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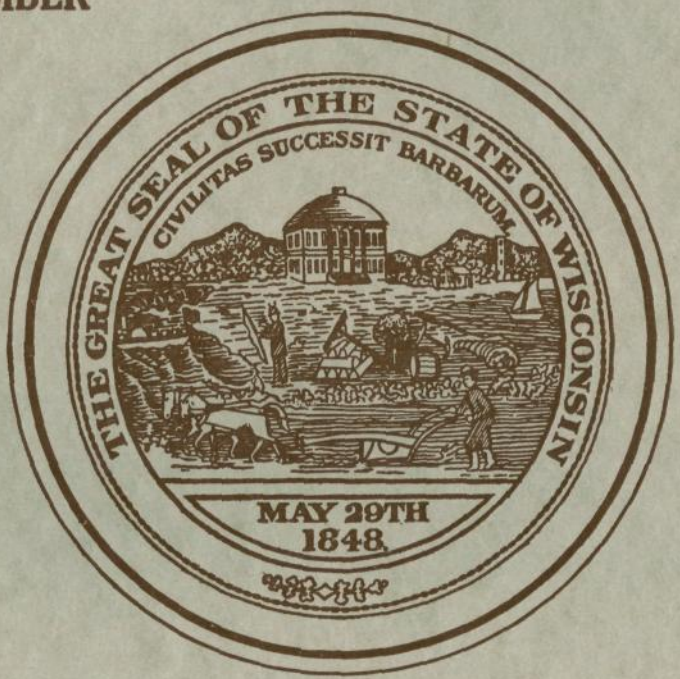

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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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CONTENTS

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THE MISSION OF JONATHAN CARVER

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

The *Travels of Jonathan Carver through the Interior Parts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767, and 1768* was not only a "best seller" in its day, but has been for many years an accepted historical source for the first years of the British régime in Wisconsin and the Northwest. Not only has it been perused, cited, and utilized by historians, dramatists, poets, and artists, but the personality of Carver and his mission in this region have been subjected to the most critical scrutiny. None the less few critics have ventured upon so wild a surmise as the facts disclose—that Carver came to Wisconsin to discover the Northwest Passage through North America, and intended to cross by land to the Pacific, there to explore for the western end of the long-desired opening north of the continent as a sea route to the Orient. In order to prove this statement it is necessary to rehearse some recent criticisms and discoveries concerning Carver's career.

At the meeting of the American Historical Association held at Chicago in 1904, Professor Edward G. Bourne of Yale University read a paper on the "Travels of Jonathan Carver."[1] In it he alleged that Carver's well-known book was a mere compilation; that the author plagiarized from Hennepin, Lahontan, Charlevoix, Adair, and other authorities on North America. He also asserted that Carver was not what he had represented himself to be; that he was an ignorant man, quite incapable of having written the book called by his name; he even doubted whether Captain Carver

[1] Published in the *American Historical Review*, xi, 287-302.

had ever been a soldier, but spoke of him as a colonial shoemaker of insignificant origin. He considered his book in all probability the work of some literary hack in London, made up from the rough notes which Carver had taken on his journey. Bourne concluded his paper with these words: "If my conjecture should be shown to be a fact, we should have a curious instance of vicarious plagiarism, producing a greater literary reputation for the supposed author, than the real author acquired by his other works or was attained by any of the works from which he drew his material. In any case Carver's *Travels* must now take its place in literary history beside . . . *The Book of Sir John Mandeville.*"

It will be noted that with all his criticism of the author and his book, Professor Bourne did not deny that Carver had actually taken a journey into Wisconsin or that he might have seen the region so vividly described in his *Travels.*

The challenge thrown down by Bourne was quickly taken up by admirers of Jonathan Carver. John Thomas Lee, who was preparing a bibliography of Carver's works, sprang to the rescue of the author's fame. He proved by documents from New England sources that Carver had been a captain in colonial troops, and that while he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, every New England lad had a trade. Mr. Lee showed by a letter of Carver's written from Mackinac in 1767, that he was possessed of a clear and easy style of narration, and was by no means an ignoramus. He also proved by letters from General Gage and Governor Bernard that Carver had good repute in his native land, and was treated with respect while living in England. Carver's champion also found proof that the author was a draughtsman and surveyor, and had produced several maps. In defense of his admitted plagiarism Mr. Lee adduced the eighteenth century custom of utilizing authorities without cita-

tion, and showed that it is only in the second part of his book of travels, which describes the manners and customs of the Indians, that these citations occur, while the account of his journey is circumstantial and clear.[2]

Mr. Lee's articles did much to rehabilitate Carver's fame, and to restore his book to its former position as an authentic narrative. This rehabilitation was continued by other discoveries; William O. Browning investigated Carver's ancestry and found that he belonged to the best stock of New England, that his relatives were persons of importance, and that in all probability Jonathan had the best education obtainable in his vicinity. One of the results of Browning's research was to prove that Carver was older than had been supposed, for he was born in 1710, was fifty-six when he started westward, and nearly seventy when he died in London, "absolutely and strictly starved."[3]

Since the publication of Lee's and Browning's articles much more material has come to light with regard to Carver. T. C. Elliott of Oregon, searching for the origin of the name of his state, had a number of documents, copied for him in London, published in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*.[4] These reveal much concerning Carver's career. The Minnesota Historical Society has had reproductions made of Carver's original journals in the British Museum; these differ in an extraordinary manner from the printed journal. These documents have been kindly placed at my disposal, and from them the conclusions presented in this paper are in large measure derived.

There are some remarkable and singular discrepancies between the printed book of the *Travels* and the manuscript

[2] Wisconsin Historical Society *Proceedings*, 1909, 143-155; 1912, 87-120.

[3] William Browning, "Early History of Jonathan Carver," in *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, iii, 291-305.

[4] *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxi, 341-368; xxii, 91-115; xxiii, 53-69; see also M. M. Quaife, "Jonathan Carver and the Carver Grant," in *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, vii, 2-25.

journals. From the latter it is entirely clear that Carver was the author of the former; that he not only took the journey he purported to take and described it with good taste in expression and in choice of incident; but that for some reason there is deliberate falsification of dates and suppression of important facts that bear directly on the question of Carver's trustworthiness; these unless explained cannot be reconciled with the necessities of a straightforward narrative. Even if we admit that on the whole Carver told the truth about himself and about his journey, we are obliged to concede that he did not tell all the truth, and some of it of prime importance. Perhaps we can account for his reticence and evasions, and learn the reason he was not more frank with his vast number of readers.

The point at issue is not an occasional lapse from the truth or an inadvertent error on the part of Carver, but the main object of his journey. Why did he come from Boston to Mackinac; why did he start thence through Wisconsin to the Mississippi and spend a long winter in the frigid climate of Minnesota; why did he the next spring drop down to Prairie du Chien, start to ascend the Mississippi again and finally come out in Lake Superior; why having gone that far did he not go farther but return without having accomplished any remarkable discovery to his starting point at Mackinac? In a word, what made Carver a traveler in these distant parts and what was he seeking here?

In order to answer these questions about Carver's motives we must consider the career of another adventurer in the Northwest, that of Major Robert Rogers, the famous ranger of the French and Indian War. Rogers, while a New Englander belonging to a lower social stratum than Carver, was of a much bolder and more imaginative nature. His daring exploits on the Lake Champlain frontier during the French and Indian War made him so well known that

General Amherst in 1760 entrusted to him the difficult and delicate task of proceeding to the West to take over there the French posts included in the capitulation of Montreal. Rogers conducted this affair well, obtained possession of Detroit and the neighboring forts without a blow, and without serious opposition on the part of the French-allied Indians.

Where Rogers obtained his first impulse for western exploration we do not know. It may be supposed that his imagination was stirred by the vast spaces of the great West, and by the accounts of the French officers who had pushed discovery far out on the western plains. Certainly, as the first English officer to enter the region of the Great Lakes he might consider that he had a presumptive right to its exploration. Rogers was, however, an army officer under discipline and orders. On his return from Detroit he was ordered south to aid in suppressing the Cherokee Indians then ravaging the Carolina border. On this occasion he must have made the acquaintance of a man whose theories changed Rogers' vague imaginings into a fixed purpose. This was Arthur Dobbs, then an old man, governor of the province of North Carolina, whilom northern explorer, and author of a book on the Northwest Passage through America.[5]

More than twenty years before he met Rogers, Dobbs had convinced himself of the reality of an opening from Hudson Bay to the Pacific Ocean, at the mythical Straits of Anian. He had backed his faith by works, and had sent out an expedition which failed to find the opening from Hudson Bay west to the Pacific—failed, so Dobbs believed, because of the covert opposition of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, which feared such a discovery would threaten its

[5] Arthur Dobbs, *An Account of the Countries Adjoining Hudson's Bay in the Northwest Part of America* (London, 1744).

monopoly.[6] Despite this unsuccess, Dobbs never lost his hopes of the discovery; he persuaded the British Admiralty to make a standing offer of £20,000 for the discovery of a Northwest Passage, and watched jealously the French attempt to cross the continent by land.

Before he wrote his book on exploration, Dobbs met a French voyageur named Joseph La France, from whom he learned much of the voyages of his people in the interior of North America; Dobbs advocated at an early day an expedition to cut the French routes of travel, and watched with keen interest the progress of the war in America. While in North Carolina he continually urged Pitt to drive the French from North America, and he was reproached for greater interest in the affairs of the Northwest than in those of the Carolinas. When Major Rogers, who had actually visited the Great Lakes, came to the South we must infer that Dobbs made an effort to meet him, and that he inspired the younger man with his own enthusiasm for the discovery of the Northwest Passage, which had been sought for nearly two centuries by English explorers. The great financial reward no doubt offered an inducement to Rogers, who was always impecunious, but more than that his own imagination was fired, and the desire to make his name famous by a great discovery appealed to the bold ranger with irresistible force. Between them, Dobbs and Rogers worked out a plan of a land journey to the western ocean from the Great Lakes. Once on the Pacific they were certain the opening through to Hudson Bay, which Dobbs had so long and so vainly sought from the northeastern end, would be found.

Rogers, however, did not make public his plan of discovery, and it was not until after a second visit to Detroit in 1763 that he found himself in a position to attempt to put

[6] Joseph Schafer, *The Acquisition of Oregon Territory. Part I: Discovery and Exploration* (University of Oregon *Studies*), 4-8.

it into execution. At this second tour to Detroit he aided in the defense of the post against the savages under Pontiac and was concerned in the terrible battle known as Bloody Run, when so many brave Englishmen perished. Upon his return he had trouble with the military authorities in America, and evoked powerful enmities, which finally proved to be the ruin of all his schemes.

Meanwhile he resigned his commission in the army, and early in 1765 set out for England to obtain authorization from the government for his purposed exploration.[7] It is probable that he carried introductions from Dobbs to influential men in the government, but of that we are not certain. We do know that he obtained considerable popularity in England because of his exploits as a ranger, and that his *Journals* and *Concise Account of North America,* published during his sojourn, brought him a measure of fame.[8]

These were all opportunities to press his scheme. He drew up a memorial for the king outlining his plan; and while he does not mention therein the inspiration of Dobbs, underlying the entire proposal is the conception of the older man. "He has," writes Rogers of himself, "obtained a Moral certainty, that such a passage there really is." "On the other hand," he continues, "if there be, as (he repeats it) he is confident there is, such a passage in the latitude of 50 Degrees North . . . it may and indeed must prove of inexpressible Benefit to this Nation by Establishing a Communication with Japan, and perhaps with nearer and hitherto unknown rich Countries in the East . . . which has long been wished for, and often attempted, but has never hitherto been effected." Rogers made extravagant requests for

[7] Allan Nevins, "Introduction" to Robert Rogers, *Ponteach* (Chicago, 1914), 88-94.

[8] These were published simultaneously in London by J. Millan, Whitehall, 1765. The *Journals* was republished with notes by F. B. Hough (Albany, 1883). Rogers employed as amanuensis and secretary Nathaniel Potter, who later did him much disservice.

means to carry out his purpose; he wished to be appointed governor commandant at Mackinac, with a deputy to remain at the post while he was absent on his proposed expedition; he asked for a detail of two hundred soldiers with their proper officers, for eight hundred steel traps to catch game and beaver, for £3,000 worth of presents to propitiate the Indians to be encountered en route—in all, an investment by the government of £32,182.[9]

When Rogers' plan was presented to the King he referred it to the Board of Trade and Plantations for a report on its feasibility. It was at this point that Rogers' finesse in behalf of his darling project began to take shape. He availed himself of all the patronage he could command to railroad his plan through the Board of Trade and secure its approval. Among the most powerful of his backers were the members of the Townshend family; the youngest brother, Roger Townshend, had known Rogers while he was an officer in the Rangers and had written favorably of his abilities.[10] Colonel Roger Townshend was killed in action; but his eldest brother, General George, afterwards the Viscount Townshend, who had been Wolfe's successor after the fatal day on the Plains of Abraham, was now in England and in high favor with the King. The next brother, Charles Townshend, was one of the most brilliant politicians of his day; he constituted himself Rogers' patron and endeavored to have the Board of Trade recommend his project for the discovery of the Northwest Passage.[11] Rogers also had the friendship of William Fitzherbert, a member of the Board of Trade and Plantations, and the recommendations of General Amherst and of the Lord Mayor of London.[12]

[9] Rogers' first proposal, in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxii, 101-105.
[10] Hough, *Rogers' Journals*, 126-134.
[11] See Rogers' reference to Charles Townshend, in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxiii, 68. Carver on his map names a headland of Green Bay, Cape Townshend.
[12] Nevins, *op. cit.*, 103.

If it had not required so large an appropriation Rogers' proposal might have carried the day with the ministry. Even as it was, the Board did not deny the request, merely postponed it, and meanwhile gave Rogers much hope by requiring General Gage to put him in command of the important post of Mackinac, the very place he had requested as the base for his expedition. His patrons advised him to return to America and take possession of his command, and learn all he could of the practicability of his proposed expedition; they in the meanwhile would continue to further his interests with the authorities, and it was hinted that complete authorization might soon be expected to follow.

Encouraged beyond measure with this modicum of success and obsessed with his project, Rogers returned to America considering himself authorized to undertake the expedition, and since he could not himself leave his command, he looked about for agents to whom he might entrust the conduct of the expedition. Naturally he chose one of his former subordinates among the rangers, Captain James Tute, in whose resourcefulness and energy he had confidence and whose fidelity had long before been tested. Tute had led more than one contingent during the French and Indian War, had been captured and rescued, and had shown ability and initiative. His home was in western Massachusetts, not far from Deerfield, and he still held a commission on half-pay as first lieutenant.[13] Where and when Rogers met Tute after his return to America, and what arguments he used to persuade him to unite his fortunes with his former major, we do not know. We do know that in addition to Tute, Rogers met in Boston another retired officer of the late war and engaged him to go on the proposed expedition "to explore the

[13]Tute's name is frequently misspelled as Tate or Stoote; on his career, see Sheldon, *History of Deerfield, Massachusetts* (1895), ii, 348; *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, vii, 10, 207; xxvi, 127-129, 652; Hough, *Rogers' Journals*, 180, 150, 151, 158.

interior and unknown Tracts of the Continent of America at the back of Your [His] Majesty's Colonies, and to Inspect the same and make Observations, Surveys and Draughts thereof." He promised this map maker, who was no other than Jonathan Carver, eight shillings per day during all the time of his absence and that he should be properly rewarded for so hazardous a service. Carver was much impressed by Rogers' pretensions of "proper power and authority," and readily agreed to accompany the ranger to the far West.[14] This is the clue that has so long been missing concerning the purpose and mission of Captain Jonathan Carver upon his famous journey to Wisconsin.

Carver's home at this period was at Montague, western Massachusetts, not far from that of Tute. He had been selectman of his town in 1759 and since that time had traveled in Canada and New England, employing his talents in drawing and making maps. He agreed to go to Mackinac with Rogers and to act under his orders. It seems doubtful whether Rogers revealed to Carver at this time or even at Mackinac the full extent of his scheme or the great distances he would be expected to travel. The commandant thought it wise to keep his own counsel, and he strenuously objected to Carver's desire to lay what he knew of the plan before General Gage, fully aware of Gage's distrust of him and his animus against him. He did consent that Carver might consult Governor Bernard, who befriended the captain on more than one occasion.[15] Bernard, evidently, had no objection to Carver's engaging with Rogers, and May 20, 1766, saw him on his way westward bound for the unknown.

Rogers was obliged to go by way of Oswego in order to consult with Sir William Johnson on his duties as Indian

[14] *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxii, 111-115.
[15] *Barrington-Bernard Correspondence* (Harvard University *Studies*, 1912), 193-194.

commissioner at Mackinac. Johnson was suspicious of Rogers' character and motives and bound him by strict orders concerning the Indians and his negotiations with them and the traders of his post. On his expedition Rogers was accompanied by Nathaniel Potter and by his wife, who was no doubt the first New England woman to visit the Northwest, and a sorry time she had of it. "To paint," she wrote later, "in their true colors my sufferings during my stay in that remote and lonely region would be a task beyond my ability."[16]

To Rogers himself, Mackinac seemed not merely a remote and lonely region but the door of opportunity. He was greatly attracted by the strange, exotic life at this distant post, by the swarms of Indians coming and going in their canoes, painted and decorated with savage finery. He exulted in his right to treat with them and win them for the British alliance. He even enjoyed the dark and forbidding scenery of these northern woods and waters, the dash of the waves on this lonely shore, and the sough of the pines and the spruces as the wind swept down from the north to stir their tranquillity. The post of Mackinac stood then on the southern shore of the strait and was the entrepôt for all the great region to the West that lay awaiting discovery.

Rogers issued his commission to Carver on August 12, 1766, two weeks before this traveler arrived at the post. He left there for his voyage on September 3 in company with William Bruce, one of the earliest British traders in Wisconsin, with several French traders in the party.[17]

Carver was ordered to go via Green Bay and the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, thence to the Falls of St. Anthony, making exact plans of the country, marking down all Indian

[16] Nevins, *op. cit.*, 125-126.
[17] Carver's ms. journals. See commission in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxiii, 64.

towns, with the numbers of their inhabitants. He was to send Rogers a report next spring by a trader, and to await further orders. Unless these were received he was to return via the Illinois and St. Joseph's River to Lake Michigan, thence along its eastern shore, mapping all the country as he passed.

It is in Rogers' commission to Tute issued on September 12 that we find revealed his full plan. This commission designates Tute as commander of "a Party for the Discovery of the North West Passage from the Atlantick into the Pasifick Ocean if any such passage there be, or for the discovery of the great river Ourigan[18] that falls into the Pacifick Ocean about Latitude Fifty." Tute was to follow along the same route that Carver had taken, was to winter among the Sioux, and in the spring take guides from them to lead the party northwest and make all the discoveries he could; he was to spend the second winter at Fort La Prairie, the farthest French post in the Northwest; from there he was to travel "West bearing to the Northwest until he came to the forks of the great river Ourigan, which discharges into an arm or bay of the sea about forty-eight, nine, or fifty, and is supposed to have a communication with Hudson Bay about latitude fifty nine, near Dobbs' Point." Tute was cautioned not to be deceived by the Missouri or by rivers that fall either into the Gulf of California or Hudson Bay, and was warned to avoid all posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Rogers exhorted him not to let his courage and resolution fail, and to consider the honor and advantage it would be to him to discover the Northwest Passage. Finally, he promised him, should he succeed, a share in the £20,000 reward offered by the government.[19]

[18] Rogers first employed the name "Ouragon" for a westward flowing river in his petition to the King in the summer of 1765. *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxii, 101-105. The origin of this word has not yet been ascertained. T. C. Elliott thinks it may have been a French rather than an Indian word.

[19] *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxiii, 65-68.

This, then, was the remarkable journey upon which Jonathan Carver, without understanding its vast extent or significance, embarked. The journey he actually took was but the vestibule to the one he was expected to take, across the continent and back again, either by the way he had come out or by the desired route to Hudson Bay. Carver faithfully carried out his orders, crossed Wisconsin to the Mississippi, ascended that river to the Falls of St. Anthony, and spent the winter among the Sioux. In the spring, not having had further orders or supplies from Rogers, he dropped down the Mississippi as far as Prairie du Chien, where he met Tute and James Stanley Goddard, vice commander,[20] and started on the second phase of his journey.

Just where Captain Tute spent the winter we do not know. Rogers had ordered him to winter beyond the Falls of St. Anthony among the Sioux, where he was to unite the several members of his council—Goddard, Carver, and the interpreter Joseph Reaume. Tute, however, does not appear to have gone so far north, and as well as we can judge spent the winter of 1766-67 on the Wisconsin and the Mississippi counciling with the tribes, as the deputy of the commandant.[21]

One of the necessities for the success of Rogers' plan was to keep all the northwestern Indians at peace; so he authorized his agents to induce the western tribesmen to visit him at Mackinac in the early summer of 1767. When Carver arrived at Prairie du Chien, with a party of Sioux whom he had persuaded to go to visit Rogers, he found that Tute and Goddard had already obtained a considerable delegation of Sauk and Outagami chiefs who agreed to proceed to Mack-

[20] See Goddard's commission in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxiii, 64-65. Goddard had been a Wisconsin trader since 1761. For a sketch, see *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xviii, 285.

