

## THE FAMILY TRAIL THROUGH AMERICAN HISTORY<sup>1</sup>

Where were you in 1718? There is a pleasant question. Try it upon some friend tomorrow and watch his face as it reveals, first, his wonder whether you are quite sane; next, his perception that you really mean something by the question; and at last, his interested but curiously uncertain realization that the question is entertaining and important.

In 1818? You were somewhat scattered, possibly. In 1718 you were rather thoroughly dispersed, and in 1618 fairly well mingled with humanity.

In 1818 you were walking abroad, probably, in the guise of four grandparents. In 1718 you were looking at the world out of, say, thirty-two pairs of eyes; whereas very likely in 1618 some ten hundred and twenty-four individuals, all unwitting, had the honor of being directly your ancestors. Some of the younger ones here had many more in that year; I see some others, however, who had not more than two hundred and fifty-six. Even so many makes a goodly gathering.

<sup>1</sup> This paper is printed as read at an open meeting of the executive council of the Minnesota Historical Society on December 9, 1918, by Cyril Allyn Herrick.

Mr. Herrick was born May 28, 1885, at Ashburnham, Massachusetts, the son of the Reverend Austin Henrie and Sarah Leonora (Prouty) Herrick. Through his mother his ancestry runs back to the "Mayflower," the English lines subsequently blending with Huguenot and Ulster-Irish strains, while on his father's side he was descended from Ephriam Hereck of Beverly, Massachusetts, son of Henerie Hericke, fifth son of Sir William Heyricke, who was born in 1557, the eleventh of the twelve children of John Eyrick or Heyrick of Leicester, of the eleventh recorded generation of Herricks, who first prefixed an H to the family name, and who died in 1589.

But the tracing of his ancestry did not occupy the author's attention until the last years of his life. Learning to read by incessantly questioning his parents before they thought it time to teach him his letters, Mr. Herrick was ever after an eager student. His health was always frail and his work at school, to which he was first sent at the age of eight,

Now it's not merely pretty poetry, it is also adequate biology, that in some sense we existed in our forbears, saw what they saw, did what they did, felt what they felt. Hence a just curiosity to know what it was that we saw, did, and felt at any given period of the past. Almost anybody, I find, will presently rise to the question with which I began: Where were you in 1718? All people seem to have this instinctive interest in ancestry; many of them are at first unaware of their own curiosity in the matter; many a person cannot recall the given names of all four of his grandparents, or the maiden names of his two grandmothers. Few indeed are those who can tell right off the names of their eight great-grandparents. Very much more rare, however, is he who, once his attention is called to his ignorance at this point, does not keep on uneasily asking questions and writing letters until he finds out not only who these great-grandparents were, but likewise what they did for a living, where they dwelt, and if possible what they were like.

The man thus aroused is in a fair way to become a student of history, for where now can his curiosity stop? Desire to frequently interrupted. In 1904 he graduated at the head of his class in the high school at Hudson, Massachusetts. His college course was begun at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, interrupted by illness, and completed by three years' work at Harvard, where he took his degree, *summa cum laude*, in 1910, with highest honors in English.

For two years he was instructor, then assistant professor, of English literature at Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1914, after serious illness, he went to the University of Wisconsin as instructor in rhetoric, only to have his work again interrupted for a year by ill health. In 1915 he came to the University of Minnesota as instructor in rhetoric, and was made assistant professor in 1919. He died January 2, 1920, at Tucson, Arizona, where he had gone hoping to recover from the effects of an attack of influenza in the year before.

Originally taken up as a diversion during tedious months of convalescence, possibly in search of the answer to the query whimsically expressed to his brother in 1909, as to "where we got these various traits, anyway," the study of genealogy had become for him a very real and living joy; and this paper reveals his unflinching interest in the human aspects of every subject he investigated.—*Asbury H. Herrick*

know about great-grandfather, any one of the four, creates even keener curiosity about his parents, and the investigator ever enlarges the circle of his interests until the study of his ancestry merges imperceptibly into the study of local, state, and national history. Presently this student of family history has a comprehension of the kinship of men; he is likely to have a keener social zeal; he is sure to have an ever-widening knowledge of history. He has luckily lost his old feeling that he is just John Smith, latest of a long line of Smiths. He has become as much interested in his mother's maternal grandmother, Mary Jones, as in his father's paternal grandfather, Thomas Smith. He no longer thinks of himself as the end of a long straight line; he now more intelligently sees himself the center of a circle without circumference (as the symbolical circular chart of the modern genealogist reveals); he has melted into all history. Keen, at the outset, only for facts concerning immediate ancestry, he has soon acquired a good working knowledge of the history of his state and of his country. And he will never stop with that.

