select books which shall adequately stress the services rendered and the sacrifices made by the founders of the republic, which shall inculcate love for and loyalty to our country. No textbook shall be used in the schools of this state which teaches un-American principles, or which speaks slightingly or contemptuously of the men who founded the republic, or who preserved our federal union.

The law provides no machinery for its own enforcement, does not contemplate trials of textbooks now in use with a view to their expulsion from the schools, and is intended merely to give notice to textbook publishers and authors that the people of Oregon are aware of certain blemishes in existing texts, and desire their correction. Since in Oregon books are selected for the schools of the entire state—save districts of the first class—by a state textbook commission, this law will be a warning to the commission to be on its guard when history texts are under consideration. No doubt a book now in use could be eliminated by a process of injunction should any citizen or any organization bring suit, but I cannot learn that the S. A. R. contemplate such proceedings and it is improbable that any one else will do so. Thus the law becomes in effect a formal expression of public opinion, and nothing more.

THE WHITMAN LEGEND AGAIN

Our readers may have observed, in the newspaper accounts of President Harding's western journey in July, that at Meacham, a railway station in the Blue Mountains in eastern Oregon, where a stop was made, the President took for the subject of a short address the story of how Dr. Marcus Whitman "saved Oregon" to the United States. Having been a participant in the discussion which, some twenty years ago, culminated in exploding that legend, I naturally regretted the prospect of its revival through the fact that the President, of course in complete innocence of the facts, had accepted the story as prepared for him by some one else and had given it world-wide publicity.

It appeared probable that the speech had been written for him by some person who was interested in circulating the story as history. However, the probability now seems to be that one of the President's secretaries, in casting about for a theme which might suit the Meacham occasion, read the Whitman story in some old book relating to Oregon, and himself innocently accepted it as true.

Many years ago one of the leading publishing houses of the East brought out a so-called *History of Oregon,* which contained the Whitman story and little else. That book, by reason of its title, its imprint, and the series of which it is a member, has deceived the American public about long enough. It may have been that book which deceived the President's literary assistant. If so, it is now responsible for giving currency once more to that highly embellished story which falsifies the history of the American acquisition of Oregon Territory, asperses the intelligence or the patriotism of Daniel Webster, secretary of state in 1843, and befogs the true fame of Dr. Whitman, who on historical grounds is deserving of the respect and veneration of all Americans, particularly all who love the West.

The incident illustrates how hard it is to purge historical episodes of the accretions which gather about them as a result of the myth-making tendency of the human mind.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

COMMUNICATIONS

A WISCONSIN EDUCATOR

I wonder if you have seen Dr. David Starr Jordan's autobiography, *The Days of a Man*. In the first volume (pages 120 to 124) there is an interesting account of Dr. Jordan's brief service as head of the Appleton Collegiate Institute in the early seventies. Dr. Jordan, then, of course, a young man, was recommended for the position by no less a personage than Louis Agassiz at Cambridge. I suggest that you turn the matter over to some member of your staff who could make a very interesting brief paragraph for the next number of the *Wisconsin Magaz'ne of History*. The Collegiate Institute was a short-lived school, founded on approved educational theories. Probably few persons are aware that Dr. Jordan ever passed any part of his life in Wisconsin.

WILLIAM B. SHAW, *New York City*

We are glad to have had our attention called to this interesting episode in Wisconsin's educational history. The Appleton Collegiate Institute was begun to develop the new ideas in education then being fostered by Horace Mann and other admirers of the German system including the kindergarten. The school was in no wise a rival to Lawrence College, but was intended in the main for more youthful pupils, and was especially designed to foster nature study under scientific auspices. It was opened in September, 1871, under the care of a board of trustees, among whom was Anson Ballard, who had conceived an enthusiastic interest in what was then called the "new education." In July, 1873, a committee was appointed to secure a new principal for the Institute. A prominent member of this committee was Professor Russell Z. Mason, formerly president and also professor of natural science in Lawrence College. Professor Mason wrote to Louis Agassiz to recommend one of his students; Agassiz's choice fell upon young Jordan, who was then a member of his Summer School of Science on the island of Penikese, off the coast of Cape Cod. Jordan was then but twenty-two years old, had been graduated at Cornell the previous year, and had been professor for one year at Lombard College in Galesburg, Illinois. During his first year in the West young Jordan had visited the Copeland family at Monroe, Wisconsin, and had made some acquaintance with the flora and fauna of our state.