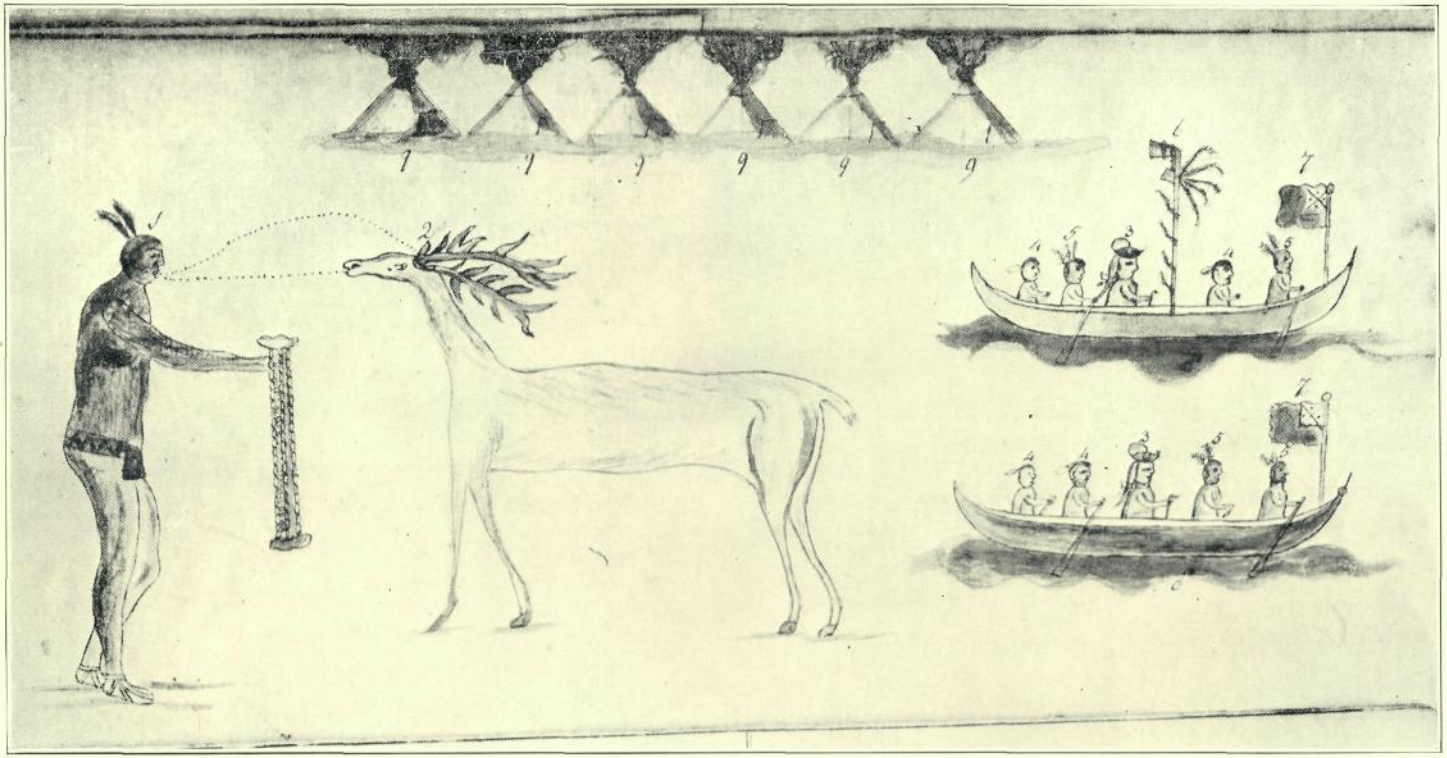
[21] Rogers sent Tute a letter late in October, 1766, which may have involved change of plan. See the letter to Langlade requesting him to forward it, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xviii, 278.

inac to complete the alliance with the British, this despite the tremendous efforts of the French at the posts lower down the river. These latter had been sending messages all the preceding autumn and winter to the tribesmen, assuring them that their Father, "the French King has at last waked out of his deep sleep, with Eyes sparking, like a Tygar, & has taken a Resolution to tread the English under his feet"; the messages continued with a statement that even now a French fleet was ascending the Mississippi, that Vaudreuil was coming back, and that their former allies should hold themselves in readiness to join the invaders; they stated "that the English were a Quareling People and always divided among themselves."[22]

"I humbly presume," writes Carver, "that anyone well acquainted with the circumstances of the Indians on the Mississippi in the beginning of the year 1767 will say that they are of the Opinion that if it had not been for the Pains taken by Cap' Tute and Mr. Goddard and myself by Loading of them with presents beyond what would need have been given in any other Case, that we should have Lost two if not more very valuable Nations viz the Saugies and Ottigaumis," and that would have been followed by the loss of all the Sioux and many of the western Chippewa.[23]

Having seen the delegation of chiefs off for Mackinac, Tute, Goddard, and Carver started up the Mississippi with Joseph Reaume and Charles Gautier as their interpreters. They went in two canoes with eight working hands and one Chippewa chief as guide. With the original Carver journals is a most interesting pictograph, which was placed upon a tree at the entrance of the Chippewa River to indicate to passing Indians who had gone up that stream. The tall man

[22] The journal of Rogers' dealings with the Indians from which these citations are taken, is in American Antiquarian Society *Proceedings*, 1918, 233-289.
[23] Carver's ms. journals.



INDIAN PICTOGRAPH AT MOUTH OF CHIPPEWA RIVER

From Carver's manuscript journals

is a Sioux offering a peace belt to the Chippewa tribe portrayed as a deer; in the boats are the party; the six tents indicate the number of encampments from the Sioux country. They went forward "with a Determination to winter at a Place Call'd by the French Fort Laprairie not far from Lake Winipeck, it being the Furthest Trading Post the French ever had to the Northwest." It will thus be seen that Rogers' original scheme was still animating his subordinates.

The first plan had been to go through the Sioux country to this far post, but the Chippewa guide was much in fear of this route, and Carver says they had not presents enough to carry them through the populous Sioux region; moreover, Tute had received a letter from Rogers that the supplies he was sending would go by the Grand Portage route.[24] They thereupon determined to take the Chippewa's advice, and to mount the river named for his tribe and cross from its headwaters to one leading to Lake Superior. Ascending the Chippewa River to Lac Court Oreilles, the party portaged thence to the Namekagon, down that stream to the St. Croix, which was ascended to its source in upper Lake St. Croix, which Carver called Lake Sturgeon. "Here we had a carrying place of about two miles into a river that falls into Lake Superior; this was so scant of water we were obliged to raise it with dams for passage; the course almost due north; this in a few days brought us into the west end of Lake Superior."[25] This river, easily recognizable as the now famous Brule or Bois Brulé of northwestern Wisconsin, was named by Carver for his companion Goddard.

From the western end of Lake Superior the party skirted the barren northwest coast towards the Grand Portage, by which the fur traders entered the great Northwest. Long before reaching there Tute's party, in the absence of game

[24] *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxiii, 68-69.
[25] Carver's ms. journals.

or hunting Indians, was much straitened for food. At the Portage they eagerly awaited Rogers' promised goods and food for the long journey they had before them. Much to their disappointment a letter was received from Rogers stating that he could not furnish them with the promised supplies, but urging them to push on for their discovery.

Captain Tute called a council of his officers "in the then unhappy condition no Provision nor goods to get any with, when it was universally agreed to return to Michilimackinac and give over our intended Expedition." They arrived at this post the last of August, when Carver wrote on the end of his manuscript, "here ends this attemp to find out a Northwest Passage."[26]

Rogers' inability to perform his part of the proposed expedition was due to no less a person than the superintendent of Indians for the northern department, Sir William Johnson. Johnson had been distrustful of Rogers ever since he obtained his commission as commandant at Mackinac. When Rogers' bills began to come in for presents he had made the Indians and for supplies he had purchased from the traders, Johnson not only refused to honor his requisitions, but determined to send a commissary to Mackinac to watch the commandant. The person chosen was Lieutenant Benjamin Roberts, a reduced officer completely subservient to Johnson's will. Moreover Roberts had a grudge against Rogers on his own account, having had a quarrel with him the year before.

Roberts arrived at the northern post just after the great council had closed wherein Rogers had secured the allegiance of several thousand western Indians. The Wisconsin Historical Library has in its possession a relic of this council in

[26] Carver in his printed *Travels* states that the return was not until the first of November; this must have been a deliberate falsification, due no doubt to a desire to prove an alibi concerning the troubles at the post in the autumn months.

the shape of a commission issued to a Menominee chief and signed in Rogers' well-known hand.[27] So far all had gone well with Rogers' plans; the Indians were friendly, the traders generous and obsequious, his expedition was under way.

Roberts, however, immediately began an investigation of accounts, and by every species of annoyance and inquisition blocked Rogers' efforts at every turn. The latter had a hasty temper and ordered Roberts under arrest. Without going into details, it is enough to say that the post divided into two camps, one for and one against the commandant. Finally Nathaniel Potter, a disreputable agent of Rogers, turned informer against him, declared that he proposed going off to the French and Spaniards, and by an act of treason he meant to deliver up the important post of Michilimackinac to England's enemies. Rogers was in his turn arrested, kept imprisoned during the winter months, and at the opening of navigation sent down to Montreal in irons. There he was tried by court martial and acquitted either because he had been able to destroy all evidences of his treason, or because there were no evidences to be produced.[28] We incline to the latter belief; the charges against Rogers appear trumped up and manufactured, and with the exception of one letter from a Captain Hopkins who had gone over to the French, which Rogers declared a forgery, there is no proof that he contemplated any dealings with French or Spanish. No doubt on being thwarted in all his plans, Rogers may have lost his temper and threatened rash things, but that he deliberately planned to betray the post there is not a scintilla of proof. Certainly Carver must be absolved from any treasonable designs, and after these occurrences his course was plain. Upon Rogers' arrest and disgrace Carver wisely suppressed

[27] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xviii, 286.

[28] For a detailed account of these troubles of Rogers, see Nevins, *op. cit.*, 128-145.

his connection with the late commandant, and claimed to have been traveling in the West for his own pleasure and information. Having tried in vain to collect from General Gage at Boston the wages Rogers had promised him, and having proposed to publish his journals there without receiving encouragement, Carver sailed in February, 1769 for England, whence he never returned to his native land.

To London also Rogers betook himself after his acquittal, only to find that his powerful patron Charles Townshend had died and that the English public was no longer deeply interested in the discovery of a Northwest Passage. Rogers presented petition after petition to the ministers, in one of which he proposed a different route across the continent, by the Minnesota River, the Missouri, and then a portage of thirty miles "into the great river Ourigan." This time (1772) he estimated that he could undertake the journey for £4,000; but apparently this proposal was not even considered.[29]

Carver, too, bombarded the English authorities with petitions and memorials, and, more successful than Rogers, actually obtained from the Treasury in 1770 something over £1,100.[30] Three years later he was again declaring to the King that he was in extreme want and distress, asking for an appointment as Indian agent among the Sioux. What had become of the small fortune he had received? Since he was later a lottery clerk, one may imagine that he was in the habit of investing in such questionable security, or in other words that he was, like many more prominent Londoners of his time, a gambler. Dr. Joseph Banks of the Royal Society seems to have befriended him, and had he lived through the illness which carried him off early in 1780 he would have

[29] *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxii, 106-110. Rogers in this proposal anticipated the journey of Lewis and Clark by over thirty years.

[30] Ms. from the Treasury office. See also Wisconsin Historical Society *Proceedings*, 1912, 110-120.

found a powerful friend in Dr. Coakley Lettsom, who became his biographer and the protector of his English widow and children, but whose acquaintance with Captain Carver began only a few days before he died.[31]

Into the later life of Rogers we will not enter here. Suffice it to say that after some time in a debtors' prison he returned to America and had a somewhat disreputable career as a Loyalist during the American Revolution. He died in total obscurity in London in 1795.[32]

Whatever may be said of the comparative merits and integrity of Carver and Rogers, it must be admitted that the latter was more versatile than the former, more imaginative and more compounded of the stuff that makes men great. In a sense Carver unwittingly filched Rogers' fame; his was the conception, the inception, and the failure of the enterprise, visionary but not ignoble, of discovering a passage across North America and finding the Oregon (now the Columbia) River. Carver, his draughtsman and third in command, with an accurate eye, and the power of turning a phrase, made the expedition as far as it went famous and himself in the bargain. Because of Rogers and his plan for finding the Northwest Passage, Carver has given us the earliest English description of the Upper Lakes region, and a classic of early western travel.

[31] *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xxi, 368.
[32] Nevins, *op. cit.*, 152-173.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDMUND JUSSEN

MARIE JUSSEN MONROE

The life of the pioneers of America who followed the trail westward during the first half of the nineteenth century was one of romantic adventure and rugged endurance. It was the sort of life which made an especially compelling appeal to young German immigrants escaping from the narrow conventions and severe restrictions imposed upon Prussians by the Hohenzollern dynasty. German youths of that period were idealists, confident that they would realize their dreams of a Utopia in America, "the land of boundless opportunities."

Among these young immigrants was Edmund Jussen. He was born in the ancient fortified town of Julich in the province of Rhenish Cleve. There he had heard and seen the repressed revolt of the burghers against grinding military rule and had felt the dominant authority of the commandant of the fortress. His father, Jacob Jussen, was a cloth merchant and *Burgermeister* of Julich. This office, conferred by the city fathers in recognition of marked integrity and sound judgment, was held by the incumbent for an indefinite term. Next to the *Herr Commandant* the *Burgermeister* was the most prominent man in the community. Edmund's mother, Hubertine Jussen, was the only daughter of one of Julich's prosperous merchants. She died when Edmund was eight years old, leaving to him and his two sisters a vague memory of her loving gentleness, which they cherished through life.

When Edmund graduated from the elementary school at Julich, he was sent to the Jesuit *Gymnasium* at Cologne, a university preparatory school famous for its high academic standards and strict discipline. Three of Edmund's cousins —Otto Jussen, George Rey, and Carl Schurz—were already students at that same *Gymnasium,* preparing to enter the University of Bonn. The four cousins were nearly of an age and had always been fast friends. During their summer vacations they tramped over the countryside together, visiting the farm homes of their various relatives living in the vicinity of Cologne. There they were always sure of a cordial welcome and of generous hospitality. Their appetites and the many pranks which they played on one another and on their elders were proverbial in the family. During their vacations they thought nothing of walking along the highways from dawn until noon; and if then they still had some miles to make before delivering themselves over to the tender mercies of one of their aunts, they stopped at some orchard and for a few copper coins were allowed to eat their fill of cherries or plums. Then they trudged on.

Three of the cousins had entered the university when Edmund, who was the youngest of the quartette, still had his final year of school at Cologne to complete. As rumors of the increasing political activities among the secret societies at the universities, which preceded the Revolution of 1848, grew ever more exciting, Edmund became restive. He longed to be among the men who were spreading the spirit of revolt against the tyranny of Prussian rule. At that time students of a preparatory school were not permitted to attend social or political meetings held by university students. Nor were they allowed to participate in convivial gatherings. Any student of a *Gymnasium* who ventured to drink a glass of wine or beer in the company of university students at the inn frequented by a fraternity was subject to a heavy penalty

—usually several days of solitary confinement on bread and water in the so-called *carcer* (prison) of the school.

But whatever the consequence might be, Edmund resolved to grasp the first opportunity which offered to participate in all that was transpiring at the fountain head of the revolutionary movement. Accordingly, when his cousins invited him to pay them a visit at Bonn, he accepted without delay. He was admitted to the secret society of which they were members, and at that meeting heard his cousin Carl deliver a fire and brimstone plea for freedom of the press, popular vote, and release from military bondage. It is needless to say that this speech struck a responsive chord in Edmund's heart. On his return to Cologne he was questioned by the faculty, who had noticed his absence, and he frankly admitted his guilt. He was promptly sentenced to the maximum period of punishment. He as promptly broke jail, walked to Julich, as his trip to Bonn had exhausted his month's allowance, and announced to his astonished father that he had done with the *Gymnasium* at Cologne. A declaration, by the way, which was quite needless, as that institution had no room for a rebel such as Edmund.

What was now to be done with the boy? No other reputable school would be open to him, and he had only one more semester between him and the university. Moreover, he would soon be eligible for military service, a fact which presented an equally difficult problem in view of his democratic spirit. The solution came in a manner most welcome to Edmund. His father's brother Georg, the adventurous member of the Jussen family, arrived unexpectedly on the scene and announced his intention to emigrate to America. When he heard of Edmund's predicament, he suggested to the boy's father that Edmund be allowed to go to America with him. Travel, he declared boldly, was a better school for a freedom-loving lad than a Prussian *Gymnasium* or university. Re-

luctantly the father consented, and soon the two Jussens who were destined to blaze the trail westward for their family were on their way to Antwerp, whence they were to set sail.

It was the spring of the year 1847. Revolution was rife in Europe, and Edmund knew that he was leaving his home country on the eve of stirring events. However, his heart beat joyously at the thought of soon being on American soil. So eager was he to come into contact with foreign waters, that he decided to take a swim in the river Scheldt at Antwerp. Caught by the outgoing tide, he would have been swept down into the sea had a Flemish fisherman not come to the rescue. During the slow journey on the sailing vessel, the boy's thoughts turned with growing impatience to the great adventure ahead, and he gathered a stock of thrilling and more or less exaggerated yarns from the sailors, most of whom had seen nothing of America but one or two of its ports.

Arrived in New York, the immigrants decided to visit the great White Way of that city, which was then confined to a section in the neighborhood of the Bowery. At the old Bowery Theatre they witnessed a blood-curdling play, while the bootblacks and newsboys of old New York sat in the gallery and threw peanut shells down on the heads of the audience in the pit and shouted to the hero to "die over again" when that gentleman had been duly despatched by the dagger of the "villain"—which he obligingly proceeded to do.

Through the Erie Canal to Buffalo and from there to Chicago, Milwaukee, and Portage, some of the distance by stagecoach, some by boat and rail, they journeyed. They had heard much of the great beauties of Wisconsin, which was at that time the Mecca of many German immigrants of the educated class, and its lakes and prairies and woodlands

seem to have satisfied their expectations fully. "Wisconsin is a smiling land," wrote Edmund in a letter to his father, in which he urged him to "break away from the old moorings" and follow his son and brother.

For a while uncle and nephew roamed about the country together; but soon the adventurous spirit of the older man impelled him to penetrate still farther into the interior, and he decided to explore the Mississippi Valley. Edmund was unwilling to leave Wisconsin, which had quite satisfied his expectations, for parts unknown. He elected to remain at Portage and become acquainted with the surrounding towns and farms and their pioneer inhabitants. Moreover, their joint capital was not sufficient to enable them to undertake a long journey together. Edmund, who was never keenly alive to his own pecuniary interests, generously turned over the contents of his purse to his uncle, retaining only one silver dollar. This, with perfect health and unbounded confidence in the future, constituted the only assets of the potential young citizen of the United States. The uncle having departed, Edmund invested his dollar in a shotgun and some cartridges and began his independent career. He had a quite definite plan which had gradually formed in his mind, and which proved to be both practical and effective.

First and foremost was his wish to learn idiomatic English. To that end he knew that he must be among native Americans. Second, he wished to become familiar with the prevailing mode of living and with American ideals of citizenship. Again, that could be best accomplished by mingling as extensively as possible with the Anglo-Saxon population and seeking the company of its best representatives. And finally, it was imperatively necessary speedily to find a means of livelihood.

Some of Wisconsin's villages and farms were settled almost entirely by Germans. These the young immigrant

resolved to avoid when possible until he should have free command of English. He knew that the majority of innkeepers in the surrounding towns were Anglo-Saxons; he also knew that among them and the wives of American farmers he might find the most ready purchasers of the game he bagged. Accordingly, he started out on a hunting trip. As he was a good shot, the prairie chickens and snipe, which were abundant, yielded him ample stock in trade. His habit was to roam the woods and prairies through the day and at its close offer a brace of prairie chickens or a dozen snipe to the keeper of an inn or the wife of a farmer in exchange for a night's lodging and supper and breakfast. Naturally he soon knew the countryside intimately, and sooner or later was a guest at nearly every farm or inn which lay in the path of his hunting grounds. Now and then he happened upon a pioneer family from overseas. On one accasion, in the heart of a little grove, he found his way to the door of a farmhouse owned by a Hungarian count named Haraszthy. The Count, a man of university training and culture, was a political refugee. He and his wife and boys, reared in luxury, were fearlessly and cheerfully meeting the privations and hardships of pioneer life. When they sought refuge in the wilds of Wisconsin after the Revolution of 1836, they brought with them their library, their piano, their silver-mounted saddles, and various other still less necessary reminders of the luxurious life they had renounced to build up a new existence and a home in a free country. Their chance visitor, who had come from a home in which books and music were essentials, found a sympathetic welcome.

After an evening spent in reminiscences of their homes across the seas and discussion of the opportunities which American pioneer life offered, the Count suggested that his young visitor remain with him and his family awhile. He offered the use of his library, which contained many good

books in the English language, as a special inducement. Other than the rather hard tasks of a farm hand, the Count thought he had no work to offer the young stranger, until it occurred to him that it might be possible to combine the watching of a flock of sheep with the study of English. So it happened that during several sunny weeks of the early autumn of 1848, the dawn of each day saw Edmund Jussen driving his flock of sheep to pasture with a volume of Shakespeare's plays and a corncob pipe as companions, and his pockets bulging with the generous luncheon prepared for him by the Countess.

