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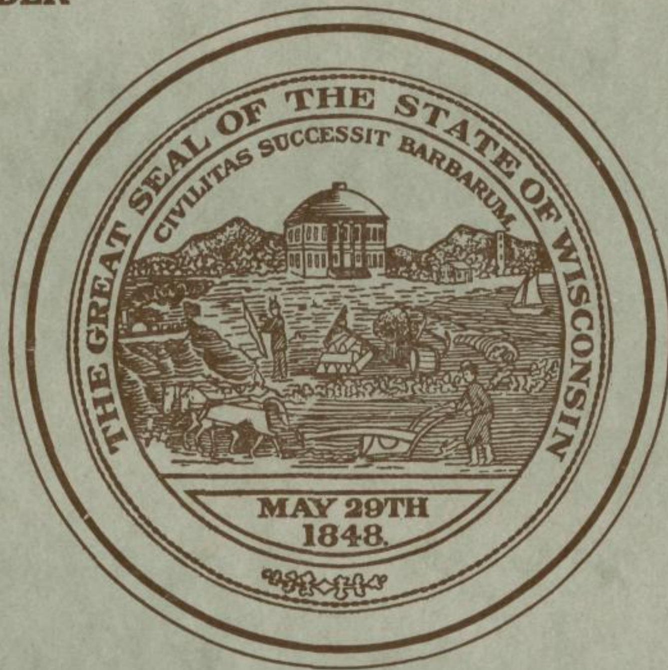

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THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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PIONEER AND POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

NILS P. HAUGEN

EMIGRANTS AND IMMIGRANTS

The fact that my father, Peder N. Haugen, with his family came to Wisconsin in 1854 and became a pioneer settler in Pierce County the next year, has caused some friends to suggest that I write my recollections of our entry into the country and early experiences in the then unsettled section of the state. My active participation in the political life of the state from the seventies till recent times may have been an additional reason for the suggestion.

The causes that gave rise to emigration from Norway have been variously stated. The dissatisfaction with the dominance of the state church has often been given as one cause. In the case of my father, however, the main reason was the hope and expectation of bettering his economic condition. He had no quarrel with the church. He had taught parochial school during his youth for some ten years, thereby earning exemption from military service. His certificate of this exemption I have. Military service in Norway began at the age of twenty-two. I believe that is still the law. Father did have some objection to subjecting young men to this forced service each summer during the best years of their youth, which might be put to better advantage in some lucrative employment; and this may have been one motive in taking his three sons out of the country. On a visit to Norway in 1907 I suggested to some friends that it would seem

more in harmony with the rule of other countries to fix the military service at an earlier age than twenty-two. The answer was that maturity was not reached as early in the northern countries as in the more southern and in America. I called attention to the fact that Scandinavian boys served in the Civil War when eighteen years old, and even younger, and kept pace with the native Americans, and that in the industries generally, including lumbering in forest and mill, they had not failed to do their share fully with others of the same age.

It was not a general objection to military service that actuated my father, but he thought that the situation in Norway furnished no call for keeping up the show of an army that took the young men out of the economic service during their best years. He was not misled by exaggerated stories of "getting rich quick," but he was strong and healthy, and mother was intelligently industrious and economical. The lure of better opportunities for the children resulted in their selling the little farm of some sixty acres and some of their personalty in the spring of 1854, and breaking away from friends and old associations. Immigration into the United States from Norway reached the high point that year. Besides being a farmer, father was a blacksmith, having acquired this vocation early in his father's shop. He was a handy craftsman with tools, not only in iron but in wood as well.

THE JOURNEY

There were no steamships with present-day luxuries sailing from Norway in 1854. We sailed from the city of Drammen. It must have been in the early part of April, for we reached Chicago on July 4 after spending nine weeks and two days on the ocean, besides more than a week in the

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journey from Quebec to Chicago. Being stowed away under deck on a sailing vessel with little or no ventilation, in fair and stormy weather, some two hundred and fifty passengers in one room practically, with rows of double bunks (*a la* Pullman sleeper), and with seasickness prevalent, was not particularly conducive to happiness and joviality; but youthful passengers no doubt found some means of enjoyment. The general route of the vessel lay to the north of Scotland, but a storm on the North Sea took us through the English Channel, where we saw the white cliffs of Dover, the estuary of the Thames, and the first steam vessels. On the Banks of Newfoundland we encountered the usual icebergs. On the whole the passage was normal for the times. Two deaths occurred, a man and a child; both were buried at sea, the captain officiating. We had a view of the Falls of Montmorency and cast anchor in the port of Quebec, where farewells were taken with the genial captain and we were left on the shore to continue our journey by steamboat to Montreal. A little occurrence took place as the Norwegian immigrants were entering the steerage of the boat. A couple of deck hands got into a scrap resulting in bloody noses, which made one of our fellow passengers, an old woman, remark: "Oh, the devil seems to be here too!" And it seemed to be the same old devil she thought she had left behind in Norway.

At Montreal change was again made and we had our first railroad experience. Another change seems to have been made before we reached Buffalo, for we saw Niagara Falls from the American side. Father told us they were "the largest waterfalls in the world." I do not claim to have the wonderful memory of Anatole France's "Petit Pierre," but unusual events like breaking up a childhood home and the trip on ocean and land would in all probability impress themselves on the memory of any normal five-year-old child.

Thirty-five years later I saw Niagara again, and knew at once that it was the American falls I had seen as a child, and not the "Horse Shoe."

We took boat at Buffalo for Detroit. And it was on Lake Erie that the saddest part of our journey commenced. Cholera broke out among the immigrants, and many deaths occurred before we landed at Detroit and at that city as well, among them being the only passenger who talked English, and who had served as interpreter for the party. He was a strong young man in the prime of life, who had spent some time in America. We were packed into immigrant cars, and a considerable number of deaths occurred in our car before Chicago was reached. While the cholera thus took a heavy toll among the passengers, the Haugen family and a neighbor family from the Old Country, each numbering eight persons, seemed to be immune. Mother was sick, supposedly with the disease, but recovered. It may have been some other ailment not so fatal. The cholera did not originate with the immigrants. The first cases occurring in the country in 1854 seem to have been one at Buffalo and one at St. Louis. There were one or two cases the previous year. Many deaths occurred in Chicago and adjacent country.

While I was serving in the House of Representatives in Washington in 1892 or 1893, cholera raged in Germany, especially in Hamburg; and a matter came to my attention which seemed to solve the mystery of our immunity in 1854. Literature sent to the members of Congress on the subject by medical associations, in connection with proposed quarantine legislation, conveyed the information that any acid is fatal to the cholera germ—the *comma bacillus,* so called. It is, or was, a custom among the country people of our section of Norway, in harvest time or in warm weather generally, to drink whey, or for want of whey, to put vinegar in the water to assuage the thirst. The *comma bacillus* is generally prop-

agated in water. So it was stated in the circulars referred to. Father somehow was on his guard against bad water, and insisted on giving it to us only after mixing it with vinegar. The same was the case with the neighbor family. It also came to us from newspapers, or through circulars, that while thousands of deaths from cholera occurred in Hamburg, no one employed in the breweries in that city died from the disease. Evidently they did not drink the water of the Elbe; and what German working in a brewery would? But, without being conscious of the fact, the two neighbors had evidently hit upon the proper remedy to stand off the fatal disease.

We came on to Beloit. Our final destination was Pierce County, the "Rush River Settlement," so called, where some neighbors had settled a year or two earlier. To get there we were to take steamboat from Galena to Prescott. But there was no railroad to Galena, and people were afraid of the immigrants and cholera. Ole Hei, a farmer living near what is now Orfordville, in Rock County, took us to his place, where we remained only a few days, until we secured lodgment elsewhere. But Ole Hei and two sons died from cholera the same summer. Other deaths occurred in the neighborhood. The Haugen family remained well and healthy, and with the exception of my oldest sister, who died at the age of about forty-five, have all passed the biblical term of three score and ten years. Father died at eighty, and mother had passed ninety-five. She was born January 13, 1809, a month before Lincoln. Speaking of the family health not long ago I said to my sister, older than I, that I thought father had never paid a dollar as doctor's bill for any of the children, and she agreed.

Father soon found employment in the hay and harvest field. Wheat was the prevailing crop in Rock County in those days. A kind neighbor, Ole Gullikson, gave father

permission to build a small log cabin on his farm near his own double log house. In the small quarters thus prepared the family of eight were reasonably comfortable and happy during the winter. I visited Rock County in the fall of 1881 during the state campaign, had dinner with Ole Gullikson and wife, still in their log house, the robust old fellow reciting with much interest and pleasure his own early pioneer experience and his pleasant recollections of the winter when he and father often spent the evenings together. I did not see the old Viking again, but have a very clear recollection of his splendid physique and unique Norwegian dialect, which he had preserved in all its strength and purity. He died some years ago, a resident of Iowa County, a strong type of the immigrant of his day, when Norwegian emigration was almost exclusively from the small landholding class and very few came from the cities and towns. It is probably safe to say that among our fellow passengers across the ocean not half a dozen were from any but rural districts. They were all from the southern parts of Norway. They came land-hungry, with a fixed determination to procure independent homes. Seeking employment was with them a secondary matter, to secure the maintenance of the family while the main enterprise was in necessary abeyance. They came to stay, to become citizens of the country, and with strong hands and willing hearts to do their share in the "Winning of the West." The census of 1920, according to press analysis, shows that the Norwegian immigrant and his immediate descendants hold a larger acreage of agricultural lands according to population than any other class. It is true that in later years the immigration has shifted, like that from other European countries, more to the urban population; but the rural type still prevails throughout the Northwest, where the bulk of the nationality found its homes.

But we had not reached our destination, which was Pierce County; and in the spring of 1855 the journey was continued. Halvor Hersgard, a neighbor, rigged out a "prairie schooner," into which all our belongings, as well as the members of the family by turns, when not afoot, were taken to Galena. We crossed the Sugar and Pecatonica rivers; one of them was forded, there being no bridge. Shullsburg Prairie was our first view of that kind of wide and level expanse of country, and was the occasion of comment by Mr. Hersgard and father. As we approached Galena we encountered teams hauling lead, or lead ore. Galena on the Fever River was then a Mississippi port, which later had to be abandoned because filled up with the mud of the river. In 1889 the then representative from the district, Mr. Hill, secured a small appropriation to dredge the harbor, but it is not now navigable. Galena was in the fifties quite a distributing center for the Northwest, especially the upper Mississippi and branches, like the St. Croix and the Chippewa. A story well known among the members of the St. Croix County bar ran about as follows: A merchant at Hudson had bought a shipment of groceries from a Galena house, the shipment necessarily including in the interest of his customers a barrel of whiskey. The whiskey did not meet the St. Croix standard, and he refused to pay for it. An action was brought and while the case was on trial in the circuit court the sitting judge ordered a sample of the goods brought into court, so that he and the jury might know whether the defense was justified in refusing payment of a standard article of trade. It is stated that after due examination of the article the judge disposed of the case summarily by saying: "No man can come into my court and collect pay for such damnable stuff as that is." The case was dismissed, no doubt with general approval of jury and bar.

Well, to continue, we took a steamer at Galena and

started up the Mississippi. The boat carried two barges and, although this was as early as May, if not April, the Mississippi was so low that season that the barges were abandoned on some sandbar, probably near the mouth of the Chippewa. It had been an open winter in Rock County, and probably also on the upper streams. We lost much of our household goods. There is no accounting for what an immigrant considered a part of his necessary outfit in going to America in those days, and father had included among his "necessaries" his old and beloved anvil. Being a hard-fisted and reasonably hard-headed man, he did not include the bellows; he preferred the anvil. But, alas, it was lost on the sandbars of the Mississippi. He made a trip later to St. Paul, but not knowing to whom to apply for information and advice the loss remained unsolved and unpaid for.

We landed at Prescott, where we remained three days, waiting for a conveyance to take us to the Rush River settlement some twenty-five miles to the east. Here we saw our first Indians, Sioux camping on the island opposite the village. Prescott was at the time the county seat of Pierce County. It was a rival of Hudson for the trade of the back country, the two being the shipping ports for many years of the principal product of the soil, wheat, which was hauled to the market from twenty-five to thirty miles, generally with oxen. I recollect that in the summer of 1862 I drove a yoke of oxen with a load of wheat to Prescott, and saw five boats following one another land at the wharf to take on wheat. Father was along, but he never took to driving oxen, leaving that to the boys. Oxen were not used as draft animals in our part of Norway.

For the last thirty years, or longer, there has been practically no river traffic on the upper Mississippi. Whether the new government undertaking in that respect will amount to any noticeable competition with railways may be question-

able. But railways were not built to St. Paul until about 1866, at any rate not till after the Civil War—or, to use the language adopted by congressional enactment, the War of the Rebellion, which term was severely criticized by southern representatives, aided by some of their Democratic friends from the North. But the term remains as authoritative of the civil conflict.

After waiting three days in Prescott, a Norwegian farmer from Rush River appeared, and we spent a night and a day covering the twenty-five miles—with oxen, of course—to the settlement, where we found temporary lodgment with a former neighbor, Anders A. Bakke. I might as well say that "Bakke" means "hill." "Haugen" also means "The Hill"; it is definite, the suffix "en" being the definite article. The Bakke home was not an elaborate affair. It was a one-room log house, but had a loft, which was turned over to our family and which was reached by outside entrance by means of a ladder. The house had a slab roof, and as rains came on we had the full benefit of the first fresh water before it ran on through to the family below. But we had reached our destination, and the next thing was to look over the adjoining wild territory for desirable land for a permanent home. Nearly all favorable prairie and more or less open land had been taken. The next day after our arrival father took his shotgun and started out on the quest, having received some general information from Mr. Bakke, who was a man of good judgment and had himself secured land well located. But father was interrupted this first day of his land-hunting. He had not gone eighty rods from the house when he encountered an animal he had often heard of, but had never seen before—a deer. He was right in his element and shot the deer in the head and brought it down with his shotgun. The two families had venison for several days. The country in and about the town of Martell consisted largely of spots of

prairie, openings, and poplar thickets with plum trees in abundance. The two southern rows of sections were nearly all hardwood of first quality: oak, ash, maple, basswood, and some butternut. There was no walnut and no shell-bark hickory; some smooth-bark hickory of small growth, and ironwood, but mostly poplar on the edges of the heavier timber. After some investigation father selected eighty acres of land of the "opening" class, and a forty of heavy timber, and went to Hudson, where the United States land office was then located, and got his patent from the government, either immediately or soon thereafter, paying the government price of $1.25 per acre. He sold the homestead in the Old Country for six hundred dollars, had paid the passage of eight persons and their maintenance for a year, of course adding some earnings in the meantime; but he paid for the land in cash. How he did it is a mystery, to at least one of his sons. When his estate was administered in 1896, the title to the land was short and simple, only a patent from the government to him. He was a strict observer of Benjamin Franklin's motto: "He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," a motto not so strictly observed by his descendants. We did not get into our own home until the spring of 1857, when a fairly large log house had been constructed with a good "shake" roof, in which the family enjoyed life and a fair amount of prosperity for many years. The farm was gradually enlarged by a few additional acres of clearing each year.

A remarkable change has come over the upper Rush River valley. A week or so after our landing in the Bakke home (children of that family have all taken the name Anderson) Hans Bakke, a boy of some ten years, was sent on an errand to a sawmill, known as "McCartney's mill," located at the present little burg of New Centerville, on the southern edge of St. Croix County. The river was then a

good live stream furnishing sufficient power for the single muley sawmill, which ran for many years, as did other like sawmills and gristmills at the village of Martell and at other places down the stream. Now the river has almost entirely disappeared at New Centerville, except in floods, and the other mills have also been abandoned. Whether the name was given to the stream because of the "rush" growing along it, or because of its rapid current, is a question. About 1850 lumbermen from some point down the Mississippi had done some logging near what became the village of Martell, and had driven their logs down into the Mississippi. They may have found the current strong and have contributed to the naming. Some years ago the village of Ellsworth secured a site and built a generating plant on the river in the town of El Paso, some fifteen miles below New Centerville, and much farther by river, to supply the village with light and power. But it was found that better and more reliable service could be obtained from the Northern States Power Company, and the municipally-owned power has been abandoned.

I have heard much said about the dreariness, poverty, and homesickness of the early immigrants. My recollection does not bear that out. On the contrary, they were as a rule a happy, industrious, and cheerful lot. The hope of seeing their condition improve as time sped, naturally contributed to happiness. There may have been exceptions, of course, but so there no doubt were among the "Yankees" who came West. The community lived largely within itself. They became Americanized in the best sense of self-reliance and self-help. The language was necessarily Norwegian among themselves, and the use of English came about gradually and naturally in the course of time. Many of the men sought employment in the pineries during the winter, and sometimes in the mills and on the river during the summer, but as

a rule the summer season was spent in improving and enlarging the farm. Father took to his former occupation and soon had a blacksmith shop established on the farm. He loved his anvil. But being a somewhat devoted sportsman, he did not omit hunting and fishing, and the larder was well furnished from both sources. Deer were quite plentiful and fish abundant in the Rush. No limit on catch or bag. Partridges, ducks, and the beautiful wild pigeons came in flocks. A day spent in the woods generally brought at least one deer, and an afternoon on the river in the summer a respectable crate of beautiful speckled trout. The Kinnickinnick River rising in St. Croix County near Roberts on the Omaha Railroad and running southwesterly through the city of River Falls, emptying into Lake St. Croix, has maintained its water flow much better than the Rush. Both rise in what was originally a fairly open country and were fed from springs, but in the case of the Rush River the springs themselves have gone dry. Not so with the Kinnickinnick, which is now one of the very best trout streams in the state. It also furnishes sufficient power for a municipally-owned electric plant successfully operated by the city of River Falls.

While the immediate community of which I write was principally Norwegian, it was not entirely so. The first settlers in the valley were three Frenchmen: Joe Martell, Roman Kay, and Jacques Dubois. The last always went by the more familiar name of "Jock," and that name will be found, I believe, on the plat of the village of Martell. They had been hunters and trappers, and it was commonly reported that Joe Martell had been wounded somewhere "out West" by the Indians, which left him with a stiff elbow. Jock kept up his hunting until the end. He once wounded a bear a few miles from his home and, pursuing it, came suddenly upon it in the tall grass. It showed fight. It was too late to retreat, and old Jock finally ended the struggle with

his bowie-knife. But he was severely injured and was laid up for some time. I went with father to see him a couple of days after the occurrence. Jock died in the winter of 1865. There were few young women of marriageable age in the community and Jock married a girl of thirteen or fourteen years, Mary Thompson. The following was told me by one of her early girl friends, then of River Falls: On calling on her one day, Mary Thompson surprised her by saying, "Say, Mary, I got married yesterday." "Married! Whom did you marry?" "Say, mother, what was his name? Jock Dubois, or Dubois Jock?" William Kay, son of Roman Kay, still lives on the old homestead on the banks of the river and has represented the county in the Assembly. Sons or grandsons of Joe Martell resided, when I last heard of them, at Somerset, St. Croix County.

Mr. Thompson had a sawmill on the river and supplied the neighborhood with the necessary lumber, mostly hardwood. It was said of his one-blade muley saw, that it went up one week and came down the next. The mill had been in the ownership or operation of the Pomeroy brothers, and when the time came to transfer the property a misunderstanding arose as to the ownership of some planks used in the construction of a bridge, which the Pomeroys proceeded to take away. Thompson objected, and tried to maintain his rights by appearing with a gun. But one of the Pomeroys knocked him down with a scantling and took the gun away. It was western justice. No harm and no litigation followed. But I was reminded of the event many years later when I was called to Mr. Pomeroy's house to draw up some papers, and Mrs. Pomeroy said to her husband: "You are too easy; you never stand up for your rights." I chipped in with the remark: "You are mistaken, Mrs. Pomeroy; I saw Mr. Pomeroy stand up for his rights once when the other man

came at him with a gun." Mr. Pomeroy looked up surprised, but when I told him that I had as a boy witnessed his encounter with Thompson he admitted the facts about as stated. Both parties were respected citizens. On the whole there was peace and good fellowship in the community.

Language made very naturally a distinction in social intercourse; but neighbors were friendly and helpful to each other, and a call for a barn-raising or logging bee always met with hearty response. The threshing became another social event, with its chicken dinner. The best the housewife could afford was none too good for these occasions.

Father raised a little wheat the first year of his farming, but not enough, he thought, to warrant his paying for a "setting," which was a minimum charge for the thresher's outfit. So he arranged a plank platform and threshed out his few bushels of wheat with a flail, as he had done in the Old Country. The winnowing was the same primitive type, throwing the chaff and wheat across the platform, the chaff naturally falling by the way, thus separating itself from the grain. The charge for a "setting" was about five dollars, and "fives" were not plentiful.

The settlements along the upper Mississippi naturally began on the land near the river, that being the outlet and general highway. It also contained more of the prairie and openings than the back country. But the soil was generally, if not universally, fertile. The land adjoining the Mississippi is more broken, being cut through by deep valleys of the little streams in which the country abounds. But there is little land that can be said to be worthless in the country between the Chippewa and the St. Croix, except in the northern and more sandy region. The settlements referred to are prosperous and progressive. Wheat raising practically disappeared as the principal crop about 1878, the chinchbug be-

ing largely the cause. No doubt it was a blessing in disguise, for it turned the farmer's attention to other crops and to dairying, more profitable to himself and to the farm in the end. The immigrant's wife was more than a helpmate; she was as familiar with the hoe and the rake as she was with the towel and the broom.

SCHOOLS

During our first winter in Rock County my sisters had attended school, and I had for a few days, being six years old the following spring. But we had all, including myself, learned to read Norwegian quite readily, and when I went to the English school I had the alphabet by rote and could rattle it off from A to Z. In Martell a primitive schoolhouse had been built. It had a slab roof, some plank seats, no desks, a large box stove with a drum. But no fuel had been provided, and the winter proved to be very cold. The older boys were supposed to cut up slabs and scantlings from the near-by sawmill to keep the teacher and the children from freezing. Our lunches were thawed out in the drum of the stove, and the few children huddled about the red-hot stove in order to be comfortable. This, however, was only for a year or two. A better house was provided, although it, too, during my entire attendance in district school would be condemned by present-day requirements. But we enjoyed things in their simple state. Only one desk was provided, and those who practiced penmanship had to change about. The teacher furnished her own schedule. While this naturally took some time for a new teacher, it necessarily made her study the children as to progress and general capacity and helped to develop her own ability as a governing force. The teachers were young and inexperienced, but the scholars were

in the primary classes, and on the whole the situation was fairly well met. Reading and spelling were the main studies, and some of us at least became very good spellers. Spelling schools, where children and grown-ups from several districts met, spurred on to rivalry, until Sanders' *Spelling Book* was perfectly familiar. Arithmetic and geography were studied to some extent, but grammar was a hidden science to teacher as well as pupil.

Parochial schools in the Norwegian Lutheran settlements were taught in the homes of the settlers before public schoolhouses were erected, the school moving from one home to another as was convenient; the teacher as a rule lived for the time being with the family entertaining the school. Men taught these schools, as had been the custom in the Old Country. The catechism and church history were the principal subjects. No doubt the children of these immigrants were far better versed in biblical history than were the children of the "native Americans." I remember a little personal incident. An old lady (native) fell in company with my sisters and myself on our way to school one morning, and asked me who was the oldest man that ever lived. I answered readily, "Methuselah." "How old was he?" "Nine hundred and sixty-nine years." "No," said the lady, "he was 999 years, lacking only one year of a thousand." I insisted on 969, but was emphatically overruled.

We had in our district school a good mixture of nationalities: mostly Norwegians, but some Americans, Irish, French, and at least one German family. The melting pot was doing its work, and all the pupils lived together in the best of harmony and good will, which continued throughout their mature years. In an adjoining district every family was Norwegian, and English was not acquired so easily. I had occasion to observe this when I taught in that district.