It is an interesting process, that started by the question I began with. "Where was I in 1718?" To me that is as interesting as, "Where shall I be in 2118?" It is a sort of reversed immortality I speak for tonight.

Some of you may be professional students of history, and have perhaps from the beginning been by the grace of God enabled to contemplate history in a large, philosophical way. Will such of you please listen with forbearance as I put in my word for those who, having in the first place small enthusiasm for history, must come to their enjoyment of it by humble approaches and insensible degrees.

In addressing you who are experts in history I need not labor to drive home the fact that most people know, and wish to know, nothing of history. From a class of thirty normally intelligent students at the University of Minnesota one day last week I drew the information that Hannibal (some of them spelt him Cannibal) was a Roman author, that Bismarck

was an American writer and ambassador to England, that Buddha was a Turkish god, Alexander the Great an Egyptian admiral, and John Paul Jones an English pirate (which he may have been). Two out of thirty attached some meaning to the name of Von Moltke, and not one had ever heard of Algernon Sidney. In another class, of thirty-three, three had some notion, and that very hazy, as to the significance of the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson. I'm not scolding nor wandering from my subject. The point is clear: people, even those above the average in education and opportunity, know little, as things are, about history. We will probably agree that they might well know more. I am suggesting tonight a way in which they can know more, a way by which the average person can be lured, all unwitting, into a reasonable knowledge of and liking for the history of his own state and country, and perhaps of others.

Now there are in the world a great many people who are interested most of all in themselves and their own kin. Formerly moralists used to deplore this fact; nowadays, more opportunist in spirit, they see in this "enlightened self-interest" a prime cause of worthy human endeavor. In any case, since it exists, why not utilize it? This interest in self leads a man to get shelter and food for himself and his own people first—leads him to strive unceasingly for necessities and presently for comforts. As students of history we should bless the selfish instincts which stirred him to all this endeavor, for that labor was prerequisite to any material for historical interest and study.

Bradford could not sit down to write his history of Plymouth Colony until his huts were built, his crops sown and harvested, his courts established, all his transplanted civilization under way. A generation of zealous, and in one sense selfish, toil came between the landing in 1620 and the penning of the first adequate history of the Great Experiment. And after Bradford wrote, a century more had to pass before many people had leisure to read what he had written.

A good deal of apparently selfish interest and activity is then prerequisite if historians are to write or students study. Happily, this self-interest almost invariably exists, for doing things, for recording them, and for studying the records. It is easy to utilize this interest in self for winning people to historical interests.

A baby is interested first in himself, his immediate sensations. Gradually he comes to notice his parents, the room in which he finds himself, the house, the green world revealed through the windows of the house, people walking around, many of them, outside the original line of his perception. His life is to consist in an eternal enlarging of the circle of his sensations, attention, interests.

This is logical; this is properly evolutionary. Why not take advantage of this scheme of nature's in furthering the study of history?

How then does all this apply?

There is much pleasure in talking with people. You meet Mr. John Green in the lobby of The Saint Paul. You know that he is an old Philistine, remarkably material and immediate in his interests, not at all the sort of man you'd expect to talk history with you.

"Have you lived long in this state, Mr. Green?" you innocently ask.

"All my life, sir, and most of it in St. Paul." And with considerable gusto, he begins a half-hour's monologue as to his life and career in Minnesota. He brings in a good bit of general local history along with the numerous, and quite possibly wearisome, personal details.

Presently he lets fall the fact that his father was a pioneer here in the Northwest country. Spurred this way and that by an occasional judicious question, the hard-headed old gentleman reveals some little pride in the fact that his father and he were out here during the various Indian disturbances, interesting stories of which he can pour forth galore. A few moments ago Mr. Green would indignantly have repudiated any

suggestion that he might be interested in history; yet lo! here he is, telling with zest some sort of early Minnesota territorial and state history. To be sure, it is territorial and state history as relating to his father and family; unquestionably it is a history marvelously mingled with a tradition frequently lurid and partly incredible. It is history, nevertheless, and of a sort far less personal and petty than that with which Mr. Green began his talk half an hour ago. You have gleaned many an interesting anecdote as your reward.