All went well and the student's knowledge of Shakespeare and of English progressed rapidly. Then, one morning when a lively breeze was blowing across the fields, the student-shepherd, having satisfied himself that his sheep had found good grazing ground, sat down in the dry grass, lit his corncob pipe, threw the still glowing match over his shoulder, and was soon absorbed in Hamlet's soliloquy. Suddenly he heard the tramp of feet on the turf and excited voices of men calling. Turning to see what it was all about, he discovered that the prairie was afire, and that his terrified flock of sheep were dashing in a wild panic into the flames. He saw also that a dozen or more men were running toward him waving great branches with which they hoped to extinguish the fire, but which the bewildered shepherd thought were weapons to be used upon him. Seeing himself greatly outnumbered, he beat a hasty retreat. Running as fast as his young legs would carry him, he cleared the prairie, swam across a stream, and plunged into the woods beyond. There he remained all night. With the dawn of the next day his courage returned and he hurried back to the farm to take the punishment he felt he richly deserved. As he approached the farm yard, he saw a hundred or more seared sheep skins hanging on the fences, an eloquent reminder of yesterday's

tragedy. The sight was disheartening, but he pressed on and found the Count engaged in consultation with his men regarding the disposal of his embarrassingly large supply of mutton. To his surprise, the men were all glad to see the runaway, and the Count, placing a kindly hand on the lad's shoulder, merely remarked that a knowledge of the danger of prairie fires during the dry autumn season was quite as important as Hamlet's speculations on the immortality of the soul. This closed the episode; but there was more to come.

A few days later the Count announced at breakfast that the time had arrived for the slaughter of pigs and the preparing of smoked meats and sausage for the winter's supply. He turned to Edmund, who was enjoying a piece of especially savory bacon, and asked him whether he was willing to try his skill at pig-sticking. Though the lad was a good sportsman, butchering pigs was not to his taste. However, he was determined to take his medicine and make good at whatever the Count set for him. Armed with a large butcher knife, he followed the men into the enclosure where a dozen or more doomed hogs were running about. He was instructed to catch one of them, grasp it securely about the middle with his left arm, while his right hand thrust the knife into the creature's neck, if possible, killing it instantly. His very first attempt proved his utter unfitness for the job. The smooth, sleek body of the hog slipped from his grasp, and in his determined effort to hold it he straddled the beast, which galloped wildly about the enclosure while Edmund lunged forward and tried to cut its throat. He missed his aim, burying his knife in the squealing victim's shoulder, lost his balance and rolled ingloriously from his mount into the middle of the enclosure, which did not offer a desirable bed. He decided then and there that pioneer farming was not his calling. The Count laughingly agreed, but praised

him for the pluck he had shown in attempting the uncongenial task.

Among the farm hands was one who spoke often of a neighboring town called Columbus, which had been settled chiefly by people of Scotch and English descent, and Edmund decided to make that town his next objective. So to Columbus he went, richer than when he had come, by the blessing of his host and hostess and a few hard-earned dollars. Making his way in the accustomed manner he accomplished the short journey by easy stages, and one sunny late October afternoon he saw a little church and some modest homes among the hills and knew that these constituted the town of Columbus.

On his way he had encountered several friendly groups of Indian bucks mounted on ponies, who had been paying the white housewives of Columbus a visit, asking and receiving what could be spared from the household's supplies of flour and sugar and bacon. They hardly noticed the stranger as he strode by them with his rifle over his shoulder, and seemed so entirely peaceably minded that Edmund rather ruefully concluded that Cooper's tales which he had read some years before in German translations were gross exaggerations.

The first door at which he knocked as he entered the village was that of a flour mill, owned by one Joseph Manning, a Scotchman who had come to Columbus from Vermont. The boy's frank face and manner won the confidence of the townsman, who after some questioning invited Edmund to his home. There he was at once made welcome by Mrs. Manning, the memory of whose great-hearted helpfulness is still traditional in Columbus, and with whose young brother, Ben Campbell, Edmund soon formed a warm friendship. Indeed, the happy, light-hearted Ben's chief characteristics proved to be the very contrary of those usually ascribed to

his race. He it was, however, who launched Edmund on his first stable business venture. He proposed one day that they merge their capital, of which each had a few dollars, and persuade Mr. Manning to back them in establishing a general store. Now, long before he left Germany Edmund had set his heart on becoming a lawyer, but he saw in any honest occupation a stepping stone to his ambition; and when Mr. Manning trustfully agreed to back the enterprise, he consented to enter into the proposed partnership and for a time sell sugar and flour and calico and hardware and farming implements to the farmers and their wives. Their little shop had very limited space, and neither the door nor windows were provided with locks. As the Indians had a habit of helping themselves to unguarded property, the young proprietors agreed to sleep alternately in the store. This arrangement presented some difficulties which were finally overcome by placing a bunk under the counter. Now, Edmund was a sound sleeper, and one morning when he was still dreaming of his future he was awakened by footfalls. "Indians!" was his first thought, and before he was fully awake he found himself facing one of the village girls, who fled in terror as the tousled head emerged and the tall form clad in unconventional clothes rose to its height of six feet. After this adventure the firm invested in a bolt for the door and an alarm clock. In the course of time the profits of the general store made it possible for the potential lawyer to purchase a second-hand copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. After that he never knew an idle evening. By the light of his petroleum lamp with its tin reflector he read page upon page of English common law. To him this was not dull reading, for he realized with deep satisfaction that he was becoming familiar with the best English of Blackstone's day as well as with fundamental principles of English law.

About this same time there lived in Columbus a full-blooded family of red setter dogs, one of which its owner offered to the young foreigner in recognition of his love for a good dog and his skill as a hunter. After the adoption of Jack, the little store had two occupants in the evening. The young setter loved his master well and would lie quietly at his feet for hours; always on condition that there had been enough activity during the day to satisfy his young energies. But Jack had no real taste for quiet hours, and very often he coaxed his master away from his studies out into the open country beyond the town. Not yet having acquired faultless company manners, he was often locked up at home when his master went out to pay a social call, an indignity to which he submitted with much vociferous protest. His dislike for solitude was equaled only by his distaste for Blackstone's *Commentaries,* and one evening he vented his wrath by pulling one of his master's precious volumes down from the table, and trying the strength of his teeth upon the pages and binding. Coming home and finding the culprit at his destructive work, the master reached for his riding whip and without further ceremony administered several sharp lashes. Jack gave him one injured look, plunged through the window and was gone. He was never seen in those parts again. Edmund Jussen to the end of his days could not recall that experience without regret. He felt that he had done an injustice to a creature who had trusted him and who would never have injured him intentionally. Jack's successors had never to complain of undeserved punishment or harsh treatment.

Jack had been trained as a hunter of prairie chickens and had won an enviable reputation for his skill and unusual intelligence. One day a townsman asked for the loan of him. He had heard so much about the luck Jussen had with the dog, that he wanted to try him out. Jack was ordered by his master to follow the man with the gun. He obeyed very re-

luctantly. Something seemed to tell him that this hunter was not a skillful sportsman. Scarcely two hours later he came trudging home and settled down contentedly behind the stove for a nap. There had evidently been no tragedy; but why had the hunter not come home with the dog? Jack's answer to the query was a bored look. Presently the man returned, still carrying his gun but with no game to show for his efforts. "Have you seen your dog?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer, "he has been here half an hour. Why did you come back so soon, and what did you bag?" "Why did we come back? Ask your dog! You see, it was like this. There were plenty of prairie chickens, all right! They flew up by the dozen. I fired at the first lot and missed. Your dog gave me a funny look. I tried again and missed again. Your dog sat down disgusted. When I missed the third time, the beast turned tail and ran for home. Looks as though he didn't think I was much of a shot, doesn't it?"

At that time Columbus was quite gay socially. Several of the daughters of the townspeople and farmers, who had attended young ladies' finishing schools in the East, had returned home and parties were the order of the day. Dancing was not practiced in Columbus; but the old-fashioned games—stagecoach, drop the handkerchief, and guessing games—were in vogue, all of which were new to the young immigrant, and while he could not make himself feel impressed by the amount of mental ability they called for, he was much amused by the novelty of American social life in its simple form presented to him. At one of these gatherings Nancy Smith, the pretty daughter of a Connecticut farmer, and Edmund Jussen, the son of a German *Burgermeister*, met and lost their hearts to each other. They were married within a few months, Nancy being eighteen and Edmund twenty-one years of age. This was the first international marriage to be consummated in Columbus, and it

naturally attracted much attention. It was to be followed by a number of others in the Jussen family in later years.

Through some traveling business man Edmund Jussen was offered a lucrative position in St. Louis, and to that city he took his bride soon after their marriage. For a time business prospects were bright, but that fall cholera struck St. Louis and the anxious young husband decided to take his wife back to her people. They were both welcomed with open arms and set up housekeeping with hopeful hearts. Then, in August of 1853, Nancy Jussen gave birth to a daughter and died ten days later, leaving her disconsolate husband alone with baby Nannie in the now desolate home.

Soon after this catastrophe Jacob Jussen decided to follow his son to America. Burning all his bridges behind him he started on his long journey from Julich to Columbus with his second wife, their five children, his two daughters, Marie and Ursula, by his first marriage, and his second wife's parents. They crossed the Atlantic on a sailing vessel carrying with them, as was the custom in those days, many of their household effects, among these a piano, and food for the entire family for the long ocean journey of six weeks. The most trying part of their journey was that from Chicago to Columbus, which they made in prairie schooners. Mrs. Jussen's mother fell from the wagon while it was jolting over a rough road and broke her arm, and the youngest child, who had always been frail, became so ill that the whole caravan was obliged to stop at a village where there was a doctor, until the broken arm could be set and the poor little girl could be relieved of her suffering.

When the travel-worn family arrived at Columbus they found Edmund waiting for them and a house ready to receive them. Good Mrs. Manning had ample opportunity to satisfy her impulse to be helpful. The Jussens obtained their first impressions of American neighborhood spirit through

one of its best exponents. Edmund was fully Americanized by this time; but he had lost his young wife, his baby was being cared for by her grandmother on the Smith farm, and the Manning home was his refuge. The warm-hearted Ben Campbell seconded his sister, Mrs. Manning, in her efforts to make the newcomers comfortable and happy, and succeeded so well with the younger daughter Sula, that she very soon consented to marry him. This was the second international alliance in the Jussen family within a few years. When Sula announced her marriage to her girl friends in Germany, one of them asked in her letter of congratulation: "Tell me, Sula, is your dear husband black?"

As soon as the family and their belongings were under roof, Mrs. Jussen, who was very musical, relieved her pent-up feelings by sitting down at her piano and playing Mendelssohn's *Song*. There happened to be a group of Indians in the village who had never heard such music before, this being the first piano ever to have been brought to Columbus. They traced the tunes to their source, walked quietly into the Jussen living room, stood listening attentively, and when the sounds the strange white woman was making on the strange large instrument died away, they laid a shining silver coin on the keys and stalked out as silently as they had entered. This was the first encounter with real native Americans which the immigrants had.

Encouraged by Gerry W. Hazelton, then practicing law in Columbus, to continue his legal studies, Edmund Jussen read law zealously and was admitted to the bar at Madison in 1859. His parents meantime decided to make their permanent home in Watertown. They were persuaded to this change not because of any disinclination to be among Americans, but because of the urgent appeals made to them by other families of German birth and like interests who had settled in that town.

Meantime Edmund Jussen, having been in America the requisite number of years and being thoroughly and permanently imbued with the spirit and duties of American citizenship, had long since acquired his citizenship papers and begun to take active interest in public affairs. After admission to the bar he practiced law independently in Columbus. Fees were in those days frequently paid in potatoes, apples, or a load of kindling wood. A fee of five dollars for a case tried before the circuit court judge was a rare windfall. Often the drive to and from the court and a bill for a night's lodging and several meals consumed the entire princely sum, and left the young lawyer wiser and as poor as before.

His relatives having settled in Watertown and his cousin Carl Schurz having bought near there a farm to which he brought his father, mother, and two sisters, Anna and Antonie, soon after their arrival from Germany in 1854, Edmund Jussen frequently drove over the plank road from Columbus to Watertown in a sulky to visit them. He and his young girl cousins had not met since their childhood days. The Schurz family were feeling a grateful relief from the persecutions to which they had been subjected after the Revolution of 1848, and were buoyantly happy in their new home. The older sister, Anna, was a serious-minded girl of eighteen, inclined to protect and indulge her younger sister, whose gay spirits and bright mind entertained her greatly. Antonie had enjoyed especial advantages. Shortly after Carl Schurz had liberated his professor, Gottfried Kinkel, who had been condemned to life imprisonment for instigating revolution among his university students, and effected his escape to London, Mrs. Kinkel joined him and they took up their residence there. Later Mrs. Kinkel returned to Germany to visit the Schurz family and suggested taking one of the daughters back with her to London. Antonie eagerly consented to go. A year and a half in the home of these

cultured, high-minded people, where she met all the political refugees gathered there, the instruction in English and music which she received from the Professor and his wife, the glimpses of English social life which she was allowed to have, made an indelible impression on her mind. Naturally observing and quick-witted, she acquired a good knowledge of English during the year and a half of her sojourn in London. Her rich mezzo-soprano voice developed under the careful tutelage of Mr. Kinkel, who was a fine musician and composed many beautiful songs. Some of these Toni often sang when the Kinkels were entertaining groups of friends. Mrs. Kinkel wished to cultivate poise in her young protegée, as well as a love for music. Finally, when the Schurz family were about to emigrate to America, those happy London days drew to a close and Toni returned to her home at Bonn with a heart and mind filled with happy memories and a trunk filled with pretty clothes. She soon found that she must keep all of her treasures concealed from the jealous eyes of the neighbors. Her bubbling talk of the good times with the refugees and her girlish pride in her leghorn hat with its blue ribbons and gay flowers, and her rustling black silk gown were alike frowned upon by the loyal Prussians. Consequently, when her brother Carl finally made it possible for his parents and sisters to join him and his young wife in America, her rejoicing was great. During the first year the entire family lived in Philadelphia, and from there went to Watertown.

Naturally, their young American cousin Edmund Jussen interested the Schurz sisters greatly. He was wholly familiar with English, he knew young America thoroughly well, he had been steadily forging ahead in his career, and he was in need of sympathy and companionship after the death of his wife. So it happened that the friendship between him and his new-found cousin Toni ripened into deeper affection;

and after many, many early morning and late evening rides over the plank road that stretched between Columbus and Watertown, and some objecting on the part of the older members of the family because of the close relationship, the courtship culminated in a runaway marriage which took place on May 31, 1856, and Edmund Jussen took his second wife to Columbus.

For a girl of nineteen it was not a small undertaking to become the stepmother of a little girl three years of age, and, foreigner as she was, also to enter a social circle consisting entirely of Americans unfamiliar with her habits and mode of life. The change of environment which the young foreigner experienced was radical, but she was adaptable by nature and happily free from self-consciousness. Again it was Mrs. Manning, whose brother Ben had meantime married Edmund's younger sister Sula, who smoothed the path for the newcomer. It was she who initiated her into the intricacies of American housekeeping; it was she also who called the attention of the ladies of Columbus to the pleasing, well trained singing voice which the newcomer possessed.

In the Watertown of those days there gathered a group of educated German men and women who were resourceful in social diversions. A number were accomplished musicians, and with the available home talent they staged many a good concert. Often, too, they enacted scenes from their favorite operas, among them the *Magic Flute, Der Freischuetz, Norma,* and others. Usually it was Carl Schurz who furnished the piano accompaniment and officiated as conductor and critic. On many a cold, snowy winter evening a bob sleigh was sent out from the Schurz farm to gather in the various friends living in the town who wished to share in an evening of musical recreation. Antonie's full, mellow mezzo-soprano was always in requisition, especially so because she was

known never to sing off key and always to be ready to carry an alto part when Mrs. Schurz, who usually sang that part, was absent.

In Columbus musical entertainments of so ambitious a nature were still entirely unknown. Indeed, most of the famous European composers had never been heard of there, while they were household names in the homes of the immigrants living in Watertown. And so it fell to the lot of Edmund Jussen's young second wife to make Columbus acquainted with Mendelssohn and Schumann and Schubert. Her popularity was assured and she was soon asked to sing in church, which she did with much pleasure, thus in her turn learning American sacred music. On one occasion she was requested to sing at the funeral of an old townsman. When she found herself placed immediately beside the open casket she, who had never looked upon death before, was so agitated that her voice shook as she sang "Rock of Ages," and she very nearly broke down. Never again did she consent to sing at a funeral.

After practicing law in Columbus several years, Edmund Jussen felt the need of closer contact with a larger community. He was deeply interested in public affairs, an ardent antislavery man and a staunch Republican. Madison seemed to him a good field for activities of the sort he sought, and there he settled with his little family, which was now augmented by a second daughter, Anna, born to him and his second wife in 1857.

In the fall of 1861 the Republicans of Dane County elected him to represent them in the Assembly. He immediately took an active part in the proceedings of that body and was appointed to serve as chairman of various important committees. He made numerous speeches which are said to have been as remarkable for their logic as for their excellent English. By this time he had acquired perfect command of

the language of the country of which he was now a citizen, and spoke with a scarcely perceptible foreign accent. The records state that during that session of the Assembly one of the important and significant resolutions introduced by Edmund Jussen was to the effect that "So much of Governor Harvey's message as refers to the establishment of a professor of military engineering and tactics at the state university be referred to a select committee of three." The resolution was adopted, Edmund Jussen acting as chairman of the committee appointed. In his report as chairman he explained what the southern states had done for military education and added that "the advisability of establishing a military professorship at the University of Wisconsin would seem to require no further argument." The committee thereupon earnestly recommended that an appropriation be made for that purpose.

The shameless manner in which the army was being exploited by manufacturers and state agents is revealed by a resolution presented by Mr. Wolfe. Its humorous form does not detract from the seriousness of the charge. Under date of February 5, 1862, it was *"Resolved,* That the thanks of this assembly are due to Captain David McKee of the Second Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers on account of his valuable and unique donation to the State Historical Society of a pair of shoes such as were purchased by a state agent for the use of said regiment. The said shoes were intended to rig out the boys for a trip to Richmond in July last:

> They were composed of paper and wood
> And leather thrice split, not half so good,
> All whipt together with Spalding's glue.
> May the Union be stronger than a soldier's shoe!

The resolution urged that "the Secretary of State be requested to deposit said shoes among the historic relics as a

perpetual memorial of the cowardly frauds that traitors in the North have perpetrated upon Volunteers." Edmund Jussen proposed this amendment: "And the said Secretary is further requested to write on the label pasted on said shoes the name of the state agent who purchased them and the name of the party or parties who sold them—in indelible ink." The resolution and amendment were adopted.

During that session he worked zealously for the betterment of conditions at the front. He was wholeheartedly in sympathy with the urgent appeals of Mrs. Harvey for more and better hospitals near the battle front—appeals which she finally carried in person to President Lincoln with success. Governor Harvey had been drowned while on a tour of inspection of Wisconsin troops, and his widow bravely endeavored to carry on her husband's efforts to make war less cruel by providing for the soldiers in camp and the wounded men in the hospitals. Her fine spirit was an inspiration to all women who came under her influence. Mrs. Jussen liked to dwell on the frankness with which Mrs. Harvey criticized and censured trivial-mindedness in the women at Madison. On one occasion, when she was asked by the Lieutenant Governor's wife what sort of dress would be proper at a reception to be held at the Governor's mansion, Mrs. Harvey answered: "The greatest simplicity in dress is the only proper thing in times like these."

In May, 1862, Edmund Jussen enlisted and joined the Twenty-third Wisconsin Infantry with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He was sent to Camp Randall for training, and a few months later the regiment started on its march to Kentucky and thence to Memphis, Tennessee. The heat of that summer was intense. The story of the southward march of the Twenty-third Wisconsin is one of great suffering and almost superhuman endurance. At one time every officer and half the men were on the sick list. While the Twenty-

third did not engage in any great battle during the ensuing fall and winter, it did effective work in clearing the line of march and in hampering the advance of the Southern Army.

In a letter written by Colonel Jussen's wife to her brother, Carl Schurz, dated Madison, November 11, 1862, she quotes at length from a letter from her husband from his camp in Kentucky. In it he tells the story of his differences with General Burbridge, a Kentuckian and a slaveholder, over the return to his master of a runaway slave boy whom Jussen had taken under his protection. It appears from that letter that the General at first contemplated exercising his authority over the irate Colonel for having taken his superior officer to task; then thought better of it when he found that the entire regiment was in sympathy with Colonel Jussen in his insistence that the law of contraband be observed. He flattered Colonel Jussen by assurances of his high regard and told him that he would gladly liberate his forty slaves if he could end the war by so doing and that he himself was as staunch a Union man and Republican as the Colonel.

There is one man who served under Colonel Jussen still living at Seattle. Now at the age of eighty-seven Mr. Helm likes to recall his experiences with the Twenty-third Wisconsin. In a recent letter to Colonel Jussen's daughter he spoke of her father in affectionate terms. "I remember Colonel Jussen well," he writes. "Got quite well acquainted with him during the first campaign into Kentucky. He was a strict disciplinarian. He would allow no straggling or looting during the march through the orchards and gardens of Kentucky, which were then in full bearing. This did not please some, who thought that on the march they could do as they liked. They made fists at him—behind his back. Colonel Jussen was held in high esteem by all the men and officers of the regiment whose opinion was worth while. He was a good man, a just man, and every inch a soldier."

Surely such a tribute from a man who served in the ranks of the Twenty-third Wisconsin is high praise.