The children all persisted in using Norwegian on the playground. I tried to make them use English. I had taught Norwegian parochial school in the district for a couple of months before teaching the district school proper. At the time (this was in 1871), the law permitted the teaching of one hour in some other language than English. The school board asked me to do this; but I told them that what their children needed was English, and that five months' school, which was all they had provided for, ought to be devoted entirely to the use of English. They yielded to my argument. Time takes care of the question of language; and I find now in visiting that very community that English is used commonly, if not universally, by those very children and their descendants. The services in the Norwegian churches were then exclusively in the mother tongue. Now both languages are used, at least half of the services being conducted in English. While there is some effort, especially among the foreign press, to preserve the old language, it is easy to see that it is only a matter of time when it will be forgotten. The recent immigration law will hasten it. Talking to a largely Norwegian audience in Chicago on the seventeenth of May, 1893, I called attention to the fact that the change was then taking place. In one Norwegian church in that city English had then been introduced, and in only one. Today all the so-called Norwegian churches in Madison use both languages, and it is the same throughout the country. It is a matter that takes care of itself in the natural course of events, if let alone. My experience has been that the foreign-language press is as well informed, and in its editorials frequently better informed, than the purely English of comparatively the same standard of circulation. Editors of the foreign-language papers were and are, as a rule, men of a more liberal education than the majority of the English press.

INDIANS

Until the Indian outbreak in Minnesota in 1862, Sioux Indians used to cross the Mississippi and spend the winters hunting in the "big woods" of Pierce and St. Croix counties. They came to father's shop and generally came to the house to get something to eat; and they never went away hungry. They always seemed to be hungry when they arrived. They were a peaceable lot, and there was no charge or rumor against any of them, of any theft or other offense. They would not talk English if it could be avoided. I recollect falling in with half a dozen of them on the way to school, when one of the younger members of the gang edged up to us children, evidently fearing that we might be afraid of them, and talked English with us quite readily. The country west of the Chippewa seems to have been in a sense neutral territory between the Sioux and Chippewa. We never saw any of the Chippewa in our neighborhood. They were numerous in and about Menomonie and Eau Claire, and to the north. We were on "Carver's Grant," which had been given by the Sioux to Jonathan Carver. The Sioux were evidently liberal when it came to the lands of the Chippewa.

There was an old rumor that there had been somewhat of a battle between the two tribes at some point on Rush River a dozen miles or so below our settlement, but, if true, I have never seen anything to substantiate it. The Sioux never appeared on the east side of the Mississippi after the Minnesota outbreak. The winter previous to it they were with us, and father changed some of their flintlocks to the percussion-cap lock. I have one of the old flints still in my possession, as a relic of their last visit. The cone-shaped bare ironwood poles forming the framework of their tents remained for some time on their camping ground in what was known as the Big Cooley.

EARLY OCCUPATIONS

One of the occupations of the boys, and men too, about 1860 in the summer time was to dig ginseng, which was quite plentiful in the hardwood belt. Men dug as much as thirty pounds in a day, and sold it at six cents a pound. In the summer of 1861 I went with three men and two other boys to Maple Springs in the present town of Eau Galle, Dunn County, and dug ginseng for a month. The men—an Irishman, a German, and a Yankee—dug by the pound. The boys received six dollars and board for the month, the first money I earned. The man financing the ginseng enterprise no doubt made a good profit.

The boys raised in the timber settlements were all accustomed to finding their way home somewhat instinctively. When eight years old I lived with a settler beyond whose house there was not another for miles to the south and southwest. It was part of my duty to go after the cattle, and they sometimes strayed away for miles. In order that I might not get lost Mr. Heyerdahl gave me his compass for a guide, and I never felt any alarm. I knew that by going north or east I should reach settlers. But we were also taught to use the primitive guide of the moss on the north side of the trees in lieu of compass. We were all taught to work, and what was true of our settlement was true of like situations elsewhere.

As a farmer boy I necessarily took part in such work as my age warranted, and left home early. When eight years old I spent most of a year with Mr. Heyerdahl, referred to above. Mr. Heyerdahl was a man of more than usual education from the Old Country; had studied English, German, and other languages. While this kept me out of school practically for the year, I had the advantage of additional books in his home—Norwegian books, of course, which

satisfied to some extent my reading hunger. There were no circulating libraries in those days, and the settlers did not, as a rule, bring with them many books. While at this home I was often left with Mrs. Heyerdahl, a most excellent and kind woman, as Mr. Heyerdahl was the assessor of the town and away on his duties for days, the town then consisting of three townships. Much of it, however, was entirely vacant and unoccupied. An incident occurred in the early summer. Hogs, like cattle, strayed into the woods. One day we heard the squeal of a hog, which alarmed Mrs. Heyerdahl. I think I made the remark that it must be a bear. But without hesitating I immediately went to the aid of the hog. True enough, it was a bear, and I ran up close to it in the high grass where it was regaling itself on very fresh pork. It might have had boy for dessert, but was evidently as much surprised as the boy. Or it may have had a full meal. It slunk away, which reassured me; but do not think for a moment that I pursued it. I felt no fear at the time, but really feared to pass that place later. I reported to Mrs. Heyerdahl, and was sent to the neighbors to give the alarm. The bear was shot a day or two later when it came back to finish its repast; it was a mother bear with cubs, but the latter were not captured. Bears were not uncommon. They were not, as a rule, dangerous unless wounded. I never heard of one attacking a person. There were wolves and a very few foxes along the Mississippi, but we were never molested by them; I never saw a wolf or a fox in the wild state.

THE CIVIL WAR

The Scandinavians were strongly opposed to slavery, and quite naturally intensely loyal when the news reached the North of the firing on Fort Sumter. I recollect that we were dragging a new breaking when a neighbor—Mr. Law-

rence, I think—came cross-lots to tell father that war had broken out. We soon had the news confirmed in the Norwegian papers, which father always kept and assiduously read. A few days later, however, we were assured that the war would soon be settled. A Norwegian neighbor came to tell us that he had seen at Prescott three hundred soldiers from Fort Snelling going down the river on a boat; and he added assuringly, "There was one Norwegian among them, too." If the two hundred and ninety-nine could not manage the rebels, that Norwegian would. A sentiment not to be deprecated; a kind of family pride. More Norwegians went South later, and many of those from our immediate neighborhood still rest in southern soil, among them my boyhood friend Hans Bakke and brother Christopher. They died with many others on Island No. 10 in the Mississippi, from malarial or typhoid fever, and as that island has been washed away their graves have gone with it. Quite a number of those enlisting were fresh from the Old Country, and perhaps for that reason less immune to the southern climate than the native Americans. Some brought with them military experience. My first public service was acting as interpreter for an agent of the government taking a census of those in our town subject to the impending draft, for which service I received twenty-five cents and got scolded by a neighbor woman for handing in the name of a man who lived at her house. This man was drafted, and perhaps killed in battle, as he was among those "unaccounted for." Father had passed the military age, and his boys had not reached it.

When the election of 1864 came on, there was much politics in the air. Lincoln was strong among the foreign element in our section. There were, of course, exceptions. The Norwegian Lutheran Church had before the war become affiliated with the German Lutherans, and the young students of divinity among them had been going to the German Lu-

theran Seminary at St. Louis to complete their theological studies. Missouri was a slave state, and some of the leaders in the church took the position that slavery was sanctioned by the Bible and that it was not a sin *per se* to own slaves. A bitter controversy on the subject followed in the press, generally with the laymen on one side against slavery, and some of the clergy defending it. The *per se* argument did not appeal to the laity. It was too subtle.

Time passed on and with it the war. Soldiers came home on furlough, or because of sickness. In the winter of 1863-1864 a couple of soldiers of the Second Minnesota, after taking part in several battles, had reënlisted and been granted a short furlough. They came to our neighborhood to visit relatives, and when they were going back to their regiment I took them to Red Wing, from which point they went by stage on the ice down the Mississippi to La Crosse, to which place the railroad had then been extended. Such were the means of travel. The stage line in Wisconsin was running from Sparta through Eau Claire, Menomonie, and Hudson to St. Paul; but Red Wing was as near to us as Hudson, and in the winter time the road was preferred, although for much of the way it was a mere trail leading through the heavy forest.

At the age of fourteen I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church. This ceremony was often considered a kind of manumission among the Lutherans, the boys being then permitted to leave home and seek employment. While I had some ambition to continue my school studies, such as they were, the family was large and the income scant. I did the usual farm work in the spring, harvest, and other times. In the threshing season I worked with the machine and was entrusted to measure the grain as it came from the spout, which was done by using two half-bushel measures, and by moving

a peg on a board fastened to the side of the separator for every bushel. This was generally a man's job.

There was at the time a stave factory located about two miles south of the village of Ellsworth, and in the spring of 1864 I went there to work, "butting" staves until harvest time, when the factory shut down, the men seeking better pay in the harvest fields. I worked there again two years later, first "edging" and later driving a span of mules hauling staves to Diamond Bluff and Prescott to be shipped to the flouring mills at Minneapolis and elsewhere. Two teams made the round trip each day to Diamond Bluff, where we fed teams and drivers, took a swim in the Mississippi, and returned. We were tempted to a foolhardy undertaking one day by challenging each other to swim across the river. The challenge was unhesitatingly accepted and the trip safely made, but the stream at that place has considerable current and carried us down at least half a mile. We made our return along the bank in that original costume that Adam was ashamed of. But there was no angel at the gate to censure us, and no criticism.

I was an interested spectator at the polls in the fall of 1864. Some soldiers were home on furlough and voted, as that was permitted at the time, regardless of their legal residence—a privilege accorded the soldiers only. I have the date clearly in mind, for the next day I walked to Menomonie, a distance of fully forty miles, in company with a man about twenty-six years old. It snowed all day and I was probably the most tired boy in Wisconsin that evening when we reached our destination. I fell in behind my companion, so as to have the advantage of stepping in his tracks. We landed about nine o'clock in the "shanty," which was the living quarters of the employees of Knapp, Stout, and Company for their mill hands. But when my companion suggested that we go over to the "kitchen" to get something to

eat, I followed, although to remain seated where I was or to go to bed would have been preferred. I hired for the winter at sixteen dollars a month, which was generally a boy's wages at the time. Of course it included board and lodging, with a plentiful supply of "cooties" thrown in. That classical term had not been invented for the nuisance at that time. In Knapp, Stout, and Company's supplies they passed under the vulgar name of "graybacks."

The wage of the common laborer at the time was twenty-six dollars per month, teamsters and choppers about thirty dollars. And that remained as a rule the wage for several years, although the paper money after the war was very much depreciated. Along about 1866 we hauled wheat some twenty-five miles to Hudson and sold it for sixty-five to seventy cents a bushel; but merchandise was by no means correspondingly cheap. The paper money fell to less than fifty cents in gold at one time, and caused an inflation of prices—something the Greenbackers advocated at a later period. Still there was less complaint of hard times than at present. On the "drive" in the spring and in the harvest field the wage ran about three dollars per day. But it meant a long day—as early as the dew would allow until dark in harvest, and on the river from daylight to dark.

The Menomonie sawmills were well patronized by Scandinavians and other newcomers; had been and continued to be as long as the pine held out and kept the mills occupied. Knapp, Stout, and Company were at the time I went there one of the largest lumber concerns in the country. They denuded the northern part of Dunn County and most of Barron County of its rich white pine forests. No regard was paid to the enormous waste. The gangsaw with its heavy blades made sawdust of a great part of the log. This was to some extent remedied later when the thinner band-saw

was introduced. The slabs and scantlings were burned as waste, except for a small portion used by residents as fuel.

For some time I was put to burning up this waste, and, as it was getting cold, had the luxury of a good fire at my command. After the Holidays I worked with other boys and young men packing and edging shingles. I believe our day was eleven hours—at least ten and a half. There were no Saturday afternoons off in those days, nor at any time while I was engaged in manual labor. A holiday off was entirely unheard of. Knapp, Stout, and Company had written contracts with their men. They were hired for a certain number of months, and the terms were that if a man did not serve his full time he was "docked" four dollars a month. No payment was made until the term expired. So that meant a reduction of four dollars a month for the life of the contract if a man quit. It was said that Knapp, Stout, and Company docked a man if he died before the term of his service expired. The company itself adhered strictly to its obligations, and there was no disappointment when the service had been fully performed; its credit was always good and the cash was ready. Along in the spring I was "promoted" from the shingle mill to drive a yoke of oxen and deliver fuel from the refuse of the mill around town. Menomonie was not a large village at the time, and a great part of the population lived on the west side of the river, mainly in houses belonging to the company. The food was good and there was plenty of it. Strangers looking for employment were never refused a seat at the "kitchen" table, whether engaged or not. I remember soldiers on furlough, or for some reason excused from service for a time, being at the table for dinner; and some Indians also were free guests. The latter were quite numerous at Menomonie at the time, but I do not recollect ever seeing any of them at work about the mills.

In the "shanty" there was a large room where the men spent their evenings. There was no brawling, and on the whole the company was quite congenial. I often spent the evening playing checkers with one of the bosses, when he learned that I could play the game. There was no gambling, and no saloons near the mill. There were plenty of them over where the present city is located. I never entered one the entire time of my service, nor was I ever invited to enter one; and I believe that was true of other boys of my age. The men seemed to have the protection of the boys in mind in that respect. The hours of labor were strictly enforced, and any absence meant loss of pay. Old "Cap." Wilson was the general boss at the mill, and although he had recently been converted and baptized I have distinctly in mind a good scolding with considerable choice profanity intermixed because the boys in the shingle mill had placed knotty shingles on the outside of the bunch. There was no objection to the knots if they were not in sight.

The only request mother made when I left for Menomonie was that I should not enlist until I returned home. But in the meantime the war ended in April, and her mind was no doubt very much relieved. I came home in May with over ninety dollars saved out of the ninety-six dollars received for my winter's work. The only luxury I had indulged in was a ticket to Robinson's circus, the first circus I ever saw.

In 1866 at the end of the season at the stave factory, harvesting came on. After that and threshing I went to Stillwater and engaged to pull an oar on a lumber raft down the St. Croix and Mississippi, taking about a month to reach its destination, Albany, Illinois. Handling an oar on a raft was no boy's work. The blade of the oar was a plank about six feet in length, two inches thick at the butt and thinning to half an inch at the end. The stem or handle was a sapling

some six inches where it was attached to the blade, and tapering to the handle end. The raft was not propelled, but just drifted with the stream, the oars being used only to keep it in the current. The oar was dipped into the water with a swing so that the rower held it at arm's length above his head and walked across the space of some fifteen feet with each "stroke" of the oar. Sinking the six-foot oar was a trick, extremely difficult at first, but when acquired was performed quite easily. By the time we had passed the mouth of the St. Croix at Prescott I had learned the trick, and enjoyed the trip down the river. The raft just drifting with the current gave considerable leisure. The day lasted from daybreak to dark. A Mississippi raft was composed of cribs usually sixteen by thirty-two feet, and ten cribs in length by ten wide, or one hundred cribs, making the length three hundred and twenty feet and the width one hundred and sixty. In later years the rafts were propelled by a steamboat, but at the time referred to, that aid to their navigation was resorted to only through Lakes St. Croix and Pepin. These lakes are as beautiful inland waters as any in the Northwest. Their shores rise in places some four hundred or five hundred feet above the water. I think it was about this time that Horace Greeley, a passenger on a steamer on the river, remarked prophetically that it would not be many years before there would be railroads on both banks of the Mississippi; this we have seen realized for more than forty years. River traffic was too slow. On returning I came back up the river to Reads Landing at the mouth of the Chippewa, and took a small steamer—I think the *Billy Wilson*—for Dunnville, a little village about a mile above the mouth of the Red Cedar where it empties into the Chippewa. Dunnville was the port where Knapp, Stout, and Company received their provisions and goods for Menomonie. From there the carrying was done by means of several yoke of

oxen before a large wagon with tires six inches wide, to float it over the sandy road between Dunnville and Menomonie, the trip taking two days. The accommodations for raftsmen on the boats were letting them take care of themselves on the lower deck, and as my trip was in November, the nights were generally passed as near to the boiler and engine as the fireman and engineer would permit.

During the month of November of that year, 1866, I went into the pinery on the upper Willow River to work for Silas Staples, of Hudson. This Staples was a brother of the lumber king of the day, of Stillwater, Minnesota. The crew engaged at Hudson walked up through New Richmond to a point some eighteen miles farther on, where we established ourselves for the winter by building a camp with necessary accommodations for the oxen; no horses were used. The camp for the men, a crew of sixteen, was a log house with a fireplace in the center used for cooking as well as heating—a large opening left in the center of the roof, with a short elevation of slats and clay, serving as chimney. The fireplace in the center was always open and there the cooking was done. It was living-room, kitchen, and bedroom, all in one. There were bunks along both the long sides, and a long table across the end. Pots and kettles were piled away in one of the corners. We were quite comfortable. Before retiring for the night several logs were put on the fireplace to keep the fire going all night. Sometimes it took two or even three men to carry in one of these sticks of wood. Occasionally one would roll off during the night, and hustle us out of the bunk to keep it from setting the bunk on fire. The food was simple but good—no coffee, no sugar, no milk, and no fresh meats with the exception of a deer brought down by one of the men. But we had beans and pork a-plenty; salt meats, beans every meal, tea, and blackstrap—the last used instead of sugar. One thing not to be forgotten

was hot biscuits every meal, baked before the open fire in a tin baker. Far different from the lumber camp of today, primitive in its arrangement but evoking no complaining or criticism. The boss, son of the proprietor, lived with the men. The crew were clean, and not a cootie or other bug was discovered all winter or on the drive in the spring—something unusual for a lumber camp. The camp must have been a short distance above the St. Croix County line in Polk County. It was some eight or ten miles to the northeast of the present village of Deer Park, which was a deer park in fact in those days, an old German of some means indulging his fancy by keeping a number of live deer in a very high enclosure of several acres.

The pay was twenty-six dollars a month for general labor; thirty dollars for teamsters and choppers, the latter felling the trees only. The teamster for our camp—or more properly the ox driver—was an old Maineite, Charles Weston, a highly respectable citizen of St. Croix County for many years. The tree was cut and marked for the proper number of logs and their length. No logs were cut less than eleven inches at the top; all white pine. The swamper cleared the way for the teams. The barker pealed the bark off the part of the tree that would drag on the ground, as the whole tree after clearing it of branches and the top was hauled to the landing, one end on a pair of bobs and the other, irrespective of whether it was butt or top, dragging. The sawing was done on the landing—"sawing on the landing," this operation was called. I sawed on the landing all winter, handling my end of a cross-cut saw and filing and setting the saw in the evening, my companion having no knack in that respect. Mr. Weston had brought with him into camp some of Scott's novels, which I read with much interest. It was the only reading at hand, and my first ac-

quaintance with Scott and that class of literature. I had read previously the poem *The Lady of the Lake.*

THE DRIVE

As spring approached, preparations were made for the drive, always an interesting part of a lumberman's life. Nearly all of the crew engaged for it. Additional recruits were added, and the drive began early in April. The pay was three dollars a day. To be properly prepared it was necessary to have a good pair of driving boots, well caulked, in order to be able to keep on top of logs made slippery by removal of the bark. I had had some experience on logs during my early days in the Martell school, which was located so near the millpond that all the boys became adepts in riding even small logs—any log that would carry a boy. For that reason I was placed at the front to keep the logs moving, and never did any "sacking," which meant wading in the water and clearing up the rear of the drive by getting the stranded logs back into the stream. I had one good wetting the second day of the drive, when the water was icy cold. But fortunately no one saw it, so I was saved from being guyed. It was always a matter of merriment to see one fall in. I had on three woolen shirts at the time; I took them off and wrung them out, put them on again, and wore them for three weeks, and never suffered a cold or other inconvenience from the mishap. We slept in tents. The blankets were sewed together so that we were practically under one blanket, the entire crew, the wet and the dry. Steam would rise when the blanket was thrown off. The working day was from daylight to dark in order to take advantage of the high water while it lasted. Hot pork and beans and biscuit were carried to us on the river for two meals of the four each day. Falling in was always considered a joke on the victim. We

had with us a young man from Rock County, Sam Whitehead, who had his first experience on the river; an active, alert young fellow. Early in the drive Sam and I were riding down the stream, each on a log, I being a little in advance. We reached a swift current or rapid, when Sam called out: "Look out, Nils, that's where Hank went in yesterday." I looked out and passed in safety into calmer water. Not hearing further from Sam, I turned and saw him struggling to get back onto his log, which was no easy task. But it was all in a day's work. I never saw Sam after that spring; he was a good fellow and companion.

A rule of the river was that when logs of several owners became mixed the drive was conducted jointly, the expense being divided in accordance with the ratio of ownership. There was a struggle on the part of those farthest up the river to get into the drive ahead. There was one camp above those of Staples. But our drive escaped ahead. We came on down through New Richmond and Burkhardt and into the backwaters of the Willow at Hudson.

I have given a brief account of some of my various experiences as a manual laborer, undoubtedly the experience in the main of hundreds of other boys of the times. There was no age limit on the employment of boys at the time. Under present laws I would have been prevented from working in the mills and factories because of my age. But it was not a loss in my case. I saved a large part of my earnings, and had an experience not without its value. It is a question whether boys are benefited by being prevented from engaging in work not injurious to health! Education is of course to be encouraged. But many boys must of necessity at some time or other do manual labor, and if their hands are not trained to some extent in early boyhood, it is a serious loss to them in more mature years. It is no doubt

due to that fact that country boys are often given preference over city boys.

I had not lost sight of the fact that I desired to pursue further my own schooling. I loved to read, and had some desire for mathematics, but nothing definite in view.

[*To be continued*]

A PACKET OF OLD LETTERS

FLORENCE GRATIOT BALE

Old letters always have a fascination, and especially so when one can hold in his hand some that were written almost one hundred years ago. The faded paper, the ink dimmed by the passing of the years, the written sheet serving as an envelope and sealed with red wax, all form a link that binds today with yesterday, that can carry one back over the changing decades and give a fuller understanding of the pioneer days so interesting to the lead region of southwestern Wisconsin in this year 1927.

The letters before me were written in the period 1831 to 1837 by Susan Hempstead Gratiot, wife of Colonel Henry Gratiot, at Gratiots Grove, Wisconsin, to her younger brother William Hempstead, a merchant in St. Louis. It took six weeks to transport them by stage and Mississippi River boats to their destination. Sometimes they were sent by a friend who was making the journey to St. Louis.[1]

To re-animate the site of Gratiots Grove with the activity of one hundred years ago needs a keen imagination; for in its prosperity it had a settlement of over a thousand people, who were busy running its nine smelters, operating its mines, trading with the Indians, and tilling the soil, and during the Winnebago and Black Hawk wars it had a fortified stockade, which was called Fort Gratiot.

Now only a few crumbling foundations can be found beneath the growth of underbrush on the hillside where the old

[1] In time they were given to the writer by the heirs of William Hempstead. Upon my visit to the centennial celebration and homecoming at Shullsburg, Wisconsin, in July, 1927, I devotedly carried them back to the very home spot at Gratiots Grove where they had been written so many years ago.

fort, smelters, and log cabins once stood; but on the other side of the roadway on a slight elevation, set in a magnificent growth of old trees, is the Gratiot homestead, first built in 1835 by Henry Gratiot. Part of the original stone building was destroyed by fire in 1853, but was rebuilt by Colonel Edward Gratiot (second son of Henry) as near the plan of the first home as possible. It passed from the Gratiot estate to the Ormond family, who for many years cherished it for its association with the family who built it. It is now the property of a prosperous Wisconsin farmer, but the atmosphere of its early days hangs over the rock walls and the deep-set windows, and the song of the pine trees that flank the long walk to its doorway tells of the Winnebago who camped under their branches in the days long gone, when they came every autumn to visit their friends "the Chouteaus," as they called the friendly white men.[2]

The story of the coming of the Gratiot brothers to the lead mine region carries with it all the romance and adventure of the early pathfinding. They left St. Louis in the autumn of 1825 with team and three trusty men, and in December reached Galena, then the center of the mining activity. In April, 1826, Henry, the elder brother, returned to St. Louis and brought to the new location in Galena his family, consisting of wife and five small children, twenty men to work in the mines, and two faithful negro slaves, "Scipio and Jenny.[3] Jean Pierre Bugnion (called John, also Bion), the younger brother, had gone to New Orleans earlier in the spring for his wife and three children, and they had reached Galena the seventeenth of June and were established in their log cabin home, ready to welcome Henry's family

[2] Henry Gratiot's mother was Victoire Chouteau, sister of Auguste and Pierre Chouteau, founders of St. Louis.