Agassiz gave his pupil a high recommendation, and Professor Mason congratulated the Institute on securing the services of so well qualified a principal. The *Appleton Crescent* for August 30, 1873, says:

> The fall term of the Institute will be opened on Wednesday next, with a full corps of professors and instructors. It gives us pleasure to state that Mr. J. W. Hutchinson has just received a telegram from Professor Mason, announcing his having closed arrangements with Prof. D. S. Jordan, a graduate of Cornell College, which is conducted upon the same principle as our Institute, to become its Principal. We bespeak for him a hearty welcome to our city and its promising Institute. . . .

The young principal immediately set himself to work to build up a scientific collection for his new school. Less than a month after his arrival he penned the following letter, found among the Lapham papers in our collection:

APPLETON COLLEGIATE INST., APPLETON, WIS.
Oct. 4th 1873

Dr. I. A. Lapham
MY DEAR SIR,—

Is it too late to make application in behalf of the Collegiate Institute for a set of the fossils etc. of this State? If not, I should like to do so and I assure you we could make good use of them as the teaching of the Natural Sciences has now become one of the main purposes of this School.

Possibly you may remember me at Dubuque last year [at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science], and later as having written to you with reference to the State Survey.

I have been with Agassiz the past summer until about a month ago when I was elected Principal of the Institute.

Since I came here I have commenced a list of the animals and plants of the region, in company with Mr. B. H. Van Vleck, a young naturalist of this place. I have been giving especial attention to the fishes and if any of my conclusions or discoveries would be of interest to you, I should be happy to communicate.

I have also a collection made several years ago, of Insects—chiefly Coleoptera & numbering several thousand. They were collected by a late Professor in Lawrence Univ & have fallen into my hands. It was nearly or entirely made in Wisconsin.

Yours very truly,

DAVID S. JORDAN.

In his autobiography he adverts principally to his pupil Charles Leslie McKay, later of the Smithsonian Institute, who

lost his life on an expedition to Alaska; and to Mary F. MacDonald, a Scotch kindergartner on his staff, who afterwards removed to California and was instrumental as Mrs. David McRoberts in interesting Leland Stanford, Jr., in natural history—this through the medium of one of Jordan's scientific articles for youth published in the *St. Nicholas*. Although this incident had apparently no influence on Jordan's call to head the Leland Stanford Junior University, none the less it did connect Appleton with his later distinguished career.

One of Jordan's interests while in Wisconsin was the promotion of an act protecting the game birds of the state; this law, signed in March, 1874, was the first general state law for such protection, although laws of local application had been secured before this time.

But the Collegiate Institute was nearing its close. In June, 1874, it graduated its last class of six students. Dr. Jordan himself thus describes its demise:

> With the end of my one year at Appleton the Collegiate Institute ceased to exist, although founded but three years before by Mr. Anson Ballard, an enthusiast in education, who at his death endowed it with considerable real estate. The financial panic of that period, however, punctured land booms, and the property proved quite unsalable. In June, 1874, therefore, the trustees perforce (though reluctantly) closed the school, paid off all the teachers, and turned the building over to the neighboring Lawrence University.

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending July 10, 1923, there were ten additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Two of these enrolled as life members: Mrs. Mary L. Monteith, Madison; William L. Smith, Neillsville.

Eight persons became annual members, as follows: Mark E. Bruce, Stevens Point; Edward J. Dempsey, Oshkosh; Paul A. Eke, Bruce; Bertha R. Frautschi, Madison; Ernest Hilborn, Valley City, N. D.; Lewis R. Jones, Madison; Henry H. Markham, Pasadena, Cal.; Orin L. Stinson, Oshkosh.

William Freehoff, Waukesha, changed from annual to life membership.

On May 28 last, at the close of an address before the Rotary Club at New London, John Strange, former lieutenant governor, suddenly died. A native of Fond du Lac County, Strange while still a young boy removed with his parents to Menasha. At this place he grew up, and with its interests was identified all his life. He attended Beloit College for a time, then taught school; finally, at the age of twenty, he began as a lumberman. Among his earlier ventures was a sawmill at Menasha; in later life he was president of the Strange Paper Company, with mills at both Menasha and Stevens Point. Mr. Strange was elected curator of this Society in 1918, and served until his death. He was a public servant of much ability and honor.