In the spring of 1863 Colonel Jussen was invalided home, and from that time until his death twenty-seven years later he never knew a day that was free from pain. He frequently said that an empty sleeve or a wooden leg would have been far preferable to the chronic illness he contracted in the field. But he was not the man to give up the fight. His mental faculties were unimpaired, his will power was indomitable, and his ambition to take and hold his place among the men of his profession as strong as ever. After months on a sick bed he decided to take his family to Chicago and open a law office in that city. In spite of ill health he built up his law practice, gradually gaining recognition among his colleagues and fellow citizens, but ever and again forced to interrupt his work by almost unendurable physical suffering.

In 1869 he was appointed collector of internal revenue for the First District of Illinois and held that office for a short time, during which he discovered the commencement of those illegal activities of the so-called "Whisky Ring" which afterwards developed into such scandalous proportions. Failing to understand the character of the man they were dealing with, some of its leaders offered him money as an inducement to close his eyes to what was going on and discontinue further investigations. The result of this brazen offer was redoubled vigilance on the part of the collector. This and certain disclosures which appeared in the newspapers had the effect of stirring up the distillers to make every effort to secure his removal from office, which they succeeded in accomplishing within a year of his appointment. Broken in health by this struggle, he attempted to resume the practice of his profession under the most adverse conditions; but after a time, unable to overcome the difficulties of the situation, he accepted a loan almost forced upon him by an

old friend, and went to Germany for needed rest and medical treatment.

Taking with him his wife and two youngest children, Marie and Edmund, and leaving his daughters Nannie and Anna with his sister Augusta Hood, he set sail for Bremen in September, 1871, on the large and modern steamer *Hermann,* a vessel of twelve hundred tons. The very first news which greeted the Jussen family on their arrival in Germany was that of the great Chicago fire. At first they laughed at people who told them that the greater part of Chicago had been reduced to ashes; but as reports grew ever more convincing and alarming, the anxious parents cabled to relatives for information regarding their two daughters whom they had left there. Two distressing weeks passed before there came from a relative a cable of two words: "Girls safe." The present writer, who was a little girl at the time, remembers that moment vividly. She had not realized the strain her parents had been under until she saw her father and mother read that brief message and suddenly give way to their emotions. After weeks of waiting there came letters written by the two daughters, from Columbus, where they had found shelter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Manning. They told of having been driven by the fire from their aunt's home on the south side of Chicago; of having fled to the lake shore, dragging a few belongings with them on a little cart, there to wait for the dawn with thousands of other refugees. They then tried in vain to find their way to friends and were finally discovered, bedraggled and blackened by smoke, by Francis Lackner, the fiancé of Nannie, the older of the two sisters. These letters told the almost unbelievable story that the fire had eaten its way to the north side of the city and had destroyed the Jussen home with all its contents, among them many cherished reminders of early days, and a library which was the most precious of all their possessions.

After their return to America the family visited the site of their home and found a china doll's face among the ashes as the only tangible proof that their house had once stood on that spot. One hundred dollars' insurance was the capital they had with which to rebuild.

Spending a winter at Bonn, Edmund Jussen devoted much leisure time to the study of local conditions, writing many letters to Chicago papers. Also, he utilized this opportunity and the proximity of the University Library at Bonn, to study philosophy, archeology, and history, three subjects which always interested him greatly.

After a strenuous cure at a sanitarium, the doctors suggested a brief change of scene and it seemed the opportunity for a visit to Julich. Both the children were eager for this trip. One of the stories their father had frequently told them was of the post-chaise which arrived daily at the market place at Julich, drawn by four horses and driven by a postilion in blue livery ornamented with brass buttons and much gold lace, who blew a merry tune on his horn as he entered the town. When it was found possible still to travel by diligence, the coach and the postilion were hired and the Jussens found themselves on their way through the lovely Rhine country with its well-kept ancient forests and beautiful vine-clad hills. The postilion, knowing that his passengers were the son of the former *Burgermeister* of Julich and his family, drove into the town with a special flourish of trumpets and introduced the travelers to the innkeeper with a sweeping courtesy and a wave of his postilion's cockaded top hat.

In the evening, after taking his wife and children about the old town, showing them the schoolhouse, the house in which he was born, and other familiar places, Edmund Jussen decided to go to the Club House and hunt up those of his schoolmates who had remained in the conservative old

German town while he was overseas becoming ever more thoroughly American. He found two or more of these now portly city fathers, glad to see him, glad to talk over the friends they had played with in their boyhood, proud of the victory their country had recently won over France, but wholly unresponsive to the views which the American held; indeed, very obviously afraid to discuss either politics or religion, or any of the questions which in America were the usual topics discussed among responsible and intelligent citizens. After an hour of hopeless attempt to strike a responsive chord, the disappointed American returned to his family and announced that they would go back to Bonn the following day. Before leaving, however, he went to the schoolhouse and there found his old drawing master, Herr Horstmann, now bent and old, but still mentally active. With him he had a heart-to-heart talk, behind closed doors. Edmund had always been a favorite with this old teacher, whose ideals carried him beyond the narrow confines of thought prescribed by life in Julich and who thoroughly enjoyed hearing about America. At parting he gave his pupil a pencil drawing which he had made of the boy when he was nine years old.

When Edmund Jussen left Chicago for Germany he had as law partner Hiram Barber, who carried on the practice alone for a time and later joined forces with Francis Lackner, then a successful young attorney who had married Edmund Jussen's eldest daughter Nannie in the spring following the Chicago fire. After a year and a half in Germany, spent in gathering enough strength to enable him to carry on, though not restored to health, he found the new firm firmly established on its own account and accordingly opened an office of his own, taking as a partner Hervey Anderson, then a young lawyer of much promise, who later married his daughter Anna. Thus he continued his law

EDMUND JUSSEN AT THE AGE OF NINE

From a drawing by his teacher at Julich

EDMUND JUSSEN IN 1835

practice in Chicago until 1885, when he was appointed by Grover Cleveland consul general at Vienna, Austria. Though originally a Republican, he had voted the Democratic ticket since 1876, when he was convinced that Samuel J. Tilden was the man to institute much needed reforms. After that campaign he classed himself as a Mugwump and was an ardent admirer of Grover Cleveland and fully in sympathy with his tariff policy.

During the Hayes-Tilden campaign there was much political discussion in the Jussen home. Carl Schurz and his brother-in-law were not in the same political camp, and when they met the sparks were apt to fly. It was the delight of the writer of this paper to curl up in a chair in a dark corner of the living room and watch the two men as they strode up and down, talking of issues way beyond her comprehension, both in deadly earnest, yet always apparently without personal rancor. She remembers, too, how amused the men both were when they discovered that they were scheduled to address political meetings on the same night at St. Louis. But when the appointment to the consul generalship in Vienna came to Edmund Jussen and several papers stated that he owed it to his relationship to Carl Schurz, he went to the President and asked him what truth there was in that statement, adding that he could not accept the appointment if it had been conferred for that reason. The President greeted him cordially and assured him that the office had been offered him solely in recognition of his own merits.

The consulship of Austria-Hungary offered many opportunities for useful service to the United States. The newly appointed incumbent found his knowledge of the German language of great advantage in meeting Austrians who were in position to give him desired information, and in familiarizing himself with local conditions. He also relied

upon the six American consuls who served under him, and called upon them for information on conditions in their districts. They had no reason to complain of any lack of work during that administration.

One of the first important reports which Edmund Jussen sent to the State Department at Washington from Vienna was an exhaustive description of the methods of forestation in use in Austria-Hungary. The governments of that country and Germany had long realized the importance of intelligent forestation, and their beautiful woodlands were an eloquent lesson to Americans. In Austria there was one instance, however, of ruthless destruction of forests to which her government officials pointed as a warning. On the foothills north of Trieste, known as the Karst region, there was not a tree. During early wars these hills had been denuded and no effort to reforest them had been of any avail. The result was a barren district, seriously affecting the climate of that region. Winds from the Adriatic as well as from the mountains of the interior swept the heights and valleys, rendering them bleak and unfruitful and drying up the water courses. The American consul at Trieste, when he received the Consul-General's instructions to submit to him a report on the Karst district to be embodied in a report on Austrian forests, declared he could find nothing to write about because, as he said, "There are no forests in the Karst"—an example of limited vision on the part of political appointees.

Familiarizing himself with Austria-Hungary's commercial and manufacturing enterprises was his next, and as it proved, unending task. It required considerable tact and patience to convince the average exporter of the necessity of submitting invoices which quoted prices at which goods were actually sold. The temptation to undervalue was great, especially when a retail sale of some highly ornamental dinner set, or some work of art, depended on the amount of duty

which the purchaser might have to pay. Not infrequently the purchaser himself saw no special harm in the merchant's suggestion to defraud Uncle Sam. But the Consul-General insisted on an appraisal of all goods at their actual price, and called in professional appraisers whenever he doubted the accuracy of an invoice.

Jussen had been at his post nearly a year before the new United States minister, General Alexander Lawton, of Savannah, Georgia, arrived. When the American Minister and Mrs. Lawton were fairly established, and the relations between the Legation and the Consulate had developed socially as well as officially, the two families agreed to hold a reception for all American citizens living or sojourning in Vienna. Accordingly a public afternoon reception was arranged and the doors of the American Legation were thrown open to all American citizens. The rooms were crowded; but the majority of "Americans" who came were scarcely able to understand, much less to speak, English. They had been in the United States only long enough to take out their citizenship papers. They were Austrian business men whose families were Austrian by both training and sympathy, and who in their turn had made the requisite pilgrimages to the United States to enable them to claim American citizenship for the purpose of escaping citizens' obligations in Austria as well as in America. A vigorously worded report to the Department of State on these abuses went out in consequence of that reception, which was not repeated in the same promiscuous manner. The family of the Consul-General, realizing that their duties were toward real Americans who would enjoy gathering in an American home, thereafter reserved one afternoon a week for that purpose, and welcomed among others many American physicians and their wives, students of music and others temporarily sojourning in

Vienna for the purpose of study, as well as travelers in need of information.

In spite of the interesting nature of his work and the charm and cheer of life in the beautiful city of Vienna, with its cultural advantages, Edmund Jussen felt himself in a measure expatriated, and expressed something of his homesickness when he addressed his fellow countrymen at a dinner July 4, 1888. Realizing that he was speaking to young Americans, many of whom claimed as their birthright that citizenship for which he had worked and striven, he felt impelled to impress upon them their privileges and obligations, striking the keynote of his own Americanism when he said, "Whether we were born upon the soil of the Republic, or in the Emerald Isle, in Britain, France, or Germany, we are first of all, one and all, simply and purely American citizens."

When Harrison was elected to the presidency, both the minister and the consul-general at Vienna decided to resign before the incoming administration began its work of dismissal of foreign representatives. Jussen, having gathered much material regarding the American consular service, was intending to write a book on that subject. His notes, which the writer has found among his papers, are extensive. It is interesting to see how many of his ideas of an improved consular service have since been realized. For example, he was firmly convinced that there should be adequate preparation for such service, and that it should not be dependent on changes of administration. Furthermore, his own experiences had convinced him that a knowledge of the language of the country to which a man is accredited, and familiarity with international law as well as with the laws of the country in which his consulate is situated, are essential to efficient service. The matter of inadequate salary and equipment he also considered of grave importance. He had, moreover, come to realize by several rather tragic experiences that it

would be well for the government to provide a reserve fund for the purpose of aiding Americans in distress because of illness or unforeseen losses to return to America.

After his retirement from the service Jussen decided to put to a practical test an idea which had gradually taken form in his mind. Having been repeatedly called upon to advise with lawyers in America and Europe regarding legal controversies pending between American citizens and the government or citizens of Austria-Hungary, he was convinced that an international law bureau established by an American lawyer familiar with the laws not only of his own country but of Europe was certain to be a helpful and successful venture. After some hesitancy regarding choice of the city best situated for such a bureau, he decided upon Frankfort-on-the-Main. He succeeded in interesting our former consul-general at Frankfort, Jacob Miller of Cleveland, who agreed to become a partner in the enterprise. Results soon proved the practicability of the plan.

When success seemed to be in sight, Edmund Jussen succumbed to the illness he had contracted in the Civil War. The end came on February 17, 1891. His last wish, that his ashes should be buried in American soil, was carried out by his widow and the writer of this sketch, who ultimately returned to Wisconsin, taking up their residence in Milwaukee where Mrs. Jussen died in the spring of 1923. Here, and in Columbus and Madison, Mrs. Jussen renewed old friendships, and staunchly represented the Americanism of her husband during the trying days of the World War, always mindful of his words: "We are first of all, one and all, simply and purely American citizens."

PIONEER AND POLITICAL REMINISCENCES[1]

NILS P. HAUGEN

La Follette was elected governor in 1900 by a plurality of over 103,000, the largest plurality ever received by him for that office. In 1904 he received a little over 50,000 plurality, or about half of that in 1900. He came to the office pledged to a reformation of the method of taxing railroads; also a reformation of our primary election system. The latter was more particularly of his own creation. Our old friend A. R. Hall had been a consistent and persistent advocate of the former for many years as a member of the Assembly. I know of no man holding more strictly to a straight course in public life than Mr. Hall. He was making some improvements on his place at Knapp near the Omaha track, and needed some gravel. The railway company offered to give him a load of it; but no, Hall would have no gift from that source. Naturally he was a strong supporter of La Follette.

I had settled down to my law practice, and did not look for any appointment at Bob's hands; the fact being that I saw nothing at his disposal inviting enough to take me from my private practice. Nothing had been said between us on the subject. A brief appointment would break up the business I had established, and necessitate starting anew at the end of the term. My friend Henry Comstock of Cumberland called one day, and evidently inquiring for the governor-elect asked me what I wanted in the line of appointment. I answered him that I could see nothing I could afford to accept under the circumstances. He asked: "How about as-

[1] Previous installments have appeared in the December, 1927 and March, June, and September, 1928 issues of this magazine.

sistant tax commissioner?" The position of second assistant was vacant, as I knew. I said that I could not afford to break up at River Falls and move to Madison for a three thousand dollar position. That had been the former salary. He called my attention to the fact that the salary of that position had been raised to four thousand dollars—an amendment I had not noticed. Think I said I might consider that. Just what authority Mr. Comstock had I do not know. I heard nothing further about the matter. On the day of the inauguration of the new state officers in January I was at Ellsworth trying a case. Mrs. Haugen, however, was in Madison, where our daughter was attending the University. She was present at the ceremonies at the Capitol and congratulated the new governor. He said: "Where is Nils?" She replied that I was at Ellsworth attending court. To which he said: "Oh, the rascal!" I received a message from him a day or two later requesting me to come to Madison. I complied, and he offered me the position of second assistant to the tax commissioner. The commissioner was Norman S. Gilson, a former circuit judge of the Fond du Lac circuit; and, by the way, he was a brother of my former law partner, F. L. Gilson, at River Falls. The latter was a Republican, while the judge was a Democrat, and was the representative of that party on the commission. The first assistant was George Curtis, Jr., of Merrill, an attorney of long practice and good standing. Former Congressman Michael Griffin, of Eau Claire, with whom I had served a term in Congress, had on his retirement from that body been appointed tax commissioner by Governor Scofield. Griffin died in 1900, and Judge Gilson was promoted to the head of the commission. An interim appointment of Colonel William J. Anderson, who had served as his private secretary, was made by Governor Scofield to the second assistant's place, but his appointment had not been submitted to the

senate, thus leaving the matter open for La Follette to withdraw his name and substitute mine, which he did, I having agreed to accept the position. My service began the first of February, 1901.

THE TAX COMMISSION

As already stated, Mr. Hall had been hammering away at the matter of the taxation of railroads, and it had become a leading issue in the campaigns. Bills were introduced in the legislatures to increase the license fee, or to place the roads on the ad valorem basis—that is, to subject them to taxes upon the value of the property, in the same manner as the "general property" of the state on the local rolls. In the session of 1897 an apparent compromise was entered into. I have this from Mr. Hall. The suggestion was made in the committee that a temporary commission be appointed to study the whole problem of taxation and to report to the next session. The representatives of the railways agreed to this, and agreed further, that they would abide by the judgment of such commission as to their special interests. This seemed a happy solution all around, and the bill was passed. The governor appointed as commissioners Burr W. Jones of Madison, K. K. Kennan of Milwaukee, and George Curtis—certainly a commission that commanded respect. Mr. Jones we all know. Mr. Kennan had had much experience in tax matters—tax titles, sales, etc.—in northern Wisconsin, and the same can be said of Mr. Curtis. Their report to the governor and legislature in 1899 was thorough and comprehensive. Assessments generally were found to be inaccurate and without system or uniformity. Gross undervaluations were the rule on the part of the local assessors, the county boards, and the state board of assessments. The state board consisted of the secretary of state, state treasurer, and

attorney general. The law had always provided that property should be assessed at its true and full value, and this applied to all assessing officials. While the state board had never, except I think in one instance, found the general property to exceed $630,000,000 in value, this commission found that its value was at least twice that. They also found that there was just reason to believe that railroads were not paying their due share of taxes.

The most important feature of their report, however, was the conclusion arrived at, that the question was of such magnitude that a permanent commission ought to be created for general supervision of all tax matters, to study the question and to make further recommendations. The result was the creation of a commission consisting of three members to serve for a term of ten years. Why the life of the commission was arbitrarily fixed at ten years it is difficult to conceive. The commission thus created was the one of which I became a member in 1901, and on which I continued to serve until May 1, 1921. Although my name appears in the report of the commission of 1901, that report was prepared and ready for the printer before I entered upon my duties. My predecessor, Colonel Anderson, must have credit for its recommendations, and not I. That report confirmed the views of the former interim commission.

My colleagues on the commission were pleasant and agreeable men to work with. While there necessarily arose differences of opinion as to values and methods of procedure, the action was always friendly and without bitterness. Attorneys learn to yield to defeat; it is part of the experience of the profession. Judge Gilson was less of an investigator than a judge. His experience on the bench had accustomed him to hearing cases as presented, and he was more likely to overlook his duties as an investigator than was Mr. Curtis. The latter was alert and industrious. The Judge was also

less inclined to assume duties imposed by law, by questioning the authority of the legislature to confer upon the commission powers which might be considered legislative or judicial.

Judge Gilson was *the* commissioner, and as such was by act of 1899 made a member of the state board of assessment. In 1901 the duties of that board were transferred to the tax commissioner and his two assistants, the three having equal authority as members of such board. In all other matters the commissioner had the sole power.

In his message to the legislature in 1901 Governor La Follette recommended legislation impressing upon the tax commissioner the duty to "enforce the provisions of the law, that all property be placed on the assessment roll at the actual cash value," etc. But when the new state board, consisting of the three commissioners, in the state assessment of 1901 increased it from $630,000,000 to $1,436,284,000, he balked. Such valuation would more than double the mill tax levied for the common schools, and it struck him with fear for its political results. Thus does politics make cowards of the bravest reformers! The commission had recommended to the legislature that the mill tax be reduced to one-half a mill, as the results of full-value assessment were readily foreseen. It also suggested as an alternative that the school tax be placed at a fixed amount of $700,000. But neither of these suggestions was followed. Later the tax was reduced to seven-tenths of a mill, where it remains. To me the duty of the commission seemed plain. Judge Gilson yielded to the Governor and suggested that we reduce the state assessment to forty-four per cent of the value we had found to be the true one. Curtis seemed at first inclined to follow him. I stood out. The Governor sent for me and rather insisted on an arbitrary reduction. I asked him, as I had my colleagues, if the language of the law was open to construction. While

it was admitted that it was not, the apology was that the former board had set the precedent, and it had better be followed. Just what we were expected to remedy! Time to make the state assessment was at hand, and Mr. Curtis asked me to let the matter go over, as he wished to be away for a few days. I readily consented. When he returned he called me up one evening and said that he had been thinking the matter over and had come to the conclusion that I was right and that we would have to follow our full-value assessment. This relieved me, but placed Gilson on the anxious seat. He evidently informed the Governor of the changed situation in the commission. I was again sent for and the old argument repeated. Perhaps Bob thought that, as I was his appointee, I ought to yield to his wishes. He did not say so; but a few mornings later Herb Chynoweth, a leading attorney of Madison and a warm friend of us both, asked me to call at his office. I did so. He said: "Nils, you will have to yield to Bob on the matter of the state assessment. He insists on it." This provoked me and I answered in about these words: "You had better tell Bob to call for my resignation. I will be ——— if I will violate my oath of office for him or anybody else. Do you think this law is open to construction?" He, like the others, could not say that it was.

I heard nothing further from the Governor, and Curtis and I made the state assessment. Judge Gilson did not join in that assessment or in that of 1902. He filed a statement in the first year in accordance with his views. The record for the two years bears this out. This action of the board had an important bearing on the assessment of railroads at a later date. Had the state assessment not been held up to full value, the assessment of the railroads would have been upset, because the tax rate applying to them was based upon a full value of the general property of the state. So Curtis and I saved the railroad assessment plan advocated

by La Follette and recommended by the commission.[2] It is fair to state that after the first two assessments Gilson joined in the results.

Every investigation made confirmed the conclusion of the earlier commission that the assessment laws were violated in entire defiance of the full-value requirement. Iowa County had been assessed the best of any county, at about ninety-six per cent of what seemed to be full value. A revaluation of the assessment units had been made by order of the county board. One county in the northwestern part of the state indicated less than twenty per cent. Real estate and personal property as well were rising in value and so continued until about 1919. The rise was general and fairly uniform, counties maintaining their relative positions with surprising regularity, which confirmed our belief in the reliability of the data used. As a basis for real estate values, bona fide sales were used and comparison made of the prices paid and assessments of the same property. While there can be no absolute accuracy in valuations, this test is at least a fair approach when applied to counties as units, and has been followed by a number of other states as the best thus far suggested. Wisconsin was a leader.