[3] See article on Colonel Henry Gratiot, by his son-in-law Elihu B. Washburne, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x, 235-260.

SUSAN HEMPSTEAD GRATIOT

THE GRATIOT HOMESTEAD

when they arrived.[4] It had taken seventy-six long, weary days for them to make the journey from St. Louis by the great river highway, and they must have gladly welcomed the sight of the old Galena levee as they drew into the dock on the Fourth of July. The town was gay and ardent with a patriotic celebration on that holiday; so one can imagine it was not a desolate or sad first appearance in the lead mine district.

One of the reasons, aside from the monetary urge, for Henry Gratiot and his wife to seek a new home was that they might bring up their family away from the slavery that prevailed in Missouri. The practice was abhorrent to them and, though they owned slaves, it was against their principles, and one of the first acts of Henry Gratiot after becoming a citizen of Galena was to place on record in the courthouse of that newly organized town the release of his slaves, giving a thousand-dollar bond that "the slaves he liberated would never become a charge to the state."

In 1827 the business of the brothers was transferred from Gratiots Survey at Galena to that magnificent tract of virgin timber in the territory of Wisconsin that was later called Gratiots Grove. It was near the spot where Jesse Shull had built his mining shanty, which later became the nucleus of a town called after him Shullsburg, but which at this time was a vast prairie with heavily wooded hills encircling it. The brothers had a friendly Winnebago half-breed woman called Madame Catherine Myott for their interpreter and intercessor in their negotiations with the Winnebago. Madame Myott was very popular with her tribe and succeeded in making a "trade": the Gratiots to give the tribesmen in exchange for the privilege of operating mines

[4] The narrative of Mrs. Adèle De P. Gratiot, wife of J. P. B. Gratiot, is in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x, 261-275.

on their ground, a large and valuable amount of goods and supplies.

It was in this settlement and environment that Susan Gratiot took up her life in pioneer Wisconsin, bringing to its uncouth and varied population her culture and refinement, her tender care of the sick, her uplifting influence upon the erring miner, her devotion to education, and above all, her unfaltering faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; these attributes enabled her to give courage and inspiration to those about her, and to rear her family with high ideals and education amid surroundings that were not ideal or even civilized.

She was devoted to the family of her brother-in-law Bugnion, and the bond was very strong between the beautiful, vivacious French woman Adèle Marie Antoinette de Perdreauville, her sister-in-law, and herself. Together they faced Indian warfare and danger, many times seeing their husbands depart from their home to protect the settlement. The following was written in a narrative by Mrs. J. P. B. Gratiot: "My sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Gratiot, was then left, most of the time alone, with her young family, her husband and her brother being necessarily absent at Gratiots Grove. But to the greatest gentleness and fortitude, Mrs. Gratiot joined the courage of a heroine, a most devoted wife, an affectionate mother and a kind friend, she was beloved and honored by all." And again at the time of the Black Hawk War, Mrs. J. P. B. Gratiot writes: "Mrs. Henry Gratiot was composed, but I was terrified, and never thought my children and myself safe except under the shadow of her wings."[5]

These two women formed a great contrast in upbringing, in nationality, and in religion; for Adèle de Perdreauville was French and Catholic and had been brought up in the at-

[5] *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x, 268, 273.

mosphere of the court, her mother being lady-in-waiting to the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette, for whom the little daughter of her court attendant was named; while Susan Hempstead was of English and Puritan ancestry, brought up in austere New England; yet they loved each other, and passed on that affection to their children. They were congenial, happy, and contented with their new surroundings.

The ancestors of Susan Gratiot were the Hempsteads of Long Island and New London, and the Lewis' of the same place. She doubtless inherited from them much of her ability to be a power for good in the new community. The founder of the Hempstead family in the new world was Sir Robert, who was born in 1600 in Groton, Suffolk County, England, and emigrated to the colonies in 1640 to escape the civil and religious wars under Charles I, being bitterly opposed to the established church and the reigning monarch. The Hempsteads were landholders and Sir Robert was a man of importance in his county. The town of Hempstead near London was named after the family, also the village of Hempstead with its beautiful old church, near Gloucester. Sir Robert landed on Long Island and founded the town of Hempstead; but in 1645 he removed to New London, Connecticut, and married Joanna Willey, building a home that has remained in the family for eight generations and is now sacredly preserved by the Hempstead Family Association. It stands as a lasting memorial to them and to the history of the town and state.

Susan was the youngest daughter of Stephen Hempstead and Mary Lewis. She was born in Hebron, Connecticut, February 20, 1797. Her father was the fifth generation from Sir Robert and left a valuable inheritance for his children and his children's children: the inheritance of a splendid record in the Revolutionary War, which is above the value of silver or gold; for the years but increase its

lustre, and its influence is a lasting inspiration. He enlisted at the first call for volunteers, May 6, 1775; was at Bunker Hill, and with the army in New York in 1776 when the Declaration of Independence was read to the troops. Captain Nathan Hale was his boyhood friend. Stephen was sergeant in Hale's company and was chosen by him to aid in the fatal attempt to examine the British camp on Long Island. The outcome of this expedition was the execution of Nathan Hale as a spy. His last words, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country," are a thrilling patriotic story in American history, and without doubt Stephen Hempstead was a man of the same high courage and patriotism as Hale, or he would not have been his close friend and chosen as his companion in this perilous duty. So one may see how his daughter Susan could become so courageous and truly noble a pioneer of Wisconsin.

In 1811 the Hempsteads left their New England home and made the long, hard journey overland to St. Louis. The father's Revolutionary service had left him its cruel aftermath, poor health. His second son had gone to the very edge of the western wilderness a few years before and established himself in the practice of law at St. Louis. Realizing that his father needed care and an easier life than he could have in New England, the son sent for the family, which consisted of father, mother, two sisters, and three younger brothers, to come to Missouri, and settled them on a beautiful farm five miles from the town of St. Louis, in the township of St. Ferdinand. This tract of land is now a part of Bellefontaine Cemetery and has in it the plat of ground that was called the Hempstead Family Burying Ground, where Stephen Hempstead, the Revolutionary soldier, his wife Mary Lewis, and many of their family are buried. For many years the warm-hearted hospitality of the Hempstead home was extended to old friends from "The States," as the

eastern part of the country was called, who came out to visit or to seek a new home; not only friends but strangers were welcomed, and a day's visit often was extended into one of weeks and even months before a home, location, or business station was found. The eldest daughter was Mary Kinney, a young widow who afterwards married the trader merchant prince of his time, Manuel Lisa. Some time after the father's removal his older sons and their families and his married daughter Sarah Beebe also emigrated to St. Louis.

The distinguished position that Edward Hempstead held in Missouri as first delegate from the territory to Congress in 1812, and his ability as a lawyer, were without doubt influential in bringing to the Hempstead home many of the notable men of the day, among them the descendants of the founders of the French city. So it was that Henry Gratiot, descendant of Laclede, son of Charles Gratiot and Victoire Chouteau, handsome and graceful, with the courtly manners of France, met the gentle, sweet-faced girl of English stock and Puritan religion named Susan Hempstead, when he was twenty-four and she sixteen years of age. They were married January 29, 1813. Family tradition tells us she was very beautiful in this first bloom of her girlhood; as she grew older her face reflected the beauty of spirit as well as feature, and her portrait taken in the late forties fully shows that the years brought a beauty of face that but reflected her character.

Of their life in St. Louis, little is on record. Mr. Gratiot was associated with his relatives in the fur trade and in merchandising. They had five children born in St. Louis, and without doubt these kept them busy, just as five children would keep parents up and doing in this century. One of Mrs. Gratiot's favorite bedtime stories for her grandchildren (when she did not tell them of the Indians) was of the great care needed to get all the slaves prepared for winter,

both in their cabins and with clothing. It was a month's job and had to be attended to by the "Missus" of the plantation.

Mrs. Gratiot was a charter member in the first Protestant church of St. Louis, being one of the nine founders; it was a strange coincidence that she was one of the six charter members of the First Presbyterian Church of Galena in 1826, founded by the Reverend Aratus Kent. The story of the Henry Gratiots' coming to Galena and Wisconsin has often been told, and from 1827 to 1836 we find them living pioneer lives on the frontier of Wisconsin at Gratiots Grove. Those were constructive, hopeful days, as one can see from the letters that follow. Their family now consisted of their older sons Charles and Edward, young boys under eighteen and twenty, who were forging ahead in the new land, going away from home to find fortune and favor in different undertakings; Susan and Mary, young daughters who must be educated, and also tenderly protected and sheltered from the rather crude social life of a mining town and camp (for Gratiots Grove was about two miles from the village of Shullsburg and twenty from Galena); Henry and Adèle, young boy and girl; and Stephen Hempstead and Eliza, tiny tots. Hempstead, being a very delicate child, was a constant care to his mother.

To understand the excerpts from these long-ago letters one must realize the hardships that were faced, the distance that lay between their home in St. Louis and the East, the Indian troubles and ever-present peril from hostile tribesmen. As Colonel Henry Gratiot was government agent for the Winnebago and their loyal friend and helper, his family had no fear of them; but other tribes were not so friendly. The difficulty in obtaining education for a growing family and the lack of even ordinary comforts such as we have today must also be taken into account.

The first letter is dated "Gratiots Grove August 11, 1833":

MY DEAR BROTHER

Since you was here I have had one continual scene of sickness I thought that I should have lost my babe by a long and severe inflamation of the head but he is now fast recovering and how thankfull I am to our great protecter for his kindness to us all when so many of our near and dear friend[s] have left us forever I have not been in Galena nor seen any of our family since you left I feel very anxious to see our Sister she was to have come out yesterday with Bugnion but we could not find the horses. . . . Bugnion has sold out the Grove Survey farms cattle and all to MacNulte for two thousand three hundred dollars give possession as soon as his house is done to move his family in I hope that it is all for the best . . .

your letter to Henry of July 31st has just been handed to me and I sent for Henry who has read it and says respecting his goods it is all well . . . in addition to Henry['s]goods send for me two pieces of Russia sheating one dozen of good dinner knifes and forkes and one piece of dark twilled bombazett for Winter dresses for my Girles . . .

accept the best wishes of your affectionate Sister SUSAN GRATIOT

The second, dated September 20, 1833, begins:

I received your kind letter My Dear Brother with the most cordail pleasure and I hope I feel sensations of gratitude to him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift that he has preserved you from sickness so far your business exsposed you so often that we ware all anxiety but I hope that your City will now be healthy the warmest weather must now be over . . . we have been favoured so far no heavy frost yet and the crops generally good the Grove is lonesom and dull enough at present Bugnion has moved family to the Cupulo . . . Bugnion is doing good bussinness if lead can only keep at a living price which I hope it will . . .

accept the best wishes of your affectionate Sister SUSAN GRATIOT

The letter written December 18, 1834, refers to the sacrifice made by Colonel Henry Gratiot and his wife for the education of their children. They rented their home to Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Woods of Galena, who conducted a

boarding-school. During this time Father Kent, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Galena, often held services in the Gratiot home. Scholars came to this school from other places: Edward and Charles Hempstead, nephews of Mrs. Gratiot, from Galena; Selina Dodge, daughter of General Dodge; Henry Magoon, the Dowlings of Galena, Louis Chetlain (afterward General Chetlain), and Mary Dixon, whose father was the founder of Dixon, Illinois. We can see by this renunciation of home how devotedly these pioneers held to their desire for education. The log school always closely followed the building of a home, and from old letters and traditions of early schools in Shullsburg and Gratiots Grove, so very correctly collected by the late Jannette Burlingham, we find that there was a log schoolhouse in Shullsburg and day schools in the home of J. P. B. Gratiot prior to the school in the home of Henry. But Miss Hotchkiss, the teacher, was compelled to leave and the school was closed; hence the following letter:

My Dear Brother

I have commenced I can not tell you how many letters since I received Yours from Galena and have tried to compose a fine speech on my surprise and disapointment and have never been able to finish one for we are all crowded in one room so by the time that I got a few lines some one would come and away with writing but fully am I convinced of your sympathy I could not help crying but it [is] all for the best I suppose you would have found me in a confused place [had you come] many blame Henry for giving up our old place before we were fixed . . . none but a parent or some such fatherly old Bachelor as you are can enter into our feeling we had had no School since May Susan & Mary had taken hold with a determination to learn I could not think of sending them to Galena and if I had sent them then ther was Henry and Adelle that we must have kept at home and by giving up our place we send all to school all Mr Wood give us is 200 per year it is not sufficient to defray our school bills yet it is a great help and a great reliefe to my mind to know that they [are] at a place wher they can learn and I believe that they do learn the Girles shall write you by Wm

Hamilton[6] he says he is going to St Louis in a few weeks and you can judg for your self Susan has studied her self sick so that she has had to leave school for two weeks but I am in hope she will be well soon I was alarmed last week for fear of a head complaint Henry went to see Theodore in July and took the fever and has had it ever since well one day and sick one the girles board with Mr. Wood; and now for me Old Lady Sigh has a comfortable room with a large window in it and a green chair standing to it and more work around than Ever she had but if I can only go through all and do my duty it is all I ask for . . . but can I dear William complain when I think of the hardships that my husband is so often Exposed to if my cabin is small and poor mor than half of his time he is exsposed to the cold going and coming to the mill . . .

I must now beg of you to tell my Dearest Sisters that I often think of them but have not had time to write but hope soon to write them this move has been equal to an Indian War . . . your Sister SUSAN GRATIOT

NEAR GALENA, June 30th 1835

MY DEAR BROTHER

before this will reach you I hope our Sister [Sarah] and [my daughter] Susan will be safely landed [with you in St. Louis] and you will learn from Sister Beebe why Adelle was not with them so I need only say that she arrived a half an hour after the departure of the *Warrior* and Charles said that she must go with Madam La Grave . . . she goes not very well prepared I do not know how she will leave me tomorrow to go with a stranger her heart is very full tonight yet she will not say she dont want to go the climate is all I dread but if you perceive that it does not agree with her I must dear William beg you to let me know her health is very delicate and if you think that all of the Sunday School is too confining for her you must regulate that we have had to take her from the Sunday School this spring half of the day . . . I do think that they wear the children out they do here the children and Teachers too . . . [I would like sister Mary] occasionally to go to [our] church with Susan[7] My Situation is different perhaps from others or the love

[6] William S. Hamilton, son of the famous Alexander Hamilton, was a miner at Wiota, Wisconsin, from 1827 to 1850. His mother spent a winter with the Gratiots.

[7] The daughter Susan had been sent to St. Louis to a Catholic nuns' school. Adèle was sent to Mr. La Grave's school. From this letter one can see why harmony with regard to differing religions was in a family led by such a truly spiritual person as Susan Gratiot. It did not matter if her husband's family were of another creed than hers.

I have for so many dear friends that are Catholick give me more charity for the profession than many but I can not condemn them in fact we have no right to condemn one another if we follow Christ Examples we may condemn ther faults and they can do the same by us . . . Sister M has ever been charitable but as we grow in years so our faith increases dear Brother to you and you only would I say as much as I have knowing your discretion I use perfect freedom with you and when you read this scroll if you think that I am wrong in my Ideas you will say nonsence and if you think as I do you can say she [is] half right and light your segar with [my] letter . . .

I can assure you My Dear William that Henry has often wished for you he has lately entered our farm and we are now on our own land and when we get out of our embaressment we can make a good living Henry is about to build us a comfortable house [It is near the section of land that he bought of Mrs. Myott.] . . . Bugnion furnace draw first rate they Exspect to put mineral in this morning he is in high spirits and I am truley thankfull that he has succeeded . . . God bless & protect you Dear Brother from all surrounding dangers is the constant prayer of your affectionate Sister SUSAN GRATIOT
It is way past midnight.

GRATIOTS GROVE Octr 4th 1835

MY DEAR BROTHER

Your kind letter would not have remained this long unanswered had I been at home I received it while at Dubuques and staid [there] three weeks longer than I expected and thought every day to return Hempstead was so lame and in such racking pain that it was difficult for me to get home with him he has not walked a step now for a month or more and no assistance but old Jenny so that I am not mistress of my own time but I am ceartain that you will not charge my remissness to the want of affection no Dear William your letter really exhilarated my drooping spirits and yet should I have any thing to depress my Spirits while blessed with health to perform my daily task blessed with the best of Brothers and Sisters would to heaven I could prevent anxiety from Ever entering the hearts of friends so dear but that is a fruitless wish but I can tell you that at present our prospects are more flattering than for years past the Soil is ours and what we do now will be well done and a fixed home for the remainder of our days if I could think that the short time I may remain here may continue with as few troubles

as the past it would be a blessing but that can not be old age creeps on the children grow up and of course troubles must increase . . .

Henry will be compelled to go to St. Louis to procure Genl Atkinson signture and then to Washington the Indians have made a request of the President to let them go on this Winter to expose ther Miserable situation that is the Indains on Rock River they are allmost starved and naked they did not receive a dollar at the payment by some bad mangment there is four chiefs here now they want Henry to go with them or for them but w[h]ether the request will be granted or not we can not tell . . . it is now near one o'clock at night I must think of going to rest . . .

when shall we hope for a visit from you soon I trust I can promise you a warm heart and good butter and potatoes I believe better than you have below Henry wishes to be remembered with affection to you and all he is anxiously Expecting Genl Dodge he has never got his papers from Jud[g]e Doty yet . . . your devoted Sister SUSAN GRATIOT

The events that followed the writing of this letter prove the fact of life's uncertainty and the downfall of hopes and plans for the years to come. The home that Henry and Susan Gratiot had so often planned and longed for was built upon the site that still remains, with the large tract of land adjoining; their family all growing into useful and educated men and women, the future looked bright and full of years of content and happiness. Early in the spring of 1836 Henry Gratiot went on his contemplated trip to Washington on government business and to visit his brother General Charles Gratiot, chief engineer of the United States Army. He was then forty-five years of age, and one writer said of him, "Mingling in the fashionable circles of Washington, people were amazed to find a man who had spent nearly his whole life on the frontier and with Indians, the highest type of a gentleman, who, with his French vivacity and cordial manner, attached himself to all with whom he met."[8] During this visit he contracted a severe cold. He left Washington before he was well able to travel and at

[8] E. B. Washburne, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x, 257.

Baltimore he grew worse and was compelled to stop at Barnum's Hotel, where his cold developed into pneumonia, and he died on the twenty-seventh of April. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery at that place. One can picture the grief of his wife and family as the sad news came to them in their western home. The last letter in this packet is from his desolate Susan to her brother William, and is from Dubuque, where she went to make a temporary home, her son Edward taking charge of the homestead:

DUBUQUE, Feb. 6, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER

The last mail brought me your kind letter and was happy to hear of your welfare as to myself I can not say that I am well as last winter I wish to ask your advice my Dear Brother you may truly say that my new situation adds new cares and anxieties it is now that I feel the want of him who was my guide my counciler my all but you my Dear Brother was his choice when he left me and his last wish when dying but my own heart would have led me to you without the sacred request of my much lamented Henry and to you I come with my problems

your devoted sister SUSAN

Mrs. Gratiot returned to her farm home, but as the years passed the household at Gratiots Grove scattered to the far distant parts of the country. There were nine children born in the family. One of them died in infancy; he was named after Susan Gratiot's beloved brother William Hempstead. Charles, the eldest son, married Ann Sheldon, daughter of Major John P. Sheldon. He was an adventurous spirit and had many interesting experiences, but settled for his quieter years at Gratiot, Wisconsin, where he had a store and mill. Edward married Ellen Hagar of Hagarstown, Indiana, daughter of George and Elinor Hagar; and after his father's death became the head of the family and farm, bringing his bride to the homestead in 1846. Susan married Thomas Childs and lived in Philadelphia, where she died.

Mary married John Scott, a lawyer who lived in St. Louis, and died young. Henry married Eliza Lorimer, daughter of a Dubuque pioneer; following the quest for wealth he went to California in the days of its gold rush and died there many years afterwards, an old man, having made and lost several fortunes. Adèle married Elihu B. Washburne, a brilliant lawyer of Galena, who afterwards became Congressman from Illinois and later minister to France. Stephen Hempstead married Mary Jane Chamberlin, daughter of Thomas and Eliza McBride Chamberlin, Wisconsin pioneers. He was in the Treasurer's office in Washington and died at the age of thirty-five. Eliza, the youngest daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty, died at Gratiots Grove two weeks after her wedding day was set; her intended husband was a young lawyer, Robert McClellan of Galena.

The old homestead at the Grove was always called "home" by Grandmother Gratiot; and in a letter dated Gratiots Grove, May 19, 1852, to her sister Sarah Beebe, written after an absence of some time, she said:

> I am back with all the love that has ever bound brothers and sisters together if any change the ties are still stronger and I have more to be thankful for than I was aware of before I left home thankful for the kind friends I have met thankful for the interest with God's own people whom I have found precious wherever I have met them and now here I am in this dear home which is endeared to me by so many happy associations and the hours spent with a melancholy pleasure and a happy anticipation of once again being all together gives me joy yes joy indeed

The young and growing family of her son Edward again filled the home with childish voices, as in her younger days; and she was a beloved member of the family circle, though she spent much time at the home of her eldest son in Gratiot and at her daughter's home in Galena and Washington.

A strange coincidence was woven into the last threads of her life; for, like her beloved husband, she died away from

Gratiots Grove, the home they had built amid the sacrifice and toil of pioneer days. Like him she passed away on the return trip thither from Washington City. She had spent the winter and spring with her daughter and family, the Washburnes, and had visited the far-away grave of her husband in Baltimore. In May she started on the homeward journey in company with Mrs. Washburne and her children. The railroad terminated at Freeport, Illinois, where they took the stage for the remainder of the trip. On it she was stricken with Asiatic cholera, and was taken from the conveyance at Chapman's Tavern about ten miles from her home, where she died June 2, 1854, after a ten-hours' illness. The service for her burial was held in the South Presbyterian Church at Galena, and she was laid away in the family lot of the Gratiots and Washburnes in Greenwood Cemetery of that city. Her nephew Charles Hempstead of Galena was in St. Louis at the time of her going, and he wrote to his aunt in Galena, "I was shocked to hear that dear good aunt Susan was suddenly taken from us, truly one of the salt of the earth has gone; for she was a true woman in every sense of the word and not a single virtue that did not adorn her character."

Some of Henry and Susan Gratiot's grandchildren and great-grandchildren are living in Wisconsin, though only one, Joseph Gratiot, resides at Shullsburg, in the locality of old Gratiots Grove. The states of Illinois, Iowa, Montana, Colorado, California, and other parts of the United States have their descendants as residents, and all of them are happy and proud to pore over the records of years long gone, and to hear the tradition and history of the days when their ancestors blazed the trail in Wisconsin and made a home blossom in its wilderness.