As you leave him, you guilefully ask: "How did your father happen out into this part of the world?" Mr. Green very possibly is by no means sure what it was that drew his father hither. "Land hungry, probably."

"And where did your father come from?"

"Western Reserve somewhere. Don't remember the place exactly. Grandfather died out there."

(Don't be surprised at such indefiniteness as to geography. People innumerable have no precise notion as to where their own parents have lived.)

"How did your grandfather happen to be there?"

"Haven't the least idea. I wonder though . . ."

Yesterday Mr. Green would not have thought twice of the matter. Today, having been properly led on, he feels stirring, germinating, that curiosity which is to be so fruitful.

You run across the practical, matter-of-fact Mr. Green a fortnight later. After talking a while about the war and the weather, presently in a casual and semi-apologetic fashion:

"By the way," he says, "you remember we were talking about my grandfather the other day?" (*We* were talking,—much talking he would have done on his own initiative.) "Well," he goes on, "I looked him up a little. Got rather interested when you asked about him and thought you might like to know."

(That's your penalty; they'll always say, these Mr. Greens, they are gratifying your curiosity. As a matter of fact they

are by now keen on the scent for their own sakes, and tickled to pieces to get someone to hear them maunder on.)

"My old cousin back East writes me that grandfather's name was Epaphroditus Green."

(You'd have expected him to have remembered a name like that. But no. Only a few days ago I found a man who had forgotten that his grandfather was named Ichabod, and a woman who had never heard the name of a grandfather called Orange.)

"His name was Epaphroditus Green, and he lived in Conneaut, Ohio, in the Western Reserve, as they called it. He owned quite a lot of land out there. Interesting old fellow, too, from some things my cousin writes." And he chuckles at reminiscence of certain quaint anecdotes in the letter.

You have landed Mr. Green now. Before he knows it, he will have learned something of United States history, and this is how it will happen. Properly prodded by an apt, occasional query, he will burst out: "Say now, I wonder how old Epaphroditus happened to be out there in the Reserve. I've always understood that way back my folks came from New England—from Connecticut, I think they used to tell me. How'd he come to be in the Reserve? What is the Western Reserve, anyway?"

A perfectly natural process, you see. Here is Mr. Green asking, or about to ask, all kinds of large, general historical questions. He had merely a very personal toehold back there a fortnight ago, and already, in two weeks, he has jumped into the midst of some valuable American history. Now is your chance.

You tell Mr. Green that right here in St. Paul, up on the hill by the Capitol, he can find a highly serviceable historical society that will put him on the track of what he wants. He has always supposed the historical library was a somewhat expensive, possibly extravagant, architectural gem set up there to delight the souls of an elect few *of whom he was not*. Now he gets the notion that there is something for him there. His

self-interest is still working, but in a less directly personal way now.

Some day, pretty soon too, he will drop into the reading room and ask for the history of the Ohio county in which Conneaut is. He never knew before that county histories were so numerous as they are here to be found; still less had he suspected that away out here in the West there was any such collection. What is his delight to find in his newly discovered treasure portraits of Epaphroditus Green, of great-uncle Erastus Green, and not impossibly of great-grandfather Pliny Green. I've seen more than one or two people filled with delight at finding in our library, hundreds of miles from their ancestral homes, portraits in the local histories of their ancestors and other relatives, pictures they had never seen and never knew to exist. Hereafter they can remark casually: "Over in the state historical society there is a portrait of my grandfather." It sounds well and inevitably suggests a large oil canvas hanging in our stately halls here. Coming back to Mr. Green. He finds the afternoon too brief for the contenting of his continually whetted spirit of inquiry. 'He has now learned in a by-the-way fashion, what the Western Reserve was, how it happened to fall to Connecticut, and how the Connecticut folks emigrated in great numbers to the Lake Shore region in the early years of the last century. With no conscious effort, Mr. Green has soaked in a good amount of exceedingly vital American history.

He has been led beyond the history of Ohio. The book about Conneaut remarked in a footnote that Pliny Green had come to the Reserve from Wethersfield, Connecticut, and was the son of Henry Green of that place. Somewhat hesitantly, our friend thereupon asks the attendant if she can provide him with anything to enlighten him as to Wethersfield and Henry Green. At once he is swamped. Laden with the *History and Genealogies of Wethersfield*, and with the thick Green genealogy which she brings, he staggers back to his table, catches his breath, resumes work, and before long has traced the

Greens clearly back to the year 1635, when Zebulon Green the first came from England, took up his abode for a time in Cambridge, only to remove presently in the company of Hooker to the wilderness out by the "Conecticot" River.