RAILROAD TAXATION

In 1901 the commission had placed before the legislature two methods either of which would have increased the tax on railroads: one was to increase the gross earnings tax; the other to place railroads on the so-called ad valorem basis. Each bill passed one house, but failed in the other. Judge Gilson suggested that we renew the recommendations in

[2] See opinion of Supreme Court, *128 Wis. Reports*, where the decision by Judge Marshall covers a large part of the volume. It bases the judgment of the court and the validity of the tax largely upon the full value of other property found by the commission.

1903. Fearing that the same methods might be pursued, I suggested that we had better take one horn or the other of the dilemma. This was done, and the ad valorem tax was recommended, and the law passed substantially as we have it now. As it was foreseen that the tax might be questioned and the state deprived of necessary revenue during litigation, the act provided that the companies if they disputed the tax should continue to pay the license fees as formerly, adjustment to be made at the final decision of the court. The license fee had since about the time of the Civil War been four per cent of the gross earnings of those roads whose gross earnings for the preceding year averaged $3,000 per mile. A lower rate was applied to those earning less than that average, those earning less gross than $1,500 per mile paying only five dollars per mile of road. Minnesota has adhered to the gross earnings tax, but has increased the rate to six per cent. It is no doubt a simpler method than finding the true value of large railroad properties extending into many states and apportioning it to each state. But the ad valorem tax seems more equitable in equalizing the tax burden.

By assessing the general property at its full value we had cut the average tax rate to less than half, and this was the rate levied on the railroad property. The full value also equalized the state tax of the different counties. Milwaukee County gained by the new assessments. I speak of that county as it approximated one-fifth of the valuation of the entire state. It had better assessments than the average county of the state; had more competent assessors.

We made our first railroad assessment in 1904. I had more to do with laying the foundation for our valuation than did either of the other members. To get a basis I went through the files of the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle* for a period of five years, noting down the number of shares of stocks sold each week and prices paid. The same method

was pursued as to bonds. We had used a five years' average of sales in arriving at the value of real estate, and that period was used for railroads as well. By using such voluminous records erratic transactions could be ignored, as they were when discovered—the same as in real estate sales.

It was thought desirable to make some estimate of the *cost* of railroad properties in the state; and the commission secured the services of Professor W. D. Taylor of the engineering department of the University to supervise the work. The Chicago and Northwestern had no record of the cost of its early construction in Wisconsin, such records having been destroyed in the great Chicago fire in 1871. The companies readily agreed to make estimates of cost of reconstruction. The commission was limited as to expenses. The companies went over their entire lines, dividing them into sections. Mr. Taylor made an estimate of a sufficient number of the sections to make a fair comparison with their work. It was remarkable that a difference of only about two per cent separated them. The commission assessed the Northwestern at $71,500,000, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul at $70,000,000. Cost of reconstruction indicated in each case about ten million less.

The result of this first assessment increased the revenues of the state by $545,912 above what the license fee would have been. The next year the increase was $666,879; and in 1906, $642,500. Hall's efforts along this line were fully justified by the results. Taking a few of the larger companies, the excess of tax over license fee in the first assessment runs as follows: Chicago and Northwestern, $200,-174.92; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, $235,473.39; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha, $57,653.27. A few of the smaller roads gained slightly by the new system.

Michigan had preceded Wisconsin in this method of as-

sessing railroads. An action was brought by the railroads in the name of the Northwestern, contesting our assessment and resulting tax, which were sustained in toto by our supreme court. An appeal to the federal Supreme Court from the decision of the state court was in preparation. That action had been taken in Michigan, but before the railroads were able to perfect their appeal the United States Supreme Court sustained the action of the Michigan commission, which made the appeal here hopeless. As the interest rate on unpaid taxes was high, there was an immediate application made to pay. In fact the mail was too slow; the companies immediately wired to learn the exact amount, so that they could stop interest. We had no difficulty after that; railroad representatives appeared each year presenting their views, but the meetings were most friendly. While they argued for lower valuations, in general they approved our methods in that respect as well as in arriving at the tax rate.

TAXATION OF CREDITS AND MONEY

The poorest assessment of any class of property was unquestionably that of moneys and credits—intangibles. The law provided that the owner should submit to the assessor the average owned by him during the year; and while there was an offset of indebtedness against credits, there was no offset as to money. If a person owned on the average during the year ten dollars, or any other sum, it was taxable. Douglas County, having within it the city of Superior, did not for several years report a single dollar of money. Some other counties followed closely in its wake. This almost absolute failure to assess intangibles led my colleagues in the report of 1903 to recommend their entire exemption from taxation. A long argument with that end in view was prepared by Mr. Curtis and appears in the report of that year.

I dissented from the views of my colleagues and prepared a like lengthy argument presenting my views. But Gilson was still the sole commissioner, and he refused to let me publish it at length. Not to be outdone, I had it printed in the Milwaukee ***Free Press*** and put in pamphlet form for distribution, at a cost to myself of over seventy dollars. I distributed the pamphlet to the members of the legislature and to others about the state. I also appeared before the Assembly committee on taxation. Mr. Dahl, later state treasurer, was the chairman; Henry Johnson, also later state treasurer, a member. The committee agreed with my views. A brief statement was permitted me in the report, and the following is a summary taken from it:

> Second. I do not agree to the broad proposition that credits are not property. There seems to be a difference of opinion among economists on the subject.
>
> Third. No state has yet exempted credits, and the step would be without precedent in this country.
>
> Fifth. It may be true, as the report states, that "direct taxation of credits as property has long been abandoned in nearly every civilized country except the states of the American Union." The report does not specify the countries referred to. I have to some extent examined consular reports made to the State Department at Washington and published in 1888 on the subject of taxation, and as far as my investigation goes I have failed to find a single country which does not in some manner impose a tax on the creditor, either in the form of an income tax or in some other way. They have substituted the creditor for the credit. Before exempting credits it certainly seems reasonable that a thorough investigation should be made in order to ascertain whether some method of reaching the creditor would not be as practicable here as elsewhere. This feature of the question the report entirely ignores.

I believe it absolutely safe to state that this was the very first suggestion made of an income tax in any official or semi-official document in this state. When the matter was discussed before the committee, Chairman Dahl said: "Will

you prepare an income tax bill?" He seemed ready to introduce it. I said that it might be premature, as a question of constitutionality might be involved. "Well, will you draw an amendment to the constitution removing the doubt?" The result was that Dahl and I prepared such an amendment the next day. This amendment was duly passed by the session of 1903 and that of 1905; but due to an oversight in the office of the secretary of state, it was not submitted to a vote of the people until the election of 1908, when it received popular approval by a large majority. But this takes me ahead of my story chronologically and the income tax must be postponed for the present. It is true that La Follette recommended an income tax in his message to the legislature in 1903. My views were then before him, and he agreed with me.

He had earlier, in 1901, recommended to the legislature the separate assessment of the mortgagee's interest in land to him, and such an act was passed. In his message in 1903 he said: "This may easily be done," etc. But as this was in direct controvention of the terms of the contract, it was plainly in violation of the constitution. So in a special message in 1903 he suggested the restoration of the mortgage tax, "until such time as the legislature can pass a law for the taxation of incomes to take the place not only of the taxation of credits, but also of the taxation of most, if not all, other personal property." But he suggested that the old law be so amended as to "relieve the mortgage debtor of double taxation, pending the adoption of the constitutional amendment for a graduated income tax." This was just what he had been informed, and which as a lawyer he knew, could not be done. He agreed with us when we conferred with him, but persisted in repeating his former recommendations.

The work went on with reasonable smoothness in the commission, except that now and then Judge Gilson became

doubtful as to our authority. The legislature had passed an act authorizing the commission, upon complaint being made, to order a reassessment of any assessment district when, after a hearing, it was of the opinion that the assessment made was not in substantial compliance with the law and that the interest of the public would be promoted by a reassessment. The judge doubted its constitutionality and refused to follow it. When a complaint from the town of Iron River, Bayfield County, came before us, Curtis and I held a hearing and ordered a reassessment—Gilson not participating. The matter went to the supreme court and the act was upheld. This authority lodged in the commission helped very materially in securing better work on the part of local assessing officials throughout the state.

I was in constant confidential communication with the Governor's office in those days. Conferences of his friends were frequent. One matter that was supreme with him was the primary election law. On that he had set his heart. Some of us had doubts and expressed them. We thought that a safer course, and one more in harmony with our representative form of government, might be adopted, by placing the caucuses under legal supervision. But he countered with: "Give us this law and we can hold this state forever." He got his law, and held the state as far as he was concerned.

When it was suggested that he would run himself out of issues, Bob said, "Oh, we will always find issues."

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION

When we commenced to tax railroads under the ad valorem plan, the cry went up that the roads would recoup the additional tax by an increase of rates. In order to obviate this, La Follette recommended the creation of a railroad commission having full supervision of the reasonableness of

rates. This was done in 1905. The session was pretty well along and no bill to that end had been introduced, when La Follette requested me to draft a bill. It was no easy undertaking; but I went at it, referring to like acts in other states. I copied from the law of Texas a provision by which no security could be issued by the company without the approval of the commission—a "blue sky law." This provision was struck out of the bill; but such a law was later enacted. I was evidently ahead of the times. When it came to the appointment of a commission, I was again consulted. Bob had in mind that he might find a man with experience in that respect in some other state. First he thought of a member of the Texas commission. But that idea was dropped. Charles A. Prouty, from Vermont, was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission at the time, and his term was about to expire. The impression had gone abroad that, for some reason, Roosevelt would not reappoint him—probably because he was not in sympathy with Roosevelt's wing of the party. But Bob, very anxious to secure him for Wisconsin, consulted with me and asked me to go to Washington and interview Mr. Prouty. Late one evening I was called up and asked to go at once. I replied that I did not have money enough about me to take me to Washington. "Come up to the Capitol, and we will get you the money, so you can leave on the three o'clock train." I followed instructions and went to Washington. Arriving there, I called on the Interstate Commerce Commission, of which Martin A. Knapp of New York was then chairman. Judson C. Clements of Georgia, with whom I had served in Congress, was a member. Mr. Prouty was at the time in Vermont on a vacation. I was assured by both of these men, however, that the President would reappoint him, and that it would be useless for me to see him with reference to a Wisconsin appointment. But Mr. Knapp said, and Mr. Clements approved: "You

have an excellent man in Wisconsin, well qualified for the service. He has done some work for this commission, and no better man can be found." They referred to Professor Balthazar H. Meyer, then connected with our university. I knew Meyer fairly well, and had the highest opinion of him, but was glad to have this endorsement from such high source. I was to some extent familiar with his work for that commission, as I had had occasion to read his report of an investigation made by him.

I returned to Madison and reported. Professor Meyer was at the time in Europe, so Mr. La Follette cabled him offering him the position, which was accepted. Halford Erickson, now with the Byllesby Company in Chicago, who had for several years been the chief statistical official of the state, was selected as a member. Bob wanted me to become the third member. I hesitated; really feared the senate would think he was putting it on rather thick by removing me from one commission to another. So I protested that I had better remain where I was. Mrs. La Follette was present. The fact was that the other commissioners had not at that time been fully determined upon; at least I had not been informed. Mrs. La Follette said: "You had better tell Mr. Haugen who will compose the commission." I had no objection to either of them. Bob assured me there would be no objection to my appointment. I interviewed no member on the subject. My name was rejected by the senate. No reason was given and none was sought by me. Four Republicans had voted with the Democrats against my confirmation. I think the record bears me out in saying that not one of them was returned to the senate at the end of his term. I do not claim that my rejection had anything to do with that; but it was at least a coincidence.

As stated in an earlier issue of this magazine, the tax commission was appointed for ten years, with no provision

for its continuance after that time. By 1905, however, it became obvious that the commission must be a permanent body. The Governor so recommended, and the present law was enacted providing for three commissioners to hold office for eight years; the first three to hold for four, six, and eight years respectively. When it came to naming the commissioners Bob suggested that perhaps I had better take the short term, in view of my rejection for the other commission. But I insisted that I wanted the long term, and the senate might do as it pleased. The result was that I was given the long term, and no objection raised. At the expiration of my term in 1913 I was reappointed by Governor McGovern.

The members of the commission aimed to keep out of political activities. But we did not hesitate to discuss tax matters, which at that period were to some extent political. That fell directly within the scope of our duties, and we tried to keep the public informed. I also contributed to the party campaign in the state; and the demands for that purpose did not then shock the La Follette-ites. Their sensitiveness is of later birth; perhaps subject somewhat to political atmospheric changes, like old rheumatics. My last contribution to the La Follette campaign fund was in the spring election of delegates to the national convention in 1912. Of that later. It had a sequel.

[*To be continued*]

DOCUMENTS

JOURNAL OF WILLIAM RUDOLPH SMITH[1]

The noble public improvements of Pennsylvania by Canal and Rail Roads, and the various Turnpikes traversing the State from East to West, have of late years afforded such facilities of communication between the Atlantic Sea board, and the head of the Ohio River, that Pittsburg has become the neighbour of Philadelphia. A distance of more than Three hundred miles is overcome in less than three days' time, with an ease and comfort in travelling that invite the Citizen and the Stranger to visit that City of Industry, Enterprise, Manufactories, Steam power and Coal Smoke, which is so beautifully and so eligibly situated at the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers.

Such visits have so frequently been made by the curious Traveller, the enquiring Philosopher, and the multitude of that class who seek for amusement and pleasure in rapid travelling, change of scene, mountain air, and all the good viands that an Epicure would choose to enumerate as desirable at his well spread board, that any description of Pittsburg is here superfluous. It would be at the present day as surprising for an American not to know Pittsburg and its localities, its trade, its manufactories and its importance, as it was a few years since to the Foreign officer, who in examining the Papers of an American vessel, fully believed she was a Pirate, because she hailed from the Port of Pittsburg; the

[1] The author of this diary, General William Rudolph Smith, was a distinguished pioneer of Wisconsin, who settled at Mineral Point in 1838. Before his removal to Wisconsin he paid a visit there the preceding year, when he was appointed with Governor Henry Dodge commissioner to treat with the Chippewa Indians at the head of the Mississippi. He was so delayed in his outward journey that the treaty had been concluded before his arrival; he therefore went no farther than Prairie du Chien, whence he visited the interior of the new territory as far as Madison. The diary of this journey of 1837 has been recently presented to our Society by the author's grandson, William R. Smith, of Mineral Point. This diary was privately printed (Wooster, Ohio, 1927) under the editorship of John G. Gregory. As the copies of this book are limited in number, we are reprinting with the grandson's permission, for the benefit of our readers, from the original manuscript this delightful account of early Wisconsin travel. For a sketch of the career of the author, see *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xxvii, 792-798.

place was unknown to him, and when pointed out on the map as being situate so many thousand miles from the Ocean, on a fresh water River, certainly the wonder was undiminished, although the belief was accorded that the then little village of Fort Pitt, was actually a commercial Sea Port of North America.

PITTSBURG[2]

After taking leave of many Friends, D^r^ W^m^ A. Smith who accompanies me, called me on board of the Steam Boat "Pittsburg" at Six o Clock in the evening of the 20^th^ of July 1837. In a few minutes all the Passengers and their luggage were safely on board, and we dropped down the Monongahela, passing thirty six Steam boats moored along the quays of the Western City, and entered the broad Ohio, at the Point of the junction of the Rivers—The two Streams can be distinctly ascertained for some distance. The Monongahela is turbid—the Allegheny clear, beautiful—deserving its name as considered the principal stream of the Ohio, "La Belle Riviere."

About a mile below the City at the head of Bruno's Island we were obliged to stop on account of an ascending Steam Boat meeting us in the narrow channel, occasioned by a large Sand Bar between the Island and the right Bank of the River—When again under weigh, the Scenery on the River Banks was delightful—the numerous elegant country Seats on the right—the precipitous wood clad hills on the left—the highly cultivated Island with its numerous buildings scattered over it, in the centre the Ohio covered with the small boats of the Fisher either for pleasure or profit, the rafts of the Lumber dealer, and the Steam boats of commerce, all presented a picture seen to be admired.

For several miles below Pittsburg the cultivation is generally confined to the left Bank of the River; here the table land is elevated about twenty feet above the water whilst on the right bank, the Steep hills covered with their eternal

[2] The author has added in pencil "to be described." This, or a similar phrase, follows the subhead in almost every instance.

Forests of Oak and thickly grown underwood, approach closely to the river, leaving a public Road at their foot, leading to Beaver and other places down the River.

About 14 miles below the City we passed a Steam boat, ascending the River, with freight and Passengers, but now unfortunately aground—we could not render her any assistance, and passed on, but as the night approached, our Pilot and Captain after a consultation on the dangerous attempt of passing several shoals and narrow channels near Beaver, in the night time, came to the conclusion of anchoring until morning—we accordingly let off steam and moored our boat within ten feet of the left shore, opposite to the little town of Economy.

After Supper, whilst the Passengers were reading, writing, and lounging about the Decks and the Cabin, an alarm was suddenly given by a Lady of "Fire!" there was instantly a very great rushing towards the state room wherein was the danger. When I got to the room I found one or two gentlemen employed in tearing out the Bed, clothing, and curtains —a candle had been imprudently left on a chair near the Bed, and the curtains had caught,—a communication was made to the Cotton Sheets, and if the fire had not been so immediately and providentially discovered, a serious accident might have occurred—the ignition of the cotton materials surrounding the bedding of a Steam Boat State room would quickly, like a train of gunpowder, seize on the whole range of combustible matter in the cabin, and assuredly if this had taken place nothing could have saved the Boat. Fortunately the fire was immediately extinguished at an expense of one blistered finger belonging to me, and some three or four burnt hands of other passengers and tranquillity was restored. We were lying within ten feet of the Shore, and no danger could have been apprehended of loss of life even if the Fire had been more serious.

21st July This morning the Fog is so thick that we cannot see ten yards beyond the Boat—we are obliged to wait until the sun shall disperse it—we hear the village Bell at Economy calling the community to their daily labour.

ECONOMY

After we had despatched our breakfast, and the Sun had dispelled the fog from the waters, we again got under Steam —The country on both sides of the River now opens considerably—the Hills are at such distance as to leave a finely cultivated alluvial Bottom, elevated about twenty five feet, next to the Ohio. The industry of the Farmer is not confined to cultivation for I observed at a small farm to which was appended a Saw mill on a small stream, that the enterprise of the owner had placed on the stocks, and had finished nearly ready for launching a Steam Boat of the largest class. We passed the town of "Freedom" where two Steam boats were being constructed, and soon afterwards reached the mouth of Beaver River.

BEAVER CITY, AND THE ADJACENT TOWNS

The country still continues to possess all the varieties of the Ohio Scenery, the River is alive with Craft, from the Cattle Boat up to the magnificent consumer of wood and vomiter of Smoke and Steam. A few miles below Beaver we crossed the Ohio line on the Right bank, but still have old Pennsylvania on the left. Several villages and clusters of Buildings on the Ohio Shore were passed, particularly Liverpool and Wellsville, at which latter place are two daily lines of Steam Boats to and from Pittsburg. About eleven o Clock we reached Steubenville.

STEUBENVILLE

Passing Wellsburg, we came in sight of the beautiful Island opposite Wheeling, owned by M[r] Zane. It contains about two hundred acres, in a fine state of cultivation. A city has been laid out on it, as the country around Wheeling is too hilly for any great extension of building lots—a new Bridge connects the Island with the Ohio Shore, but is not yet finished. The Ferry Boats are taken over the River with their lading, by means of the Current operating on a

"Fleet" of small boats of a peculiar Shape and construction, drawn up in an oblique line and connected together by wire.

(describe the Ferry)

We landed at Wheeling about three o Clock in the afternoon.

WHEELING

Twelve miles below Wheeling on the Virginia side is situate the village of Elizabeth town—the Site of the town is remarkable for the number of Indian Mounds, scattered over a considerable area—One of these mounds is about [blank] feet high, covered with Forest trees,—The Stream of Water here takes its name from this Sepulchre of the Aborigines, and is called Grave Creek.

Our course continued, as usual, delighting the eyes with fine and Splendid Island and Shore Scenery, and awakening the heart to a Sense of the beneficence of God in the contemplation of the abundant harvest ripening under his merciful dispensations. Whilst enjoying the cool breeze of the evening in converse with a fellow passenger, seated near the Starboard wheel house, we were alarmed by an unusual noise in the revolution of the wheel, and immediately the House was rent into a thousand fragments—the boards crashing and flying in all directions—I made my escape through the side door, being seated next the wheel when the accident occurred—My companion retreated along the hurricane Deck to the Ladies Cabin—and one Gentleman in his alarm forced himself through one of the windows into the dining room. The boat was immediately stopped, and it was discovered that the accident was occasioned by the breaking of one of the arms of the wheel, and the broken parts having been carried around, committed all the destruction—A few minutes before the accident, a Gentleman and his three children were standing on the Wheel house—of course without considering the danger of their situation. When this alarm had passed over, the Ladies cried out that Someone had called "Fire!"

on enquiring below, we found that one of the Deck Passengers, a German, had come in personal contact with the mate, who had ordered him to assist in "wooding" which he refused to do, saying he had paid his passage, and would not work—The mate, being strongest, the German, in his paucity of English words, cried out "Fire" lustily—no doubt meaning to say "Murder."—We retired to bed, but the day of adventures had not yet closed—about midnight another quarrel took place between the mate and another of the Germans on the subject of loading the Wood—He was struck over the face by the Mate with a billet, and severely wounded.

