

JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN

MEMOIRS  
of  
HIS LIFE

Written by himself  
at  
Roswell, New Mexico

in  
1908

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JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN

Roswell, New Mexico.

June, 1908

My dear Sons:-

You have frequently asked me to write the story of my life, and I will do so with as much accuracy as I can, not having many notes or memoranda to aid me.

I was born on March 23rd, 1838, near the town of Port Hope, in what was then known as Upper Canada, now the Province of Ontario. I saw the old house in which I was born in the winter of 1861, when I went to Port Hope on a visit to my relatives, and where my sister Mary had been visiting for some months. The old house was built by my grandfather, John Hagerman. In it my father was born, and in it my sister Mary died. It was a large one story and a half building, made of hewn square oak timber, standing on a stone foundation. It was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

My grandfather left his large farm and other property to his two sons, James Parrott Hagerman, my father, and Nicholas Hagerman, my uncle. My father was the younger. Some years after the death of my grandfather he sold his share of the property to his brother. Until recently the old farm was owned by Thomas R. Hagerman, the oldest son of Nicholas Hagerman.

I do not know much about the history of my family, except as it was told to me by my father and by Harvey Hagerman (my father's second cousin) and from what I can remember from reading an old document or history which was owned by Harvey Hagerman, and which now seems to be lost. I had a copy of it, and the last time I can remember seeing it, it was in a safe in my office in Colorado Springs when I left for Europe in 1891. It is pos-

sible that it is still among my papers, although I am afraid it is lost.

My great-grandfather, Abraham Hagerman, was a Hannoverian subject of one of the Georges, who became King of England. He was an officer in the Hannoverian army, and like many others of his nationality, he joined the British Army and became a British subject. He had been in the British army a long time when Wolfe's expedition to Quebec was organized. He was an officer in that army, and took part in the battle on the Plains of Abraham. At that time, as nearly as I can remember from the old document, he was about forty-five years old and unmarried. When the Quebec campaign was over, in 1759, part of Wolfe's army was ordered to New York, and my great-grandfather was among the soldiers who went there.

A number of officers who had served a long time and who had made good records were given their choice of returning to England and remaining in the army, or of leaving the army and remaining in the British Colonies. Those who remained were paid a sum of money and given large tracts of land. My great-grandfather was given about two thousand acres of land on the east bank of the Hudson River in what is now Dutchess County, near Poughkeepsie. There he settled and made a home. He married a Dutch woman by the name of Hannah Laake, and to them five sons were born, John, Abraham, Nicholas, Christopher and Harvey. He came a prosperous man and when the Revolution broke out he had a large farm, a store, a potash factory and other property.

He was a stiff Tory. When he left the army he again swore allegiance to the Crown and he stuck to his oath. He was persecuted by the "rebels", as he thought them, showed fight, and his buildings were burned. Seeing no other way to do, he joined other Royalists, abandoned his property, and with his large family left for Canada. They went in boats up the Hudson, through Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence and first stopped at what is now Kingston. After a short time, they went further west and settled finally at Port Hope, on Lake Ontario, nearly opposite Rochester. There he was given a tract of land, part of which is the old farm on which I was born. The Royalists who left the rebellious colonies were called U. E. Royalists (United Empire Royalists) and were given grants of land in Canada. Harvey Hagerman had the deed for this U. E. grant, a ponderous document, which recited that the land was given to Abraham Hagerman for his bravery, loyalty and devotion to his King.

Abraham Hagerman died at a very old age and was buried in a cometary called Smith's hill in Port Hope. His oldest son John, it seems was a "rebel", would not follow his father to Canada and enlisted in the Patriot Army. What became of him I have never been able to learn.

My great-grandmother belonged to an Old Dutch family which once owned Staten Island. Nearly as far back as I can remember, an effort was made to recover it for the Laake family. John Van Buren, a great lawyer and son of President Martin Van Buren, took the case and spent considerable time in Holland and England on it. Nothing came of it, however. My father, being one of the heirs, contributed some of the money and had a dream of being rich.

My father married Margaret Crawford when they were both about nineteen years of age. Three children were born of this marriage, Mary Hannah Hagerman, Elizabeth Wilder Hagerman and James John Hagerman, the last on March 23rd, 1838. My Mother was born in Ireland of Protestant parents. Her birthplace was in Belfast in the County of Antrim. Her father died when she was about sixteen years of age, leaving a large family. The oldest son, Patrick Crawford, had been in Canada for some years, became well off and on his father's death sent to Ireland for his mother and all the family. They came out and settled near Port Hope. I can remember hearing my mother tell about the voyage in a sailing ship, which took about three months to sail from Belfast to Quebec.

I could not have been more than one year of age when through some misfortune, the particulars of which I could never learn, my father lost all his property and had to begin the world anew. He was a handy man at almost anything and a terrible worker. He had had some dealings with a man in Rochester, N.Y., by the name of Armstrong, who was engaged in the lumber business. At that time Texas had just gained its independence and there was a great rush of speculators and adventurers to the new Eldorado. Mr. Armstrong went there to build a saw-mill, and took my father with him as foreman, with a contingent interest in the mill. They went from New York to Galveston in a sailing ship, bought a tract of timber land on the San Jacinto River near Galveston and built a saw-mill. My father did well there and expected to return to Canada soon for his family, but he could not stand the climate, got malaria and liver trouble, and after being there about three years, had to leave. He came up the Mississippi River to St. Louis on a steamer and from there by stage to Chicago, then a small village in a swamp,

but with great expectations. He had very little money when he left Canada, but invested it in the Galveston mill and had to lose it when he left. He had barely enough money remaining to pay his expenses north.

The grandsons of U. E. Royalists were given two hundred acres of land wherever the officers in charge of the matter pleased to locate it. My father's tract happened to be located near the St. Clair River in Canada, opposite a town then called Newport, and now Marine City, in St. Clair County, Michigan. He had owned this land for a long time, and owning nothing else, thought it might be worth looking up. He took a sailing schooner at Chicago, went down the lakes and landed at Newport with only one dollar in money left. But he had regained his health and was ready for work. He found his land, then part of a dense forest, but it was almost valueless. Newport was only a small village of about two hundred people. The principal business was boat and vessel building, by a man named Samuel Ward who owned several lake crafts, large tracts of land, a store and other property. My father got work in Ward's yard as a ship carpenter, working twelve hours a day for one dollar and fifty cents. He liked the country and after a while decided to become a citizen of the United States, to settle there, to send for his family and to make it his home.

The first thing I can distinctly remember is the preparations for and the journey to Michigan. When my father went to Texas he left his wife and children in the care of my Uncle James Lowes. His wife, "Aunt Betsy" was my mother's sister. We lived in a little log house near my uncle until the summons came to go to Michigan. I can remember the preparations for the long journey, the good-byes to Uncle, Aunt and Grandmother Crawford, and the tears at parting. I was then less than five years of age and of course, had no remembrance whatever of my father. It was a great undertaking for my little mother to start alone with her three young children and a few household goods on such a long journey to the far-away and unknown West, but she was a brave woman and never flinched from any task, no matter how hard it might be.

We took steamer at Port Hope for Lewiston, on the Niagara River below the falls. I can remember the long and hard tug on foot up the hill, where we took cars hauled by horses to Black Rock, near Buffalo. There

we took the old-fashioned, high pressure, side wheel steamer "Bunker Hill" for Newport. We were deck passengers and I can remember sleeping on a bed made on the deck. About all I can remember of the journey is a race with another steamer on the lake, and our landing at last at Newport, where my father met us at the dock. It was practically the first time I ever met him. He was six feet-two in his stockings and very strong. I can remember that I thought him a giant and that I was afraid of him, a feeling which I think lasted until I was seventeen years of age. He took us to Rust's tavern, where we remained a day or two, and then took a little house near Sam Ward's, not fifty feet from the St. Clair River. There we lived for five years. I can remember exactly how the house looked, the big fireplace, the brick oven, the winding stairs to the attic, which was divided into two rooms and not plastered and where water would freeze an inch thick at night in the winter.

I think it was in June that we arrived in Michigan. The beautiful St. Clair River was then as it is now, one of the finest rivers in the world. It is one mile wide, sixty feet deep, with a current of three miles an hour, and the water is clear and as blue as the ocean. On both sides of the primeval forests of giant oak, hickory, maple, elm, walnut and other trees came down to the river bank and extended back in unbroken majesty and solemn grandeur for hundreds of miles. I doubt if ever in the world were more superb forests. There were, near the few small towns on each bank, clearings of a few acres, but the forest was practically unbroken the whole length of the river. It was filled with game, especially bears, deer, coons, squirrels, wild turkeys and pigeons in clouds. The river was full of fish, and in the fall, whitefish were taken in nets in great numbers. They were cut and salted the same as codfish are now, and thousands of barrels of them were shipped to the east on steamers running to the lower lakes. Fishing with hook and line for black bass, pickerel and muscallunge was great sport. In the fall ducks of all varieties came from the north and settled along the shores of the river in shallow water in myriads, and wild geese came in such numbers that they were no novelty. That region was a sportsman's Paradise in those days, although the professional sportsman, who must kill something simply for the sake of killing it was not then invented.

The St. Clair River was then the great highway of travel between the East and the West. There were no railroads west of Buffalo until after I was ten or twelve years of age. The States of Illinois, Wisconsin and Ind-

iana were just being settled. Government land could be bought anywhere for one dollar and a quarter an acre and no restrictive laws existed. Anyone could have it who had the money to pay for it. The tide of immigration from Europe had set in in earnest. The British Islands, Germany and Scandinavia were almost the sole contributors to it. The most convenient way to get from the Atlantic coast to the west was by the Erie Canal to Buffalo and by steamers or sailing vessels from Buffalo to Chicago and Milwaukee. All this movement was past our door and watching it was extremely interesting and instructive. Near where we lived there was a point caused by a bend in the river called Recors Point. With a north-west wind, which often prevailed, sailing vessels from the south could get as far as Recors Point and no further until the wind changed. All they could do was to lie at anchor and wait for a change. Sometimes, they would like waiting for a week or ten days, and a great fleet of them would be collected. The sailors would come ashore and paint things red, although lawlessness was not then called by that name. Using steam tugs to tow sailing vessels was not known in those days. The largest freight vessels on the lakes in the forties would not carry more than four hundred tons. There was only eight feet of water on the St. Clair flats. The side-wheel steamers were large affairs for those days, and on them all the passenger and much of the lighter freight business was done in the summer. They were loaded with immigrants going to settle in the great west. The steamers burned nothing but wood to make steam, and as they all had high pressure engines and common two flue boilers, they were very wasteful of fuel. Capt. Ward owned a wood dock not five hundred feet from our house, and at least twice a week steamers would stop there to wood up. It was great fun for the boys who were hired to handle wood at ten cents an hour. I never did much of it because my father had other work for me as soon as I was strong enough to handle a stick of cord wood. But this frequent contact with people from the outside world was an educating influence of great value. A few years before the Michigan Central Railroad was completed to New Buffalo, the lake steamers were made much larger, had low pressure engines, burned coal, had fine accommodations for passengers and high speed, at least it was thought to be high in those days. The traffic was very large and two or more steamers went up and down the river daily.

In Newport were built many of the finest steamers on the lakes, and at least one was always on the ways.

Launching was a great event in the lives of the boys and a crowd of them were always allowed to go on board to help "shake her up" by running from side to side in case she stuck on the ways. Many of the young men in Newport, when they were old enough, went sailing in summer and worked in the ship-yard in the winter. I had an intense desire to go on the lakes and to become a steamboat captain. That was the height of my ambition, but my father effectually put a veto on it.

But to go back to our arrival in Newport. My father worked the first summer and winter in Ward's ship-yard. The next spring he was offered a contract to run a rickety old saw-mill at a certain rate per thousand feet, and to take his pay in lumber at a certain price. He was to hire and pay the workmen and have full charge of the mill. Some of the mill hands boarded in our little house and my mother did most of the work. My father worked like a slave and would have made some money if he had been fairly used. During the season of navigation he sold only enough lumber to get money for running expenses, and piled the remainder on the dock until fall, expecting to sell in a lump. Late in the fall, he went to Toledo, Ohio and sold it, but in his absence the man who owned the mill, a Vermont Yankee by the name of Leonard Smith, sold and shipped all the lumber on the dock for his own account, including that owned by my father. All he had left was a claim against Smith, which he brought suit to enforce. By some hocus-pocus he could not collect a dollar. He was told plainly that he had no chance in court because he was a "Canuck". When the trial was ended he was so enraged that when he came out of the court room, he caught Smith and whipped him within an inch of his life. He was arrested and only got out of the scrape by Uncle Sam Ward going his bail. But he had nothing to show for the hard summer's work of himself and my mother but a taste of Yankee justice and a worthless claim against Smith. There was nothing for him to do but to work again in the ship-yard. In the early winter, he caught cold, was taken with pneumonia and nearly died. I can remember the horrible anxieties and trouble of that winter distinctly. We were befriended by Uncle Sam Ward and by the Methodists, who came to us as watchers and gave us help in other ways. I will never forget old Reuben Warner, a Methodist deacon who was always on hand with his work and his prayers. It took my father a long time to get over this severe illness. On his recovery, he joined the Methodist Church, and the Washingtonian Temperance Society. Before that time, he was too



fond of drink, although he was never a drunkard. In his younger days, he was a rather lively man, I am told. He was a great boxer and could whip almost anyman he met, and I guess he liked to do it. He was a famous runner, a crack shot and a noted swimmer. After his "conversion", he was for many years extremely strict about Sunday, about going to church, about Sunday School and about reading novels. It was a sin for me to even whittle a pine stick with a jack-knife on Sunday. To sail a boat on the river, to skate or catch a fish were almost unpardonable sins. The effect of it all was to make Sunday a day of misery to be dreaded.

The spring after my father's illness, he built a little carpenter shop, to do all sorts of odd jobs, and worked alone. He soon bought the necessary appliances to make common window sashes and devoted most of his time to that work. I remember that he got four cents a light for seven by nine window sash and could make about \$4.00 a day. I could not have been more than nine years of age when I helped him make sashes. I punched the chips out of the little mortices, made tenons on the small pieces with a machine worked with the foot, made the pins to fasten the sashes together and did other light work. This was the beginning of my useful work. Like my father, I was a natural mechanic, and could do anything for which I had sufficient strength. The fact is, I was altogether too handy and too willing to work, for my own good, as will appear hereafter in this story.

My father did well in his little shop, making much better wages than he could have earned by working by the day for others. He was a large, powerful man, an indefatigable worker, never knew what it was to be tired, and seemed to forget that any one over whom he had any authority was not as enduring as he was. He was an early riser, five o'clock the year round being his fixed time for calling up the household. From a time so long back that I can hardly remember its beginning, it was my duty to get up when called, make a fire in the kitchen stove and put on the teakettle. Mother was soon up, the breakfast was quickly prepared, and usually over before six o'clock. Father was usually at work by six and put in from twelve to fourteen hours a day. He often worked after supper until nine or later, and I had to go to the shop with him to hold the candle so he could see the different parts of his work. The weariness and misery of those long evenings after the long day's work, I can almost feel now.

After a year or two of working alone, the little shop was enlarged and two cabinet makers were employed in mak-

ing common furniture. Two or three years of this hand work resulted in a two-story furniture factory, fitted with a steam engine, turning lathes, circular saws and other wood-working machinery. I think I must have been about ten years of age when this new shop was built, in which were made chairs, bedsteads, bureaus, tables, and other furniture suitable for use in the St. Clair country. From ten to twelve men were employed and usually two or three apprentices, the latter always boarding at our house. I was usually in a fight with some of them and generally, their influence was bad.

I took so naturally to the engine and machinery that I soon found myself regularly running the engine, acting as fireman and splitting hickory blocks into small pieces to supply one turner, who turned them into chair stuff. I am sure I could not have been more than twelve years of age when I was doing work which nowadays would be considered hard work for a grown man. It was steady work, at least eleven hours a day and six days in a week. The engine and machinery were run only about seven months in the year. Sometimes in the winter, I went to school, not more than three months, having to work in the finishing shop morning and evening. In this way, I became quite an expert painter, varnisher and finisher.