It is with a real pleasure that Mr. Green reaches this goal. In order properly to comprehend what he has read about his ancestors in their various wanderings and residences he has had, of necessity, to learn much about the original settlements in New England, about the migrations from colony to colony, about the steady westward urge from the later colonial period on. He's learned it in reverse fashion, surely, but chronology is equally serviceable by whichever end you get hold of it.

But Green feels some chagrin at learning that his particular lineage gleams with no bright stars. Uniformly his progenitors have been plain husbandmen, obscure pioneers entirely undistinguished in career. Not until some weeks later, when he has studied out several more of his ancestral lines and found them predominantly of this humdrum element, will he develop a wholesome proletarian pride in the great mass of mankind of whom he is so unmistakably one. At the moment he is disappointed, and looks around for some more striking star for his crown. No direct Green ancestor was so thoughtful as even to figure in the lists of Revolutionary soldiers. But hold on; now he can vaguely remember that Grandmother Carter, his mother's mother, used to talk about her father's gun that he had at Valley Forge. There follows a search through Carter ancestry that gratifyingly reveals a daring Revolutionist, and likewise a famous Carter soldier, a direct ancestor, who fought in several Indian wars.

Snared as he now is, Mr. Green isn't going to trace out these militant forefathers without gaining at the same time a pretty detailed knowledge of the various colonial wars and of the great war with England. Better yet, in his efforts to discover why some ancestral family, just after the Revolution, appeared unexpectedly in an obscure corner of the Berkshires, he will get some notion of the difficult economic and social conditions

which for a time led our forefathers to question the wisdom and desirability of the Revolution itself, conditions which drove the harassed farmers, say from the fertile fields of southern Connecticut into the relentless forests to the northward. He will learn of the continued economic pressure which sent the next generation into the woods of western New York, across Pennsylvania and Ohio, and on, and on. He will read how land grants to the veterans of 1812 lured settlers into the Illinois country, where the Virginia strain was brought into the Green stock—for Mr. Green's father had spent a couple of seasons in Illinois on his way from the Reserve to the Northwest.

In short, ranging thus backwards and forwards through the history of his country, Mr. Green will come to understand what economic and social chances brought it about that he, the eminent and highly respectable John Green, was brought into being out here in the northwest prairies. That's a pleasant thing to know. He is going to have a completer conception of human life; more important, he is going to have an acuter sense of his personal relation to the past and present, than in any other way he could possibly have. A thousand generalizations about history do not so truly constitute knowledge thereof as some sudden, intimate, personal, revealing appreciation of one's own connection with history, any history, all history.

The study of one's family leads insensibly and alluringly to a genuine, because personal and immediate, interest in history, an interest which is essential if history is ever to be to us more than perfunctory, useless information. Tell me that this country was agitated by serious internal disturbances shortly after the Revolution and I have learned a bit of general historical knowledge, but am not particularly impressed therewith. Tell me that Grandfather Darius Jenkins was hanged ignominiously for his part in the Whiskey Rebellion, and all of a sudden I have *realized* a bit of history. That first and generalized

historical statement henceforth is a vitalized and productive part of my historical equipment.

Will you permit me now a few random illustrations of the felicities of this method of historical approach.

I see among you a lady who cannot search very far into her ancestry without getting a good hold of American history. A certain gentleman whom I take to have been either in her direct ancestry or of close collateral connection was an agent in old Virginia for certain large planters in that colony. To follow the fortunes of that ancestor, she must understand in some detail the peculiar Virginia system of colonization. She can hardly learn about that without at the same time hearing something of the contrasting systems of other colonies. Before she knows it, she will have a sufficient knowledge of our early American institutions.

I know another woman whose grandfather had been in Congress in the period between Abraham Lincoln's election and his inauguration. This gentleman had championed a compromise measure to avert civil war. As a result his political career was ruined. He soon died, and his political reputation suffered in popular memory. This woman, having certain matters of family tradition in her knowledge, undertook to clear her grandfather's memory of all stain. To make her efforts more effective, she had perforce to learn more particularly about that strange tumultuous period just before the outbreak of the war. Inevitably she was soon studying what preceded the war, as well as the reconstruction period following. To have the seal of authenticity stamped upon her knowledge she took certain courses at the university and extended her researches fore and aft. A striking instance this of the way in which interest in one point of family history can lead one into a thorough-going survey of all American history.

