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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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FRANCIS PARKMAN

By courtesy of Little, Brown and Company, Publishers

FRANCIS PARKMAN, 1823–1923[1]

JOSEPH SCHAFER

"The days of our years," says the psalmist, "are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow." Parkman's life covered almost exactly the normal biblical span. He was born on the sixteenth of September, 1823, and died on the eighth of November, 1893. In him was not that superabundant "strength" to which is conceded the maximum longevity, and such strength as he possessed had long been "labor," though not "sorrow." He illustrates the exceptional case of great achievement coupled with long continued and at times great suffering. It is the story of abnormality on the highest intellectual and literary plane.

Vassall Morton is the name of a novel which Parkman published in 1856, and whose failure he accepted as deserved—a judgment with which literary critics are inclined to agree. This novel, however, though possessing no strong appeal as literature, is nevertheless valuable for biography, and he who would know Parkman the man is wise to study it. For the histories are impersonal. They have an occasional footnote referring to the author's visit to this or that place described in the text, or to some question about a source used, and that is all, save for the introductions. The diaries of his vacation trips, useful in many ways, are mainly objective, and the few surviving letters (except two that are autobiographical in character), are short, incidental, and not very revealing. Even the autobiographical letters deal more with the external facts of his career than with his inner life.

The novel, written at a time when bad health put historical labors out of the question; when it often seemed doubtful

[1] An address delivered at the Mississippi Valley Historical Association dinner, December 28, 1923, Hotel Deshler, Columbus, Ohio.

if he would ever be able to resume those labors; and when the author was in the depths of despair over the prospective ruin of his plans, was introspective both from the nature of thr case and the plot of the story. Morton, apparently, repeesented Parkman himself—uttered his ideas, enjoyed his friendships, followed his intellectual and social interests, and suffered the threatened wreck of his literary hopes. The book reflects sharply Parkman's condition of mind at the time of writing, reveals much concerning his character, and yields also some objective material in the way of concrete experiences predicated of his hero which can safely be assigned to himself.

Parkman had arrived at the age of thirty-three without having accomplished anything commensurate with his ambitious designs. Ten years previously appeared *The Oregon Trail*, a kind of travelogue growing out of his investigation of Indian life, a study which was preparatory to his main work. In 1851 he published *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. This treated an episode which became the sequel of the great history as conceived by him, but left the main theme in abeyance.

Would it ever be developed? He was at the crisis of his career, as the language of Morton shows. "When I was in college," he says, "I laid down my plan of life, and adopted one maxim—to which I mean to hold fast—never to abandon an enterprise once begun; to push on till the point is gained, in spite of pain, delay, danger, disappointment—anything. Some years ago I entered upon certain plans which have not yet been accomplished. I have been interrupted, balked, kicked and cuffed by fortune, till I am more than half disgusted with the world. But I mean still to take up the broken thread where I left it, and carry it forward as before."

The first fruit of that strenuous resolve was *Pioneers of France*, published nine years later, in 1865. The reticent

author, feeling called upon to explain the tardiness of its appearance, tells his readers something about the difficulties under which the labor was performed. "During the past eighteen years," he says, speaking of himself in the third person, "the state of his health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal. A condition of sight arising from kindred sources has retarded the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all. A previous work, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, was written in similar circumstances."

Thereafter, partly through some general improvement in his condition and partly through the hardening into routine of a habit of work adapted to his abnormal state, the books came from the press more rapidly and regularly. *The Jesuist in North America* was published in 1867, *La Salle* in 1869, *The Old Régime* in 1874, *Count Frontenac* in 1877, *Montcalm and Wolfe* in 1884; finally, in 1892, the year before Parkman's death, *A Half Century of Conflict*, which filled the last niche in his plan.

Much sympathy was lavished upon Parkman by contemporaries who understood the obstacles against which he struggled, and later commentators have united in ascribing to him extraordinary heroism as a scholar and writer. For himself, he neither invited sympathy nor assumed merit on this account. Work was his salvation, as it has been the salvation of others upon whom an unkind fate visited lifelong suffering. While a sickly body commonly is held to induce as well as to excuse physical sloth and mental indolence, an opposite result is occasionally to be observed and chronic invalids are sometimes distinguished for both

bodily and mental activity. That was true, for example, in the case of Parkman's favorite military hero, General James Wolfe. It is the more likely to be true when the diseased condition is accompanied or caused by a nervous disorder, as in Parkman's case.

But although, as Parkman tells us, work could be accomplished only a bit at a time, this does not mean that the historian's mind was a blank the rest of the day and during the silent hours of his often sleepless nights. It means rather that the ratio between active research and writing on the one hand and reflection about the subject in hand on the other was different from that which we find in most writers of history. Herein doubtless is one secret of the literary merit of Parkman's books. Even the most exacting critics recognize the superlative quality of his art. Whatever view may be held of the adequacy of his background as a historian, none denies that few writers in any age have won equal success in transmuting their ideal conceptions into living reality. Though there are differences due both to the subjects treated and to the sources available for their treatment, every one of Parkman's books is a literary masterpiece, ripely rich in well considered matter organized under the timeless canons of artistic genius.

Historians often fail to achieve distinction as writers, notwithstanding their possession of both talent and industry. No doubt the reason, in some cases, is sheer literary incapacity. Quite as often it is the temptation to crude and careless writing which springs from a relative overstress on research as such, and the curtailment of time for quietly pondering the material in hand and considering the possible ways of presenting it. The crop grows rankly, but the natural period for ripening is cut short. Parkman's misfortune was offset by this compensation, at least, that the fruit of his research would always be matured by reflection before pen was put to paper.

We cannot even be certain that Parkman's labors were less productive quantitatively than those of other men, despite his physical handicaps. He at first judged that twenty years would suffice for executing his plan; in the last introduction it is recorded, though without a hint of sadness, that the work had actually consumed forty-three years, more than twice the time which would have been required had his condition been normal. We are privileged to doubt the accuracy of the aging historian's computation. As a matter of fact, if we count out the periods of complete invalidism, the time actually employed can hardly have exceeded thirty years. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, written from printed sources conveniently assembled in the author's private library, cost in all nearly twenty years to produce. Carlyle devoted eight years to the writing of *Frederick*, and the sources he used were nearly all in print. The fact is that by conserving all his working vitality for the books, inhibiting general reading, and writing little on other topics, Parkman was able to accomplish in his lifetime a measure of historical production of which no scholar would need to be ashamed. That his active reading and writing were limited to about two hours per day is not a fact of supreme moment. Perhaps that was a good proportion in his case. His nervous ailment, a tendency to excessive cerebration resulting in violent headaches, while regrettable for the suffering it caused the patient, was doubtless a less serious limitation upon output than he supposed. The historian, no less than other intellectual workers, ought to endure complacently the periodical affliction of an overactive brain, provided he can direct its excited phases along the course prescribed in calmer moments.

The dynamic principle in Parkman's nature, which urged him into the field of history, was a love of romantic adventure. Our first glimpse of him, in the disguise of Morton, discloses the college junior seated in the Harvard library

devouring a book—and the book Froissart's *Chronicles*. Much is said in *Morton* about his interest in anthropology, by which was meant a study of the characteristics of different races and peoples. It was while pursuing this intellectual passion, in the heart of the polyglot empire of Austria, that Morton suffered the supreme disaster of a long imprisonment. The historical works which most appealed to his youthful fancy, after he had laid aside Cooper and Scott, were those like Froissart, filled with stories of knighthood days, and others like Thierry's *Norman Conquest*, which delineated contending and contrasted peoples. He read also many of the classic historians of ancient and modern times.

The idea of writing the history of the Old French War, ending with the transfer of Canada to England, came to him, he tells us, before the end of his sophomore year. The reason was that here "the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged with appropriate actors than in any other passage of our history." The enlargement of the plan to include the entire American conflict of France and England was a later development resulting from a minuter acquaintance with the history of Canada and the American West—a history and a land which fascinated him so that his mind was "haunted with wilderness images day and night. . . . Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death."

Throughout the grand series of eleven volumes, beginning with *Pioneers of France* and ending with *Pontiac*, the author moves in a realm of romance. But it is a romance which inheres in the theme as he conceives it, not something im-

ported into it by tricks of composition, imaginative excursions, or a disregard of the limits authenticated by his sources. Though unfailingly dramatic as a writer, Parkman's temper as an investigator was intensely realistic. It was his invariable rule, before beginning to write, to exhaust the existing sources bearing upon the subject. As new material came to light, he incorporated it in later editions. The *La Salle*, for example, was largely rewritten in order that it might properly represent newly discovered sources. Most of his material was in the form of manuscripts, some of them not easy to decipher. Nevertheless, he read, selected, copied, and caused to be copied from the archives of Paris, London, Canada, and elsewhere, some seventy folio volumes. This was the stuff, gathered gradually in the course of decades, out of which, by slow and painful yet grateful and satisfying effort, one after the other his books were wrought.

Parkman's ideals of criticism were those of today. In his mind, along with an enduring partiality for the romantic in themes and for brilliancy in literary execution, dwelt a native hardheaded and more than Yankee shrewdness which was not easily deceived by the most plausible bearer of false witness. Such influence as he may have derived from the study of law, whose rules of evidence are closely akin to those of history, reënforced this tendency. His method, in short, represents the natural functioning of a well poised, instructed, critical mind early rendered wary by experience. The critical attitude, indeed, was compulsory with him because he was treating subjects which from both the political and religious viewpoints would be sure to arouse controversy. Unless his conclusions were fortified by sound and ample testimony, honestly construed, he would bring down upon himself swift condemnation. Not for a moment was Parkman oblivious to that danger. Like his heroes of the wilderness blockhouse, he fought cautiously with gates closed and loopholes guarded, his chief concern

the perfection of his weapons and the quality and abundance of his ammunition. The challenge to adversaries which rings in the preface of *Old Régime* (repeated also in *Frontenac*) was conceived in no spirit of gasconade, but was intended to convey the author's abiding confidence in the completeness of his evidence and the care with which it had been employed. And when he tells us "*The Old Régime* was met by vehement protest in some quarters;—but so far as I know, none of the statements of fact contained in it have been attacked by evidence, or even challenged"—though he approaches as near the note of triumph as his modesty and good taste would permit, he is not singing a pæan but stating a fact. Time, to be sure, has brought forth on certain points evidence which compels the abandonment of some positions he held. No historian will contend that inferences can be drawn from sources with absolute inerrancy. Parkman absolved himself from the egotism of such an attitude when he wrote that "the conclusions drawn from the facts may be matter of opinion. . . ."[2] Yet Bourne's judgment is still valid, that Parkman made "as conscientious an effort as ever historian did by means of documents to understand and reclothe the past with the habiliments of life."[3]

Conceding that our historian was a well equipped worker, of sound critical insight and the highest ideals as a researcher; recognizing in him a literary genius calculated to glorify any subject which might engage his pen, the question remains, was the theme of his series rightly conceived? Parkman thought of it somewhat vaguely as "the history of the American forest," but he does not by any means range through the entire forested area of North America. A history of the conflict between French and British for the mastery of eastern North America would be a more accurate description of what he achieved. In this, as others have

[2] *The Old Régime in Canada*, preface, ix.
[3] Edward Gaylord Bourne, *Essays in Historical Criticism* (London, 1901), 287.

pointed out, he made himself the "Herodotus of Our Western World,"[4] though in his case, unlike that of the Greek original, a convinced friendliness to the principles of one contestant did not color his interpretation of evidence to the disadvantage of the other. Parkman's Anglo-Saxonism, so far as its effect on the books was concerned, constituted a somewhat pervading atmosphere, but little more. The French governors, priests, habitants, and *coureurs de bois* receive full credit for motive and achievement, notwithstanding the author's skepticism concerning both the political and the religious systems of which they were exponents and, in his view, victims.

Such unity as the theme possesses is not so much logical as dramatic. The crowding events of his narratives are centered, whenever possible, upon outstanding leaders—Menendez, Laudonnière, Champlain, Le Jeune, Laval, Frontenac, La Salle, Montcalm, Wolfe, Pontiac. In naming these the mind conjures before it the main subthemes of the series, with the exception of the *Half Century*, which the author confessedly found less satisfactory from a dramatic standpoint than the others, which was deferred to the very last, and which seems to have been written at all only because there was no way to avoid the duty of writing it. Observing no other principle of unity in it, he fell back upon the "singularly contrasted characters and methods of the rival claimants to North America," which he felt this book illustrated in an exceptionally thorough manner.

When all is said, the series must be considered somewhat episodical. Parkman selected for treatment those features of the French-British-Indian story which appealed to him as most worth while, therein also justifying Bourne's comparison of him to Herodotus. It was wilderness drama that intrigued him—the scouting party rather than the emigrants' cavalcade, the fur trader instead of the tidewater

[4] Bourne, 285.

merchant, the missionary who lost his scalp, not the prophet of a new religious movement. Save in *Old Régime,* one finds only incidental attention given to those institutional, social, and economic phases of history which today are so generally stressed, but his excursion into that field in *Old Régime* proves that this omission was due to conscious choice, not to unconscious neglect. He demonstrated in that volume his ability to treat social groupings, trade and commerce, governmental organization, feudal relations, monopoly, and the influence of the backwoods on tidewater society equally with the stories of bivouacs, ambuscades, sorties, and sieges, with which his pages thrill the reader. But he felt no compulsion to present extended institutional or social studies in other sections of his field.

His neglect to do so may have been subconsciously related to an intense ambition for literary success. At all events, no reader of the series can fail to perceive the difference in dramatic quality, and hence in popularity, between the other works and *The Old Régime,* admirable as the latter is in its own way. Wedded to the arts of narrative and description, our author may also have found the requirements of the tamer style of exposition more or less irksome. But he probably judged the course of events as narrated, with many brief explanatory "asides," to be adequately interpreted. On that question there are bound to be differences of opinion among present-day historians, most of them leaning more strongly toward the type of history that aims to interpret through economics in its broader sense, than Parkman did. It is easy to overstate his limitation from that point of view, yet a limitation there undoubtedly was, as modern research reveals, and here Parkman is destined to yield most ground to others. It is desirable that the best scholarship along these lines should be incorporated in new editions of his works.

Whatever our judgment as regards Parkman's interpretation through economics, there can hardly be two opinions about his success in the equally important and often neglected domain of psychological interpretation. Here, certainly, he does not suffer by comparison with present-day writers. The power to delineate character is rightly accounted one of the chief gifts of the dramatist, and that gift Parkman possessed in high perfection. His leading figures, like Frontenac, La Salle, and Wolfe, are as strongly drawn as the characters in Tacitus, though Parkman always drew them from the evidence, and not, as the great Roman did, under the play of subjective impulses. A few strokes, bold and sure, sketch for us the outline of a Sir William Johnson, a Bouquet, a Shirley, a Loudon, a Lord Howe; a Laval, Talon, Bigot, or Vaudreuil. The detail is added deftly—an inference from this record, a quotation from that, a bit of gossip, a touch of humor—until these heroes, near-heroes, and non-heroes move through the story as lifelike as the creations of great fictionists.

Irony and satire are ready instruments of the caricaturist, and these Parkman used sparingly, but some of his good-natured hits are classic. Thus Vaudreuil, who was "courageous except in the immediate presence of danger, and failed only when the crisis came,"[5] was further delineated in a quotation from Bougainville, beginning: "When V. produces an idea he falls in love with it, as Pygmalion did with his statue. I can forgive Pygmalion, for what he produced was a masterpiece."[6] Parkman appreciated the solid virtues of the city of brotherly love, "home of order and thrift. It took its stamp from the Quakers, its original and dominant population, set apart not only in character and creed, but in the outward symbols of a peculiar dress and a

[5] *Montcalm and Wolfe* (Boston, 1884), ii, 213.
[6] *Montcalm and Wolfe*, i, 465.

daily sacrifice of grammar on the altar of religion."[7] Even the New Englanders do not escape, inasmuch as the diary of Dr. Caleb Rae, of Cleaveland's regiment in the Old French War, enables him to describe their camp, under Rae's stimulation of psalm singing, as having become "vocal with rustic harmony, sincere if somewhat nasal."[8]

His keenest barbs were reserved for those who respected more the tomahawk and scalping knife. Who can forget those unhappy Onondagas, tricked by their would-be French victims into accepting the *festin à manger tout* (the eat-all ceremony), who, after the feast was over, were left sitting "helpless as a conventicle of gorged turkey buzzards without the power possessed by those unseemly birds to rid themselves of the burden."[9] He quotes against these same Indians from one of the Jesuits: "We have very rarely indeed seen the burning of an Iroquois without feeling sure that he was on the path to Paradise; and we never knew one of them to be surely on the path to Paradise without seeing him pass through this fiery punishment."[10]

In the preface to *Montcalm and Wolfe* Parkman says, after describing the sources used: "I have visited and examined every spot where events of any importance in connection with the contest took place, and have observed with attention such scenes and persons as might help to illustrate those I meant to describe. In short, the subject has been studied as much from life and in the open air as at the library table." A great deal of the outdoor investigation was performed in earlier years, some of it during the vacation rambles described in his diaries. But, though sadly incapacitated for travel at a later time, he nevertheless executed many special journeys in order that his narrative might be true to the scene of its enactment, or in order to give his

[7] *Montcalm and Wolfe*, i, 336.
[8] *Montcalm and Wolfe*, ii, 116.
[9] *Old Régime*, 38.
[10] *Ibid.*, 69.

word pictures the stamp of reality. This represents a uniform practice, followed throughout the series and not alone in the book mentioned; and these historical journeyings continued almost to the end of his career.

Such minute studies were one of the means employed by our author for realizing his ideal of "faithfulness to the truth of history," which required that the narrator himself be, "as it were a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes."[11] He manipulated sources in order to assemble the facts about a given action or incident, and then, in the midst of its actual setting of mountain, lake, river, forested crag, or canyon, reënacted the story as a living occurrence. The forest in some cases was a vanishing feature, but this imagination, aided by written description, could restore. Seasonal correspondences were regarded whenever that was possible. For example, in order to dramatize for himself and his readers the discovery of the Father of Waters by Marquette and Jolliet, which occurred June 17 (1673[12]), Parkman visited the confluence of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi "in midsummer." His visits to historic sites on the Hudson-Lake Champlain line and in Canada were so numerous, and were made at so many different periods of the year, that he was able in most cases to describe, from direct personal observation, the stage of vegetation and the general weather conditions, with accompaniments of wild life great and small, which affected for good or ill, or colored to the imagination, the human action fitting into those scenes. Significant military movements commonly took place in the summer, and the majority of his descriptions present nature garbed in green. Still there are memorable passages of which other seasons are the theme: autumn woods, which, "touched by the first October frosts, glowed like a bed of

[11] *Pioneers of France in the New World* (Boston, 1875), introduction, xii-xiii.

[12] *The Discovery of the Great West*, herein referred to as *La Salle* (Boston, 1875), 55. He visited Fort Snelling, Keokuk, Peoria and the Illinois River, and St. Louis on the same trip in 1867. Charles H. Farnham, *Life of Francis Parkman* (Boston, 1901), 85.

tulips";[13] "the tomb-like silence of the winter forest"; the "icicled rocks and icebound waterfalls, mountains gray with naked woods and fir trees bowed down with snow."[14] Here (*Old Régime* 192–193) is a picture from his favorite Lake George region when (in 1666) Tracy and Courcelle led forth their expedition to punish the Mohawks: "It was the first of the warlike pageants that have made that fair scene historic. October had begun, and the romantic wilds breathed the buoyant life of the most inspiring of American seasons, when the bluejay screams from the woods; the wild duck splashes along the lake; and the echoes of distant mountains prolong the quavering cry of the loon; when weatherstained rocks are plumed with the fiery crimson of the sumac, the claret hues of young oaks, the amber and scarlet of the maple, and the sober purple of the ash; or when gleams of sunlight, shot aslant through the rents of cool autumnal clouds, chase fitfully along the glowing sides of painted mountains. Amid this gorgeous euthanasia of the dying season, the three hundred boats and canoes trailed in long procession up the lake, threaded the labyrinth of the Narrows, that sylvan fairyland of tufted islets and quiet waters, and landed at length where Fort William Henry was afterwards built."

Parkman's works have been illustrated only with maps and a few portraits. The publishers, wisely in this case, have denied themselves the coöperation of the camera man and the landscape painter; so that, under the author's stimulation and guidance, the reader is privileged to exercise the heaven-bestowed gift of imagination in restoring, from the text, the diverse scenes of a colossal wilderness drama. How he etches those scenes on the mind! A *coup d'œil* is all that is needed to impart to them the color and movement of actuality. The attentive reader of *Montcalm and*

[13] *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (Boston, 1874), ii, 110.
[14] *Montcalm and Wolfe*, i, 438, 441.

Wolfe might be led blindfolded to the citadel of Quebec and, with vision momentarily restored, he would gaze south, east, and west upon landscapes to him perfectly familiar though perceived for the first time by the physical sense. He could go to Louisbourg, Detroit, Lake George, or Ticonderoga with the same result. Starved Rock on Illinois River is probably more real to readers of *La Salle* than if it had been photographed from every distinct angle.

Images projected from the dramatic life of long ago are equally clear, endowed moreover with the ghostly quality of haunting the memory whether on or off their native stage. In this sense Braddock's white charger, seen in Indian hands nine years after his master's tragic death,[15] still ranges the forest trails, goaded by his savage captor; the howling of the "red devils" at the Deerfields, William Henrys, and Mackinacs of the imagination still terrifies in the hours of darkness; the heroic suffering of a tortured Father Jogues wrings tears of pity from the tender-hearted.

Parkman's subject, to most writers, would have constituted an overmastering temptation to melodrama, but his artistic eye avoided that pitfall. The sanity of judgment, humor, and complete absence of sentimentality with which he narrates the most tragic incidents, enable the reader to maintain an objective attitude through the harrowing episodes that fall so thickly in some of the books. And here again literary genius asserts itself. His incomparable descriptions occasionally appear to be open to the criticism of redundancy. It is undeniable that they sometimes have little relation to the theme immediately in hand, but, like his sallies of wit, or rapier thrusts of satire, they also serve the dramatic object of redirecting the thought and relieving the strain on the emotions. Fortunately, life as depicted by him with rare fidelity, even in times of distress and conflict, presents some of the saving human qualities of tender-

[15] *Pontiac*, ii, 189.

ness, humor, good faith, and devoted friendship. And when the end of his theme draws near, with the rendition of the captives taken in Pontiac's War, the fringe of the panoramic picture is momentarily touched with rainbow tints.

Unrivalled among American historical writers of his own age, Parkman leans too strongly in the direction of romance to be accepted by ours as fulfilling the very highest ideal. Yet his professional character is clear of serious blemishes. An occasional hint of imperfect sympathy; at infrequent intervals a judgment marred by impatient harshness—these are slight defacements of his monumental work, so nearly perfect in execution and of such exquisite symmetry and grace. Doubtless his books, more and more, will reveal those inherent shortcomings which arise, as already pointed out, from the author's acceptance of a restricted view of the historian's function. Nevertheless, it seems probable that they are destined to be supplemented at a number of points, rather than superseded in their main design. Perhaps a century hence historians may still congratulate themselves, as we do now, on having so much of American history as is comprised in Parkman's eleven beautiful volumes, done with an honest thoroughness and in a form to make it "a possession forever."

THE STORY OF THE PROPELLER *PHOENIX*

WILLIAM O. VAN EYCK

Seventy-five years ago there were but few railroads in the Northwestern States, and most of the travel to those regions was by way of the Great Lakes. The swifter and more reliable propellers were beginning to monopolize freight and passenger traffic, and to relegate sailing vessels to an inferior position. The first propeller on the Great Lakes was the *Vandalia,* designed by Captain Van Cleve in 1841; and in the following years many additional propellers were built and placed on the route "up the Lakes"—that is, from Buffalo "up" to Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago, or intermediate points. This line of steamers carried the vast numbers of immigrants of those days from Buffalo westward, and as there were at that time no cities of importance in western Michigan located on Lake Michigan, the towns on the lake in Wisconsin became stopping-places for the steamers on that great highway of commerce, with the result that long before western Michigan woke up, Milwaukee, Racine, Southport (Kenosha), Littlefort (Waukegan, Illinois), and, farther north, Sheboygan and Manitowoc, were alive with immigrants, land agents, policemen, jails, wharves, and other accessories of an advanced stage of civilization. The growth of Wisconsin was therefore marvellous during that time. "Popular Southport" had, in 1847, 3000 inhabitants; Milwaukee, with less than 1000 souls in 1840, and with about 9000 in 1846, had 13,500 in 1847; and Sheboygan County from a population of 1637 in 1846, had increased in one year to 5580, while the town or city of Sheboygan is spoken of as "doubling her 700 population of 1846 into 1329 in 1847." Wisconsin truly was boom-

ing in those days, and the booms were started directly from those very lake ports. In the discussions at the emigration meetings held in the Netherlands and Germany, in 1845-1846, Milwaukee was often mentioned as "the place of rendezvous," and the line of steamers running from Buffalo westward was also well known in western Europe.