MILWAUKEE TO ST. PAUL IN 1855[1]

GENERAL RUFUS KING

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, August 12, 1855

I have just accomplished my second trip to the Mississippi, and this time by a route as new to me as it is unknown to ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of Milwaukee. I think I shall render them an acceptable service by describing, somewhat minutely, our journey, since we followed very closely the track marked out for the iron highway that is soon to connect the city of Milwaukee with the "Father of Waters." We left home on Wednesday morning last, with pleasant company and smiling skies. I had passed over the railroad to Madison two or three weeks previous, and was glad to note the progress which the farmers had made in the meanwhile, in harvesting their abundant crops. At Eagle, at Whitewater, at Milton, and along the road we heard the same gratifying story of a prolific yield and of well secured crops, and we saw, with our own eyes, frequent and multiplying proofs that the tale was not exaggerated. We saw, too, many and unmistakable tokens—in the character of the improvements, the increasing herds of cattle, the large flocks of sheep, the quantity of new land brought under the plow, and other indications—that the agricultural interest of our state is in a most prosperous condition. Three successive years of good crops and high prices have made the farmers forehanded, and they have wisely appropriated a goodly share of their gains toward increas-

[1] This article consisted originally of three editorial letters printed in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* of August 17, 21, and 23, 1855. They were signed "R. K.," the initials of Rufus King, who was editor of the *Sentinel* at that time.

ing their means and facilities for farming on the largest scale and to the best advantage.

Madison looked as lovely as ever as we approached it from the southeast, and the bustle and crowd about the railway station showed the amount of business done at this the present terminus of the M[ilwaukee] and M[ississippi] Railroad. After a good dinner at the Capital House, which has greatly improved under the new management and begins to deserve its name, we started westward again. The country beyond Madison is beautifully diversified, quite thickly settled and under good cultivation. For the first eight or ten miles the surface is undulatory, and there is a frequent succession of deep cuts and heavy embankments along the line of the railroad. But the soil is easily worked, and the location has been so well made that the grading is not expensive. The materials for the road-bed are excellent, the finest of gravel abounding along the line. Good stone is to be found in all the hills, and the masonry of the culverts, bridges, etc. is of the best description. Some ten miles west of Madison the road strikes the Black Earth valley and follows it down to its junction with the larger and wider valley of the Wisconsin. I had heard much of the beauty and fertility of this region, but the half had not been told me. The valley of the Black Earth averages about a mile in width; the stream is a clear and rapid one, and is fed at frequent intervals by copious springs bubbling up through white and glistening sands, or gushing, pure and cold, from the hillside. The soil is mainly a black, sandy loam—quick, strong, and rich,—and the crops of corn, oats, and wheat are superior to anything I have seen east of Madison. On either side of the valley are ranges of picturesque bluffs, bold in outline, with graceful and grassy slopes, and outcroppings of rock that look like ruined castles and time-worn towers. Between these bluffs, beautiful little dells—or coulees, as they are

termed—clad with verdure and cool with the protecting shade of frequent thickets make up from the main valley and run out upon the tableland beyond. What with these bosky dells, the graceful hillsides, the fair and fertile intervales, the smiling crops, and the silver stream that speeds its way with murmuring music to the broad Wisconsin, I have seen nothing so charming in our peerless state as the valley of the Black Earth.

Twenty-two miles from Madison this valley opens into that of the Wisconsin. At this junction a new town has been laid out, and though born so recently as last June, already gives token of rapid and vigorous growth. The proprietors have christened it Mazo-Manie, "The Iron that Walks," after a somewhat noted Indian chief; and as it is the offspring of an iron way, the name is not inappropriate. The site of the town is an admirable one: a fine dry prairie, rising as it recedes from the river and backed by a swelling hill known as "School Section Bluff," three hundred feet above the plain. Just above the town the embankment of the railway dams up the waters of Black Earth Creek, and a race conducts them through the plat, furnishing an excellent and very uniform water power. A ridge south of the tracks affords very desirable sites for warehouses, and all over the prairie are pleasant spots for dwellings. Already some twenty buildings, including two hotels, a large store, and a church, have been put up and by November there will be a good-sized village here. The country adjacent is fertile, well settled, and under good cultivation. Sauk is distant only eight miles to the north, and this will be the station for business from that county and a good part of Dane. In short, Mazo-Manie bids fair to become one of the most important stations on the route. From "School Section Bluff" there is one of the finest and most extensive views to be found in the state. Eastward the eye follows up the

beautiful valley of the Black Earth. Northward, the clustering tenements of Little Sauk and the wide expanse of Sauk Prairie backed by green and wooded hills delight the vision. Southward the view is bounded by the range of bluffs that shut in the river; but on the west the magnificent valley of the Wisconsin, rich in beauty and glittering, as we saw it, in the light of the setting sun, fills the enraptured gaze and presents a picture which fancy may realize but language cannot describe. From this lofty lookout the railroad may be seen for nearly forty miles and, of a bright clear day, the approaching trains can be descried when still twenty-five or thirty miles distant.

We stayed over night at Mazo-Manie, and were hospitably entertained by the proprietor of the town in the new hotel just erected and kept by Mr. George Butler. Early on Thursday morning we resumed our journey, following down the valley of the Wisconsin for fifty miles, crossing the river twice, and keeping close, as on the preceding day, to the track of the railway, as well to observe the route as to note the progress made in the grading. I was entirely unprepared to find so much done towards getting the road ready for the superstructure. The contractors have a heavy force at work all along from Madison to Prairie du Chien. Nearly every section has been underlet to responsible men, who are actively engaged on their respective contracts. Mile after mile of the track is graded and ready for the iron. Indeed, for much of the way the grading is mere child's play. Think of a road ninety-five miles long (the distance from Madison to the Mississippi), on which for the first twenty-two miles the heaviest grade is but twenty-three feet to the mile, and for the rest of the way the maximum is ten feet, and the average one foot and a half; where the curves are few and gentle, and there are straight lines five, ten, fifteen, and in one case of thirty-two miles in length; where the cost

of grading, for mile after mile, will not exceed $300 per mile, and one section of a mile has been got ready for the superstructure at an expense of only $130; where gravel, stone, and timber for the railway, wood and water for the locomotives, and teeming fields for the freight-cars meet you on every section; and where a country of unsurpassed beauty and salubrity, well watered and wooded, and boasting a generous soil, invites and will sustain a dense population! This description of the valley of the Wisconsin and of the western division of the Milwaukee-Mississippi Railroad may well challenge the belief of those who have never seen the region.

The valley seems to have been made for a railway, and well made at that. It averages some three miles in width; is as level as a barn floor; has a soil of black sand, with occasional gravel pits; descends toward the Mississippi at the rate of a foot and a half per mile; affords a good foundation, as well as the best materials for a road bed; follows a very straight course; and in its whole length from the point where it receives the waters from the Black Earth, till it pours its full flood into the Mississippi, does not offer a single serious obstacle to the construction of a railroad. Our state extends for three hundred miles along the Mississippi, and in all that distance, among the numerous streams which flow into that parent river, there is no one valley which furnishes so easy and natural an outlet and pathway for a railroad as the valley of the Wisconsin. I doubt whether there is a better, or cheaper, or more picturesque route to be found in the Union. But my superlatives must sound like exaggerations to those who have not seen this valley, while to us, who are fresh from a close inspection of its beauties and capabilities, they seem tame enough. Let us hurry forward on our journey.

The railway stations along the Wisconsin valley have been selected with special reference to the business of the

country adjacent. They are all, too, beautifully located. The road, in its course, passes through Dane, Sauk, Iowa, Richland, Grant, and Crawford counties, and will receive from each and all of them a heavy amount of trade and travel. Eight or ten miles below Mazo-Manie, at Helena, it first crosses the Wisconsin; near Hurst's Ferry, twelve or fifteen miles farther down, it recrosses to the south side; and lastly, near Boyd's Ferry, twenty or twenty-five miles from Prairie du Chien, it seeks the northern shore, requiring altogether about 2400 feet of truss bridging. The contractors who are to put up these bridges are already on the ground, and busied in getting their timber from the pineries. Some distance below Hurst's Ferry, on the south shore and in the midst of a smiling prairie, is the Avoca Vale station, so called from a beautiful glen, or coulee, near by. A fine spring gushing from the hillside, two hundred feet above the plain, supplies this station with water of crystal purity. Muscoda, in Grant County, a town charmingly situated on the river side and waking up into new life with the approach of the railroad, is the next point of interest. Here will center a large business from Grant and Richland counties. Fifteen miles farther down is Boscobel, near the residence of Mr. Bailey, in whose comfortable farmhouse we found snug quarters and a kind welcome Thursday night. This station derives its pretty name from the handsomely wooded glen and hillsides adjacent. Two miles above Hurst's Ferry is Lone Rock station, so called from a single pillar of stone rearing itself from the plain and standing solitary in the midst of waving cornfields.

At Boyd's Ferry we crossed the Wisconsin for the third and last time, and just beyond the crossing came to a fine trout stream, where one of our party caught a nice mess of speckled trout. A half-hour's ride through the dreaded "Kickapoo bottoms" brought us to the Kickapoo itself, a

deep, narrow, and rather sluggish stream, which heads one hundred and fifty miles to the north and is the avenue by which many thousands of pine logs annually find their way down the Wisconsin and into the Mississippi. The pineries on this river are very extensive and the quality of the timber superior, while its bottoms are very rich, and as they are cleared up must become valuable. Three miles beyond the crossing of the Kickapoo we came to the dwelling of Mr. Stucke, a German emigrant, who has resided here sixteen years, reared up a family, and has never known an hour of sickness. He ascribes this blessing of uninterrupted good health to a famous spring which has its source in a hill four hundred feet high, and wells up, cold and sparkling, almost under his door-step. I have rarely seen so beautiful a spring, and never drank more delicious water. Beside this diamond fountain we dined in the open air, under the grateful shade of a young grove and with a rich landscape spread out before us. Soon after leaving Stucke's we commenced ascending from the river bottoms to the uplands of Crawford County. The road for three miles winds slowly up through a pretty valley carpeted with thick grass, where large herds of sleek-looking cattle were lazily browsing, and bounded by hillsides green with verdure and tufted with foliage. Emerging from this valley, after a toilsome ascent, we came upon the rolling and somewhat broken country which extends back from the bluffs of the Mississippi. But here, as in the valley below, we found a strong and rich soil, and passed field after field of golden grain, of waving corn, and of luxuriant potatoes. In Crawford, as in Grant and other western counties, the season has been most propitious and the labors of the husbandman have been crowned with abundant harvests.

After a few miles' ride through this rolling country we commenced our descent to the valley of the Mississippi,

through one of the coulees which break the chain of bluffs. When halfway down we caught a glimpse of the mighty Mississippi flowing majestically towards its far-distant ocean home; and shortly after, we came out upon the beautiful plain on which stands the old French town of Prairie du Chien, occupying the loveliest site on this noble river and just beginning to feel the quickening impulses of an approaching railway communication with the new and thriving towns on Lake Michigan and the remotest cities of the Atlantic seaboard. But what I have to say of Prairie du Chien must be reserved till my next letter. R. K.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, August 15

My last letter ended with our arrival at the old French town of Prairie du Chien, where our party tarried three days. This is one of the most interesting points in the valley of the Mississippi, and around it cluster many attractive traditions and thrilling memories. It has known five different sets of masters: Indian, French, Spanish, British, and American. When the French pioneers first explored this region they found at Prairie du Chien a large Indian village numbering some fifteen hundred souls. Here the French traded for many years, and built a fort of which no vestige now remains; for a long way back in the century, a Spanish expedition coming up the river to attack it, the French burned and abandoned the fort and post, which was temporarily occupied by the Spanish. To the French succeeded, by right of conquest, the British; and these again gave place in 1796 to the Americans, who probably will not be disturbed in their possession for some centuries to come. The town or site rejoiced in a variety of names. It is indebted to its French sponsors for the one by which it is now universally known, and was named after an old Indian chief *Le Chien* (the Dog), whom the French found lord para-

mount there when they first landed. By the Indians it was variously styled "Mendota," "the meeting of the waters," and "Nee-you-ja-ra," "the place where the water comes out," each alluding to the union of two rivers at this point.

Prairie du Chien occupies the loveliest site on the banks of the upper Mississippi. Just at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers a smooth and gently undulating prairie carpeted with thick verdure stretches northwardly along the foot of the high bluffs which bound the great valley on the east. It is eight miles in length and averages nearly a mile in breadth, diminishing, however, as it extends up the stream. The Wisconsin washes the southern side of this beautiful prairie, the Mississippi flows majestically along its western front, while it is shut in on the northeast by a range of battlemented bluffs five hundred feet in height, with their smooth green slopes broken at intervals by protruding ledges of rock and their rounded tops plumed with thrifty groves of timber. The soil is quick and warm, producing early vegetables and abundant crops; and the roads in all seasons of the year are excellent. The surface is dotted over with farmhouses, mostly occupied by descendants of the old French settlers; while in the two villages, the Upper and Lower Towns, as they are called, and a mile or two apart, are to be found most of the business men and recent settlers. Between these villages are the barracks built in 1829 by General Taylor, who commanded at Fort Crawford for a series of years and is still borne in affectionate and respectful remembrance by the inhabitants. Previous to 1828 the fort stood upon a mound on what is called the Island, but the flood of that year, higher than any known before or since, overflowed nearly the whole of the island and compelled a removal to the higher ground on the main prairie. The site thus abandoned by the United States is now occupied by the spacious and hospitable mansion of Colonel

H. L. Dousman, himself one of the olders settlers in the valley of the upper Mississippi, and as highly respected as he is widely known.

Prairie du Chien was for many years a very important trading post and afterwards a prominent military station; and when the Indians and the troops both moved away, the town, so long entirely dependent upon these two sources of prosperity, fell into decay. Emigrants passed it by as no longer offering inducements to the enterprising settler; business became stagnant; and the future looked dark enough till the approaching footsteps of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, heard and hailed from afar, kindled anew the hopes and revived the energies of the dwellers in the old French town. And now that the early completion of this road is well assured; now that gangs of laborers, busy in grading the track, are scattered all along the valley of the Wisconsin and are trooping down toward the banks of the Mississippi; now that active negotiations are in progress for the lands and lots required for the station houses, machine shops, and warehouses of the company; now that the fact is realized that a very large proportion of the vast and annually increasing traffic and travel, which give such wonderful life and animation to the upper Mississippi, must inevitably seek and follow this new thoroughfare between the East and the West; now, in short, that the destiny of Prairie du Chien as a great point of transshipment and exchange is fully appreciated, it is pleasant to see what young and vigorous life has been suddenly infused into the veins of the ancient and timeworn town. No longer despairing, no longer doubtful, no longer brooding over departed wealth and position, it looks forward hopefully and confidently to the future and is preparing to contest, with the spirit of a young athlete, the palm of superiority with any town on the west bank of the upper Mississippi. The lapse of two years will

show a greater improvement and larger access of population at Prairie du Chien than at any other point on the great river.

We spent three days right pleasantly at Prairie du Chien, forming many agreeable acquaintances and finding everywhere a kind welcome and cordial hospitality; and on the morning of the fourteenth took passage on the *War Eagle,* Captain Harris, for St. Paul. This is one of a daily line of steam packets plying between Galena and St. Paul and making all the innumerable landings which the immense and increasing business on the Mississippi requires. Last year the experiment of a daily line was first tried, and very soon abandoned for want of a sustaining patronage. This year the experiment was renewed with the most gratifying success, the boats being crowded every trip, and the proprietors of the line having already realized a handsome profit; and this, too, in a season, thus far, of comparatively low water. We found the *War Eagle* a large, commodious, and well-arranged boat, with neat staterooms, a well furnished table, excellent attendance, and an air of order, quiet, and regularity about her which quite upset our previous notions of Mississippi steamboating. Captain Harris, who treads her "quarter deck," is one of the veterans of the river navigation, and discharges his duty in a manner that at once inspires his passengers with the conviction that he is just the man for the place. To the officers of the *War Eagle* and to Captain Orrin Smith of Galena, one of the principal proprietors of the line and a universal favorite all along the river, our party were under great obligations for numerous courtesies and attentions.

The trip up the Mississippi to St. Paul, a distance of three hundred miles, occupied thirty-six hours; and save the few short hours almost grudgingly given to repose, every minute of it was to myself, as to the rest of our party, unalloyed enjoyment. It was a new experience and almost a

new life for us all. The weather was charming. A bright sunshine lit up the landscape, while a fresh breeze gave vigor to the frame. The shores on either hand were of the most picturesque beauty, and the river itself, two thousand miles and more away from its ocean home, flowed swiftly by, its broad bosom studded with frequent isles, all robed in the richest verdure. Bounding its wide valley run two long ranges of bluffs varying from four to seven hundred feet in height; the bright green, velvety grass climbing up their sides and crowning their tops, and heavy masses of deep-tinted foliage filling the intermediate recesses. At times jutting points and pinnacles of rock, fantastic in shape and hoary with age, recall the ivy-crowned ruins along the tradition-freighted rivers of Europe. At times the bold cliffs recede from the bank, leaving ample space between for a wide and smiling prairie, luxuriant with vegetation and fringed with thickets. Now the broad river, divided by emerald islands into several streams, offers a swift and narrow channel to the ascending steamer. And now it spreads out on either side into a spacious basin a mile or more across. It is, indeed, a panorama of unequalled yet ever-varying beauty, and the world may be safely challenged to show its like. The "Father of Waters" has no peer among all the mighty rivers which furrow the surface of the globe.

I have neither time nor space to describe at length, or even cursorily, the multitude of thriving little towns which have sprung up along the banks of the upper Mississippi within the past four or five years, and which form so many nuclei for the business of the adjacent country. No one who has not seen with his own eyes will believe, upon the relation of another, the marvelous fact of their sudden birth and rapid development. They meet you at every few miles of your upward journey, now nestling under some beetle-browed bluff, now glistening through the vistas of a pleas-

ant grove, and now smiling in the open sunshine on some broad and beautiful prairie. They all wear a thrifty, wide-awake look; the houses are neatly built, the villages tastefully planned; the stores are well-filled and apparently well-patronized, and in almost all of them the neat spires of church and schoolhouse complete and crown the picture.

In these, their new homes, you read the character of the population. None but a sober, active, intelligent, self-relying, and enterprising people could within five brief years have wrought such magical changes along the banks of the mighty Mississippi. And it is this country and these people who are to be made tributary to Milwaukee within another year by means of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad! Who can overestimate the advantage to our city of such a connection, or set at too high a figure the receipts of a road which is to tap this great artery of the trade and commerce of the Northwest?

Long as my letter already is, I cannot forego a few brief references to some of the more important towns on the river, especially on the Wisconsin side. Immediately opposite Prairie du Chien is McGregor's Landing in Iowa. A ferry connects the two, and is soon to be supplied with a first-class steam ferry-boat. At this point, as we learned from the officers of the *War Eagle,* more goods are landed than at any point between Dubuque and St. Paul; a very fertile, well settled, and well cultivated back country here finding an outlet to the Mississippi and a market. Some miles above on the same side is Lansing, a busy little town with a fine farming country back of it. The first landing we make on the Wisconsin side is at Victory, the shipping port of Bad Axe County, which is just peeping from its shell and already chirps merrily. Ninety miles above Prairie du Chien is La Crosse, a remarkably fine five-year-old town, spreading out over a wide prairie, backed by handsome bluffs, with a rich

country beyond, and located at the junction of the La Crosse River and one of the mouths of the Black River, with the Mississippi. I saw no town on the river where business seemed more active, or the progress of improvement more marked than at La Crosse. It is here that the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad is to debouch upon the valley of the Mississippi. Thirty miles above La Crosse is Winona in Minnesota, better known perhaps as Wabashaw Prairie; occupying a site of unrivalled beauty, a high, dry, and rich prairie washed by the Mississippi and enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills. Here we met some old Milwaukee acquaintances; Captain Upmann and his son Henry, who are doing "a land office business" in the United States land office at that place, and Messrs. H. J. and N. F. Hilbert, who are diligently following their profession as civil engineers, surveyors, and locators of land warrants.

At Reads Landing opposite the mouth of the Chippewa, a great lumber stream, we entered Lake Pepin, a beautiful expanse of the river, some four miles across and thirty long; and three miles up the lake, on the Wisconsin side, landed at North Pepin in Dunn County, a new town platted only in May last, where but three families passed the last winter and three hundred and fifty inhabitants are now gathered. Mr. Bostwick O'Connor, formerly of Ozaukee, resides here and is one of the proprietors. The site is an eligible one, and North Pepin will soon boast of a bank, as a number of capitalists are about to start the Bank of Oakwood at that point, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, for the accommodation of the lumbering interest. All this region of country offers substantial attractions, in soil, climate, and abundance of wood and water, to the emigrant seeking a new home in the West. Red Wing and Hastings, on the Minnesota side of the river above Lake Pepin, are both lively towns, while Prescott, in Pierce County, at the mouth of the St. Croix

and in the northwestern corner of Wisconsin, yields to few of its older rivals (being itself a three-year-old) in beauty of site, rapidity of growth, or promise of prosperity.

The shades of evening were falling fast as we left Prescott, and the dim twilight and devious channel rendered the navigation thence up to St. Paul, in the present low stage of water, somewhat slow and difficult. But our experienced captain and skillful pilots guided the *War Eagle* safely into the haven of St. Paul, the latest wonder of the Northwest, and before midnight we were comfortably lodged at the Winslow House. And here, for the present, I pause. R. K.

MADISON, August 19, 1855

Arriving late at night at St. Paul and having but one day to give to that city and its vicinity, we made an early start on the morning of the sixteenth instant for St. Anthony's Falls. These are distant about nine miles from St. Paul, the road connecting them affording a fine drive and traversing a handsome and fertile region of country. A keen northwester gave a frosty touch to the early morning air, and by the time we reached the St. Charles House at St. Anthony, we were chilled through and in great need both of a warm fire and a good breakfast. But we found neither at the St. Charles, the churlish landlord declining to "fire up" for our benefit, and the breakfast offering nothing that could tempt the palate of even starving travelers. We hurried away from this inhospitable house as soon as possible, and in the bright sunshine, fresh breeze, and attractive landscape speedily found amends for the deficiencies of the St. Charles.

St. Anthony is an exceedingly pretty town, lying well up on high, rolling land and possessing in the magnificent water power at the falls an inexhaustible source of wealth. The falls themselves have no striking charm, save that with which a large body of swiftly flowing water is always in-

vested; but to the eye of the practical man, who sees in this power the means and elements of manufacturing enterprises and industrial prosperity, they are teeming with beauty. It needs but the magic word of capital to turn this power to good account and make St. Anthony the Lowell of the Northwest. Opposite St. Anthony and connected with it by means of a neat wire suspension bridge is Minneapolis, an ambitious young rival, occupying a charming site and surrounded by a lovely country. From this point to Fort Snelling, three or four miles distant, the road passes over a beautiful, undulating prairie, so far elevated above the surrounding region that at almost every point of the drive the landscape spreads out, on either hand, far and wide and radiant with promise. Fort Snelling crowns a frowning and rocky promontory at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, its stout stone walls being built flush with the face of the precipice and crenellated for musketry. It is a very commanding point and impregnable against all ordinary assaults. Two or three companies of United States troops are now in garrison there. Between Minneapolis and the Fort we passed a few moments at the Falls of the Minnehaha, the famous Laughing Waters of the Indians, a perfect gem of a cascade and worthy of its poetic name; and on our way back to St. Paul we explored the dark recesses of the Spring Cave and quaffed the icy waters which sparkle along its sandy floor. We reached the Winslow House in ample season and with sharp appetites for dinner, and this time at least were not disappointed, the table, like the other appointments of this hotel, being excellent.

We made the most of the afternoon to look round St. Paul. It is decidedly a handsome, smart-looking, "progressive" town, built upon a series of terraces which rise, as they recede from the river, till they reach the level of some two or three hundred feet above the Mississippi. The business por-

tion of the town occupies the lower levels along the river front, while the dwelling houses, the churches, and other public buildings are scattered over the higher ground. The streets seem narrow for a new town, and some of them are inconveniently steep. The general style of the buildings is good; the stores display large and attractive stocks, and the show of business was fair for the season. Still St. Paul wore to me the air of a town which has grown too fast for the region round about it, and is now standing still, waiting for the country to "catch up." No doubt, however, in another year or two it will resume its onward and prosperous march and speedily become a large and wealthy city. We heard wonders told of the soil of Minnesota, and listened to the tale with credulous ears. The country is surpassingly beautiful; the climate healthful and invigorating; the soil quick and productive; the rivers teem with fish, and the forests and prairies with game; the population, though variously compounded, is of the best class, and as they muster now fifty thousand strong, we shall no doubt have Minnesota claiming rank and position as a sovereign state within the next year. Hail and welcome to our fair young sister!