My father sold chairs and furniture in the small towns and villages on both sides of the St. Clair River and as far up the shore of Lake Huron as Forestville, sixtymiles from Port Huron. In the summer, it was transported on the river steamers and in winter on sleighs. When I was very young, one of my duties in the absence of my father was to act as salesman, and another important duty was to go on long collecting trips. I was not more than thirteen years of age when I went on foot from Port Huron to Lakeport, forty miles north of Port Huron, stopping at several points where there were saw-mills and a few people to collect for furniture sold and to sell more. I remember that when I returned I had over \$1,500.00 in paper money stowed away in my clothes. My father was sick that fall and could not go himself, so I had a little taste of practical business at a very early age. We owned a large sailboat which would carry ten or twelve tons, which we used on the river for many purposes, and I could sail her, I thought, better than any one else. Trips as far north as Port Huron and south as New Baltimore on Lake St. Clair were frequent.

From the time I was six years old, until I was ten, as near as I can remember it, I went to common district schools about two months in the summer and three

months in the winter. The teachers were usually capable men or women. In about 1850, Aunt Emily Ward built an academy in Newport and employed two good teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Van Olinda. I will never forget them. Their manner of teaching and the whole atmosphere of the school were a revelation to me. I was very backward in my schooling for my age, but there I received a real intellectual awakening. I attended school there three months in the winter of 1850-1. I also attended the Academy about two months under Miss Amanda Morton as principal. She was an excellent teacher. At that time, although I longed for an education, I had not the remotest idea of ever being able to attend college. However, the awakening up I got at Aunt Emily's academy planted in me a longing for better things and finally culminated in my entering the University of Michigan in 1857, as I shall tell in the proper place.

I am afraid I have left the impression that my boyhood was made up of nothing but hard work. That is too nearly true, but not wholly so. As I have said, my father and mother were very strict Methodists, and the way Sunday was kept was a terror to any boy. I had to go to meeting every Sunday morning, to Sunday school in the afternoon, and to meeting in the evening to listen to the droning ignorance of some local preacher. This went on for several years, but when I was about fourteen years old, I rebelled and refused to spend my Sundays that way. The cause of this rebellion was no doubt a young Scotchman by the name of James Litch, a wood turner, who worked for my father and boarded at our house. He was fairly well educated, exceedingly well informed and an unbeliever in the popular theological dogmas. He had a big box filled with the first good books I ever saw, among them Chambers' Literature, Chambers' Information for the people, some of Scott's novels and poems, Burns' poems, Chalmers' sermons and several other good books. He took a great liking to me, and I to him. In the summer on Sunday, we often used to take to the deep woods or go over to Squaw Island in a boat, with a lunch and some good books, and read and talk about good things all day. This turned my Sundays from days of torture into times of delight and profit. I will never forget what I owe to Jimmy Litch, and it came at a time when I sadly needed it. I never afterward believed in hell-fire, eternal damnation and the wrath of an avenging God. My father was an excellent shot, and occasionally took me with him hunting pigeons, squirrels and other game in their season. Sailing on the river was an endless delight. In winter, skating and ice-boating were great fun in the rare intervals when I could steal away from work to indulge in them.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" was a maxim in almost universal belief and practice when I was a boy and it seems to me that my father practiced it more than any other man in the community. I can almost feel the red welts on my back now. I am certain that I was never flogged by my father without being made the worse by it. My mother never punished me severely but once, and then I deserved it.

My sister Elizabeth was a very beautiful woman, and as lovely in disposition as she was beautiful. We were great conies and sympathized with each other in many ways. She was married when she was eighteen to David Ward Rust, an excellent man who was in the pine lumber business. He was one of the most prosperous men in that country and made a large fortune. My sister died when she was twenty-four years of age, leaving three children, George Rust, John J. Rust and Florence M. Rust. After her death, her children lived for several years with my father and mother, being cared for and taught by my sister, Mary. She was like a mother to them. After a few years, Mr. Rust married again and took his children to his home in Saginaw, where he died, I think, in 1870, leaving George, Florence and John about \$250,000.00 each, but most of his fortune he left to his second wife and her son.

My younger sister, Mary, married her cousin, Thomas E. Hagerman in 1866. She died in 1878 leaving two children, Julia and Lizzie Hagerman. She was a good, unselfish woman. We did all we could to prevent her marrying her cousin, but without avail. When Julia and Lizzie were very young, we sent them to a good school in Toronto and to other schools, afterwards, and have supported them most of their lives, as you well know.

My mother was a woman of rare qualities in some ways and her most prominent quality was endurance. She very seldom complained but went on year in and year out doing the work that came to her hands to do and making the best of it. She had a hard life. My father was very exacting. He had tender spots in him, but did not often show them to members of his own family. It made my mother's life hard. Many a time after I had been flogged for no good reason, nothing but her sweet sympathy and help saved me from some desperate act of wickedness or folly. When my father died in 1868, I went from Milwaukee to Newport, sold the old farm and everything else which he left for about \$11,000.00, took my mother to our home in Milwaukee, and our home was hers until she died in Colorado Springs in 1890. The money she left when she died was all given to her grand-daughters, Julia and Lizzie Hagerman. She was proud of her son, and I never did anything with money which gave me more satisfaction than to make her last days more happy and

mother was a real daughter to her. She had one quality which her son has not. She loved to and was able to dwell on all pleasant things in the past and to forget the unpleasant ones. Both my father and mother were buried in the cemetery of St. Clair, St. Clair County, Michigan, and my sister, Mary, in Port Hope, Canada.

Many of the early settlers in Newport were Vermont Yankees, and most excellent people. They were intelligent, well informed, hard-working, God-fearing people. They always took the lead in schools, churches, politics, business and Fourth-of-July celebrations. Most of them were either Methodists or Baptists, and the tenets of the two sects were about the only things they ever quarrelled about. Playing cards, dancing and almost all other amusements were considered as sins. Protracted meetings and camp-meetings were really religious dissipation to them. In any real trouble, they were the most unselfish and helpful people I ever knew.

The most prominent people in Newport in my early days were the Wards. There were four brothers, "Uncle Sam", "Uncle Eber", "Old Zaol", and "Old Nate" as they were called. Uncle Sam was the leader. When we reached Newport, he was building his third schooner and he afterwards became a great steamboat owner. Uncle Eber was the father of Captain Eber B. Ward and of Emily Ward (Aunt Emily), with both of whom I was afterward intimately associated and who had great influence in shaping the course of my life.

Next to the Vermont Yankees in number among the early settlers were Montreal Frenchmen - Muskrat Frenchmen as they were called in derision. There was some Indian blood in many of them. They were the descendants of the early French hunters and voyageurs described so graphically by Parkman, who started in Quebec and Montreal and sprinkled themselves among the Indians along the course of the Great Lakes and rivers from Lower Canada to the head of Lake Superior, the head of Lake Michigan and down the Mississippi River. The St. Clair River country on both sides was a favorite place for them to settle, and probably a third of the people I knew when a boy were Montreal Frenchmen. They were a queer lot, full of fun, ready

for any deviltry, very devout Catholics (at least once a week), great fiddlers and song singers, inveterate dancers, lovers of whiskey, great woodsmen and poor farmers. Many of the men were sailors in summer and workers in the woods in winter. Many of the young women were very bright and very handsome. They were often sent to the Sisters' schools in Montreal, and Quebec to be educated, and often married well-to-do Americans. The grandmothers and great-grandmothers of some of the most prominent families in Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo were from this stock. The men rarely cared to learn more than enough to read and write, but as sailors, hunters, woodsmen and lumbermen, they were great. Three of the old men whom I knew well were old soldiers of Napoleon, who left France in disgust at the close of his career, went to their relatives in Canada, and found their way at last to Michigan. Before I knew anything about Napoleon from books, I used to sit by the hour and hear Jack Duchene tell stories and sing songs, with tears in his eyes, about Napoleon.

I think it was in the year 1850 that my father sold his furniture factory and built a flour mill in Newport. It cost about \$15,000.00, and had three runs of stones and was driven by a steam engine of about two hundred horse power. We used to do custom work, "grists" for the farmers, and make flour for sale. We also made a large quantity of chop stuff which was sold principally to the lumber camps and saw-mills up and down the river, for their teams. In this mill business, I was very handy. In the winter, our busiest time, I often ran the engine, bought grain, sold flour and feed, kept the books, ground (ran the millstones) or did anything else which needed to be done. But I was terribly dissatisfied because I wanted to go to school. Aunt Emily, David Rust and good old Dr. Peabody were forever at my father, protesting about my working so hard and insisting that I should be allowed to go to school. At last, he promised that I might begin with the winter term of Aunt Emily's Academy. But before the time came for the term to begin, business got very brisk, and it seemed very hard to spare me to go to school. Our miller was Bob Durling. One day, I accidentally heard Bob and my father talking over the school question and Bob was opposing my going to school with all his might. He said, "Why I can't get along without Jim. He can run the engine, buy and sell, grind, keep the books or do anything else. Let him go next summer." So it was agreed that I should not go until "next summer". They were standing at the foot of the stairs and I was at the head of them on the floor above and heard every word. I

was dangerously enraged and I let my opinions be known in anything but parliamentary language. Bob talked back, and I grabbed an iron scale weight and flung it at his head with a vengeance. It just missed his head and probably would have killed him if it had struck the mark. I was terribly frightened and ashamed. When I had time to think of the harm I might have done, I realized the danger of letting a naturally hot temper run away with me, and it gave me a lesson I did not forget. But I did not attend school that winter.

We owned a brisk-sailing, full decked sloop named the Eliza Morgan, which would carry about thirty tons. In the summer, I spent a good share of the time sailing up and down the St. Clair River and to several points on Lake St. Clair, buying wheat and other grain for use in the mill, and carrying flour and other stuff to market. Our best market was in Port Huron and our best customer there was Mr. Edison, a commission merchant and father of Thomas A. Edison. I can distinctly remember Tom, who was, I think, eight or ten years my junior. This cruising around in the Eliza Morgan I keenly enjoyed although toting bags of flour and grain was very hard work. My father often went along, and always a stout Frenchman, who was a good sailor and a good fellow. This work did me good and gave me a good deal of time to read and study. I wish I could enjoy something now as keenly as I did some of those trips on the Eliza Morgan. What would I not give for some of Gill Dumont's broiled whitefish and baked potatoes, with the appetite of a hungry boy reeking with health.

This flouring mill business was not a success financially, and in the spring of 1835, my father traded the mill to Andrew L. Westbrook for a farm of three hundred and twenty acres, and a little money. The mill was mortgaged for a considerable amount which Westbrook assumed. The farm was about two miles north of the village of Newport. The land was excellent and fairly well supplied with fences and buildings, with a good sized orchard and other fruit. Everything was badly run down. My father was born on a farm, was an excellent farmer and loved everything connected with it. He at once built a very good two-story house and some new barns, made many other improvements, and in two years the whole place was transformed. But the slavery of it for me and my mother I shall never forget. Plowing, mowing with a scythe, hauling manure, pitching hay, laying up rail fence and pressing hay with the rude machine then used, nearly killed me. But for the slavery of it, I would have enjoyed it, but I could see nothing in it then or for the future but drudgery and I detested it. Probably I made

my feelings known in a very disagreeable way sometimes, and it caused friction between my father and myself. I was determined to declare my independence as soon as possible. I was seventeen years of age when we went on the farm and it was impossible for me to stand the hard work which was expected of me. But what to do and how to do it was the question. I had no money. Up to my seventeenth year, I never had as much as ten dollars at one time which I could call my own. But I was determined to make a change of some sort and had all sorts of wild notions and impracticable schemes. I wanted to run away and go sailing, as we called it, and many times was only deterred from doing it when I realized how my mother would suffer. This impulse to run away from home and try to make my own living came to me many times and began when I could not have been more than ten years of age. A good flogging was sure to bring the impulse on. I once packed up all my little traps and crossed the river at night to Canada, intending to try to find work in a chair factory in Wallaceburg. But I had hardly landed in Canada before I began to think about what it would mean to my dear little mother, and before daylight I found myself home again and sneaking up to my bed by the back door. I had not been missed, but almost two years of twelve hours a day work on the farm, with the chores night and morning besides, brought me to a state of mind where I was determined to make a change. The desire for a better education grew until it became an uncontrollable passion. My brother-in-law, David Rust, then lived in Saginaw, but his three children lived with us, and he came there as often as he could to see them. I talked with him about my future and wanted to go to Saginaw to work for him. He could not consent to that because he knew it would make trouble with my father, but he stood ready to help me whenever the time should come to do so, in a feasible way. In my desire to go to the University of Michigan, he sympathized, but feared my father would never consent to it. I also talked to Dr. Peabody about my future, and he had many tilts with my father on the subject. Aunt Emily was my ever-present help in trouble.

As I have before stated, she built an Academy in Newport, I think in the year 1850, and supplied it with excellent teachers. For many years it was the best school in the whole St. Clair River region. I attended it for three months in the winter of 1850-1, and I think three months in 1854. That was the only schooling I ever had that could by any stretch of the imagination be called preparation for college. However, I had no idea that I ever could attend college until about two years after my school days in Aunt Emily's Academy were ended. During the last term there I studied grammar, arithmetic, algebra,



geography and history. I took easily to mathematics.

Among my early boy acquaintances was Eber Ward Owen a robust, honest and earnest boy. His mother was a younger sister of Aunt Emily. She died and left five children, Eber the eldest. Aunt Emily knew they could not live with their father without going to ruin, so she took them all to her big home and big heart, and brought them up as if they were her own. In 1856 Eber entered the University of Michigan. When he went my heart was almost broken because I could not go too. He wrote me often from Ann Arbor and came home for a visit during the Christmas holidays of 1856 full of love and enthusiasm for his work. Even three months in college, in a new world and among new acquaintances, had made a great change in him. His letters had filled me fuller than ever with a desire to go to college. Aunt Emily had done much to foster this feeling and had often talked to my father about it, without effect. He could not see the use of it, and said he could not bear the expense.

On Christmas day, 1856, I spent the day and night at Aunt Emily's. Florence and Frances Brindle, nieces of Aunt Emily, were home from school in Ypsilanti, Michigan. There was a house full of young people, and we had a good time. After midnight when the others had gone to bed, Aunt Emily, Eber Owen and I were left alone in the music room. I can remember it all as vividly as if it happened yesterday. Aunt Emily sat on a sofa, and Eber was on one side of her and I on the other. It was evident that she had made up her mind about me, whether I had or not. We talked for hours about Ann Arbor, the University, the advantages of a college education and of my future generally. At last she ended by saying, "James you must go to the University next fall. Make up your mind to it and you can do it somehow. You know how to work, you can earn money during vacation, and you can keep up with your classes if you are not there nine months during the year. You must tell your father tomorrow that you are going next October". It was like a voice from Heaven to me. I did make up my mind then and there. I knew I was going to college. From that time I had not a doubt. I had not ten dollars in the world, but I believed David Rust would help me, to start at least, as soon as he knew I had declared my independence and had Aunt Emily as a backer. He and Aunt Emily were cousins. Rust's mother and Aunt Emily's father were brother and sister.

The next morning I skated home on Belle River,

which ran through our farm and through Newport. The ice was as smooth as glass and I felt like a bird taking flight. When I reached home my father was out, but I told my mother the whole story, and that I had determined to go to college next October. She said it was impossible, that I had no money and that my father could not furnish it, and that he would not allow it anyhow. She heartily wished I could go, but it seemed to her not possible. She urged me not to even mention it to my father. He soon came in and I repeated to him what I told my mother. There was a scene which cannot be described and ought not to be. He thought he was right and the way he took it made me very sad. But I stuck to my resolve and began at once to study the subjects on which I would have to pass examinations to enter the University. I did not lose a minute of time which could be spared or stolen from work. When Eber Owen came home for the summer vacation about July first, he gave me all the help he could. But to do a man's work on the farm and try to prepare for college when I ought to have been asleep was heartbreaking work sometimes.

In January David Rust came to visit his children, and by that time my father had given up active opposition, and had promised to give me eighty dollars to start with. Mr. Rust's business was depressed but he agreed to lend me enough to take me through the first year at least. That is as far as we planned at that time.