July 22. We were obliged to lie by, great part of the night on account of the Fog—this morning we got under weigh and passed the pretty town of Marietta.

MARIETTA

Dr. Smith was called to visit the man who was struck by the mate—his face presented a dreadful appearance—One large gash in his forehead—the bones of his nose broken—a deep cut from between the eyebrows down both sides of the nose, almost separating it from the face, and both eyes black, the whole face swollen and bruised—his wounds were dressed by the Doctor, and the mate very justly appeared alarmed at his situation.

These matters require public correction—It appears that the custom of the River trade is that the Deck Passengers are always to assist in loading the wood at the different stations where it is taken in—But surely this is an assumption of right and an imposition, on the part of the Conductors of Boats. The Deck Passenger pays his fare—he finds his own provisions—he is entitled to his passage—to his natural rest and Sleep at night—If the labour of loading wood is beyond the ordinary help of the Boat hands, and the persons who sell the wood, the Deck passenger should be allowed a compensation for his labour, or a reduction in the price of his Boatfare. There should be no compulsion on the part of the Captain or officers founded as it is, on a convenient and profitable custom, thus established by themselves, with an

unequal benefit, nay a positive injury to one of the parties. More particularly is this custom to be condemned when the officers of a Boat invariably exact obedience from the Deck Passengers, at the expense to them, in case of refusal, of violent beatings, the most abject treatment, broken limbs—being put ashore without their baggage, and without their families—in a wild and unsettled part of the Country—in fact, of being regarded as the Servant of the Captain of the Boat. It is not to be wondered at, that the Passengers resistance of oppression has sometimes proved fatal to the oppressor—One instance a fellow passenger mentioned as being witnessed by himself, where a Deck Passenger, being struck by the Captain for not working as he wished him; immediately felled him to the Deck with the Stick of wood in his hand. The captain never breathed again! I repeat that this custom requires reform altogether.

The views on the River still continue in all the varied beauty of alternate woodland Scenery, and cultivated Farms, and every few miles a thriving village on the Right and Left Banks—We passed Parkersburg at the mouth of little Kenhawa, and soon after, came to Blennerhassets island, famous in the history of the Presidency of Jefferson as the "locus in quo" Burr's conspiracy was developed in the first "overt act" of treason. If the Pen of William Wirt had not rendered this place memorable, and if the misfortunes of the wealthy, hospitable and accomplished Family who resided there, had not furnished a picture of vicissitude of life, which is melancholy and deplorable, the Island would be passed as many others are, equally beautiful, with a silent approbation as to its situation, extent and quality of soil—But as circumstances now are with regard to the Island, the contrast is distressing to reflect on—The once splendid Mansion, the abode of Genius, Beauty and Taste, has been burnt to the ground—Not one Stone rests on another—the very Cellars once filled with delicate wines, chosen by wealth and luxury, are now filled up with the rubbish of a Palace, and the surface is covered with a Soil even now, as we passed by, loaded with a crop of Green and waving corn—The Gardens where Burr and his companions were met at midnight by the Lady

of this little western Paradise, before the evil serpent crept in, and at the time that the seeds of destruction were Scattered, now constitute a grain field—the shrubbery all destroyed and ploughed up—Not

> One Rose of the Wilderness left on its stalk,
> To mark where a Garden had been!

the present proprietor of the island has built his residence far from the unfortunate Blennerhassets ruined dwelling, of which nothing now remains, but the recollection of its location with some few who have known it in its prosperous days; and when that memory is lost, its history, and that of its former Inhabitants will only serve

> To point a moral, or adorn a tale!

After passing the little and big Hocking Creeks and several villages, we came to the mouth of the Great Kenhawa and a few miles lower passed Gallipolis—The country greatly improves in extent of Bottom lands, and in cultivation on both sides of the River. During the whole of the passage down thus far we have been hourly receiving and putting ashore, Way passengers—There is no difficulty of approaching either Shore—the Banks are so bold, that the Boat can lie in deep water five feet from the Land. We stopped about 11 o Clock on account of the Fog.

July 23rd Proceeding on our course we passed Portsmouth a thriving town, at the mouth of the Ohio Canal. This place must become of vast importance in respect of local advantages as to Trade—The weather is pleasant, but there is a sensible increase in the degree of temperature, since we left Pennsylvania—not having a Thermometer, I should judge that the heat is about 89 or 91—The cornfields on the Kentucky side are considerably larger than those which I have been accustomed to see—Several fields have been passed, from a half, to a mile in extent along the River. We are constantly passing fine farms on both banks; high hills are covered to their summits with the beautiful green Corn, already in tassel, and shaking its tufted honours with

every breeze—Villages now and then crown the Banks and about 3 o Clock we find ourselves in Maysville—a very handsome town—where we leave several passengers bound for Lexington—on the Ohio side Aberdeen is raising up its rivalship to its opposite Kentucky neighbor—Let such rivalship, constant as it is along the river, ever exist—Trade manufactures, agriculture, enterprise in the raising up of towns out of the Forest, ever thrive most when generous competition is excited. In the evening a violent storm of wind and rain arose, directly in our "teeth," and after half an hours continuance, subsided in Showers—We lost two chairs, which were blown overboard in the Gale. The town of Augusta, where there is a College, was passed without our stopping—the situation is very handsome—Several fine public buildings, and the residences of the inhabitants have been tastefully improved by the preservation of Forest Trees and the plantation of shrubbery—The houses are well built, neat and indicate an air of independence and comfort in the Dwellers about midnight we arrived at Cincinnatti.

July 24th Much thunder during the night and heavy rain, accompanied with vivid lightning has cooled the atmosphere, notwithstanding which, the weather is considerably warmer than I have experienced this year. We are obliged to remain here great part of the day to unload. Having some acquaintances here, I went ashore and had much pleasure in viewing this Queen of the West, deservedly so called.

CINCINNATTI

The captain of the Boat in which we came, has determined not to proceed any further down the River—and the passengers together with all his freight are to be transferred to the Steam Boat "Glasgow" bound for St. Louis. The Glasgow is certainly a splendid Boat, and the exchange cannot be in any way regretted in regard to the Table, the bedrooms or the other accommodations, but the custom of transferring, like several other River customs, have their origin in imposition, and will in time inevitably be corrected.

A Captain advertised in "Pittsburg" that he will *take in*

passengers and freight for "St. Louis" and will positively start his Boat at 10 oclock in the Morning of the 20th of July—Passengers have their baggage sent on board punctually at the hour—they are on board themselves, and after waiting until 12 or 2 oclock, they are informed that the Boat will certainly drop down the River by Sun down—the Passenger who is in a hurry will be lucky if he finds himself out of Pittsburg on the following morning. We will suppose him on his way, and the boat making such speed as comes up to his wishes, and also justifies the promise of the Captain that he shall reach his destination in a given time, say six days—the time that a Captain will *engage* to carry him, within, and not beyond. Suddenly the boat is brought to at some little village, and a half hour is lost in enquiring for some additional freight or passenger—Way passengers are taken in and put out, every hour—the whole day is passed in alternate stoppings, and then the dangerous risk of forced speed, to overtake the lost time—If the traveller be "timid of Steam" his nervous system will be greatly shattered by the reflection that "now the engineer is giving it to her"—If he escapes being blown up by the bursting of a boiler, or stopt on the way by the breaking of one matter or other, occasioned by making up for lost time, the traveller finds himself laid up for a short space of Six or Eight hours at some noted place on the route, where by chance if the Boat stays so long some freight or additional passengers *may arrive,* which the Captain would certainly never forgive himself, if he lost. If the Captain should determine when he arrives at some point, five, six, seven, or eight hundred miles from his place of destination, that his freight and passengers will not pay his expenses and yield such profit as he wishes to make by his trip, he at once tells his passengers that he will go no further—If the whole passage money has been paid to him from Pittsburg to St. Louis, he will refund as much as he pleases, charging for the way travel, what he pleases and the passenger must make a new bargain to proceed on his journey if he can. It is true that if another boat be going to St. Louis, the Captain will transfer his passengers into her, and make the bargain so that the Passengers shall not be obliged

to pay more than they stipulated to pay when they left Pittsburg—But men do not like such transfers—Ladies may not have proper accomodations in the new Boat—there may be a choice of Boats and of Captains, and if that choice is made by some of the transferred passengers they are liable to be charged an enhanced price for the passage. They are at the mercy of the Second Captain at the next Stopping place—and in place of proceeding on his journey according to contract—whole days, nights and often two days at a time are lost in this manner along the route, although the original contract as to *time* and *price* of transportation was binding on both parties. These things should not be, and it only requires legal steps to be taken to punish the authors of such imposition on the public, to put an end to it hereafter. Such punishment should take place.

We arrived at Cincinnatti at midnight last night—we have been detained here all this day—at Seven in the evening we now leave the City.

July 25. During the night we have passed North Bend the farm of General Harrison, and having crossed the State line, we now have Indiana on the one side and Kentucky on the other—at Eight o Clock this morning, the city of Louisville is in sight, about five miles from us—the approach is beautiful—the low shores on both sides of the River—under luxuriant cultivation, the fine Sweep of the Ohio in front, terminating with the elegant buildings of Louisville on the left, and the town of Jeffersonville on the right, together with the numerous Steam boats and other River craft, all form a most delightful picture.

LOUISVILLE

We are here detained the whole of this day in taking in new cargo, and discharging old—The falls of Ohio are at certain times of low water impassible, for large Craft and a Canal has been cut in the Kentucky side, around the Falls, by a chartered Company—this canal is 80 feet on the Surface, 10 feet deep and 2½ miles in length. It is however a poor concern, considering the importance of a Canal at this

place—Two Boats cannot pass in it, and the rough material taken out of the Canal, generally large masses of lime Stone, is heaped up on the sloping banks, so that the canal is daily receiving *debris* which will impede the navigation—add to this the circumstance of there being no means of draining or emptying the Canal, and no guard at the entrance of the Ohio, to prevent the accumulation of *Deposition* at times of high Water, this work may be considered as a failure; indeed it is difficult to avoid *grounding* every time a Boat enters and when in, if she proceeds even half way, and another Boat is met, one or other must *back* out—add to this, the tortuous windings of the Canal, and the danger a large boat is always in of having injury done to her, on account of the narrowness of the passage, and the work may well be pronounced a complete failure—The State should take charge of this work, and whether it is ever improved or not, a Canal on the Indiana side would be a profitable and desirable undertaking.

July 26. We did not get off last night, and here, at nine in the morning, our Captain finds that his Boat is the only one descending the river and the Passengers are at his mercy. He will detain as long as there is a prospect either of a Box, a Barrel, a Board, or a Passenger to get on board. However we have told him that if he does not start he will be sued by several of the passengers for detention. 10 o Clock we are just entering the Canal—nearly Sticking in the mud—proceeding a few rods—bumping against the rocky sides, *creeping* on in consequence of the windings, we discover an ascending Steam Boat, and we are compelled to back out again. No signal—no telegraph—no information of a boat being in the canal is thought to be necessary! We are delayed an hour and we again enter this most pitiful concern—about half way, there is a Splendid Bridge of Stone over the Canal —arch about 60 feet over the Water. About noon we entered the upper lock chamber—the stone work is splendid, and the whole appointment of the three locks which we pass in immediate succession is creditable to the company. on getting into the Ohio again we find Shipping port, a new village at the Canals mouth, and several first class Steamboats laid up here. A short distance below, Portland, Kentucky, and

New Albany Indiana present themselves—many sawmills on the River—The Shores begin to get lower every mile—The land is very rich—too much so for oats—a stack was brought on board more than five feet high—too much in straw—The cornfields are in fine condition.—The sight of fertility and plenty is greatly gratifying—After passing the mouth of Salt River, the Court house of Brandenburg on the Summit of a hill, and the town on another hill offered a pleasing view. In the evening a violent storm came up with much thunder and lightning. It was so dark that we were obliged to lay by at nine o Clock. The company of Ladies with their music on the Piano, and the Flute and violin accompaniments of the Gentlemen render our evening parties very pleasant. About 12 oclock the weather cleared, and our Boat again got under weigh.

July 27. When I arose we were opposite Troy, Indiana —several villages are passed on each side, and the Land has all the appearance of a rich, and well cultivated Soil. Cornfields are several miles in extent. The river increases in beauty the Islands become more numerous, larger, and more luxuriant in the growth of Timber—but they generally overflow, and cannot be cultivated. About midday we passed the mouth of Green river and a few miles below, several passengers went on shore at the town of Evansville, the contemplated termination of the Indiana Canal.

EVANSVILLE. LAMASCO

After dinner passed the wreck of a Steam boat of the largest class near Carthage—about sun set we approached Wabash Island—about five miles in extent, and soon after passed the mouth of the Wabash river, the boundary between Indiana and Illinois—Below the mouth, a bar extends a considerable distance across the Ohio, and we observed that a large steam boat ascending was aground—We endeavoured to keep clear of the Shoal, but unfortunately got aground immediately on the edge—and after two hours labour we again got afloat although our companion in distress had been for sixty hours in that situation and would remain so until

her cargo was taken out by lighters which was being done when we left her. The lights of Shawnee town were just visible when we went to bed, but not to sleep, as the night was exceedingly warm and the mosquitoes very troublesome.

July 28th. The Boat having stopped near the Shore from midnight until near daybreak, we we[re] sorely annoyed by myriads of mosquitoes. Having passed Shawnee town in the night, we find, at Sunrise this morning that we are opposite the town of Golconda Illinois—Numerous Islands present themselves to the eye, never satiated with the delightful river Scenery. Steam Boats are hourly met ascending the River. On the Kentucky side, a few miles above the mouth of the Cumberland River, I observed the Cypress Swamps for the first time—about 9 o Clock we stopped at Smithland, a place of considerable business, situate at the junction of Cumberland with the Ohio. A Dam has been erected in the Ohio by Government, to improve the navigation. The Waters of the Cumberland are clear, and distinctly discernible, for a great distance after their entrance into the turbid Ohio. A number of Steam Boats are lying at Smithland. The country up the Cumberland is an Iron region, and the manufactory of that metal in Bars, Castings and Pigs, is most extensively carried on—Nashville, Tennessee, is situate about 200 miles up the River, to which place Steam Boats trade regularly. About twelve miles below Smithland is situate Paducah at the mouth of the Tennessee River, a thriving village—an old acquaintance is here editing a paper. About 3 o Clock, we are at the mouth of the Ohio River in full view of the States of Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri—at the junction of the Rivers, on the Illinois side there is a very eligible Site for a great City belonging to a New York Company, but unfortunately the ground sometimes is flooded, and expensive levees must be constructed—a large Island is situate in the Mississippi immediately above the Ohio—The Banks of the Ohio have been gradually decreasing in height, since we left the Tennessee, and now that we are in the Mississippi the country has become nearly level with the Stream, or not more than five or six feet above it, and consequently at many periods sub-

ject to inundation. The soil is abundantly rich on both shores, producing corn in great crops, with slight cultivation or care—The water of the Mississippi is of a Whitish yellow colour, plainly distinguishable from that of the Ohio —it is pleasant to the taste, and preferred by those accustomed to its use, to any other water—it is nearly as thick as common white wash, and the idea of a crust of mud being left in my mouth, was always present, when I drank it—I could not cease to wonder why the captains of Steam Boats did not procure Filtering vessels, which can be had so cheap, and which would not only add to the comfort of the Passengers, but would also be a great saving of expense in the article of Ice; as a Filtering Stone Surrounded by Ice will cool, and keep cool, more water and for a longer period, than a Pitcher, into which a lump of ice must be immersed every five minutes, in order to render the liquid palatable, independent of the comfort of drinking the pellucid stream instead of the mud puddle dipped, in all its native, tangible, thickness, from the heavy rolling Mississippi. The colour and quality of the Water is derived from the constant crumbling in the Banks, and the state of Suspension in which the earth is held in the Water. The Missouri gives the character to the Mississippi proper—the upper Mississippi above its junction with the Missouri is much clearer, as the banks are higher, more firmly based, and in many places rocky—whereas on the Missouri the banks are generally low, crumbling, and subject to frequent inundations—The length of these astonishing Rivers, when united, is from the Gulf of Mexico to the Sources upwards of 4500 miles the length of the Missouri to its junction with the Mississippi 3200 miles the length of the Mississippi proper to its junction with the Missouri 1600 miles. The low lands on both sides of the River from the mouth, of the Ohio, are covered with a thick growth of cottonwood Trees, covered with green vines which surround the Trunk and the branches, presenting a beautiful appearance of dense forest. Every mile or two, are found primitive settlements, where a sturdy and enterprising settler has established himself, in a hastily constructed cabin of logs; an acre of corn and as much of the in-

dispensible Potato has been reclaimed from the surrounding Forest; and the ranges of cord wood lining the river bank, for which a ready sale, and prompt pay, daily and hourly is found from the frequent passing of the steam boats, all give an assurance that his prosperity and wealth is rapidly encreasing.

July 29th. At day light we are about 70 miles up the River, and 20 miles above Cape Girardeau. The land has become high and rolling on the Missouri Side—the River from the Mouth, thus far is studded with Islands—The width of the Stream is very difficult to be determined, as the numerous trendings, and the various great and small islands, formed and forming, render the main channel known to the Pilot only—the eye of the traveller cannot distinguish the true shore of Illinois—Fine cornfields make their appearance in Missouri—our course lies along the shores of this State until we ascend as far as Grand Tower, an isolated Rock about 35 or 40 feet high—rising in a circular form, and detached from the Missouri Shore, (where similar Rocks appear) about 150 feet—This rock, doubtless, once formed a part of the Shore, and has been separated from its brethren by the action of the River; immediately above Grand Tower, on the Illinois Side, a Similar Rock stands on a point of land, around which the River makes a sudden turn; a farm house is situate on a small flat of land between the Rock and the high, steep and rocky banks behind the house—the river can be seen across the little peninsula, and in time, perhaps the stream may sweep to destruction the House, and forming a new channel over the small strip of land, will detach the towering rock from the shore of Illinois and give another Grand tower to the locality of that which gives name to this part of the River. Around the turn, there is a highly cultivated farm on the Illinois side. Soon after leaving this place we passed a Sunken Steamboat, being the same that had been attacked by Black Hawks warriors in the late Indian War. Passed the Mouth of Kaskaskia River—and about 3 oclock we approached St. Genevieve. The village is beautifully situated on the borders of a rolling Prairie, with high hills in the back ground several substantial Farm

houses and well cultivated farms are in sight and the village with its venerable church and steeple, and the roofs of Houses peeping out from amidst the surrounding trees and shrubbery, presents a charming picture. The town is now at some distance from the River, but in all probability the river once washed the base of the bank near the town, and all the intermediate land has been made by gradual accumulation of deposite—on a high hill above the town is an unfinished building intended for a Jesuits College, but for some reason the design has been abandonned, and I have understood that the property is now for sale above the village, and at the mouth of a ravine or bayou, through which the River once probably ran, is Pratts landing—a Fine Stone building, and several other detached houses are here—the Soil of the country is of a rich black mould—judging from the river banks, which are constantly crumbling in, the strata are alternate layers of siliceous earth and alluvial deposit—daily and hourly crumbling down, mixing with the waters of the ceaseless rolling Mississippi, forming new islands, and adding to those already formed—the process of island formation is apparent—Either on rocks or shoals in the bed of the river, an accumulation of Logs and Timber, floating from the great Sources of the Missouri and Mississippi, takes place in the annual and periodical floods; the constant washings and crumblings of the river banks and the partial depositions of the water when stayed in its progress by the obstructing logs and Trees, soon form a resting place of greater Washings, and heavier deposits of alluvion. In a few years, say two or three at the extent, young willows and high grass, flags, and other vegetable productions cover the encreasing soil—these first signs of rapid vegetation, are quickly followed by the young Cotton wood trees—The island increases by successive overflowings and deposites—perchance it becomes fit for cultivation—but more probably it remains a brief period, a green spot in the wide waste of waters, until some overwhelming flood shall remove its surface, with all its pride of young timber upon it, carrying down the stream its soil and its product to make a new deposit and a new foundation for a new Island in another place—leaving perhaps a

slight Sand bar, or bank barely rising to the surface of the River to mark where an Island has once been. Such is the general character of the Mississippi Waters in regard to its island formations and removals. Immediately above Pratts landing is a large well built establishment—Several of the old French Buildings are still remaining, presenting an interesting contrast with the modern Stone Warehouses and Substantial dwellings. A short distance from this place there is a Furnace for smelting Lead. The lead is shipped from this place. The shore is now become bold, high and rocky—forming a perpendicular wall about thirty feet high surmounted by a luxuriant growth of wood, amongst which the hickory is in abundance. A few miles above these palisade rocks, on the Missouri Side, the range rises about 90 or 100 feet in height, presenting a perpendicular face. On the top of one of the rocks, projecting over, is built a frame work forming a shot tower—the shot falls through the air, and is received in a Basin of water beneath—whence it is run along an inclined wooden trough to a Building wherein the necessary processes of separation and cleansing are carried on. For several miles up the river the rocky shore continues. Limestone is the predominant quality in the strata formation. In many places the rocks assume the appearance of some old Fortress in ruins. the towers apparently shooting up, detached from the land and from each other. Several islands, as yet only covered with grass and young willows, are forming in the River—Some have made their appearance within a few weeks, according to the testimony of persons who are acquainted along the River. This day is exceedingly sultry—in the evening we had a severe storm of thunder and lightning accompanied with showers. A large Tree was shivered to the roots about a quarter of a mile from our Boat —Some remarkable caves are found on the precipitous rocks on the Missouri Side—evidently formed by the action of the water, although now, near 100 feet above the River. Another Shot tower similar to the one before described is erected on the high Rocks near Selma. The high bluffs still continue on the Missouri Side, whilst on the Illinois side the lands are low, and covered with Cotton Wood Trees—The

Settlers are numerous on both banks cutting and selling wood, which is very lucrative the price is from $2 to $2.50 per cord—Some is sold as high as $3 and the daily consumption of a Steam boat is from 18 to 30 cords. We stopt at Selma which is the landing place for Potosi—The lead mines are numerous a few miles from this place—The property at Selma is owned by a Mr. White—he has a beautiful and tastefully built dwelling of White Stone—a fine portico overlooks the River. Several Substantial Store houses and other buildings are here, built all of the same white stone material—about 300 tons of Pig lead was on the bank ready for shipping. I went on Shore and ascended a steep rock about 100 feet above the River, whence I had an extensive view of the country back—the low lands appear good. excellent for meadow land—the road up the ravine leads to Potosi—there is a good farm here, and an excellent stock of cattle. Two deserters from Jefferson barracks were arrested here by the officer sent in pursuit of them, and they were taken on board to be returned whence they came—We shall not see the Barracks as the night is approaching and by morning we shall be at St. Louis. the Barracks are on the Missouri side about ten miles below St. Louis. The establishment, not only as a Building but in its arrangement, and conveniences, is a credit to the Country.