History so learned, sticks, largely because it *is* learned incidentally and not for its own sake.

Again: Last week I was dogging the traces of an ancestor of my own, one Captain Gorham, who fell in the Narragansett

swamp in King Philip's War of 1676. I came upon a copy of a letter written to the military authorities of the Massachusetts Colony by a certain Lieutenant Phineas Upham. Now I happen to know that this Lieutenant Upham was an ancestor of our eminent geologist and archeologist, Mr. Warren Upham. It gives rather an edge to my admiration and respect for Mr. Upham to know that back there in 1676 his grandfather had to kowtow to my grandfather. That is a delight by-the-way. Here is the main point. In homely phrase, quaint and affecting, the letter tells how, in the campaign in pursuit of the Indian enemy, food has become scarce, horses weary, men worn, and eager to get home. The letter conveys a lively, and what I call immediate, sense, feeling, appreciation of the hardships endured in that war by Captain Gorham and Lieutenant Upham, men in whom I feel an especial and, in one sense, personal interest. They were there in that struggle—that is, I was there—and this letter renews a sort of ancestral memory of what I there saw and endured. At once the period of King Philip's War becomes genuinely alive, vivid to my apprehension.

As a scholar in the high school, when I read that during the war of 1676 the settlers endured great hardships, I possibly had added an item to my knowledge of history, but I certainly yawned. That was an academic statement, too remote in appeal to linger in my memory to any effect.

Some day you learn that an ancestor of yours was in the Revolution. Writing to the record office in Washington, you get a statement of his service. He was perhaps in the romantic attempt of Arnold to capture Quebec. You tell your boy, when the lad reaches the story age, how Grandfather William was in that strange northward push through the wilderness to the Canadian stronghold, how he was captured and shut up for loathsome weeks in the hateful prison, and so on. That boy has now a realizing sense of the Revolutionary War which a school course in history will never give him, in the very nature of things can't give him. And with no prompting, that

boy will sometime pick up a volume telling of the expedition to Quebec. To understand that book more fully, he will have to read about other phases of the Revolutionary War; and in no time, impelled by immediate interest, he will have a good usable knowledge of the eighteenth century.

Very seldom will people sit down to learn history, just like that, for its own sake. Personal interest, however, family pride, curiosity as to this person and that event, can tempt one into a knowledge of any period of history.

I know a man who has an unusually realistic feeling of the Revolutionary War because his grandmother used to tell him how she had seen a mob of British redcoats, prisoners, herded past her father's house under the guard of ragged but hilarious "rough-neck" Continentals. That bit of family tradition did more for him than all the conventional history of the textbooks—that and the added fact that his grandmother's father was forced to abandon his farm and take to a distant locality, because of the depredations and rascalities of the American Continentals. Nor was he any Tory at that.

Recently a friend of mine became rather piqued at being unable to find proof that any ancestor of his in the name line had ever taken part in any war from 1640 down to the present. Not that my friend wished to join any patriotic society. He distinctly did not. But he did covet some sign of belligerency on the part of at least one of his name ancestors. I looked into the matter, and one day found a record like this (the name is changed):

"Pay Roll of Capt. John Wheatley's company in the first Conn. Regt. Last Campaign 1762,

"Jonathan Williams. Enlisted Ma 25. Deserted before Mar 30." That was all of it. That was the complete military record of one line of Americans during the entire period of American history.

At first blush my friend was not overwhelmingly enthusiastic at my discovery. But now followed a genuine enlargement of our knowledge of history. We naturally wished to

know why Jonathan deserted. Was there any means of restoring him to the respect and esteem that we instinctively wish to bestow upon an ancestor?

We learned that in this year 1762, near the close of one of the eternally recurring colonial wars which merely reflected the conflicts in Europe of rival powers, King George III, newly come to the throne, decided to send his American troops against Spain's colony at Havana, Cuba. (How many knew about this long-ago war with Spain? It was relatively much more noteworthy than our skirmish in '98.) One thousand men were to be sent from Connecticut. Now it was not a popular war. Furthermore, the odds against a man's returning were tremendous. Connecticut men were enlisted by methods smacking of coercion. Of the company into which Jonathan was enlisted, some dozen deserted. Lucky for them, for the merest handful of that company, or indeed of the entire regiment, ever returned from the West Indian seas. One of the most lamentable disasters it was that ever befell American troops. In no subsequent war have we known anything more strikingly tragic. Yet the affair is forgotten now.