Minnesota's late senator, Knute Nelson, was a Wisconsin-bred boy, obtaining his education at Albion Academy in southeastern Dane County. The son of a widow, young Nelson worked his way while at the academy, encouraged thereto by the interest of Dr. Charles R. Head, president of its board of trustees Noting the ability of the boy and his taste for reading, Dr. Head offered him the freedom of his library, a benefit which was never forgotten by Senator Nelson. He also served in a Wisconsin regiment during the Civil War, removing soon thereafter to Minnesota, where his distinguished career began.

ACQUISITIONS

The papers from the Vilas homestead, consisting of a large amount of the correspondence of the late Wi liam F. Vilas, have been presented to the Society by his daughter, Mrs. Louis M. Hanks. As Colonel Vilas was so important a personage both in Wisconsin and at Washington, having been senator from 1891 to 1897, postmaster general and secretary of the interior in Cleveland's cabinet, his papers will prove a valuable acquisition for our manuscript collection. A more detailed description will appear in a later issue of this magazine.

The Society has received from the Minnesota Historical Society a transcript of the diary for 1856 of the Reverend James Peet, pioneer

home missionary of the Methodist church at St. Paul and Superior. In February, 1856, with the thermometer ranging from twenty-five to thirty-eight degrees below zero, this devoted soldier of the cross, accompanied by his wife, removed from St. Paul to Superior, camping out en route. His descriptions of conditions in Superior, Duluth, and at La Pointe, where in the summer of 1856 he organized a Methodist class of six members, are full of interest for the beginnings of settlement in northern Wisconsin.

VISITORS

Joseph Hergesheimer, the distinguished Philadelphia author, spent the first three weeks of June in Madison, devoting his time to research in connection with the western movement, in our Society's library. Mr. Hergesheimer utilized the Draper manuscripts, the Schroeder collection of Mormon material, and many of the Society's rare books of early western travel. He expressed himself as being surprised and delighted at the richness of our material for the conquest of the continent, accomplished in the nineteenth century by the American people.

Alice Katharine Fallows, daughter of the late Bishop Samuel Fallows, who is engaged on a biography of her father, visited the Society recently to consult the Fallows papers, which are now being classified and arranged.

ANNIVERSARIES

Celebrations of the seventy-fifth birthday of the state are occurring at many points and under a great variety of circumstances. At Madison the Woman's Club, aided by the officials of our Society, held a pioneer reunion May 29, the date of the signing of the state's admission by President Polk. Reminiscences were given by several old settlers, historic tableaux were presented, and songs of our ancestors were sung. Dr. Schafer gave a succinct account of the state's progress during three-quarters of a century; the exercises closed with an address by Miss Kellogg on Jolliet's discovery of the Mississippi.

In commemoration of the state's birthday anniversary, Mary S. Foster of the library staff prepared from among the library's treasures an exhibit of remarkable manuscripts and rare books and pamphlets. The exhibit is in two parts—the first relating to the United States constitution, the second to Wisconsin. For the former we show a facsimile of the first draft of the constitution as prepared and amended by interlineations and changes; a copy of the first printed edition of the constitution, issued in September, 1787 (these are now excessively rare, and much in demand among collectors); and a complete set of the autographs of the signers of the constitution, accompanied by their portraits. For early Wisconsin are shown its first printed book—a scientific monograph on shells, issued by I. A. Lapham; the first printed novel; two early dramas based on Wisconsin history; a copy of the first newspaper—the *Wisconsin Intelligencer*, issued at Green Bay in 1833; a census list of 1840; with many other rare and significant documents and

imprints of our earliest days. All who have the opportunity should examine this unusual exhibition.

The discovery of the Mississippi was celebrated with much éclat on the anniversary dates June 16 and 17 at Prairie du Chien. The following account of this event was contributed by the Reverend A. H. Rohde, president of Campion College, who was himself largely responsible for the great success of the undertaking:

There is not a little reason for satisfaction in reviewing the enthusiasm with which the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi, last June, was taken in hand and carried through. As of right, the festivities were held at Prairie du Chien, just above the mouth of the Wisconsin River, since this was the scene of the discovery. The program occupied part of Saturday the sixteenth, and all of the following day. The city of Prairie du Chien was the official sponsor of the occasion, and Prairie du Chien men and women devoted themselves to the fullest extent in making it a success. There was also unstinted coöperation from many quarters, furnishing happiest evidence that the interest in the historic commemoration was both widespead and glowing.