While many of the immigrants traveling on these steamers remained in those Wisconsin towns, others proceeded still farther west into Iowa and Minnesota, or eastward into western Michigan. It is a well-known fact that many of the Holland emigrants intending to settle in Michigan came in 1846 and as late as 1857, by way of those lake propellers along the Wisconsin coast, and then by schooners from Milwaukee or Chicago to Saugatuck, Grand Haven, or Black Lake Harbor, as Holland was then also called. It is therefore not surprising that a large company of emigrants from the Netherlands, some of them destined for Iowa, some for Wisconsin, and some for Michigan, on November 11, 1847, boarded at Buffalo the propeller *Phoenix*, commanded by Captain B. G. Sweet, and proceeded westward on their long journey. These immigrants had late in September left their homes at Winterswijk, Varsseveld, Holten, and other towns in the eastern parts of the provinces of Gelderland and Overijssel, to join relatives and friends who had already in the spring of 1847 and earlier settled in Wisconsin, Iowa, or Michigan. The *Phoenix*, one of the crack ships of the line, of three hundred tons burden, built in 1845, was owned by Pease and Allen of Cleveland, and ran to Humphreys and Pardee, Chicago. On this particular trip it carried over $12,000 insurance, and was heavily laden with merchandise—consisting mostly of coffee, sugar, molasses, and hardware—consigned to Chicago, and with as many passengers as possible, largely Holland immigrants. Though encountering heavy seas, the vessel made the trip rather speedily. At Grand River,

Fairport, Ohio, Captain Sweet had a fall which injured his knee so severely that he soon took to his cabin, leaving his vessel in charge of the mate. After passing the Straits of Mackinac, the *Phoenix* turned her prow southwestward, and again encountering boisterous weather, on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock put into Manitowoc to take in wood and wait for the sea to go down.

Shortly after one o'clock Sunday morning, November 21, 1847—a tragic day on the Great Lakes—the *Phoenix*, on a calmer sea, left Manitowoc for Sheboygan, twenty-five miles away. Most of the passengers had retired, and were, no doubt, dreaming of gliding safely into the harbor after their long voyage, and of reaching their new homes at last. All seemed well with the ship. The report is, however, and the weight of evidence shows, that after three o'clock some of the passengers who had not retired noticed something wrong about the boiler-room, and that, upon remonstrating with the men in charge, they were told to mind their own business. It is claimed that part of the crew had been carousing at Manitowoc, and Mr. Wissink, one of the few survivors, always insisted that one of the men who called attention to the situation had been unceremoniously knocked down. Be this as it may, the *Phoenix* was laboring hard under her enormous load, and the firemen were firing furiously—until, about four o'clock, clouds of smoke came from the engine-room, and the alarm of fire rang out. Amid the greatest confusion, after such a rude awakening, some semblance of order was maintained, and bucket-brigades were formed to combat the fire, until it was seen that the *Phoenix* was doomed. At about 4:45 o'clock the two small boats were launched, in which forty-three persons, including the injured Captain Sweet, were ultimately saved.

After the lifeboats had left, the situation, though extremely desperate, was not entirely hopeless. The lights of Sheboygan were in sight; the distance from shore was not

more than five miles; the burning vessel lit up the night bright as day, and was therefore a conspicuous mark for all vessels in the vicinity; and the lifeboats were expected soon to return. But despite the greatest efforts, the flames made headway and drove the doomed passengers and crew to the bow and stern, to hurricane-deck and rigging. The cabin was taken apart, and together with doors, settees, and ladders was thrown overboard to serve as floats. Although there was little or no wind, and the sea was in a "dead swell," it was a very cold morning, and it was almost as dangerous to resort to floats as to seek safety in the rigging. What was taking place is more easily imagined than described. For almost two hours the doomed passengers were in a veritable hell—near the Wisconsin shores, yet unable to reach them; on a lake full of water, yet burning to death; with relief almost in sight, but too late! To jump overboard meant a grave in the icy waters; to remain on board, certain death in the fire. The confusion and tumult were frightful, and we read of "the piercing cries" of the passengers, especially of the poor Hollanders, in their agonies. Men, women, and children, bewildered by the terrible calamity which had befallen them, became frantic and ungovernable. Many who jumped overboard, even if they succeeded in gaining a float, were soon benumbed by the cold and lost. Others sought to escape the intense heat and smoke by crowding the ratlines and the rigging. One man lashed himself to the mast at the cross-tree, and died there of heat and suffocation, and later when the mast fell he came down with it into the water. The women in the cabin, when the whole vessel was afire, driven by the flames, jumped from the stern, while two student girls, the daughters of Mr. Hazelton of the Merchants' Hotel at Sheboygan, almost in sight of home, with all escape cut off, clasped hands and jumped into the water. Both sank at once. The fire mounted the tarred ropes, and in a moment the flaming

shrouds and rigging and those who sought shelter there dropped down into the fire or the lake.

Mr. House, the engineer, who escaped, gives us a little picture of the last hours of the perishing crew and passengers. He says he remained on board until the flames drove him into the water. With a broadaxe he cut a fender rope, and jumping into the sea, found a door, which he tied with his handkerchief to his fender. Upon this float he supported himself for about two hours, surrounded by many other persons on rafts, whom he saw, one after another, bitten by cold, lose their hold and drown. Mr. House, the first to see the relief ship approaching, announced the fact to those near him, and exhorted them to hold on a little longer. "He addressed himself particularly to a lady, who had sustained herself on a floating settee with admirable heroism; he directed her attention to the approaching boat scarcely a furlong away; but alas! her emotion at the prospect of deliverance overcame her more than the fear of death, for at this instant she swooned away, lost her grip on the bench, and sank to her final resting place under the deep blue water." Mr. House further stated that "the hull was a complete bed of flames, which bursting from the sides at times, streamed far out upon the waters, and then curled aloft, till flame meeting flame, the combined current rushed madly upwards until it seemed lost in the clouds." Later, at Cleveland, Mr. House gave some additional particulars. He said, "Mr. West of Racine succeeded in throwing overboard enough material to float himself, wife, and child. The wife refusing to leap into the water without him, they joined hands, plunged into the water, missed their float, and perished. Mr. Long of Milwaukee saw his wife and child perish without being able to rescue them. Young Tisdale, the cabin boy, was found on a floating ladder, lying on his side, his head resting on his hand, as if asleep. He had died from the cold. . . . When the passengers became

aware of the imminent danger, and that death was almost certain, a scene was presented which beggars description. Some betook themselves to quiet prayer, others howled for help, while still others bowed in submission to the fiat of a ruling power."

But enough. If all the survivors of the disaster were so reluctant to speak of these details, let us respect their silence and pass on.

While the great tragedy was being enacted, some watchful eye at Sheboygan had discovered the burning ship, and the attempt was made to signal through the gloom that help was near. Captain Porter of the schooner *Liberty*, then lying at Sheboygan, there being little wind, manned his lifeboat and started for the rescue, while the propeller *Delaware*, also there, began to steam up at once. In half an hour all Sheboygan was on the beach, and many small boats were on the way to the scene of disaster. The *Delaware*, after a delay that seemed ages, was the first to arrive, at about seven o'clock. Captain Porter arrived a few minutes later, and still later one of the *Phoenix's* own lifeboats returned from shore. But long before the *Delaware* hove to, all was over, and three men only—Donahue the clerk, and Mr. Long of Milwaukee, both clinging to the rudder chains, and engineer House, on his door and fender—had escaped to tell the tale. Several had fallen from the burning rigging and burnt to death; many had jumped overboard and drowned outright; some had tried to swim ashore, but were lost; many had lingered long on floating wreckage thrown overboard, until, benumbed by the cold, they lost their hold and perished; and some were found on their floats literally killed by the cold. The *Delaware* rescued the three survivors from their perilous position, picked up the four or five bodies in sight, and took the smoking wreck in tow.

Without dwelling too long on the terrible details of the catastrophe, and drawing a veil over some acts of selfish-

ness—acts excused by the direst necessities of the hour,—we cannot forbear singling out the unselfish conduct of one of the passengers, Mr. Blish, of Southport. He appears like an angel of mercy in that *Phoenix* hell. If one-tenth of what the survivors tell us about the behavior of Mr. Blish in those trying hours is true, that were enough to make him a shining example of love and of sacrifice for others. He assisted the injured captain to the lifeboat, and although by common consent offered a seat in the boat himself, he declined, and said, with some emotion it is true, "There is work left for me here, and I want to take my chances with the rest." Refusing to save himself, he stood at the gangplank to prevent the swamping of the lifeboats, and after these boats had left, he resumed the fight against the fire.

Through the seventy-five years which have elapsed since the disaster, there come to us other thrilling stories of the conduct of this merchant of Southport in that supreme tragedy. During the trip he had made fast friends with the Hollanders, "strangers from a strange land," and especially had he helped the little ones when they stumbled. He had endeared himself to those immigrant children—this merchant, with his large business, his large new warehouse, and his young family at Southport. Several of the young people on the *Phoenix* had planned to marry as soon as they should have chosen their new homes, but all those plans were cut short by the disaster. Some of them joined hands and jumped into the water to escape the flames, so that in their death they were not divided. Mr. Blish concerned himself greatly with these young people, and report says that he, even on the brink of the other world, tried to console and comfort them. Other reports of Mr. Blish persist. One of them is that when practically the whole boat was aflame, he took up into his arms a bewildered and lost child and protected her, while exposing himself to the devouring element. At a time when the exigencies of the hour enforced

the dictates of self-preservation most rigorously, surrounded by the dead and dying, and in the midst of a fiery furnace, whence through clouds of smoke darted angry tongues of flame, and with the glare of the burning hold reflected far into the sky, and the whole scene red with an unearthly glow, what a picture this martyr has painted for us, with his hair singed and his clothes burned, with his thoughts full of his own folks at home, and with the dews of the eternal morning upon his brow, but still ready to give his life for another! The last we hear of Mr. Blish is that he was extremely active about the little rafts, that he had finally constructed a little raft for himself, and that, holding two children, he clung desperately to it until, benumbed by the cold, he lost his hold and perished—a hero to the last.

It is at present impossible to verify all these reports, but what Mr. House and others tell us is sufficient to show that this Mr. Blish gave his body to be burned, sought not his own, and that in the most trying ordeal which can overcome a man, he was not found wanting—for others, yea, for strangers, he offered up his life. The descendants of the Hollanders in Michigan and Wisconsin, the people of eastern Wisconsin, should place a granite column on North Point in memory of the *Phoenix* victims. A suitable memorial should be erected, giving the names of the lost and saved, with the name of Blish leading all the rest, for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

For days after the catastrophe, when reports were still conflicting and incomplete, people hoped and prayed for the safety of Mr. Blish. His heroism and self-sacrifice had shot a thrill of admiration through every heart, and they refused to give him up. The hope that he was still afloat on a raft or on the supposed third lifeboat, and had been driven farther into the lake, was cherished for days, until it too proved vain. Nothing was ever found of the heroic Blish,

and nothing further will be learned of his great sacrifice until that "sea gives up its dead."

Meanwhile, the forty-three who escaped in the lifeboats had a perilous trip. It is true that some discipline was maintained during the launching of the small boats, but it was impossible to control all. Some jumped into these boats although they were overloaded. Gerritje Oberink of Varsseveld, who sent the first tidings of the disaster home to the Netherlands, said in her letter that at the time she had nothing on but a woolen skirt, and that it appearing to her a matter of life and death, she had jumped for the lifeboat, with the prayer that God would save her. She was saved. Another girl followed, and succeeded in getting her hands on the boat, but, choosing between the loss of one or all, they had loosened her hands from the boat and allowed her to perish. Others who followed her were likewise lost. Two little girls between two and three years of age (later Mrs. Meengs and Mrs. Veenendal), it is claimed, were practically thrown like brands from the burning *Phoenix* deck into the lifeboats and saved, while one young mother, Mrs. Schuppert, saved herself only by clinging to the stern of one of the boats all the way to shore. She never rallied from the shock, and died six months later.

However, those who escaped in the lifeboats owed their safety to nothing except the rather smooth sea or dead swell after the storm. The first boat, in charge of the captain, wheelsman Kelso, and deckhand Mann, carried twenty-two in all; while the second, in charge of Mate Watts, second porter E. Watts, and fireman O'Brian, carried twenty-one in all. Of the forty-three thus saved, twenty-five were Holland immigrants. The second boat in the confusion got but one oar, and was sculled all the way to shore. This boat dipped much water, which the Hollanders baled out with their wooden shoes, while one of the Hollanders helped row with a broom. The occupants of the boats were scantily

dressed, some being almost naked in the bitter cold of the morning. When they landed, it was so cold, our evidence shows, that the ground was hard with frost, and large bonfires had to be kindled for them. Most of them were nervous wrecks, and were kept under physicians' care for weeks. Regardless of their precarious condition while in the lifeboats, the survivors were inconsolable, and never has the scene of the burning ship been effaced from the memories of the survivors. The confusion, the encroaching flames, the shouting, the cries of mothers and children standing at the rail with outstretched arms, pleading for release from their death-trap, had unnerved the survivors; and besides, their very pathway to safety had been lit up by the funeral pyre of their own flesh and blood burning to death in the *Phoenix*. Even on shore they were horror-stricken by the sickening view of the flaming tragedy a few miles away. They saw the lights of the *Delaware*, straining for the rescue too late; and when they saw the *Phoenix* burnt to the water's edge, they knew that the great tragedy was full. And then when all was over, in the solemn stillness after storm, and with the first rays of the morning sun, they saw the *Delaware* take in tow the ruined *Phoenix*—then to perform her last sad office of floating hearse and cemetery. And so, with the Sheboygan beach crowded by the anxious and expectant people, and with the survivors on shore, delirious from the shock, weeping bitterly and piteously for the lost, began one of the most mournful funeral processions ever seen on earth.

One of the survivors referred in touching terms to this return trip of the *Delaware*. After speaking of the loss of over one hundred and sixty of the crew and passengers, of the death of so many Holland emigrants almost at the end of their four thousand miles' journey, and of other details of the catastrophe, he concluded:

"The wind and the waves had been rather propitious to all that Sunday morning, and it was the unusual and far

worse foe the fire which caused the tragedy. It is said that Captain Tuttle and the crew of the *Delaware* were astounded and unnerved by the swiftness and thoroughness of the havoc wrought by the fire in the *Phoenix*, that all who could, rough seamen though they were, stood bareheaded during that funeral procession all the way to Sheboygan, and that there was not a dry eye on board the *Delaware*. It was as if, in harmony with the gloom and sorrow of the hour, the fretful sea was moaning a funeral dirge, and the morning breezes sang the requiem for the dead."

The *Delaware* took the *Phoenix*—a smoking ruin—to the north pier at Sheboygan, where she soon sank in about eight feet of water. Some freight, mostly chains and hardware, was salvaged, and it is said some pieces of scorched money were found, and later circulated at Sheboygan. The survivors who had escaped in the lifeboats, and landed about eight miles north of Sheboygan, were brought in on wagons, which reached Sheboygan about noon. The people of Sheboygan did everything possible for them, and kept them for weeks until they were able to proceed.

The *Delaware* that same day took the remaining members of the *Phoenix* crew home. Captain Sweet was unable to travel. On her way to Manitowoc the *Delaware* passed the scene of the tragedy, and counted between thirty and forty floating bodies of victims; and although the lake was then smooth as glass, Captain Tuttle, importuned by many to pick up the bodies, refused to stop, supposing, as claimed later, that boats from Sheboygan or Manitowoc would pick up those bodies. It is believed that no bodies, except the few found in the morning by the crew of the *Delaware*, were ever recovered, for the winter set in strongly soon after.[1]

[1] In view of the rather unenviable light in which Captain Tuttle had placed himself and the *Delaware*, by his heartlessness in refusing to pick up the floating bodies above referred to, it may be of interest to the reader to state that a few years later, in the great twin-disaster of that of the *Phoenix*, the *Delaware* under another captain fully redeemed

It is impossible to say how far the drunkenness of part of the *Phoenix* crew was responsible for the disaster. Reports of such intoxication flew thick and fast in those days. It was claimed that through carelessness caused by intoxication the boilers became red hot for lack of water, and thus set fire to the adjacent woodwork. Engineer House, however, probably correctly thought "the fire was caused by the falling of a door in the flue, or by the breaking of a lamp in the wood hold." Even this would not eliminate the element of carelessness usually caused by intoxication. It is certain that for some reason the proper vigilance was not maintained on the *Phoenix* the morning of the disaster. At any rate, it cannot be maintained that the free or even excessive use of liquor was a state prison offense at Manitowoc or anywhere in Wisconsin as early as 1847; and, no doubt, the disaster was at least partly due to the use of intoxicants by some of the crew.

Uncertain as the cause of the disaster is, the total number of people lost with the *Phoenix* is also a disputed matter. Clerk Donahue, later at Detroit, spoke of two hundred and fifty or more as lost. All the books and records of the vessel were lost, but an officer like the clerk may be supposed to know most about this matter. How many passengers had

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what she had lost in reputation. At two o'clock in the morning of June 17, 1850, the propeller *G. P. Griffiths* had left Fairport, Ohio, for Cleveland, carrying over three hundred people, two hundred and fifty of whom were German and English immigrants. At four o'clock fire broke out amidships, and although the greatest efforts were put forth to subdue the flames, all was vain. The vessel thereupon turned shoreward, and struck near Bear Point, where most of the passengers were lost by drowning. Captain Roby and family were among the lost. Only about forty out of the three hundred were saved. The burning *Griffiths* had been discovered by Captain Napier of the *Delaware*, but, as with the *Phoenix*, the *Delaware* came too late, and all that was left to do was to take the ruined *Griffiths* to shore, and a few survivors to Cleveland.

In course of time, however, the *Delaware* herself in a fierce and relentless battle went to the graveyard of dead steamers. On Saturday evening, November 3, 1855, at eleven P.M., she left Port Washington with a heavy load of provisions from Chicago. Soon after midnight a tremendous northeastern gale struck her, and after laboring hard for hours, she sprang a leak. The water gained on the pumps so fast that she was obliged to head for shore. The water extinguishing her fires, she drifted with her jib set until she struck about six miles south of Sheboygan. There the angry blasts of the northeastern hurricane, piling wave upon wave, pounded the old propeller to pieces. Eleven lives were lost, and the *Delaware* was a total wreck.

been left or taken on at such places as Cleveland and Detroit, where the *Phoenix* had stopped, cannot now be stated; but to avoid all appearance of exaggeration, the figures later obtained by Captain Sweet from the Buffalo office may be adopted as a safe minimum. This officer stated that the total on the *Phoenix* was 209, consisting of 186 passengers and a crew of 23. Of the former, 25 were cabin passengers and 161 were in the steerage. According to this claim the number of lost and saved is as follows: crew: lost, 15; saved, 8; cabin passengers: lost, 21; saved, 4; steerage passengers: lost, 127; saved, 34: total saved, 46; total lost, 163. These figures are, no doubt, correct as to the crew and the total saved, but it is feared that Captain Sweet's totals were nothing but the Buffalo sailing figures, and therefore, as to the lost, probably incorrect and too low. It is doubtful whether the matter can be cleared up at this late day. The number of the saved was no doubt determined by actual count, but, with the records lost, it was not possible to ascertain correctly the number of the lost.

The first small boat carried the following: crew, 3; cabin passengers, 2; steerage, 17, mostly Hollanders; total, 22. The second boat carried: crew, 3; cabin passengers, 1; steerage, 17, mostly Hollanders; total, 21. These, with Mr. Long of Milwaukee, Clerk Donahue, and Engineer House, picked up by the *Delaware*, make the total saved 46 out of 209. Of the saved the names of only 36 out of 46 have come down to us, while of the lost many names are lacking.

Bearing in mind that the number of the lost was not determined in 1847, or ever afterwards, and that it was customary in those days to overload those lake steamers with passengers to an alarming extent, it is highly probable that the total lost was not much below 250. But using the figures of Captain Sweet as only a tentative and doubtful basis, therefore, the following roster of the lost and saved appears:

Crew lost: D. W. Kellar, steward, Cleveland; J. C. Smith, saloon keeper, Buffalo; Newell Merrill, second mate, Ohio City; William Owen, second engineer, Toledo; Hugh Robinson, first porter, Chicago; John Nugent, first fireman, Buffalo; Thomas Halsey, deckhand; George ————, deckhand; Thomas Fortui, deckhand, River St. Clair; John and August Murdock, deckhands, Scotchmen, Canada; Luther Southward, wheelsman, New Bedford; Horace Tisdale, cabin boy; two colored cooks; total, 15.

Crew saved: B. G. Sweet, captain, Cleveland; T. S. Donahue, clerk, River St. Clair; M. W. House, engineer, Cleveland; H. Watts, first mate, Cleveland; A. G. Kelso, wheelsman, Ohio City; John Mann, deckhand, Cleveland; E. Watts, second porter, Cleveland; Michael O'Brian, fireman, Buffalo; total, 8.

Passengers lost: Mr. West, wife, and child, Racine; Mr. Fink and wife, Southport; Mr. Heath and sister, Littlefort (Waukegan); Mrs. J. Long and child, Milwaukee; J. Burrows, Chicago; D. Blish, Southport; two Misses Hazelton, Sheboygan. To this number must be added the Hollanders and others lost, making a total of 148 passengers lost.

HOLLANDERS LOST

From Winterswijk: Hendrik J. Siebelink, wife and two children; Teunis Koffers, wife and three children; Dirk J. Wilterdink, wife and two children; Gerrit J. Oonk, wife and two children; Jan Aldert Sikkink, wife and five children; Hendrik W. Onnink, wife and three children; Gerrit J. Guerkink and four children; Hendrik W. Kooyers, wife and two children; Hendrik J. Nijweide, wife and five children; Mrs. Jan B. Esselinkpas and five children; Mrs. H. J. Wilterdink; Mrs. J. W. Oonk and two sons; a total of over 50.

From Varsseveld: Arend Kolenbrander, wife and six children; Roelof Wildenbeest, wife and child; H. J. teKotte and sons; Lammert Oberink, wife and five children; Dirk Gielink, wife and children; Dirk W. Navis, mother, wife and five children; William Krayenbrink; — Nibbelink and family; Jan Brusse; Toebes family; Demkes family; total, about 50.

From Oosterbeek: Hendrikus Bruijel, wife and four children.

From Holten: Hendrik J. Landeweert, wife and four children; Beumer, wife and children; Lubbers, wife and two children; G. Hommers, wife and two children; total, 19.

From Apeldoorn: Wilhelm Geerlings and Hendrikje Geerlings, total, 2. Total Hollanders lost, about 127.

Hendrikje Geerlings lost her life because she went back to get a wrap for Alberta, the baby, only a few months old, and when she returned the lifeboats were gone.

HOLLANDERS SAVED

From Winterswijk: Hendrik J. Esselinkpas, b. 1813, d. 1901, at Holland, Michigan; Berendina Willink, b. 1811, d. ——; Hendrik J. Wilterdink, b. 1807, d. 1891, at Gibbsville, Wisconsin; Willemina

Ten Dolle, later Mrs. H. J. Wilterdink, b. 1829, d. 1914, at Gibbsville; Jan W. Oonk, b. 1795, d. ——, at Gibbsville; Johanna Oonk, later Mrs. H. J. Reuselink, b. 1825, d. 1853, at Gibbsville; Harmina Oonk, later Mrs. Jan Guerink, b. 1832, d. 1904, at Gibbsville; Janna H. Oonk, later Mrs. William Pietenpol, b. 1835, d. 1903, at Gibbsville; Harmen J. Reuselink, b. 1815, d. 1896, at Gibbsville; Dirk A. Voskuil, b. 1817, d. 1901, at Cedar Grove. Total from Winterswijk, 10.

From Varsseveld: Gerritje Oberink, later Mrs. H. J. Beernink, b. 1825, d. 1858, at Milwaukee (the only one of the Varsseveld emigrants saved).

From Holten: Teunis Schuppert, d. 1856, at Cedar Grove; Mrs. T. Schuppert, née Gerdiena Landeweert, d. May 10, 1848, at Cedar Grove; Hendrika Landeweert, later Mrs. D. A. Voskuil, b. 1827, d. 1884, at Cedar Grove; Hanna Gerdina Landeweert, later Mrs. Henry J. Meengs, b. 1844, d. 1915, at Cedar Grove. Total from Holten, 7.

From Apeldoorn: Gerrit Geerlings, 1802-84; Mrs. Antje Geerlings, 1801-85, and children—Henry J., 1837-1901; Jacob, 1839-1906; Altje, later Mrs. Wm. Tellier, 1842-98; Gerritje, later Mrs. B. Vander Las, 1844-93; Alberta Geerlings, the baby, who died soon after the *Phoenix* disaster. Total from Apeldoorn, 7. All the members of the Geerlings family lived and died at Milwaukee except Mrs. Vander Las, who died at Holland, Iowa. Total Hollanders saved, 25.

By adding to the number of twenty-five Hollanders saved, Mr. Long, Terence O'Connor and wife (names obtained from their letter of thanks for assistance, published soon after), the 8 members of the crew, and the 10 whose names were not reported, the total number of saved is raised to 46.

The above lists of Hollanders lost and saved appear simple enough, but to make them substantially correct involved a great deal of investigation. The writer acknowledges his obligation in this respect to the authorities at Winterswijk, to H. J. Meengs, Cedar Grove, to the Reverends Van Lintschoten at Varsseveld, Ruisard at Gibbsville, TenKeurst at Milwaukee, and Veldman at Detroit, to the Geerlings family at Milwaukee and elsewhere, as also to Mr. Gregory of the Wisconsin Historical Society for his assistance and for valuable suggestions.