At last the time came for me to leave home. My little trunk was packed, with very little in it, and I went away feeling more than half guilty at what seemed something like desertion. My sister Mary thought I was doing wrong; my father never really consented to my going and felt terribly at my action of rebellion, but he gave me eighty dollars and really wished for my success. If I had failed, I think he would have felt it keenly. My mother approved my course but hardly dared to say so.

As examinations for entrance began a few days before the regular term, I left for Ann Arbor before Eben Owen did, not knowing a single person. A greener boy than I was never left home on a wild adventure. I had never before been farther away from home than Detroit, sixty miles, and my ride from Detroit to Ann Arbor was the first time I was ever on a railroad car. In most things I was the greenest boy you can imagine, although in many practical things I knew more than almost any boy of my age. I was terribly embarrassed and badly frightened. I went to Doctor Tappan, the President of the University,

with a letter from Dr. Zina Pitcher of Detroit. If ever a man had the faculty of making a frightened boy feel that he had a friend in court, Dr. Tappan had that faculty. He told me if I got in trouble to come to him. I was examined in Grammar, spelling, geography, arithmetic and algebra through equations of the first degree and was conditioned in all except spelling and geography. The terms of the condition were that I could remain on trial for two months if I could do well enough to be no drag on the class, and at the end of that time, I must be examined again to see whether I could remain permanently or not. At the end of two months, I went to Prof. Brooks for re-examination. He had forgotten all about it. "Why", he said, "You have done as well as any one", and signed my paper without any examination. The other professors did the same, and I was the happiest boy in Michigan. Then for the first time, I had real confidence that I could sustain myself and not disgrace my friends. I felt my greenness and went of preparation very keenly and my first year was one of too hard drudgery to be enjoyable. But in both my greenness and want of preparation, as well as in my want of money enough to get on comfortably, I had plenty of company. Most of my classmates were hard-working country boys from many states. The only ones who considered themselves swells and who had enough money were some boys from Detroit and several from the south. On the whole my classmates were industrious, hard students, honest and helpful, true men. It was the largest class that had ever entered the University up to that time. When hazing and other monkey-shines by the older classes were attempted, they always got whipped.

I roomed with Eber Owen, and we took our meals in another house. Our room-rent cost us one dollar a week each and our meals one dollar and seventy-five cents a week each. Things were very cheap in those early days or we could not have lived on two dollars and seventy-five cents a week. We had good board and a good room and thought ourselves very fortunate, and we were. The first nine months in Ann Arbor, I spent \$240.00 all told, including books, board, lodging, clothing and all other expenses. Eighty dollars of the money was given to me by my father and the balance loaned me by Mr. Rust.

About June 20th, at the close of the first college year, I went to Marine City and worked for Captain Ward helping erect an engine in a new steamer he was building, and was paid two dollars a day. It was very hard work, but I thought I was well off. That was in 1858. The country had been living in a long period of Democratic free trade and Democratic bulldozing by the

superior men of the south. Many feared trouble in the not distant future, business was dreadfully depressed, and Mr. Rust, like all others in the lumber business, was very hard up. My father could give me no more money and I went back to the University with nothing but what I had earned during the summer. About May 1st, 1859, I had to leave Ann Arbor for the want of money. I got a position from Captain Ward as Clerk and Steward on a little propeller he owned call the Quincy, which ran between Detroit and Buffalo. She was a slow old tub, and I had a good deal of spare time, every minute of which I employed in studying, trying to keep up with my class. In June I returned to Ann Arbor for a few days and passed my examinations all right. I continued on the Quincy until the close of navigation about November 15th, returned to Ann Arbor, went on with my class and kept up with it without great difficulty. My salary on the Quincy was forty dollars a month and it cost me nothing to live. We used to stop at Port Stanley on the Canada side of Lake Erie for wood and there I got acquainted with a butter dealer who bought butter from the farmers and put it up in firkins. I bought butter from him, paid the regular freight on it and sold it in Buffalo to a grocer on a sort of joint stock arrangement and made more than my salary. I was never hard up for money after my second year at Ann Arbor, but had none to fool away. I was able to buy respectable clothes, to live better, to buy the books I needed and to chip in on anything for which money was needed by the class.

I was on the Quincy during the two summers of 1859 and 1860. In the summer of 1861 I was clerk of the Plant, a large, beautiful side-wheel steamer which ran between Cleveland and Lake Superior ports as far west as Ontonagon. She was always full of passengers, and I met many interesting people. I had a good deal more work to do then than on the Quincy and less time to study. By Captain Ward's permission, I used to invite some of the Ann Arbor professors to take a trip or two with me to help me out. They were glad to exchange knowledge for enjoyment. Excepting during my Freshman year, I never spent more than five months in Ann Arbor during any year, but I did manage to keep up and to graduate with my class in June, 1861. In 1862, I was clerk on a fine new side-wheel steamer, the Sea Bird, owned by Captain Ward, which ran between Chicago and Lake Superior ports. I got good wages, learned much of the ways of men and business, and felt that I was getting on in the world.

All told, Mr. Rust loaned me \$240.00 and I paid it all back to him before I was out of college.

When I offered it to him, he said, "Jim, I wouldn't take it, but I want it to do you good twice over. It did you good when you got it and it will give you self-respect to pay it". I was, and am, as thankful to him as if it had been ten times as much.

The graduating exercises of my class were held on June 24th, 1861. I was one of the twelve out of a class of sixty-five chosen to speak at commencement. I felt that under all the circumstances, I had done pretty well, and my classmates, professors and friends seemed to think the same. Aunt Emily was radiant and my sister was very happy. Aunt Emily, my father and my sister attended the commencement; Father was the proudest man in ten states.

As I write it now, I can see that it was, next to the day I was married, the happiest day of my life. The only cloud on it was the absence of my mother. The boys took particular pains to be nice to my father, and he enjoyed it immensely, as it was the first thing of the kind he had ever seen.

There were very few rich men's sons in the University in those days. The students were from nearly every state in the union, but nearly half from Michigan. There were many southerners. As a rule they were good fellows, but as good many of them were very lazy, dissipated, quick tempered, high-strung men. The slavery question, in 1857, had assumed an angry phase and it rapidly grew hotter until the end of the college year of 1859-60. In the year 1861, few of them returned. Nearly every student from the north was a fiery patriot. Much attention was given to military drilling and training. I was lieutenant in an artillery company. After the firing on Fort Sumpter and the call for seventy-five thousand volunteers by President Lincoln, the Governor issued a proclamation asking for volunteers for the quota of Michigan. The first company offered in the state was made up by University of Michigan boys. I was one of the volunteers and my name is on the old muster roll now, framed and hanging in the University Library. The Governor refused to accept the boy volunteers, as about ten times as many grown men offered themselves as he had called for. This is as near as I ever came to being a soldier.

In my class of sixty-five about twenty-five volunteered and became soldiers and a number were killed or died of wounds or sickness. "Ike" Elliott, now General Elliott of Roswell, went through the whole war and saw no end of fighting. Some of the very best men in the class were killed.

Henry P. Tappan, the President of the Univer-

sity, was a rare great man. He could be as dignified as a king or as kind as a mother. When he became President of the University, in 1850, I think, it was only a name and an opportunity. He genius made it great. Great teachers left other places where they could get more pay, to follow him. Andrew D. White, then a very young man, came there as Professor of History when I was a Freshman. His influence on young men was inspiring, not only in making good students of them, but in character building. The latter was the best work of Tappan, White, Frieze, Pasquelle, Cooley, Walker and other professors whom I might mention. The best account ever written of what the University of Michigan was in these days, the work it did, and the influence it has had on the cause of higher education in the United States is in the Autobiography of Andrew D. White.

As already stated, I was clerk and steward of the propellor quincy running between Detroit and Buffalo during the summers of 1859, and 1860. There were enough other boats on the line to make one boat a day each way, six days in the week. The elevator men and men on the freight docks would not work on Sunday in those days. We ran in connection with a freight line on the Erie Canal and with the Erie Railroad. We carried few passengers, but were always full of freight. Most of the freight going west was passage freight of all sorts and descriptions, and it had to be checked in and out by the clerk. Many a time I have stood on the deck or on the dock checking freight the whole night long, and the weariness of it it sometimes was terrible.

The Captain of the Quincy during most of 1859 was an old Scotchman whom I despised. He was half blind and could hardly tell at night whether a light ahead was on a vessel or on a lighthouse. It got so bad that I was afraid of my life, and at last some rumor of his inefficiency got to the ears of Captain Ward, and old Chalmers was discharged. The last trip I made on the old tub was in December, 1860, when she was nearly lost in a bad a gale as I ever saw on the lakes. I never enjoyed a minute on the old quincy.

In 1861, I was clerk of the Planet, a big new side-wheel steamer, which ran from Cleveland to Lake Superior ports as far west as Bayfield, Wisconsin. The Planet was fast, had splendid passenger accommodations and was usually crowded with passengers. Many of them were very nice people and I made many pleasant and profitable acquaintances. The boat always had all the freight she

could carry and the rates we charged were high. I had a large fine office and a large comfortable room opening out of the office. We carried a freight clerk under me, as it was impossible for one man to do all the work. In those days all the tickets were sold by the clerk. The Captain was Joseph Nicholson, a man of education and fine manners. I learned much from him and he was a warm friend until he died about twenty years ago. The Planet carried a band of musicians in midsummer and there used to be many dances and gay times on board. The only freight we carried from Lake Superior was mass or barrel copper from the Lake Superior mines, and pig iron from some ~~what~~ coal furnaces. At this time not a railroad touched Lake Superior at any point excepting a little stub from Marquette out to the iron mines a few miles away. The planet cost about \$120,000.00 and the year I was on her she made over \$80,000.00 net. My last trip on her was late in November. As it was the last chance to get to Lake Superior, we were full of passengers, most of them mining men, merchants and other business men who had been east buying goods and closing up their business for the season. We had left Marquette and were headed straight for Kewanaw Point when the wind came up from the north-west in fury, blowing across about three hundred miles of icy cold water. It came on to snow and was so thick that it was impossible to get to any port of shelter, and there was nothing to do but give Kewanaw Point a wide berth, to be sure of plenty of sea room and to bang it out. The wind was terrific and the sea as nasty as I ever saw on the Atlantic. The spray froze as soon as it struck and before morning the whole forward part of the boat was covered with ice a foot thick. The seas had stove in the gangways, and to save the ship all the cargo on the main deck had to be jettisoned. We threw overboard one hundred and eight head of fat cattle and hundreds of tons of groceries, dry goods, pressed hay, feed, flour, mining machinery and everything that could be got hold of. In the time the storm ceased, and we went into Eagle Harbor for such repairs as were possible. We finished the voyage and returned to Detroit for winter quarters. And then there had to be a "general average" settlement between the ship, the insurance companies, the owners of the freight saved, and the freight lost. There were many parts to it and it was a difficult task. I had to go from Detroit to Marquette, Houghton, Eagle River and Ontonogon in the dead of winter with an agent of the insurance companies. We went by rail to Green Bay and by sleighs from there to various points. It was very enjoyable, as we had plenty of furs, good health, youth and

enthusiasm. This work consumed most of the winter of 1861-2. It taught me much about a branch of business of which I was entirely ignorant.

In the year 1862, I was clerk on the Sea Bird, a new side-wheel steamer which ran from Chicago to Lake Superior ports. She was about the same as the Planet in size and accommodations. Her captain was a chump, a coward and a whiskey drinker, but I attended to my business and managed to endure him without any quarrels. The Planet and Sea Bird each had a large saloon which rented at a big price to the saloon keeper. I never went into them except when I had to, and never drank a drop of whiskey or other liquor in them. I made up my mind not to contract the drinking habit, and stuck to it. On these boats were many queer characters, both men and women, and the temptations to go wrong and contract bad habits were numerous, but I left them entirely alone.

On the early morning of October 20th, 1862, the Sea Bird was heading from the Manitou Islands for Sheboygen, Wisconsin. When we were a few miles from land the engine broken down and we were helpless. The wind was dead ahead and it soon increased to a gale. Soon we were in the troughs of the seas and having a bad time of it. Before night the wind was a regular hurricane, and the seas came up under the guards on the weather side and knocked the deck planks loose, so the water came on the main deck in the solid blue. It ran down into the hold through many openings; the steam pumps could not keep it clear, and all hands, passengers included, had to man the hand pumps. In spite of this, by morning, the boat was nearly ready to sink. Luckily we drifted into the passage between the North Manitou Islands and the main land, in site of a harbor where several pro-pellers were storm-bound, and one of them came out and towed us to shelter. Our captain, Douglas, was a coward and before the night of October 20th was half over, he gave up and was ready to say his prayers. The first mate was a trump. He and I saved the boat and about two hundred passengers. My job was to drum up the men passengers and make them work at the pumps. They would desert in despair and go to console or pray with their wives, and had to be expostulated with and made ashamed to induce them to work and save themselves. The women had often more grit than the men. When all was over, the passengers wrote a statement to Captain Ward, which they all signed, denouncing the Captain as a coward and giving me the credit of saving the boat. They saw less of the mate, Pat Carney, than they did of me, but I am sure that he and I did save the Sea Bird that awful night.



For twelve hours I was as wet as water could make me and the wind was almost freezing cold. I took no harm from it. That night ended Dougal's career as a steamboat captain.

In the winter of 1862-3 Captain Ward made a contract with the Grand Trunk Railroad Company of Canada to run a daily line of boats between Port Sarnia and Milwaukee and Chicago. The object was to form a through rail-and-water line between great West and Montreal, Portland and Boston for the carriage of freight and passengers, in opposition to the lake and rail lines from the east through Buffalo. There were eight large propellers in the line, the finest, largest and fastest being the new Propellor B. F. Wade. L. E. Goldsmith was her Captain and I was her clerk. You remember Captain Goldsmith, as he died in our employ in 1885, when we were in Colorado. He was a natural born gentleman, a splendid sailor, and one of the most lovable men I ever knew. I enjoyed my connection with him more than that of any captain I was ever with. From the start, the line was a success. The traffic was all done under a complicated contract, which provided for pro-rata divisions between various points, varying for different classes of freight. The Canadian and American classifications of freight were forever in conflict. The contract was experimental for the first year, and there were no end of complications and disagreements about all sorts of things. The current business was kept settled up as closely as possible, but at the end of the season there was a large mass of unsettled claims and counter claims, the balance being largely in favor of the steamers. After the close of the season, various attempts to get a settlement were made without success, and the situation was becoming very strained, although both sides desired to do right. One morning Captain Ward called me into his office, and after some talk about the claims, he said, "I want you to go to Montreal and settle up this matter, and don't you come back until you do it. I want the money due me, and I don't want to get in a row with Mr. Brydges". He gave orders that all the other clerks should hand their papers over to me, and explain everything. They did it, but one, a nephew of Captain Ward by the name of Tubal C. Owen, about as ill-mannered a blockhead as could be found. He was very jealous of me. He went to his Uncle and asked him to let him go with me so the boats would have two representatives instead of one. In his offhand way, Captain Ward consented.

The Boston part of the through business was done in connection with the Vermont Central from Ogdensburg, and it had a large interest in the claims. Its President was Mr. Lansing Millis of Boston, a gentleman every inch of him. The President of the Grand Truck was Sir Charles J. Brydges, and exceedingly dignified and courteous English gentleman. A meeting was arranged in Montreal and Tube and I went there in due time. I expected Tube would make a fool of himself and he promptly met my most sanguine expectations. The meeting with Messrs. Brydges and Millis was only to settle certain broad principles, to agree on what the contract meant in certain particulars, and to lay the foundation so it would be easy work for the auditors to figure up and strike a balance. At the first point of disagreement Owen began to rant and use language almost insulting. I did my best to keep him quiet and to minimize the harm he was doing, but it was no use. The gentlemen were surprised and disgusted. I was mortified beyond expression, and at last, Mr. Brydges said in his dignified way that he thought no settlement could be arrived at with the widely divergent views between us, and the conference ended. As soon as Owen and I were out of the room, he began to abuse me for not pitching in to help him. I told him he was a fool, and that I should start for Detroit immediately, and we went back. Owen told his story to his Uncle and I told mine. An angrier and more chagrined man than Captain Ward I never saw. Within a week he started me off alone to Montreal, again with a letter to Mr. Brydges, who met me very cordially and said he believed we could come to an agreement, which we did very quickly. He sent a man to Boston with me to see Mr. Millis. After a day's talk he said he wanted to see Mr. Brydges about other things also, and took us to Montreal in his car. One half day was all that was necessary to settle certain fundamental principles, which covered most of the disputed cases. The fair-minded and honest manner in which those big men weighed the facts and tried to find out the real meaning of the contract, and sought to ascertain what was fair on points about which the contract was silent, gave me a great lesson. I was much impressed. They seemed to be as willing to listen to a boy of twenty-four as if I had been as big a man as themselves. When I was right they admitted it freely, and when they thought I was wrong, they took great pains to explain. Within two or three days the auditor and I figured up the accounts, based on the principles we had agreed on, and I was given a check for over \$200,000, being at least \$15,000.00 more than we had expected when I left Detroit. I arrived in Detroit about twelve o'clock one cold Saturday night in

February and went to the old Michigan Exchange Hotel. I had not telegraphed Captain Ward and was not expected back for a week or two. Just as I was entering the Hotel I met the Captain face to face. He was just leaving for home and his sleigh was at the door. When he saw me he was surprised and impatient and said, "Why, Hagerman, I told you not to come home until that business was settled. What's the row now?"

