

but stronger drinks are scarce, and consequently so are quarrels—the best of humor and hilarity prevail.

The way these dances are managed is a novelty to Americans. Usually there is a committee of three managers at each dancing-place, whose business it is to provide the music, keep order, collect the entrance fee from the male dancers; and, above all, supply them with female partners. For this purpose, the best looking manager is sent with a gay and ribbon-bedecked team, to all places where it is known young ladies live, and politely invite them to take seats in his carriage; and, unless there is a prior engagement, the lasses are always ready to comply. When his carriage is full, he drives to the hall at which he is a manager, unloads, and again sallies forth in another direction until a sufficiency of partners is secured, or the supply of lasses exhausted. His fellow managers in the meanwhile keep order, arrange the couples, and direct things generally, for the enjoyment and comfort of all.

A good time is had at the homes, as well; the best that can be afforded is cooked and eaten; and among all the cakes and dishes of every kind, honey is accorded a prominent place. Few there are who do not eat bread and butter and honey on Kilbi. The general good time extends into Tuesday, sometimes, but usually Monday night closes the feast, which not only is kept up by the Swiss, but by American youth from a distance, who have learned to share in the celebration.

The earliest attempt at English education was made under difficulties. The first district school was taught in 1847, by a Mr. Cowan*—only a short term—in a small log house belonging to Balthasar Schindler. The next school was kept in the house of Matthias Schmidt, in 1848, by a certain Mr. Jas. Kilroy, an Irishman, who, as report says, walloped learning into the youth well. But conceive the circumstances: A small log house, a family of nine persons, an Irish pedagogue and about twenty Swiss scholars, all in one room, and not very large at that. Many are still living in this vicinity who belonged to that primitive school; and the log

* About the time, or since, this was written, Mr. Cowan died in the Green County poorhouse.