The surviving Hollanders, with one or two exceptions, settled at Gibbsville, Cedar Grove, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Esselinkpas settled at Holland, Michigan, while the later whereabouts of Berendina Willink the writer has thus far been unable to ascertain.

Most of these Holland emigrants came from the better class in the Netherlands, and several of them were wealthy. All of their property and money was lost in the catastrophe, and it is claimed that the Geerlings family and some others lost money estimated as high as fifty thousand dollars.

As was the case with the news of the destruction by fire of the *Erie* south of Buffalo in 1841, the tidings of the *Phoenix* disaster spread rapidly, and with the first exaggerations the ugliest rumors became current. The drunkenness of the whole crew became at once an accepted article of faith. And this, with the fact that there were only two lifeboats, instead of the number required by law, led to merciless condemnation of the owners, and of the whole crew, except the injured and helpless captain. However, on Tuesday, November 23, Mr. Kingsbury of Sheboygan rode on horseback into Milwaukee, bringing copies of the extra edition of the *Sheboygan Mercury* of November 22, and also fuller details of the story, to the *Evening Wisconsin* and the *Sentinel*. On November 24, Captain Porter and the schooner *Liberty* reached Milwaukee from Sheboygan with still more information. On the twenty-third a copy of the *Mercury* article reached Racine, where an extra was issued that same evening. Chicago also received the news on Wednesday the twenty-fourth, when Captain Crowl of the schooner *Outward Bound* came in as a passenger on the brig *John Hancock*. The *Chicago Daily Democrat* at once issued a special, quoting the Racine and the *Mercury* specials.

A few months after the catastrophe the letters of Miss Oberink and of other survivors, with full particulars, reached the old homes in the eastern parts of Gelderland and Overijssel. The impression there created by the tidings of the disaster was so profound, we are told, as to check emigration for a while, for many a dwelling was turned into a house of sorrow for lost relatives and friends, and people stood in throngs discussing the great tragedy across the sea, while the

mourners went about the streets of Holten, Varsseveld, and Winterswijk.

The telegraph lines from the East were then almost completed as far as Chicago, and the line to Milwaukee was also under construction. Colonel Speed, the construction superintendent, was already sending loud and boastful messages on parts of those lines. As nearly as can now be told, the news of the loss of the *Phoenix* was telegraphed from some place a little east of Chicago. The *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Reformed Dutch church in the East, naturally interested in the fate of so many Hollanders, in its issue of December 2 says: "Under date of Petersburg, Va., Nov. 26 [Friday], we have also the following painful intelligence: On Sunday morning last, about 4 o'clock, the propeller *Phoenix* was burnt," etc., which shows that the disaster was known in the East by Friday. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* of December 9 quotes the *Detroit Free Press* of December 2 as saying: "The propeller *Oregon* came up yesterday [December 1], having left Buffalo Monday [November 29]. The news of the destruction of the *Phoenix* had just been received at Buffalo by telegraph from Cleveland, via New York." Evidently the telegraph service was not then what it is today, for the news of the *Phoenix* disaster traveled a slow and circuitous route. At any rate we know that there was no telegraphic connection between Milwaukee and Chicago until several weeks after the disaster in question, when Colonel Speed began to orate in sonorous terms to "the people of Littlefort, Southport, Racine and Milwaukee." In fact it was Monday, January 17, 1848, before the *Sentinel* could say, "Saturday, at five o'clock ten minutes, the first message came to Milwaukee by telegraph"; and then that paper began its well-known column of telegraphic news, headed "By Lightning."

In addition to what the people of Sheboygan had done for the few survivors, the citizens of Milwaukee took up

collections in their churches, and at a public meeting appointed a special committee to investigate the tragedy, to recommend measures designed to prevent future disasters of such nature, and to collect funds, especially for "the afflicted remnant of that large and respectable body of emigrants from Holland, who were suddenly cast upon a foreign shore, among strangers, at an inclement season, and stripped of all the comforts and necessaries of life." The committee appointed consisted of Levi Hubbell, Mr. Zonne, John P. Helfenstein, Mr. Heide, Paraclete Potter, Mr. Kern, L. Kennedy, William Lintern, William A. Prentiss, Joseph Curtis, the Reverend Mr. Chapin, J. H. Van Dyke, James H. Rogers, G. H. Day, J. P. Hewitt, Gerrit Brusse, Mr. Boisilier, A. Finch, Jr., E. B. Holten, and A. W. Stark. This committee appointed as a subcommittee "to receive the charities of this community, to disburse the same among the surviving *Phoenix* passengers, and to call for further aid if necessary," Messrs. Potter, Heide, Hubbell, Kennedy, and the Reverend Mr. Zonne. The Odd Fellows of Milwaukee also appointed committees for relief purposes.[2]

One of the last references to the unfortunate *Phoenix* is found in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of December 31, 1847. Captain Tuttle of the *Delaware* had libeled the *Phoenix*. He claimed to have found her a burning wreck, and had towed her into Sheboygan as his prize. Some iron goods, chains for the merchants, had been appraised at $375, and the hull and machinery at $3125. Captain Sweet, who was then able to travel, and who had just arrived in Milwaukee, reported the *Phoenix* in four or five feet of water, with the ice piled some ten or twelve feet high, so that the machinery could not be taken out until the ice melted in the spring. A part of the hull had come to shore, and the balance was

[2] The writer has not succeeded in obtaining the reports of those committees, but a letter of thanks for assistance rendered, published in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, January 19, 1848, by Terence O'Connor, one of the survivors, shows that the people of Milwaukee and vicinity had no reason to be ashamed of their relief work.

badly broken up. The machinery was all that held the wreck together.

In conclusion, let us remember that the Holland immigrants of those days were as a class very devout, and that all of them upon their arrival at their destination used to sing of the Lord's making them a way—"a path over the angry billows"—and of "praising Him with voice and harp for bringing us safe to shore," as expressed in the Dutch metrical version of the sixty-sixth Psalm:

> God baande door de woeste baren
> En breede stroomen ons een pad;
> Daar rees Zijn lof op stem en snaren,
> Nadat Hij ons beveiligd had.

But as a result of the disaster this stirring song of triumph was not heard on the *Phoenix* that day. The one hundred and thirty or more of the Holland pilgrims lost, their mortal tongues stilled forever, no doubt were singing a sweeter song of a greater deliverance in a fairer world than ours. They had gone through an inferno, and let us believe were singing:

> Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
> We're home at last. Home at last.

Such is in outline the story of the *Phoenix*.[3] Many statements concerning it are here omitted, some because they are demonstrably untrue, and some because they are doubtful. The reader must be assured that the writer has had access to whatever was said about the disaster in the papers of Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland, as well as in the books on the Great Lakes. His notes on the Hollanders lost and saved were compiled from data secured where the survivors lived in Wisconsin and Michigan, and

[3] It is intended at another time and in another form to publish the story of the *Phoenix*, and to add to it the original officer's reports, the original *Mercury* articles of November 22 and 26, 1847, the substance of certain other reports, with some thirty pages of matter of special interest to Holland-Americans, together with full citation of authorities.

from the records in the Netherlands. He has some thirty pages of additional notes on the Hollanders involved in the catastrophe (among them the names and ages also of the Holland children lost—the "Slaughtered Innocents"—not here published). All the material used has been tested by the reports of the captain, the mate, the engineer, and some other survivors.

ALBION ACADEMY

J. Q. Emery

Albion Academy and Teachers' Seminary, probably "of all the minor institutions of higher learning west of Lake Michigan, the most historic and in many ways the most noteworthy," was chartered by the legislature of Wisconsin in 1853.[1]

The institution was located in the quaint, pleasant hamlet whose name it bears, in the town of Albion, Dane County, Wisconsin, in the midst of a rich, beautiful, and health invigorating farming community, and was under the auspices of the North-Western Association of Seventh-Day Baptists. In its palmy days it was domiciled in three brick buildings of rigid architectural simplicity, the estimated cost of which was $30,000, including equipment. These stood in the midst of a spacious campus of twelve acres, adorned with lovely elms and maples.

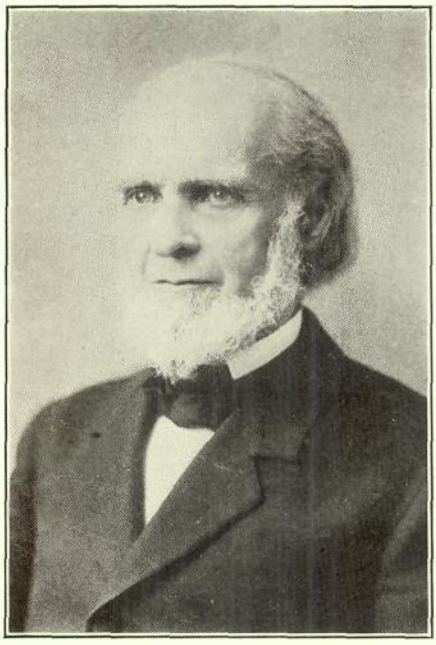
Money was indeed a scarcity in those days; but the old adage, "Where there is a will, there is a way," found realization. Popular contributions of money, service, material, and good will, continued through a number of years, resulted in the completion, at different times, of the buildings and their equipment, although this was not accomplished without some troublesome debts being incurred, which persisted and were among the causes contributing to the final break. The story of the pioneer days of old Albion Academy was one of hardship, self-sacrifice, and benevolent devotion. For example, I have been told by a daughter of Deacon S. R. Potter, that on an occasion when money was imperatively needed by the academy, her father, a member of the board of trustees, sold the hogs he customarily reserved for the

[1] *Private and Local Laws*, 1853, Chap. 195.

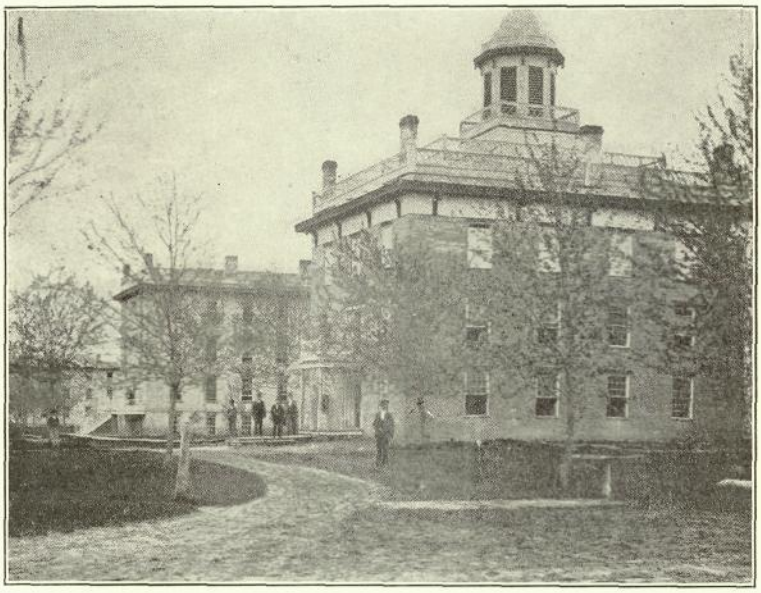
yearly family supply of pork, and gave the money to the academy, the family going without pork until a new supply could be raised.

The real founder of Albion Academy, its guardian angel and unremitting supporter to the utmost extreme of self-sacrificing liberality, and the president of its board of trustees during its entire history of forty years, 1853–1894, was the late Dr. Charles Rollin Head, physician, philanthropist, legislator. To him, more than to any other one person, those whose lives were broadened, strengthened, and enriched by the privileges afforded them by Albion Academy owe a debt of gratitude which can never be fully discharged. Of charming personality, gentle, genial, dignified, and courteous in manner, habitually correct in speech, refined, sympathetic, and charitable in thought, speech, and action, perfect in poise, zealously devoted to liberal education, he was for forty years the model and ideal of gentlemanly and philanthropic manhood for a continuous stream of incoming and outgoing students with whom he came in contact. It is hardly exaggeration to state that his life was freely and lovingly offered as a living sacrifice to the welfare of that pioneer institution of learning.

A single example will suffice to illustrate his devotion. "He had planned to build a more comfortable home for himself and family and had already hauled the lumber to his farm for that purpose. When he was about to begin construction of the new dwelling, word came to him that work on the new academy building had to be stopped for want of funds to buy lumber. Dr. Head did not hesitate. To him it seemed more important that the school should have a new home, than that he himself should have a new dwelling, and he immediately turned his lumber over to the building of the academy." The bricks used in the construction of two of the academy buildings were made on his farm and largely at his expense. Preëminently efficient as a



CHARLES ROLLIN HEAD



ALBION ACADEMY

physician, he gave his professional services free to the students and teachers of the academy. It was commonly said of him that his manifest sympathy with his patients did good like medicine. The writer has occasion to remember such service. While connected with the Albion Academy, he was taken with a severe attack of typhoid fever. Dr. Head took him to his own home, where for four weeks he and his wife, good Samaritans, took care of him. Dr. Head was both physician and nurse. For this service he positively refused any pay.

The highly worthy objects of the founders of Albion Academy[2] were to afford a thorough, practical academic education at a cost so low that no one who had the desire and ambition need go without it, and to promote and elevate the common schools by affording the opportunity to those who wished to teach in them, to prepare for that fundamentally important public service. Albion Academy was an educational source whence the surrounding common schools in a large area derived their teachers. At least, that was true in the days before the training of teachers was provided for by public taxation, and when Wisconsin was without high schools, county training schools for teachers, or normal schools.

Albion Academy represents and typifies the desire or trend toward education which was brought into the Middle West by the early settlers from New York and New England. Perhaps no characteristic of those eastern immigrants is more marked than this, that they carried with them an enthusiasm for education, together with very clearly defined

[2] Following are the names of the more notable members of the Board of Trustees at different times, and also foremost contributors to the support of the institution: J. M. Wood, Horace Bliven, Daniel Coon, George Williams, Deacon Joseph A. Potter, Deacon Aiden Burdick, D. J. Green, Jesse Saunders, Deacon S. R. Potter, Deacon A. B. Lawton, Justus H. Potter, C. R. Green, T. J. Atwood, William P. Bentley, Giles F. Lawton, of Albion; James Sutherland, Janesville; John A. Johnson, George McDougal, Madison; W. D. Potter, Cambridge; L. B. Caswell, Fort Atkinson; W. W. Blackman, Stoughton; Reverend V. Hull, Milton; George Greenman, Mystic, Conn.; E. Lyon, New York; Clark Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.

ideas as to what a proper education should be. This accounts for numerous other academies that did not gain the distinction through their alumni that was vouchsafed to Albion Academy.

Albion Academy was one of about fifty academies chartered by the legislature in the state's infancy. This fact discloses a strong inclination on the part of the people, in our pioneer period, to rely upon academies as the agency for promoting academic or secondary education. Provision was made in the constitution, that next to the support of the "common schools," the interest on the "school fund" should be applied to the support of "academies" and normal schools. There was no reference to high schools, and indeed, even up to the later years of the nineteenth century, the policy of maintaining high schools, at public expense, met with vigorous challenge. These statements are made to call attention to the change in public opinion from its original channels. The founders of Albion Academy were coöperating with the state in its avowed policy of "supporting academies."

A new charter was obtained for the institution under the name of Albion Academy and Normal Institute, by Chapter 342 of the *Private and Local Laws of Wisconsin for 1863.* Section 5 provided: "No religious tenets or opinions shall be requisite as a qualification for the office of trustee, nor shall any religious tenet be required of students to entitle them to all the privileges of the institution, and no particular tenet shall be required as a qualification for professors or teachers in said institution, and no sectarianism shall be taught or tolerated in said institution or any department thereof; but this section shall not be construed to exclude therefrom the reading of the Bible and the religious or chapel exercises usual in academies and institutions of learning." By Section 6, the board of trustees was given power "to prescribe the discipline and course of study in the several

departments thereof, to appoint a principal and the requisite professors and teachers, and to confer such degrees as are conferred by colleges in this state when the applicant therefor shall have passed a satisfactory examination before the board of examiners appointed by the trustees, in the English and scientific departments, and also such certificates and diplomas as are usually conferred and granted in seminaries of a high grade."

The school was opened on the completion of the first of its three buildings, in the fall of 1854. Pursuant to its charter rights, a four years' course of study, with permissible options, was provided, the completion of which led to the degree of bachelor of philosophy (Ph.B.) for men, and of laureate of philosophy (Ph.L.) for women. Though operating under the modest name of Albion Academy and Teachers' Seminary by the terms of its first charter, and under the name of Albion Academy and Normal Institute by the terms of its second charter, nevertheless under the provisions of its second charter the institution, in reality, was of college rank. The courses of study were planned on modified college models, adapted to students of mature age and of robust health, who were industrious, studious, and ambitious. The course of study offered, with certain options, in foreign languages: Latin, Greek, German, French; in mathematics: higher arithmetic, higher algebra, plane and solid geometry, and trigonometry; in English: word analysis, advanced grammar, rhetoric, reading, elocution; in science: chemistry, physiology, elementary astronomy, physics, geology; in natural history: botany, ornithology; also United States and general history, metaphysics, and logic. A department of music and a commercial department were also provided. Opportunity for extending the period of study, or for post graduate study, was afforded by means of the employment of graduates and upper-class students as part-time teachers.

For the study of ornithology the academy offered unusually good opportunity, and it may be truthfully said that it was a pioneer in this delightful branch of study. The home of the renowned and world-famous naturalist, Dr. Thure Kumlien, located near Lake Koshkonong and Albion, was a shrine of knowledge and inspiration in this subject for students and teachers alike. And during a portion of the 1870's Kumlien was professor of botany and ornithology—his favorite subjects of study—in Albion Academy. The academy had a large and splendid cabinet of mounted birds, prepared by Professor Kumlien, and the woods, the lakes, the prairies, the rivers furnished living specimens in joyous abundance.

There were weekly or semi-weekly "rhetorical exercises," consisting of original orations, essays, debates, impromptu talks, and declamations, that were conspicuously beneficial. For forensic work and for training in parliamentary usage there were debating and literary societies. In the later years these societies were furnished special rooms for their exclusive use. The Badger, the pioneer among them, and the most democratic and enduring, was maintained exclusively by men; the "Literary Dozen" was maintained by the men in the upper classes. The Arethusian Society was for women, and in literary character was of a high order. These societies were a potent influence on those students who were active members. Annual public sessions of these organizations were held, which were very important occasions in the life of the academy. Students *in absentia*, who were teaching school, contributing to the family support, or engaged in other occupations to secure funds with which to continue attendance at the academy, were invited to return and take part in these public sessions. In later years members recognized that these societies had contributed greatly to their proficiency in various lines.

The first principal, for a period of seven years, 1854-1861, was the Reverend Thomas Rudolph Williams, Ph.D., D.D., who was educated at Alfred University and Brown University, Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and Princeton Theological Seminary. His wife was preceptress and a teacher. Principal Williams was assisted at various periods during his incumbency by L. Pope, J. L. Hicock, Mrs. J. L. Hicock, J. A. Badger, Daniel B. Maxon, Eliza Potter, Miss A. A. Luse, James Williams; and in music, by Helen Clark and Mrs. Clarissa Livermore. Professor A. R. Cornwall[3] was associate principal for the last five years of this period. The attendance became large, the school work was characterized by great vigor, and the academy gained widespread popularity.

Closing his exceedingly able administration in 1861 by resignation, in order to reënter the Christian ministry, Williams was later professor of Greek at Alfred University, professor of systematic theology in the Theological Seminary at Alfred University for twenty years, and acting president of Milton College for several years. He was succeeded at Albion by Professor A. R. Cornwall, B.A., M.A., a graduate of Union College, who held the principalship from 1861 to 1878. He was a polished classical scholar, of fine, vigorous physique, always most perfectly groomed, of tremendous energy and persistence, wonderful enthusiasm, and unique ability to instill these characteristics in his students. He was zealously devoted to the cause of academic education and was an enthusiast in literature and nature study. A clergyman, he was a sententious and eloquent speaker. These characteristics were so outstanding, so impressed upon his students and friends, that if he had some frailties incident to a peculiarly emotional and nervous temperament, they were prone to overlook these faults.

[3] An effort was made to reproduce a likeness of Professor Cornwall, but it was unsuccessful.

Professor Cornwall was assisted at various times during his principalship of nearly eighteen years by the following: Mrs. Cornwall, Marion Green, Louise Brown, Mary Cook (each as preceptress and teacher), Professors E. C. Beach, Edwin R. Campbell, C. H. Thompson, Josiah Beardsley, Dr. Thure Kumlien, Dr. Rasmus B. Anderson, Byron A. Barlow, the Reverend A. B. Prentice, Cyrus W. Babcock, Frank Main, William H. Pomeroy, J. Q. Emery, the Reverend Simeon Babcock, Isaac Millard, E. L. Green, Mr. Borchsenius, Mr. Pella, Joseph Gould, Captain N. R. Doan, George R. Bentley, Hannah L. Jones, Louise A. Thompson, and H. E. Hull; and in music by Miss Wells, Clara M. Cole, Mary L. Potter, Mrs. Utter, and probably others whose names are not known by the writer.

Beyond all doubt, these two administrations, namely, those of Principals Williams and Cornwall, extending over a period of time that lacked but one year of being a quarter of a century, 1854–1878, constitute the outstanding epoch, the Golden Age, in the history of old Albion Academy. It is this period of which the writer has most personal knowledge, as he was connected with the institution as student and teacher for eight years of that time, 1860–1867.

The institution was always coeducational. The courses of study were open alike to both sexes, and they recited together in the same classes. The scholarship of the women suffered no disparagement when compared with that of the men. The slang "co-eds" was not in the vocabulary of that institution. It may be that the widely known conditions of Albion Academy had some influence in settling in the affirmative the coeducational question at the State University. It seems unthinkable now, that Albion Academy could ever have been in any sense a rival of the University; but for a considerable period of time in the pioneer educational history of the state, much of the work done at the University was of the same grade as that done at Albion

Academy. Professor J. F. A. Pyre cites as authentic history the quotation that the University of Wisconsin under Chancellor Lathrop, whose administration closed in 1858, was "virtually a small classical academy and college of the old-fashioned New England type."[4] It was not until 1874 that the young women were "put in all respects on precisely the same footing in the University with men." The preparatory department of the University was not eliminated until 1880. It was concerning a period subsequent to 1868, that Mrs. W. F. Allen, writing in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for September, 1923, stated: "The preparatory department was fully as large as the University, I believe, and was doing merely high school work." The legislature of 1875 passed "an act to authorize the establishment and aid in the maintenance of free high schools." It requires no unusual perception to appreciate the effect of this legislation upon the then existing academies.

The rules pertaining to the social relations of the sexes were of the most proscriptive type. Hard, unremitting work was the order. Occasional "sociables" (now receptions) held in the chapel, sleigh-rides, and "suppers" (now banquets) were the chief social functions. As the years passed, these regulations softened somewhat, and more attention was accorded social amenities. Gossip was sometimes evoked, but never scandal, to my knowledge.

While the teaching of sectarian tenets was never tolerated, yet a Christian influence and atmosphere prevailed. The morning chapel exercises, consisting of reading from the Bible, prayer, singing of hymns by the student choir, spirited and eloquent talks and appeals by the principal, as well as the Sunday evening religious meetings conducted by the principal, a clergyman, which meetings were largely attended by the students, were of a wholesome, inspiring, and uplifting nature, and left on the students a spiritual impression which affected their entire lives.

[4] Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* Feb. 10, 1924.

As to attendance, no authentic statistics are available; but I deem it a conservative statement, that the yearly enrollment during the quarter-century so far considered varied from two hundred to three hundred students, and that several thousand different young men and young women came under the moulding influence of the institution. I find in the catalogue for the school year 1864–1865 the names of two hundred and sixty-two students, of whom one hundred and twelve were men and one hundred and fifty were women. A noticeable fact is that there were seventeen Scandinavian students enrolled that year. This was six and one-half per cent of the total enrollment. The situation and character of Albion Academy early gained for it the patronage of Scandinavian students, who always acquitted themselves with credit, and the benefits were mutual. The catalogue to which I have referred is for the closing year of the Civil War, the year in which Knute Nelson returned from the war to complete his course of study at the academy.

The institution manifested a warm sympathy with young people who were eager for an education and dependent upon their own exertions for securing it. It was an educational Mecca for poor students. Tuition and room rent were purposely made extremely low, and by boarding themselves or in "clubs," the necessary expenses of students were reduced to the minimum. All possible opportunities were afforded for self-support. No wonder that the school was held in affectionate regard by the students, and that that affection continued in the later years of their lives.

Under the heading in that catalogue (1864–1865) "Expenses per Term," of fourteen weeks, I find the following: "Tuition from $6. to $8. Incidentals $0.25. Room rent (stoves in room) $2.75 per scholar. Board in Hall or private family, $2 per week. Board is furnished at the house of Mrs. Dates at its exact cost which has not exceeded $1.00

per week. Students and teachers to quite an extent board at this hall." The catalogue also states, page 23, "No student is turned away on account of poverty. Albion Academy is equaled by none in facilities for young men and women who pay their own way." It is plainly disclosed by the quotation from the catalogue, that the necessary yearly expenses at Albion Academy were, for tuition, room rent, incidentals, and board at the "club," less than seventy-five dollars a year; and that the same necessary expenses for a student who boarded himself did not exceed forty-five dollars a year. More than ninety-five per cent of the students were included in these two groups, and by far the larger part of the students boarded themselves. Surely there was plain living as well as high thinking at old Albion Academy. Knute Nelson was only one of many old Albion students who paid their way by ringing the bell and doing janitor work. Students came from a large area of the surrounding country, and alike from city and village, from Madison, Janesville, Watertown, Milwaukee, Chicago, Stoughton, Edgerton, Lake Mills, Fort Atkinson, Jefferson, Waterloo, and many other Wisconsin towns and from several different states.