I told him it was all settled and the check in my pocket, which I handed him. I never saw a more pleased man, and he complimented me highly. He insisted on my going home with him to stay over Sunday. I have always felt rather proud of that job, and it was the stepping-stone to better things, although they were slower in coming than I had hoped or expected.

Very soon the question of a revised contract between Captain Ward and the Grand Trunk was taken up. He ordered me to make a draft of such a contract as I thought we ought to have, and I told him I thought it was a task for his attorney. He replied that I had had experience with the old contract, knew its good and bad points, what ought to be discarded, what additions should be made, and that I was much better able to draw it up than his attorney. We talked it over several times and I drew up a contract which I thought to be right. Soon Mr. Brydges and his Traffic Manager came to Detroit and my contract was read and discussed. With a few changes it was adopted so far as rates, divisions, etc. were concerned, and Mr. John Logan Chapman, Mr. Brydges' attorney in Detroit, was called in to consider its legal aspects. Few changes were made and that contract stood in its essential features for the ten years that Ward's Grand Trunk Line of steamers continued.

I remained on the Wade during 1864 and 1865. We had a few disagreements with the railroad company under the new contract, but when we had any, or when there were new arrangements to make to cover unexpected things, I was always sent to Montreal and Boston to settle them. I became acquainted with many nice people in Boston who had been passengers, and when I went there in the winter they were very kind to me. My three years on the Wade gave me much more business experience than usually came to a steamboat clerk. I was not satisfied to do merely the routine work which was necessary to get along and hold my job, but I studied into things and had opinions and information which were valuable to my employer. Most

steamboat clerks simply settled down in a rut and seemed to lose power to lift themselves out. This is easy to do, especially in any clerical position. The consequence was that when anything out of the ordinary was to be done concerning the business of the line, I was called on to do it. My three years on the Wade were very pleasant and agreeable on the whole. I loved Captain Goldsmith and he thought more of me than of any other man in the world. I knew that I was spending more of my life as a steamboat clerk than I ought, and wanted to do something more important. But it is a good thing that I continued in it as long as I did, because in July, 1866, Anna Osborne and her sister Sophie were passengers on the Wade and I became acquainted with them. What came of this very important event, and how it all happened, I will tell in due time.

About the close of the season of 1865, Captain Ward called me into his office one day and said: "Hagerman, I have told you more than once that I would give you a better job than steamboat clerking when the right opportunity should come. Now is the chance to prove what you are made of". He then told me that he was going to build rolling mills in Milwaukee to manufacture railroad iron, and that he wanted me to go there as Secretary and general business man of the company. I was surprised and somewhat frightened at such an important position, but he reassured me and said I had proved that I could do things out of the ordinary and he knew that I could do the work. He talked to me like a father and made me realize that the question of success or failure was up to me, that all he could do was to give me the opportunity, which he would not do if he were not convinced that I was honest, loyal to his interests, and capable of more important work than I had been doing.

Before going into the history of this great change in my work and prospects, I must tell you more about Captain Eber Brock Ward himself. When he was about six years old, his father, Eber Ward, moved to Michigan from Vermont, and was given the position of light-house keeper at Port Cratiot, Michigan. A few years later he was sent to keep the light-house at Bois Blanc Island, near Macinac. Both of these places were frontier stations, where white men were rarely seen, but Indians were many. Among his children were Emily Ward, the oldest, afterwards known as Aunt Emily. The wife of Eber Ward died when Aunt Emily was twelve years of age, and from that time she became the mother of the family. She lived with her father, kept his house and taught his children. Nearly all of the school education Eber B. had was what he got from his sister Emily before he was fifteen years old.

At that time he went into the employ of his Uncle, Sam Ward, as the supercargo of the trading schooner General Harrison. He was a natural born trader, alert and keen, and before he was twenty he was captain of the schooner, and had an interest in her. A partnership was ultimately formed under the name of E. B. and S. Ward, and this lasted until the firm was very rich, and until Uncle Sam's death. In about 1842 they built their first steamer. Soon after that the business of the lakes grew by leaps and bounds, and the Wards kept the lead in steamboat building for many years. It was no uncommon thing for a boat to pay for herself in one season. The boats were all built in Newport, and one or more was on the stocks all the time.

Eber B. married a Miss Mc. Queen, against the protest of Aunt Emily. The marriage proved to be very unhappy. They had two daughters and five sons. One daughter was a fine woman, the other was an imbecile. All five of the boys were utterly disreputable and dirty scamps, and all came to disreputable or tragic ends. He was divorced from his wife when he was about fifty-eight, and married a young woman of twenty-three. She was the mother of Eber S. Ward, Jr., who now lives a worthless life in Europe, and of the notorious Princess de Chimay. Of course Captain Ward was very unhappy in his family relations, and gave me much fatherly advice about being careful not to make a fool of myself when I married - and I took his advice. If he had taken it, himself, before his second marriage, he would have done well. At the acme of his steamboat business Captain Ward owned seventeen side-wheel passenger steamers, a number of freight and passenger propellers, and many sailing vessels. Probably ten years before the Soo Canal was finished he had the Steamer Ward hauled out of the water at the Soo and transported it on ways across the land where the canal was afterward built, and launched into Lake Superior in the Spring. There she ran until the canal was finished, paying for herself probably a dozen times over. For a long time the Michigan Central Railroad was finished no further west than New Buffalo, and the connection from that point to Chicago was by steamer. Nor was there any railroad between Buffalo and Detroit. During this period Captain Ward ran lines of fine steamers to fill the gap between Detroit and Buffalo and between New Buffalo and Chicago. In time the Great Western of Canada was finished from Niagara Falls to Windsor, opposite Detroit, and the Michigan Central to Chicago. This threw several boats out of business and showed Captain Ward what the railroads would do finally to the lake passenger and most profitable freight business. He saw the new era coming before anyone else did, sold many of his steamers and began turning his tireless energy and capital in other

directions. He saw how valuable Michigan Pine timber would become, and bought vast tracts of pine land at the Government price of \$1.25 per acre. Most of these he left in his will to his second wife and her children, and they have probably realized \$15,000,000.00 out of them.

He also saw the coming importance of the iron business, and the year the Soo canal was opened, so Lake Superior ore could be obtained, he built a charcoal blast furnace and a rolling mill at Wyandotte near Detroit. They were very profitable, and in 1857, he built a rail mill in Chicago. In 1866 he began building the iron works in Milwaukee. So he was the pioneer in the iron business in Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. Whatever he undertook he did with all his might. His information on all economic and commercial subjects was wonderful. He was a high tariff man and was for many years the most influential leader out of Congress in all tariff fights. It was largely through his efforts that a duty of \$28.00 a ton was put on Bessemer steel rails. As soon as the law was passed, he and John A. Griswold of Troy, New York and J. D. Morrell of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, organized a steel company and built a Bessemer steel plant in Wyandotte. There were no men in the United States who knew how to build Bessemer steel works, and they had to be imported. They were hard to get along with, but they built the works and made the first Bessemer steel ever made in America, in 1864, I think. Many mistakes were made, the works did not pay, but valuable lessons were learned at a loss of about \$600,000.00 to the promoters. They made some ingots large enough for rails, but when they attempted to roll them in the Wyandotte mill, they smashed the machinery, as it was too weak to roll steel. Some ingots were then sent to the Chicago mill with little better results. When our Milwaukee mill was built we put in a big Corliss engine and very heavy rolls. All the Wyandotte Ingots which had lain waiting for something strong enough to roll them were sent to Milwaukee, and we rolled them successfully, the first one on the 8th day of March, 1868. This was really the first successful attempt to roll Bessemer steel rails in America. I think the Chicago mills claim the honor, and they did roll one or two short rails and gave it up a complete failure. The rails we rolled were laid in the yards of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company in Milwaukee on a curve, over which there was continual switching, and where the best iron rails would wear out in four months. At the end of four months the steel rails were just worn

smooth and bright, but as good as when they were laid. I realized then that the iron rails were doomed, and that the age of steel was in sight. But all the steel rails then made in the world were made in England and cost in the United States from \$120.00 to \$130.00 a ton in gold. The costly failure at Wyandotte to make steel rails profitably was a damper on men who thought of investing in steel works.

Captain Ward did build large Bessemer steel works in Chicago in 1873 and 1874, and they were just ready to run when he died.

He was the promoter of and the first President of the Flint and Pere Marquette R. R. Co., and also built several other railroads, which are now part of the Burlington System.

He was quick tempered and often very severe with those under him but in all the sixteen years I was in his employ he never spoke an angry word to me. Of course, he criticized some of my acts, but always in a kind way. He never asked me to do anything which was not strictly honest, and I never knew him to do a dishonest act.

During the war, he gave large sums of money to the Sanitary Commission, and for other patriotic purposes, and was an intense hater of Copperheads and traitors. During the last years of his life he spread out into too many things, and they we terrible panic of 1873 came he was illy prepared for it. He was the only man I ever worked for on a salary. From him I got my business education and experience. He used to talk to me freely about his family and other troubles. When on January 2nd, 1875, he dropped dead without a moment's warning, it seemed like the crack of doom to me.

In January, 1866, Captain Ward took out a charter for the Milwaukee Iron Company under the laws of Wisconsin, with authorized capital of \$250,000.00. The object of the Company was to build a mill in Milwaukee to manufacture new iron rails out of worn out iron rails and other wrought scrap iron. This, we called "rerolling". The roads would deliver us old rails and we would give them ton for ton of new rails for a certain sum of money. Forty dollars per ton was, I think, our price at first for rerolling.

In January, 1866, Captain Ward took me to Mil-

waukee and the Company held its first meeting, with the following directors:

E. E. Ward, Stephen Clement, O. W. Potter, Alexander Mitchell, John H. Van Dyke.

The following were the officers:-

President - Stephen Clement  
Vice " - O. W. Potter  
Treasurer - Alexander Mitchell  
Secretary - J. J. Hagerman  
Attorney - John H. Van Dyke

Captain Ward subscribed for \$130,000.00 of the stock, and a large share of the remainder was subscribed by Alexander Mitchell, Russell Sage, F. P. James, W.S. Gurnel, Selah Chamberlain, and N. A. Cowdrey, all Directors in the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company. What they did not take was taken by friends of Captain Ward in New Bedford, Mass.

Captain Clement was a brother-in-law of Captain Ward and President of the North Chicago Rolling Mills Company. Potter was Secretary of the same Company. He was a second cousin of Captain Ward and had married one of Ward's nieces. I knew him when he was a boy and we went to school together in Aunt Emily's Academy. He had been in the Chicago mills several years when I went to Milwaukee.

Mr. Van Dyke was an excellent man and a good lawyer, and we soon became warm friends. Clement and Potter each had a small interest in the Chicago mills. They had advised Captain Ward to build a mill, in Milwaukee, as they wanted that field occupied by a friendly interest, so it would be a protection to the Chicago mills. It was to be in their minds a sort of second fiddle to Chicago. They never disclosed their full idea to Captain Ward, and certainly not to the stockholders who had no interest in the Chicago mills. Mr. Potter's brother Williams, was to be superintendent of the Milwaukee mill when it was finished. The constructing engineer was W. F. Durfee, a friend of Mr. Potter's. In this foundation lurked much trouble for me, which cropped out in due time.

My duty was to keep the books and records, to collect from subscribers to the stock, buy all



materials excepting machinery and to audit and pay the bills. I had nothing to do with buying the machinery or with deciding what machinery should be bought, as I knew nothing about it. I knew nothing about the physical, chemical, mechanical or business features of the iron business. Potter and Durfee decided on the machinery, plans, etc. They had selected a site for the works in the Menominee Valley, but on careful examination it was found no good foundations for machinery could be located there and it was abandoned. After a long hunt Durfee and I found just south of the city limits forty three acres of good land which could be bought for \$100.00 an acre. Potter and Clement condemned it because it was too large, because they saw in it the possibility of big works which they did not want. They said twenty acres were enough. Lying next to it was a tract of seventy-one acres belonging to a man in Buffalo, whom I knew in the old Quincy days. I thought we ought to buy both tracts, and Mr. Mitchell agreed with me. I went to Detroit to see Captain Ward and he agreed with us. I telegraphed Mr. Van Dyke to buy the forty acre tract, and by Captain Ward's orders I went to Buffalo and bought the seventy acres for \$8,000.00. So we had one hundred and fourteen acres instead of twenty. I had no idea of antagonizing Captain Clement and Mr. Potter, but I did, and unpleasantness began in a mild way. I can see now that if we had located on a small tract, the company would have been a dwarf, and my business career would have been very different from what it has been.

The mill was finished and began operations in January, 1868, and all the work it got the first year was from the Milwaukee roads. We ran "single turn" days only, which was very expensive, and we made very little money. As the Chicago and Northwestern ran to the mills and as we gave it a great deal of traffic, I thought we had a right to part of its business, and told Captain Clement so. He jumped on me, and being very quick-tempered, let the cat out of the bag. He said all the work we could have was what we could get from the St. Paul road, all the other roads were their customers, that I must not solicit any business from them, that the Milwaukee mills were built to protect the Chicago mills, and that if I interfered with their customers he would discharge me. I was badly scared, but I told him that I did not think that Messrs. Mitchell, Sage and others bought stock in the Milwaukee mills to protect mills in which they had no interest. I also said I would talk to Mr. Mitchell about it and tell him just what he, Clement, said. He called me an upstart, ordered me to keep my mouth shut

or I would be discharged.

I knew that if I did not get more work for the mills they would be a financial failure, and that I would be part of it, so I told Mr. Van Dyke the whole story and asked him to tell it to Mr. Mitchell and have him take me to task for not soliciting business from roads other than the St. Paul. Mr. Mitchell sent for me and spoke his mind in plain Scotch. I asked him to put it in writing and he did. I went with it to Captain Clement, and he saw with anger that he was put in the position of being President of our company and working against its interests. He still ordered me to obey him under threats of discharge. I told him if I did not work for the interests of my stockholders, they would discharge me and that I would write Captain Ward all about it. The end of it was that Captain Ward came over, and we held a council of war, composed of Ward, Clement, Potter and Hagerman. Captain Ward told them plainly that I was right and that he would not and could not put himself in the position of using other people's money to protect an interest of his own in which the other people owned nothing. On that Clement resigned as President of the Milwaukee Iron Co., and Potter as Vice President. A meeting of directors was called, and Captain Ward was made President and J. H. Van Dyke, Vice President. O. W. Potter was so angry that he made his brother, William, resign as Superintendent and gave him a position in Chicago. I was made General Manager as well as Secretary, and for the first time, the Milwaukee Iron Company had a chance to do something. If I am not mistaken this was in December, 1869. My salary was raised from \$1,800.00 to \$4,000.00 a year. Altogether too much work and responsibility was put on me, and I was all too willing to take it.

Before going on with my history after I went to Milwaukee, I must tell you of the most important event in my life; my marriage. You have often heard about it and I can be brief. I first saw your mother to know her in July 1865, when I was clerk on the Wade. Anna Osborne, her sister Sophie, and two young lady friends of theirs came up from Detroit to take passage on the Wade for Traverse City, Michigan. The Wade always called at Northport at the mouth of Traverse Bay to get wood, and a small steamer ran from there, on which they were to go to Traverse City.