At four o'clock P.M. we were again on board the good steamer *War Eagle,* homeward-bound. A stiff breeze and a swift current helped to speed us on our downward course, and when the morning of Friday broke we were entering Lake Pepin. This beautiful sheet of water is one of the most charming features of the upper Mississippi, and seen from its southern extremity recalls the attractive picture presented by Haverstraw Bay on the Hudson. Our stops were brief and our progress rapid, and by nightfall the welcome lights of Prairie du Chien glittered in the distance. It was nine o'clock when we once more trod its hospitable shore, the *War Eagle,* crowded with passengers, continuing on her course to Dunleith and Galena. Besides the points noticed

in my last letter, we made acquaintance on the downward trip with Fountain City in Buffalo County, and Monteville in Trempealeau, both pretty and promising towns on the Wisconsin shore. It was wonderful to see the number of passengers landing or embarking at the different stopping-places. At La Crosse I had the curiosity to count them, and found that thirty-one persons went ashore and forty-six came aboard. When it is remembered that there is a daily line of packets plying on this river, and transient boats besides, the reader can judge from this specimen how large the traffic already is; and if he be a very cute Yankee, may possibly guess within one hundred per cent of what it is to be.

Returning from Prairie du Chien, we took the Ridge Road through Grant, Iowa, and Dane counties, as well for the variety of the route as to see and judge of the country tributary to the M. and M. Railroad. He knows little of Wisconsin and is but a poor judge of its vast capabilities for sustaining a dense population and furnishing business for railroads, who has not visited its southwestern quarter. This beautiful Ridge Road affords the most desirable point of view from which to observe that fertile and smiling section of our glorious state. It follows the height of land which divides the waters flowing into the Wisconsin from those which lose themselves in the mighty Mississippi. On either side, smiling prairies with alternate patches of luxuriant verdure, of golden grain, and of thick and thrifty timber stretch away to the north and south, dotted with neat farm-houses and traversed by capital roads. From this high table-land frequent valleys embosomed in green groves and refreshed by running streams and springs of delicious water wind down into the main valley of the Wisconsin, affording natural and easy avenues for the teeming products of the rich uplands to the line of the railroad. The crops, especially of corn, oats and spring wheat, were most abundant and

mainly well-secured. Along portions of the route there is yet a very large amount of land unimproved, being owned by nonresidents, or speculators; but in all the journey from Prairie du Chien to Madison we hardly saw one acre of waste or worthless land. In the vicinity of Wingville, of the Blue Mounds, and at other points on the line we saw the miners at work prospecting or raising mineral. With the introduction of the steam-pump, lead mining in western Wisconsin has received a new impulse and from this copious source the M. and M. Railroad will derive a large and lucrative business.

At the Blue Mounds we found Colonel Ebenezer Brigham, a veteran pioneer, who has lived there for twenty-eight years and is now the oldest resident of Dane County. An eastern company has recently purchased an interest in the Colonel's promising lead diggings, and with the help of the requisite machinery they expect to raise immense amounts of mineral. Soon after sundown we reached Madison and found comfortable quarters at the Capital House, soon forgetting in its good cheer the slight fatigues of our long but delightful drive over the Ridge Road.

A few words touching the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, and its relations to the business of our city and state, must close this already long letter. This pioneer road of Wisconsin, which has been in prosperous operation as far as the capital of our state for the year past, will shortly be completed and opened to the Mississippi. The Western Division, from Madison to Prairie du Chien—a distance of ninety-six miles—is all under contract to responsible and energetic parties; the grading will be finished this year; all the iron required has already been purchased, and enough will be received here this fall to extend the road to Mazo-Manie, twenty-two miles west of Madison, before the advent of winter. As I mentioned in my first letter the route is of

the most favorable description. The heaviest grade in these ninety-five miles is but twenty-three feet to the mile, and for seventy-three miles it averages only one and a half feet. The line, too, is very straight, thus admitting of the highest rates of speed and the heaviest freights. It is proposed to run the distance in three hours, and to make the through trip from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien in seven hours. At Prairie du Chien the road will connect with a daily line of first-class passenger boats, running to St. Paul and starting on the arrival of the cars, and persons leaving here at seven in the morning will reach Prairie du Chien at two P.M. and St. Paul the next evening. Those taking the evening cars from here will connect with the morning boats from Galena and Dunleith, and arrive at St. Paul the day following. By this route passengers from the east will arrive at St. Paul twelve to twenty-four hours sooner than they can by any other, while those coming this way will reach Milwaukee and Chicago by the time that the Mississippi boats would land them at Dunleith or Chicago. In winter the advantages would be still more marked in favor of the M. and M. Railroad. In fact, competition is almost out of the question for the through travel, while its local business alone will ensure a handsome revenue and ample dividends. Built, as it has been, with strict regard to economy and yet in the most solid and substantial manner, and managed as it is, with eminent skill and success by faithful and competent officers, we look to see it stand at the head of western railroads, and second to none in the estimation of eastern capitalists.

The completion of this road, now distant not more than fourteen or sixteen months, will be a memorable event for our city and state. It has already trebled and quadrupled the value of the farming lands along its eastern and finished division, and increased by the same amount the taxable property of the state. Its extension to the Mississippi will ac-

complish the like result along the western half of the line and give to the farmers of Dane, Sauk, Iowa, Richland, Grant, and Crawford counties a noble avenue to the metropolis and principal market of the state. It will confer upon our city still more striking benefits, bringing hither not only the travel and traffic from all the counties within our own state through which it runs, but extending its feelers up the Mississippi and gathering in from Iowa, Minnesota, and northwestern Wisconsin rich harvests of business and golden returns of trade. It assures, in a word, the future of Milwaukee, and places our fair city beyond the reach of competing rivals. Let our merchants and business men, then, thank God and take courage, for the whole Northwest invites and will reward their ventures. Let our capitalists and property owners no longer hesitate to improve their numerous city lots by putting up suitable buildings for the occupancy of that legion of industrious artisans who are yet to make Milwaukee their home, and larger and better hotels for the accommodation of that springtide of travel which will soon set hitherward. And let our city authorities see to it that the work on the Straight Cut is pushed with vigor and energy, to the end that our harbor facilities, by another year, may be equal to the increasing demands of our prosperous and far-reaching commerce. R. K.

A PIONEER EDUCATOR OF OZAUKEE COUNTY

THEODORE A. BOERNER

It has been said that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country." That the truth of this saying is made more evident by an occasional exception was shown by an unusual celebration in the city of Cedarburg about twenty-two years ago, when Charles Lau, principal of the Cedarburg schools for more than thirty years, was the honored guest of the community, assembled in the Turner Hall to rejoice with him on the completion of his fiftieth year of active service as a teacher in the schools of Wisconsin. It was a well deserved recognition of a life devoted from its very beginning to the cause of education.

Charles Lau was born September 22, 1836, in Brunn, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Germany, the son of Johann Lau, teacher of the *Dorf-Schule* at Brunn. His education was begun in his father's school, with instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. It is interesting to note that reading in this school was taught by the phonetic method, *Lautier Methode,* of which Mr. Lau ever remained a consistent advocate. From Brunn he graduated to the *Stadt-Schule* in Brandenburg, where the course was largely classical, with instruction in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The final preparation for his life work came in a district school near Cedar Lake, Washington County, Wisconsin, taught by Dr. Wendell, which Mr. Lau attended primarily for the purpose of learning the English language. The next winter found him teacher of this same school for a term of three months at a salary of twenty-two dollars a month.

CHARLES LAU

Charles Lau was eighteen years of age when in 1854 the whole family, father, mother, four boys, and two girls, emigrated to America. The trip was made on an American sailing vessel, six weeks being spent on the ocean. The captain, however, pronounced it his most delightful trip because of the Lau family, who, having organized as a mixed chorus, lightened the passage with song. Arrived in America, the family settled on the southeast shore of Cedar Lake in Washington County, Wisconsin, their first American home being a rude windowless and floorless log house. And from this humble abode Mr. Lau started out on his career as teacher. The chronological record of that career is brief: from 1855 to 1856 in the district school near Cedar Lake; 1856 to 1859 in Granville, Milwaukee County; 1859 to 1874 in Mequon and Thiensville, Ozaukee County; 1874 to 1909 in Cedarburg, Ozaukee County. That makes fifty years in Ozaukee County. And the quality as well as the length of his service justly gave to Mr. Lau a commanding place in the educational affairs of the county.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." When Mr. Lau began to teach at Cedarburg the school was housed in a two-room building. When death ended his labors in 1909 two fine structures graced the school grounds, a fully equipped graded school of eight rooms and a high school building of equal size. From the first it was his aim to raise the standard of his school, and it was not many years before he had a high school in operation which attracted students from all parts of the county. But even before the high school was established Mr. Lau found time to give instruction in higher than graded school branches, to such good purpose that his pupils had no difficulty in passing the entrance examinations of the University of Wisconsin. The work of the whole school, however, from the kindergarten to the high school, always received Mr. Lau's closest attention. It was,

in fact, in the lower grades that he achieved his most notable results, for he worked on the principle that a higher education is of little value unless it is well grounded.

Perhaps the character and quality of Mr. Lau as a teacher is best revealed in the manuscript of one of his addresses now in the possession of the writer. It is written in that clear, perfect script which all his pupils will remember as a peculiar characteristic of Mr. Lau. A firm hand, every letter perfectly formed, every word properly spaced so that "he who runs may read"—in these days when fine handwriting seems, alas, to have become a lost art, it is really delightfully restful to pore over so perfect a manuscript. The sight of this old paper reminds the writer of those ancient fundamentals of a good education on which Mr. Lau always laid peculiar stress: reading, writing, and arithmetic. The range of modern scholarship sends us so far afield that the importance of these ancient fundamentals is sometimes lost to sight, and young men and women are launched into higher courses before they have learned how to read, write, and figure. But Mr. Lau believed in building well at the foundation, and it was his constant aim to see that his pupils were well grounded in these fundamental subjects before they ventured on higher flights.

The writer, who attended the Cedarburg school when Charles Lau began his work there, would be glad if possible to describe in detail that educator's method of teaching. But the lapse of fifty years of busy life in other lines has somewhat dimmed the picture. However, a letter received from Mr. Lau's youngest son (John Arnold Lau, formerly principal of Rock Island High School, Illinois, and now a publisher of schoolbooks in Chicago) throws some light on the subject. "Strange as it may seem," he writes, "I find myself somewhat at a loss to put a finger on the essence of father's teaching method. The only advice he gave me when I began

teaching was: 'Never go before your class unprepared.' After I got to teaching, we seldom, if ever, discussed methods. While he was my teacher, I was at the age where anything like serious thought about methods was rather taboo; it simply did not occur. I was interested in subject matter; I took methods for granted—did not think about them. This I know, that when father first began to teach the older boys high school subjects like physics, botany, and geometry, he did so by the laboratory method. This was not original, but somewhat new for an ordinary schoolmaster. Instruction in those days, as you recall, was largely academic; that is, from the book. Father either rigged up or bought apparatus, and insisted on experiment in physics. Botany was a study of actual specimens. Geometry was a process of understanding and thinking in terms of lines, angles, and planes, rather than swallowing whole the demonstration and glibly saying amen, with the usual 'Q. E. D.' I think I got my insistence on knowing how and why in history from an unremembered training in father's classes, in which he evidently wanted us to know about the relations between events, periods, and persons. In brief, father was strong for 'thinking through'—self activity (nothing new since Socrates, but he did pioneer in self-reliance in thinking). I think that was what helped most of his students at the University later. Of course, thoroughness was a fetish—thoroughness in fundamentals." Another student (Hugo Krause, of Chicago) briefly states the general verdict: "What we learned from him we learned well."

Mr. Lau's success in his work at Cedarburg soon attracted the favorable attention of educators from all parts of the state, and his services were in frequent demand at teachers' institutes and meetings. He was probably one of the earliest exponents in Wisconsin of the Pestalozzian idea of teaching, involving the three principles that "education must

develop the child as a whole, education must guide and stimulate his activities, and all education must be based on intuition and exercise." There is no doubt that in his many years of demonstrating these principles Mr. Lau made a profound impression on the educational practice of the state. Certain it is that all who came in contact with him could feel that he was thoroughly in earnest, that his work was guided by a rare singleness of purpose, and that his whole life in fact expressed an intense devotion to the public school as America's most precious institution.

The school was indeed Mr. Lau's life. Quoting from the address above referred to, which was delivered on Decoration Day: "The question before us," he said, "is, are our public schools doing all that we have a right to demand of them to prepare our young people to become patriotic, intelligent, moral, and industrious citizens? Our public school system must have life in itself; no dead forms will suffice. It must be American in its deepest significance, liberty loving, liberty promoting. As a friend of true liberty it must encourage industry and sobriety; it must inculcate love of order and respect for law; it must impress upon its pupils the responsibility of office-holding with more patriotic and less selfish ends in view; it must teach the sacredness of the ballot-box, the emblem of a freeman's power and the pledge of a freeman's honor; it must graft upon the minds of its pupils the value of American citizenship. But above all the public school must emphasize character. This is but a recurrence to the principles of our fathers. To the promotion of character our schools must address themselves, or all our boasted liberties will become unbridled license, and our property and lives be at the mercy of the incendiary and the bomb-thrower."

Striving after these ideals, Mr. Lau lived and worked. How well he succeeded is shown in the hundreds of lives that

in the course of half a century of teaching had felt his guiding hand, as well as in the high esteem in which he was held in the community which he directly served. For he was a part of the life of the town and made his good influence felt in many ways outside of his regular school work. But in the hearts of his pupils, many of whom are now grayheaded men and women, he holds a place which nothing can shake. With particular pleasure and appreciation they will recall with what patience and self-denial Mr. Lau organized a school choir and labored night after night to teach them to sing; how he drilled them in the periodic school plays and carried on his devoted shoulders the burden of director, stage manager, prompter, and what not besides; how he guided them in the reading of good books and led them into a knowledge of the classics in two languages; how with the utmost gentleness and consideration he smoothed out the occasional troubles and strifes of his young charges; how he took a deep and fatherly interest in their aims and ambitions; how he shared in their sports and on one memorable occasion batted out a home run—precious recollections! No wonder that as time went on he was feelingly and lovingly remembered by his former pupils as "Papa Lau."

It is unfortunate that the records and documents accumulated by Mr. Lau are no longer available. Most of these were lost in a fire which destroyed the old high school building at Cedarburg. Only a few documents remain, several of which may however be of historical interest. One of these is an Ozaukee County teacher's certificate issued to Mr. Lau in 1864 by Superintendent Frederick W. Horn, once a considerable figure in the political life of Wisconsin. Another is a state teacher's certificate issued in 1871 by State Superintendent Samuel Fallows of beloved memory. But perhaps the most interesting document is a teacher's contract of 1862 with School District No. 14 of Mequon, in which it is

agreed that the salary of twenty-five dollars a month shall be paid "whenever there is money in the treasury!"

Mr. Lau remained active in the Cedarburg schools until within a few months of his death, which occurred July 10, 1909. Quoting from the Cedarburg *News*, "Professor Lau was a modest but energetic man who never sought notoriety, although he was urged and could have accepted positions of prominence. He has ably conducted our schools, and it was principally through his hard and diligent work that our city is classed today as having one of the best conducted and equipped high and graded school buildings in the state." Recently there has been started among his former pupils a movement to erect in Cedarburg a suitable monument to the memory of Charles Lau. However that may develop, the school itself will ever be his monument.

DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF THE REVEREND ADELBERT INAMA, O. PRAEM.

[Continued from September, 1927, issue of this magazine]

IV

Impressions of Utica

[Utica, July 20, 1843] Thus I reached my destination entirely unexpected. I presented myself at once to the Irish-Catholic priest, and he introduced me to the officers of the German parish.[29] So I was legally installed and commenced at once my official duties. It was also high time. I worked in the confessional both week-days and holy days, and still could not complete the Easter confessions until Trinity Sunday. I found the congregation in a difficult mood. They were divided into two hostile parties and the relations with the bishop were not settled. In this regard I had received personal instructions from him. I was not unworried. However, the joy over the newly arrived priest soon brought everything into order; the bishop's conditions were accepted unconditionally, and I hope that peace and unity will not be again disturbed.[30] I will sometime myself report upon these

[29] The Rev. Francis Farrell in the *Catholic Almanac* (1840-1841); the Rev. Thomas Martin (1842-1843), with the Rev. George McCloskey (1845).

[30] The following legislation on church business affairs was enacted at the first synod of New York in 1842, and may throw some light on the text: Priests were forbidden to hold any church property or goods in their own name. Lay trustees were not allowed to spend any church moneys without the express permission of the pastor. The pastor and trustees, singly or together, were not allowed to spend more than $100 annually outside of ordinary expenses without the express permission of the bishop (Decree XXIV). The pastor must have access to the treasurer's books (XXV). All church property is to be held by the bishop (XXVI). The laity may not select anyone for church or educational work without the express sanction of the pastor. No meetings may be held on church premises without the pastor's consent (XXVII). Sittings in church must not be auctioned off except the greatest need of the church require it, and never within the church (XXVIII). *Vide Synodorum . . ., op. cit.,* 19-22.

unusual conditions, which are closely related to the development of church unity.

My decent support is satisfactorily provided for as stipulated. The contingent fees are hardly worth mentioning.[31]

Now about Utica, my present official parish. It is one of the friendliest and loveliest cities of the world, in a very healthy region. It is on the south side of the Mohawk, on a gentle eminence in the valley of the same name, which is an hour [2 miles] across. Its latitude is 42° 45′ north, or about the same as Milan and Padua. This valley is not more than a thousand feet above sea-level, yet forms the highest pass between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi Valley. The climate agrees with plant and animal life as well as with human beings. How fresh, healthy, and truly beautiful is the appearance of most people here! They have also made themselves very comfortable. The main streets are as wide as, or even wider than, those of the new city at Innsbruck. The sidewalks form boulevards; each house stands separately in a flower garden and is often covered to the roof with roses and other vines. The houses themselves are often of stone or brick, many also only of wood; all, however, of the most attractive form and painted in the most various colors, surrounded with trees, bushes, and flower beds, so that the city, seen from the opposite heights, looks like a beautifully arranged altar of geraniums. It already numbers over 18,000 inhabitants and the annual increase is rapid. For instance, there are thirty new houses under construction at the moment—where fifty years ago there were only four blockhouses in a wilderness inhabited by savages. Of the public buildings I will mention only one; namely, the central insane asylum for the entire state. It would grace any capital of Europe. The main front is 550 feet long, three stories high, and contains 500 rooms. The wings, of equal dimensions, are under construction. It stands upon an eminence which commands the entire city. The construction is of freestone work, and the façade represents a Greek temple with a portico consisting of six tremendous Ionic pillars ten feet in diameter. Utica, because located in the center of the state, is destined to become the capital of the country. When I

[31] Contingent fees. See *ante*, note 19.

approached the city on May 30, the vegetation was very backward as compared with Europe. The fruit trees had barely blossomed; the spring wheat was still small; the corn was barely visible. Well, that is American. It is part of the changeable and at the same time unchangeable nature of this part of the earth; the summers come later but the autumns remain mild longer. The summer sun also ripens the fruits in half the time. Furthermore this is an unusually late year. No one, however, worries at all about a crop failure. And indeed in the last eight days the heat has been truly Italian and the vegetation is advancing rapidly.

My health could not be better than it is. The change in climate and manner of life has as yet had absolutely no ill effects upon me. God be praised for that. The German Catholic parish in Utica is not large, consisting at most of ninety families with four or five hundred souls, of whom two-thirds live in the city, by trade and handiwork, and the other third of whom are occupied in the country as farmers. They are all in easy circumstances without being at all rich. According to our agreement I am to hold services here three Sundays a month; on the fourth I must officiate in Constableville, a rural parish of equal size, but located thirty-six English miles inland toward the north. Last week I held the *Corpus Christi* procession there, quite in our manner, in the open with guard accompaniment—much to the delight of the people. On the way there and back I passed through Rome, a beautiful, growing city through which pass both the railroad mentioned and the Erie Canal. On my return Saturday, I stopped there and heard confessions from the numerous Germans and French, read mass and preached, which is now to be continued regularly; for the week-days are at my own disposal. I expect to use them in the future for mission excursions:—seventeen miles down the canal to Frankfort; forty-four miles westward by rail to Syracuse and Salina, where the great salt works are; thirty-seven miles southwestward to Martins, etc. I also hope to visit many German Catholics in Albany.

These and many other places within a circle as large as a good-sized diocese are all within my sphere of activity. Of

all these places only Constableville and Utica have their own German church, and all together have only one German priest—me, upon whom, even, they cannot depend for very long. Here verily the harvest is great and the laborers—a single man. If there were five or six German priests here, and some contribution for their support and the building of churches were furnished from Europe, numerous parishes would be formed at once. For whenever possible the German Catholics move to the priest. Then, they would also soon be in a position to take care of things themselves.

Upon the return of the bishop and further advices from Europe, the work shall go forward rapidly. The German population here is as worthy of, as it is in need of, strong support. By far the majority of them consists of good-hearted, pious, God-fearing people, whose greatest sorrow lies in the fact that they have little opportunity to practice their religion or to have their children instructed.

In New York and its surroundings I found mostly Bavarian subjects from the Rhenish Palatinate and from Franconia. Here, and all about, people from Lorraine, Alsace, Baden, and Würtemberg are in the majority, and last year there arrived a large number of Rhine-Prussians from the neighborhood of Trier, common people but excellent religiously. There are many families who could no longer exist with honor in Europe, but who will accomplish it easily here, once they have overcome the difficulty of getting started. In spite of all their need, therefore, they are cheerful and like it here very well. I have had much contact with such colonists, observed their proceeding and inquired carefully concerning it. The land throughout almost the entire state is excellent farm and meadow land and could nourish at least ten times its present population. The climate is very suitable for Europeans. There is little to be risked in the matter. There is a rich Irish-Catholic, Devereux, living here who has over 100,000 acres of good uncultivated land to sell cheaply, and he is prepared to make loans during the years of clearing it and bringing it into cultivation.[32] The immigra-

[32] Nicholas Devereux, born in Ireland 1791; died at Utica 1885. He and his brother John were pioneer merchants in Utica. Nicholas acquired 400,000 acres from the Holland Land Company in Allegheny and Cattaraugus counties. *Cath. Ency.*, xvi.

tion costs, to the spot, do not exceed 150 fl. I wish I could remain here a long time and make my long excursions into the different parts of America from here, but at present that does not seem feasible.

I enclose also a short report on the training of churchly communicants which I would like the *Katholische Blätter aus Tyrol* to have.[33]

MISSION TRIP: HENNI DESIRES THE FOUNDING OF A GERMAN CATHOLIC SEMINARY

Utica, Sept. 11, 1843. (Corresp.) Finally my unspeakable longing for news from Europe has been to some extent appeased. I have written much but could get no answer for a long half-year, important as my inquiries and requests were. I see clearly from your letter of July 11 of this year, that you did not forget me, indeed answered my first letters immediately. However, the next-last letter did not reach me. It has probably been turned over to the Munich-Verein, which always awaits a good opportunity for forwarding, which may not offer for a long time, and in addition the letter may have to take a roundabout course before it arrives.[34] In the meantime, the letter which I have received contains sufficient directions for my future activity. I made the request that I be sent one or two helpers only because I was and still am so strongly urged from all sides to found an ecclesiastical corporation of my Order. Only recently Dr. Henni, the vicar-general of the Bishop of Cincinnati, wrote, unbeknown, that he awaited my arrival with anxiety. He would like, he said, to found a German Catholic Seminary

[33] The editor of the *Kath. Blätter aus Tyrol* says: "We will publish this report in our next issue." In the *Central-Blatt* it appears after the close of Inama's mission reports.