The buildings were used both for dormitories and for recitations. The students' rooms were warmed by small box stoves with wood as fuel. They were lighted in succession by tallow candles, "fluid," and kerosene. The chapel and recitation rooms were similarly warmed and lighted. The chapel was on the third floor of the gentlemen's building. The rising bell was rung at five o'clock in the morning. The morning hour between six and seven was devoted to study. Seven o'clock was the breakfast hour. Chapel exercises were held at 7:45 A.M., when all students were required to be present. It was the time for the daily roll call. Time from the close of chapel exercises until twelve o'clock was devoted to recitations and study hours, the period being forty-five to fifty-five minutes in duration. At twelve

o'clock came dinner and intermission until two o'clock. From two o'clock until five there were three periods of recitations or study of an hour each; from five to six, recess. Supper came at six o'clock, then study hours from seven to nine. Retiring bell rang at 9:30, and woe to the student who was remiss in complying with rules. Using tobacco in any form around the academy buildings, playing at games of chance, using intoxicating liquors or profane language, visiting one another's room during regular hours of study were strictly forbidden.

The school year was divided into three terms of fourteen weeks each. Students were required to attend three recitations daily for five days of each week; to participate in regular exercises in composition, orations, declamations, and reading; to attend lectures and religious exercises on the day observed as the Sabbath; to be regular and punctual in all regular academic exercises; to be orderly at all times and in all places; and to be studious and industrious. The predominant method of recitation was topical. At recitation a topic was assigned the student and he was required to stand and orally present the subject without being prompted by questions from the teacher. Self-reliance was thus developed in the student. Oral examinations were held at the end of the school term. The institution was well equipped, for its time, with apparatus and appliances for teaching physics, chemistry, botany, physiology, and geography. It possessed, as already stated, a large and very complete cabinet of mounted birds, prepared by the distinguished naturalist Dr. Thure Kumlien.

Of all the important and inspiring occasions in the life of old Albion Academy as I knew it, the one greatest day of all great days or occasions, the one that awakened such expectancy, such conflicting emotions, anticipations, and realizations, such excitements and enthusiasms, such joyous elation and thrills, was Anniversary Day, as Commencement was then modestly called. The excitement was by

no means limited to the academy campus and buildings. It extended far and wide to rural, village, and city homes alike. The country was everywhere astir. It was by popular acclaim a general holiday for a large area tributary to Albion, and from early morning until noon people were forgathering at their educational Mecca. It was a day in June when all nature smiled and was joy inspiring. This was the occasion when those who had satisfactorily completed the course of study received their graduating diplomas, which in 1863 and thereafter carried to the men the degree of Ph.B., and to the women the degree of Ph.L.

Usually the exercises were held in a grove, where a large stage and an ample supply of temporary seats were provided. Flags were displayed and the occasion was one of pomp and dignity. A band was employed, and as it came, playing, into town, from Stoughton, Fort Atkinson, Janesville, or Whitewater, as the fact might be, the excitement and enthusiasm became intense. There was a procession from the campus to the grove, led by the marshal of the day, and he, at times, besashed and mounted. On the large stage were seated the faculty, the board of trustees, the band, the prospective graduates, and the dignitaries, such as the governor of the state, the state superintendent, the president of the University, or other invited notables. In 1863, Colonel O. C. Johnson, a former Albion student, was present and aroused the assemblage to a high pitch of excitement by relating how he, a Libby prisoner, had escaped by cutting a hole in the bottom of a freight car in which he was being transported, slipping down through and lying between ties until the train passed over him. The train scraped him rather roughly, but thus he escaped, howbeit with many perils.

Those anniversary occasions had a powerful influence in awakening a desire in many a young man and young woman to become a student in Albion Academy—a desire that later, in thousands of cases, found realization. The exercises con-

sisted of original orations and essays by the graduates, music, and the address of the principal, awarding the diplomas and delivering inspiring words of parting. I recall one such occasion when Governor Fairchild was present. On being called upon to speak, he introduced his remarks by saying that he would rather be the possessor of one of those diplomas than of all the honors he had received as governor of the state and as general in the Union Army of the Civil War. I also recall one such occasion when State Superintendent John G. McMynn was present and spoke. He said that on the previous day he had attended the commencement exercises at the University, and that he was unable to discover any marked differences in the general quality of the productions and efforts on the two occasions. I recall that President Bascom was present on another occasion and spoke approvingly.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." That which makes old Albion Academy especially notable, that which has attracted to it more than usual attention, is the fact that it numbers among its alumni and students some of the eminent men in the affairs of Wisconsin, of other states, and of the nation. The list of distinguished statesmen, lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen, and notables in other occupations is a long one. Alumni and undergraduates of Albion Academy are found in the ranks of farmers, business men, and other non-professional occupations. Whatever the field of activity may have been and however circumscribed, it has been characteristic of Albion students that they have been industrious, upright, proficient, well disposed, law abiding citizens, from whom wholesome influences have emanated.

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.

A complete list is not available to the writer; and it is with no invidious purpose that such a partial list as is avail-

able is given, wherein an attempt is made simply to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," without assuming to determine relative rank.[5]

ALVA ADAMS, distinguished orator, thrice governor of Colorado.[6]

HENRY CULLEN ADAMS, successful dairy farmer and stock breeder, conductor of farmers' institutes, dairy and food commissioner, representative in Congress for two terms from the Capital City district. It is believed that his knowledge and experience in pure food matters were a crucial influence in effecting the passage by Congress of the National Meat Inspection Law and the National Food and Drugs Act of 1906.

A. R. AMES, high school principal, county superintendent of schools.

SYLVANUS AMES, for twenty-eight and one-half years county superintendent of schools in the eastern district of Dane County.

ABEL ANDERSON, clergyman.

RASMUS B. ANDERSON, Ph.B., M.A., LL.D., teacher, linguist, historian, diplomat, critic, journalist. He was associate principal of Albion Academy at a period when the institution probably reached the climax of student enrollment. Following his resignation, he was for fifteen years instructor and professor of Scandinavian language and literature in the University of Wisconsin. Later he was United States minister to Denmark, and for many years was an eminent journalist, preëminent interpreter and champion of the Norwegian people, their achievements, history, and literature. Nothing could be more appropriate than the dedication by Dr. Anderson of his *Autobiography* "to those of Norwegian birth or descent who have helped to make America, on the farms, in the industries, in commerce, in literature, science, and art, who, by their religious and secular teaching and example, have helped to build the nation spiritually, morally, and intellectually, and who have been loyal to the Stars and Stripes in peace and in war."

BURR ATWOOD, physician.

GEORGE ATWOOD, lawyer.

CYRUS W. BABCOCK, physician.

CHARLES V. BARDEEN, lawyer, circuit judge, associate justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. The reports of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin bear conclusive testimony of the notable legal talents

[5] Mr. J. Q. Emery, born in Ohio in 1843, received his Ph.B. degree from Albion Academy and was later awarded an M.A. degree by Beloit College. He married Marie Theresa Lawton, who also was a graduate of Albion Academy. He enjoyed a long and distinguished career as a teacher and superintendent—at Albion Academy, Wisconsin Rapids, and Fort Atkinson; as principal of the River Falls State Normal School; and as superintendent of public instruction of Wisconsin. He has served fifteen years as state dairy and food commissioner, an office which he now holds, and where his wise policies have given him national repute. In addition to his half-century of public service in Wisconsin, Mr. Emery has been a successful farmer and breeder of purebred Jersey cattle.—EDITOR.

[6] His son, the Honorable Alva C. Adams, has recently been appointed United States senator by the governor of Colorado, to fill a vacancy.

of one who was cut down by the Stern Reaper in the midst of an eminent career as jurist.

THOMAS BARBER, clergyman.

B. A. BARLOW, teacher, county superintendent of schools, lawyer, judge.

——— BICKNELL, physician.

E. L. BURDICK, physician.

F. O. BURDICK, teacher, county superintendent of schools, clergyman, physician.

GEORGE BURDICK, clergyman.

GEORGE BUSSE, M.D., surgeon.

JAMES M. CLANCY, lawyer, former assistant attorney general.

A. J. COMPTON, lieutenant in the Union Army.

F. W. COON, editor, for many years chief clerk of the State Senate.

WENDELL CORNWALL, lawyer, judge; son of Professor A. R. Cornwall.

ASA CRAIG, physician.

A. B. CRAWFORD, dentist.

GEORGE CURRIER, high school principal, editor.

JOHN M. ESTES, captain in the Union Army.

LORENZO ESTES, lieutenant in the Union Army.

P. A. FLATEN, physician.

GEORGE FLOM, professor of Scandinavian language and literature at the University of Illinois.

H. S. FRAWLEY, city superintendent of schools, Eau Claire.

HENRY FRAWLEY, lawyer.

THOMAS FRAWLEY, lawyer.

JOSEPH GOULD, high school principal.

EDWIN L. GREEN, clergyman; "without doubt the most noted scientist Albion Academy has produced, who would be a credit to any university or country"; "discoverer of countless members of our American flora"; "one of the great botanists of the world." At the time of his death he was a professor in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

MANSER GREEN, lawyer.

H. A. HEAD, lieutenant in the Union Army.

L. R. HEAD, Ph.B., B.A., M.D., physician and surgeon, former medical superintendent of the State Hospital at Mendota; son of Dr. C. R. Head.

A. L. HOLLO, physician.

HENRY A. HUBER, lawyer, state senator.

ELIAS JOHNSON (Molee), publisher.

JOHN A. JOHNSON, manufacturer.

O. C. Johnson, regimental officer in the Union Army; escaped from Libby Prison.

ISAAC P. KETCHUM, business manager, *Madison Democrat.*

LUDWIG KUMLIEN, naturalist, specialist with Hougate expedition to Arctic regions.

GEORGE W. LATTA, lawyer, legislator, district attorney.

L. K. LUSE, lawyer, assistant attorney general of Wisconsin.[7]

CHARLES MAXON, high school principal.

JAMES MILES, editor.

S. S. MILLER, lawyer, legislator, district attorney.

KNUTE NELSON, United States senator. His ambition led him to choose the profession of law and a political career. He served two terms in the Wisconsin Assembly, three years as county attorney in Minnesota, two terms in the Minnesota Senate, four terms as representative in Congress from Minnesota. He was twice elected governor of Minnesota, and was five terms lacking two years a member of the Senate of the United States. For more than fifty years he was in public service, and was never defeated for any public office for which he was a candidate. He lacked but one step of reaching the highest round in the ladder of political fame. This transcendent achievement of a friendless, obscure Norwegian lad, which reads like a story of the *Arabian Nights;* a record that included membership for nearly half a lifetime of four score years in the most distinguished legislative body of the world, in the most beautiful capital city of the world; a record that on his eightieth birthday elicited the personal congratulations of the King of Norway and of the President of the United States, is a record that confers immeasurable honor not only upon himself, but upon the founders of Albion Academy, upon his Alma Mater, upon the genius of the institutions of his adopted country, as well as upon the race from which he sprung—the race of Bjornson, Ibsen, Kielland, Wellhavern, Leif Ericson, Ole Bull.

P. O. NOBEN, lawyer.

T. W. NORTH, clergyman.

E. J. ONSTAD, principal of Wittenberg Academy, assistant state treasurer.

CHARLES PARISH, editor.

A. B. PRENTICE, county superintendent of schools, clergyman.

J. F. A. PYRE, professor of English at the University of Wisconsin.

W. W. RAY, lawyer.

LORENZO D. ROBERTS, high school principal; county superintendent of schools for thirty-four and a half years continuously—the longest term of service of any county superintendent in Wisconsin; inventor, patentee, and owner of mathematical machine.

W. C. SILVERTHORN, orator, political leader, lawyer, judge of the sixteenth judicial circuit of Wisconsin. In 1896 he was the nominee of the Democratic party for governor of Wisconsin.

THOMAS SILVERWOOD, lawyer.

HENRY SWIFT, captain in the Union Army.

P. H. SWIFT, editor.

WILL SWIFT, lawyer.

TORGER THOMPSON, farmer, legislator, philanthropist.

HENRY TUSLER, business man.

HERBERT TUSLER, business man.

ALLEN WEST, high school principal, teacher of agriculture.

[7] His son, C. Z. Luse, is judge for the United States District Court, Western District, Wisconsin.

It is exceedingly regrettable that there is no available roster of the patriotic services rendered their country by the alumni and undergraduates of Albion Academy in the Civil War and later wars; suffice it to say, that in patriotism, courage, self-sacrifice, they were second to none, either numerically or qualitatively. Nor did the women at home fall short, in these respects, of the men in the field.

What shall be said of the alumnæ and undergraduate women of old Albion Academy? A remark recently made concerning them by a veteran Wisconsin educator, namely, "I have a profound respect for them," doubtless voices the sentiment of the entire body of alumni and undergraduates. They were not "exotics of hot house growth nor sensitive plants that shriveled at the slightest breath." They had bright, sparkling eyes and cheeks rosy with the bloom of health. The modesty that becomes a woman was in them an outstanding virtue. They sought education for their own personal improvement and as its own reward. Many of them became teachers and had an elevating and inspiring influence on the schools over which they held queenly sway. Their ideal and aspiration was not for public station and notoriety, but to become home-makers, with power to touch the keys and chords in their households, that should vibrate in melodies divine. What is beautifully said of one of them could be truthfully said of the many: "She was a refined, intelligent, affectionate wife who shared her husband's desire for knowledge and culture, and at the same time had the domestic tastes, talents, and inclinations which notably fitted her to be an ideal housekeeper, the queen of a charming and delightful home. The growth of husband and wife was coincident. She was the helpful, appreciative, inspiring companion, the tender, loving mother, the gracious, hospitable hostess, the wise and faithful helpmeet, alike in trials, vicissitudes and successes." And these are they to whom their Alma Mater may point

and say, as did Cornelia, the Roman matron, mother of the younger Gracchi, "These are my jewels." Whatever their station, therein they acted well their parts, with cultivated minds, high ideals and aspirations, tender sympathies, and persistent efficiency.

There all the honor lies.

The later history of Albion Academy is sharply divided off from the period described above. Professor Cornwall was succeeded as principal by Professor Edwin Marsh, B.A., M.A., of the University of Wisconsin. He was assisted by his wife as preceptress and teacher, by Belle Seaver (later the wife of M. A. Head), and others I cannot name. There had been acrimonious dissensions during the later years of Professor Cornwall's administration, and these continued during the administration of Professor Marsh. The attendance continued to decline and Professor Marsh resigned at the close of the spring term of 1880. Then for three years, until the fall of 1883, the old academy ceased to function. In 1883, by an arrangement made by the board of trustees, the immediate management of the school for a period of five years, with privilege of renewal, was placed in a subordinate board of managers. F. E. Williams was employed as principal for two years. Miss Cadougan was preceptress and teacher for the first year and Esther Reed (later the wife of Dr. L. R. Head) for the second year. Mr. Williams was also assisted by Professor T. T. Homme, Professor Kasberg, and Professor Clark. Professor Williams was succeeded by Professor S. L. Maxon, of Alfred University, New York, who was assisted by Professor Kasberg and Miss Abaly, and probably by others I cannot name.

The school under these two administrations gradually gained in public confidence, and the attendance increased until, in the latter part of Professor Maxon's administration, it approximated the enrollment of earlier years, prob-

ably a yearly enrollment of two hundred. The courses of study were changed and the school was put on the accredited list of the University of Wisconsin. The general character of the scholars was high, the instruction and management of the school excellent, and the graduates ranked relatively high among the alumni.

Professor Maxon's administration terminated in the late 1880's, probably in 1888. His successor, Professor Charles Clark, soon died, and was succeeded by Professor D. E. Millard, who in turn was succeeded by Professor H. E. Edwards. My knowledge of these three administrations is very limited. The attendance gradually declined; at the end of the spring term of 1892 the doors of old Albion Academy closed, and for two years "the three temples of knowledge stood empty, deserted, sad memorials of a glory that had passed away."

Meanwhile, a denominational board of the Seventh-Day Baptists foreclosed a mortgage it held on the buildings and campus, and the title to the same passed forever from the old corporation known as Albion Academy and Normal Institute. Of the academy it can be said that, "starting as a little taper in an upper window, it soon became a candle, lighting in its small way the path of many an earnest pilgrim to its shrine of knowledge"; that although debt, dissension, poverty, the establishment of state normal schools and free high schools promoted by the state, caused it to flicker and finally cease to flame in the old buildings, yet in those far-away pioneer days, meeting an imperative need, it illumined the minds and the lifeways of thousands of Wisconsin's young men and women. These do not cease to bless and revere the philanthropists and sages who provided them with those invigorating, enriching educational opportunities which proved such powerful forces for good in their future destinies as individuals and citizens.

In the subsequent history of the institution under the private ownership for seven years, 1894–1901, of Professor Peter Hendrickson, and the later ownership by the Norwegian Lutheran Synod, consisting of sixteen congregations, with the title H. A. Preus Lutheran Academy Corporation, which is another chapter, the author of this article has a deep and sympathetic interest. But he is fully persuaded that he should defer to others more adequately informed and otherwise qualified than he to write the story. It seems fitting, however, to state that the first principal under the re-chartered institution, the Reverend D. G. Ristad, a clergyman of fine scholarship, sterling integrity, and splendid vision, was admirably adapted to the position. Under his administration of five years, 1901–1906, the aspirations of the institution, the qualifications of the assistants, the general discipline and tone of the school, and the character and abilities of the students and graduates, rose to the high-water mark of the old academy. His successors, the Reverend Theodore Ringoen, 1906–1914, and Professor Torgerson, until its close, with their assistants, achieved notable success in maintaining these ideals and standards. But because of decline in attendance, deficits, the destruction by fire of the main building, the country's becoming involved in the World War, and the death of its prime supporter, Honorable Andrew Jensen, it was deemed wisest to close the doors of the institution until better times should return. The property was finally turned over to the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, upon the condition that the denomination assume all indebtedness resting upon the corporation.

A WISCONSIN ANABASIS

LOUISE P. KELLOGG

The world-famous retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks through the territory we now know as the Near East was once, when Xenophon's account was a universal textbook, the commonplace of every schoolboy. As a footnote to the great *Anabasis*, we herein recount the retreat two thousand years later through Wisconsin, of as brave and resourceful a party as any Greek ever knew.

Wisconsin in 1680 was a wilderness uncharted by any save savages and beasts. Civilization had barely swept a fringe across its borders, and dense forests alternating with miry swales crowded to the shores of all its waterways. No white man had essayed its wilderness faring, so fraught with hardship and perils, until necessity forced a handful of Europeans to cross this way or perish.

In the year 1678 there appeared at the court of the French king at Versailles a young officer who had been in the service of Louis XIV for several years. Henry de Tonty was of Italian descent, born on French soil, where his father was an exile after participating in a Neapolitan revolt against the oppressive tyranny of Spanish rulers. Lorenzo de Tonty had been a banker at Naples, a friend and ally of the Florentine Medici, one of whose daughters was the mother of the French king. He therefore sought an asylum in France, where he received patronage and aid from his fellow Italian, Cardinal Mazarin, all powerful minister of the youthful Louis XIV. No doubt it was Mazarin who arranged for the exiled Tonty an excellent marriage with a French gentlewoman named Desliettes. From this union sprang Henry, the eldest son, born in 1650, and Alphonse, also destined to pass the larger share of his life in America.

One of Madame Tonty's sisters became the mother of the Greysolon brothers, who, like the Tontys, early removed to New France, one of whom, surnamed Duluth, was a notable explorer in the Great Lakes region.

We know nothing of the youth or education of Henry de Tonty, other than that he learned the virtues of courage, fidelity, persistence, and charity in a marked degree. At the age of eighteen he entered the army as a cadet, and saw active service for several years in his ancestral Italy. The French king in his vainglorious pride assumed the position of arbiter of the destinies of the world. Engaged in a terrific struggle with the Triple Alliance of Holland, England, and Sweden, he none the less found occasion to interfere in the affairs of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, and supported the inhabitants of Messina in their revolt against the tyranny of Spain. Henry de Tonty, whose earliest recollections must have centered around his father's account of revolutionary struggles in Naples, found his own sympathies awakened for the oppressed of Sicily, and served with good will in the forces sent by Louis XIV to the relief of Messina. The fleet was commanded by bluff old Admiral Duquesne, under whom Tonty began as cadet and in eight years mounted the ladder until he became captain. To Duquesne was opposed the Dutch commander De Ruyter, who had in Cromwell's time swept the English Channel clear of French vessels, with a broom at his masthead. Off Sicily the proud Dutchman met defeat and death at the hands of the French. Tonty was one of a squadron ordered out to board an enemy vessel off Libisso; a well-aimed grenade struck his right hand, when the young officer himself amputated the wounded member. This hand was afterwards replaced by an iron or copper one, on which was worn a concealing glove, and which was occasionally employed with marked effect in Indian struggles. During the naval battle where he lost his hand, Tonty had the additional misfortune to be cap-

tured and thereafter to languish in prison for six months until exchanged. A brief visit to France, where he was cited for bravery, ended in another term of service in Italian waters. Then in 1678 peace was made, and the young naval officer returned to court to find employment and the opportunity for further adventures. His patron was the powerful Duc de Conti, a son-in-law of the French king.

Louis XIV was now at the height of his fame; victor over Holland, he had annexed large portions of the Spanish Netherlands to the territory of France. As for New France, he was willing to bestow a principality therein upon any adventurer with pleasant address and powerful friends. Such an one was Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle, protegé of the Count de Frontenac and dweller for twelve years in the distant land of Canada. Four years earlier, under the powerful patronage of Frontenac, La Salle had been accorded a seigniory on Lake Ontario, and the monopoly of trade in the rich fur bearing region around Fort Frontenac, where Kingston now stands. Had he been merely a fortune hunter La Salle might have rested content with his privilege, which brought him in each year a handsome income. Instead, he was of the restless temper which opportunity provokes and adventure beckons. He planned thereupon to annex to New France the richest region in the world, a kingdom yet unexplored and virgin—the Mississippi Valley.

War was still raging in Europe when La Salle arrived at court, but victories were making the king well satisfied and he listened with interest to La Salle's descriptions of the fertility and beauty of interior America. In May, 1678, two months before the peace was signed, a charter was drawn conveying to La Salle the rights and privileges of exploring a route to Mexico and of occupying the interior with French forts. True, La Salle was to furnish his own funds for the enterprise and to have the monopoly only of buffalo hides and not of the furs that enriched the colony of Canada.

None the less the royal sanction was a prerequisite for all advance, and La Salle eagerly accepted his charter from the royal donor.

It remained to recruit his forces, and to secure lieutenants whom he could trust. One day at court he met the iron-handed Tonty, liked his honest face and manly address, and offered him a place in his new-forming expedition. We have brief mention in contemporary reports of the meeting of these two men so long to be associated in North American enterprise, to endure for the cause incredible hardships and danger. "Tonty," says the Prince de Conti, "sent me to ask him [La Salle] to be allowed to accompany him in his long journeys, to which he very willingly assented."[1] La Salle was wont to say in later years that of all the benefits he obtained on his visit to the court, none were so lasting and so valuable as the services of Tonty.

La Salle and his lieutenant sailed for the New World in July, 1678, gay and stout-hearted over their prospects of discovery and profit in the Mississippi Valley. Little did Tonty realize how many years it would be before he again saw the goodly land of France; little did he reck that he was abandoning the pleasant ease of a French courtier, and the luxuries of the richest court in Europe, for the hardships and dangers of the wilderness and the rude life of savage men. Something in the wild, free life of the forest appealed to the youth, and the prospect of subduing the wilderness to the needs of civilized man quickened his pulses. Moreover, fidelity to the interests of his leader was instinctive with the young Franco-Italian, and made him ready to obey orders at any cost to himself.

The first step in La Salle's project was the building of a sailing vessel to navigate the upper Great Lakes. The shipyard must necessarily be placed above the Falls of

[1] Louise P. Kellogg, *Early Narratives of the Northwest* (New York, 1917), "Tonty's Memoir," 286.

Niagara, and thither La Salle and Tonty in the winter of 1678 made their way from Fort Frontenac. Christmas Day found them out on Lake Ontario opposite an important Iroquois village, whither they were obliged to go to obtain provisions and the assent of the Indians to the building of the ship. It was January, 1679, before the shipyard was chosen, trees cut down, and planks sawed to begin the keel of the boat. The ground was so frozen that they were obliged to thaw it with boiling water before huts could be built to house the men. During La Salle's frequent journeys to and from Fort Frontenac, Tonty was left in command of the shipyard. There his experience as a naval officer made him of great service, while his ability to command men held the artisans closely to their task. "Full of spirit and resolution," one of the chaplains of the expedition reports, he "courageously and faithfully seconded him [La Salle] in all his designs."[2] La Salle himself was delighted with Tonty's enthusiastic support, writing to the Duc de Conti, his patron: "His honorable character and his amiable disposition were well known to you; but perhaps you would not have thought him capable of doing things for which a strong constitution, an acquaintance with the country, and the use of both hands seem absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, his energy and address make him equal to anything."[3]

Equal to anything he had need to be during the difficult winter on the Niagara frontier; the Indians were sullen and covertly hostile, provisions were scarce, supplies for the ship lacking. Through it all Tonty's vigor and resourcefulness never faltered. His own terse comment on the winter's work was, "The bark was completed in the spring."[4] The

[2] Membré's narrative is in Chrestien Le Clercq, *Premier Establissement de la Foy dans la Nouvelle France* (Paris, 1691). See an English translation in Isaac J. Cox, *The Journeys of La Salle* (New York, 1905), i, 93.