It happened that two of the Brindle girls whom I had always known, were well acquainted with Anna and Sophie Osborne, so we were soon introduced. On the trip up I was very busy and saw little of them. We arrived at Northport before daylight and were soon "wooded up" and off before I

was out of bed. Captain Goldsmith took the young ladies to a hotel at Northport, and it seems got much better acquainted with them than I did. After leaving there, the Captain was high in his praises of the two Osborne girls, and especially the older one, and took me to task for not having known them better.

Some weeks after this, just as we were leaving Chicago, who should come aboard the Wade as passengers for Sarnia but the two Osborne girls and George L. Graves who was engaged to Sophie. An old friend of mine, Captain Best, came with them. They had come on his sailing vessel from Traverse City to Chicago. I was mighty glad to see them, as I had regretted not having seen more of them on the up trip. We were soon well acquainted. As it happened, some of the Brindle girls (Aunt Emily's nieces) were also passengers on the Wade. Everything conduced to mutual confidence, and before we reached Sarnia, I began to think there was a gold mine in sight, although I cannot say that I had any serious intentions at that time.

As soon as we arrived at Sarnia, I had to go to the custom house to report, as usual, before anything could be landed. I knew my young lady friends were to take the daily steamer to Aunt Emily's, twenty miles down the river, that morning. But in the short interval when I was in the custom house, the river steamer came alongside of the Wade and took them off so suddenly that I had not even a chance to bid them good-bye. They did not know why I was not there and thought me very rude, and I was terribly annoyed. It was right there and then that I made up my mind to see more of Anna Osborne. Something, I cannot tell what, whispered to me something I had never felt before. I fixed my business as well as I could, and that night hired a man to drive me down to my father's house, about seventeen miles, and we arrived there after midnight. The next morning, early, I went to Aunt Emily's and arrived there when they were all at breakfast. Of course, they were all surprised to see me, and all sorts of jokes were soon flying. Frank and Florence Brindle guessed what had brought me. That day Anna and Sophie Osborne, George Graves and I went on the river boat to Detroit. Sophie and George were too busy to pay any attention to us, and we made some progress in getting acquainted that day. They went to Tecumseh and I went by rail to Sarnia that night and joined the Wade.

From that time, we began writing letters to each other, at rather long intervals. The next spring, in June, I think, I went from Milwaukee to Tecumseh ostensibly to attend the wedding of Sophie and your Uncle George. My real reason was easily guessed. I made several other

visits there in the fall and winter of 1866. At last the irrevocable word was spoken, and we were married in Tecumseh on June 12th, 1867, and left on our wedding trip that day for Chicago. We went from there to Prairie du Chien and took a river steamer for St. Paul, intending to remain there for some time. Even then, I had more on my back than any boy ought to carry. Business telegrams began to be fired at me, and this cut our stay in St. Paul short.

I congratulate myself on some important and good things I have done in my life, but they are all thrown into the shade by the event which, so far as I am concerned, had its conscious beginning in the disappointment which came to me that morning at Port Sarnia when I found the girls had slipped away so suddenly. I knew then which one of them was responsible for the disappointment.

We soon returned to Milwaukee and began the work of life in earnest. I had \$3,000.00 in money, and that is all I was worth. My salary was \$1,500.00 a year. I made a little extra by buying flour for a man in Port Huron, on the Milwaukee board of Trade, of which I was a member. But my total income did not exceed \$2,000.00 a year, which was very small pay for the work I was doing. Captain Ward was always very stingy as to salaries. The opportunity was worth much more than the salary.

The house you were born in was about half finished when I took your mother to Milwaukee. She soon took care of that job, but before it was finished she was taken dreadfully ill with bilious fever. I was nearly scared to death, and sent for your Aunt Mary, and like a true sister of mercy, as she always has been and is now, she came to help us. When the house was finished we carried your mother in. She soon got perfectly well, and we did enjoy life. We lived well on our meager income and saved some money. We were perfectly happy and contented. We soon became acquainted with many of the best people in Milwaukee and made many valuable friends. We joined the Congregational Church, and found there an earnest, agreeable lot of people who did us much good and became very dear to us.

As soon as I had any money to spend for anything I began buying books. When we were married I had one hundred ~~so~~ one hundred and fifty good ones, and among them the histories of Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Macaulay, Scott's novels, the British Essayists and other good books.

We read aloud to each other a great deal with the keenest enjoyment and great profit. Unfortunately, my increasing work and responsibilities cut this short to my great regret.

From my first acquaintance with the iron business I took the keenest interest in it and began at once to learn all I could about the mechanical, chemical, industrial and business features of it. The habit of study I had acquired at Ann Arbor was an immense help. What I had learned of mechanics, mathematics and chemistry were of great value. They enabled me to enjoy and understand the technical books and pamphlets, which were published mostly in England, on the manufacture of iron and steel. The business at that time was just beginning to emerge from the old rule of thumb rut in which it had stuck for a long time without much progress, and scientific men were just beginning to study it and to put some scientific methods into practical use. Prof. Percy had just published this great work and Bessemer had just put his process into successful use. The Siemens brothers had just begun giving the world the benefit of their great discoveries. In this country Holly, John Fritz and others who have done so much to revolutionize the manufacture of iron and steel, were just becoming known. The best source of information in the world was the British Iron and Steel Institute and its publications. It was hard to get into, but through Alexander L. Holly and the fact that I held the degree of Bachelor of Science (it meant more in England than it did here) from the University of Michigan, I was made a member of it and got its publications, which at that time were the best in the world on all sides of the iron and steel question, both technical and commercial. I read all the best literature on the subject which I could get hold of, understood and remembered it, and soon became better informed on the subject than any other man in Captain Ward's employ, and he was quick to notice it. Most of my competitors in the iron business, and most of the managers whom I met in the course of business, were men of little education, knew the iron business as their fathers knew it, and had a very vague idea of the coming revolution due to scientific methods and discoveries, which were appreciated only by a few well informed men.

After I became Manager of the Milwaukee Iron Company, the burning question was how to increase its business without infringing too much on the business of the North Chicago Rolling Mills Company. The mere rerolling business was not enough for both. The Chicago mills

had hardly attempted to make new rails from new or old material to sell to the new roads, many of which were building. Up to 1869, there had been little opportunity to make new rails profitably. Pig iron and the cost of puddling had been so expensive that American mills, and especially in the west found no profit in making new iron rails in competition with English and Welsh rails. The duty was low, but in 1869, a stiff duty was put on new rails, and the duty on old rails remained low. Bessemer rails began to be used in England in considerable quantities long before they were in America, and the English railroads had many old iron rails to sell.

Beginning with 1869, the country had taken breath after the war, financial conditions had improved, confidence had returned, and a furor of railroad building had begun. Rails of any sort were in great demand and prices advanced rapidly. It was easy to figure out a good profit in making new rails out of puddled pig iron and imported old rails. The trouble was we made no pig iron, and to remedy this defect we built a large blast furnace, costing about \$250,000.00, and largely increased our puddling capacity. In 1870, we imported several thousand tons of old rails through Montreal and brought them from there by sailing vessels to Milwaukee. We started the mills "double turn", and in that year made large profits. Before the close of the year, we began the erection of another blast furnace, built a large puddling mill, made many other improvements, and in 1871 increased our rail making capacity to about four thousand tons a month. Prices were still advancing; we made very large profits, but we all lost our heads, as we saw afterwards to our sorrow. The large profits on iron rails due to the unprecedented demand and the high tariff made us more than half forget the rapid advance which was being made by England, France and Germany in the art of making Bessemer steel more cheaply and in larger quantities. What was the use, we thought, in spending money and taking great risks in building steel works as long as we were making so much money on iron rails? The answer to this question came much sooner than we expected it.

During the latter part of 1871, I could see plainly from the sharp demand for rails for 1872 delivery, that prices were sure to be much higher and that we would need a large quantity of old rails for next year's use, and I committed an unpardonable sin, so far as Clement and Potter were concerned. I took a three months' option on about 15,000 tons of old rails from the Illinois Central and other Chicago roads at about three dollars a ton above the ruling price, without having a word said about it to any person except Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Van

Dyke, and Mr. Mitchell agreed to lend a large sum to pay for them if necessary. Before any of them were delivered they had advanced fully five dollars, and before they were all delivered, they had advanced fifteen dollars a ton. The purchase price was thirty-three dollars, but before the end of 1872 old rails were worth fifty dollars a ton. The price of new iron rails in January, 1872, had advanced to seventy-five dollars, and before the year ended, I sold them at ninety dollars per ton. The average price for 1872 was about eighty-four to eighty-six dollars per gross ton. The fact is that we practically had a corner on all the old rails the Chicago roads could deliver, and the Chicago mills were unable to get them at any price. Potter and Clement were enraged at me, and made complaints to Captain Ward and tried to get him to order me to turn over part of our rails to them at the purchase price, and he refused. This made bad blood for which I suffered after Captain Ward's death. We made very large profits in 1872 and paid too much of it out in dividends and in new construction of the wrong kind.

During 1872, I was more than ever impressed with the great value of steel rails over iron, and felt that steel would in time supplant iron rails, but had no idea that the revolution was so near at hand. I urgently recommended the building of steel works at a cost of \$1,500,000.00 and we devised a plan to raise \$2,000,000. At that time, the capital of the Milwaukee Iron Company was \$1,900,000.00, represented by \$1,500,000.00 of stock (which was sold at \$150.00 a share) and \$400,000.00 of bonds. The plan to build and finance the steel works was approved by the Directors, and I went east to sound our New York, Boston and New Bedford stockholders about raising the money by selling stock at par. It went like hot cakes, and every one wanted more than his share. On the way home, I saw Captain Ward in Detroit, and found to my surprise that he had cooled off for the time being. The Chicago mills had just begun the erection of costly steel works and his share of the money to pay for them was such a large sum that he did not feel like taking on another large load in Milwaukee. He wanted to postpone it for one year. He was not willing to have his share taken by others, and put a veto on it. It proved to be a mistake, even for him, because it was one of the causes of the failure of the Milwaukee Iron Company in 1876. I was much disappointed, but did not care to urge Captain Ward further. If I had done so

I think he would have consented to go on with construction in 1872, letting other people buy his share of the new stock. This postponement ran us foul of the awful panic year 1873, and that put an end to many a fine scheme.

During the intensely active year 1872 I worked terribly hard, and was foolish enough to allow myself to be elected an Alderman of the fifth ward of Milwaukee, which put more load on me. I am sure this great strain began to undermine my elastic health and energy, although I did not realize it at the time.

The year 1873 began with everything on a wild and inflated basis. Prices of coal, labor, iron ore and all materials were enormously high. The railroad building furor had not diminished, but the ease of getting money for new railroads had diminished, and even roads with the best credit bought rails for about one third cash and two thirds time paper. Tom Scott and associates were building the Texas and Pacific from New Orleans to California. They bought rails on time, giving bonds as collateral, and the endorsement of Scott and a lot of the richest men in Philadelphia. We sold about \$1,200,000.00 worth of rails for this paper, and the Chicago mills a like amount. They were all delivered before July, 1873. We also had paper of other roads amounting to over \$1,000,000.00. We had bought enormous quantities of ore, coke, coal and other materials for winter use at very high prices. Up to July, there was hardly a premonition of a coming panic. But all at once, Jay Cooke & Co., the financial promoters of the Northern Pacific, failed, and the great Texas and Pacific Construction Company failed, carrying with it Tom Scott, Matthew Baird and a lot of other rich men. Scores of banks, railroad companies, individuals, manufacturers, all classes of men went under every day. Railroad and all other building stopped entirely. Hundreds of thousands of men were thrown out of employment. You could not sell a rail at any price. The panic came in September and hurt the iron business worse than any other. We had discounted or used as collateral in many banks large blocks of the Tom Scott and other paper, and were promptly asked to take it up and make the banks good. But, before saying more about 1873, I must tell you something about myself.

My salary was raised to \$10,000.00 a year in July, 1872, and I was made a director of the company. Early in 1873, my strength began to fail, although I hardly realized what it meant. The cause was overwork and no other. I think it was in July that your mother and I went to Detroit as the beginning of a rest. We took a boat to Marquette, Lake Superior. For a few days I felt



better, and then a great collapse came. We took a dirty little steamer from Marquette to Duluth, and on it I was fearfully ill, giving your mother the greatest anxiety. We went to St. Paul where I got some medical help, but being continually fired at with business telegrams, we soon packed up and went home, where we arrived about the time the panic was in full blast. The terror of it I cannot describe to you. The anxieties which it brought added to the impairment of my health, which culminated in a very severe illness, and at this time, I am confident some trouble began in the apex of my left lung. Our physician did not discover it, or if he did, he did not tell us the truth about it. I am confident that if we had known the real condition I was in, and if I had taken a few months' rest, and proper treatment in a dry climate, I could have quickly and completely recovered. Until long after you were born I never had any vestige of lung trouble, and it was never in my father's or mother's family, so far as I can learn.

I think it was in 1873 that I caught cold and had a severe attack of pleurisy to add to my other troubles, and it was probably caused by them. In the winter of 1873-4, when I was utterly unfit to travel, I made two trips to New York and Philadelphia to meet Mr. Tom Scott and our other debtors. Your mother always went with me and took such care of me as no other person could have done, but in spite of my lung trouble got gradually worse. How imperfectly we then realized what it meant and how it was to change the whole course of our lives.

The Milwaukee Iron Company was one of the very few concerns which did not fail in 1873 or 1874. The Chicago mills stopped payment and had to get a long extension of time, which by the help of their steel works, then completed, they were able to meet. Captain Ward had all he could do to sustain himself, and could help no one. With all his great wealth, he had almost nothing out of which he could get money. His iron interests were dead. No bank would look at iron stocks as collateral. And there I was, sick and almost alone, with the Milwaukee Iron Company and its twenty-five hundred hungry men and large debts on my back. Mr. Alexander Mitchell and some other Milwaukee bankers gave me considerable financial help. Mr. Van Dyke was a good and wise adviser and a warm friend, and without his help I do not know what I should have done. Potter and Clement stuck a knife between my ribs every chance they got, and they got many.

The panic of 1873 was the death knell of the iron rail business in the United States. It killed railroad building for several years, almost entirely. It was the building furor in 1870, 71, 72 and early 1873 that made the unprecedented demand and high prices for iron rails. When that demand ceased prices fell like lead. In June, 1873, I sold rails at \$85.00 per ton. In December of the same year, I sold them at \$45 and in 1875, and 1876 at \$40.00 per ton.

During the boom years of very high prices for iron rails, the Bessemer steel industry had made great strides in Europe, and works for making steel rails had been built in Harrisburg, Troy, Cleveland, Johnstown, Joliet and Chicago. The Joliet, Chicago and Cleveland mills were not finished when the panic came, but were soon afterwards. As there was little demand for rails for new construction, the new steel mills were able to supply all the demand for renewals. The price of steel rails, which in 1870 was about \$120.00 a ton, had fallen in 1874 to about \$70.00 a ton and the old railroads would use nothing but steel. There we were with our big Milwaukee concern, fit almost wholly for making iron rails, an elephant without anything to feed it. The amount of rerolling to be done was insignificant.

In 1874, realizing that the iron rail business was a reminiscence, we built a large mill for making bar iron of all sorts, and also rail fastenings, fish plates, etc. Old rails were plentiful and very cheap, and the bar mill made a little money. It was finished late in 1874. The blast furnaces were kept running on Bessemer pig iron which we sold to the steel mills at a little profit. Things were looking better and I was beginning to believe the company could pull through when on January second, 1875, I received the following telegram from W. H. Brenson, Captain Ward's confidential man in Detroit:-

"Captain Ward dropped dead in the street today".

What that meant to me and the Milwaukee Iron Company I did not fully realize at the moment, but I knew it was a very great disaster. He had been for sixteen years a sincere friend to me. He had taken me into his entire confidence, not only in business but in his family troubles, and I had helped him many a time with his unruly boys. It was a great sorrow to me and I felt that the stone wall which stood between me and the Chicago outfit was gone, and at a time when it was most needed.