[34] The *Ludwig-Missions Verein* was established by King Ludwig I of Bavaria in 1828 at the instance of the Reverend Frederic Resé, vicar general of Cincinnati, and in the first ten years of its existence contributed $7,652.23 to the bishops of Detroit and Cincinnati. In 1838 it was made more inclusive, after the model of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Lyons (1822), and expressly envisioned the missions of North America in a statute. Between 1838 and 1863 North America was its greatest beneficiary, receiving $884,835.75. Two of the more noteworthy enterprises it made possible are the Benedictine Foundation at Beatty, Pennsylvania, and the Notre Dame Sisters, Milwaukee. *Vide* U. S. Cath. Hist. Soc., *Historical Records and Studies* (June, 1914, New York), ix, 203-208.

for the United States and had already purchased for that purpose a roomy building with large grounds, connected with the newly-built, large parish church.[35] However, the Council of Baltimore demanded for the purpose regulars, and he believed that I arrived as if sent by God to put into effect his favorite plan. I answered immediately that on the part of my monastery such could never be the case; also that I had no such instructions or powers; but that I would come there this fall (1,000 miles distant) in order to discuss it with him personally.

After studying your letter I have now determined that, with permission of the bishop, I will remain here a longer time. The sphere of my influence here is of the finest and widens every day. The blessing of Heaven is marvelously with me. My flock, over two thousand in number—Germans, Irish, French, and a few Italians—are scattered a hundred miles around; some of them come to me, others I visit from time to time as a missionary. Both the past weeks I was out on such a circuit, in Rome, West Turin, Syracuse, Salina, Manlius, Lodi, Petersburg, Liverpool, etc. I seek to gather together the believers who are widely scattered among Protestants, to bring to them the consolation of religion and to encourage unity and solidarity among them. The Germans of Syracuse and Salina have invited me in writing for this purpose. I spent three days hearing their confessions and held services for them on the last Feast of Our Lady.[36] Following this there was a parish meeting in the schoolhouse, to which representatives from the outlying parishes were invited. I was obliged to act both as chairman and as speaker. As such I explained and emphasized the holy purposes of deliberation and pointed out the ways and means of achieving it. All proposals made were approved with joyful unanimity. No one spoke a word in opposition. Then I had them elect a provisional committee in order to make all necessary preparations before the return of

[35] *Vide Wisconsin Magazine of History,* x, 71 (September, 1926), notes 14 and 15. *Sion* (March 5, 1848, Augsburg), no. 28, 256, Inama left recently for America to establish a monastery of his Order. *Ibid.* (Apr. 28), no. 51, 462, notes that he did not intend to do so, only being on a three-year leave of absence, and that he desired to act as a circuit herald of the Faith.

[36] September 8, 1848.

the bishop. For this I designated: legal constituting and incorporating as a German Catholic group (formerly they had been mixed with the Irish); then an exact census to determine their number and a provisional subscription to show their strength and willingness. At the same time they discussed the location and construction of their own church. I promised to return in two months to receive all of this and lay it before the bishop. Now only a priest is wanting. His maintenance will be amply provided for.

The combined congregations of Syracuse and Salina alone have promised a fixed annual salary of 400 dollars (1,000 fl. R.W.) and the surrounding congregations will contribute in proportion, so that a priest there, together with incidentals, would always be sure of 1,500-1,800 fl., but of course it is understood that he would provide his own room and board. The region is one of the loveliest and healthiest in the world; it is even more beautiful than my heavenly Utica; it has more hills and a lake and the world-famous salt springs at Ovondage [Onondaga], from which all America could be supplied with salt; for even under the most careless working the salt pans alone yield 55,000 cwt. of pure salt per week in addition to that gained in numberless salt ponds through evaporation by the sun. This city is also growing with astounding rapidity; it already has over 20,000 inhabitants. The railroad and the Erie Canal go straight through it, and a branch canal connects it with Lake Ontario. Thus you see that not only are the current needs of a pastor amply provided for, but with the annual savings a small monastery could easily be supported.

One would certainly obtain the land for this purpose free. I hope to win at least one or two good secular priests from my fatherland. They need not fear for their lives. Never yet has a missionary lost his life underway. Neither should the great distance discourage them. Our bishops consider the trip only a pleasant outing, so often do they make it. One need only await a favorable season.

I have now written much, yet really nothing, so endlessly numerous and important have my experiences already been.

But I must stop for today in order not to miss the next mail-boat. A longer letter will follow soon.—ADELBERT INAMA.[37]

V

Utica, Oct. 6 [1843]. (Corresp.) I have finally found a few quiet moments in which to write as promised. Since my last letter I have been on a mission trip to Rome, Constableville, and New York. I went there in order to find, if possible, the missing letters. I found them in the latter place.

Now a few words about my missions, American educational institutions, and an important recent occurrence.

The mission, which I visit regularly once a month, is the German-Irish parish in Lewis County in the neighborhood of West Turin, three miles from Constableville. It numbers about a thousand souls, partly German from various Rhine provinces, partly Irish—almost exclusively farmers. Here, as almost everywhere in New York State and also outside, Raffeiner has gathered together the German colonists, formerly widely scattered and mixed with other sects, urged them on and supported them financially in building a church. The landed proprietor of the region presented this church with fifty acres of land. It stands almost in the center of the county and holds 700 people, but is only of wood and in its isolation surrounded at about a thousand paces by Protestant farmhouses; the nearest Catholic home is half a mile distant, the farthest eighteen or twenty miles. Most of the church members, therefore, come to service either by wagon or on horseback and it cannot be held before eleven o'clock. After services those who live farthest start for home, unless they intend to hear mass and to take the sacrament on the following day, in which case they remain with the others for the afternoon catechetical instruction and vespers, and in the meantime sit around the church and eat the lunch which they have brought with them. On such days my work is heavy.

[37] *Central-Blatt*, September, 1922; *Blätter aus Tyrol*, i, 541 (1843); letter, July 20, 1843, continued. *Ibid.*, 679, for letter September 11, 1843. *Kath. Blätter* (Nov. 13, 1843), no. 46, 736, states in a survey on incomes of the Catholic church in the United States that English-speaking parishes paid their pastors from $600 to $800 annually, and the Germans generally $300 to $400, and often hardly $200.

Last Sunday I was busy in the church from 7 A.M. to 6:30 P.M., with only half an hour in which to devour my lunch. The time before, I had to go nine English miles to visit a sick woman after vespers and returned at midnight, as I had to be at confessional again the next morning. With God's help I bear these fatigues astonishingly easily and happily; as soon as they are over every trace of them is gone and I feel, if anything, stronger than before. During the week I have a good deal of rest unless I am actually at the mission. The trips themselves are more of a strain. The railroad takes me pleasantly fifteen miles to Rome in a long half-hour, but from there I must go twenty-one miles due north on a terrible country road in a miserable stage-coach. A weak heart or nerves could not stand the bumping and I myself was almost lame in the thighs the first few times. It is still worse when I have to make the trip in a farm-wagon. The first time, I was obliged to hold onto the driver continually, for fear of being any minute thrown from the wagon.

Sundays are celebrated here in a very edifying manner. Confessional begins ordinarily at 6:30 in the morning and lasts until early mass at eight, after which confessional is continued until services at eleven. Services last at least two hours, after which are baptisms and churching. From two to five are Christian Doctrine instruction and vespers. Only then, if nothing unusual occurs, can I rest from the day's labor. But often there are still meetings of the church trustees, weddings, etc., which take up the rest of the time because they can be held only on Sundays.

Very edifying is the local French custom of always—except in the most urgent cases—receiving holy communion with the priest during mass, which usually takes place on week-days.

The people are mostly very good, but some very bad. They spend willingly large sums for church and priest. For instance, the not very strong parish of Utica bought a Methodist church three years ago for $1,500 and met the current expenses for its decorations and the priest's salary by voluntary contributions. The parish at Constableville did about the same.

Now a few words more about the field of my activity! I made a few remarks about Utica in a previous letter. From Utica to Rome the Mohawk valley broadens to a width of at least forty miles. Far away to the north and south, rising ground, which one could hardly call hills, bounds the level valley, which is too wide to see across. Through the center the Mohawk River winds slowly. The land, consisting entirely of silt deposits, is unusually fertile. The valley is still covered here and there, particularly along the river banks, with primeval forests. This and the spring floods make swamps of the low places, which will disappear, however, as soon as the forests are cleared and the course and flow of the river controlled, work on which is being done continually. Through the middle of this swampy flat and partly through the primeval forest run the 500-mile-long railroad and the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo. All sorts of grain, especially wheat and corn, grow luxuriantly. There are entire forests of delicious apples from which a delightful cider is made. Rome, which is fifteen miles westward on the railroad, is older than Utica, but not one-third as large. Here the Irish-German parish has a beautiful large brick church, in Greek style, with six tremendous pillars in front, standing upon an eminence which commands the surrounding country. The interior, however, is unfinished and the decoration very poor. Rome is located upon the divide between the Hudson River system in the east and the Ohio system in the west. The Mohawk flows out of the northern hills here, in a southerly direction, then bends toward the east; the remaining waters flow toward the west. The base of the northerly hills, which rise in gentle terraces to a height of about five hundred to six hundred feet above the valley, is about ten miles north of Rome. From there an undulating plateau, sixteen miles long, stretches to Constableville, which is on the northern slope toward the Black River and Lake Ontario. This land is entirely unprotected from the northerly storms and consequently has long, severe winters with heavy snow, but in spite of that an even richer soil than the Mohawk valley, as indicated by the magnificent groves of nut, cherry, oak, beech, and maple trees. All sorts of grain grow luxur-

iantly here, only on account of the cold winter the planting of winter wheat is somewhat risky; on the other hand it is the most splendid pasture land, literally flowing with milk and honey. As a result a number of Swiss have settled here and make delicious cheeses.

What would you think if I should say that sugar grows even in the streets here? And yet it is quite true. The family with whom I usually stay in Constableville make a thousand pounds of sugar each year from the boiled-down juice of the maple tree. This is a beautiful, valuable, and here a very common tree. In the forest its straight trunk rises branchless sixty to eighty feet, then spreads its leafy roof. In size, shape, and color its leaf resembles closely that of the grape. Its wood is the best that there is for burning; it surpasses oak in hardness and durability and is, next to mahogany, the most favored for cabinet work. In addition it has a sweet sap which is drawn off in March and cooked down on the spot into a syrup. The borders of most of the streets are planted with such trees.

The climate is excellent in Utica, still better in Constableville. I do not judge by my own feeling but by the following facts: My mission numbers over 1,500 souls, of whom 1,000 live in Constableville and 500 in Utica. In four and a half months there have been only two cases of sickness among adults and not a single death. In Constableville I have baptized twenty-two children and buried only one, who died from eating green apples. The beautiful, slender, delicate, yet powerful figures of the people show how healthy are the air, water, and food. European papers and letters complain of scarcity and high prices. The only problem here is, what to do with the surplus food products. The state of Ohio alone has a wheat surplus officially estimated at twenty million bushels. A hundred-weight of the finest wheat flour costs five fl., rye half of that; beef costs four to five Kr. per pound, pork six to eight Kr., and the prices of all agricultural products are in proportion. Manufactured goods, alone, are expensive here. Utensils, clothes, houses, and rent are two or three times as expensive here as in Europe; on the other hand the average workman's daily wage is a dollar

(2 fl., 30Kr.). The labor union of the state (everything here is public community life association) has determined not to work under a dollar. A skilled workman, working by the piece, can make even two dollars a day. Only then very often, through the extravagance of easily made money, everything is lost again. Don't think that I exaggerate; the figures are all exact. I always submit my reports to experienced men in order to obtain their criticism.

The important occurrence in the city, of which I spoke above, is this: I mentioned in a former letter the state insane asylum, which is a quarter completed and was opened this year. It is a state institution; five trustees, three of them living here, wrote the regulations for its control and enforce them.

One of these rules states that the employees must attend the general religious services in the institution chapel (non-Catholic, of course) on Sundays. Now, among others, four Catholic servant girls were employed in the kitchen. According to the regulations they were expected to attend the general church services, and were dismissed when, obeying the advice of their Catholic pastor, they refused. In Europe such an occurrence would have caused little or no excitement. To hire and fire servants is the undeniable right of any employer. But here one looks at it differently; namely, as an impertinent violation of the first and chief article of the Constitution, providing freedom of conscience and religion, according to which a person's religion shall neither give him nor take from him any privilege.

This occurrence becomes one of the most important which ever took place in the Union, and a cry of objection rings from one end of the country to the other in the newspapers. The trustees consulted in regard to this matter and simply declared that the managers of the institution had acted in accordance with the regulations. This decision embittered the Catholics particularly, as there was present at this conference a local Catholic, from whose influence and strict Catholicism something different was expected. The Catholics met on the twenty-first of September and, after organizing themselves according to the state law, took council among

themselves. The result was a unanimous decision to oppose by all constitutional means this unexampled interference with their sacred rights, in which opposition they called upon all co-religionists to join. The final result is hardly doubtful. The article in question must be removed from the regulations of the asylum; for public opinion, which is all-powerful here, is entirely upon the side of the Catholics. The American people is without question deeply religious, and the preservation of religious freedom one of its greatest desires. Furthermore, the state laws are not so strict, nor their enforcement so energetic, in any other respect as they are in this. Yesterday, for example, someone took the liberty of interrupting the preacher in a Methodist church with a question, thereby disturbing the services. This individual was thrown out of the church and arrested by the authorities; and either the jail or an asylum will be his residence for a year. The same treatment was meted out to another, who disturbed the Presbyterian services in the same manner five weeks ago. The Catholic church owes its rapid spread and quick growth to this precious freedom. My colleague, the Irish priest, a Dominican, behaved himself in a masterly fashion in this matter. It was he who warned the four Irish maids not to attend the Protestant services. After their dismissal he justified himself in a fiery two-hour sermon, by showing that according to the rules of his church he could not have acted differently, and branded the action of the trustees and the administration of the asylum as an attack upon the freedom of conscience and a violation of the Constitution. From this resulted the action explained above.

In regard to educational institutions I can make here only a few general observations. Since the Constitution guarantees liberty and equality to all citizens, naturally the same means of education must be offered to them all. The Constitution provides these means. A third [thirty-sixth?] of all state lands shall be a permanent unchangeable school fund, and in case these shall be found insufficient in a given state, they shall be augmented by special school taxes. English was accepted as the legal language, which provision, however, will probably suffer an exception on account of the

continuous growth of the German population. In order to make these schools available to all religious denominations, all religion was excluded from them and left entirely to the pastors of the various denominations. The schools so constituted are called common schools. The past year has already brought about an exception, however, inasmuch as, upon remonstrance by the Catholic bishops, purely Catholic schools are already being supported by the state. For purposes of elementary instruction each state is divided into school districts, in the middle of which (often in the midst of a forest, entirely isolated, only on a passable road) the wooden schoolroom is erected.

For further education there are in the cities, colleges, seminaries, and a sort of university. Besides these, it is anyone's privilege to establish private schools at his own expense. Thus the Catholics, especially, have established such colleges everywhere, under regulars for young men, and under nuns for young women.[38] They are very well attended. And who are the students of these schools? The majority are children of respected, wealthy Protestants. So great is the prestige of the schools and the mutual tolerance. This is of important consequences for Catholicism. But I must stop, else I shall miss the mail-boat to Europe.

P. S. My mission is growing. Forty miles north is the little city of Morehouseville, with many Germans, some French and Italians. They ask me to visit them. Thirty-six miles northeast, fifteen Rhine-Prussian families are founding a new Catholic colony, which I shall have to visit later.

You say nothing in your letters as to whether I can expect anything in the way of church ornaments, prayer-books, or schoolbooks. I could use such things very well both here and in other places. I have just received word of the return of our bishop. If he has not obtained any German priests in Europe, I shall very soon, surely, with his permission, ask our Most Reverend Princely Bishops for some. Recommending myself and my flock to your pious thoughts, I remain, etc.—ADELBERT INAMA.[39]

[38] Ecclesiastical seminaries, 19; literary institutes for young men, 16; female academies, 48. *Vide U. S. Cath. Mag.*, January, 1844, 66.

[39] *Central-Blatt*, November, 1922; *Blätter aus Tyrol*, i, 765, 786 (1843).

VI

The Signs on the Horizon of the Catholic World in America

Utica, Dec. 22, 1843. (Corresp.) Your letter of October 24 did not get to Utica until the sixteenth of this month. It took fifty-one days, while my next-last, of September 11, reached you in thirty-three days. This difference is caused by the westerly winds prevailing in the fall, the turning of the earth, and the always-hindering Gulf Stream in the Atlantic Ocean. With tireless patience I enquired daily at the post office until finally I was handed, quickly following one another, three letters from Europe—almost too many at one time!

In the meantime Raffeiner has gone over and will have corroborated and amplified my reports orally. He had already had for a long time the idea of visiting his home again, and therefore asked me to take his place in Williamsburg. Now the Rt. Rev. Bishop informs me and the parishes which are clamoring for German priests, that Raffeiner was given instructions to procure priests in Tyrol and send them over to us as soon as possible. The Bishop promises them the desired aid by next May. He places great confidence in Tyrol and the two sovereign bishops. May it not be destroyed! It would mean distress to the deserted Germans and a disgrace for my arch-Catholic fatherland. Six priests are absolutely necessary; twelve would enable the Bishop to realize his fondest plans. Perhaps Raffeiner can give you further information about this. I am reading with great pleasure of the activity and advance of the Jesuit order in Innsbruck; but when, on the other hand, the respective relation of priests to population here and there comes to my mind, and I realize that it is about as one to a hundred, while there the Catholic people are concentrated and unmixed, faith not subject to attack and morality unendangered, then an entirely different feeling threatens to come over my soul.

You cannot imagine what unconditional obedience and unlimited confidence the good-hearted Germans give me. I have not yet had a case in confessional of anyone who was

requested to return not appearing at the appointed time. People who have not been in a Catholic church since they came to America, twelve or more years ago, now come as often as possible, and receive with edification the holy sacraments. The former pastor was hardly sure of his life, nor the church from fire. The latter was the private property of seven citizens, who wished to resell it. But shortly after my arrival the officers of the church accepted without condition the new regulations of the Bishop in regard to church property, transferred the ownership of the church to the parish, and retained the liability for the payment of the still outstanding debts. Peace and unity have completely returned.[40]

I could tell you, in this regard, many interesting and important things about my mission-trips of the last two months of this year, but I have even more important matters to report. They concern Catholicism in all North America. I claim that it is flourishing and has the brightest prospects for the future. Let the facts speak for themselves:

a. A sure sign that matters must be going well in our Catholic camp is the unrest and alarm in the enemy camp. Some time ago our opponents cried with one voice: Catholicism is a foe of all political freedom; it is not for North America. But now they see that it is just in the ground of freedom that it roots itself most strongly and grows most rapidly. This year brings us nine bishops, five of whom are far out in the West, one of them very wisely a German, Rt. Rev. H.[Henni] from Switzerland, the Vicar-general of Cincinnati.[41]

After this opposing war-cry had been silenced another appeared, Nativism. They opposed the native-born American citizens to the recent immigrants; that is, the Puritans and Anglicans against the Catholics and other more recently arrived sects. However, the indignation of the best men of

[40] *Ante,* note 30; the Rev. Francis Guth, *Catholic Almanac* (1842); the Rev. Joseph Prost, C.SS.R., *ibid.* (1848).

[41] New York, Boston, and St. Louis received coadjutors; Pittsburg, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Little Rock were created dioceses, and Oregon was made a vicariate; Hartford was created a diocese, and Charleston received a new bishop. *Vide Collectio Lacensis, op. cit.,* iii, 94; the Rev. P. B. Gams, *Series Episcoporum* (Ratisbonae, 1873).

all parties arises against this. The differentiation between old and new citizens is repudiated with indignation.

b. The prejudices against Catholicism are gradually disappearing and a conversion en masse is being prepared. The martyrdom of the three French missionaries and the one hundred and fifty faithful in Korea was deeply impressed upon every Christian heart by all the American newspapers. People are acknowledging that there are true martyrs and true miracles in the Catholic church, and this makes a strong impression.[42]

c. All governments and all religious parties in America are working together to raise the morality and religious feeling of the people and to root out the sins which are ruinous to society; and indeed not without success, especially in regard to gambling, intemperance, wantonness, etc.

And thereby man always becomes more receptive toward truth and Catholicism. It is indeed edifying to see how differently from in Europe Sundays are spent here; and equally edifying to read with what a pious spirit the President of the United States, in his message, first gives honor to God for all good, and the governors of the separate states all set a common week-day, December 14, as Thanksgiving Day for the blessings of the past year. Sundays here are not days of amusement, but of quiet devotion either at home or at church. Instead of going to the theater or the saloon, on such days here one goes to the church at seven in the evening. Without urgent need, no ship sails on Sunday; yes, it has even been decided recently not to run trains on that day. You may judge herefrom the deeply religious character of the people—or can it be true that this is all hypocrisy?

d. Here association is all in all; so also for religion. The numerous convent schools—especially of the Sisters of Charity—are largely supported by such associations, which contain Protestants as well as Catholics.

[42] A persecution broke out in Korea in 1839. The missionaries, Fathers Imbert, Maubant, and Chastan, were beheaded September 21, 1839. Many Christians were put to death. The cause of seventy-eight of the principal Korean martyrs with that of the three missionaries and Father Andrew Kim, first native priest (martyred 1840) was introduced in the court of Rome by a decree of September 24, 1857. *Vide Cath. Ency.*, iv, 362.

A fair was held here on the twelfth and thirteenth of December. There were any number of the most various trivialities. The net profit was $400 (1,000 fl. R. W.). The local sisters thanked the generous public for this on the following days. More than two-thirds of the benefactors were Protestants.

e. I wrote you in my earlier letters that the Catholic educational institutions, particularly those for girls, were attended in large numbers by Protestants. The Sisters of Charity mentioned have such a small institution here.[43] And over half of its numerous pupils are the children of Protestants; this is not because they do not have larger, richer, and consequently better equipped schools of their own. But the results, not only in morality and religion, but also in learning, are surer and greater among the sisters. The Protestants recognize this and therefore often prefer sending their daughters to Catholic schools. The future will show the marvelous gain for Catholicism.

I have not completed herewith a full enumeration of all the signs of the times, but I believe that these should be sufficient to show that Catholicism is not in a bad way in this part of the world, that its future is very promising, and that it would consequently be very desirable and profitable to send very many workers to such a promising field of endeavor. In the confident expectation of soon seeing several priests arrive from over there, I will use all of my power to prepare for them (in so far as, the bishop permitting, my endeavors can extend) a home and a good living. It is true that there are many and great difficulties in the path of the missionary. But I would not rejoice to be one if there were no hardships connected with it.

Besides the complication mentioned in my previous letters, caused by the state laws of property, ownership, and inheritance, which even the bishops have as yet found no

[43] *Catholic Almanac* (1835-); for the years 1841-1843 there were four Sisters of Charity conducting St. John's Female Orphan Asylum and Free School with about ninety pupils.

satisfactory means of solving,[44] the creation and regulation of a German Catholic parish has another difficulty in comparison with the Irish bishops and parishes. The German Catholics here are not, like the Irish, peas from the same pod. But, in the same place, there will be people from Lorraine, Alsace, the Palatine, Baden, Prussia, Franconia, etc. It is difficult to bring so many heads under one roof. One must understand gathering and organizing well.

Furthermore, except in the extreme West, the first Catholic settlers are mostly Irish. Later, Germans come in gradually, and of necessity join them. Finally their number becomes considerable and the need urgent for a priest and services of their own. Then the Irish priest is about to lose a part of his parishioners and likewise a good part of his income. You can imagine that this would bring about some unpleasant results. The Irish-American bishops desire a homogeneous flock, consequently would prefer that the German immigrants should become anglicized and thereby German priests be dispensable. Only the missionaries can stop or prevent this; but, as you can easily imagine, not without unpleasant results for themselves.