That was one unique and attractive item of historical knowledge added to our store. Further investigation led us to doubt there being any especial wisdom or justice in England's whole policy at that time. Finally my friend and I asked each other this question: If it is a matter of glorious pride to have an ancestor who fought King George III in 1776, why may we not be equally proud of one who deserted King George's unworthy cause in 1762?

Was this deserting Jonathan a coward? Two months after he deserted he married. That was brave. Soon with wife and small children he made his way to a seemingly hopeless wild in a most inhospitable part of a distant state, and there among hardships innumerable brought up a sturdy family, made for himself a goodly home, and won honorable position among the neighbors who soon followed and surrounded him in the new home.

Cowardly Jonathan! And characteristic American history!

Thus does the study of one's ancestry lead to a more minute knowledge of history, and to a largely modified and humanized interpretation thereof.

In all seriousness, then, I urge the study of one's own family as an unwontedly pleasant, effective, feasible means of learning the history of one's own town, state, and nation.

If you say that not every one has leisure for such study I reply: There is no particular reason why everyone should know history. Certainly many know nothing of it now. However, most of us *find* leisure, in some fashion, for what interests us. If we can study history at all, we certainly can go about its study in the way I advocate, no greater leisure being required for that than for any other method. And the results are more sure and gratifying.

If you say that this method of approaching history isn't adapted to be of service in schools and colleges, I answer: Heaven forbid. Nobody ever learns anything in school—at least not of value or for long. Education begins after we escape from school. As for colleges, each history department ought to have a chair of genealogy—but that's a subject for another paper.

Do you say: But material for the study of family history isn't everywhere accessible? In any case, such objection has small weight here in Minnesota. As one practical application of my talk tonight, why not with renewed zeal advertise the fact that in our historical library we have one of the finest collections of family and local history in existence—only three or four others to rank with it here in America? The thousands of us who have access to this library are, then, in a position to take every advantage of this curiosity, which I steadfastly maintain is instinct in most of us—the curiosity as to ancestry which is the properest stimulus to the gaining of a general knowledge of history.

That this is learning history backwards, is a last feeble objection. To be sure it is. That's the way we learn most things

in this world. Forget for a moment your theoretical knowledge learned in school. Think of the larger amount of information that you have picked up by chance, incidentally, or sporadically, things you have learned because of some momentary interest, or as means to some ulterior end. Isn't this last the body of information that is of real value and service to you in your living?

It is later, it is after whim and chance interest have put us in possession of the facts—only then can we rearrange our learnings chronologically and contemplate the results philosophically. Then is the time for the conventional historical treatise, which is highly serviceable for the organizing of the information we have previously gained. But to get that information is the first task, to get it sidewise, backwards, or however it may chance. I have tried tonight to point out a delightful and eminently human method of getting our history in the first place.

If my subject were other than it is, I should love to celebrate the way in which genealogy leads inevitably into biology and eugenics, into sociology, into economics. It does so, more directly and efficiently than you can believe if you haven't looked into the matter. But most striking of all is the service of genealogy as an interpreter of the boundless dream of American history.

And what an inspiring history it is—none more so! I am humbly grateful to the science that revealed the vision to me—the comprehensive vision of these yeomen and cavaliers and peasants, gathering there between the Appalachians and the sea, toiling and swarming into existence a new civilization; then dauntlessly streaming across the mountains, pushing their relentless way through the plains of the middle west, northerners and southerners jostling, clashing, mingling endlessly; not balked in their westerward way even by the "Thou shalt not" of the Rockies; pouring across the last obstacle until they stand upon America's sunset shore, conquerors of the continent.

Have the elder races halted?  
 Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?  
 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,  
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,  
 We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,  
 Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,  
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,  
 Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,  
 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go to the unknown ways,  
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,  
 We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,  
 We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,  
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

. . . . .

See my children, resolute children,  
 By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,  
 Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,  
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Yes, I see this mighty westward moving mass of Whitman's. But it isn't only as a vague and indeterminate crowd of mankind that I vision it. I see and recognize individuals here and there, my grandfathers marching with their fellows, welcome faces of known kin, through whom, because of whom, I feel myself a part of American history, truly at home wherever I may be in this vast western world.

CYRIL A. HERRICK



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