He had at the time of his second marriage made a very foolish will. He left what was known as the Ludington property and all his lumber mills and pine lands to his second wife and her children, as a special bequest, and the remainder of his property, after all debts had been paid, to his five children and Aunt Emily, as residuary legatees. This made his debts the first charge against the whole estate. The second charge, the Ludington property, and last of all his children by his first wife and also Aunt Emily. Things became strained between him and his second wife, and he was on his way to his lawyers to change his will. He left the street-car and was walking to the lawyer's office when he dropped dead from apoplexy. He never spoke a word. His active life was ended in a second.

The form of his will was very bad for his estate. By the advice of bad lawyers his sons attacked it and tied up the estate two years. John and Tom Lyon of Chicago, brothers of Mrs. Ward number two, were only anxious that the estate should pay its debts, so as to leave the Ludington property and the pine lands for their sister. They seemed to care nothing for the interests of Captain Ward's children by his first wife and of Aunt Emily.

T. C. Owen, Tubal Cain's uncle, a man by the name of Lyman, and O. W. Potter were executors of the will. Owen was a very poor lawyer, very ill, with no backbone and no business ability. Lyman was a lawyer in Cleveland, of fair ability, but with no strength. Potter was Potter, a man of ability, extremely selfish, and out with Aunt Emily, although he owed everything to her. He quickly joined forces with the Lyons, quarreled with the other executors, and refused to serve unless they resigned. They did resign, and Potter was left sole executor of the vast estate, and with a free hand to monkey with the Lyons, who were great scamps.

This affected the Milwaukee Iron Company disastrously. As I have said, the Company owned about \$2,000,000.00 of defaulted railroad paper when the panic came. About \$1,200,000.00 had been used as collateral to shorter notes of the Milwaukee Iron Company, the latter being endorsed by Captain Ward personally. If he had lived, we could have renewed those notes from time to time and paid them finally. But his death and the litigation over his estate made it impossible. I did worry along and held the banks off through 1875, and up to September, 1876, when the banks would wait no longer. They sold

the collateral and got big deficiency judgments against the company, and the crash came on September 1st, 1876. The Ward Estate could have given the help necessary to prevent the catastrophe, but Potter refused to ask the court to allow it. What he was after was to drive the Milwaukee Iron Company into bankruptcy, so the North Chicago Rolling Mills Company could buy it for a bagatelle compared with its value, and this he finally did. Potter and Clement got their revenge on me, and I am sure that a desire to punish me had a good deal to do with their course. But they did not have everything their own way. Their selfish action before and after Captain Ward's death was the direct cause of the brilliant history of the Menominee Mining Company, out of which I made a fortune. They had abundant reasons for kicking themselves subsequently, as will be seen later. But I must say that Potter was many times more to blame than Clement.

The Milwaukee Iron Company had grown to be a very large concern before it failed, and I had grown with it. Its sales of rails amounted to about \$4,000,000.00 a year, and I made all the sales. We had a sales agent for bar iron and pig iron. But the big trades were in rails, often amounting to from \$500,000.00 to \$800,000.00. Most of them were made in New York where I went frequently and where I met many prominent business men, among them Russell Sage. When the Milwaukee Iron Company was organized, he took \$10,000.00 of its stock, and afterwards increased it to \$25,000.00. All the new roads of the Milwaukee and St. Paul were built by Construction Companies owned by directors of the railroad company. The directors of the Construction Company would make a bargain with the directors of the Railroad Company (both sets of directors being the same men) to build a certain piece of road for all there was in sight which could be grabbed. Those were the days of foolishly liberal Federal land grants, sixteen sections to the mile to be selected along the line of the new road. It was also the days of liberal local aid in the shape of county bonds, voted as bonuses to get railroads built. The new roads were through the rich prairie lands of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. The Milwaukee and St. Paul issued \$25,000.00 a mile each of first mortgage bonds, preferred and common stock. The Construction Company would contract to build the road for \$25,000.00 per mile of bonds, the same of the preferred and common stock, and all the land grant and all the local aid. They built the cheapest road possible. The rails were usually fifty pounds per yard, never over forty-six, soft wood ties, wooden bridges narrow cuts and fills and everything the cheapest. The Railroad Company could easily have built better roads

for \$8,000.00 a mile in cash, which could have been obtained by selling \$20,000.00 per mile of seven per cent bonds at ninety. When a section of road was finished it was accepted by the Railroad Company and taken over for operation, when the business of reconstruction and putting it into condition to use was begun, and the cost charged to operating expenses. In those days the rate received for carrying freight, the year through, averaged from four and a half to five cents per ton per mile, and the net earnings were enormous in proportion to the gross. There was no necessity whatever for the intervention of construction companies. The lands soon sold at from \$15 to \$25 an acre. The Preferred St. Paul stock sold in those days sold at about seventy-five and the Common for twenty-five to thirty. The Railroad Company paid the Construction Company a profit of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred percent, and was able to stand it without going into bankruptcy, but to do it had to squeeze every last cent possible out of the poor settlers.

Mr. Russell Sage was the leading spirit in this business. It was where his great fortune began. His associates were Fred. P. James, Walter S. Gurnee, W. A. Cowdrey, Selah Chamberlain, Alexander Mitchell and some others whom I have forgotten. Mr. Mitchell gave the thing respectability and played the role of "the still sow" to perfection. But no man ever got his share if Mr. Sage was around.

Those who think that railroad graft is a modern invention are entirely mistaken. There never was a worse instance of it than in the early history of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company, and yet it has lived through it and I think has never been reorganized. When one realizes how the "cost" of railroads generally in the United States has been augmented by greediness and rascality, he wonders at the patience of the people who pay interest on the inflated values. I think one remedy for it will come in the building of opposition roads on a solid, rock-bottom basis, when money becomes cheaper and good investments more scarce. New roads will be built right alongside many of our most important trunk lines and will be capitalized at cost only, at a fair rate of interest which will satisfy investors. But I am digressing.

Mr. Sage bought all the rails for the Construction Company, and we had the first chance to sell them. When he was ready to buy, usually in January, he would telegraph me to go to New York, and I always went quickly.

It was touch and go with him. He had an office at 22 William Street, at the back end of a long hall on the first floor. There were two dingy little rooms, the back one his sanctum. In those days his "put, call and straddle" business was in full bloom. It is said he invented it. His outer office was usually full of brokers, and often a line of them waiting their turn out in the hall. Mr. Sage would sit at his desk all day like a spider watching flies, while the brokers were let in one at a time, usually to lose some blood. They were worked off rapidly, with a few words, often without a word but a short yes or no. When Mr. Sage lost on a put, call or straddle, he would always have his secretary draw a check, but when he won, as he usually did, the broker would pay in currency, with which he always came provided. He would hand a ticket with the money to the spider without a word and give place to the next. Mr. Sage would count the money, roll it like a cigarette and stuff it in his trousers pocket. I have seen him at night, his pockets full and his face aglow. The transactions were small, usually not over a few hundred dollars involved either way. The power and skill he had in estimating market conditions was marvelous. He had men out all the time on change and elsewhere getting news, and they would come in every few minutes and report. He seemed to remember everything.

I usually arrived in New York early and got to Mr. Sage's office about eleven o'clock. He would make me sit at his desk sometimes all day and talk rails a few words at a time, between some put and call deal. I would try to excuse myself, but there he made me sit until night, when our trade, if we made one, was put in writing.

In December, 1871, he telegraphed me to go to New York immediately, as he wanted ten thousand tons of rails for 1872 delivery. This was fully a month earlier than we wanted to make any sales for the next year, but I went. I was not as well informed on the market as I should have been, and I told Mr. Sage so. Prices were advancing more than I realized. I asked him what he could buy rails for and he told me in detail; Troy so much, Johnstown so much, Bradys Bend and Crawsbay (Welsh) so much, clear through the list, average about \$72.00 per ton in Milwaukee. When night came, I had made no offer and tried to beg off until the next day. But he said Mr. Mitchell who was in Congress, was coming over, and he had called a meeting of Directors for the next morning, and he said I would have to have my offer in by then or he would have to accept some other offer. I rode up

town with him to 500 Fifth Avenue in an omnibus, and on the sidewalk made him an offer of seventy-four dollars per ton. He snapped me up quicker than you could wink, and asked me to be at his office at a certain hour the next morning. There I went, and his clerk gave me a seat in his outer room, one side of the door where I could not be seen from the inner room, which was full of Construction Company directors. I could hear every word. Mr. Sage was telling about his trade with me and went on to tell about the line of offers he had from others, and they were about five dollars a ton more than he had told me the night before. "Why, you can't get trash for Hagerman's price", he said. How I felt you can imagine. I saw that I had been made a fool of by the cunning fox. I knew what it meant to get in a row with that crowd, but my Irish was up and I walked into his room and confronted him. I told him I had accidentally heard all he had said about prices and reminded him of what he had told me the night before; told him that he had not told me the truth and the trade was off. He and James and Cowdry roared at me like mad bulls. "A trade is a trade and you must stick to your offer or we will sue the Company", they said. Mr. Mitchell did not say a word, but gave me a significant wink, which I understood. I left the room and as I was part way down the long hall I heard my name spoken, looked around and saw it was Sehal Chamberlain following me up. He grabbed my hand and said, "Young man, you did just right, just right", and with that he went back to Sage's office. He was until he died a very warm friend of mine, and did me many a good turn. I did not lose the friendship of any of them, not even of Mr. Sage. They bought the rails from us afterwards at \$82.50 per ton. Mr. Sage was a freak of nature, a money-making machine. He always made it and never spent it; no matter how much he might make he was never satisfied. When we paid from twelve to twenty percent dividends, he was not satisfied and was always howling for more. No railroad manager could squeeze enough out of the people to satisfy him. He never drank or smoked or spent a cent he could avoid on anything. He has taken me to a cheap lunch many a time, and let me pay for it. I never knew him to have a generous impulse. Money to him was the end, not the means.

But I became acquainted with many good men in New York, and among them, Mr. Martin Luther Sykes, who for more than thirty years was Treasurer of the Chicago and Northw eastern Railroad Company. Hundreds of millions of dollars went through his hands, and he managed the finances of the company with great ability. Albert Keep,

Marvin Hughitt, M. L. Sykes and H. H. Porter have made the Chicago and Northwestern what it is. It was almost a wreck when they took hold of it about thirty-five years ago. I consider their handling of it the cleanest and most successful piece of railroad management I ever knew. I used to sell many rails to Mr. Sykes. Once, I think it was in the year 1871, I had sold him five thousand tons of rails, and just as I was leaving his office, he handed me a large pamphlet which he said might interest me on the way home. It was a description of the mineral and timber lands (about 2,000,000 acres) owned by the Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ship Canal Company in the northern peninsula of Michigan. The lands were given to the company by the United States Government for digging a little canal from Portage Lake to Lake Superior. They had done some exploring and had found excellent ore of Bessemer quality in various places. I read the book was much impressed by it, and it led to one of the most important events in my life. But before telling about it, I must go back to the Milwaukee Iron Company and get rid of that.

My connection with it led to an acquaintance with many men who afterwards became very prominent; among them were Marcus A. Hanna, Andrew Carnegie, B. F. Jones, D. J. Morrell, Tom Scott and many others.

We used very large quantities of coal in the mills and bought much of it from Rhodes & Company of Cleveland, of which firm Mark Hanna was a member. He did most of the selling, and a great salesman he was. I once bought sixty thousand tons from him in one purchase. He came to Milwaukee frequently, and we became warmly attached to each other.

When the Milwaukee Iron Company failed it almost killed me. A month or so before the failure Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Van Dyke came to me and insisted on my going away to save my life. I think it was about the first of August that your mother, I and you two boys started for the west. I feared that I was a ruined man and that my business career was ended. The bitterness of it is past telling. I was very ill and utterly cast down. Only the heroic, loving and wise help of your mother kept me up at all. She never lost faith in me, nor did she believe that I was going to die soon. We went to Salt Lake but soon returned to Colorado. It was on that trip that we first saw Colorado Springs and Manitou. Little did we imagine then what we would afterwards do in Colorado. I gained strength and hope rapidly, although I



knew the Milwaukee Iron Company would go to protest on the first of September, 1876. No telegrams were sent me. Mr. Van Dyke was sitting on the lid in my absence. In Denver, a few days after September first, I received a telegram from him announcing that the Milwaukee Iron Company had defaulted and that the first meeting of creditors would be on September seventeenth. That meant that I must go home and face the music. The same hour that that telegram came, and when I was in the very depth of misery, I received the following telegram from H. H. Porter from New York.-

"Northwestern Directors have voted to build Kenominee branch on terms given you by Mr. Keep. Now do your part and we will do ours."

It was a ray of sunshine out of a cloud. It took away a large part of the sting of the Milwaukee Iron Company failure.

The creditors' meeting came, and there were Mark Hanna, Fayette Brown, W. L. Scott, and many others. Potter was there representing the Ward estate. Did he put in a good word and try to make it easy for me? Not a word. By that time his steel works were making money rapidly; He was meeting his extended paper as it matured, was sole executor of the Ward estate, and on the top wave. He acted like the very devil and did much to make it hard for me. Captain Clement was ashamed of him and took the opposite course. Potter had gotten it into his head that I wanted to be appointed Receiver and slyly hinted that I wanted the position to cover up some dirty work in my management of the company, and even made Mark Hanna suspicious. In a month or so the time the Court had set for the appointment of a receiver had arrived, and Mr. Hanna with a lot of others from Cleveland, and Potter and his attorney, were there to oppose my appointment and had agreed to recommend the appointment of Mr. Charles F. Rhodes, Mrs. Hanna's uncle. When they appeared before the Judge, he showed them a letter from me saying that under no circumstances would I be a candidate, and that I did not care who should be Receiver provided he were an honest man. "Uncle Charley" Rhodes was appointed. He was very much prejudiced against me, but not by Mr. Hanna. He spent about two months going through the books and records, with expert accountants, and at the end of that time he came to me and said "Hagerman, I have been through everything from A to Izzard, and I want to say to you that if the twelve apostles had run the company, they could not have done it more honestly". He then said he wanted me to get up a scheme to put the works,

or part of them, in operation, renting them from him on a tonnage basis. There was a lot of pig iron, coal, old rails and other materials on hand, which he wanted me to buy at agreed prices, and pay for the same part down and part as used.

I went to Mr. Van Dyke, and we made up a poll on the following basis, if I remember correctly:-

|                      |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| J. J. Hagerman ----- | 50 per cent. |
| J. H. Van Dyke ----- | 35 per cent. |
| Geo. L. Graves ----- | 10 per cent. |
| W. H. Osborne -----  | 5 per cent.  |

My share was really sixty-five per cent, but I let your Uncle George and William have fifteen per cent of it. Mr. Graves was to run the office and act as cashier, and he and Will were to keep the books, each of them getting a salary. Our old foreman and all the men were eager for work, and they did work for "The Old Man", as they called me, like Trojans.

Mr. Van Dyke and I went to Mr. Mitchell and to Mr. C. D. Nash, President of the National Exchange Bank, told them our scheme, and they agreed to lend us all the money we needed. We had agreed to pay the Receiver a large sum in advance, on account of materials. Mr. Rhodes applied to the Judge to authorize the lease, the purchase of materials, etc. and on the day of the hearing, Potter and his attorney were there to put in a kick. The Judge told them that when the concern should be sold - he thought a live concern would sell for more than a dead one, that the materials could be turned into money for the benefit of creditors, that it would be a godsend to set the hungry men at work, and he promptly approved the lease. A bond had to be given, and Messrs. Mitchell, Nash and Van Dyke signed it. The lease was made to me and the business was done in my name. We thought this arrangement would last only six months, but it did continue for fifteen months. When the works were sold to the North Chicago Rolling Mills Company, my lease, which had been renewed from time to time, had three months to run, and the sale was made subject to the lease. Potter wanted immediate possession, and I made him assume all unfilled contracts and pay us a good round price for all the tag ends of materials and finished product we had on hand. So that was cleaned up in fine shape, and I bid good-bye to the Milwaukee Iron Company and was ready to give all my time to my new baby, a stalwart infant, which had been getting itself born for more than a year, The Menominee Mining Company.