The expected missionaries, however, will find these difficulties overcome to a large extent. All my efforts are directed thereto. Otherwise I were a traitor to the Catholic religion and to my German compatriots. So let them come in confidence.—Adelbert Inama.

Work in Syracuse, Salina, and Manlius

Utica, Feb. 19, 1844. Since my last letter all mission matters have worked out so satisfactorily, both here and over there, that my heart is filled with consolation and joy. A few days ago I received news from Tyrol which gave actual proof that great interest has been awakened there in the German missions here and that aid in priests, church orna-

[44] Lay-trusteeism represents an extreme intrusion of lay control into church temporalities, and often went into the spiritual domain. It is a reaction to the state-church. It was the natural result of the constitutional effort to keep the church and state separate, which held that church ownership of any property or goods was impossible or impracticable without a close cooperation of the state, and hence it meant a church-state union.

ments, and money will soon be forthcoming. I am therefore enclosing the *Catholic Almanac of the United States,* in which, although it is not completely free from errors, you will find a treasure of statistical information about the church in North America.[45] I would have you notice particularly the number of PP. Redemptorists, most of whom have come into the country in recent years.[46] They are a clear gain for the German Catholics and have settled in the largest cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Rochester, and especially in Albany,—but have on the other hand given up their farthest station, at Norwalk, Ohio.

Now still a few words about my latest excursions! Last All-Saints Week I went fifty-three miles west to Syracuse, Salina, and Manlius, partly to hold mission services, partly to help arrange church affairs there, which succeeded so well that the most worthy bishop granted by return mail the prayer sent in and gave permission gladly for a church to be built and promised the first German missionary with the remark that he had just sent Raffeiner to Germany for this purpose.[47]

Eight miles this side of Syracuse, north of the railroad on an unusually fruitful plain which slopes gently to Lakes Oneida and Ontario, is the small, entirely German Catholic colony Manlius. It was started eleven years ago by the settling of German families from Forbach in Lorraine. These were gradually followed by half the village, so that it now consists of fifty families and three hundred souls. It is said that they have all their lands practically paid for, and it is only the low value of all agricultural products which pre-

[45] Its genealogy is: *Catholic Laity's Directory* (New York, 1817); *Laity's Directory* (New York, 1822); regular publication began in 1833 of *United States Catholic Almanac* (Baltimore, New York), with the exception of 1862 and 1863; *Sadlier's Catholic Almanac and Ordo* (New York, 1864-1896); *Catholic Directory and Clergy List Quarterly* (Milwaukee, 1886-1896); *Official Catholic Directory* (Milwaukee, 1897-1911); *Official Catholic Directory* (New York, 1911-1927). *Vide Official Catholic Directory* (New York, 1912), page iii.

[46] The first Redemptorists arrived in Ohio in 1832, and worked in the diocese of Cincinnati (Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin).

[47] *Kath. Blätter* (May 6, 1844), no. 19, *Supplement* no. 19, 453, reports that Raffeiner left for America on the second of May with one student of theology, two Franciscan brothers, and four priests: the Reverends Florian Schwenninger, O. S. B.; Ambrose Buchmair, O. S. F.; John Kremer; and William Unterthiner, O. S. F., this last of the four to work in the archdiocese of Cincinnati.

vents their rapid rise to affluence. They have erected the framework of a church, or let us say barn, with an altar for reading mass, which I was able to do only twice as my return to Utica could no longer be postponed. In those two days I practiced all phases of my official duties. There were eight children to baptize, a sick man to visit a mile away; the rest of the time was occupied in preaching and hearing confession. Children between twelve and twenty years old came to confession for the first time, which naturally took more time. I must say for the parents that I found most of them satisfactorily instructed in the most necessary doctrines and even in the formalities. The rest I postponed until my next visit. For years this good, pious parish saw no German priest; the nearest, and this only recently, lives fifty miles away. To be sure they were visited semi-annually by the Irish priest in Salina[48] and sometimes by good fortune by a German missionary at Easter. But the former spoke no German and the latter could stay no longer. The young were neglected and the parish was sadly deserted. The enemies of our religion, to whom this desertion had long been known, utilized it as an opportunity to smuggle Protestant Bibles—German for the adults, English for the children—into each home. Dutifully I instructed the people in this regard and ordered them severely to deliver these Bibles to their pastor; but with a definite warning not to throw them in the fire, for ordering "the word of God to be burned" would doubtless have given me a notorious name in all the journals of North America. In spite of this, however, I learned the very next day that several women had thrown their Bibles into the stove. For the future it was arranged that the expected priest at Syracuse should visit the parish at Manlius every month. They will provide his transportation, food and lodging while there, and pay him 100 dollars (250 fl. R. W.) annually. I have been requested to return to this region next week, partly to hear the Easter confessions, partly to complete the arrangements in Syracuse for the building of a church and the reception of the awaited priest. —ADELBERT INAMA.

[48] The Rev. Michael Heas, *Catholic Almanac* (1840-1843).

[*To be continued*]

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WASHINGTON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS

Tacitus, who was a maker of apt phrases, was thinking of biography and not of history proper when he wrote: "It is the chief function of history to rescue merit from oblivion, and to hold up, to the contemplation of the evil thinking and acting, the sure condemnation of posterity."

The statement implies the advocacy of a degree of rigor in presenting the facts about prominent characters which it is feared has rarely been exercised by biographers, ancient or modern. Ancient writers were apt to be either for or against their subject, rarely impartially discriminating. The reason is simple. There were no great collections of documents from which writers could draw data of an impersonal quality, no stimuli to the preparation of biographies of men who were long dead. Books were written about virtual contemporaries, on the basis of reports concerning them from friends or enemies. The result was almost sure to be a partisan performance, just as modern campaign biographies and memorial speeches are sure to be partisan.

The nature of the verdict on a public man depended on his repute at the end of life. If he died in good odor his "fame" was secure and he was a proper object of felicitation. There was a widespread sentiment among the Greeks that no man could be deemed happy until his death, and the examples of men who died happy suggest that the test was a savory reputation due to some heroic act or significant public service. If a man died in the performance of good deeds, his fame passed on down the ages, secure against the dis-

turbing influence of biographers working generations distant, among records adequate to reveal the man independently of his partisan contemporaries.

The modern case is different. A statesman or warrior may have never so triumphant a funeral; he may be acclaimed by the whole world as hero or benefactor; yet, there is no assurance that such a verdict will satisfy posterity, which builds upon the entire career, studied impartially from data vastly superior to the tradition current at the time of the subject's demise. So far from the contemporary estimate of a character being the final one, it is now well understood that no contemporary biography can possess the quality of finality.

A hundred considerations of an adventitious nature are apt to affect the judgment of contemporaries. Wealth, social status, personal leadership, eloquence, party service, success in procuring popular legislation—these are a few of the circumstances giving rise to a successful public man's prestige. And, after all, prestige is not performance, nor is it the guarantee of character or genuine merit. On the other hand, many a near genius, inhibited by personal peculiarities, by poverty or social ineptitude, from the building up of prestige, goes to his grave unhonored, to await the judgment of posterity upon his character and true worth. It is the impersonal nature of the records which enables generations other than his own to do justice.

Applying these principles to the case of George Washington, one can say that Washington was fortunate in the Greek sense. His fame was so exalted at the moment his earthly career closed that, had it been permitted merely an unobstructed passage down the ages, he must always have been regarded as America's premier character—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It appears, however, that his prestige as father of his country

waxed greater for a time, with the growth of the republic and of men's conception of its glorious destiny among the nations of the earth.

At all events, the generation which came upon the scene after 1800 showed a strong disposition to deify the man who was so largely responsible for securing the liberties of America and the success of the new government under the Constitution. This tendency is revealed not alone in Fourth of July addresses and the recurring February memorial services, in books like that of the notorious Weems, but in professedly sober history and biography. Jared Sparks, for example, the pioneer editor of Washington's papers, was so overwhelmed by the greatness of his subject that he refused to let Washington represent himself as less than perfect in any respect. He corrected his spelling, which in the natural state was not impeccable; he squared many of his involved expressions with the rules of grammar; he even ventured rhetorical improvements, making Washington speak the language of the school-master rather than the soldier. Worst of all, Mr. Sparks suppressed portions of documents in which, according to his unfortunate obsession, the great man had written in a character unworthy of his best self. An example is the way he changed a statement containing the expression "scalping parties," because he did not wish the people to be informed that Washington favored the employment of Indians in warfare. Herein he was harmonizing Washington with the theoretical military ethics of the 1830's, a code which had little more basis in reality than it had during the French and Indian wars when Washington, the realist and practical soldier, proposed to use scalping parties as a device for meeting the tactics of the enemy.

The very extended life of Washington by Irving was written in the spirit of Sparks's edition, which constituted its documentary foundation. Irving with all his literary art

can be shown to have repeated many of the errors, emendations, and glosses perpetrated by Sparks. The spirit of Sparks and Irving appears in the vast majority of Washington biographies. In fact, these writers typify the attitude which the American people have demanded of one who presumes to write of their supreme hero.

The Washington tradition has become a national cult; it ministers to our patriotic pride, contributes to our ethics, has in fact much value in the maintenance of a national morale. It is not to be wondered at that we object to having the tradition disturbed. The question, however, is regarding the truth of the picture which the older books on Washington present. If it is not wholly true, and if means exist for correcting it, the readjustment of our ideas, painful as that process may be, must be effected.

There are available today abundant sources for a genuine life of Washington. The enormous mass of original Washington papers, augmented by many recently discovered additions, is open to whoever desires to examine them at the Library of Congress. Washington's *Writings,* edited by Worthington C. Ford, supersedes Sparks's edition and constitutes a sound basis for biographical study. Lastly, the so-called *Diaries* of Washington, edited by John C. Fitzpatrick in four stout volumes, were given to the public in 1925.

The appearance of the diaries may be presumed to have stimulated the production of some of the more recent and radical of the Washington biographies. At all events, W. E. Woodward in his *George Washington, the Image and the Man,* published in 1926, makes a generous use of them, and Rupert Hughes, in *George Washington the Human Being and the Hero* (1926), uses the diaries to a still greater extent.

The tendency of the first of these two books is distinctly hostile to the tradition of Washington as generally accepted, and it appears to me that the author allowed himself to be misled through a failure to understand the limitations of his sources, including the diaries. Woodward finds Washington as a character strikingly barren intellectually and emotionally, becoming at an early age "gray inside." It is difficult to summarize Woodward fairly in a word, but he evidently believes Washington's success to have been due mainly to personal and family circumstances favoring the building up of a great prestige, to luck, and to something in his make-up—a compound of elemental morality and will—to which he gives the name of character. He concedes to Washington no unusual qualities of mind. His statesmanship, according to this critic, was the natural out-working of a strongly aristocratic and reactionary disposition, his generalship a remarkable career of concrete failures parading in the habilaments of theoretical triumphs.

The Washington of Woodward's book is a glorified (not grandly glorified) Babbitt. He is a man of the acquisitive type, always seeking to enlarge his holdings of land, driving sharp bargains to gain what he wants, which is not merely all "that jines his," but as much of the millions of acres of wild land lying beyond the frontier as can be secured; a driver of business; a money maker and money keeper. His relaxation takes the form of killing things, especially foxes, of dining out, playing cards for small stakes, and dancing. Of intellectual and cultural interests the author finds no evidence. Washington was just a common American—"the American common denominator, the average man deified and raised to the *nth* power. His preoccupations were with material success, with practical details, with money, land, authority . . . and these are the preoccupations of the average American. He was great in all ordinary qualities. Courage was,

I think, his most significant trait, and courage is a most ordinary phenomenon. He was utterly honest, but his honesty was combined with shrewdness; and that is the kind of honesty admired by the average American. Washington would not commit a dishonest act on any consideration, but he would get the better of another man in a trade, if he could. Ideals had but a small part in his life. He did not consider them important, nor does the average American. He respected ideas only when they had the force of authority, or of money, or of a political party. Then one must take notice of them. Here we see the typical captain of industry attitude. . . . He was thoroughly undemocratic . . . and this too is typically American, for our country is the most undemocratic of all the great free countries. . . . He was vain, fond of adulation and power, and greatly disturbed by criticism. . . . There were hard, harsh streaks in his personality, though on the whole he was magnanimous and kindly. . . . I do not think that he was a good general. . . . His mind was of the executive type. . . . His spiritual life was dim. He thought in material terms. The inner significance of people and events was beyond his range."

There is, in the picture here presented, something of the truth; yet it is evidently the truth of a caricature, not of a portrait, and to the historian the interesting question is how this author arrived at his extraordinary conclusions. To speak of Washington as "the American common denominator" is little short of absurd when one recalls the impress he made not merely on the country as a whole, but upon practically every one of the scores of distinguished men, Americans and Europeans, who came in personal contact with him.

In Washington's case, much depends on the testimony of associates and chance acquaintances. The ordinary biographical subject, if a public man whose papers have been preserved, has written his portrait in detail for the biog-

rapher who is clever enough to interpret what is recondite in his sources. Washington, however, was usually so objective in his writings about things and men as to give but imperfect hints about the personality in the background. He had that habit of relevance which is found not uncommonly in the mind trained to apply mathematics, as in surveying. Such a mind does not reveal itself at large. Strict relevance in the author of source documents is the despair of historians. Thucydides, himself a great historian and author of one of the world's best histories, is complained of because, in adhering to his principle of relevance, he obviously excluded many things about his times and himself which, if known, would today brighten the path of the classicist. On the other hand Polybius, a less distinguished ancient historian, has illuminated his times because he wrote in a more open, chatty, personal way with little insistence upon strict relevance.

So, in comparing the writings of Washington and, let us say, John Adams, we find the one revealing, the other not; and while we may derive from the difference in tone some suggestions as to the differences of mind between the two men, still great caution must be exercised lest our inferences shall prove too broad.

And while this caution applies to virtually all of Washington's writings, there is peculiar need for it on the part of the interpreter of the so-called *Diaries*. A perusal of the four volumes of the diaries leaves one wondering why they should be regarded as an important addition to Washington sources, particularly on the side of personality. Mr. Woodward says of the diaries that they "are as devoid of introspection as a furniture catalogue. He sets down the state of the weather, then tells where he went and what he did and who came to dinner." He adds: "But, even if we agree to let the diaries stand as vehicles of skeletonized facts, we find

the same cold impersonal spirit in the letters." This is largely true; yet in spite of this proof that he understands the limitations of the diaries as sources, Woodward places them under heavy contribution and Hughes relies on them even to a greater extent. The use made of the diaries, whatever the author's ostensible purpose, is in effect to caricature Washington, for the reason that the diaries are in no sense a mirror reflecting his true lineaments, as the biographer should have known. A writer who observed, as Woodward did, that, on May 30, 1765—the day the Virginia House of Burgesses, with Washington present, voted on Patrick Henry's famous "resolves"—the diary notes only that: "Peter Green came to me as a gardener," cannot plead ignorance of the character of the diaries.

Washington's diaries were primarily memoranda—records of items of which the writer would need to remind himself. Peter Green's engagement dated from that day; it would therefore, when pay-day came around, be the point from which his wages must be reckoned. That Washington was not a journalizer in the ordinary sense can be illustrated from every page of the four volumes. As an example, during the session of the Continental Congress a characteristic entry is this for October 6: "At Congress. Din'd at Mr. Sam'l Merdith's." Or Oct. 8: "At Congress. Dined with Mr. John Cadwallader." Not once does he mention the business of the session. Would it not be ridiculous, however, to infer from that fact any want of interest in the proceedings of the Congress? Washington was nothing if not relevant. The proceedings of Congress were being recorded by the clerk. Dinners imposed an obligation which it was incumbent upon him to remember or recall.

The memorandum character of the diaries appears in all of his agricultural notes. Dates of plowing and seeding particular fields, the beginnings of experiments with given

crops, with livestock, periods of illness of slaves, and records of breeding both of farm stock and dogs—these make up a large part of the so-called diaries.

There is no warrant whatever for the conclusion which Rupert Hughes states and Woodward implies, that: "The things he [Washington] noted [in the diaries] are the index of his character." To say they are an index to his occupations would have been defensible; for, just as the merchant, to aid his memory, notes in the day-book who buys described goods and at what price, so Washington the farmer, man of miscellaneous business, soldier, legislator, and publicist, kept a day-book in which he recorded items that were likely to prove of interest to himself later. Wide familiarity with the personal records of men is not necessary to convince one that there is no fixed correspondence between the cultural or intellectual interests of a "diarist," and the relative barrenness of the pages resulting from his daily jottings of selected items. The character of the record turns on the purpose for which it is made, the amount of time set aside for journalizing, and other factors. Among a thousand diaries perhaps one will be a John Quincy Adams product in the fulness of its disclosures, though a hundred might be by men of similar intellectual and cultural range.

It is a far cry from Parson Weems to W. E. Woodward, and that long trail is sign-posted with a vast number and variety of Washington biographies. Prior to the appearance in 1889 of Henry Cabot Lodge's two-volume work, it cannot be said that Irving had been improved upon. Then, in 1896, came the brilliant life by Woodrow Wilson, and Paul Leicester Ford's *True George Washington.* All of these writers, like the latest ones, profess a purpose of exhibiting Washington the man as opposed to Washington the marble statue, created by the tribe of biographical eulogists and adulators; and Ford certainly succeeded in giving his

readers the picture of a man of flesh and blood, of high temper and passion, with foibles and faults like those of other men.

Much has been made of the fact that Hughes and Woodward, the latest biographers, parade Washington's inordinate fondness for dancing, his fox-hunting, racing, and card-playing for stakes. All of these things, however, were brought out in Ford's book thirty years ago. So, also, was the evidence for Washington's comparative indifference to religious matters and his large tolerance. Indeed, to one who is familiar with the *True George Washington* there are few facts revealed in the recent books that need shock anyone; though the note of detraction on which the Woodward book is written is bound to arouse resentment.

The chief contribution to our knowledge of Washington, contained in the new books, relates on the one hand to his love episodes and on the other to his military experience, particularly the campaigns of Braddock and of Forbes. On the first point, one must credit these two writers with having, for the first time, set out the facts clearly authenticated, which prove that Washington was capable of an overmastering love, like other men of strong and deep personalities. Hughes's first volume—the only one so far published—does not reach to the Revolution. Woodward treats the entire career of Washington, and presents, it must be confessed, some exceedingly pertinent criticisms on Washington as a general. This, however, is not a new attitude, for as early as 1839 John Marshall defended Washington against similar strictures, and it will not be forgotten that the Conway Cabal derived all of its vitality from a rather widespread feeling in and outside of Congress that the commander-in-chief was for some reason inadequate to the military need. Marshall sums up his argument in the statement: "It is evidence of real merit that no decisive advantages were ever obtained

over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused."

On the generalship question the present reviewer has no special knowledge, but military critics will be sure to discuss Woodward's comments pro and con, thus helping to clarify the problem in the light of modern strategy and tactics. On the subject of Washington's mental endowments, his high integrity, public spirit, and sound statesmanship, I see much to criticize in the tone of Woodward, who appears to regard political conservatism as prima facie evidence of an inferior mind. The method of historical analysis which is content to classify Washington with the modern "big business" man is quite too easy to possess much value. One prefers the measured statement of the Federalist chief justice when, in closing his discussion of Washington's character, he wrote: "Endowed by nature with a sound judgment and an accurate, discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right which would tolerate the employment of those means only that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted but unsuspected."

Joseph Schafer

COMMUNICATIONS

CORRECTIONS

In the September issue of your magazine, in describing the fire of 1871, in the last paragraph on page 103 you give the name of the town of Williamsonville, Kewaunee County. This should be Door County. On page 105 you mention Brussels Township in Kewaunee County. That also is a part of Door County.

Henry Fetzer, *Sturgeon Bay*

On page 97 of the same issue, the number 600,000 should read 300,000.

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

Louise Phelps Kellogg

During the quarter ending October 10, 1927, there were eight additions to the membership of the State Historical Society. Four persons enrolled as life members: George Konti Eggleston, Madison; Mrs. Helen A. Lee, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. W. H. Marshall, Milwaukee; Mrs. John Henry Voje, Oconomowoc.

Four persons became annual members: Herman J. Deutsch, Pullman, Washington; L. B. Griffith, Racine; Dr. Roy E. Mitchell, Eau Claire; Rev. Henry C. Nott, Milwaukee.

The Society's Homecoming took place on Labor Day, when its friends gathered to examine our treasures. The exhibits were all placed in the museum, which was also opened for two hours the preceding Sunday. Agricultural history, as exemplified in early implements, machines, agricultural newspapers and periodicals, medals, badges, etc., was the foremost exhibit. Rare books, early newspapers, priceless manuscripts (including the set of signers of the Declaration of Independence) added to the usual attractive exhibits in the museum an especial interest for the day.

The seventy-fifth annual meeting of the Society occurred October 20. Unfortunately this number does not properly mark the age of the Society, which was founded January 30, 1849. When the Society was reorganized in 1853, the number on the *Annual Report* was changed to correspond to the new charter and constitution. Thus the first annual report was issued January, 1855, and the numbering was continued by the reports until 1887. At the annual meeting of that year, held January 6, Dr. Lyman C. Draper resigned, and in order to indicate his length of service the meeting was called the thirty-fourth annual meeting, at which the thirty-third annual report was read. From that time dates the present mode of numbering the annual meeting, which it would be difficult after all these years to change. The double numbering of annual meeting and report was continued until 1891, when the number of the report was dropped and that of the meeting retained. That same year the date of the annual meeting was changed from January to December, so that in 1891 there were two annual meetings. Again in 1908 the date was shifted from December to October. Thus it will be seen, that although technically called the "seventy-fifth annual meeting," October 20 represents no true anniversary of the Society's origins. The real seventy-fifth anniversary was January 30, 1924.

At the meeting October 20, eleven of the twelve curators whose term expired were reëlected. Judge Lyman J. Nash of Manitowoc resigned because of ill health, and at his suggestion Judge Emil Baensch was chosen in his stead. Professor Robert K. Richardson of Beloit College was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. William F. Whyte; Colonel Marshall Cousins of Eau Claire was elected in the place of Professor John B. Parkinson, deceased. After the business meeting a dinner was held for members and friends at the University Club, when Professor E. B. McGilvary entertained the guests with an account of his recent trip through the Arabian desert, from Palestine to Egypt.

ACQUISITIONS

The Cheever papers have recently been acquired by purchase. Dustin Grow Cheever, born in Vermont in 1830, removed in the spring of 1851 to Rock County, where his uncle Dustin Grow had preceded him. Young Cheever bought land near Clinton, and developed a large and successful farm, and there died February 8, 1897. The papers consist of his letters and diaries, the latter in twenty-eight volumes, beginning with his advent to Wisconsin and continuing until 1893. The entries in these diaries reveal the interests of a thoroughly progressive farmer; they relate to seed varieties, fertilization, new and improved types of machinery, prices and markets, attendance at agricultural meetings, where scientific methods were discussed. Mr. Cheever was for some time interested in the factory plan for butter and cheese; stock raising he carried on successfully; notes appear of the purchase of blooded horses, fine cattle, and Spanish merino sheep. He took an active part in the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association. He was also for a decade (1875-1885) a partner with Dr. George Covert in a drug store in Clinton. All these varied interests find mention in the diary entries.

Cheever was an active citizen, writing regularly for the Janesville and Beloit papers on topics of the time, political as well as agricultural. He also traveled widely for his day—to Milwaukee, Chicago, and elsewhere to hear noted speakers on education, temperance, slavery, and politics. He attended political conventions and demonstrations, agricultural and educational gatherings. He visited Iowa, Minnesota (where he bought land), his old home in Vermont, Washington, and New York City; all these trips are reported in his diaries.