[3] Cited by Francis Parkman, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (Boston, 1892), 115-116.

[4] Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 287. See on the difficulties of the winter's work, Louis Hennepin, *New Discovery* (Thwaites, editor. Chicago, 1903), i, 89-93.

sailing, however, due to the exigencies of La Salle's affairs, was delayed until August. Tonty was then sent in advance in a canoe to await, at Detroit, the *Griffon*—for so the bark was named. Again at Mackinac he was detailed to overtake at Sault Ste. Marie deserters from La Salle's employ, and to join the party at the southern end of Lake Michigan. There late in the year 1679 he found his chief in a log fort at the mouth of the St. Joseph River. The ship had been sent back from Green Bay, and was never heard from again.[5]

From Lake Michigan the recruited party, now numbering thirty-three persons, pursued its way to the valley of the Illinois. This fertile region was the one La Salle had chosen as the central station for his enterprise, where he planned to build a fort, to kill buffalo enough to pay his debts, and thence to set out to explore the Mississippi River from its source to its mouth. The Illinois Indians were by repute very tractable, and so La Salle found them. They enthusiastically promised to furnish provisions, to permit the building of a fort on their lands, and to aid the adventurers in every possible way. A log fort was soon erected on Lake Peoria, and the keel laid for a small vessel to be used to navigate the Mississippi.

The time was now January of 1680; up to this point, although many difficulties had presented themselves and many obstacles had been overcome, the achievement of their plans seemed feasible. A foothold had been secured in the heart of the great valley. Success seemed within their grasp. But from that moment fortune turned fickle, and all but the stoutest hearted would have yielded to complete discouragement. The first blow was the desertion of the ship carpenters whom La Salle had imported with so much pains; then came rumors of the loss of the *Griffon*, which meant that without fresh supplies the Mississippi vessel

[5] The fate of the *Griffon* has never been ascertained; whether it foundered in a storm, was scuttled by its crew, or burned by jealous Indians will probably never be known.

could never be built. The nearest French post was at Mackinac, the nearest mission station at the foot of Green Bay. Both of these were controlled by the Jesuits, between whom and La Salle was a deadly feud. La Salle could not, therefore, expect to find help nearer than Fort Frontenac. His only alternative was to abandon his project or to secure help from his Lake Ontario post. He immediately determined to hasten thither and to leave Tonty to hold the Illinois until his return.

The heroic journey of La Salle, on snowshoes through the forests of Michigan, Ohio, and Ontario in the depth of winter, was a feat impossible to any but the most practiced woodsman endowed with an iron physique and an unyielding will. Even his Indian guide fell ill because of hardships, and three of La Salle's four white comrades reached the point of complete exhaustion. Their leader, however, brought the entire party at last to his Lake Ontario fortress, where they were quickly recruited.

Tonty, left on Peoria Lake to command the shipyard and to continue the work, was in a similar situation to that of the preceding year, save that he was now hundreds of miles farther in the heart of the continent, and could not keep in touch with his leader by frequent communication with Fort Frontenac. A dreary interval of several months stretched before him, in which his only reliance was upon himself. For the men whom La Salle had left with him were discontented and mutinous. It was one matter to build a ship to navigate the Great Lakes, whence a quick return to Canada was possible, and quite another to prepare to explore the unknown Mississippi, concerning whose waters the Indians told such alarming tales. This visionary leader of theirs might never return. It would be better to abandon the enterprise before he did, to enrich themselves with fur trade in the Indian villages, and to make their way back to their Canadian homes before all was lost. Reasoning in

this fashion, inspired perhaps by a genuine terror of the wilderness, they only awaited Tonty's absence to consummate their plot. The time came when he had gone up stream to visit the Indian village. The mutineers then burned the fort, partially destroyed the half-built vessel, and fled into the forest, leaving as their sign manual on the planks of the boat the inscription, "We are all savages."

The news of this desertion was brought to Tonty by the few men who remained loyal, most of whom, but lately come from France, had had no experience as *coureurs de bois*. Tonty at once sent two of the best woodsmen among them to notify La Salle of the desertion; then he set himself to save as best he might what the mutineers had left. He raised the anvil from the river into which it had been thrown, rescued La Salle's important papers from the ruined fort, and repaired the hulk of the vessel on the stocks. Then he began gathering furs for La Salle and strengthening his friendship with the Indians. "Although we were almost destitute of succor," wrote the chaplain of the expedition, "yet the Sieur de Tonty never lost courage."[6]

La Salle, meanwhile, on his part was making every effort to adjust his affairs and return to Tonty's aid. Having received his message, he succeeded in apprehending the deserters on Lake Ontario, rescuing part of his furs from them, and punishing them as they deserved. He then made a hurried visit to Montreal, appeased his creditors, and obtained fresh supplies. Thus occupied, it was August before he was able to set his face westward, reëquipped for his undertakings. Had he but had the *Griffon* for his transportation he might have been in time to rescue Tonty, but dependent on the slow progress of canoes, he was too late.

Tonty and his few men were by September *in extremis* and greatly in need of succor, for on the tenth of that month suddenly there appeared in the peaceful Illinois valley a large

[6] Membré, in Cox, *Journeys*, i, 113-116.

war party of the Iroquois, well armed with firearms purchased from the Dutch merchants of Albany. The Iroquois, who had been the scourge of New France from its inception, were at this time at peace with the French—a truce obtained by the skillful diplomacy of the governor, Count de Frontenac. None the less he was unable to restrain them in their distant raids, and the Illinois Indians had been marked by the Iroquois for victims. Tonty proposed to his Indian allies that he would act in the rôle of mediator and attempt to arrange a truce with the invaders. It was a desperate measure; as well attempt to reason with ravenous wolves in sight of their prey as with the Iroquois on the warpath. Tonty, the iron-handed, was iron-hearted also; with a peace belt in his hand he advanced with two of his men towards the enemy camp. A volley of shots was the reply to their approach, whereupon Tonty sent back his companions and went on alone, reaching the head chief of the invading band, unharmed. While employed on the Niagara frontier, Tonty had learned enough Iroquois to make himself understood, so he boldly demanded of the chief why he made war upon the French and their friends. The Iroquois chief, struck with admiration for Tonty's bravery, dissembled and made excuses. Not so, however, one of his rash young men, who, rushing forward, struck the white man a blow that narrowly missed his heart. The chief chid his follower, and after some parleying agreed to make a truce if the Illinois chiefs would come into his camp to treat.

Tonty then returned to the Illinois, where he was received as one from the dead; although his wound was painful, it was not serious, and he at once warned his friends the Illinois not to trust to the Iroquois proposals, but to save themselves by flight. The Illinois thereupon immediately departed down stream, carrying off in their haste all vessels save one small leaky canoe.

With the departure of the Illinois Indians all hope of maintaining the French position in the valley of the Illinois vanished. Prowling bands of Iroquois were still about and might at any time sacrifice the lives of the Frenchmen to their caprice. Even should the enemy leave the neighborhood, winter was at hand and without friendly Indians there was no hope of provisions. La Salle still delayed his coming, and persistent rumors reached Tonty that he was dead and that his enterprise was abandoned.[7] Reluctantly he decided he must retreat to the nearest French settlement; to remain would be both foolhardy and an unnecessary sacrifice of lives.

Such preparations as were possible were hurriedly made. They must try to penetrate the dense woods to the northward and reach the Green Bay mission, or skirt the rough coasts of the great lake in an unseaworthy vessel and hope to arrive at Mackinac. Had they all been hardy backwoodsmen, accustomed to forest wanderings, the feat would not have been so arduous. None of the little band, however, save the leader, knew aught of wilderness faring. Tonty's own equipment was an experience of somewhat more than a year of such journeyings, and a high-hearted courage that made him determined not to perish or to lose his followers. These consisted of six men, two of whom were Recollect friars, Fathers Gabriel Ribourde and Zénobe Membré. Father Ribourde belonged to a noble family of Burgundy, was now sixty-four years old, fragile and worn with his devoted sacrifice for Canadian missions. Father Membré, on the other hand, was a man of the people, young, active, and resourceful, destined to spend many years in the western valleys. Second in command of this small party was François Sieur de Boisrondet, a young gentleman recently from France, and with him had come Etienne

[7] Margry, *Découvertes et Établissements des Français dans l'Amérique Septentrionale* (Paris, 1880), i, 511.

Renault, a newcomer in America. The other member of the party was a lad who had enlisted as La Salle's private servant, and was known by the hopeful name of l'Espérance.

Because of the age and infirmities of Father Gabriel, he was given a place in the tiny canoe which was quickly loaded with the effects of the little party, chiefly guns and ammunition, on which they must depend for food supplies. Two of the stronger men poled the craft up stream while the others walked along the banks.

It was the eighteenth of September, 1680, when they left the pleasant, fertile valley of the Illinois for the uncertain dangers of the northern woods. The first day out a fresh misfortune overtook them. The canoe leaked so badly as to threaten to sink; it was brought to shore and all hands set to work at repairs—all but Father Gabriel, who, wearied of his cramped posture in the little craft, turned aside into the meadows to rest his limbs and perform his pious offices of prayer and reading his breviary. Tonty warned him not to go far, because of the bands of hostile Indians still prowling about. Night came on and the good father was not to be seen. All the party searched for him until darkness fell; then they built a great fire on the river bank for a beacon, and repeatedly shot their guns to attract his attention, but all in vain. The next morning they followed his trail in the prairie grass until it was intersected by other trails, and Tonty sorrowfully concluded that the old man had fallen a victim to his indiscretion, and had been killed or captured by a war party. Such indeed proved to be the fact, not known to our wanderers for months later, when the body of the aged father was found in a sink hole, where it had been hidden after the savages had crushed his head with a war-club.

Presaging their own fate if they tarried, Tonty returned to the riverside and, vainly hoping they might yet overtake the lost father, pushed on up the river towards the lake.

The second day they reached the fork where the Kankakee and Des Plaines unite to form the Illinois. The previous autumn they had come down the former, but Tonty now decided to ascend the latter as the nearer way to Green Bay and white men. Within a few days they reached the lake, their supplies consisting mostly of what they could grub up from the earth. "We supported this remnant of languishing life," writes Membré, "by the potatoes and garlic and other roots that we found by scraping the ground with our fingers." So severe were their hardships that Membré consoled himself for the loss of Father Gabriel by reflecting that he "would not have been able to support the hardships we had to go through."[8]

At last the Chicago portage was reached and the welcome sound was heard of the waters of Lake Michigan lapping on the shore. Once again the canoe was repaired, launched upon the waves of the lake, and its bow turned northward. Slowly they crept their way along the shore, landing often to seek provisions, to rest from paddling, and to recruit their waning strength. Membré was the only person in the party, except young l'Espérance, who had the year before coasted this western shore, Tonty having voyaged along the eastern coast and the others having come the same way at a later time. From time to time Membré recognized some landmark, and encouraged his companions with the hope of meeting friendly Potawatomi Indians somewhere along the banks. Milwaukee River was reached and passed. Now the bluffs became higher, and the waves, raised by autumn winds, more rude. Their frail bark was tossed about, and finally on All Saints' Day (November 1) was completely wrecked on the edge of the hardwood forest which extended to the tops of the cliffs.

[8] Margry, ii, 122-124. The wild potato was undoubtedly the same root as the wappato so graphically described by the Lewis and Clark expedition. The prairies of the Des Plaines and the Chicago River early abounded in wild onions, which Membré calls "garlic."

The pious Frenchmen must have felt that all their saints had abandoned them, when they found themselves alone on a forbidding shore, many miles from human habitation. The weather now became extremely cold, snow fell, and the ice in the marshes cut their bare feet and legs. Father Membré, who until now had preserved Father Gabriel's cloak as a sacred relic, sacrificed sentiment to necessity, cut up the heavy cloth, and made shoes and leggings for all the party. Tonty himself was far from well, the effects of the wound he had received at the Iroquois camp causing a constant fever and swelling of the limbs. In the inhospitable forest in which they found themselves there was no sign of food except acorns and wild onions. At last one day a deer bounded before their vision, which a well-aimed shot brought down. They were now able to refresh and strengthen themselves, and once more to set forth northward towards the Potawatomi village which Membré remembered lay upon this western shore. They had no compass, and were forced to direct their path by the sun and by the moss on the bark of the trees. "Frequently," says Membré, "we got lost, and found ourselves in the evening where we had started in the morning"—a common experience of most men lost in the woods.

Soon after the wreck of their canoe a new misfortune befell them. Sieur de Boisrondet, next to Tonty the ablest man of the group, in some way became completely separated from his companions and they mourned him as lost. Still they stumbled onward, impelled by the desire for self-preservation that is instinctive in every heart.

It is impossible to follow in detail this difficult retreat through the forests that then lined the shore from the Milwaukee River northward to Green Bay. Trails there were through this region made by countless generations of moccasined Indians, and here and there along the shore

were permanent Indian villages. One such seems to have been located at or near the present site of Manitowoc.[9]

The large village of the Potawatomi which Membré was seeking lay farther north, and was probably the one whose existence at Kewaunee is attested by numerous remains.[10] From the point where the canoe was wrecked it must have been more than eighty miles in a straight line to this latter village. With the circuitous and uncertain route the poor fugitives took, the distance doubtless became well over a hundred miles. For eleven days they wandered on, ever pressing northward, ever seeking for some sign of human habitation. Finally on St. Martin's Day (November 11) they fell upon a clearly marked trail leading lakeward. Joyfully they revived their sinking courage, and hurried onward until the sound of breaking waves warned them that the coast was near. There stood the clustered bark huts of the Indian village; but alas, no smoke issued from the orifice at the top of each. No sound broke the stillness, no dog barked, and no answering shout came to their calls of greeting. The village was utterly deserted, as all Indian villages were in winter, when their inhabitants scattered in small groups through the woods for the winter hunting.

Here, however, were former human dwellings, here were shelter and firewood, here were to be found remnants of food, which the famished men quickly seized. A few days of recruiting brought back their courage and the resourcefulness which civilized men usually display in desperate circumstances. A good canoe lay upon the beach, and Tonty soon began to plan to obtain enough provisions to sustain the party on a voyage to Mackinac. By gleaning in the Indian cornfields the party obtained "hardly as much as two handfuls of Indian corn a day and some frozen

[9] Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 345.
[10] *Ibid.*, 294, 344.

gourds, which we piled up in a cabin at the water's side."[11] Slowly this little store of food grew, and furnished a basis for a hopeful voyage. Then one day, while the entire band was away in the fields, the Sieur de Boisrondet stumbled into the village. Ten days he had been alone, separated from his comrades, who mourned him as dead. He had with him a gun and powder, but no balls nor flint. A small tin cup served as a resource; making a hot fire by friction methods, Boisrondet melted his cup into fragments, fired his powder with a glowing coal, and succeeded in killing one or more of a flock of wild turkeys, which preserved his life until he, too, found the trail to the Potawatomi village. In the absence of his comrades he supposed that the store of food was saved for him, and he made great havoc with the small supply. Finally, when Tonty and his men returned after three days' fruitless searching for added supplies, they were much surprised to find their lost comrade. "We had much pleasure in seeing him," wrote the urbane Tonty, "and much regret to see our provisions partly consumed."

The loss of their small store of food made the voyage to Mackinac impracticable. Nothing now remained but to find their way as best they might to some winter camps of Indians, where they might be cared for. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted, the winter woods were forbiddingly silent, their ebbing strength warned them of their danger. Tonty ordered a further retreat. They thereupon embarked in their canoe, but after a short sail found that they were being carried by the wind out into the lake; they thereupon landed and were rejoiced to discover a trail which appeared to be recent. It was in fact the road by which the Potawatomi had gone to the Sturgeon Bay portage when they set out for their winter hunt. Doggedly the

[11] Kellogg, 295. The word hercin translated "wilds" is in the French *deserts*, which means a clearing for planting; and the word translated "gourds" is in French *citronelles*, which is the word for the summer squash grown by the Indians in their fields.

fugitives plodded on, carrying their canoe and the few goods left to them, until they came to the portage path.[12] This they followed to Sturgeon Bay, when embarking once more they soon found a small cluster of cabins, but no Indians. There were, however, signs of recent occupation, and the little party of white men pressed on with renewed hope. But again fortune turned an unfavorable face to their affairs. Somewhere along the shore of Sturgeon Bay, about fifteen miles from the last village, they were windbound for a week. Here they consumed the last of their scanty supply of provisions and could find no more to eat in the frozen forest. They consulted together and "despairing of being able to come up with the savages, every one asked to return to the village, since there was wood there, so that we might die warm. The wind lulling we embarked," writes their intrepid leader, "and set off. On entering Sturgeon's Creek we saw a fire and went to it. It was made by savages who had just gone away." Now they at least temporarily were warmed, but not fed. Again their thought was to seek the village, in the hope that the Indians had returned thither; but the creek froze over in the night and they could not push the canoe farther. One of the men fell ill from extreme hunger and from having attempted to eat some boiled leather at the evening camp. They had come to the end of their resources and of their courage. Hope seemed almost expiring. They had endured and suffered, only to perish of cold and starvation at the very end of the long trail. The retreat had failed. Better would it have been to have remained in the Illinois valley, and to have perished, like Father Gabriel, by the quick if merciless war-club of the savages. "None of us could stand for weakness; we were all like skeletons," wrote Father Membré of their last camp on Sturgeon Creek. Crouched around a

[12] Marquette, who had traversed this portage in the opposite direction six years earlier, reported that "the road by land from Sturgeon Bay is very difficult." Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 263.

tiny fire in theWisconsin woods, they awaited apathetically the seemingly destined end. Tonty, who was himself ill, attempted once more to revive their failing courage, and to urge them to a final effort. Suddenly through the silent forest appeared two dark but friendly human forms; they were Ottawa hunters searching for game and finding instead a group of starving men. Kindness and solicitude beamed from their faces; they had heard of La Salle, and were glad to succor his comrades. With gentle efforts they assisted the starving white men to the near-by Potawatomi camp. Here they found some French wood rangers, and the great Potawatomi chieftain who had sworn allegiance to La Salle, and was accustomed to say that he knew only three great captains—La Salle, the Count de Frontenac, and himself.

Onanghissé, for so he was called, and his band received the fugitives with great cordiality. With deft skill the Indian women thawed the frozen limbs, staunched Tonty's wound, and slowly fed the starving men, until their strength was recruited. After some days Membré went with a party of Indians to the Jesuit house at De Pere. Tonty, however, was too ill and weak to travel, and remained with the hospitable Potawatomi throughout the winter and spring. Thirty-four days their retreat had lasted, during which "they had suffered all that could be suffered from hunger without dying."[13] Having been rescued from death in the forests, Tonty was eager to have news of his chief, who he learned from the Indians was not dead, but had returned and was searching for him amid the devastations of the Illinois valley. It was early summer before they finally met at Mackinac and related to one another the adventures each had encountered since their parting seventeen months earlier.

[13] Margry, ii, 144.

La Salle and Tonty were to spend many more months in collaborating for their great project—the exploration and opening of the Mississippi Valley for civilization. And Tonty was to snatch the torch of civilization from the dead hand of La Salle when he perished ignominiously in the dim recesses of distant Texas, by the hands of his own men. Tonty, the loyal friend, the stanch lieutenant, and the courageous explorer, succeeded where La Salle had failed. It was he who built the first posts in the Mississippi Valley, he who commanded the respect and reverence of the tribesmen and the unalterable allegiance of his own men. Tonty not only carried on La Salle's plans, but he improved on the projects of the latter; he conciliated and unified the missionary efforts of Recollect, Jesuit, and Seminary priests and became not only the most influential but the best loved of western commanders.

From his rocky eyrie on the Illinois River, where he built Fort St. Louis and where for nearly a score of years he maintained an outpost of civilization in the heart of the Mississippi Valley, he could look out upon the prairie where he met the Iroquois and whence he retreated for so many weary days through the forests of Wisconsin. No doubt there often came to him there the pleasant thrill of memory which recalls hardships endured and dangers surmounted, and he remembered with gratitude the winter camp on Sturgeon Bay, where he recruited after his Anabasis of 1680 through the Wisconsin woods.[14]

[14] The two chief sources for this paper are Tonty's narrative, translated in Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 291-296, and that of Membré translated in Cox, *Journeys*, i, 112-131. Incidental references appear in La Salle's letters and accounts. Boisrondet and Membré both accompanied La Salle and Tonty on their voyage in 1682 to the mouth of the Mississippi. This article is intended as a supplement of Parkman's *La Salle*, Chapter XVI, in order to illustrate some features of Tonty's character, and to develop the details of the Wisconsin portion of the narrative.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN WISCONSIN

W. A. Titus

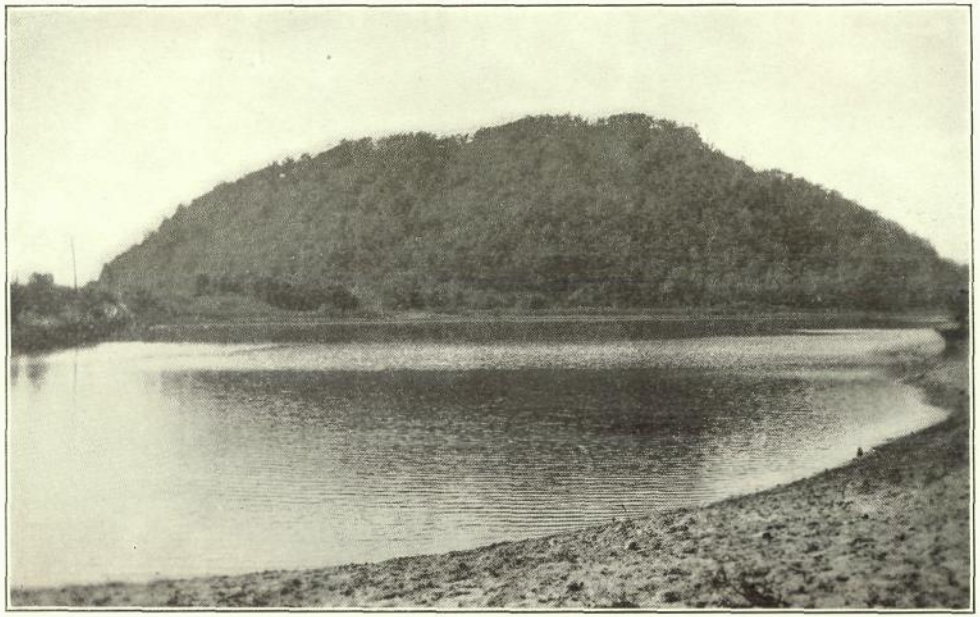
TREMPEALEAU: A FRENCH OUTPOST OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND A STATE PARK OF TODAY

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.
J. G. Percival

Few points on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi River are mentioned more frequently in the annals of New France than is Trempealeau Mountain. It attracted the attention of the early explorers because of its height and symmetry, and because it seemed to rise out of the low fogs and mists so prevalent in the river bottom. Its altitude is approximately five hundred feet, and in the seventeenth century it was almost or quite surrounded by the waters and backwaters of the Great River and its bayous. Its Indian name, as well as the French adaptation which still clings to it, are sufficient indices of its topographical location.

Mere scenic features, however, could not have given this spot its unique distinction. The great gorge of the Upper Mississippi is a succession of bluffs and buttes, of cliffs and crags, from Red Wing to Dubuque. Some of these peaks and promontories are beautifully interwoven in the Indian legends, and some are vaguely associated with historic events; but Trempealeau Mountain stands out in early Wisconsin history wholly divorced from the doubt and perplexity that is so annoying in fixing most other historic spots of the French régime in Wisconsin. It is the only site of a French fort in Wisconsin the exact location of which is positively known.

In the autumn of 1685, only twelve years after the discovery of the Mississippi, Nicolas Perrot journeyed from



TREMPEALEAU MOUNTAIN, PERROT STATE PARK

Green Bay over the well-known Fox-Wisconsin waterway to that river, bent on exploration and the acquisition of furs. Under the most favorable circumstances considerable time was required to thread the intricate channels of the two streams and come to the broad reaches of the Father of Waters. The days were growing short and the nights long and cold, but the intrepid French leader pushed his canoes northward against the mighty current, until he came to the mountain of the mists. Here the warning of the weather became unmistakable, and Perrot resolved to build a "fort," or trading post, at the base of Trempealeau Mountain. Its location, open to attack from the adjacent higher ground, indicates that it was built more for shelter and for barter with the natives, than for strategic military purposes. To the westward and northwestward of the Mississippi were the fierce Sioux tribes, but it does not appear that they were especially hostile to the traders at this time. It is more than likely that these savages welcomed a convenient market for their winter's catch of peltries.