Out of our lease we made \$115,000.00 net, turned all the otherwise unsalable material into money for the good of the creditors, paid about \$35,000.00 rental, made the dead works alive and a thorn in the flesh of my friends the enemy in Chicago, and made them pay fully \$260,000.00 more for them if they had not been made alive.

The money we made out of this came in very handy to me for the Menominee Mining Company. It helped your Uncle George and Mr. Van Dyke in the same way and gave your Uncle Will most of the money with which he started his present large business. The outcome of it was very gratifying to me. I found out how many good friends I had. Messrs. Keep and Hughitt of the Northwestern, Merrill and Mitchell of the St. Paul, Manvel of the Rock Island, and other railroad men gave me work whenever they could in preference to any one else. The coal men in Cleveland, among them Mark Hanna and William McKinney, who were large creditors of the Milwaukee Iron Company, jumped over each other to sell me coal and to wait for their pay until I got around to it, without any security but my word. Uncle Charley Rhodes, who was well known in Cleveland, helped in this, by telling his friends there that my administration of the Milwaukee Iron Company had been perfectly honest and that its failure was due to causes for which I was in no way responsible, at least no more so than the owners of it. The fact is we gave the railroads too much credit. We invested too much in plant for making iron rails, and like Louis XVI we did not realize that a great revolution was very near until it was at our front gate. I say we did not realize it. I think I did realize it more than some of the others, and my attempt to raise money for steel works in 1872 is evidence of it. Another piece of evidence is the history of the Menominee Mining Company, which I will now relate.

As I have stated earlier in this narrative, Mr. M. L. SYKES gave me in 1871 a pamphlet describing the mineral lands belonging to the Canal Company, as I will call it for short. I read it on the train going to Detroit, where I stopped to see Captain Ward about many things, and among them, I told him about the pamphlet, describing deposits of rich iron ore low in phosphorous in Menominee County Michigan, about forty miles west of the Northwestern's Green Bay and Escanaba branch. The Captain had heard about these deposits, although there was little generally known about them. The Canal Company's descriptions were based on surface indications only, but no deposits had been opened up which would

justify building a railroad to them. Iron ore of Bessemer quality was scarce and dear, and we all realized the necessity of more extensive supplies before the steel business could assume very large proportions. Captain Ward agreed with me that extensive explorations should be undertaken in the interest of his three iron companies, and he put the charge of it entirely in my hands. The expenses were to be paid and the ownership to be as follows:-

|                        |             |
|------------------------|-------------|
| Milwaukee Iron Company | 40 per cent |
| North Chicago R.M. Co. | 40 per cent |
| Wyandotte Mills        | 20 per cent |

The next day in Chicago, I told Clement and Potter about it, and they agreed to it. Mr. Van Dyke was enthusiastic about it from the start. We had in the employ of the Milwaukee Iron Company, Mr. Nelson P. Hulst, as chemist. He was a graduate of Yale, and the Sheffield Scientific School, a man of fine scientific training, especially in geology, metallurgy and chemistry. He had sound judgment and was a most lovable man, the very soul of honesty and fidelity. I put the explorations entirely in his hands. He made a preliminary trip to Menominee County with Tom Breen as guide. On this trip, he found ore on what is now known as the Breen Mine, at "Section Ten", afterwards the Vulcan Mine, and at Buell's place, afterwards known as the Quinnesec Mine. He found nothing on the Canal Company's lands, but indications. None of the ore lands could be bought, but all could be leased on a royalty basis. On his return, Mr. Van Dyke and I set about getting options for leases, and secured them. These options gave us the right to explore for one year, and at the end of that time, we could take leases for twenty years, paying a royalty of fifty cents per ton for the first 10,000 tons each year, and thirty-five cents per ton for the excess. We bound ourselves, in case the leases were taken, to take out at least 10,000 tons a year or pay the royalty on that amount. A failure to pay royalty on the minimum amount worked a forfeiture of the lease. On these terms, Mr. Hulst began serious and costly exploration work with three gangs of men. He had to haul everything from Menominee, Michigan, sixty miles through the woods. He soon found a good deposit of excellent ore at Vulcan and sank a shaft to prize it up. At the Breen Mine the work was slow and expensive and the promise only moderate. At Quinnesec the work was difficult. It took us two years to determine whether the deposits were good enough to justify our asking the Northwestern Railroad Company to build forty miles of road, from Powers Station to Quinnesec. But at last, we were satisfied and convinced Messrs. Keep and Hughitt of the Northwestern.

Mr. Van Dyke and I made a contract with them to build the road. The Northwestern R.R. Co. was one side of it and Captain Ward's three iron companies the other side. This was early in the year 1873 before any signs of the panic. Up to this time, both Clement and Potter had expressed themselves as being perfectly satisfied with the contract and everything else. At the last moment the Northwestern wanted a clause giving it the option to carry ore from the mines to Milwaukee and Chicago all rail at the cost of lake and rail transportation. We thought this a good thing for us and agreed to it, as it would save piling up large quantities of ore for winter use. Mr. Van Dyke and I went to Detroit with the contract and Captain Ward signed it as President of the Milwaukee and Wyandotte Companies. The next day we took it to Clement and Potter for signature as President and Secretary of the North Chicago Rolling Mills Company. As soon as they came to the new clause about all rail or lake and rail shipments, they kicked and refused to sign, without giving any reason. They'd be d--d if they'd do it, and that was the end of it. Our three years' work was all in the air. Messrs. Keep and Hughitt were disgusted. Captain Ward was in a rage, but did not care to get into a row with them. Before any new scheme could be devised the panic came, the explorations were stopped, and it seemed that our dream of cheap ore was ended. Up to that time, the explorations had cost about \$80,000.00 and the Milwaukee Iron Company's share of it was about \$32,000.00. Potter sniffed at the whole thing and said their investment was a total loss.

At the first meeting of Milwaukee Iron Company stockholders after Captain Ward's death in January, 1875 there was an item in our balance sheet, "Menominee Mines, \$32,000.00". There was a full attendance, some from New York and Boston. They wanted to know what value the \$32,000.00 represented, and I explained fully and told them the mines were very valuable, in fact, if reached by railroad, in my opinion, they would be the most valuable asset of the company. I recommended that the Company should take the necessary steps to get the railroad built, and related the history of the abortive attempt of the year before. This put Potter on the defensive, and he said he had quit putting up money because he thought the mines valueless; that ore would be a drug in the market anyhow; and that he had charged his \$32,000.00 to Profit and Loss. I told the stockholders that by the terms of the leases, we must soon begin paying royalty on the minimum amount or throw them up, and urgently advised

them to appoint a committee of stockholders to investigate the matter thoroughly and let them report to the Directors, who should decide whether it were better to lose all we had put in, or to put in a little more to keep the leases good and save the mines for the Milwaukee Iron Company and the Wyandotte Company, letting the Chicago mills go out if they desired. This motion carried, and the following committee was appointed:- Samuel Marshall, Banker; A. C. May, Lawyer; Thomas A. Green, Merchant; all of Milwaukee and all good men. Mr. Marshall was of the firm of Marshall and Ilsley. Ilsley disliked me but was a friend of Potter's, and influenced Marshall, who was an ultra-conservative. Judge May was controlled by Jno. C. Spencer, a great friend of Potter's and a snob, a man I had thrashed the first year I was in Milwaukee. When they were appointed, I wrote them a long letter, a copy of which I now have, earnestly protesting against their throwing up the mining interest, and warning them that if they let the leases expire, Mr. Van Dyke and I would renew them if we could for our own account and profit. In their report, they advised that it would be better for the Milwaukee Iron Company to lose all they had put in rather than risk anymore, and told me that if I was foolish enough to follow it up, I could do so at my own risk. The Directors adopted the report and that ended all interest of the Milwaukee Iron Company in the matter. It was all put on the Company's records. Mr. Van Dyke and I were very careful about that and it was well that we were, because soon after, when the mines were worth millions, the Ilsley-Spencer-Potter crowd told around that Mr. Van Dyke and I knew vastly more about the great value of the mines than we ever disclosed, and that by cunning manipulation, we had diverted to ourselves what in equity belonged to the stockholders of the Milwaukee Iron Company. This talk was prevalent in Milwaukee and it annoyed Mr. Van Dyke and me greatly, but the members of the committee themselves branded it as a lie.

After the report of the committee, Mr. Van Dyke and I took out a charter for the Menominee Mining Company and renewed all the leases in its name. It cost us some money, but we did it. That was in 1875, the year of Captain Ward's death. We lugged the thing along through 1875 and up to September 1876 before knowing whether we could get the Northwestern to build a branch to the mines or not. We made many desperate attempts, and in July, 1876, Messrs. Keep and Hughitt, under the strong urgency of Mr. H. H. Porter, one of the Directors, offered to build the road provided we would make a pretty tough freight

contract and agree to take \$100,000.00 of the seven per cent bonds of the Menominee River Railroad Company at ninety. There were \$400,000.00 of bonds all told. We accepted the proposition expecting to be able to sell the bonds easily. In this, we were disappointed. This proposal was approved by the Northwestern Directors in New York, and it was to this that Mr. Porter's telegram referred, which I received in Denver, in September, 1876. To open the mines so ore shipments could begin would cost \$50,000.00. The bonds cost \$90,000.00, making \$140,000.00 which we must find before we could ship a lb. of ore. The road was built in the winter and summer of 1877, the year we were running the rolling mills under the lease. But for the money made by that lease, I do not see how we could have financed the Menominee Mining Company. We shipped about 10,000 tons of ore in the fall of 1877. It was distributed to various furnaces in the Mahoning Valley and Pittsburgh, gave excellent satisfaction and laid a good foundation for the next year's sales. It gave us about \$45,000.00 for use in the winter of 1877-8, and in the spring of '78, we had a large lot of excellent ore in stock piles. It was so much below the Bessemer limit in phosphorous that it could be used to doctor other ore which was too high, and was just what the new and expanding steel works were hungry for.

The Breon Mine played out in 1878, and we abandoned it, but the Vulcan and Quinnesec produced 540,000 tons in that year, on which we made at least \$400,000.00 net, besides paying for an enormous lot of machinery, development work, buildings, etc. From the beginning to the end of that ore business, we charged the cost of all machinery and improvements to cost of mining and did not fool ourselves with an overgrown construction account. The ore produced in 1878 was eagerly bought by the steel works, and among the sales was about 10,000 tons to the Carnegies. Consumers began to get their eyes opened to the new source of supply, and the old ore companies began to realize that there was a new Richmond in the field.

At the end of 1878, we were sure we could produce at least 450,000 tons in 1879, because we had made important new discoveries on Canal Company lands near Vulcan. Our young Company doctor lived near Vulcan. One Sunday he came to me with some good looking pieces of ore which he said he had found on "Section Five", about three miles away. I saw that they had sharp edges and were not drift, and I drove over there to look at the prospect. It was in a dense pine forest, and under the thick car-

pet of pine needles the ground seemed to be covered with ore. The needles had completely concealed it, but it was strange that it had not sooner been discovered. Mr. Hulst was absent and I could not consult him, but I made up my mind that it was good enough to take some chances on, so I offered the young doctor \$2,500.00 if he would keep his mouth absolutely shut for two months. He agreed quickly enough and kept his word. The ore in the Vulcan Mine we found was sure to run over the section line into Canal Company land, and we wanted a lease of it. Mr. T. M. Davis, the President of the Canal Company, was aware of the Vulcan situation, and I expected to have to pay roundly for that. I knew the only hope of making a fair lease of section five was to keep quiet about the new prospect. Your mother and I started at once for New York, where I saw Mr. Davis. Mr. Van Dyke and others insisted that I should not give more than thirty-five cents a ton royalty on the ore next to the Vulcan.

For the first time in my life, I saw Mr. T. M. Davis. He was an exceedingly sharp lawyer. He had been Receiver of the famous Ocean National Bank of New York, which held as collateral several millions of the defaulted bonds of the Canal Company, which covered all its property. The bonds were sold by Mr. Davis to the Ayers of Lowell, and when the Receivership ended and the Canal Company was reorganized, it was found that the Ayers and Davis were the owners of the new Canal Company. There was a great scandal about it, a lot of litigation, and an investigation by a Congressional Committee of which Ben Butler was Chairman, but it did not upset the sale of the bonds or discredit Mr. Davis. For some reason Davis and one faction of the Ayers were at swords points when I first saw the former. After several days' hawking, I made a lease of the Vulcan extension at fifty-cents per ton royalty. Mr. Davis signed it as President but said I would have to take it to Mr. Ayer in Lowell for the approval of the Directors and the signature of the Secretary, if I could get them to sign it, which he doubted. To Lowell I went, and for the first time, saw Mr. Frederick Ayer. I remained there the best part of a week hearing the Ayer factions wrangle, but at last the leases were signed. They were no good until they had been approved by the Menominee Mining Company and signed by its Secretary. I sent them to Mr. Van Dyke expecting they would be approved and made effective at once. I was very ill, the weather was very hot and the famous Doctor Helmath



insisted that I should go to Cape May for a while and take care of myself. We went there and enjoyed it much. On our return to Milwaukee, I found to my surprise that the Company had not approved the leases because I had agreed to pay fifty cents royalty on the Vulcan extension. But they were soon approved and work was begun. This was about the middle of September, 1878.

As soon as possible, I went to the mines and Mr. Hulst started digging where I had seen ore under the pine needles, and right there, the first day, we had a great mine. We called it the Norway, and from it the Town of Norway, now with ten thousand people, was named. It took some time to get a railroad to the mine, but we shipped about 12,000 tons of ore that fall from Norway.

In January, 1879, I think it was, I was at the Norway Mine with Mr. Hulst, and we were hurrying down a steep hill covered with white sand, going to the railroad station. Hulst was ahead of me, and in holding himself back, his heels dug deep in the loose sand. I saw a red color in his tracks. I called to him and said:- "Hulst, look at your tracks; there is ore right under our feet". He called a man who was digging a trench nearby. In five minutes, he cleared away the sand, - there only a few inches from the surface, was a hillside of excellent ore. We took sixty thousand tons out of it that year. This was on section five which we had already leased from the Canal Company. We called it the Cyclops Mines. In 1887, we made \$240,000.00 net out of the Norway and Cyclops Mines besides paying for machinery, buildings and a lot of other equipment.

In the Spring of 1879, the older ore companies and the consumers of ore realized that the Menominee Mining Company was a factor in the trade to be seriously considered. The largest producer of ore in the Marquette District was the Republic Iron Company, owned by a few rich men in Cleveland, among them Amasa Stone, the father of Mrs. John Hay. The rustler of the company was a very aggressive man by the name of Glidden. Early in 1879, he wrote me proposing that we should make the Republic Iron Company our agent for the sale of ore, so as not to come in competition with the Republic, and suggesting that between us we could practically corner Bessemer Ore. I told him that we would talk it over and that I would see him in Cleveland soon. The more we talked about it, the more we disliked it, as we believed that in a year or two, we would produce more than one million tons annually and that the friendship of the consumers would be worth more than

that of the Republic Iron Company. But I went to Cleveland and there met the Republican Directors, among them Hickox the President, Glidden the Secretary, and sales agent, Amasa Stone and others. They had no idea how much ore we could produce or how money we were making, and played the patronizing, bulldozing dodge. I let them do most of the talking, and they ended by almost demanding that we put all our ore in their hands to sell at a fabulous commission, sweetening it with offers to lend us money against the ore when we needed it. Hickox and Stone said they wanted no fight with us, but ended by saying that in case of trouble, it was easy to see that a young company like ours would stand no chance with an old rich company like the Republic. I thanked them for their fatherly kindness, said I would see my associates as soon as possible and that they would hear from me later. Evidently my answer made them suspicious.