After the due pomp and circumstance of a street parade, Saturday noon, the throng assembled at Campion Field for the opening address by the Honorable David S. Rose, former mayor of Milwaukee. Campion College is within open view of the bluffs marking the union of the rivers; it was thus natural that Mr. Rose should have developed his theme in close relation to so suggestive a circumstance. A ball game between the Dubuque White Sox and the Lancaster Braves followed the address; and the evening had its band concert, as did the following one.

On Sunday morning a solemn high mass was celebrated, with the Reverend A. H. Rohde as celebrant, at a field altar erected in front of Marquette Hall, Campion College; followed by a sermon by the Reverend A. J. Tallmadge, S. J., of Milwaukee.

The afternoon program took place on the grounds of St. Mary's College—a beautiful location and the best adapted for the multitude (newspapers reported from eight to twelve thousand) who came to hear and to see. The chairman first read a letter from President Harding expressing intimate personal interest in the historic significance of the day, and briefer letters of regret from the governors of Illinois and Minnesota, on their inability to attend. The State Historical Society was then represented by Judge Franz Eschweiler, of the supreme court, who read an address of much dignity. The Reverend Albert C. Fox, S. J., president of Marquette University, in thoroughly stirring periods, developed living proof from the very occasion in hand that the American spirit is not a materialistic spirit. Senator Horchem of Iowa, representing Governor Kendall, added tribute to the co-discoverers' fame by setting forth the natural resources of the country they opened to white immigration. The final address was that of Governor Blaine, who made immediate contact with the interest of the throng on four sides of him,

and throughout a sustained discourse, historical and interpretative, kept his audience intent.

The pageant of the Father of Waters, which followed the speeches, deserves a story of its own. Some six hundred people participated in the episodes, historic and allegorical. Costuming, singing, and dancing, in the midst of a lovely natural setting, were factors of a graceful delight that left happy record in the memory. The writer and director of the pageant, Cora Frances Desmond, of La Crosse, is entitled to all possible credit for her talent and for her intrepid zeal; and a special portion of the praise due the performers belongs to those who accompanied her from La Crosse.

The last event of the celebration had its own value—the unveiling of a granite memorial of the discovery, on the heights of the Nelson Dewey State Park immediately overlooking the mouth of the Wisconsin. Several addresses by members of the executive committee accompanied this ceremony, which took place about seven o'clock Sunday evening—close to the very hour, it is said, of the explorers' arrival. The newly erected slab bears witness to all comers of the notableness of the scene before them: "At the foot of this eminence," runs the inscription, "Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet entered the Mississippi River, June 17, 1673"; and in smaller characters, "Erected by the Knights of Columbus, June 17, 1923."

THE FIELD ASSEMBLY

About one hundred delegates were present at the field assembly of county historical and archeological societies held at Oshkosh June 8 and 9, on invitation of the Winnebago County Society. Brown, Manitowoc, Ripon, Rock, Waukesha, and Winnebago societies were represented, as well as the Old Settlers' Club of Stevens Point. The Wisconsin Archeological Society sent its secretary, Charles E. Brown, who presided at the useful round-table discussion on Saturday morning.

The first afternoon pilgrimage was made to Neenah and Menasha, conducted by President O. L. Stinson and Dr. Orrin Thompson of Neenah. The old government buildings of the Menominee Indian farm, the Doty log house, and the effigy mounds and village sites were visited. In the evening, at Charles Nevitt's summer home on Indian Point, Lake Winnebago, a number of brief speeches were made by M. E. Bruce of Stevens Point, J. H. A. Lacher of Waukesha, George R. Fox of Three Oaks, Michigan, the Reverend F. S. Dayton, New London, and Mrs. Merton Smith of Beloit.