From excavations on this site within the last fifty years, it is probable that a very complete and comfortable post was erected. Like all permanent posts in the wilderness, it was probably surrounded by palings or palisades to guard against surprise. Remains of fireplaces and a forge have been found within the enclosure, and there are evidences that the explorers attempted in a crude way to smelt iron. Here, during the winter of 1685-1686, Perrot maintained his base, while his traders penetrated the hitherto unknown wilderness to the northwest. In the spring of 1686 he moved up the river and established another and probably more pretentious post on the Wisconsin shore of Lake Pepin. This site was not far from the present village of Pepin, although the exact location is unknown. This second post was christened St. Antoine. It must not be inferred

that Perrot's original post at Trempealeau Mountain was entirely abandoned when St. Antoine was built. There are evidences that the Trempealeau base was maintained for several years thereafter, and rehabilitated forty or forty-five years later by Linctot.

Because of the emphasis placed on the explorations of Nicolet, Marquette, Hennepin, and La Salle in the records of the ecclesiastical orders (which in many cases were the only records preserved), it is doubtful if the work of Perrot as an explorer has ever been fully appreciated. From the time he is first mentioned as a youthful leader among the *coureurs de bois*, his career as interpreter, commandant of the trans-lake region, explorer, and discoverer forms an interesting link in the story of the French occupation. To him is ascribed the discovery of the lead mines in the Dubuque region which a century and a quarter later played so important a part in the settlement of southwestern Wisconsin.

At Fort St. Antoine, on May 8, 1689, Perrot took formal possession of the whole Northwest in the name of his royal master, the king of France. He continued as commandant of the West until 1699, during which period he several times made the long canoe journey between the Mississippi and Montreal. We hear little of him after 1701, although he wrote his interesting memoirs probably after this date. His last years were spent in comparative obscurity and poverty in Montreal. The most interesting as well as the oldest relic of the French period in Wisconsin history is a silver ostensorium, now in the State Historical Museum, which was unearthed on the site of the old St. Francis Xavier Mission at De Pere in 1802. The inscription on the base states that it was presented to the St. Francis Xavier Mission by Nicolas Perrot in 1686.

New interest was added to the Perrot post at Trempealeau Mountain when, in 1886-1887, its ruins were uncovered,

first by a pick and shovel crew engaged in railroad grading, and later and more carefully by antiquarians. Among the evidences uncovered were several fireplaces, a blacksmith's forge, a crude smelting furnace with its iron, limestone flux, and slag, as well as a pistol and other small articles of the period of the seventeenth century. The outlines of a building were revealed, apparently the main enclosure, and there were indications of smaller outbuildings.

Perrot Park, with an area of nine hundred and ten acres, is now a part of the public park system of Wisconsin, undeveloped as yet, but striking in its natural beauty. Besides the historic Trempealeau Mountain, so frequently mentioned in the reports of the French explorers, Castle Rock, Liberty Peak, and other cliffs, valleys, and glens are included within the park area. Combining as it does unusual historic and scenic features, it is and should be one of the most popular of our state playgrounds. It is unfortunate that not even a good wagon trail leads through the park at the present time. The grounds should be made more accessible, and the cost of this improvement need not be great.

Too much credit cannot be given to public-spirited men and women who make possible the acquisition and preservation of the historic spots of Wisconsin. This sketch would be incomplete if it failed to state that Perrot Park was purchased by John A. Latsch, of Winona, Minnesota, and donated by him to the state of Wisconsin as a memorial to his father. With a modesty that makes it all the more incumbent upon the people of Wisconsin to remember the generous donor, Mr. Latsch stipulated that his family name should not in any way be incorporated with the designation of the park.

For two hundred and fifty years since the time of Hennepin and Perrot, the waters of the Mississippi have washed

the base of Trempealeau Mountain. The lands of Perrot Park have been successively under the sway of the three greatest nations of the modern world. The wilderness has yielded to the ax and the plow, and today there is peace, prosperity, and industry where then was heard only the swish of the swiftly flowing river, or the war whoop of the savage dwellers in the forests. Whether the debt be due to the French, to the English, to the pioneer American settlers, or in part to all of them, it must be remembered that it was their toil, their sacrifice, and their industry that made the Mississippi Valley what it is today.

A CHIPPEWA GOOD SAMARITAN

OSBORN STRAHL

Before settling in the St. Croix valley in 1850, I had spent several years in the wilds of interior Wisconsin about the famous lumbering streams, coming from Ohio in 1845.

It was in "border times," before the introduction of civil law, when the Winnebago, the Menominee, the Chippewa, and fierce lawless whites often came in contact and made life hideous for any timid fellow. At that time a lumberman on these streams had but primitive ways of prosecuting his business, and he encountered many a difficulty, many a disappointment, many a hazard, and many an escape for the dollars he sought; aye, and there was many a doom, too, for the wild waters laugh at the puny strife of man.

Then the raft, the bark canoe, the skiff, and human locomotion in summer, and the ice sledge in winter, were the only commercial facilities of travel. It was all hard work and no mistake, but men like the wild woods, the wild waters, the wilderness solitudes, and the hilarity and freedom of camp life. I can remember many a night spent on the ground, rolled in a blanket, miles away from companions, and the delight of running the rapids and falls with our rafts; for dangerous as it was, we fellows liked it—yes, any man who was half a man took delight in it.

On the Chippewa River at the main falls, where the city of Chippewa Falls now stands, the government built a sawmill in the early days to make lumber for building forts along the Mississippi River, especially at Prairie du Chien. Afterwards the property fell into private hands. In about 1845 H. S. Allen, styled "King of the Chippewa," on account of boom privileges and assumption of arbitrary power, was as chief owner of those old mills in great power on the Chippewa, and woe was the malediction meted out to all intruders unless they paid him tribute in some way.

Northern and interior Wisconsin at that time was unsettled, and there was no mode of reaching these lumber regions except by way of the Mississippi River. Steamboats came up perhaps once a week from St. Louis to bring supplies to the little settlements lying along the river, to the forts, and to the lumbermen. There was no place above Galena, Illinois, old enough to furnish any supplies; all were purchasers. Pork, beans, tobacco, molasses, tea, and whisky, red and blue shirts, and stogy boots for the men, corn meal for the oxen, with a few chains, axes, and saws, filled the bill of imports. If anything more was wanted there was ingenuity enough to make it out of the indigenous buckskin.

St. Paul and Stillwater were hamlets of about five hundred each; La Crosse was lifting its first gables above the sand drifts; Minnesota was not organized as a territory. Galena was a wealthy place and headquarters for lumbermen's supplies, so thither men found their way who wanted to go to the pinery for a winter's work. Money was scarce, and many young fellows were glad to hire out to a lumber "boss" and get free passage to the pineries even if they had to "rough it" on deck with cattle and darkies.

So under these favorable auspices eight or ten of us, with as many oxen for companions, got aboard a boat bound for the Chippewa River. We arrived at the mouth of the river just at evening and were put ashore, the men in a yawl and the cattle by dumping them into the water and swimming them ashore. We lay right there for the night and found out by morning much about ourselves as an organization, not developed before. Some were novices in the modes here practiced, some were mustered-out Mexican soldiers, and some were veterans not to be scared by an owl; some of one nationality and some of another; some gay, some grave, a mixed company. Some passed the night in serenest slumber, some in dire apprehension, to whom the rippling waters of Lake Pepin were construed as the dialect of savages; all, however, survived and in three days reached the Chippewa Falls and "King Allen."

Very few loggers made both ends meet operating above Allen's boom; he dictated prices on both sides—thus and so I

charge for supplies and thus and so I pay you for logs. Mr. Allen's house was then the only dwelling at the Falls; there were a boarding house and a store near the mill, and half a dozen shanties on the opposite side of the river belonging to half-breeds (Mrs. Allen's relatives—the Luzons) who though half Indian were in their way dignified, worthy people.

The mills here were of the old-fashioned kind—two up-and-down saws, that was all. Every man employed was fed and some had a bunk to sleep in, but no bedding was furnished—this a fellow discovered soon after starting in. The store, however, had blankets to sell as well as whisky, and any good fellow could buy according to the amount of work he did, and especially did he who drank the most whisky elicit the most admiration.

It is midwinter and logging is in full blast; two or more pair of oxen are hitched to a single bob (it is a smasher) and fetch in a whole tree every time, and often two. With a derrick and blocks the butt of the tree is raised upon the mammoth sled, and away it goes to the logway. The teamsters get up at four in the morning, feed the oxen, and start the kitchen fire; breakfast is over before daylight, for they must be ready for work by the time it is light. And not a cent of money did we get until the lumber was sold in the spring, and not always then.

So some of us who believed that air, navigation, and pine were free decided to go in for ourselves and get out shingles and square timber, intending to carry the shingles on our rafts of timber to be floated down the river in the spring.

I had never seen a pine tree until I came to Wisconsin—the tree of trees, in beauty and grandeur and usefulness; I still love it, and hanker after a home and a chance to stay under the celestial sheen of its lovely drapery. I imagine that when Paradise was handed over to Adam and Eve, all beautified with plant and tree and flower, its environs must have been adorned with pine trees.

To go on with my story: We established our camp above "Jim's Falls"—I think since called "Vermillion Falls"—a very dangerous rapids that had never been run by rafts and we were running a great risk, but even the risk seemed to allure us. With two or three pairs of big, strong pinery oxen hitched to a

mammoth bobsled we hauled the giant trees to the river bank to be made into rafts. The logs were stoutly fastened together with spring poles so as to allow considerable play and bending as we rode the waves. We had large, heavy oars at each end of the raft and three men at each oar, and the men had to be as quick and vigorous as possible.

The perpendicular falls was at the foot of the rapids, a ledge extending straight across the river like a dam ten or twelve feet high and obstructed by rocks on either side, save one place or chute just wide enough for the raft, and one must make the right spot, for the force was terrific. Then when one does shoot the rapids one goes under furiously, but if one hangs on tight one comes to the surface again.

It was a beautiful day in May when we started that first raft, and hopes and anticipations ran high as we glided out into the beautiful Chippewa. The lovely morning, beautiful surroundings, and anticipated meetings at home after a solitary winter's sojourn away up here in the pines seemed to inspire every one, and Norman broke forth in his rapture and sang an old pathetic song. As it seemed to murmur away in the deep pine forest and die in its solitudes, we could hear the ominous roar of the falls and all vocal demonstration was hushed in token of the dreadful peril of this first attempt at running the fearful cascades. Commencing gradually three-quarters of a mile above the falls, the current gets swifter and swifter as the increasing inclination accelerates the velocity, and there are a hundred side currents to draw one onto the innumerable rocks both above and below the water. Nothing but cool vigilance and plenty of muscle will avail here on this mad run. There is no time for reflection; he that uses most promptly his powers and faculties does more honor to the Giver than the quivering knee and suppliant lip. Norman was up against one of the sharp corners of life. He stepped into an opening in the raft caused by a big swell, and went under out of sight, to eternity we all believed, for the raft was making twenty knots velocity. But he kept up, and his head popped up in the same crack which opened again at the next big wave, and we had him on board in a twinkling, not much the worse for his ducking.

Three times we shot the rapids with our rafts and barely escaped with our lives, but the third time our raft was banged about amongst the rocks and crushed to pieces, and we men clung to a point of rock that stood a foot or two above the water. For half a day or more we waited there, feeling sure there was no help for us, when an Indian in his bark canoe made his appearance on the wild waters above us, dropping from rock to rock until our location was reached; and skipping across the mad waters from the eddy of one rock to another, with a dexterity only attainable by these savages that we assume to despise, he put us one at a time on shore.

As I stood on safe land again looking back at the perilous situation, one could not blame me for a fervent emotion of thankfulness, enduring as life; the despised Indian got the better of me here in rendering invaluable service for a multitude of hates. A tiny drop from Heaven, perhaps, touched his heart. May the recollection of his favor ever soften and mitigate the rancor of my thoughts toward him and his kindred.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS AND DIARY OF JOH. FR. DIEDERICHS

TRANSLATED BY EMIL BAENSCH

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 3, 1848.

In my letter from New York, which I hope is now in your possession, you will have noted that, by God's favor, we arrived there sound and happy; and after a few days' rest, at seven o'clock in the evening of Monday, October 18, we journeyed by steamboat to Albany, where we arrived safely at three o'clock in the morning. I had arranged with Wolf and Rischmueller in New York for the journey to Buffalo (my wife, Fred, and I for 3, Carl, Auguste, and Maria for 1½, total 4½ persons) at 6 dollars per person, baggage free, but furnishing our own meals, which I advise every immigrant to do. Only one must guard against dealing with any others in New York than the gentlemen named, for there are a number of other agents who attempt either to cheat the people brazenly or to deceive them by false representations. When these sharpers say that it is much cheaper to ride on the canal from Albany to Buffalo, they are perfectly right; but that the freight for goods on these canal boats is shamelessly high—of that they say not a word. I have met persons who had to pay 25 to 50 dollars for transporting their goods over this stretch. The foreigners may also be told, "At Albany you'll get on the railroad," and when they present their tickets, printed in English, which they cannot read, they are told, "It's not good," and then the poor, defrauded ones must take to the canal boat, ride 10 to 14 days (with good meals, however), and pay for their baggage whatever may be demanded. By railway one reaches Buffalo in 1½ days; this may serve as a hint to those who follow me. From New York to Albany it is 145 miles, and from there to Buffalo 298 miles. (Where I mention miles you must always read them as English miles, of which three equal an hour.)

At noon of Tuesday, the 19th of October, we started on the train, and this was our first real opportunity to view the country.

I must admit that at first it did not make a very favorable impression on me, for it was hilly and bare, but after we passed Schenectady the whole assumed a different aspect—the finest farms with log houses in fertile valleys and on hills, alternating with woods and open fields, and we passed many a pretty country town on our journey, such as Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester. But when you picture a railroad you must not think of a German one. Durability, carefulness, and elegance in these matters are unknown to the American, and I believe that for the money the Elberfeld-Duesseldorf Railway has cost he would build one from Elberfeld to Berlin. It matters not to him whether the rails are of iron or wood, nor whether they are laid even and accurately; that is proved by the terrible bumping and shaking we had to endure. America is a land coursed by innumerable streams, rivers, and lakes, and one can readily see what it will become when once it is populated and built up. The railway often passes over these, but that is no puzzle to the American. All bridges are built of wood, without railing, without planks; heavy piles are rammed into the water, and crossbeams placed thereon; and then the rails of iron or wood are laid, and the road is ready. Once we rode over such a bridge crossing an inland lake several miles wide. In Syracuse, where an axle had broken in the middle of the night, I stepped out on the projection which is found at every car door, in order to inquire as to the cause of the long stop, and was requested by a passing conductor not to alight because I might easily fall into the water. And the man spoke only too truly. Although the night was pitch dark, I found, on more careful investigation, that we were on one of the bridges above described, spanning a broad, deep stream, and if I had taken only a step forward I should have fallen through the beams of the bridge into the water and been irretrievably lost. In the forepart of the train, where the axle was broken, there was hammering and working, and soon we were on the way again. But that's the American of it; a human life is worth little to him. The next evening we arrived safely at Buffalo, having had the pleasure to note that at the Rochester depot were being sold Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, Kummacher's *Elias*, Bibles, etc., the *Elias* for 50 cents, or 21¾ *Groschen*.

At Buffalo we looked for a steamboat to Milwaukee, and again I arranged for the 4½ persons, at 4 dollars, furnishing our own meals, which, however, are not very expensive, for as a rule they consist of bread, cheese, and water from Lake Michigan. On this trip, which is usually made in 5 or 6 days, we spent 11 days, and I must designate this as the hardest and most dangerous part of our journey from Europe, on the one hand because we felt ourselves wholly in the hands of the careless American, and on the other hand because Lake Michigan is in constant unrest and agitation. Several weeks ago a steamboat was destroyed by fire near Sheboygan, due to the carelessness of a machinist who had become drunk at Manitowoc, and 250 poor immigrants were sacrificed and only 44 were saved.[1] One can imagine the sad plight of these people, suffering this horrible death within sight of Sheboygan, where most of them intended to land and expected to find the end of their hard and troublesome journey. In Washington [Port Washington] I met a young man whose father, mother, 2 brothers, 2 sisters, and 2 sisters-in-law had lost their lives in the fire, and only he and his wife and child were saved, with nothing but the clothes on their bodies.

The hand of our faithful God brought us safely into Milwaukee at 2 o'clock in the morning, and after we had come into possession of all our baggage, which was not until noon, we bade a sad farewell to our dear John (the Christian sailor who came with us from Bremen), to Wink, who has decided to go to Chicago, and to Candidate Brauer, who intends to go to St. Louis by way of Chicago. We had made the great journey together, had come to know one another well, had shared joy and sorrow, and hence the separation was painful, my wife being unable to restrain her tears. I consoled her as well as I could, told her we would soon meet new friends, would find Kohl and Flertzheim, and promised to look them up as soon as we had had our meal. I did this, and first found Flertzheim, whose joy upon my entering his room was overflowing, and whose wife, if I had not protested, would at once have gone for my family, although she had not yet inquired where we were quartered. She wanted us all to drink coffee with them,

[1] Referring to the *Phoenix* disaster described in this number. See p. 281, *ante*.

and when I told her that since we left Bremen my wife had drunk none and could not drink the American coffee, she promised to make a genuine German, Elberfelder coffee which we would surely like. I now brought my family, and my wife feasted royally. Since the American only half roasts the coffee, it takes considerable time to get used to it. After the coffee we went together to see Kohl, and arrived just as his wife was telling a neighbor that Schrey and Diederichs might be expected any moment. How great was the pleasure of our meeting again I need not tell you, and during our entire stay in Milwaukee the two families vied with each other to show us their love and friendship. Both of them are prospering, and neither has any desire to return to Europe again.

Since I wanted to go out from here looking for land, I rented a room the next day for one month at 3 dollars (a cheaper one, where we could store our boxes, was not to be had); and since we live with a German butcher my wife can get all the fat she needs and even more, to store up for future use. Usually we have *Panas*[2] with our coffee in the morning, vegetables at noon, and coffee in the evening. Occasionally we alternate at noon with meat, which is very cheap here. Beef is 3 or 4 cents per pound, pork 4 to 5 cents (a cent equals 5 *Pfennige*), a barrel of wheat flour, first quality, 196 pounds, 8¾ dollars, or 1½ cents per pound (7½ *Pfennige*), and potatoes, which, by the way, are sometimes very poor, 3 shilling or 5 silver *Groschen* per bushel (about ¾ *Scheffel*). I bought a stove for 15½ dollars and must admit that one can't imagine anything more practical; there are 4 openings in it besides a bake-oven, wherein we bake our fine bread, and in addition we received, included in the above price, 2 iron pots, 3 iron pans, 2 tin pans for baking bread, 1 tin kettle holding 4 pails of water, 1 tin teakettle, 1 tin skimmer, and 1 dipper.

Thus far had we come with God's help, and our first anxiety was to obtain some land. In order that the poor also may find it possible to own land, the government allows every American citizen to claim 160 acres—that is, the government grants him a year's time to pay for it. One receives a certificate from the

[2] Or *Pan Haas*, a kind of meat and meal loaf.

General Land Office stating that he has claimed 160 acres according to law. Then he must live on the land, build a house, clear and sow, and a year later, on the day and hour, pay for it. But if this is not done the land is forfeited with all improvements made thereon. Then, too, any one who knows that the land has been claimed, and not bought, may go to the Land Office and cover the land; that is, he deposits 100 or 200 dollars for 80 or 160 acres, with a declaration that he desires the land if the claimant does not pay on the day and the hour; in that case the latter does not receive one cent for his labor, improvements, or expenses. Congress land—that is, such as may be bought from the government for 1¼ dollars per acre—was not to be had within 40 to 60 miles of Milwaukee, and what there was of it, in second and third hands, costs at least from ten to twenty dollars per acre. From this can be seen how one can speculate in lands, especially when they lie near large cities and when wealthy immigrants are arriving daily who buy these lands at any price named.

I had the pleasure of meeting my friend Schnaake and his wife, together with his friend Weihe, who have been here for three weeks (the same with whom we became acquainted on the boat at Minden), whom I was anxious to meet and who informed me that the Wesel friends also arrived here 2 days ago. I at once arranged a meeting, and met van den Bruck with wife and six daughters, of Wesel; Huesch with wife, two children, and mother-in-law, of Hörstgen; Pannebecker, of Hörstgen; Pflieps, of Mörs; Koopmann, of Hörstgen; Vosholl, servant of van den Bruck, of Ruhrort; Fuete with three sons and their wives, of Orsoy—all brethren in the Lord.

Since all of us intended to buy only Congress land and this was to be found at a great distance, we decided to leave the next day for van der Laeke [Fond du Lac?], 60 miles in the interior, where it is said good land is still to be had. We should have liked to settle together and for that purpose buy 16 eighties; but as we could not find so large a tract without some poor portions in it, we had to abandon our project—and, as I see it now, to our advantage. What good is there in the long run in possessing the finest land and being 6, 8, or 10 days' journey from market, the large cities and seaports, at the farmer's loss of time and money.

We had now traveled 10 days and on our tour had learned to know the American forest and the farm life. After we had rested several days, we started out again, and this time went 90 miles to Manitowoc on Lake Michigan, where some land was said to be obtainable. I must admit that I started on the trip in depressed spirits, but, regardless thereof, as well as of the fact that we often had to wade through mud up to our knees, we covered 30 miles daily; so that we arrived at Manitowoc on the third day. The next day we marched three miles farther, to the land office at Rapids, where we obtained a chart in order that we could go "into the Bush" the following day. After searching for several days we finally found some suitable land, 9 miles from Manitowoc, 7 miles from Rapids, and 20 to 22 miles from Sheboygan. It was decided to build a house on each 160 acres, the same to serve as a temporary residence, and later, when the land should be divided, to be used as a stable. For the time being we were quartered with our nearest neighbor, Hobecker, and started to work immediately —cut down trees for logs, carried them on our shoulders through the snow, which had fallen in the meantime, to the building site, and continued this work from Monday until Saturday, all week long.

If you, my dear ones, could have seen me—how I arose in the morning from my bed of cornstalks with a block of wood for a pillow, partook of half baked or half burnt, sour, dry bread and black coffee without sugar, for breakfast; at noon dry bread and black coffee again, with turnip soup, and the same in the evening —then, I am sure, you would have been nearer tears than laughter. But in these days of hard work, privations, and the overcoming of all disgust, I have found what strength and joyousness come from the knowledge that we are in the path of the Lord. . . . A Bushman having slaughtered a cow, we have for several days had meat twice daily.

After mutual consideration it was decided that Huesch, van den Bruck, and I, being married, should return to Milwaukee and bring the women and children, while the others remained in the "Bush" to build the houses.

We arrived in Milwaukee again after an absence of 21 days, and although my shoes were soaking wet nearly every day and

there were many disagreeable features about the trip, I escaped without a cold, and, indeed, without the least indisposition, and cheerfulness and courage have remained with me.

At first no driver in Milwaukee was willing to undertake the long journey at this season of the year, but finally one consented on the condition that two conveyances be hired, so that one could aid the other in case of need. At Manitowoc I had taken up 80 acres for Kohl, and, since he and his wife were ready to leave, we combined and each loaded a wagon. On account of severe frosts we had to delay our departure several days, and since on account of the bad roads two horses could haul no more than 1800 to 2000 pounds, in order that at least our wives and children might ride we had to hire a third team for 18 dollars; for the other two we paid 9 shillings per 100 pounds. The most necessary provisions we had to take with us from here, and accordingly bought 3 barrels of flour, a hog weighing 209 pounds, 2 bushels of white beans, rice, barley, etc. All articles that we could dispense with for the present we left in Milwaukee until spring, when the freight by boat will not cost many more shillings than it now costs dollars.

On January 9th we departed, in such cold weather that Kohl and I could not keep warm even by running, but our wives and children were fairly well protected by the mass of bedding in the wagons, especially since we had attached large wooden hoops to them and had spread bedclothes over these. At the start things went smoothly; we reached Washington [Port Washington] in the evening, and from there wended our way along Lake Michigan via Sheboygan. When we were two or three miles out we had a misfortune—one of the wagons, passing over a log that lay across the road, broke a bolt. There was nothing left to do but take a horse and hurry back to Washington to have a new one made; and since this accident would delay us several hours, the wagon with the women and children went on, and luckily reached Sheboygan before nightfall. After the repairs had been made we started forward in God's name, expecting to be in Sheboygan by seven or eight o'clock, but about six o'clock another mishap occurred. We were approaching a creek, and although it was dark we had to try crossing on the ice. Unfortunately the bank was a foot and a half high, and while the ice was able to hold the horses

and the front wheels, when the rear wheels came down suddenly and perpendicularly it was a greater weight than the ice could bear. . . . The rear part of the wagon fell into the water, and despite the efforts of the team and men we could not move it until we had put all four horses on the opposite shore and attached a rope to it, and then not until we had chopped the ice away from the wheels. The second wagon, which of course had to follow the same method, caused us more trouble, since the horses no longer pulled so hard, and this delayed us several hours. And now the road became indistinct in the sand, it was fiercely cold, and with no light but the starlight Kohl had to precede us to find the road, while I brought up the rear to see that nothing fell out of the wagons; and because the ropes with which the hogs had been tied were torn, it happened very often that they fell out and at least twenty times we had to put the creatures back on the carts. Notwithstanding that, I held fast to the rear; yet, on account of the darkness, I frequently fell over branches and logs, and many an Ebenezer stands there where I set it up in silence when I again stood safely on my legs. Indeed, if the hand of the Lord had not protected me, here in the "Bush" would have been my grave. At last, at last, we reached Sheboygan, at two o'clock in the night, and since we had had nothing to eat all day but a piece of bread, the meal prepared for us was truly relished. Our dear ones had retired, being very much exhausted, and consoled by the statement that we had taken the other road, by way of the Falls [Sheboygan Falls].