That night I went to Pittsburgh determined to pick my customers and make some big sales at once, although it was early in the season for sales. The next morning I went to Homestead and met Andrew Carnegie, Henry Phipps, Sol Curry and Tom Carnegie. I had never seen them before and knew they were probably the brightest steel men in the world and straight as gun barrels. They were increasing their works rapidly, their consumption of ore was very large and was soon to be enormous. I believed it was safe to talk square out to them, and told them what the Republic was trying to force us into. They were the largest customers of the Republic and hated the outfit. I struck a responsive cord and we soon closed a contract for 250,000 tons of ore at an excellent price, but a little under what the Republic offered per unit of iron, and we had an advantage in low phosphorous. We all came in to Pittsburgh and took lunch at the Duchene Club. I was immensely taken with Andrew Carnegie. That was the beginning of an enormous business, amounting to many millions of dollars which lasted as long as the Menominee Mining Company was in business. We never had any disagreements. Many things arose which had to be adjusted, but a spirit of fairness made it easy. I never knew a fairer minded man than Andrew Carnegie. Henry Phipps, who had charge of the current money matters of the great concern, was equally honorable, but not as broad-gauge as Andrew Carnegie. Tom Carnegie I am sure has as much business ability as his brother, but was less showy and less aggressive. He contracted the whiskey habit and it killed him. Sol Curry began as a boy weighing ore at the furnaces, kept his eyes open, was well educated, could understand the new literature of iron

and steel, and in times was general manager of all the Carnegie blast furnaces, built most of them and revolutionized the making of pig iron. When Mr. Carnegie and associates sold to the Steel Trust, Curry got several millions of dollars, but unfortunately died soon afterwards.

After lunch on the day of the big sale, on my return to the hotel, whom should I meet but Glidden just in from Cleveland. It seems that he had tracked me somehow and hurried to Pittsburgh to keep me off his preserves. He asked me if I was going to try to sell any ore to Carnegie, and I told him no, that I was not going to sell any in Pittsburgh at that time and would start home in an hour or so, and that he would soon hear from me about the agency proposition. He seemed relieved. Mr. Phipps told me afterwards that that same afternoon Glidden went to their office and wanted them to decide on his offer for Republic ore. "We will not want any of your ore this year," said Andy. "Why not? I am surprised," said Glidden. "I have just bought two hundred and fifty thousand tons from Hagerman," said Andy. "Why, the man is crazy; he can't mine half of it," said Glidden. "Perhaps it's daft ye are yerself." "Good day to ye, Mr. Glidden," said Andy.

That year we sold large quantities of ore to Jones and Laughlin, the Cambria Iron Company, Brown, Donnell & Company and the best consumers in the country. We mined more ore than any other Lake Superior company; the business moved like clockwork and we were established on a firm basis. We made over \$1,000,000.00 net profit and beside that discovered the Chapin mine in 1879.

Mr. Hulst was a man of great ability in his line and soon learned the geological characteristics of the Menominee Range. There was an outcrop of very hard ferruginous rock at a place called Iron Mountain about six miles west of Munnesec. Some people thought it was iron ore. Mr. Hulst said it was only a pointer to where ore ought to be. On the west side of it one hundred and twenty acres of land were owned by a Mr. Chapin of Niles, Michigan. It was about all he owned, and before our discoveries in the region could have been bought for five hundred dollars. Our work had put him on the alert. Hulst felt sure ore could be found under the deep sand on the Chapin land. I went to Niles and tried to buy it, and failed. Then I tried to lease it, but could only get a lease for ten years. Mr. Hulst began at once sinking shafts in the sand on the slope of a hill which ran

down into a swamp. The sand was deeper than we expected and we sank several deep shafts and found only rock. The work was slow and so very expensive that Conroy, Brown and Van Dyke wanted to quit. I said we would sink one more shaft two hundred feet west of the last one, and if we did not get ore, I would be ready to quit. To that we agreed. The shaft was ninety feet deep in the sand, took months to sink and was very costly, but it landed in the very heart of the great Chapin ore body which has since produced fourteen million tons of ore, made the Chapin family very rich, and is still a great producer.

We soon found that most of the ore was under the swamp. The first year, we took out about fifteen thousand tons of ore, but at large expense. The next year we did better, but in 1880 we made up our minds that the only way to handle it at moderate cost per ton was to sink a deep shaft in the swamp through ninety feet of quicksand before reaching the ore, put in enormous pumps and the best hoisting machinery and used compressed air for power. To get this we bought the great Quinnesec falls in the Menominee River, two and a half miles from the mine. We consulted the best engineers we could find and before the end of 1880 had matured plans which would cost about \$800,000.00 to carry out. It would have been folly to do this on a ten year lease, and by long effort I got the Chapins to extend our lease for ten years.

In December, 1881, Mr. Van Dyke and I went to Philadelphia to meet the Cambria Iron Company people, who wanted to buy the Vulcan, Norway, Cyclops and Quinnesec lines. It resulted only in talk at that time. We went to New York and made a contract with the Rand Drill Company to build two of the largest air compressors ever made in the world, to be driven by the Quinnesec Falls to furnish power to the Chapin Mine. We also made a contract with Soocy Smith to freeze the ninety feet of wet quicksand in the Chapin swamp from the surface to the rock and to hold it there frozen hard until we could sink the shaft and line it with a water tight cast iron circular shell made in sections. It took two years to carry out these great plans, but they were entirely successful, and are in use today. The freezing at the Chapin shaft was the first time that process was ever tried in America, but it has often been used since.

I think we shipped over one million tons of ore in 1881, and the Company's balance sheet was a wonder. It did not owe a cent but current monthly bills. Its enormous mining property stood at nothing but the cost of the land. By that time, it owned large tracts of

timber land bought for mine purposes. We owned five large stores stocked full of goods. Our Capital Stock was only \$100,000.00 and our surplus, mostly made up of cash and customers paper, was \$2,800,000. The reference books read about like this:-

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Menominee Mining Company                          |                |
| J. J. Hagerman, Pres., J. H. Van Dyke, Vice Pres. |                |
| Credit Al   | - Al           |
| Capital   | \$100,000.00   |
| Surplus   | \$2,800,000.00 |

This had all come about in four years out of what Potter and Clement had denounced as worthless and which their abominable conduct had come within an inch of killing. My position in Milwaukee was second to no man's but Alexander Mitchell, and he was my warm friend and rejoiced in my success. I never did any business which gave me such keen delight. There were no wrangles, no quarrelling, no suspicions, no jealousies, no want of confidence. Mr. John H. Van Dyke, and his son, Douglas Van Dyke were law partners in active practice and did not spend very much of their time on Menominee business, but as much as was necessary. They were extremely careful and kept the Company out of law-suits. We held frequent meetings, discussed everything thoroughly and kept very full records. Mr. J. H. Van Dyke was an excellent business lawyer and an honest and truer man never lived. Douglas was broader than his father, but just as square and honest. He is now one of the best lawyers and best men in Wisconsin.

Albert Conro had been a railroad and Government harbor contractor most of his life, was about sixty years old, not very active, but of considerable use to the Company in erecting buildings and machinery, getting out mine timbers, etc. and had the oversight of that part of the work.

Mr. A. C. Brown had been Manager for a large lumber company in Menominee County and put \$15,000.00 in our Company when we started. He had charge of the accounts and pay rolls at the mines and of the five stores after we started them. They sold about \$50,000.00 worth of goods a month. The more the work grew and the more money he made, the more it oppressed and frightened him, but he did his work well and was an honest and faithful man. He committed suicide a few years ago through fear that he would lose all his money.

Mr. W. P. Hulst was a jewel of a man in ability, integrity, fidelity and everything that goes to the making

up of an educated gentleman. In the extensive exploration work which he carried on, he had no end of opportunities to feather his own nest, but they were never any temptation to him. He was our Mining Engineer and General Manager, and did it excellently well. Mr. Van Dyke and I each put aside \$2,500.00 of our stock for him, to be his when it had paid for itself, which did not take long, so he owned a five per cent interest in the Company. We paid him a good big salary.

Mr. George L. Graves was Assistant Secretary of the Company and gave all his time to it. It was his duty to charter vessels, to keep the ore going to our customers in the right order and proportions, to attend to the general correspondence, to audit accounts and to act as Assistant to the President. His work was very important, and no man could have done it better, as he has a genius for attending to details. Had everything at his finger ends and in his brain so he could answer questions without having to look at a book. Graves owned some shares of stock and, therefore, had a substantial interest in the Company.

The accounts were kept by Ira C. Lillibridge, an honest and capable man, and he had a small interest in the company.

On the whole, I never knew a more effective and smoother-working machine than was the organization of the Menominee Mining Company.

Most of our shipments to Lake Erie ports were through Ashtabula, which was connected by rail with the Mahoning Valley, Pittsburgh, and Johnstown, and the great ore docks there were run by Mr. Mark Hanna. Our business with him was very large, and he did it to perfection. My acquaintance with him and our mutual liking grew into much more than the ordinary business friendship.

Looking back to the happy days of the Menominee Mining Company, I realize now even better than I did then, what a great success it was, how well it was managed and how greatly I was blessed in the honorable men with whom I was associated. No energy was lost in looking out for tricks, dishonesty and pitfalls because they did not exist. When I compare those men with the larger share of the men with whom I did business after going to Colorado and New Mexico, they loom up like a great light above banks of smoke and dirty fog. It is the greatest regret of my life that I had to leave that

business and those men when I was at the acme of my mental power, business ability and business career.

I have neglected to say that in 1880 the Menominee Mining Company bought a three-quarter interest in the land on which the Florence Mine at Florence, Wisconsin was located, and we leased the other quarter interest. The Florence was a rather lean non-Bessemer ore. We ran the mine for a few years profitably and sold it when I was in Europe the first time for \$400,000.00.

Before the end of 1881, Mr. O. W. Potter was out of my life and relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness. I am sure that Captain Clement was ashamed of many things in the past. He has resigned the Presidency of the Chicago Rolling Mills, but continued as Director. I made up my mind that I would never ask that company to buy ore from us, and never did, but Captain Clement came to us to buy, and we made very large sales, always through him. I saw Potter occasionally, but never a word passed between us about the Menominee Mines.

Before I leave Mr. Potter, I want to record a thing I did to help Aunt Emily, which some of her descendants have probably forgotten. In 1878, when the Ward Estate was tied up in litigation and Potter was sole executor, he and Lyons were selling the Estate's North Chicago Rolling Mills stock at forty cents on the dollar, claiming the estate needed the money. It was sold to stool pigeons, but was bought in by Potter and Lyon for their own benefit. The largest single asset of the estate, next to the Ludington property, was this stock. Their new steel works were in active operation and making money rapidly and were sure to pay large dividends in the near future, but this fact was very carefully concealed. Aunt Emily held her brother's note for \$40,000.00 for money loaned to him, with several years interest unpaid. Aside from her residence she had very little else, and was very anxious. I learned the facts about the way the estate's stock was being sold and who was buying it, and was sure that in the near future, it would sell above par. I went to Detroit and got Aunt Emily to put her claim in my hands with power-of-attorney, advising her to let me demand pay for it in North Chicago Rolling Mills stock at forty, the same price at which Potter, Lyon and Company were gobbling it. Next day I went to the Sole Executor with the claim and power-of-attorney and told him I knew he was anxious to do the best he could for Aunt Emily, and as the estate could not pay her cash or

secure her, I was willing to take North Chicago stock at forty cents on the dollar. He was red with rage and refused. I told him if he did not do it I would publicly expose the game he was playing, and he could take his choice. What could he do but surrender? It ended in his giving me one thousand shares of the stock for the claim. Within two years, I sold it for \$100,000.00 and sent the money to Aunt Emily. It was this money which made her last year comfortable and which gave Mrs. Mayhew and the other Brindle girls most of what they ever owned.

Only one thing prevented the Menominee Mining Company from being an unalloyed delight to me. I was a sick man during all that busy time. I never saw a well day from start to finish. In December, 1881, when Mr. Van Dyke and I went to New York and Philadelphia, I caught a terrible cold. We rushed around trying to finish up our business so we could stop in Cleveland a day or two and get home by Christmas. We had adjoining rooms. When I awoke one morning I coughed a little and up came a mouthful of blood. The doctor rather made light of it, and after two or three days said I could safely start home. I felt so well that we took the train for Cleveland. The next morning in the sleeper I had a dreadful hemorrhage, several of them. We got to Cleveland about midnight, and as soon as we reached the hotel, sent for a doctor, and he had not been in the room a minute when I had another. He was Doctor Lowman, a young man of great ability and high character to whom we became greatly attached. He did his best to reassure me, but I could see that he was frightened. Your mother and Mr. Geo. L. Graves were telegraphed for, and they came as soon as they could. I was in a dreadful state, and the mental and physical strain on your mother was cruel, but her care and help were what saved me. Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hanna could not have been kinder if they had been my brother and sister. After we had been in the hotel about a month, they took us to their home where we remained about two months, until I was able to go to Kittrel, North Carolina, to a little hotel in the pine woods, kept by a man from Maine. I improved rapidly and in May, 1882 went to New York. Under the advice of the best doctor we could find, we sailed for Europe on July 1, 1882, and on the advice of Dr. Andrew Clark of London, we all went to Davos, Switzerland, arriving there about the middle of July, and remained until September, when we went to Northern Italy, and later that fall to Nice. But I need not tell you about this long stay in Europe. In October, 1884, we returned to Milwaukee and on the doctor's advice, we went to Colorado Springs for the winter, with nothing settled for the future.



This was the beginning of what promised to be a permanent residence in Colorado. I did not expect to engage in any absorbing business there, but my health having so far returned that I felt better than for many years, the first thing I knew I was in the Colorado Midland and buried with work. The history of the building and financing of that railroad and its sale to the A.T. & S.F.R.R. Co. is in two papers hereunto attached, marked A. and B. \*

In 1889, I first heard of the Pecos Valley through R. W. Tansill, who was introduced and highly recommended to me by Henry C. Lowe, who had known him for many years. Tansill soon brought C. B. Eddy to me, who was surely as persuasive a scamp as ever lived. Tansill, Lowe and Eddy - what a trio! My first investment was in the bonds of the P.I. & I. Co. to the extent of \$40,000. One false step in business, as well as in morals, is often the precursor of others. It certainly proved so in this case. The dismal history of this you know in part only, but I will not punish myself by attempting to tell you the story in detail. When the horrible panic came in 1893, this Pecos Valley load was on my back in full weight. I could not let go, or thought I could not. At that time the drop in silver came, and with it the worst panic ever known in this country, and in one short month the silver stocks I owned fell in market value fully \$2,400,000.00. I had hoped they would return to some part of their old value, but the repeal of the Sherman act by the Congress of the United States put an end to that hope.

Rich ore was struck in the Mollie Gibson line in June, 1891. In February of that year, I was taken dreadfully ill of pneumonia and nearly died. It was necessary to go to Europe to recuperate. You will remember the pleasure of that trip. Before going I found it necessary to leave my large business affairs in the hands of my "Trusted Friend" Henry C. Lowe. I gave him Power of Attorney to do for me almost everything I could have done for myself if present. How he performed the duties of this trust and how he repaid the help I had given him and his family, you will remember. The history

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\*-Note:- I regret to say that these papers cannot be found. Several years ago I had one of them, which was very interesting and gave a full account of the whole operation. I lent it to some one to read and it was lost. No other copy has ever turned up. P.H.

this infamy I leave with this paper as it may sometime be necessary for you to refer to it. (Note:- This paper is also missing. It is better that the whole episode should be forgotten. P.H.)

When we returned from our trip to Europe in 1891, I not only had the Lowe episode to contend with, but also the Wheeler, Gillespie and Shear suits to fight. The wonderful success of the Gibson Mine had made this trio of conspirators anxious to get back the stock which they had sold me when they thought it never would be valuable. Wheeler was the leader. He never dared let the suit come to trial, but the fight cost me a large sum and endless worry. How I lived under these troubles and what followed from the panic of 1893, which did not end until 1897, is more than I can understand. But for the loving, constant, wise and heroic help of your dear Mother, I could not have lived under it. What we all owe to her never can be told, and this fact I want to impress on your minds even more than it is now, if possible.

NOTE BY PERCY HAGERMAN

Father evidently made some misstatements regarding his ancestors. On page 1, he says that Hannah Laake was the wife of the original Abraham Hagerman who settled on the Hudson River in New York. The record in the Bible, which H.J. Hagerman has, gives the date of her marriage to John, son of Abraham Hagerman, in 1802. If this date is correct, she could not have been the wife of Abraham.

Father states (page 1) that his grandfather was John Hagerman, and the fact of John's birth, death and marriage are recorded in the Bible seems to confirm this. Yet father says (page 3) that Abraham's son John was a rebel and did not go to Canada with the family. This must be a mistake, and it was probably one of the other numerous sons of Abraham who stayed in New York state.