July 30th This morning at day light the various noises near me, the tinkling of bells attached to horses necks, trotting along with the milk carts, and the busy hum of population, have awakened me to the knowledge that I am at St. Louis—I arise and discover that we are moored at the quay along side the Steam Boat St. Louis, being the largest one that I have yet seen—She is I am informed 250 feet in length. The appearance of the City is Striking—The Town clock strikes Six—I view numerous Stores and warehouses built of fine, dressed, white lime Stone—I see the wharves crowded with Steam boats and small craft—the streets alive with a population, for although it is Sunday and so early in the morning, the wharves and adjacent streets are already filled with people—The milk carts are driving about —several Indians in their native, and acquired costume, that is naked except their blankets, or dressed and decorated with the feathers and beads of their pride and vanity, are strag-

gling along the streets, or gazing at the Boats—Shops are open—the itinerant vendor of street goods has his stall already decorated, whilst the upper part of the Town where the Citizen has his quiet residence, removed from the stir and bustle of the business part of the City, is Still wrapt in Sleep. After breakfast I went on Shore and as our chance of getting up the River is slight, under a delay of twenty four hours, I took lodgings at the City Hotel. This day, in the course of my walks through the City, I met with many acquaintances from Pennsylvania—

ST. LOUIS

July 31st About noon today we left St. Louis in the Steam Boat, "the Adventure"—we have on board the Indian Chief "Black Hawk"—and about 25 or 30 others, Men, Squaws, and papooses—old Neema Manatoke the great Medicine man—Necconokokok and his Son Wapakesek; the present chief of the Sauks, and the Squaw of Black Hawk, being the only two, who with Black Hawk sat at the Cabin Table. Black Hawk has obtained more celebrity than he deserved—I have been informed by those who know him best, and are qualified to judge of his character, that he is not the Brave man, that he has been represented to be—his enmity to the whites, and his influence with his band gave him a consequence in the late War that has been magnified by his travels in the United States as a prisoner of War. He has now been deposed from his chieftainship, and as he asserts that he will always remain at peace with the whites, as he has had experience of their strength, and has seen their power and greatness in the States, and he has lately felt the pride of distinguishing himself from other Indians by imitating our customs in wearing a hat, walking with a cane, eating with knife and fork, and sitting on a chair, in which latter customs pertaining to the Table, he has initiated his Squaw and the new Chief of the Band, it is to be hoped that he will ever hereafter remain peaceable, and that as a deposed chieftain, his influence with his Braves may be exerted in the course which he professes to pursue. His manners are grave and pleasing—he speaks with deliberation, and earnestness, evidently with a knowledge of his subject—he uses little gesticulation—and on the whole is a very respectable

Indian—the whole Band appears to pay him deference even in his present Situation.

Above St. Louis, 17 miles, we reach the mouths of the Missouri—the waters do not mingle for some miles down the River. The upper Mississippi is much clearer than the Missouri, owing to the character of the country through which it passes—an Island is now being formed at the mouth of the Missouri. An old Chippewa village is on the Illinois side—From this place there is a fine view of Alton about Six miles distant—This is a new and apparently thriving town, situate on the rise of a gently sloping hill—the country around is very hilly—the new buildings are chiefly of a fine white lime stone of which there are several quarries on the Riverside—The churches with their Spires, and one with a Town Clock, are handsomely built—The Illinois Penetentiary is now being built here, and is nearly finished, that is, as much of the building—being one wing, and the enclosing wall, as is intended to be completed at present—at the North end of the town is a very high rocky Bluff, the town is laid out on Several hills, the deep ravines between them are about being filled up where the streets cross them—great enterprise is exhibited here, as the place is looked on by its admirers, advocates and Supporters as a powerful rival of St. Louis.

ALTON

Ascending the River, there are beautiful views—high rocky bluffs and at intervals Sloping hills fit for raising grain, on the Illinois Shore, and the low rich alluvial bottoms on the Missouri Side—the numerous Islands in the river, and the Splendid Sheet of Water, all combine in forming a charming picture—the mosquitoes alone disturb the harmony of the Scene. August 1st This morning we have a cool and pleasant air, we are passing up a narrow channel, between and among numerous Islands—one on our right covered with Cotton wood trees of an amazing heighth and growth—the banks are covered with willows—it is difficult to ascertain the main channel on account of the many Islands—At intervals there are small clearings and corn patches on both shores.

Two Steam Boats descending the River in the extreme distance, winding their way among, and around the Islands, now appearing, and again for a few moments disappearing, give a life and spirit to the vast, yet beautiful extent of waters and uncultivated wilds around us: The wildness of the Scenery is augmented, and the flights of the imagination realized, on looking at the Indians in our Boat;—Some crouched in Savage attitudes of indolence wrapped in their blankets—others painting and adorning themselves—some Smoking their calumets, and some conversing in their low, suppressed and guttural tones—The Whole picture of Savage nature, western wilderness, incipient improvements, and development of science in the proud Steam Boat riding through the great Father of Waters, renders this Scene remarkable and certainly very extraordinary. We passed Clarksville a well built village on the Missouri Side—several good brick houses,—it is situate on the Slope of a hill—Surrounded by a rolling country—about 96 miles above St. Louis—a steam mill at the foot of a high rocky bluff at the North end of the town, is in active operation. Twelve miles above this place is the town of Louisiana, where are two Steam Mills. Passed Salt River, and about dinner time stopped at Saverton to land a Passenger with his wife, Family, Carriage horses &c. just from Philadelphia—they reside here, and have returned from a visit to the *far East*. This village is very well located, on the summit of a gently rising bank—the land around is level—well timbered yet easily cleared—I observed on one of the Store houses the large advertisement of a traveling Menagerie—Elephant &c.—The weather has become extremely warm—our Indians have discarded their blankets, and the Red man of the Forest appears in his native and naked majesty—they diversify their painting each day—He whose face yesterday was covered with yellow ochre, today has alternate red and black streaks from forehead to chin—an aged man called Neemah Manatoke, one of the Sacs, has decorated his eyes, his forehead, and top of his head with brilliant vermillion, and as he professes to be the great medicine man of his band, he carries constantly a medicine bag made of the Skin of some animal, which re-

sembles an Ocelot—in this is his purse also, the legs serving as separate apartments for different coins. He is 95 years of age according to his own account, confirmed by Black Hawk, and is very active—he carries with him certificates signed by Several White Settlers, of his having always been a friendly Indian and an experienced Doctor, although he certainly is not much of a Surgeon, as his left arm is useless in consequence of a dislocation of the shoulder which happened when he was only 25 years old—He is fond of ornaments, and is well supplied with various rings and bracelets —He was greatly amused with a Telescope particularly in looking through the reverse end—A few miles above Saverton a great Slide of the Mountain has lately occurred—bringing down with it Trees and Rocks, and opening a deep Ravine in the hills, whilst the debris forms a point of land projecting into the River; this slide is in Missouri. The land is generally high and well covered with Timber, as far as the town of Hannibal, which is a thriving village in Missouri a wagon road runs at the base of the hills, along the river, for some miles above Hannibal. We stopped at a warehouse on the river Bank to take in Six hogsheads of Bacon for the upper country—I went in the Warehouse—there were several thousand hams and Shoulders hanging up as in a Smoke house—all well cured, and ready for packing —Many hogsheads and barrels already packed—About one hundred barrels of pickled Pork and as many barrels of Salt were also here—a dwelling house and Small clearing were at the foot of a high hill—The Singularity of the Matter is, that there should be such a large quantity of Bacon and Pork here, and no Settlement near to afford the Supplies—at least none visible. The high hills now fall off as we approach Marion City—the Site of the City is the very worst that I have yet Seen—a level plain, or prairie, of rich soil certainly, extends Several miles back into the country—Scarcely elevated three feet above the present State of the Water—in some places not more than one foot—the banks of crumbling Sand and loose Soil, that will hardly Support the weight of a child near the waters edge, continually falling in—there are many buildings Scattered over the Site of the

City—Many new buildings going up—three Steam Saw Mills erected—a levee or double ditch with a raised bank, of more than a mile in extent to keep out the water of the Mississippi, which would at all times overflow the City, affords a Slight protection to the Inhabitants—the prairie is about a mile and a half in front, and about six Miles back from the River, bounded by high hills; but notwithstanding the beauty of Situation, this place must in all ordinary freshets, be overflowed, in part if not wholly. A few miles higher up, on the Illinois Side Quincy appears; a splendid Situation on a gently rising hill, which continues for some miles bordering the River. The principal part of the town is on the top of the hill, where the country is level—the lower part of the town along the river is appropriated to Store houses—I walked up the hill, which is more than 100 feet above the river, into the town—It is well built, although from its extensive plan, the houses are as yet much Scattered the new Court house with its Portico, Pillars, Cupola and general architecture, is a neat building—Several Gigs and other Carriages were at the Tavern Doors, indicating good roads, and wealthy Country around—This place is certainly destined to be a thriving place of commerce and as the surrounding country, eastward, is as fine as any in the State of Illinois, it must shortly be a place of importance. a large Prairie is just discernible in the background—We shall pass it after night. It is now Sunset—we are in the midst of a Prairie Country on both sides of the River—as we were retiring to Bed we were opposite the town of Le Grange—This day we have passed many Indians, who are encamped on the Mississippi Side—A canoe passed down the River with Eight persons in it—a frail bark machine, like an egg shell on this great inland ocean, and yet the Indians are as fearless of danger as if they occupied one of our floating castles. August 2nd There has been much Rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning during the night—at day light we are at Warsaw—we soon passed Fort Edward, an old military Post now abandoned, and sold to, and occupied by Mr. Thompson this place is opposite the mouth of Des Moines river—We observed several Indians on the River banks—at the village of

Keokuk, we put some of our Indian Passengers on shore to join several of their companions encamped here. We are now ascending the Des Moines rapids, and as a proof that our Boat is a fast Sailer we passed a Steam Boat ascending which had left St. Louis three days before us, and considering that our Captain is making a sort of trading voyage, much to the annoyance of those passengers who are anxious to proceed rapidly, as he is sure to stop at every town on both sides of the river, we have outstripped our companions on the Water, unless they have had *business* at every plantation in their ascending progress. The cultivation increases, and the Scenery becomes more beautifully interesting on both Shores —the hills are covered with fine Timber to the Waters edge, whilst the Prairie extends in waves back from the river into the Country. After we passed Montebello the river is clear of Islands for several miles. The Rapids are in extent about twelve miles—On the Missouri side, there is a large reservation of Land for the half breeds of the Sacs and Foxes, on which many Settlements of the Whites are being made. Fort des Moines is now evacuated by our Troops as it is within the Indian reservation—It is built on the border of a fine and large Prairie—the houses are good—the barracks and Stabling have been put up at a considerable expense—the Buildings are now occupied by some land company who have located themselves here, in "Uncle Sams" military establishment making use of Uncle Sams hay of which more than one hundred Tons has been left at the Fort, and they have opened a land office for the disposal of the half breed lands, by what authority, I could not learn. Black Hawk and all the Indians who have remained with us land here, as their Wigwams are about five miles over the prairie—Several chiefs are here waiting for their friends—Some splendidly dressed, on horseback, armed with Bows and arrows—The women have strapped their children on their backs, and all, more or less laden with packages, have started across the Prairie. Opposite Fort des Moines, there is a fine tract of settled Country with good buildings, in Illinois—several excellent farms in sight—The river is several feet higher than at ordinary times and we have passed the rapids in

about two hours without difficulty—a Passenger informs me that he was Seven days in ascending them last summer. Above Fort des Moines there are several Islands—a Small town called Commerce on the Illinois Side—we landed at a very good Stone building, three stories high, with Piazzas and railing at each Story—the lower story supported by Stone pillars—the whole built of dressed and squared lime stone—about fifty feet front—two fashionably dressed young women were in one of the rooms—five years Since this country was the Seat of Savage Warfare. A few miles up the river is Fort Madison a brisk village in Wisconsin,[3] built on a high bank, apparently much trade and business going on—Shortly afterwards we passed a beautiful Settlement in Illinois—prairie ground in cultivation—very fine buildings—splendid scenery with wood clad hills in the back-ground—a few miles higher, there is an extensive prairie in Wisconsin many Islands,—the land in Illinois is low, very rich and covered with fine Timber—I went on Shore at a Small settlement in Wisconsin—the land is about two feet deep of a rich black mould—level country covered with Hickory, Walnut Shell-bark, Maple &c—We landed at Burlington the present Seat of Government of Wisconsin, a neat town on a good bank—Many buildings, including a large one for the accomodation of the legislature, are being erected—More than Eighty houses have been built here since April last—the country around Burlington is as fine as any in the Ioway district—met with an old friend here Cyrus S. Jacobs—a few miles above Burlington an extensive Prairie opens on the Illinois side; studded with groups of Trees, in all the beauty and variety of Park Scenery—in the back ground rises a ridge of woods, fringing the lower Prairie, whilst through the openings are discovered other Prairies on the second level—the river soon presents an extensive sweep free from Islands, and after proceeding some miles the whole River is again filled with them, rendering the true channel difficult to be discovered—About eighteen miles from Burlington another beautiful Prairie on the Illinois Shore, spreads out for many miles to the Eastward, fringed with wooded hills, amongst which appear Small prairies at

[3] Wisconsin Territory at this time included what is now Iowa

irregular intervals, presenting a prospect similar to that of a well settled and highly cultivated Country at the northern end of the prairie the new town of Oquako is built—the houses are erected in a handsome style, and are generally painted white—One house with a portico, and pillars to the roof, situate on a gentle knoll, rising equaly from all sides, in the centre of the town, surrounded by a neat paling, and a cultivated garden, has the appearance of the residence of a man of fortune and of taste. Above the town the land rises about forty feet from the River, and from the nature of the Soil, is called the Yellow Banks—it is a rich flat, covered with low oak timber—Just as we were about to retire to bed, we stopped at New Boston opposite the mouth of lower Ioway River.

August 3rd At Sunrise we are opposite Salem, in Wisconsin a village, of which the Skeleton only appears—the town is laid out on a high bank well wooded, and sloping southerly—the frame works of several buildings are in the midst of the woods—about a quarter of a mile from the town sites, the prairie commences—the River here for several miles trends to the East; our course is nearly east to Rock Island at the mouth of Pine River there is a beautiful Farm on which the City of Ioway is laid out—The prairie and uplands all cleared by nature—fenced and divided into fields with corn—small grain—and grass growing—cattle feeding &c. gave the idea that we are in the heart of a settled country instead of the wilds of the West, where the Indian Warrior only four years since roamed through the Prairie armed with Bow and Arrow or deadly rifle and sought the life of the White Man with as much eagerness as that of the animal which furnished him with food—For many miles the Country is Prairie interspersed with strips of woodland & clumps of trees as beautifully scattered & diversified as if planted by the hand of taste—Settlements progressing —Houses building, and fences being erected—a Settler has nothing more to do than to build a house & break up the Land—the prairie comes to the water's edge—the boats anchor with their bows & sides in the grass, the water at the shore being 4 feet deep & descending to 20 & 30.

Buffalo is a new village on a most delightful Sloping prairie—13 new houses now building—the banks at the Water edge are of hard gravel—prairie still continues. numerous Settlements—Rockingham a considerable village spread over a large level flat—Many new houses building—This Town is opposite the mouth of Rock River—about 3 miles above, we come in sight of *Stevenson* (county seat) Illinois, *Davenport* & Le Clair's house Wisconsin, and Fort Armstrong on Rock Island—Splendid scenery—most delightful & beautiful country—forming a grand amphitheatre rising gradually from the River to the wooded tops of the Surrounding hills—Prairie with groups of Trees, cultivated grounds, & thriving villages—

Whilst on the point of the Island, the scene of Black Hawk's protracted defence in his War, stands the Fort & surrounding buildings, surmounted by the Flag of our happy Country—*Mate ducked a Passenger in the River* Le Clair's house a beautiful cottage scene—Davenports house a splendid villa with all appurtenances, shrubbery &c in good Style—his pleasure boat moored at the beach in front of the lawn—passed through the rapids of Rock River—about the midway of the River near the head of the rapids the steam boat *Emerald* was sunk last April—She remains a beacon as long as she will last—she is sunk up to her lower deck, but is much warped & going to destruction—The Land on both sides is well covered with timber, & the settlements are not so extensive as on the prairies—On opposite sides of the River Stand two Saw Mills turned by the current of the Mississippi —Port Byron at the head of the Rapids on Illinois side—Parkhurst on the Wisconsin side—extensive view up the River—Sloping hills covered with Timber.

We now have numerous Islands & extensive Prairies without trees on high lands on the Illinois side—beyond the many small islands we discover large low prairies in Wisconsin.

Passed the entrance of the Meridosia & two towns in Illinois, Vanburen & Albany adjoining—and Camanche on the Wisconsin [side]—the town of Camanche is on the edge of a high rolling prairie the most beautiful & extensive we

have seen—The views magnificent—grass 4 or 5 feet high waving with the breeze—the distant hills over which are scattered clumps of trees in tasteful groups—the wide expanse of level country to the S.W. & N.W. and the rolling hills & prairie Westward all present such a picture of civilized & agricultural life that one can scarcely be awakened from the illusion—and yet all is in a state of Nature! Here would I wish to live—of all places for beauty that I have yet seen—Stopt at Savanna to wood—several Indians here —two brothers—half Winnebago, half Sioux—one very intelligent—wanted to go up to the Treaty ground—

[*To be concluded*]

EDITORIAL COMMENT

NEWS FROM ANCIENT UR

The present-day visitor to the British Museum will inevitably permit himself to be lured, by a series of printed indicators, to the basement room containing the "Temporary Exhibit" of articles discovered through the recent excavations at Ur. During some half-dozen years a party representing jointly the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania has pursued the work of research in that place; and while some finds had been made from time to time, the big strike—to borrow a prospector's phrase—was reserved for this year. The material results fill several large exhibit cases in the Museum, and their historical significance, since the date of the first presentation of the facts by C. Leonard Woolley in an illustrated lecture on the fifteenth of May, has become the theme of scholars the world over.

A visitor like myself, who is practically a layman so far as these researches are concerned—interested in history but not skilled in its archeological phases—will require a little time to master the important features of the exhibit. To this end a half-dozen distinct periods were set apart for viewing it, and for reading reports and descriptions with the objects themselves at hand to illustrate.

Immediately on entering the room one is attracted by a large wooden screen, tilted toward the wall. Upon this is a very clear outline of an ox, the mummified skeletal remains of which had been found in one of the graves at Ur and had been taken up (with the soil about it) by the aid of a bitumi-

nous binder. Along the lower edge of the beast's neck, flattened by the weight of many tons of soil and rocks, was a portion of a highly wrought silver collar, the break showing just at the top of the neck. A silver ring, evidently once fastened in the animal's muzzle, lay flattened against the lower end of the head.

The ox so successfully rescued from the floor of a king's grave, reckoned to have been made 3500 years B.C., was one of six found in the same place, lying in such a position with reference to two wooden wheeled carts as to make it certain the oxen had been attached to the carts. The silver collars, remains of a driving rein, and rein-rings complete the proof and suggest that some of the men found in close proximity to the carts and oxen were the drivers. From the remains found Mr. A. Forestier executed a drawing some features of which may be a trifle doubtful, but which seems to be generally accurate.[1] It represents the oxen arranged in two teams of three, each team yoked together, attached to the pole of a cart and guided by reins fixed in the nose rings.

How came these beasts to be at the bottom of the great shaft containing the vaulted tomb of the king? They were a minor feature in a stupendous series of sacrifices which included fifty-nine persons, some of them soldiers, a number of court ladies, etc. The custom of making human sacrifices at the graves of kings was so widespread among peoples at a certain level of culture that the fact, gruesome and pathetic as it is, must be considered less remarkable than are some of the cultural remains which in this instance accompany it. They include vessels of silver and gold, a most significant type of boat, ornaments of gold, silver, and lapis lazuli, instruments of wood, stone, pottery, etc., etc. Combining the discoveries made in the king's grave and the queen's

[1] See London *Illustrated News*, June 23, 1928.