The next day we continued our journey, and since the drivers had to arrange it so as to reach an inn each day, we made but twenty miles that day and safely reached quarters in the evening. The following morning we started early and hoped to get into the "Bush" by noon. The wagon with the women and children was first, and it was lucky that it was covered with the bedclothes because, if they had seen the dangerous places they were to pass over, they surely would not have remained therein; as it was, there was great fear and clamor whenever the wagon tilted and threatened to topple over.

My boots were badly torn, so that I walked partly on my stockings, and therefore I took a seat with the driver while Kohl

found room in the wagon. No sooner had I taken my seat than we came to a place that seemed dangerous to me; but when I spoke of my fear to the driver, who was otherwise a competent, careful man, he opined that it would go all right. He urged on the horses, but the right side of the wagon was very low, the left side very high, and the rear was slipping on the hard, frozen ground. Suddenly the wagon turned over, so that everything was exactly upside down. Luckily for us the horses, usually lively, powerful animals, stood quietly in their places, and I recognize a proof of the protection of God, who has so mercifully preserved us to this hour. The driver, myself (we two sat on the driving seat), and Kohl picked ourselves up first and exerted all our strength to move the wagon partly on its side in order to make it possible to drag out one or more. First I took the youngest child of Kohl, then his wife, then my Carl, who was hysterical on account of his mother and sisters; then came my dear wife, and thereupon my Maria and Louise Kohl, so that, with the exception of my Fred and Auguste, all were now out. whether unhurt I could not know although all stood on their feet and outwardly showed no injury. But my two children were still missing! We did not know where to take hold to raise the wagon, fearing to hurt them, and our fear and anxiety were increased to the utmost when to our calls: "Fred! Auguste! Please answer!" not a sound came in response, while the shrieks and cries of my dear wife, and of Carl and Maria, rent the air. My sensations no pen can describe. Finally we raised the wagon high enough so that I could hear Auguste cry, whereupon I made my way under the wagon and first pulled out Fred and after that his sister, who was repeatedly crying, "Oh, dear father, Lord Jesus, the dear Lord Jesus, wants to take me to him already."

Now that we were all together again I could ask whether there were any injuries, sprains, etc. No, the Lord be praised, no! Aside from the fright, a bruised arm, and a bruised leg, all were sound and unhurt. If you now ask, my dear ones, how was this possible, I answer that according to human sense it was the mass of bedding, as well as the hoops on the wagon, that eased the fall; but my conviction is that it was God, the ever faithful God, who has stood by me in the innumerable labyrinths of my life, who

ordered my guardian angel to put his strong hand under our wagon, in order that no harm should come to us.

While the wagon was being put into as good order as possible, the women and children went on toward the five or six miles' distant settlement; none of them could be persuaded to ride. Finally we came to our dear friends, and most hearty were their welcome and joy when they saw us again. Schnaake and wife, Weihe and Pflieps, forming one household, Kohl and I, all live together in van den Bruck's house, which, 20 feet wide and 24 feet long, is otherwise extremely poor, for the flat roof lets in the rain, while to create a comfortable warmth 2 stoves are required, wood for which is of course not lacking.

In 8 to 14 days we expect to move into our own house, which, however, will be neatly furnished, warm, and dry, and which would have been ready by this time if it were not for the fact that I had to saw part of the boards myself, not having the money to buy them ready-made. This house will be 700 steps from our present residence, and *vis à vis* to Weihe's, which will make it doubly pleasant for us. Huesch bought a farm of 80 acres 18 miles from Milwaukee, with a poor log house, 25 acres cleared—15 thereof sown with wheat,—also 2 old horses, 6 young hogs, and 20 chickens, all for $960, and van den Bruck bought 20 acres three miles from Milwaukee for $400, which, however, is wild land, without a house or other improvements. Our plan for all of us to stay together is thus shattered, since the families of the two men mentioned could not bring themselves to undertake the long, toilsome journey into the interior, but both of them, when they recently visited us for the settlement of our accounts, expressed their regrets that they were not with us, especially van den Bruck, who cannot possibly support his family on the 20 acres he purchased. Of course the value of their lands will double by next year, and by reason of the nearness to Milwaukee they will have a good demand for their products, but for the money they paid out they might have obtained ten times as much land here, which must also be considered.

And now, my dear ones, I am a farmer, have eighty acres or 128 Prussian *Morgens* of land, and livestock consisting of a dog and a cat. A sturdy peasant—eh? The dog is indispensable on

account of the cattle, the cat on account of the mice, which are numerous in the woods. I have fine, rolling land, sloping toward the morning sun, with trees slender and tall, such as oaks of three varieties, sugar or maple, beech, elm, ash, walnut trees, plum trees, etc. Indeed, if I could do as I wished, I should forthwith give you a present of 15,000 to 20,000 dollars; for Pflieps, who is a carpenter, tells me that if any one would pay me $30,000 for my lumber laid down in Elberfeld, he would have a splendid bargain. You may ask what we do with it. Into the fire with the soundest, finest trees, three or four feet in diameter! Into the fire with them if we do not happen to need them for fences or some other purpose. Through the middle of my property flows a little creek, about the size of the Lohrmuehler Creek near Neviges, giving me a layout for the finest pastures. In short, my land is so pretty and its location is so excellent that all my friends insist, and I myself admit, that the best portion fell to me, and although Pflieps offered me $25 if I would trade with him, I will not do so but will keep what the Lord has allotted to me.

When once I have my land secure, then I shall work my way through all right. But how the money goes you may learn from the following: Just now I need a barrel of flour and cannot buy one for less than $7; then I still need four hundred feet of boards, which I must buy, for I cannot afford to saw them myself, since I dare not lose an hour from clearing the land and preparing it for seeding. The more I have for planting and seeding the more shall I have at harvest. I must have potatoes to plant, wheat, oats, and corn to sow, and must have some to live on until harvest. Whatever, therefore, is not absolutely necessary, must be deferred and done without. Hence I dare not think of cows and oxen, necessary and profitable though they would be. But I am sure that if I clear and partly plant from six to eight of my eighty acres by summer, I could easily get from four to five hundred dollars from the same. Then I could pay for the land and have three or four hundred dollars left. But I am heartily tired of roving about and long for rest. If it is the Lord's will, I shall die here, and I hope that such will be His will.

Farms which are well situated and whereon enough has been cleared and planted to support a family are very rapidly rising in

price, for during the summer immigrants who have money are arriving nearly every day, and would rather buy a farm than settle on Congress land in the midst of the woods. I venture to say that since there is no Congress land available in or near Milwaukee, the trend of immigration will be toward this place and Sheboygan. This is advantageous to us, for it increases the value of our land and makes it easier to sell our produce.

Follow me now, my dear ones, in my daily work, as it has thus far appeared, and let me lead you into our family life and present to you a picture of our activities and contentment.

Not counting small injuries to our hands, caused by the hard work and rigorous cold, we are all well and happy, for which we cannot sufficiently thank our dear Lord. We arise at daybreak in the morning, about six or half past six, read the Word of God together, and drink coffee, with milk—no, no! Milk? A farmer such as I am does not yet have that, but, as head of the family, I have sugar, which is very cheap here, and probably next year will cost us nothing, for then we can tap it ourselves. With the coffee we have very good bread. With butter perhaps? Where there is no milk there can be no butter, and we should have to be satisfied with dry bread if mother had not saved some bacon fat into which we can dip it.

Directly after breakfast we begin working, and since Kohl is still busy preparing doors and windows for the house, I, with Fred and Carl, each with ax on shoulder, go out to clear the land about the house; we chop the branches off the trees and shorten the trunks as much as possible so that they will not be too heavy to carry or roll to the wood-pile. That is no easy work, and the higher the pile of logs, brush, and chips is, the better it is and the merrier will it burn.

Towards noon we return to the house, and mother has white beans with bacon, or bean soup with bacon, or rice soup with bacon, or barley soup with bacon, or flour dumplings with bacon, which last combination usually constitutes our Sunday meal. Potatoes, vegetables, or beef are for the present not to be found with us, and just now mother reports that there is no more barley left; hence in the future we shall have one course less, andthe good housewife will have that much less trouble deciding what to cook.

Then back to work again, accompanied by the good mother and Mrs. Kohl to aid us as well as they can, and after sundown we all repair to the house and treat ourselves again to black coffee, dry bread, and sometimes bacon. Then we read a chapter from the Bible and gather about the warm stove, chat about you and others, venture guesses that this one will follow us and the other also, and that this one will fit in here, and the other not. Often I am so exhausted from the hard day's work that I am too tired to smoke a pipe, for to begin such work at the age of 44 years, and not lose courage, is some undertaking! But I must acknowledge and praise the faithful assistance of my Fred and Carl, and I hope their obedience and diligence will yet bring us much joy. They, as well as their two sisters, have grown considerably.

Sundays we have church in our house; it is gratifying to see people come from two or three miles, depending on the weather, to attend, and once we had a meeting of 37 persons. After the singing of some psalms or hymns from our old Elberfeld Reformed song book, there is prayer; then a sermon is read, followed by more singing, and at the close a prayer. May the dear Jesus grant His blessing, for it is but a trifle to Him, to enable us soon to build a church. Besides us Rhinelanders, the other neighbors are Saxons, from near Erfurt, hence Lutheran, and at some distance from us there lives a Catholic, hailing from near Trier. There are now twelve families living within a four-mile stretch in these woods; still few, to be sure, but the land round about us has all been bought up by speculators, since, no doubt, money cannot be invested to better advantage nor with more safety than in land.

You will next ask: "Is it really good in America, and are you not sorry that you have gone there?" And I can give you the answer, from my full conviction and in accordance with the truth: "Yes, it really is good here, as well for people with money as for those that have none, if the latter are capable and industrious workmen or mechanics—among whom I include carpenters, especially joiners, shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, tinsmiths, etc." The mechanics receive at once, if they are shop foremen, twelve shillings, $1.50 per day, without board, as the owner of a shop in Milwaukee informed me—which, by the way, is said to be one of the worst places for mechanics in America. But every

one must see to it that he is thoroughly competent in his line, otherwise it will go hard with him if he must work with Americans. If, however, one intends to become a farmer and has money to buy a farm, he will find here a pleasant life and an assured future awaiting him; daily the finest estates, with cattle and all things that belong thereto, are being sold at from eight hundred to four or five thousand dollars, according as the farm is large or small, much or little cleared, near or far from cities or landing places. As for one who has no money, he will do best first to hire out to a farmer. He can then easily lay by fifty dollars within half a year, and with that he can buy 40 acres of Congress, that is, unimproved, land. Of course he must thoroughly exert himself that his land be made arable and, if he begin in the spring, that it be fruitful the same year; but after he has passed this first year he need have no more anxiety as to subsistence, and ere three or four years have elapsed he will be able to take part of his harvest to any of the numerous markets and exchange it for money or victuals.

As far as hunting is concerned, let no one entertain any false notions, for while there is plenty of game, the newly arrived farmer has more important things to attend to than to spend his time hunting; for he must direct all his activities to clearing and building, and think of other matters only when he has attained a secure position. Self-dependence and endurance must not be wanting in immigrants, especially in those without means. Whoever is faint-hearted and cannot conform to any condition in life, had better not come. The word "distress" is unknown to the Americans. As far as I am concerned, I can, hand on heart, declare naught else but that I thank the Lord that I am here and regret that I did not come sooner; and when my memory turns to many among you and I reflect how, with your means, you could live here, I am sorry, humanly speaking, not to have you here.

JOH. FREDERICK DIEDERICHS

RAPIDS, May 21, 1848.

Although I sent you a letter only a short time ago, there are many things I must add which were forgotten in the hurry but which may be interesting to you.

You know that, after many hardships and difficulties, we finally settled here in Manitowoc Rapids, 90 miles nearer to you than Milwaukee, and 1355 miles farther away than New York; that our 80 acres of land, as to location and value, leaves nothing to be desired; and that, our log house now finished, we busy ourselves with cutting down and burning trees—oaks three or four feet in diameter, slender beeches, etc. Now that is certainly no easy work, and yet I would not exchange my present situation with my former for any price. Up to now, thank God, we have all been hale and hearty, and only today mother begins to complain of headache and rheumatism; this, however, I believe is due to the hard work of carrying and burning wood, and will soon pass away.

Our log house is 25 feet long and 16 feet wide, and at present consists of only one room, which I shall later on transform into two by means of a board partition; it is one and a half stories high, the first floor seven feet, and the second two and a half. We get to our bedroom on the second floor with the help of a ladder, having as yet had no time to build stairs; but then, the former answers the purpose for the present. Instead of the sash windows customary here, I have put in three French windows and intend to add a fourth later.

The logs, or tree trunks, of which the house is built, are, on an average, a foot in diameter, and are laid over each other in this manner [figure showing logs crossed omitted here]. They are, of course, round and often still covered with bark, and therefore the sides where they meet the upper and lower logs are chopped away some, in order that they may lie firm and have as few open spaces between them as possible. In this manner log is placed on log until the house reaches the desired height, and then the spaces between the joints are filled with wood, moss, lime, and clay, so that such a building is as tight and warm as any house in the homeland could be. The roof is covered with boards and then with shingles, and becomes so firm and tight that not a drop of rain comes through. On the west side of my house, where the door is placed, I have built a roof extending out several feet, under which we can sit in the shade during warm weather and enjoy the air, and which really, on account of its convenience, should not be missing on any farmhouse.

The building is on a knoll, with the gable-end toward the creek, only 70 feet distant; on the south side my wife will locate the garden; and on the west side, distant about 60 feet and separated by the 24-feet-wide road, lies the house of our friends Weihe, etc.; on the north van den Bruck's land joins ours, and on the east side about 40 to 50 minutes' distant is the lake, whose roaring we sometimes hear plainly, depending on the direction of the wind.

I have now cleared two acres, part of which I intend to use for a garden and on part of which I shall plant potatoes, corn, and beans. When we are so far along that we can raise our own provisions, then with God's help our affairs will prosper; but until then, although thus far we have always had enough to eat, we must fight our way through as best we can. It is claimed that from twelve to fifteen bushels of seed potatoes to the acre will produce from three hundred to three hundred fifty bushels, but experience will have to prove this; at any rate, the land must be very fertile, for the wild garlic grows everywhere, and that, as the magistrate in Gold-Hamm always claimed, is the best evidence thereof.

My livestock, which formerly consisted of only a dog and a cat, has also been considerably increased, in that recently there has been added a chicken, which has already given us 14 eggs, and then, hear! hear! One day it happened that a German, residing in the "Bush," came to us and asked for bread for some hogs which he had brought from Milwaukee and which were now lying in the woods and would not be driven any farther because he had run out of feed. The good man wanted a good bargain, but he did not know how opportune was his coming and how nicely he offered us an opportunity for which we had long and vainly yearned. We, namely Schnaake, Kohl, and myself, wives and children, all went into the woods and obtained from him three fine sows for $19, one of them due to farrow in March, the second in April, and the third in May. Several days previously Weihe and Pflieps had gone to Green Bay, thirty miles from here, and we had requested that if they had a chance to buy some good hogs or chickens, to do so; and the next day they returned with three hogs, one a boar, which altogether cost only $9. Now we each had

two (Schnaake, Weihe, and Pflieps, you know, count for only one person), and when the sow bore nine young ones in April, we had five each. The first morning I saw the young animals I involuntarily exclaimed in joyful tones, "What pigs, what pigs!" But our joy did not last long, for the old one, a raven mother, refused to suckle the young ones, and as a result the latter all died the next day. That was a great loss, and it was fortunate that we had agreed to my proposal to hold the hogs in partnership, for, when the second sow, on the 7th of April, bore five young ones, two of these also died; the other three, however, are healthy and on the fifth day after their birth were already running about in the woods. After the other shall have farrowed, and if we can keep the young ones alive, we shall have a whole herd of hogs by fall. They cost nothing for their keep, since they look for their feed in the woods, where there is plenty of it; dishwater and other garbage we pour into their trough and then pay no more attention to them, although they run into the woods as far as two miles, returning in the evening. If now I but had a cow and a calf!

We had a mild winter this year, and only a few days when the snow could withstand the sun; it rained but little and I do not believe that on the whole we had fourteen days when it was not possible to work. As a general rule all natural phenomena in America are on a grand scale. When it does storm, you hear a crashing in the forest as if there were cannon booming; trees are uprooted and fall with thunderous din upon others, taking their branches with them. During such a storm no one ventures into the woods. Altogether, there is a strangeness about the "Bush." Of paths there is no thought and it is therefore easy to get lost, and one is not able to find his way again unless he takes as his guide the sun by day and the moon by night, if they be visible. Therefore every one must consider it his duty, before retiring, to step outside and listen, to hear whether any one is calling; that this practice is of benefit was recently proved to us by August Poetz, who was coming from the Rapids, had been delayed and lost his way, and would have been forced to camp in the woods over night if his call had not reached me. We are the outermost settlers here, and how far to the south and west

of us there are people living we do not know. A. Poetz and Grauman, of Iserlohn, are now here to build a log house on their forty-acre tract located about ten minutes from us; Poetz, however, with wife and children will remain in Milwaukee, intending to come here after the opening of navigation. The family has thus far not prospered, since work is scarce in Milwaukee this winter; I believe, however, it will be better next summer in Manitowoc or the Rapids, where there is much building.

As yet Wisconsin has very few churches and schools, for the state is just beginning to flourish; but Milwaukee, after eleven years' existence, already has 15,000 inhabitants, some twenty churches—seven of them Lutheran, and nearly all differing among themselves. It seems as though our state will in time become predominantly German, for my countrymen already constitute a majority of the population and in Milwaukee there is more German than English spoken.

A short time ago I was in Milwaukee, where I received William's kind letter of March 5th and at once answered it from there. After much trouble I have been able, the Lord be praised, to borrow from a German friend named Fuete, living 38 miles out of Milwaukee, the sum of $25 for six months at twelve per cent. With that I shall buy the most necessary provisions, seed potatoes, etc., and after I have paid the freight, I shall again be as poor as Job. But courage, poor heart, the Lord will not forsake you. On my return home I found all well, Auguste having recovered from her fever, and I had the added pleasure of greeting eight young chickens and twenty-one young pigs, but of the latter only five could be kept alive.

My dear wife has planted the garden; I have seeded a tract with corn and beans, and, God willing, shall plant potatoes and sow corn and oats this week—I am writing this on May 15th. With Fred and Carl I am now busy building a fence around the cleared land, which will be finished tomorrow and whose purpose is to keep swine and other animals off the land. My two boys afford me genuine joy, and I assure you that if I did not have them I should never get through, for it is in fact no trifling matter, and many a person, if he knew what it means to be a farmer, would consider it ten times before he left Europe. However, I

do not for a moment regret that I am here, because I am convinced (humanly speaking) that my future will brighten, although my children will have the real benefit of it.

The first year is, of course, the hardest, when everything must be purchased; yet, as an example, I am now raising all our provisions and hope to have some for sale next year; every year more land will be cleared and consequently more harvested. To tell the truth, I must say that whoever has money and the inclination to be a farmer can do no better than to come here; and when I think of some of my friends who are daily putting their little money into risky speculations, I am moved to exclaim: "Oh, if you but knew that, with the smallest capital, you could gain a competence here that would assure the safest, simplest, and most quiet life!"

He who settles on wild land should have about $500; but for $2000 one can at any time buy the finest farms, with all livestock and with provisions for one year (for people and cattle), and I should like to know what more can be desired. Likewise in money matters—the lowest interest is twelve per cent, with the best security; also much money is to be earned in trade, and if I had the means I should import some ribbons, sewing implements, and buttons, and feel sure of great profits. Otherwise it is necessary to have for trade a knowledge of the English language and of the best sources of supply. Finally, I want to report that since yesterday our woods are full of pigeons, coming in great swarms, covering this entire region; they are very palatable and we could shoot them at our pleasure if we only had the time for it. There is a tradition current here that the region where the pigeons appear will that same year be fully occupied by human beings, which, if that should really occur here, would be great luck for us; for then, naturally, our property would rise greatly in value. And now, to the faithful God, before whom we shall all be united again, may you all be committed.

JOH. FR. DIEDERICHS

(*Concluded*)

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending January 10, 1924, there were sixty-one additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Fourteen persons enrolled as life members: W. L. Ames, Oregon; William E. Black, Milwaukee; William G. Bruce, Milwaukee; R. T. Buerstatte, Manitowoc; Catharine C. Cleveland, Chicago, Ill.; Carl Herzfeld, Milwaukee; Oscar A. Hoffmann, Milwaukee; William Kaumheimer, Milwaukee; Otto L. Kowalke, Madison; the Reverend Anthony P. Kremer, Genoa; Francis E. McGovern, Milwaukee; W. O. Richtmann, Madison; Dr. Gilbert E. Seaman, Milwaukee; Platt Whitman, Highland.

Forty-six persons became annual members, as follows: Samuel W. Anderson, La Crosse; J. Christian Bay, Chicago, Ill., Walter H. Bender, Milwaukee; Victor L. Berger, Washington, D. C.; Lilly M. E. Borresen, La Crosse; Elizabeth F. Bradford, Milwaukee; Charles E. Brady, Manitowoc; A. B. Cargill, Milwaukee; Sophie Davis, Winneconne; George E. Dietrich, Superior; John F. Doherty, La Crosse; Wesson J. Dougan, Beloit; Frank J. B. Duchateau, Green Bay; Louise H. Elser, Medford; Glenn W. Garlock, West Salem; Thomas H. Gregg, Milwaukee; Dr. Gunnar Gunderson, La Crosse; William E. Haily, Superior; J. Gilbert Hardgrove, Milwaukee; Albert Hougen, Manitowoc; W. Bryn Jones, Madison; Mrs. Agnes S. Jorgensen, Green Bay; Walter Kasten, Milwaukee; John C. Kleist, Whitefish Bay; Hans A. Koenig, Milwaukee; William J. Lechtenberg, Milwaukee; William H. Luehr, Madison; James W. Martin, Gotham; H. A. Moehlenpah, Milwaukee; Henry J. Nunnemacher, Milwaukee; R. G. Plumb, Manitowoc; Ira A. Richardson, Bangor; George Robinson, Oconomowoc; Theodore J. Roth, Superior; Otto J. Schenck, Milwaukee; Dr. Albert Shaw, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Grant Showerman, Madison; Mrs. Charles S. Shriner, Monroe; Arthur J. Sweet, Superior; Archie Tegtmeyer, Milwaukee; Clifton M. Tuttle, Athens, Ga.; Robert A. Uihlein, Milwaukee; Mrs. C. S. Van Auken, La Crosse; M. E. Walker, Racine; Lyman G. Wheeler, Wauwatosa; the Reverend William H. Woyahn, Waukesha.

The Oshkosh High School joined as a Wisconsin school member.

The Reverend Henry Colman, Milwaukee, and Robert S. Crawford, Madison, changed their memberships from annual to life.

The American Historical Association held a largely attended meeting December 27-29, at Columbus, Ohio. Wisconsin was well represented on the program, and former and present graduates and instructors at Wisconsin University gathered for a breakfast December 28, to the number of thirty-five. Among these were Professor D. C. Munro, now of Princeton, who was elected viec-president of the Association, James A. Robertson, Frederick Merk, and John C. Oliver, former members of our staff. Professor Edward P. Cheyney of Pennsylvania

University, president of the Association, delivered a thoughtful and stimulating address on "Law in History," which appeared in the January issue of the *American Historical Review*.

The Executive Committee has arranged to begin this year the printing of *The History of Wisconsin in the French Régime*, by Louise Phelps Kellogg, of our staff.

ACQUISITIONS

Mrs. John W. Mariner, of Milwaukee, has presented to the Society papers from the Milwaukee office of the National League for Woman's Service in the State of Wisconsin, consisting of twenty boxes of material concerning the activities of 1917-1919. This material will prove a valuable source for information concerning the work of Wisconsin women in food saving, liberty loans, conservation of health, and accumulation of supplies for the men in service during the late war.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

The Sheboygan County Historical Society held its annual meeting January 21, at the City Library, when an address was given on "Sheboygan Origins" by Louise P. Kellogg, of our staff.

Early in November plans were made to organize a Fond du Lac County Historical Club, of which C. L. Hill was elected president. Among the directors are two of our Society's curators, Senator W. A. Titus and S. M. Pedrick. We extend to this new organization a cordial welcome into the family of our local historical societies.

The Milwaukee Old Settlers' Club has moved its lares and penates from the home on Grand Avenue which it has occupied for thirty-one years, to new quarters in the Pereles Building at Oneida and East Water streets. The club was organized in 1868 and has at present over eight hundred members. It owns many relics of early Milwaukee history.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

The oldest church to celebrate its anniversary the past quarter is St. John's Evangelical Lutheran at Oakwood, a country church near the border line between Milwaukee and Racine counties. St. John's was eighty years old last October, and held commemoration services in which neighboring congregations and choirs participated.