Saturday morning, at the Municipal Club House, the business session of the meeting occurred. Discussion concerned the organization of a permanent union; it was determined, however, to accept the present relation to the State Historical Society as the bond of union, arrangement being made, however, for a yearly field meeting. The 1924 meeting is to be held at Stevens Point; Baraboo also sent a pressing invitation. The assembly concluded with an afternoon tour, first to the historic Sawyer mansion, now a gift to the city and soon to house the new municipal museum of art and history; thence to the Butte des

Morts fur trade post site, where the Grignons and Porliers traded over a century ago. George Overton interested the assembly in its history and in the collection he has made in that vicinity. The grave of Augustin Grignon was likewise pointed out. The numerous mounds, garden beds, and shell heaps were also inspected. All agreed that the field assembly was both interesting and inspirational, that the Winnebago County Society had been most happy in its arrangements for such an assembly, and that the spontaneous movement for a yearly meeting of state and local antiquarians promises to bear fruit for future helpfulness.

LOCAL HISTORICAL AND OLD SETTLER SOCIETIES

May 5 the Waukesha County Society held its seventeenth annual meeting at the county seat, President H. M. Youmans in the chair. Two papers of importance were on "Brookfield Center during the Civil War" and the "History of Waukesha Schools."

The Sheboygan County Historical Society was formally incorporated in June; its incorporators were Paul T. Krez, Jennie Thomas, Walter Distelhorst, G. W. Buchen, Alfred Marschner, and Ray Van Handel. Its purpose is "to discover, collect, and preserve all information, records and objects relating to the history of Sheboygan County."

The fifty-fourth annual reunion of the Racine County Old Settlers' Society occurred June 21 at Union Grove, the president, J. S. Blakey, presiding. The principal address was given by the Reverend I. M. Hargett, of Racine. Thousands of the old settlers attended, and reminiscences and letters from absent members were exchanged under the glow that memory adds to youthful days.

Beloit Old Settlers' picnic was held in late June at Hononegah Park, with between four and five hundred in attendance.

Eastern Waushara County Old Settlers' Association, under the presidency of Charles Robinson, held a reunion at Mount Morris on June 16.

July 3 and 4 an historical pageant was presented at Janesville, called "The Land of Black Hawk." Its author, Stephen Bolles, is editor of the *Gazette*. It introduced to the spectators not only the Indian warrior, but youthful Abraham Lincoln, General Lewis Cass, Henry Janes, Captain Pliny Norcross, and other national and local personages.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

One of the oldest churches in the state, the Hobart Mission at Duck Creek for the Oneida Indians, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in June. In 1820 a preliminary party visited Wisconsin to arrange for the transfer of the tribe from New York; the next year a treaty was made with Wisconsin Indians, and by 1823 a number of the Iroquoisian Oneida had come hither with their missionaries. The first services were held in a log hut; in 1825 a frame church was built, replaced in 1870 by one of stone. This was destroyed by fire only a few years ago; the

present stately structure was dedicated last year, wherein the congregation held its centenary.

Next in point of antiquity is the Congregational Sunday-school of Union Grove, Racine County, which on June 10 was eighty-five years old.

Churches which were founded coincidentally with the state, seventy-five years ago, and which are now celebrating, are the Trinity Episcopal of Janesville, organized by Bishop Jackson Kemper; Congregational churches at Racine and Rosendale; and the Baptist church at Allenville.

The pioneer Presbyterian church of Marinette held its sixtieth annual meeting in April. The St. John's Lutheran of Two Rivers reached the same age in May.

Among the half-century-old churches are the All Saints' Episcopal Cathedral of Milwaukee, the St. Jacobi Lutheran Church of the same city, a church of the same name and same denomination at Shawano, and the rural Wesleyan Chapel near Pleasant Prairie in Kenosha County.

The Holy Cross Lutheran congregation of Racine was forty years of age on May 6.

LANDMARKS

Arrangements for the field meeting at the Wisconsin Heights battle ground, which will occur on Labor Day, September 3, are under way at the time we go to press.

Activity concerning landmarks increased with the coming of pleasant weather. The most noted events of the summer were the unveiling of a soldier statue at Wausau, the placing of the inscription on Van Hise Rock, the dedication of the monument to Jolliet and Marquette, and the erection of the monument to the founder of Reedsburg.