A KING'S HOUSEHOLD SACRIFICED

A reconstruction drawing by A. Forestier, based on the actual plan of the grave as excavated (with the position of all the bodies marked). Reproduced, with permission, from the London *Illustrated News,* June 23, 1928.

grave, one can reconstruct much of the art of the Sumerians as it was at 3500 B.C.

The domestication of the ox is by this discovery proved to have been effected by them earlier than among any other known people. The carts were genuine "wheeled vehicles" and they attest the great antiquity of the wheel as an invention in aid of transportation. The king's tomb had a door constructed on the principle of the arch, which proves the Sumerians to have used that architectural feature several thousand years before it came into vogue among the Greeks and Romans; and the same is true of the dome roof, for the king's tomb was vaulted in dome fashion.

The "Queen's Grave," of the same period, contained several objects of extraordinary interest to the historian of culture. One was a wooden statue of a bull, with head of gold and lapis lazuli, between whose forelegs was a series of plaques representing animals and monsters in wierd positions, usually erect on the hind legs, and engaged in various "human" activities. For example, on one plaque the jackal stands up to play upon a strange instrument (the sistrum) having several vertically attached strings and two which cross each other x fashion. In another the donkey, erect on its hind feet, is playing a true harp with the fore feet. The base of this harp is a representation of an animal of the cow species, probably carved out of wood, and it suggests that the ox effigy in which the plaques were found may itself have been the base of a harp. A harp susceptible of reconstruction was found in the queen's grave. It was shaped like the historic instrument of minstrelsy, the veritable "harp of solemn sound." There was in the grave a wooden sledge drawn by asses whose skeletons and metal collars were with the sledge. The queen's headdress has been reconstructed from the hair and ornaments found.

A point was made in the discussion of Mr. Woolley's lecture that these discoveries compel us to reorient ourselves in ancient history. Instead of regarding Egypt as the mother of civilization we now see that the Sumerian culture was older and that it influenced the Egyptian in manifold ways. Even the boat of the dead, so prominent in Egyptian tombs, was derived from this older stratum of culture—so the experts hold. Also, Sidney Smith called attention to the remarkable fact that many of the objects and materials proved by the excavations to have been used by the Sumerians about 3500 B.C. must have been imported from distant regions. "There is no gold in southern Babylonia," he said; "there are no asses in southern Babylonia, no metal of any kind, no wood, no lapis lazuli. One affirms that the lapis lazuli was brought from the Hindoo-Koosh; another would tell you that the wild asses must have come from central Turkestan; others would say the metal came from Asia Minor. Whatever the truth is, these people had connections over large portions of the world; their import trade must have been carried not only by caravans but by boats. . . .

"Mr. Woolley has revealed to us treasures which equal in importance the treasures which were brought home by Sir Arthur Layard and those found at Susa by Mr. De Morgan. It may be he has excelled them. At any rate, you have been attending this afternoon at a sensational performance."[2]

JOSEPH SCHAFER

[2] *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, July, 1928. A more complete account of the new discoveries will appear in the October number of the British Museum *Quarterly*.

COMMUNICATIONS

A BIT OF TWINE KNOTTER HISTORY

In reducing the cost of producing a bushel of wheat from three hours and forty minutes of man-labor in 1830 to ten minutes in 1880, the twine knotter was probably the biggest factor.

The wire binder was developed by Appleby, Withington, and others from 1858 to 1878. During those twenty years Joseph Barta of Bangor, Wisconsin, and some others were nursing the germ of the twine knotter. It is Barta, in La Crosse County, who is to be credited with a patent for the first successful twine knotter. He was not the Paul Revere who went down in history as the winner of the race. He was merely one of those who also rode a good ride, and in some respects the best.

John F. Appleby had played with a twine knotter as early as 1857, when he made a bird-bill knotter out of apple-tree wood on the Houghton farm near Whitewater, Wisconsin. The next year he made a similar one out of steel in a Beloit gun shop. This knotter is now in the museum of the Wisconsin Historical Society. Appleby exhibited it as a sort of curiosity rather than a substantial invention, at county fairs during the late fifties and early sixties. It is significant that the tablet placed on the Houghton farm in October, 1926, reads: "On this farm John F. Appleby made the first knotter in 1858." He never patented it. Apparently he deemed it not worth the trouble.

Not so with Barta. He began tinkering with a sewing machine at Hillsboro, Wisconsin, in 1855 in an effort to make a binder out of it. The sewing machine could sew a stitch. Why couldn't it tie a knot? Barta carried the sewing

machine idea with him when about 1860 he moved to Bangor. Instead of going on a tangent with the wire binder, as Appleby did, Barta stuck to twine. By 1866, with four friends to back him to the extent of about ten thousand dollars, he had attached a basket and knotter to a McCormick reaper. It was patented May 15, 1866 (No. 54672). It did satisfactory work that year with a light stand of grain, but did not work so well in the fields with heavier straw. Florian Wolf of Bangor drove the reaper, and to this day describes many of the incidents connected with the tests.

Two of Barta's bankers were John Hussa and Michael Arentz. The latter was so sure of financial success that he bought Hussa out. The bargain was made in an oatfield in 1866 when Arentz agreed to give Hussa, a bachelor, seven quarts of milk, one pound of butter, two loaves of bread, and a dozen eggs each week so long as Hussa lived. The weekly meal ticket was later consolidated into an annual cash payment of seventy-five dollars, which was paid September 1 each year by Arentz or his heirs until Hussa died in 1908. Hussa's bargain proved to be the shrewdest financial move made by anyone connected with the Barta knotter. By 1872 several Bangor and La Crosse men had invested from a thousand to ten thousand dollars apiece in the venture. About thirty farmers bought fifty-dollar shares.

Their hopes of success were high in July, 1872, when Barta's second knotter, this one of the revolving type, made a successful demonstration. It was protected by a second patent, but within six months, and after only fifteen of the improved knotters had been made by the Paul and Leach Threshing Machine Company at La Crosse, a competitor had entered the field. The latter was not wholly successful, but nevertheless put Barta out of the race.

By 1878 Appleby had discarded the wire binder popularized by Cyrus McCormick, and turned his attention once

more to his twine knotter. It was he, rather than Barta, who became William Deering's partner in 1880. Together they startled the country with three thousand twine binders and ten carloads of suitable twine that had been manufactured secretly by Deering.

Two of Barta's knotters are in a showcase in the Agricultural Engineering Building on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. One is the original stitching knotter; the other is one of the later type. They are the only tangible assets of a venture that cost the promoters about fifty thousand dollars in cash and twenty years of time.

A shadow of Barta's effort was seen one autumn afternoon in 1879, when a mysterious stranger appeared at Ott's machine shop in La Crosse and paid Benedict Ott, one of Barta's stockholders, five hundred dollars for a quitclaim to his share of Barta's patents. It is rumored that others also were paid sums of money, but these other claims have not been verified. Unverified, they form links in a chain of evidence which indicates that someone, great or small, deemed it wise to make a pretense at least of buying out the patent claims of Barta.

E. R. Jones, *Madison*

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

I THE SOCIETY

During the quarter ending October 10, 1928, there were five additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Two persons enrolled as life members: G. R. Hoffman, Milwaukee; Edna Louise Jacobsen, Madison.

Three persons became annual members: Mrs. Edith Booth, Eugene, Oregon; Dorothy Ganfield, Marshall, Missouri; and William R. McCaul, Tomah.

Dr. Louise Phelps Kellogg, Madison, changed from the annual to the life membership class.

At the annual meeting of the Society, held October 18, twelve curators were reëlected. Thomas J. Cunningham of Chippewa Falls, Charles M. Morris of Milwaukee, and A. C. Kingsford of Baraboo were elected to fill vacancies. Colonel Marshall Cousins of Eau Claire is the new president.

Dr. Joseph Schafer sailed from Europe the middle of November, and about the time this magazine is distributed he will be once more at his office for consultation. The letters which he wrote from the Old World have been printed in the Milwaukee *Journal*, the Madison *Wisconsin State Journal*, and other Wisconsin newspapers.

Robert Wild of Milwaukee, curator of the Society since 1923 and one of the vice-presidents since 1925, died suddenly at his home October 7. Mr. Wild was born in Milwaukee on November 12, 1875; he was a graduate of the University and of the Law School, and a regent of the same institution. Mr. Wild was a classical scholar, an orator, and a leading member of the bar. He was deeply interested in history, and at the time of his death was preparing biographies of Wisconsin jurists for the forthcoming *Dictionary of American Biography*. He was also doing much to prepare for the Carl Schurz centenary next year.

John Quincy Emery died August 4 at the age of eighty-five. He was born in Ohio, came to Wisconsin when three years old, and devoted his life to service for the state. After notable years as an educator he was in 1895 elected state superintendent of public instruction, and was re-

elected for a second term. In 1902 he was appointed dairy and food commissioner and for nearly twenty-five years he engaged in enforcement of pure food laws and in the promotion of the dairying industry. Professor Emery contributed to this magazine an article on "Albion Academy," his alma mater, vii, 301-321; one on "The Swiss Cheese Industry in Wisconsin," x, 42-52.

Edwin E. White of Milwaukee, member of the federal commission for the study of Indian problems and well-known worker in charitable organizations, died September 28. Mr. White was a life member of our Society.

Colonel William J. Anderson, private secretary for Governors Upham and Scofield, member of the State Tax Commission, and founder of Anderson's Service for newspapers, died in Madison November 1. Colonel Anderson had been a member of our Society for years, and several times served as chairman of the nominating committee for annual meetings.

The Society has received from Mrs. C. N. Fowler, née Hilda Heg, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, the Civil War letters of her father, Colonel Hans C. Heg of the Fifteenth Wisconsin Volunteers. These letters form a complete series dating from the time of enlistment at Camp Randall in the beginning of 1862 until the day before the fatal battle (September 19, 1863) in which Colonel Heg was killed. They are excellently written and give an unusual and intimate account of the experiences and war reactions of this Wisconsin officer. Mrs. Fowler at the same time presented to the Museum the watch, parts of the uniform, and other articles which Colonel Heg carried with him on his campaigns.

The career of Nils Otto Tank, the Norwegian nobleman who devoted his life to service of his fellowmen as a missionary in South America, and a colony-founder in Wisconsin, has often been told, and always with interest. The Society is in receipt through Bishop Karl A. Mueller of the Moravian Church, of a sketch of Tank's life by Sigfried Beck, a missionary of his church at Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, where Tank lived for several years. This new biographical sketch of Tank, written in German, is enriched by the material from the archives of the South American mission, and gives a more complete account of him than we have yet possessed. It notes the gift in 1868 to our library of the Tank collection of old Latin and Dutch volumes, which forms part of the Society's treasure.

A recent visitor to our Society's rooms was Douglas C. McMurtrie, noted typographer and bibliographer. Among the rare books he came to see is the Society's copy of a primer in the Mohawk language, pub-

lished in 1777 at Montreal. Of this, the first known volume printed in the Iroquoian tongue, our Society has the only known example. Mr. McMurtrie also found our very unusual collection of early printed documents of value for his citations.

II THE STATE

General Charles King, Wisconsin veteran of five wars, and son of the commander of the Iron Brigade, was tendered a complimentary dinner on the occasion of his eighty-fourth birthday October 12. Eight hundred persons participated in the banquet at Milwaukee, while the whole state "listened in," the National Guard of many cities meeting at their armories to hear by radio the speeches in honor of the distinguished officer. General Pershing, the Secretary of War, and hundreds of others sent messages, while Governor Zimmerman, Senator Blaine, and other state officials were in attendance. Veterans from each of the several wars were chosen for addresses. General King himself responded, and his opening words were: "As I look back upon my soldier life, this is the crowning episode." Our readers will remember that General King wields his pen as well as his sword. An article on his father, Rufus King, written for this magazine (June, 1921), was the prelude for the delightful series entitled "Memories of a Busy Life." These articles (the first of which appeared in March, 1922) narrate his recollections from the time of his boyhood days in Milwaukee until those of the World War in the same city.

The University of Wisconsin dedicated October 5-7 the new Memorial Union building, gift to the institution of alumni, students, and friends of the University. This building is "erected and dedicated to the memory of the men and women of the University of Wisconsin who served in our country's wars." Tablets containing the names of students who died during the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the World War are placed in Memorial Hall; while a service record book for all who took part is kept on file.

In Adams County the Arkdale Lutheran Church, oldest religious organization in the county, celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary August 12.

Ashland celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding on July 5.

Guy M. Burnham published in the Ashland *Press* of August and September a series of historical articles on the history of Chequamegon Bay.

Ashland County in the World War, compiled by the Reverend Harry S. Ruth, department historian of the American Legion, was published at Boston last summer. This substantial volume of 283 pages is

the first county history of the war to appear in our state. It contains many letters and much descriptive material. The account of the sinking of the *Tuscania* by a Mellen soldier is interesting.

A history of Auburndale in Wood County was published in the Marshfield *Journal* for August 23. The first settler on this site came there in 1871.

At Aztalan on October 20 the Wisconsin Archeological Society unveiled a permanent tablet memorializing these unique archeological remains. Addresses were made by George A. West, president of the Milwaukee Museum, Louise P. Kellogg of our staff, and J. A. Jeske of Milwaukee.

Brussels, a Belgian settlement of Door County, celebrated in September the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of St. Francis Catholic Church.

Near Clinton in Rock County is the home of Jefferson Prairie Norwegian Church. There on September 16 was commemorated the settlement ninety years ago of the first Norwegians in Wisconsin, Ansten and Ole K. Nattestad.

Not far from the modern city of Darlington once stood old Fort Defiance, built during the Black Hawk War of 1832 on land belonging to the Parkinson family. A tablet was unveiled on this site on August 18, when Governor Zimmerman made an address.

At Dundas, six miles south of Kaukauna, the St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church remembered September 6 its sixtieth birthday with appropriate ceremonies.

Fort Atkinson dedicated a memorial park last summer in honor of the men of the American Legion and the United Spanish War Veterans. It has been named McCoy Park for General Robert B. McCoy of the Thirty-second Division.

At Green Bay the historical society continues to issue its bulletins of early source material. A recent number gives documents translated from the French proving the existence of a fort on Fox River as early as 1683.

At Howard's Grove, Sheboygan County, Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church held in July a celebration in commemoration of seventy-five years of service.

Kenosha Historical Society held a summer meeting in August at Silver Lake; arrangements were there made for a historical exhibit at the county fair.

Kohlsville, in Washington County, celebrated on September 2 the diamond jubilee of St. John's Evangelical Church, when several pastors of neighboring churches came to assist in the services.

La Crosse County Historical Society held on September 28 its autumn meeting at Bangor. A local exhibit of old-time articles drew a considerable audience. The program consisted of reminiscences of Bangor's early days.

Lodi in Columbia County presented August 9 a historical pageant in which the Bartholemew brothers, founders of the city, were honored.

On the University campus at Madison a tablet was placed October 8 to commemorate the establishment twenty years earlier of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers. The tablet was presented by Professor William Boss of the University of Minnesota and accepted by Dean H. L. Russell of the University of Wisconsin.

At Marinette an old landmark, known first as the Dunlap House, later as the Queen City Hotel, was razed last September. A history of this noted inn, which the relief committee after the Peshtigo fire of 1871 used for several months as a hospital, is given in the September 18 issue of the Marinette *Star*.

Milton is one of the oldest settlements in the southern part of the state. The Congregational Church there was ninety years old last August; it was the first church of that denomination in Rock County and the third in the state.

At Milwaukee the event of the quarter was the unveiling September 29 on Thirteenth Street near Cedar of a tablet in honor of Lincoln. It reads: "At the State Fair in these grounds in 1859 near this spot Abraham Lincoln made an address. This tablet as a reminder of that event was erected under the auspices of the Old Settlers Club of Milwaukee County in 1928." It will be remembered that the text of Lincoln's speech on that occasion was published in this magazine, March, 1927. Four persons were present at the unveiling who heard the address when it was delivered. John G. Gregory, formerly of our staff, gave the dedicatory talk.

The public library at Milwaukee is making a collection of the books of Wisconsin authors.

At Monroe a Liberal or Universalist Church, founded seventy years ago, is still in existence. Among its former members were an admiral of the navy and a general of the army, while Mary A. Livermore of Civil War and woman suffrage fame was at one time its pastor.

The well-known Doty log cabin at Neenah, named by its mistress the "Grand Loggery," was formally dedicated August 1 and 2 by the production of a drama known as "Prunella," embodying scenes of the early day, when the second territorial governor of Wisconsin, James D. Doty, lived there. The Doty cabin, given to the city by Mrs. John Strange, has been removed to the city park and is now a local historical museum.

Perrot State Park, two miles north of Trempealeau, was the scene on October 7 of the unveiling of a tablet to honor the donor, John A. Latsch. The Conservation Commission was in charge of the ceremony, with Curator Hans A. Anderson, Chairman William Mauthe, and Governor Fred Zimmerman among the speakers.

Prairie du Chien and the Winneshiek: A brief illustrated history of La Prairie des Chiens and vicinity in early times together with notes on the Winneshiek region. Published in 1928 by Constance M. Evans and Ona B. Earll. This small pamphlet contains much information on this very old region embodied in attractive form. It is not founded on original research and contains several errors of date and statement; nevertheless it is a useful compilation for the general reader and forms a good guide to the historical background of this city and vicinity. The part on the state park and the Winneshiek bottoms is relatively new.

The old covered wagon bridge leading into Prairie du Chien, over the Wisconsin River at Bridgeport, for seventy-five years the guardian of this crossing, has been removed to make place for a modern structure.

At Reedsburg two of its parish churches held golden jubilee celebrations in August: St. John's Lutheran congregation, and the Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart.

The Sheboygan chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, known in honor of its founder as the Ellen Hayes Peck Chapter, dedicated on October 4 a fine marker on the Sauk Indian trail, which passed through the southwestern corner of the city. The historical address was given by Mrs. H. N. Zufelt, and the dedicatory talk by Mrs. H. E. Chubbuck, national chairman of the historic spots committee.

Sheboygan is the home of Zion Reformed Church, which was organized July 12, 1853. The seventy-fifth birthday was honored last July with appropriate exercises.

The Union Grove Old Settlers Society of Racine County voted in August to donate its picnic grounds to the county for a park, on condition that the society may always have the use of the park for its annual meetings.

The Waukesha County Historical Society held its forty-third annual meeting at Mukwonago in September; papers were read on the early history of that community and much good fellowship was evoked.

Wiota, founded in 1828 by Colonel William S. Hamilton, son of the famous Alexander Hamilton, celebrated last July a century of existence. On this occasion a bronze tablet was unveiled on the site of Fort Hamilton, garrisoned during the Black Hawk War.

III OF GENERAL INTEREST

The American Historical Association will hold its forty-third annual meeting at Indianapolis December 28-31; a joint meeting with the Mississippi Valley Historical Association will be the first session on Friday, December 28; the conference of historical societies will hold a session at which Worthington C. Ford of the Massachusetts society will discuss the general values of such societies. President James H. Breasted of Chicago University will give his address at the first evening session.

Indiana is hostess for several historical meetings in 1929, since it is celebrating that year the George Rogers Clark sesquicentennial. Congress appropriated in May a million dollars for the erection at Vincennes of a memorial to the Revolution in the West and to Clark's leadership during that period. Several lives of Clark are appearing, notable among which is that of Professor James A. James of Northwestern University, published by the University of Chicago. We have before noted that recourse to the George Rogers Clark papers in the Draper Manuscripts in our library is frequent. Among recent users was Colonel Frederick Palmer, former war correspondent and author, who came from New York to examine these manuscripts. Colonel Palmer is preparing a book on Clark's personality as a product of the times and surroundings from which he sprung.

A forward movement for the Chicago Historical Society is taking shape and a new million dollar home for the society's records and museum is planned for a site in Lincoln Park. The society possesses a valuable collection of Lincoln memorabilia, and its manuscripts represent life in the Northwest from the time of the French régime to the present.

During the Civil War the main building of the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia, occupied by Federal troops, was

burned and the library was scattered. In some instances Federal soldiers picked up books and documents and carried them away as souvenirs, and such have been found still in the possession of northern families. In connection with the interesting work of architectural restoration now going on at Williamsburg, both architects and librarian would be glad of information regarding any such possessions. Documents showing anything of past conditions of Williamsburg buildings will be especially welcome. Address Dr. Earl G. Swem, Librarian, College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia.

The past summer was notable for progress in archeological exploration, in which Wisconsin men had a considerable share. Alonzo W. Pond of Beloit has returned from Mongolia bringing twelve thousand specimens relating to the beginnings of life in central Asia. Dr. George C. Collie of Beloit College has come from North Africa, where he continued his explorations in the origins of Cro-Magnon man. Dr. S. A. Barrett of the Milwaukee Museum is exploring in East Africa. Other members of the same institution have been conducting mound explorations in Trempealeau County in our state, with interesting results. George A. West of Milwaukee accompanied the McDonald-Massey expedition to Isle Royale in Lake Superior to observe the remains of prehistoric copper mines. Charles E. Brown of our Society and his son explored the right bank of the Mississippi from Galena to East St. Louis and are now conducting surveys along the upper Rock River.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Louise Phelps Kellogg ("The Mission of Jonathan Carver") presents in somewhat more extended form a paper entitled "Robert Rogers and Jonathan Carver" read last April at the meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Marie Jussen Monroe ("Biographical Sketch of Edmund Jussen") is a daughter of Edmund Jussen. She now resides at Milwaukee.

Nils P. Haugen ("Pioneer and Political Recollections") continues in this issue his interesting reminiscences which we began publishing in December of last year.

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