St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran of Helenville, and St. Peter's Lutheran of North Milwaukee, were both seventy-five years old last October.

The first church in Vernon County was the Methodist at Viroqua, which was organized in 1848 and held anniversary services October 21 last.

The Reverend Dana Lamb, a missionary of the American Home Mission Board, came to Wisconsin soon after it became a state. On the munificent salary of $150 a year he devoted himself to the work of church progress, and organized several Congregational churches west of Fond du Lac. Last November the churches of Fox Lake, Waupun, and Springvale, brought into being by this missionary, celebrated successively their seventieth anniversaries.

The Congregational church of Oshkosh has occupied its present site for half a century, and celebrated its jubilee last November. So did likewise the Catholic parishes of Holy Cross at Kaukauna and St. Bernard's at Watertown. In Racine the Bethesda Lutheran Church was fifty years old in September; while at Bay View, Milwaukee, the Episcopalians celebrated the dedication in 1873 of St. Luke's Church by Bishop Armitage.

LANDMARKS

The entrance to Warner Road between Baraboo and Devils Lake Park, toward the construction of which the late W. W. Warner left a substantial legacy, has been marked by two pillars of broken quartzite, each bearing a bronze tablet to the memory of the donor.

November 15 the Jean Nicolet Chapter of the D. A. R. at De Pere dedicated a marker which reads as follows: "The site of the Brown County Court House from 1837 to 1854." This is a memorial to a famous county seat quarrel, when the log courthouse was moved on the ice from Menomineeville (now part of Green Bay) to De Pere, after the latter had secured the location of the county seat from the territorial legislature. A new courthouse was later built at De Pere, and served until the county seat returned to Green Bay.

The old trails of the state are being marked with permanent memorials by the several chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. At Kenosha, on December 12, with appropriate ceremony a bronze tablet placed in the tower of the Main Street bridge was unveiled, which reads: "Southport—1835. Kenosha—1923." The Military Ridge Chapter of Bloomington, Grant County, has placed a large boulder on Highway 19, where this road coincides with the old military road. The tablet for this marker reads: "The Old Military Road from Fort Howard on Green Bay to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, 1835." The Portage portion of this same road has been marked by the Wau-Bun Chapter of that place with a tablet inserted in the rear of the Jolliet-Marquette marker, on which may be read: "End of the Wauona Trail, Old Military Road."

The history class of the Kewaunee high school unveiled, November 1, a tablet at the foot of the bluffs on the north side of the Kewaunee River, where it is believed Marquette landed on his last voyage to

Illinois. The tablet reads: "Father Marquette Served Holy Mass on This Spot November 1, 1674."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Julius C. Birge at St. Louis, Missouri, December 9, 1923. Mr. Birge had the honor of being the first white child born at Whitewater, where he lived until 1867, when he removed to St. Louis. He was a member of our Society and was greatly interested in its welfare, having secured for publication in our magazine the Starin diary that appeared in volume six. Some years ago he presented to his native place a public fountain, which remains as his memorial at Whitewater.

Elizabeth A. Plankinton, life member of our Society and a philanthropist of Milwaukee, died in Switzerland, December 20 last. She leaves legacies to the Milwaukee Y. W. C. A., Milwaukee-Downer College, Layton Art Gallery, and the Protestant Home for the Aged.

Professor Moses Stephen Slaughter, chairman of the department of classical studies in the University of Wisconsin, died in Rome on the twenty-ninth of December. Professor Slaughter had been a member of the faculty since 1896.

A picturesque and remarkable career ended when on December 10, 1923, at Montreal, Baron Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway and peer of the British Empire, died. He began life as young Tom Shaughnessy of Milwaukee's Third Ward. Thomas Shaughnessy the elder was a policeman on the city's force, and young Tom was educated in Milwaukee schools until he was sixteen, when he began railroading with the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. In 1875 he was alderman for the old Third; and six years later left Milwaukee to join the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose headship he assumed in 1899. Lord Shaughnessy had a warm affection for his native place and often visited there, the last time about two years before his death.

In January, Beloit College inaugurated a new president in the person of the Reverend Irving Maurer, who becomes the fourth to hold that office in the seventy-six years of the history of the college.

Major General George Barnett, born in Lancaster in 1859, recently retired, on his sixty-fourth birthday, from his position as commander of the Marines. A graduate of West Point, he was active in the Spanish War, and later served in both China and the Philippines. In 1914 he became head of the Marine Corps, and after the Great war was appointed commander in the French Legion of Honor.

Frank Pond, a veteran railroad man, now living at Mosinee, was fireman of the engine "Reindeer," which in March, 1861, drew the train

which carried Lincoln towards Washington for his inaugural. Four years later, now an engineer, Mr. Pond drove the same "Reindeer" westward carrying the train in which reposed the body of the martyred Lincoln. Mr. Pond still possesses as a cherished treasure a picture of the engine "Reindeer," with the high smokestack of early railroad days.

A Milwaukee firm has recently furnished the granite tombstone which the Lions Club of Illinois has placed over the remains of the father and stepmother of Lincoln in the country cemetery near Jamestown in that state. The mutilated and inadequate stones that have marked these graves are now replaced by a simple but worthy monument.

Stephen B. Hanks, a cousin of Lincoln, who in early life was closely associated with his family, afterwards became a noted steamboat pilot and captain on the upper Mississippi. He was also concerned in the first lumbering on St. Croix River and Lake Pepin. Captain Hanks kept a voluminous diary, which he placed with the *Burlington* (Iowa) *Post*, to be published after his death. This diary has been carefully edited by Captain Fred A. Bill, of St. Paul, and is now appearing in successive numbers of the Sunday edition of the *La Crosse Tribune*. It is replete with interest for students of middle western history in the nineteenth century.

In our last issue we mentioned the series of articles from the pen of Henry Casson on recent Wisconsin governors. Mr. Casson is continuing his articles under the title "Famous Badgers I have Known." Among these he has delightfully characterized Elisha W. Keyes, Philetus Sawyer, John C. Spooner, William F. Vilas, Joseph V. Quarles, and Joseph W. Babcock, giving also important historical incidents never before printed. The series has appeared in the columns of the *Wisconsin State Journal* at Madison.

An oil portrait of Professor John A. Craig, who held the chair of animal husbandry at the University of Wisconsin from 1890 to 1897, has recently been hung in Agricultural Hall. Professor Craig, who was the first incumbent of that chair, was a noted specialist and an outstanding figure among agricultural educators.

The approach of the Republican national convention for 1924 is a reminder that Wisconsin claims to be the birthplace of the Republican party, and has preserved on the Ripon College campus the schoolhouse in which the christening occurred. At least two survivors of the historic meeting of March, 1854, are known to be still living.

Another Wisconsin man has recently given his reminiscences of the Republican convention of 1860 at Chicago. Fletcher A. Parker, emeritus professor of music of the University, was in 1860 a student

at Evanston, and ran away against rules to attend the convention. He remembers being perched for several hours on a rafter, and recalls the pandemonium that followed Lincoln's nomination. Upon returning to college he was suspended for a few days, and two years later left school to enlist in artillery service in the Civil War. While in New Orleans he was introduced to John Wilkes Booth and at one time played a game of billiards with the actor, who was then in a stock company in that city.

Cuba City in Grant County celebrated its semi-centennial November 10, with a homecoming program and historical articles in the local paper.

Fifty years ago the "grange" was the leading community activity of rural districts, and in some localities this organization has survived until the present day. October 27 last, the South Greenville Grange in Outagamie County celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. During the half-century this grange has been a meeting place for social entertainment, furnishing Christmas celebrations for its juvenile department and frequent community dances and picnics for all its members. It has organized coöperative buying, a coöperative insurance company, and a coöperative dairy. Since its organization many movements sponsored by the National Grange have been pushed to completion by other agencies, such as rural free delivery, parcel post, national aid for good roads, pure food laws, and agricultural education. The South Greenville is one of the few local granges in our state that has maintained a continuous and successful existence since its inception.

The share the college debating societies have had in the training of our public men is being recognized with increasing interest by recent students of education. It is therefore notable that the Athenaean Literary and Debating Society at the University of Wisconsin (now the Athena) celebrated last year its seventy-fifth anniversary, being as old as the state, and antedating the formation of the first college class at the University. The early records of this Society were in 1912 deposited for safekeeping in the Historical Library.

MUSEUM NOTES

November 31 to December 1 a special exhibition of several cases of early British and American newspapers was made by the museum for the meeting at Madison of the Central Interscholastic Press Association. Professor W. G. Bleyer, director of the course in journalism at the University of Wisconsin, was present and gave an interesting talk on these papers. Nearly all of the seven hundred young amateur journalists who attended the meeting came to the museum to see the newspaper exhibit and to take notes on its contents.

A loan exhibition of oil portraits of prominent citizens of Madison, including likenesses of former Governor Lucius Fairchild, Dr. Reuben

Gold Thwaites, President Charles R. Van Hise, Hilda Van Hise, Judges Romanzo Bunn, Burr W. Jones, and A. L. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Brittingham, Professor and Mrs. Moses Stephen Slaughter, Professor W. W. Daniels, and Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller, with those of a number of children, was made in December and January by the Madison Art Association, in the museum auditorium. These portraits are by leading American portrait painters, eight canvasses being the work of John C. Johannsen, while others are by John S. Sargent, Samantha L. Huntley, Christian Abrahamsen, Kenyon Cox, Amanda B. Sewall, and Pauline Palmer. The exhibit attracted a large number of visitors.

The afternoon of Friday, December 28, was the time of the annual children's holiday visit to the State Historical Museum. Several hundred children, some of them attended by older relatives, were present and listened with eager attention to the one-hour program arranged for the occasion. Nearly every small girl brought her doll to share in the pleasures of the party. Mr. Brown gave an opening talk, during which he exhibited and explained the history and workings of a number of old-fashioned mechanical and other toys; then Ruth Johnson, attired in an attractive Indian costume, told "How the Indians Celebrate Christmas," to which all listened with rapt attention. The program closed with the playing of attractive tunes on several styles of old Swiss music boxes and early phonographs, including the large W. W. Warner instrument. The children were afterwards taken on a tour of the museum. A number of special Christmas exhibits, including old paper- and other dolls, old-fashioned Christmas cards and gifts, were in place for their enjoyment.

Mr. Brown calls attention to the fact that gifts of American and foreign postage stamps, and precancelled stamps and foreign covers will be at all times very welcome. Collectors and others can thus aid the museum in building up an important and useful state collection and in helping numbers of youthful stamp collectors who visit its halls. The museum particularly wants United States precancels of all kinds, and especially of post offices in Wisconsin. These are stamps which are cancelled in sheets with a printed cancellation before their sale to the purchasers. They come on parcel post packages, catalogues, and other mail matter, and are generally carelessly discarded by those who receive them. Early in February the museum held its annual competitive stamp exhibition for boys.

Recent gifts to the museum consist of a set of obstetrical instruments used by Dr. Charles Gorst, of Madison, in medical practice in Baraboo in the years 1884 to 1904, during which years two thousand cases came under his care. These, and other instruments recently secured, make an important addition to the museum's Wisconsin medical history collection. Mrs. F. T. Day, Milwaukee, has presented a fine old ivory chess set; and Margaret Shelton, Rhinelander, Mrs. H. Twitchell,

Madison, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Milwaukee, have presented interesting additions to the pioneer history collections. Lowell G. Ragatz has presented a fine series of foreign covers containing interesting postage stamps. From Mrs. William Grant Fitch, of Hollywood, California, comes to the museum a beautiful blue velvet costume consisting of a bodice, skirt with train, bonnet, and slippers ornamented with ribbon embroidery and seed pearls. This was made in Paris in 1887 and was worn by Mrs. Fitch at the wedding in Milwaukee of her son, Grant Fitch, and Ida Eliot. It makes a notable addition to the collection of costumes which the museum has gradually been assembling.

In the October-December issue of the *Wisconsin Archeologist* the principal article, by Mr. Brown, is on "Stone Spades and Hoes" of early Wisconsin Indians. Of these interesting stone digging and agricultural implements of the red men a considerable number have been found on Indian sites in the state; some of the finest and largest examples, made of flint and quartzite, are in the State Museum collections. Some are of Mill's Creek, Illinois, flint, and are fashioned in spade shapes common to southern Illinois. These probably reached Wisconsin in the course of early trade relations with the tribes of that region. Mr. Brown has in the course of years monographed many other classes of Wisconsin Indian implements and ornaments. Other articles in this number describe "An Indian Spirit Stone" and "Copper Implements in Northern Wisconsin."

At the fifth annual Indiana History Conference held in the assembly room of the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, December 7-8, Mr. Brown was present and spoke on "Importance and Possibilities of State Historical Museums," in which he presented an account of what the Wisconsin Museum has been doing since 1912 to aid students of state and national history.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph Schafer, superintendent of the Society, contributes his address on Francis Parkman which he delivered at the December meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, at Columbus, Ohio. This takes the place of an editorial article.

William O. Van Eyck ("The Story of the Propeller *Phoenix*") of Holland, Michigan, has given much time and effort to collecting authentic data concerning the disaster of which he writes.

For the career of J. Q. Emery ("Albion Academy") see the Editor's note on a preceding page.

Louise P. Kellogg ("A Wisconsin Anabasis"), senior research associate of the Society, adds another study of the French régime to those articles from her pen previously published in this magazine.

William A. Titus, our valued contributor on "Historic Spots of Wisconsin," gives us in this article a sketch of a noted landmark in the western portion of our state.

Osborn Strahl ("A Chippewa Good Samaritan") was a pioneer lumberman of the St. Croix valley, whose daughter, Mabel Strahl Smith of La Crosse, has sent us this sketch.

Emil Baensch, of Manitowoc, translator of the Diederichs Diary, concluded in this number, was at one time president of the State Historical Society and for many years chairman of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission.

DEATH OF JOHN G. D. MACK

Just as this number goes to press we are obliged to chronicle the death of the state chief engineer, Professor John G. D. Mack, which occurred at his home in Madison on the morning of Sunday, February 24, the immediate cause apoplexy. Mr. Mack was a curator of the State Historical Society. He was chairman of the Museum Committee, a member of the Advisory Committee and of the Landmarks Committee. Two years ago, as state chief engineer, he assumed personal supervision of the betterments and the redecoration of the Historical Library building, for which the 1921 legislature made a special appropriation on his recommendation and in accordance with estimates furnished by him. He was fifty-six years of age, very active in many directions, of ripe judgment, and with a personality enabling him to impress his views upon others. His interest in the Society, which he served with unselfish enthusiasm, makes the loss to us especially severe. But he will be missed by the State for a multitude of statesmanlike services.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Papers of Sir William Johnson. Prepared for publication by the Division of Archives and History of the State of New York. James Sullivan, director and state historian. (Albany, N. Y., 1921-22). 3 vols.

The editing and publishing of the papers of Sir William Johnson by James Sullivan, late director and state historian for the Division of Archives and History of the University of the State of New York, is a notable achievement, and of interest to every historical student of colonial days. As is well known, the bulk of the Johnson papers passed through the fire at the Albany capitol in 1911, when many were utterly destroyed and the remainder damaged somewhat by fire and water.

To mitigate the loss, a number of the letters had already been published in the New York State earlier publications, and a still larger number have been copied and set up in type awaiting proofreading and collation. Add to that the excellent calendar prepared in 1909, and the elements for reconstruction were at hand. In addition, the injured manuscripts had been carefully repaired by the care of Arnold J. F. Van Laer, the state archivist. There have resulted three large, well-edited volumes covering the years 1738 to 1762, comprising probably all the Johnson papers in existence. Other volumes are to follow, probably two more at least. Until these appear and an index is published the full value of the collection cannot be utilized; none the less, colonial specialists are grateful for what is already at hand. The editors, while in their preface distinctly decrying the modern school of English and American editing, nevertheless in deference "to the common American practice, but without committing themselves to an approval of it," have reproduced the manuscripts with the abbreviations, capitalization, and punctuation of the originals, and have, moreover, carefully bracketed the burned and torn portions of the letters. They have thus given to the public all the advantages attendant upon perusal of the manuscripts themselves, in so far as type reproduces chirography. The volumes are also well illustrated with portraits, facsimiles, charts, and map, all well documented and explained.

So far as we have examined, there is little of direct importance for Wisconsin history in this storehouse of material for Indian affairs. A few sidelights appear on the earliest portion of the British régime supplemental to the material published in the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xviii, and to the journal of Ensign Gorrell, printed in volume i. The succeeding volumes will probably touch our region more closely, since Johnson was the superintendent, until his death in 1774, for all the Indian tribes acquired by the Treaty of 1763 from the sovereignty of France. We congratulate the historical scholarship of New York and of the whole country on the appearance of these volumes.

Chicago's Highways Old and New. By Milo M. Quaife. (Chicago, 1923). 11-278 p.

There has been a renewed interest in highways of recent years, since the advent of the automobile and the inauguration of great systems of state and national roads. The history of pioneering cannot be understood without a knowledge of the difficulties and dangers of early transportation. Not enough attention had been paid to this item of our early history, until this and similar volumes were undertaken to supply the need. Mr. Quaife's book, while written for the general public, having none of the apparatus of notes and references, is none the less a historian's volume, and based for the most part on little known and unusual source material. The author has been for several years a close student of travel literature, especially for the territory centering in Chicago, and for the greater part of Wisconsin. Indeed, the history of Wisconsin settlement cannot be told without reference to the great Chicago roads, especially to the one crossing Michigan to the Windy City. Many of our ancestors were New Englanders or New Yorkers, and came over the Erie Canal to Buffalo; then if unable to obtain passage around the lakes, the Chicago road from Detroit was the only alternative. The same was frequently true of European immigrants, who were usually sent west by the canal and Buffalo. The history of this road Mr. Quaife describes in his second chapter, and illustrates travel thereon by citations from travelers' journals; he also traces the history of it to the time it was practically supplanted by the railroad that entered Chicago from the east in 1852.

The succeeding chapters on the Vincennes Trace and the road to Ottawa and the southwest concern Wisconsin less intimately; but with the thoroughfares to the lead mines and the Green Bay road one comes upon the earliest episodes of Wisconsin as part of the United States. The description of the Green Bay road is especially valuable, bringing together much important material that has not hitherto been woven into a connected narrative. We note with especial pleasure the summary of Lapham's journey of 1843 from an unpublished manuscript in our collections. It should be stated, however, that the Indian attack on Burnett and Clyman occurred in 1835, not 1836.

After discussing helpfully the histories of the several great roads, Dr. Quaife takes up the general subjects of the insufficiency of early highways and the attempt to improve them by planked roads laid by private enterprise. He then discusses travel from the angle of the stage coaches, the taverns, and the dangers and hardships necessarily encountered in pioneer times. As an appendix he offers a well prepared guide to points of historical interest within a day's journey (by present modes of travel) from Chicago. The Wisconsin portion is well chosen and carefully prepared, and gives the best compendium yet issued for historical pilgrimages within our state. We predict for this new book of Dr. Quaife a hearty welcome and a deserved recognition of its merits.

Stage Coach and Tavern Days in the Baraboo Region. By H. E. Cole. (Baraboo, 1923). 1-72 p.

In this attractive booklet Mr. Cole has once more laid the traveling public, and the local constituency of Sauk County, under a debt of gratitude to his persistent and successful search for the interests of past days. Increased traffic on all our highways, new modes of travel supplementing the railroads, recall delightfully to one's mind the ways in which our ancestors traveled. When one is whirling along over a concrete road at thirty to forty miles an hour, it creates a pleasant diversion in one's thought to remember that here one's grandfathers bumped along a corduroy road at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, were often hopelessly caught in a sea of mud, or overturned into a snowdrift.

Mr. Cole's mind has reverted to the days when the stage coach was the only public vehicle of travel; and with painstaking fidelity he has searched out the different routes, rescued from oblivion the names and personalities of the noted drivers, and retold many of the racy anecdotes of stage coaching days. In the latter portion of the book he has given us the romance of early taverns, and has characterized delightfully many of the early bonifaces of his region. The booklet is also copiously illustrated with pictures of taverns and the implements of early days, such as lanterns and foot warmers. A well drawn map of stage routes occupies the place of honor as a frontispiece, while the next cut shows us a stage coach with four horses "all aboard for the journey."

For all who enjoy the pleasant flavor of the past, brought in delightful guise to the attention of the present, we recommend this little book as a stimulating and unusual pleasure.

The Poles in America. Racial Studies, New Americans Series. By Paul Fox. (New York, 1922). 17-143 p.

This series was undertaken under the auspices of the Interchurch World Movement, and is intended to give a brief historical and economic background for the recent comers to the United States, together with their religious and social experiences. The volumes are in each case the product of a kinsman's pen. This volume was written by a native of Austrian Silesia born of Polish parents. He studied in Marietta College, Western Reserve University, Johns Hopkins, and Oberlin Theological Seminary. About one-third of the little book narrates in outline Polish history and modern economic, social, and religious conditions in the new republic. The remainder deals with Polish immigration to America and similar conditions among the people in the United States. Significant for Wisconsin are the census figures which show that twelve per cent of our population is of Polish origin, more than that of any other state except Connecticut. The two centers in Wisconsin are in Milwaukee, with an estimated hundred thousand of these people, and Portage County, where the agricultural groups are situated. The oldest Polish language newspaper was begun in Milwaukee in 1878;

later it was transferred to Chicago; the oldest Polish daily, *Kuryer Polski*, still flourishes in our metropolis.

The value of these small monographs is considerable, giving in compact space valuable and reliable information concerning our fellow-citizens of foreign descent.

The Story of Washington County. By Carl Quickert. (West Bend, Wis., 1923). 1-230 p.

For this new and improved type of county history the student of local history cannot but be grateful. In the preface Mr. Quickert relates the origins of the book, first in his own study of the early history of his locality from newspapers, interviews with pioneers, etc.; then in his somewhat hasty preparation of a county history of the ordinary type bolstered with biographies, and produced by a Chicago subscription house. This volume appeared in 1912, and our author's work therein was superior in most ways to the usual subscription county history. None the less he was not satisfied, and determined to recast his material to please himself and to attempt "an ideal or model county history, the thing Wisconsin historians have been after for some time." Although modestly disclaiming success in this project, the author has published a very attractive little volume, whose form, at least, sets a model for future local historians to copy. The little volume comes pleasantly to the hand, is simply and attractively bound, and contains all the essentials and somewhat more of the bulky volume produced in 1912. An index would add greatly to the usefulness of the book. Illustrations have necessarily been eliminated in so small a volume.

Mr. Quickert claims to have rewritten and recast practically all the chapters of his earlier history. This claim is well substantiated by the portion on geology and primitive inhabitants. In his first edition he clung to the exploded theory of a prehistoric race of "mound-builders," but in his newly issued work he gives an up-to-date account of the archeology of his region and its Indian remains, derived from the authorities of the Wisconsin Archeological Society. He is not so well equipped for his French régime, since he speaks in two places of the "Jesuit Father La Salle" (imagine the horror of this explorer, who abhorred Jesuits more than any other species of persons), and writes "Fonty" for "Tonty." He also inclines toward the legend that Marquette visited Holy Hill in his voyage of 1673. His dates of the early period are often incorrect; one would suppose a letter written January 2, 1699, from the mouth of the Arkansas would indicate that St. Cosme's voyage was in 1698, not 1699. Our author also places the Winnebago War in 1828 and that of Black Hawk in 1836. This latter event is given correctly in chapter eight as occurring in 1832.

These are, however, but minor blemishes. In the author's own field—that of pioneer settlement—he is full and approximately accurate. His interpretation also of the interaction of Yankee and Teuton in Washington County is excellent. He missed, however, an opportunity in not connecting the DeBar lynching with the racial-political prejudices

of the day. (See Dr. Schafer's article in this magazine for December last).

On the whole, this new history, while in no wise constituting a model for future local historians, does present in pleasing dress and effective form a new type of county history which may well be emulated by others.

The *Wisconsin Blue Book* for 1923 is a valuable source for historical students. In it is related the development of the state's present efficient government, told in each case by the expert most interested in the subject. The volume properly begins with a brief outline of the state's history, written especially for this publication by our Superintendent. This is followed by an analytical group of statistics, prepared by E. E. Witte, chief of the Legislative Reference Library. The article on "Wisconsin's Four Capitols," by John G. D. Mack, is replete with most exact facts and interesting data on this previously neglected subject—an excellent and valuable compilation. As would be expected, Commissioner C. E. Harrington writes of the state parks, and Secretary Charles E. Brown of Wisconsin Indians. Part two gives the history and present condition of the tax system, by Commissioner T. E. Lyons; an account of educational activities, by William T. Anderson and Edward A. Fitzpatrick, supplemented by an unusually fine article on the history of the University by its recent historian, Professor J. F. A. Pyre. Then in part three, the several state departments and commissions—highway, engineering, industrial, railroad, insurance, health control, agriculture with its divisions of fairs, markets, dairy and food—are all described by their leaders. In the miscellaneous section come the Historical Society, Free Library, banking, civil service, and several others—making together the working force of the modern state. Another division is devoted to the National and State Guard, and still another to the judiciary. The legislative portion of the government is represented by biographies of the members. With election statistics and post offices this book of eminent usefulness closes. It is without doubt the best *Blue Book* ever issued by our state.