Marathon County legion raised a considerable fund for a monument to the comrades who in the late war made the supreme sacrifice. Carl Heber, a young but promising American sculptor, designed a bronze group of a youthful soldier led by a symbolic figure of an angel. Memorial Day this monument was dedicated, at Wausau, the addresses being delivered by Major General William G. Haan, commander of the Red Arrow (Thirty-second) Division, and by Senator Irvine L. Lenroot.

June 3 a bronze tablet was unveiled on a great outcropping rock that stands north of Ableman in Sauk County. This monument of the earliest formation of the earth has been designated as "Van Hise Rock," and the tablet to the memory of the late President Charles R. Van Hise was presented by a group of his University friends. The inscription recounts the geologic history of this noted rock, and the reasons for its marking. Judge E. Ray Stevens, president of our Society, had charge of the exercises, while Professor C. K. Leith, close friend and co-worker

of Van Hise, made the principal address. About fifty were in attendance from Madison, including Janet and Alice Van Hise, daughters of the president.

As has before been noted, the Knights of Columbus erected, June 17, a granite marker in the Nelson Dewey State Park, in honor of the discovery of the Mississippi.

David C. Reed, then of Walworth County, in 1847 removed to Sauk County and took up a claim to the land whereon the city of Reedsburg now stands. Later he gave a tract in the heart of the town for a public park. In this park the Reedsburg Old Settlers' Society has recently erected a gray granite monument, to perpetuate the memory of their town's founder.

Military Ridge Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is planning to erect a boulder with an inscribed tablet on state highway nineteen, to mark the old military road which crossed the state to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. The monument will be placed just west of the village of Mount Hope in Grant County.

The preservation and marking of our famous Indian mounds proceeds apace. The following markers are reported:

The Business Men's Association of Fox Lake has made preparations to unveil with appropriate ceremonies a bronze tablet on two imposing linear mounds of large size on the municipal camp ground on beautiful Frank's Point. This may lead to permanent preservation of other of the ancient mound groups about this fine lake. Portage County has erected a bronze tablet on a group of Indian burial (conical) mounds preserved on the county farm at Amherst. Three fragmentary groups of mounds on the University grounds have been recently marked with tablets by action of the Board of Regents. These are located in the picnic grove, at the beginning of the Willow Drive, and on Eagle Heights. The tablet erected on the first of these groups was unveiled with a ceremony prepared by the students of Professor Gordon's summer session class in pageantry. Dr. W. F. Lorenz, director of the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute at Farwell Point, is placing a marker on each of the twenty-nine mounds preserved on the hospital grounds. Robert P. Ferry had charge of the improvements which the Wisconsin Archeological Society made during the past summer at Aztalan Mound Park. These include new fencing, planting of trees and shrubs, providing of picnic benches and tables, and repairing the broken mounds. The women's clubs of Menasha are considering the placing of a suitable bronze marker for the three huge panther mounds located in Elisha D. Smith Park. These have been in a very much neglected condition. The history and landmarks committee of the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs has the matter in hand. An effort is also being made by the same organization to secure a marker for the linear mound preserved on the Parker Hospital grounds at Boscobel. Other groups around Madison which it is hoped may be marked this year are located in Elmside, Hudson, and

Burrows parks. This work is being undertaken by David Atwood, chairman of the division of Indian landmarks in our Society's landmarks committee.

In the June issue of this periodical appeared an account of the origin of Memorial Day, under the pen of Grand Army Instructor Hosea W. Rood. He states that the first provision for such a commemoration was made in the spring of 1868. Among the Fallows papers in our library was recently found the following description of the first Memorial Day at Madison, written May 30, 1868, by William F. Huntington, then a student at the State University:

"Today the soldiers' orphans from the 'Home,' the state officials and all the friends of the fallen soldiers who have been buried in the city cemetery, are going to strew the graves with flowers and evergreens, and the public generally and students are invited to join the procession and be present. There is to be an oration by John C. Spooner, formerly a student. I presume it will be an interesting occasion."

CLIPPINGS

Apropos of Superintendent Schafer's article elsewhere in this magazine, it is interesting to note that the Turnverein Milwaukee celebrated its seventieth birthday June 14 last. In 1853 the Milwaukee branch of the national Turnerbund was founded, and in 1875 was chosen by that organization as a normal school for the training of Turner teachers, under the instruction of the celebrated George Brosius. By 1886 more than one hundred teachers had gone out to the turning-schools throughout the land, spreading the gospel of physical well-being through exercise and contest. Four times the pupils of Professor Brosius carried off the honors at national Turnfests; and in 1880 seven of them won many prizes at an international Turnfest at Frankfort, Germany. Among the students at the Turnverein Milwaukee gymnasium in 1886 was Friedrich Ludwig Jahn III, grandson of the founder of the Turner societies of Germany.