In politics Mr. Cheever was an ardent Republican; during the Civil War he administered bounty money and aided in enlistments. He also held several local offices, chiefly those connected with schools; he was deputy postmaster at Clinton 1871-1877; trustee of the state institute at Delavan for the deaf 1876-1883. His home was one of large hospitality, entertaining itinerants of many professions—doctors, dentists, clergymen, lecturers, and family friends. Although the Cheevers were Baptists they were interested in the welfare of other denominations and aided the ministers and Protestant churches of Rock County.

Among the letters are a number relating to Mr. Cheever's early life in Vermont, where he taught school for several years. Letters are also found in this collection from a relative who went through the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia during the Civil War. Altogether the collection is a notable one in its reflection of the many-sided interests and accomplishments of a typical Wisconsin citizen.

The papers of E. W. Williamson, an early and prominent citizen of Madison, have been donated by Susan Williamson, daughter of the author. These papers chiefly relate to land matters, Williamson being connected for over forty years (1842-1884) with John Catlin in buying and selling lands and tax titles. We note among them a renter's mortgage and its returns; a mortgage given by Storer W. Fields of Dane County to aid in building the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railway and the subsequent negotiations with the railway officials; many tax receipts; and sales of land in Manitowoc County.

Several accessions of Civil War papers have been received, notably those of Bruce E. McCoy, captain of Company G, Forty-third Wisconsin Infantry, donor Harold D. McCoy of Sparta; and the enlistment roll of Oconto County volunteers with one of Company L, Third Wisconsin Cavalry, when stationed July 30, 1865, at Fort Dodge, Kansas. These are a gift of Charles C. Crapser of Minneapolis, who also sends correspondence regarding the oldest military organizations in the United States.

LANDMARKS ACTIVITIES

One of the most notable undertakings in years is the proposal of the Wisconsin Society of Chicago to mark the early roads of Wisconsin, first that from the southern boundary to Green Bay, then the military road from Fort Howard at Green Bay to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. The markers, which consist of bronze tablets twenty by six inches, are to stand seven feet high in concrete posts at a distance of a mile apart. The first one near Kenosha was erected September 29 last and reads: "[Emblem of an eagle with outspread wings] Green Bay Road. Pioneer Road Chicago to Green Bay Established by the Federal Government 1832. Wisconsin Society of Chicago." George I. Haight is chairman of the committee on markers; Judge Evan A. Evans, president of the society. The latter presented the first tablet to the state, and it was accepted by Highway Commissioner Hertzog. C. F. Neff of Wisconsin also spoke. The legislature authorized the society to erect these markers on the state highways.

A tablet marking the military trail which connected Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien with Fort Atkinson in Iowa was erected in August by the Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution.

In our September issue we mentioned that four markers were to be erected at Lake Geneva. Several members of our staff went to the lake for "Historical Day" (July 28), when the unveiling ceremony took place. A distinguished audience gathered at the Fontana end of the lake, where seats had been placed in a near-by field. M. A. Healy of Chicago and Lake Geneva presided and introduced Dr. Paul B. Jenkins, who gave a historical address entitled "Ninety-six Years Ago," a graphic picture of the early Indian village and the surroundings as seen by the Kinzie party in 1831. Other speakers were Charles E. Brown, and a Potawatomi Indian. S. B. Chapin drew the cover from tablet number one, which reads: "A village of Potawatomi Indians occupied the rising ground west of this point when the first whites visited the lake May, 1831. The intention of these Indians to join the hostiles in the Black Hawk War of 1832 was defeated by Shabbona, an Ottawa Indian friendly to the whites, who here learned of the impending attack and warned the settlers. The Indians' lands were bought by the United States at the great council at Chicago in 1833 and the Indians were removed to western reservations in 1836." Other smaller tablets mark Big Foot's lodge, the trail from Four Lakes, and the place the Kinzies saw the lake in 1831.

A thirty-five-foot pole, carefully carved and painted with Indian scenes, was unveiled August 14 in Peninsula State Park near Ephraim. This totem pole was erected by the Door County Historical Society to commemorate the first inhabitants of that region, the Potawatomi Indians. A large delegation of Wisconsin Potawatomi headed by Chief Simon Kahquados were guests of honor for the occasion, at which nearly five thousand people gathered. President H. R. Holand presented the pole, which was accepted by A. W. Icks of the Conservation Commission. Congressman George Schneider spoke on Indian legislation.

The state commandery of the Grand Army of the Republic, which has charge of the Cushing Memorial Park at Delafield, has had built within the park a community house of logs which was dedicated in October.

A boulder labeled "Indian Trail, Buell Farm, D. A. R." has been laid where the trail from Lake Geneva to Chicago along the Nippersink Creek crossed the road from Walworth village to Genoa. This marker was placed at the instance of Mrs. Fred W. Isham, Walworth County member of the state D. A. R. Committee on Indian Trails. It is in Linn township about nine miles south of the city of Lake Geneva.

A concrete Indian tepee has been erected in Arctic Springs Park, north of Galesville, by the Independent Order of Red Men and the Daughters of Pocahontas. The dedication occurred July 28, when the following inscription was revealed: "In memory of Princess Marinuka."

This daughter of Chief Winneshiek died there October 5, 1884; the neighboring lake is known as Lake Marinuka.

A fountain given to the city of La Crosse by George W. Peck when he was governor of Wisconsin, for the benefit of the newsboys of the newspaper he had formerly edited, has been removed to make way for a more modern type of fountain. When it was installed it bore a plate on which was engraved: "This drink is on me, boys. George W. Peck."

Suggestions for forthcoming memorials are as follows: The Wisconsin Cheese Producers Federation plans the erection of two tablets, at Plymouth and Madison, in honor of the late Henry Krumrey, its president. A marker at the birthplace of Carrie Jacobs Bond, song writer, is proposed by the Janesville *Gazette*. In Menasha a memorial hall for World War veterans is planned as a community center in the city park.

Stones at a quarter apiece are being sold to restore old Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, where on its predecessor, Fort Shelby, the first American flag in Wisconsin was raised in 1814.

ANNIVERSARIES

As noted in our former issues, the communities of the lead region held centennial observances during the summer. Mineral Point had its commemoration August 3-6, opening with an old settlers' reunion, continuing with historic parades, and concluding with a pageant, in which three hundred persons took part. August 4 was Governor's Day, and the presence of Governor Zimmerman drew record crowds. John Prisk, a pioneer of the city, can remember when the community was called "Shake Rag under the Hill," from the method of calling the early miners to their meals. The collection of relics and historic articles was worth a long journey to view.

Montfort was the latest of the lead mining towns to stage a homecoming, its celebration occurring August 6. In honor of the centennial Grant County societies in Milwaukee and Madison held picnics and reunions.

Fond du Lac's seventy-fifth anniversary as a city was noted in the *Commonwealth* for July 23. The first city election was held April 6, 1852, when W. O. Darling was elected mayor.

The defunct city of Amsterdam, Sheboygan County, was revived for a day on August 27, when nearly a thousand Holland-Americans and their descendants gathered on the lake shore where seventy-five years ago stood a thriving town. Now the old schoolhouse is used for storage by the neighboring fishermen, and a few buildings testify to the frus-

trated hopes of the settlers who named this place after their Old-World capital.

The Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary on September 30 with a special edition, showing among other things portraits of its first editor, David Atwood, and Mrs. Atwood.

The first Pepin County agricultural fair was held at Durand fifty years ago in July. On that occasion a Chippewa Valley Veterans' reunion was held at which three hundred were present to greet "Old Abe," the mascot of the Eighth Wisconsin. The Durand *Wedge* of July 30 prints a picture of the half-century-ago crowd.

Rice Lake celebrated in September the fortieth anniversary of its incorporation, when the *Chronotype* printed a list of the first voters and the first city officials and reprinted some of the early advertisements.

The thirty-seventh annual reunion of the Third Regiment Association was held September 7 and 8 at Beloit, with eight of the veterans in attendance. A trip was made to Oakwood Cemetery, where L. H. D. Crane, colonel of the Third, who was killed at Cedar Mountain, is buried.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

An unusual number of church organizations in the state have held historic meetings during the summer and autumn. At North Lima, six miles west of Whitewater, the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Church held August 28 the sixth annual homecoming of its members in the small frame building erected in 1866. At Fort Atkinson a historical account of early Methodism in that region was presented September 4 to mark the Methodist Church's eighty-eighth anniversary. At Lake Mills, September 16-18 was given over to celebrating the eightieth birthday of the Congregational Church, which has grown from nine charter members to its present two hundred and fifty. The Presbyterian Church at Vernon, Waukesha County, also celebrated September 2 its eightieth anniversary.

Among the churches and societies which were begun seventy-five years ago and have held diamond jubilees are the following: St. Michael's Catholic at Porter, Dane County; the First Lutheran of Janesville; St. John's Evangelical at Ackerville, Washington County; the Coon Prairie Lutheran at Westby, Vernon County; the Hauge Norwegian log church near Daleyville, Dane County; the *Freie Gemeinde* congregation at Honey Creek, Sauk County; and the Summerfield Methodist Episcopal of Milwaukee, the last taking place on December 1.

St. Mary's Catholic Church at Neillsville remembered that it was fifty years old in September; the Evangelical Lutheran at Kewaskum, Washington County, had a golden jubilee in August; the Bethlehem Evangelical of Lancaster marked its fiftieth birthday by the ordination

of Paul Kasper, one of its members; St. Peter's Lutheran of Kekoskee, Dodge County, was rededicated on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, September 4. The next day St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum just south of Green Bay had its golden jubilee and homecoming for the children who have received its care.

At Ashland, the Congregational Church kept on September 1 its fortieth birthday; while at Superior the Swedish Mission Church gathered two hundred and fifty for a celebration of its founding in 1887.

PAGEANTS

In addition to the pageants connected with the centennial celebrations in the lead-mining district the following Wisconsin communities have presented United States and Wisconsin history in pageant form:

Wisconsin Rapids, September 1-2, depicted colonial and Revolutionary scenes under the title "The Garden of Memory," prepared especially for the occasion by Professor H. P. Boody of Ripon College. Nearly three thousand persons were in attendance.

The "Spirit of Whitewater," written for that community by O. A. Reetz, rehearsed its local history from the white man's invasion to the present day. An episode designated "Modernism" occasioned much diversion. This pageant was presented in July.

Richland County fair showed local history in pageant form on the evening of August 18. The son of the first white settler of the county impersonated his father, John Coumbe.

At Monroe about the same time the early history of Green County was presented, beginning with the miners' arrival in 1828, showing the Swiss migration and the beginnings of cheese making. There were nearly four hundred persons in the cast.

Cambridge in Dane County saw the earliest American history rehearsed last August, when the replica of Leif Ericson's ship "floated" along its streets. Other episodes presented were Columbus' landing, Penn's treaty with the Indians, Betsy Ross making the American flag, and the opening in 1837 of the first general store in Cambridge.

A "Pageant of Progress" was unrolled before nearly four thousand spectators in the Marquette University stadium at Milwaukee, August 9. A scene at the Spanish court where Columbus made his plea for aid was followed by the arrival in Wisconsin of the explorer Marquette. Other historic features were the meeting of Juneau, Kilbourn, and Walker at Milwaukee, and scenes from the Civil and World wars. This pageant was given in honor of the visiting order of the Eagles.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

A meeting of the residents around Geneva Lake was held July 15 at Yerkes Observatory to organize a local historical society. Those participating in the formation of the Geneva Lake Historical Society are S. B. Chapin, J. S. Hotton, the Reverend Paul B. Jenkins (author of the *Book of Lake Geneva)*, Edward C. Jenkins, Professor Edwin B. Frost, M. A. Healy, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Professor Storrs B. Barrett, and H. B. Bentsen.

The Door County Historical Society signalized September by the appearance of the first number of the *Peninsula Historical Review*, to be published quarterly or semi-annually. The first number contains an article on "La Salle in Door County." The second annual meeting of the society was held September 13 at Ephraim.

The Green Bay Historical Society had a pilgrimage in August to an important Indian village site east of Sturgeon Bay, when President Neville and the well-known archeologist John P. Schumacher gave informal talks on Potawatomi history. The Neville Public Museum, which houses the remarkable historical, artistic, and archeological exhibits formerly in the Green Bay Public Library building, was opened to the public in July. It was a gift to the city of Mrs. Neville's son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Grant Mason. Their son presented the building to the city. It was accepted by the mayor with appropriate remarks.

The Winnebago County Historical Society and the Izaak Walton League had an outing in late August at Mitchell's Glen near Green Lake, when archeological and historical features of the region were noted.

The Sauk County Historical Society has recently received the gift of a model of the old covered bridges that formerly spanned the streams in that locality; an antique hop-pole puller was given at the same time by Mrs. Catherine Dodd Howes.

The Waukesha County Historical Society held its autumn meeting September 10 at Eagle, when the local history of the town was presented by several members.

The La Crosse County Historical Society had the honor of an address by former Governor Van Sant of Minnesota at its annual meeting in September. Governor Van Sant although eighty-three years of age is active and hearty; his early life was spent on the Mississippi River, where he rose from cabin boy to be the owner of the famous Diamond Jo packet line. His reminiscences of early days at La Crosse have source value for historians.

The Beloit Historical Society is collecting for the future; it was recently the recipient of a letter written by Major H. A. Daigne, U. S. A., to the citizens of Beloit, dropped from the air when the Pan-American Good Will planes flew over the city.

The Racine Association of Commerce has raised a fund to finance a special study of Racine County history. E. W. Leach, known as an effective and careful local historian, has been engaged to conduct the work. As one means of preparation Mr. Leach has recently spent some time examining the manuscripts and newspapers at our Society's library, which relate to his region. The sponsor association has already begun a collection of photographs of pioneers and other objects relating to its local history.

Out of the centennial celebration at Dodgeville has grown a demand for an Iowa County Historical Society, which may have a local habitation at the site of the Dodge homestead, three miles south of the city.

Pioneer and old settlers' reunions were held for Outagamie County July 30 at Shiocton, home of the song writer Eben E. Rexford; and two days earlier at Prentice Park, Ashland, for the Chequamegon Bay region, when A. W. Bowron was reëlected president. Sketches of old settlers are being prepared for preservation.

WISCONSIN HISTORY IN NEWSPAPERS

The Fort Atkinson *Union*, July 2 and August 19, carried the stories of two pioneer women, Mrs. Mary Turner and Mrs. Effie Willard Rogers, who wrote twenty-seven and fifty-two years ago, respectively, interesting reminiscences of first days in Jefferson County.

The *Wisconsin Magazine* presented during the summer and autumn articles by Mrs. Clara Clough Lenroot, wife of the former Senator, narrating recollections of early days at Hudson and Superior.

Mrs. Helen Bailey Bostwick of Janesville, who was born in that city ninety years ago, was interviewed for the *Gazette* on July 2, telling of her parents' removal from New Hampshire, of the log cabin they built, and the baby's arrival June 24, 1837. She also spoke of her childhood recollections, of her marriage, and the growth of Janesville as she has witnessed it during her long residence there.

The Fennimore *Times* printed September 21, by Nellie M. Stanton, "The History of Sinipee," that tragic town on the Mississippi which was built with such high hopes. Included in this article is a sketch of the Vaughan family, on whose land Sinipee was located. The same journal

September 28 presents J. H. Lewis' "Landmarks of the Lead Region," with accounts of the Rountrees of Platteville and other early lead prospectors.

July 30 in the Sheboygan *Press*, Edward McGlachlin, veteran newspaperman of Stevens Point, gives his recollections of early days in Sheboygan County.

The Merrill *Herald* in its issue for September 11 presents the life history of John Leland, lumberjack, who first came to Merrill fifty-two years ago.

Apropos the recent discussion of the Horicon marsh, Mrs. Laura A. Records of Eau Claire wrote for the *Telegram* of that place her remembrance of the early appearance of the lake, where she lived from 1842 onward for many years. She is in favor of rebuilding the dam and restoring the lake.

From the La Crosse *Tribune* for September 7 comes the notice of a visit from a pioneer railroad train on its way to Baltimore for exhibition. This train, consisting of an engine and two coaches, is said to have been the first to be run over the Great Northern; the engine's name is the "William Crooks." The La Crosse *Tribune* for August 14 prints an account of a singular cave found in 1879 near West Salem.

A sketch of the history and personnel of the Knapp-Stout Lumber Company appeared in the September 21 issue of the Rice Lake *Chronotype*.

The Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* for August 17 gives a description by Daniel D. Mich of the ceremony when Governor Fred R. Zimmerman was adopted by the Winnebago chiefs in the stadium at the Dells of the Wisconsin. The Indian name Cha-ska-ga, White Buffalo, was bestowed upon the governor.

The Associated Press sent out from Madison July 30 an article on Governor Leonard J. Farwell and his share in abolishing capital punishment in Wisconsin. The article likewise described Governor Farwell's welfare enterprises for the capital city in the decade before the Civil War.

The *Standard* of New Rochelle, New York, prints a letter from Whitewater, Wisconsin, July 30, on J. J. Downey, drummer boy of Shiloh, who is said to have saved Grant's army by sounding the long roll at a critical moment. Downey, who still lives in Whitewater, entered the Sixteenth Wisconsin at the age of thirteen, and after transferring to the Twenty-third served throughout the war.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Nils P. Haugen ("Pioneer and Political Reminiscences") has served his state for many years in a public capacity: as member of the assembly, railroad commissioner, representative in Congress, and for twenty years, 1901-1921, as a member of the State Tax Commission, of which he became chairman in 1911. He lives at Madison.

Mrs. William Grant Bale ("A Packet of Old Letters") is a granddaughter of Colonel Henry Gratiot and the only daughter of Stephen Hempstead Gratiot. She now resides at Galena, Illinois.

General Rufus King ("Milwaukee to St. Paul in 1855") was editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel and Gazette* from 1845 to 1861, in which year he was made brigadier-general of the United States Volunteers, serving in the army until 1863. A sketch of his life, by his son General Charles King, was published in this quarterly, iv, 371-381.

The Reverend Theodore A. Boerner ("A Pioneer Educator of Ozaukee County") writes of his former teacher, Charles Lau. He is pastor of the First Congregational Church at Port Washington.

BOOK NOTES

Journals and Letters of La Vérendrye and His Sons, edited by Lawrence J. Burpee and published by the Champlain Society, Toronto, Canada, has just come to hand. This volume has been long and eagerly awaited by all students of French exploration in North America, and adequately fulfills expectations.

The discoveries of the La Vérendryes and especially their route in our western states, when they first glimpsed mountains, have been much discussed by western historians. La Vérendrye, the father, planned to cross the continent from Lake Superior and discover the Pacific Ocean. The government would not give him financial support, and he was obliged to pay his expenses by the profits of the fur trade. Nothing daunted he set forth, and after almost incredible exertions succeeded in reaching the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers and in building several forts, one upon the former river not far from the present international boundary. Thence he visited the Mandan Indians in North Dakota, and from this last base his sons made an extensive tour in which they saw the "Shining Mountains."

The discovery in 1913 at Pierre, South Dakota, of a leaden plate which the explorers buried has helped to fix the route of their journeyings. Dr. Burpee is inclined to adopt the conclusions of Doane Robinson, former secretary of the South Dakota Historical Society, that the La Vérendryes did not get beyond the borders of Dakota, and that their "mountains" were the Black Hills.

The volume is superbly edited and splendidly printed. It combines the French original with an excellent English translation on the same page, and its footnotes are relevant and accurate. It is an honor to its scholarly editor and to the society which has published it. It is equally interesting to Canadians (especially those of the western provinces) and to Americans. It is a tale of heroism and of pursuit of an ideal, which ranks the La Vérendryes with Champlain, Duluth, La Salle, and other famous explorers of interior North America.

The Spirit Dominant: A Life of Mary Hayes Chynoweth, by Louise Johnson Clay, has been issued from the press of the Mercury Herald Company, San Jose, California. The book contains an account of the truly remarkable influence of this former Wisconsin resident in the field of religion, including the much discussed story of the Ashland mine. It carries as a frontispiece a very striking portrait of Mary Hayes Chynoweth.

The former superintendent of our Society, Milo M. Quaife, has brought out an edition of one of the famous manuscripts of the Draper Collection—the so-called *Memoir* of George Rogers Clark. This is the account Clark wrote about ten years after the events he narrates, for James Madison, and is the best description of his western expeditions that exists. Suppose there were extant Washington's own detailed narrative of his operations around Boston, or in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, we can well imagine what a source book it would form. Yet in the Wisconsin Historical Library is a document of similar import for the Revolution in the West, which has been almost unknown. Dr. Quaife has thus performed a signal service to historically minded folks, by issuing this document in popular and modernized form. With it he combines the first-hand account of Clark's British opponent, Henry Hamilton of Detroit. He calls the volume *The Capture of Old Vincennes*, and has issued it in time to awaken interest in the sesquicentennial of that event. This anniversary is to be celebrated by the state historical societies of Illinois and Indiana and also by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association in the next two years. Thus this volume, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, is especially timely. The editor's careful notes on persons and places enhance the value of the volume. We only wish he had included Clark's name in the title of the volume devoted so largely to his own work.

The Norwegian-American Historical Association, which made its bow to the historical public in 1926, continues its work by the publication this year of volume two of its *Studies and Records*. In this excellently edited pamphlet of 134 pages, the editors utilize some hitherto unused sources for the study of emigrant ways: first, the songs of the people both in Norway and in America concerning the popular movement to the latter country. These songs have been excellently translated and edited by their collector, Professor Martin B. Ruud, who indicates in the preface the value of such documents in estimating the motives for emigration. The second source is a more practical one and calls attention to the ship manifests in the archives of the New York Custom House. Professor Henry J. Cadbury has made use of these documents to list the Norwegians brought over by four ships in 1836 and 1837, the beginning of the exodus on a large scale. Among them the editor finds the names of the parents of many prominent Norwegian-Americans in Wisconsin and elsewhere. Following this is the translation of an "America letter" written in 1869 from the Muskego settlement in Racine County, Wisconsin; its principal interest is its account of the establishment of Norwegian-American periodicals.

The volume continues with two articles, one on Norwegian scholars in America, by one of their number—Professor Laurence M. Larson of the University of Illinois; and the other by his colleague, George T. Flom, on the status of Norwegian language and literature as taught in American universities, in which he notes the significant fact that the University

of Wisconsin was the first to establish a chair of Scandinavian studies, as early as 1869. A brief article on "Norwegian-American Lutheran Church History" by Professor George M. Stephenson, and the annals of the association for the past year complete the volume, which is an excellent contribution to the study of one of the prominent factors in the peopling of the Northwest.

The Beginnings of the March from Atlanta to the Sea, edited and printed by John Nelson Davidson, Madison, is a pamphlet containing the diary of Alonzo H. and Frank B. Lothrop of Company I, Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Infantry. The pamphlet also contains a letter written on the battle field of Dallas, Georgia, by Joseph Nelson, uncle of the editor. In the notes and supplementary material there are historical sketches of several people and incidents connected with the early history of Jamestown in Grant County, the home of General George W. Jones, and of Sinsinawa College.

The Story of Old Ironsides, by Professor John B. MacHarg of Lawrence College, has been issued by the George Banta Publishing Company of Menasha in an attractive pamphlet. Professor MacHarg has put the results of considerable research into this little book, and it can be recommended as an authentic and useful history of the famous old *Constitution,* which is just now attracting the attention of the American people.

Our neighboring society, the Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis, which has published so much of interest to western historians, has resumed the issue of *Collections,* number one of volume five, which came out in October. It has for its first article a tribute to David R. Francis by the present Senator from Missouri, Harry B. Hawes. A sketch of early St. Louis, entitled "The Village under the Hill," by Edward V. Papin, is very interesting. We congratulate our neighbor on resuming periodical publication.

Hungarian-American Historical Connections. This pamphlet of sixty-four pages, by Eugene Pivany, was published at Budapest by the Royal Hungarian University Press. It is a translation from the original Hungarian. The booklet is interesting to Wisconsin readers for the rather complete and careful account of Agoston Haraszthy, founder of Sauk City, whose career is treated on pages 33-38. The paper as a whole is well worth reading, as it treats of the relations of Hungarians to American history from pre-Columbian times to the Civil War.

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