The *Jefferson County Union* was fifty years old last May. This newspaper, founded by the late Governor William D. Hoard, preceded in point of time his more famous *Dairyman*.

The woman's club movement in Wisconsin is approaching its half-century mark. The Friends in Council Club of Berlin believes itself the oldest club of this type in the state. It celebrated its golden jubilee in July.

The year the state was admitted to the union, a group of emigrants from Holstein formed a new settlement in the southeastern part of Calumet County. In June last, the descendants of the first settlers and their fellow citizens held a two days' celebration of the beginnings of the town and village now known as New Holstein.

MUSEUM NOTES

The State Historical Museum has received from various donors a number of interesting gifts. Dr. John G. D. Mack has presented a collection of letter seals, sand boxes, inkwell, valentines, bookmarks, candlemold, Betty lamp, candle snuffers, wool cards, money belt, needlecase, pin-cushion, child's shoes, ladies' white kid shoes, grain sickle, and other specimens from the home of his father, William Mack, at Terre Haute, Indiana. Belle Ady, Sparta, has presented a gun used by her grandfather, William H. Ady, a pioneer settler of Vernon County; Elizabeth Marshall, Milwaukee, a casket containing colored views of the Crystal Palace, London; Susanna Parr, Milwaukee, a bunch of skeletonized leaves and a hair wreath, 1860; D. S. Bullock, Washington, D. C., pieces of textile fabrics and a broken pottery vessel from Indian graves at Rontoy, and an insignia worn by a chief's wife at Cuzco, Peru; Howard Cottrell, Houston, Minnesota, a dentist's turnkey; George B. Merrick, Madison, a Columbian half-dollar; and Ralph Buckstaff, Oshkosh, a section of a log bearing a Wolf River log mark. Mrs. Antonia Hamachek, Kewaunee, has given a silk dress, bonnet, and boy's cap from Czecho-Slovakia; George K. Monroe, Madison, an Indian hair ornament; Miss A. K. Fallows, Chicago, several valentines; Mrs. E. W. Pudor, Madison, an early Staffordshire ware plate; and Mrs. Robert Searle, Hammond, a scale used by Capt. Simeon Sampson, a naval commander in the American Revolution. A sword worn by himself when a member of the World's Columbian Exposition guard in 1893 has been donated by H. H. Willard, Hermiston, Oregon. O. D. Brandenburg, Madison, has given a gudgeon in use at Flushing, Ohio, for firing salutes on the occasion of Union Civil War victories, and Erwin Gabriel, Evansville, a surveyor's compass in use in Green County in 1838.

Some interesting specimens have been lent to the Museum by other friends. Richard Pearse, Madison, has deposited a collection of German World War food cards and German and French paper currency; and Marjorie D. Johnson, a Bulgarian flintlock pistol and a Paisley shawl.

The State Historical Museum was open on Sunday afternoon, June 17, to enable Madison citizens and tourists to view the special exhibition of 150 drawings submitted in the *Chicago Tribune* $100,000 architectural competition. This notable exhibition was on display in the Museum auditorium from June 13 to June 18, and attracted the attention and interest of hundreds of University students and citizens.

To the May, 1923, issue of *Boating*, a magazine published at Peoria, Illinois, and devoted to water craft, Charles E. Brown contributed an illustrated article giving an account of the State Historical Museum collection of pictures, printed matter, and specimens illustrating the marine history of the upper Mississippi River and of Lakes Michigan and Superior.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society is publishing *Waukesha County, Part II*, a pamphlet in which the numerous Indian antiquities,

mounds, enclosures, village sites, burial places, and trails in the eight southern townships of the county are interestingly described. Over one hundred village and camp sites were located by the society in Waukesha County. The total number of Indian mounds found in the county was 411. Part I of this report made its appearance in June, 1923.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Superintendent Joseph Schafer ("The Yankee and the Teuton in Wisconsin") discusses in this fourth article of the series the social contributions of the German immigrants.

Mrs. William F. Allen ("The University of Wisconsin Soon after the Civil War"), who in the June number gave us "A Polish Pioneer's Story," now entertains our readers with her reminiscences of University life a half-century and more ago.

Frances M. Stover ("The Schooner that Sunk the *Lady Elgin*") is a member of the staff of the *Milwaukee Journal*, by whose permission we reprint this article.

Colonel Jerome A. Watrous ("Fragment of an Autobiography") prepared this paper at the request of our Society. It was left unfinished at his death.

Professor Arthur Adams ("The Historical Society and Genealogical Research"), of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, gave the substance of this paper before the Conference of Historical Societies, at the meeting of the American Historical Association at New Haven, Connecticut, December 29, 1922.

The Reverend James H. McManus ("The Tragedy of Richland City") is a veteran minister of the West Wisconsin Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. He has twice before contributed to our pages.

Dr. William F. Whyte ("Beginnings of the Watertown School System"), now of Madison, who is president of the State Board of Health and a curator of our Society, for many years made his home at Watertown.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Book of Lake Geneva. By Rev. Paul B. Jenkins. (Chicago Historical Society, University of Chicago Press [1922]).

The external beauty of this book is its first recommendation; its second is the large number of persons to whom it appeals. Although within the borders of Wisconsin, Lake Geneva is closely allied with Chicago, many of whose prominent citizens have built homes around its shores. The book is without question a labor of love, and the author has been preparing for its production since his boyhood days, when the outing at Lake Geneva was the outstanding event of the twelvemonth. After strenuous service as a city minister, Dr. Jenkins withdrew to the shores of Lake Geneva to recover his health; there the desire to tell all the story of this locality became so powerful that this unusual local history is the result, embracing in its pages the geology, meteorology, flora, fauna, archeology, and history of the region. It thus becomes in fact the book of Lake Geneva.

The history is well and entertainingly told from the time when in 1831 Mrs. Kinzie's party, en route from Chicago to Fort Winnebago, first remarked the unusual beauty of its banks and the clearness of its waters. Its pioneer occupation was characterized by a struggle for the mill site, which involved many picturesque and amusing incidents. We commend this readable, beautiful book not only to all lovers of Lake Geneva, but as a model to local historians throughout our state.

Forty Years of Edison Service. (Press of the New York Edison Company, 1922)

The scientists, turned retrospective, are interested in the beginnings of Edison service. This attractive book, chiefly prepared by T. Commerford Martin, one of Edison's collaborators, gives in popular style the history of an invention that has revolutionized industry and linked its producers with the light bearers of the world.

One of the earliest Edison plants in America was at Appleton, of which Mr. Martin writes: "The local papers may be believed when they stated at the time that the first lights flashed September 30 [1882]. The tiny plant was surely a modest one, with a single dynamo of 180 light capacity of 10 candle power each; and it was housed in a very unpretentious wooden shed, resembling many a rural Ford garage of today. It has the glory, however, of being the first Edison water power station, and the little machine solidly built kept going merrily until its 'patent ran out'—seventeen full years—or until 1899, when it gracefully expired with the century. Hundreds of thousands of horsepower are now furnished by the eternal assets of Nature by the 'white coal' of water power in the United States alone. . . . Hats off to Appleton."

Not the least valuable part of this history is its series of unusual illustrations, which will preserve for posterity the beginnings of the present lighting system of the world.

List of References on the History of the West. By Frederick Jackson Turner and Frederick Merk. Revised edition. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1922)

Although primarily prepared for the college courses on this subject in Harvard and Radcliffe, this bibliography is of value to every student of the Westward Movement—that dramatic sweep of the American people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Since both the authors are Wisconsin born, and the senior is the founder of the western school of American historians, the work is of especial value to Wisconsin readers. Our state, lying as it does at the head of the Mississippi Valley, joining the Great Lakes with the continent's greatest river, has had a peculiar share in the Westward Movement, and its history can be studied successfully only in relation to this movement. For all students of Wisconsin history, then, this *List of References* is invaluable. Selective as it is, its range makes it almost inclusive in character. Any one who will procure this bibliography, and follow its readings, will obtain the equivalent of a college course of unusual breadth and suggestiveness.